

PENN SOUND COLLECTIVE PRESENTS

TAK ENSEMBLE

Thursday, April 20, 2023

7:00 PM

Harold Prince Theatre

Penn Live Arts

3680 Walnut Street



SPONSORED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

PROGRAM

The Forest Inside of You by Susanna Payne-Passmore

i. Glistening Dawn

ii. Echoes and Raindrops

iii. Aroma of Moss

What You Thought I Thought by Andrew Burke, text is a traditional schoolyard oath

Text

Cross my heart and hope to die

Stick a needle in my eye

Even a Brick by Brendan McMullen, text is quotes by Louis Kahn

Text

Even a brick wants to be something.

Light is the maker of material.

All material in nature, the mountains and the streams and the air are we, are made of Light, which has been spent, and this crumpled mass called material casts a shadow, and the shadow belongs to Light.

A work of art is not a living thing that walks or runs. But the making of a life. That which gives you a reaction.

I sense Light as the giver of all presences, and material as spent Light. What is made by Light casts a shadow, and the shadow belongs to Light.

We are born of Light. The seasons are felt through light. We only know the world as it is evoked by Light.

- Louis Kahn

songs by Erin Busch

i. center

ii. first lullaby

iii. grasshopper

iv. tides

v. second lullaby

INTERMISSION

Mis Understanding by Emma Mistele

Text

“The progression of a painter’s work, as it travels in time from point to point, will be toward clarity: toward the elimination of all obstacles between the painter and the idea, and between the idea and the observer.”

- Mark Rothko

“I believe that the moment is near when by a procedure of active paranoiac thought, it will be possible to systematize confusion and contribute to the total discrediting of the world of reality.”

- Salvador Dalí

The Bull by Max Johnson, words by Todd Colby

Text

The Bull by Todd Colby

Taking the bull by the horns,
and lifting the bull up by the horns,
and taking the bull by the horns,
and taking the bull up by the horns,
and lifting the bull by the horns,
up into the air

Taking the bull up by the horns,
And lifting it into the air

The bull is hoisted into the air by the horns
The bull is caught by the horns
The bull is taken by the horns and tossed into the air
The bull is caught
The bull is caught by the horns and tossed into the air

Just lifting the bull up by the horns and tossing it into the river
To just throw the bull into the river by the horns
To just throw the bull a long way
To toss the bull away

To take the bull by the horns and throw it kicking into the river
Kicking, and screaming, and snorting, and not being upset that the bull is upset that it is
being taken by the horns and it is dripping goo,
from the ring in it’s nose

And the bull is snorting and making wild sounds,

And taking the bull by the horns anyway,
And tossing it into the river
To just throw the bull into the river
To just throw the bull a very long way,
Because you want the bull out of your life

The kicking, and screaming, and snorting bull is in the river

You wanted the bull the fuck out of your life so you took it by the horns, and tossed it into the river

You took the bull by the horns,
You caught the bull by the horns,
You stood next to the river,
You lifted the bull by the horns,
Over the fence next to the river
You tossed the bull into the water by the horns,
You wanted the bull the fuck out, and now it is the fuck out

It's a long way to toss a bull, but you did it
You took it by the horns..
I hope you're happy

I hope you're very happy,
I hope you're wonderfully happy, and having a good time watching the bull in the water

You tossed the bull in the water by the horns,
You watched the hooves thrashing in the air, and water, and it's horns bobbing,
And I hope you have a very pleasant day

A wonderfully pleasant day,
and a very happy,
and a very pleasant,
and a very happy day

The Four Food Groups by Kris Bendrick, text by Russell Edson

- i. the jelly sandwich**
- ii. the big bird**
- iii. oatmeal**
- iv. please don't be a walnut**

Text

- i. the jelly sandwich**

In the center of the universe is a jelly sandwich.
Strawberry jelly, I think, said the man.

It's mine! screamed the man's mother.
No no, I can gum a jelly sandwich, roared the man's father.
No no, I think the bread is stale, said the man.
No no, then it is too hard for my gums, groaned the father.
No no, it was not yours in the first place, screamed the mother.
No no, God is eating it, said the man.
No no, it is too selfish of Him, screamed the mother.
No no, let him have it, it's too hard for my gums, yelled the father.
But then, I don't think there is a jelly sandwich in the center of the universe, said the man.
Good thing, roared the father, because it was too hard for my gums.
No no, I want it, keep thinking it is there because I want it! screamed the mother.
Alright, said the man, I think that in the center of the universe is a jelly sandwich.
It's mine! screamed the mother.

ii. the big bird

How the big bird is tired of being a big bird so that it took off its feathers and put a leaf over its appropriate places.
The bird feels like a Greek statue.
But the bird is put into a pot when it comes to where men decide things.

iii. oatmeal

A man wonders if the foolish head, which is where he wonders, were removed, might he not then be free to set a bowl of oatmeal on the pedestal of his neck?
He would be careful to be level headed not to spill the oatmeal of his wits. But should a lady drop her handkerchief he must go down without tipping his head. All of life is such a thing going down without tipping your head.
He is dying. The martial moment is a bowl of oatmeal spilling from the pedestal of a thought. A drumroll beating, a froth of white winged bird in haste to fly. He wipes his brains up with the lady's handkerchief.

iv. please don't be a walnut

A man opening a walnut shell finds a tiny unborn monkey; thinks he must be mistaken, the walnut was not a walnut, but a monkey egg.
...Monkeys lay eggs; of course they do because they live in trees like birds. Monkeys are really flightless birds.
He opens another walnut and finds a walnut inside. The monkey egg has a walnut inside; that's funny...maybe this is really a walnut?... No, it can't be because the first walnut was a monkey egg, which makes this walnut wrong if it is a walnut.
Please don't be a walnut, he says to the walnut.
But just then the great clock of the universe shows that it's time for the earth to end, even as it shows that the time has come for other things to begin.
The man says, just before the clock strikes, please don't be a walnut...

