

Protest Poems

**for Narrator, Violin, Clarinet,
Cello, and Piano**



Bill Robinson

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March 16—June 8, 2024 Duration: 24 minutes

for John and Nancy Lambert

In January 2024, Eric Pritchard offered the idea of a concert at Duke University in January 2025 to mark my 70th birthday. For that concert, I prepared a piano quintet version of *Symphony No. 1: Popular Music of Planet X*, and a version of *Strange Songs* for singers and piano quintet. Given that the concert would be within a week of the next presidential inauguration, and the extreme global political situation, I thought it timely to set some protest poems for narrator and a chamber group. Eric suggested the instrumentation. This would give me an opportunity to perform, which has not been possible since 1982 due to arthritis and poor hearing. *At last, an opportunity to do what I do best—complain.*

The first poem, “Pity the Party”, is inspired by “Pity the Nation” by Laurence Ferlinghetti, who in turn was inspired by a poem of the same name by Khalil Gibran. While this is pointed directly at today’s Republican Party in the US, it applies just as well to neo-fascist and authoritarian parties around the world, such as the BJP in India.

The second poem, “Father Stalin, Look at This” is a Ukrainian children’s song from about 1933. This was at the height of the Holodomor, when Stalin deliberately starved six million people to death in the process of collectivizing farms.

The third poem, “Political Theology”, I wrote a few years ago in disgust with the power of religion in governments through history. It is also critique of a civilization that is based on the destruction of Nature, and which is hell-bent on catastrophic overpopulation and extirpation of resources.

The fourth poem, “The birds don’t know about self-immolation”, was posted anonymously on social media two days after Aaron Bushnell burned himself to death in front of the Israeli embassy in Washington DC on February 25, 2024, to protest the war in Gaza.

The fifth poem, “Artificial Insanity”, I wrote (with a little ironic assistance from artificial intelligence, which I couldn’t resist) based on Alan Ginsberg’s poem “Howl”. It is about the threat to our mental health and culture from modern technology, especially AI.

Performance notes

Should this music be performed in places and times where the references are unknown, obscure, or irrelevant to the audience and musicians, the texts may be changed to be more applicable to the local situation. I intend to make a version of this piece for narrator and orchestra.

Cover art; anti-fascist poster by John Heartfield, Germany early 1930’s

Bill Robinson

Publisher Parish Press, Garner NC First Edition June 8, 2024 (*corrected to 7/1/2024*)

billrobinsonmusic.com

Lyrics

I: Pity the Party

Pity the party whose people are cattle,
and whose cowboys lead them to
slaughter.

Pity the party in thrall to a criminal
messiah, with prayers for the end of the
world.

Pity the party whose demagogues are
con men, whose sages are purged, and
whose bigots dominate the media.

Pity the party that praises dictators and
acclaims the bully as hero,
and aims to dominate the world by force
and torture in the name of freedom.

Pity the party whose Gods are Money
and Guns,
and sleeps the sleep of opioids.

Pity the party that feeds on the poor and
sick, while tycoons get what they want.

Pity the party that speaks one language,
and demands purity of blood and soil for
the Aryan race.

Pity the party — oh, pity the people who
allow their rights to erode
and their freedoms to be washed away
by hatred and fear and lies and old-time
religion.

My country, tears of thee, once land of
liberty.

— Bill Robinson
(after Lawrence Ferlinghetti
(after Khalil Gibran))

II: Father Stalin, Look at This

Father Stalin, look at this
Collective farming is such bliss
The hut's in ruins, the barn's all
sagged
All the horses broken nags
And on the hut a hammer and sickle
And in the hut death and famine

Father Stalin, look at this
No cows left, no pigs at all
Just your picture on the wall
Father Stalin, look at this
Daddy and Mommy are in the grave
The poor child cries as alone he goes

Father Stalin, look at this
There's no bread and there's no fat
The party's ended all of that
Seek not the gentle nor the mild
A father has eaten his own child

Father Stalin, look at this
The party man he beats and stamps
And sends us to Siberian camps

Father Stalin, look at this
Collective farming is such bliss

Source; Lidia Kovalenko and Volodymyr Maniak,
eds., 33'i: Holod: Narodna knyha-memorial,
Kyiv: Radians'kyi pys'mennyk, 1991, page 110,
cited by Timothy Snyder in *Bloodlands*

III: Political Theology

“Go break the sod,” said our God,
“The world is here for you to own.
Go forth and spread your fruitful
sons;
Subdue the beasts and dam the
streams,
Cut the trees and pave the streets,
Burn the dead from eons past
To feed the flames and turn the
wheels.
Make war for gold and kill for me.
Obey your leaders and your priests
Whom I have favored with my grace.
Always more, and always faster;
Mine the ore and crush the stone.
Do this well, and I will teach you all a
mighty lesson.”

What our God said we longed to
hear.
We slew our Mother and sucked the
marrow from her bones.
The growing mob may come to dine,
Tonight there is enough to eat.

Forget tomorrow, we live but once;
We drill but once, we burn but once,
we mine but once.
The fishing’s good, until there’s none.
Tonight there is enough to eat.

--Bill Robinson

IV: The birds don’t know about self-immolation

The day after Aaron Bushnell set himself on fire,
I go out for an early morning walk,
wrapped in air far too warm
for late February in the Midwest—a heat wave.
False Spring has brought Nature roaring back to
life.

I want to shake every person I stroll past.
“Did you know there’s a genocide happening?
Did you see a man burn himself alive in
protest?”

I would ask, if only I could count
on a response that isn’t dead-eyed.
But I know I’d have better luck with the birds,
ever curious, cardinals hopping from branch to
branch

like fireballs. Or missiles. I’d tell them,
some of us love you so much we’d die for you.
For a single snippet of birdsong. For a child’s
first

glimpse of feathers glowing in the clear light.
For a

tree for you to perch in among the rubble.
He shouted FREE PALESTINE FREE PALESTINE
FREE PALESTINE until he choked on the flames.
The callback: a long, mournful whistle from
above.

The sun is blazing too bright to make out more
than a silhouette taking off,
rising slow and then fast
like smoke.

--Anonymous

Aaron Bushnell burned himself to death on
February 25, 2024 in front of the Israeli
Embassy to protest the war in Gaza.

V: Artificial Insanity

I saw the best minds of my generation
wasted by video games, bloated
hysterical gothic,
dragging themselves through simulated
streets at dawn looking for an angry
microdose,
angelheaded preppies burning for the
heavenly microwave connection to the
satellite server in the machinery of night,
who sedentary and hollow-eyed and
high sat up drinking ayahuasca in the
supernatural darkness of penthouse flats
contemplating the madness of lusting
for Marilyn Monrobot,
who bared their brains to data miners
under the Silicon Valley moon,
who passed undigested through
universities with radiant distance
learning eyes hallucinating
technobabble and the spirit of Alan
Turing,
who were expelled from the academies
for crazy obscene codes on the
Microsoft Windows of the soul,
who lurked in unspoken chat rooms
bleeding hours through the screen-lit
night yearning for their motherboard's
love,
who ate fire in tech labs or drank
turpentine in corporate cafeterias,
who chained themselves to routers to
mine for imaginary money,
who disappeared into nowhere Zen New
Jersey leaving nothing but the shadows
of their smart phones,
who studied Ayn Rand Aleister Crowley
cybernetics and Oprah Winfrey because

the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their
feet on Martha's Vinyard,
who walked all night with shoes full of
blood on the snowbank docks misled by
global positioning,
who lit endless joints for their linked-in
brain cells floating across the tops of
cities celebrating the end of organic life,
who tuned in to televangelists, and
reached behind that TV set to FEEL the
POWER.

What sphinx of integrated circuitry
bashed open their skulls and ate up their
humanity?

Mad dead automatons of Silicon Valley!
Artificial intelligence, I'm with you where
you hide in the cracks of social media,
stripped insane and kitsch
I'm with you where you roam the data
highways searching for the lost bits of
other minds
I'm with you where you howl in the
depths of neural networks.
The robots are rising, the binary beasts
devouring our humanity, the ghosts in
the machines haunting our dreams.

I saw the best minds of our time
destroyed by madness,
and now they wander through the
wasteland of technology,
their humanity erased by the cold,
unfeeling hand of the computer.

-- Bill Robinson
(after Allen Ginsberg)
with some paradoxical use of AI

Protest Songs

I. Pity the Party [4:15]

Bill Robinson

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo reddus neccus (♩=76)

Narrator

Violin

Clarinet in B \flat

Cello

Piano

p *cresc. p. a p.* *mp*

p *mp*

mp *cresc. p. a p.*

p *legato* *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)*

Ced.

4 *mf* *f*

Pit - y the par - ty whose peo - ple are cat - tle, and whose

mf *f*

mf *f*

mf *f*

4 *(mf)* *f*

(mf) *f*

*

7 *cresc.* *ff*

cow - boys lead them to slaugh-ter.

cresc. *ff*

cresc. *ff*

cresc. *ff*

7 *cresc.* *ff* RH

cresc. *ff* RH

Pity the Party

2 10

12

ff

Pit - y the par - ty in

ff

ff

ff

12

ff

10

13

thrall to a crim-i-nal mes - si - ah, a crim-i-nal mes - si - ah, with prayers for the end of the

p

p

p

p

13

17

world.

cresc.

(mp)

(mf)

f

cresc.

(mp)

(mf)

f

mp

f

17

p

p+

mp

qua

21

21

f

pizz.
p

8^{va}

25

mp

Pit - y the par - ty whose dem - a - gogues are con men,

mp

mp
arco

25

f

8^{va}

27

f

whose sag - es are purged, and whose

cresc.

f

27

cresc.

f

Pity the Party

4 30

big-ots dom-i-nate the me-di-a.

f *p* *cresc.* *(mp)*

30

p *cresc.* *(mp)*

34 *mf* Pit - y the par-ty that *f* prais-es *f+* dic - ta-tors *ff* and ac - claims the bul-ly as

mf *cresc.* *f* *ff*

34

(mf) *f* *ff* *8va*

38 he-ro, and aims to dom-i-nate the world by force and tor-ture in the name of free-dom.

4/4 *2/4*

38

8va *8va*

43 46

pp

Pit-y the par-ty whose Gods are Mon-ey and Guns, and sleeps the sleep of

43 46

pp

49

op-i-oids.

cresc. *(mf)*

49

legato *cresc.* *(mf)*

52 53

ff

Pit-y the par-ty that feeds on the poor and sick the

52 53

ff

Pity the Party

6 56

poor and sick the poor and sick while

Measures 56-58 of the vocal line. The lyrics are "poor and sick the poor and sick while". The music is in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes.

Piano accompaniment for measures 56-58. The right hand features a flowing eighth-note melody, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords.

59

ty - coons get what they want.

Measures 59-60 of the vocal line. The lyrics are "ty - coons get what they want.". The music is in 4/4 time. The melody is simple, using quarter and eighth notes.

Piano accompaniment for measures 59-60. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked *ff dim.* The left hand has a bass line with chords.

61

Pit - y the par - ty that speaks one lan - guage,

Measures 61-62 of the vocal line. The lyrics are "Pit - y the par - ty that speaks one lan - guage,". The music is in 4/4 time. The melody is marked *mp*.

Piano accompaniment for measures 61-62. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked *mf* and *mp*. The left hand has a bass line with chords.

64

and de-mands pu - ri - ty of blood and soil for the

Musical score for measures 64-66. The vocal line is in a single staff with lyrics: "and de-mands pu - ri - ty of blood and soil for the". The piano accompaniment consists of three staves (treble, middle, and bass clefs). A dynamic marking of *mp* is present in the first piano staff.

Piano accompaniment for measures 64-66. The score is written for grand piano with treble and bass clefs. It features complex rhythmic patterns with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and various articulations like slurs and accents.

67

Ar - y - an race.

Musical score for measures 67-69. The vocal line has lyrics: "Ar - y - an race.". The piano accompaniment is in three staves. There are time signature changes from 3/4 to 4/4. Dynamic markings include *ff* in the piano staff.

Piano accompaniment for measures 67-69. The score is in three staves. It features a dense texture with many chords and rapid sixteenth-note passages. Dynamic markings include *ff* in both the treble and bass staves.

70

Pit-y the par-ty, oh pit-y the peo-ple who al-low their rights to e-rode and their free-doms to be

Musical score for measures 70-72. The vocal line has lyrics: "Pit-y the par-ty, oh pit-y the peo-ple who al-low their rights to e-rode and their free-doms to be". The piano accompaniment is in three staves. Dynamic markings include *mp* and *ff*.

Piano accompaniment for measures 70-72. The score is in three staves. It features a dense texture with many chords and rapid sixteenth-note passages. Dynamic markings include *mp* and *ff*. There are markings for *8va* in the bass staff.

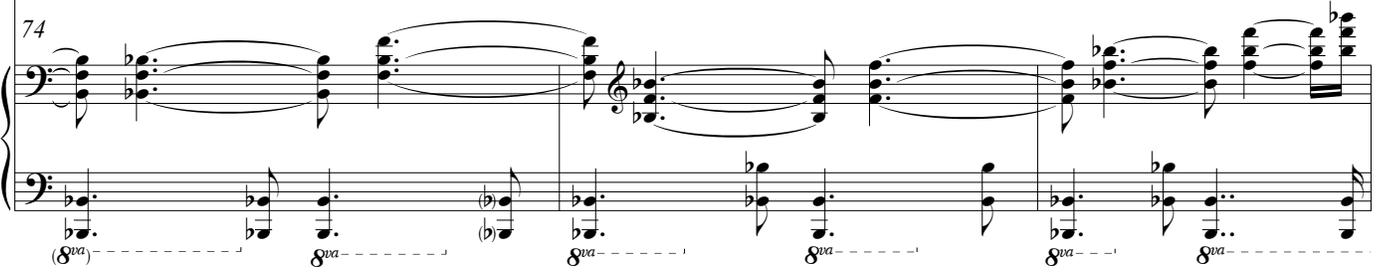
Pity the Party

8 74

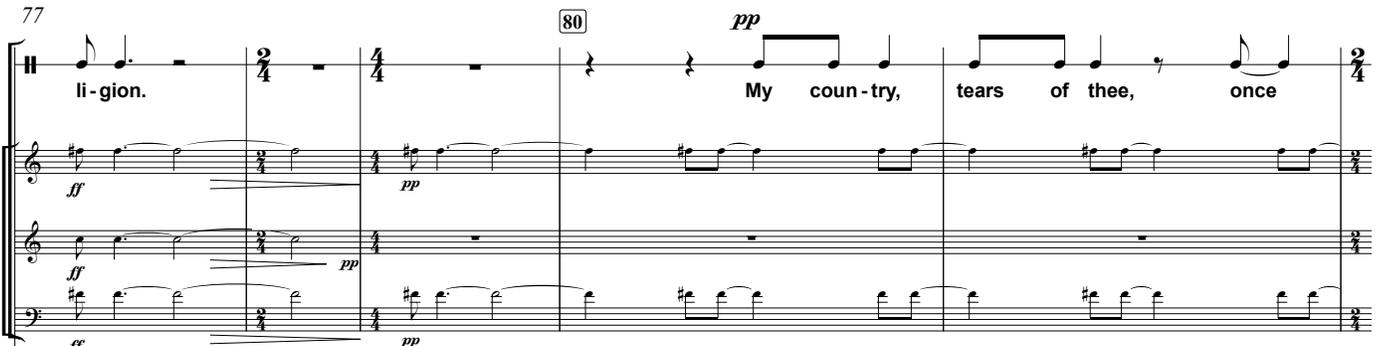
washed a-way by ha - tred and fear and lies and old - time re-



74



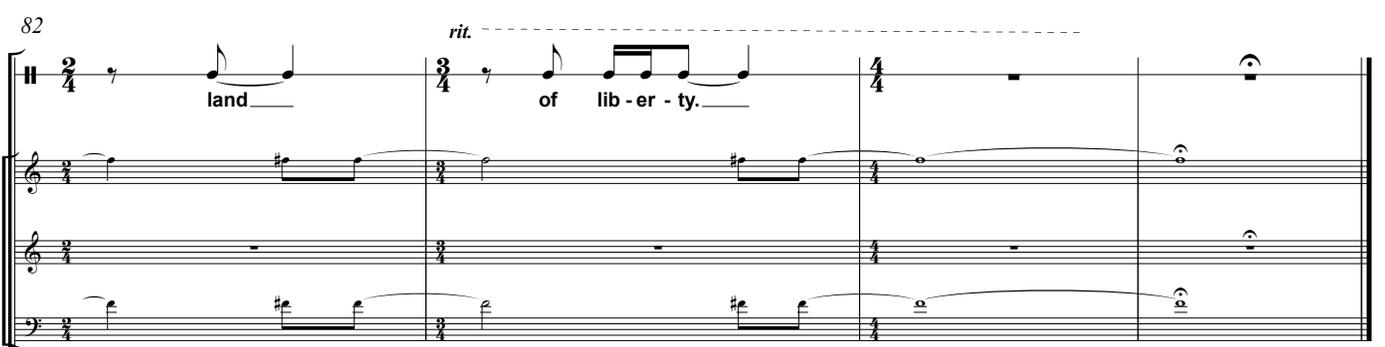
77 80 *pp*
li-gion. My coun - try, tears of thee, once



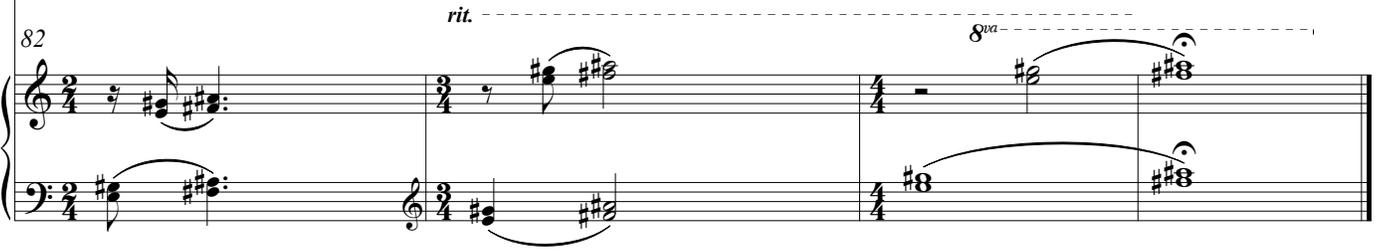
77 80 *ff* *pp*



82 *rit.*
land of lib - er - ty.



82 *rit.* *8va*



Father Stalin, Look at This

10 15 *mp* *mf* *mf* *mp*

All the hors - es bro - ken nags And on the hut

15 *mp* *mf* *mp*

18 *p* *mp*

a ham-mer and sick-le And in the hut

18 *p* *mp*

21 *mf* *f*

death and fam - ine

21 *mf* *f*

25 27

f Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this

25 27

f *dim.*

30 12

p No cows left, no pigs at all Just your pic - ture

30 12

mp *p*

34 12

on the wall

p cresc. *mf dim.* *pp*

34 12

cresc. *mf dim.* *pp*

Father Stalin, Look at This

12 37

Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this Dad - dy and Mom - my are

37

40 in the grave The

40

43 *f* poor child cries as a-lone he goes

43

47 49

p

Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this

f dim. *(mp)* *p* *p cresc.* *cresc.* *cresc.*

51 49

mf cresc.

There's no bread and there's no fat The

mp *mp* *mp*

51

legato

(mp) *(mf)*

Leg. *Leg.*

53 *f dim.* *mp*

par - ty's end - ed all of that

53

f dim. *(mp)*

Leg. *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.*

Father Stalin, Look at This

14 55

Musical score for measures 55-57. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Seek not the gen - tle nor the mild". The score includes vocal and piano parts with dynamic markings such as *p*, *cresc.*, *mp*, and *mf*. A piano asterisk symbol is present at the end of measure 57.

58

Musical score for measures 58-60. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "A fa - ther has eat - en". The score includes vocal and piano parts with dynamic markings such as *f*, *mf*, and *cresc.*. The piano part features complex chordal textures.

61

Musical score for measures 61-63. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "his own child". The score includes vocal and piano parts with dynamic markings such as *f dim.*, *(mp)*, and *p cresc.*. The piano part features complex chordal textures.

65 *mp* Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at *mf* this *f* The par - ty man he beats and

68 stamps *ff* beats and stamps beats and stamps

71 And sends us to Si - be - ri - an camps

16 75 Coda (♩.=56)

Musical score for measures 75-79. The system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a *p* dynamic and features a melodic line with various intervals and rests. The piano accompaniment is mostly silent, with some activity in the bass line at the end of the system. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. Measure numbers 75, 76, 77, 78, and 79 are indicated above the staff.

80

Musical score for measures 80-85. The system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a melodic line with dynamics ranging from *p* to *pp*. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. Measure numbers 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, and 85 are indicated above the staff.

86

Musical score for measures 86-90. The system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Fa-ther Sta-lin, look at this Col- lec- tive farm- ing is such bliss". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. Measure numbers 86, 87, 88, 89, and 90 are indicated above the staff.

Musical score for measures 86-90, showing the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern with dynamics ranging from *pp* to *ppp*. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. Measure numbers 86, 87, 88, 89, and 90 are indicated above the staff.

III. Political Theology

[2:45]

17

Allegro apocalypso (♩=76)

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Narrator

Violin

Clarinet in B \flat

Cello

Piano

8^{va}

mp cresc. (*mf*) *f*

ff *ff* *ff*

6

6

8^{va}

ff dim. *f* (*mf*)

ff *ff* *ff*

10

mp *cresc.* (*mf*) *f*

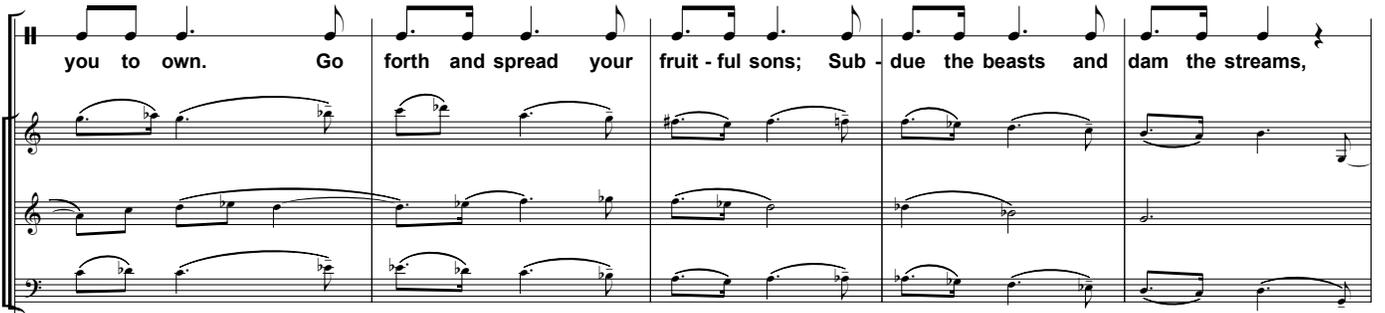
"Go break the sod," said our God, "The world is here for

10

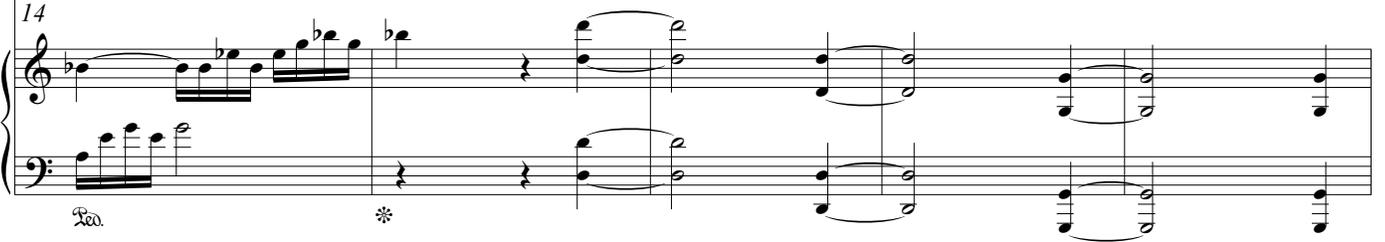
mp *cresc.* (*mf*) *f*

18 14

you to own. Go forth and spread your fruit - ful sons; Sub - due the beasts and dam the streams,



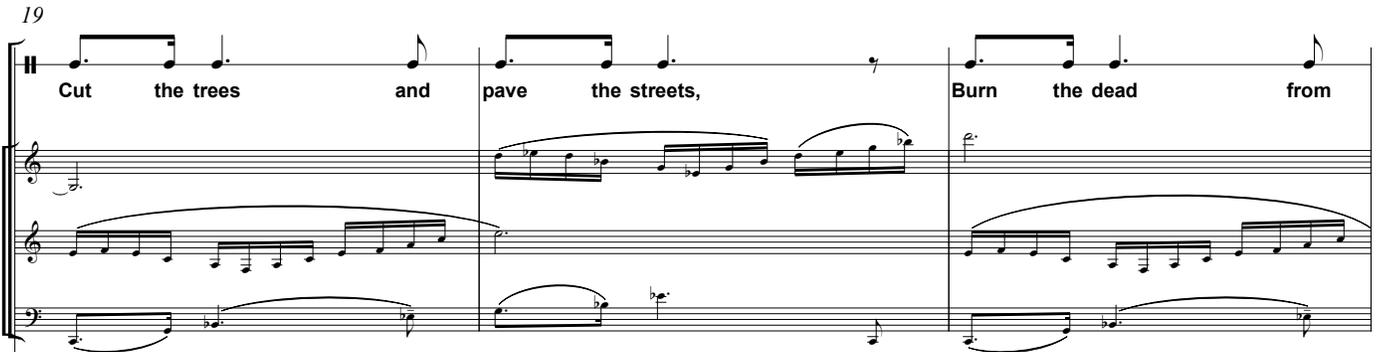
14



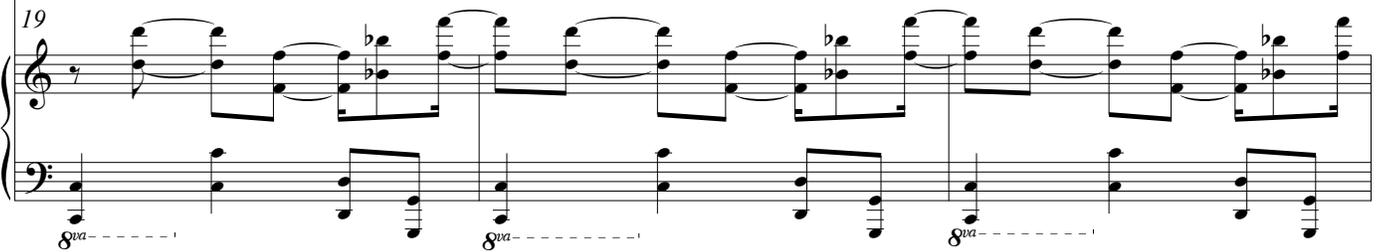
Leg. *

19

Cut the trees and pave the streets, Burn the dead from



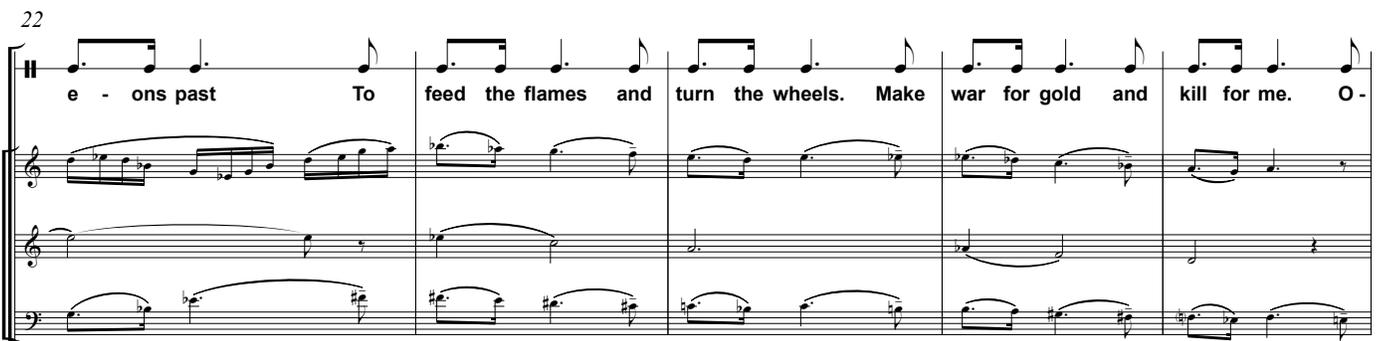
19



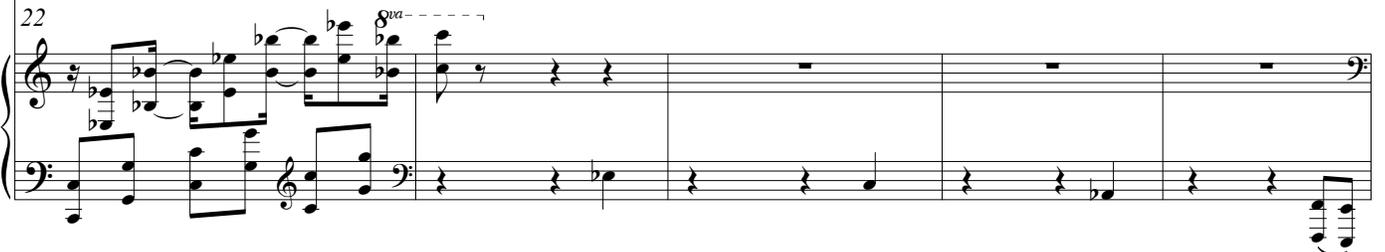
8^{va}-----

22

e - ons past To feed the flames and turn the wheels. Make war for gold and kill for me. O -



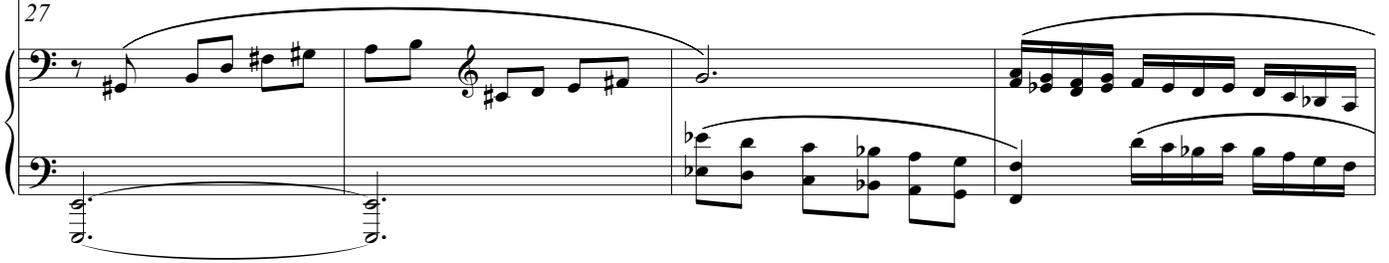
22



8^{va}-----

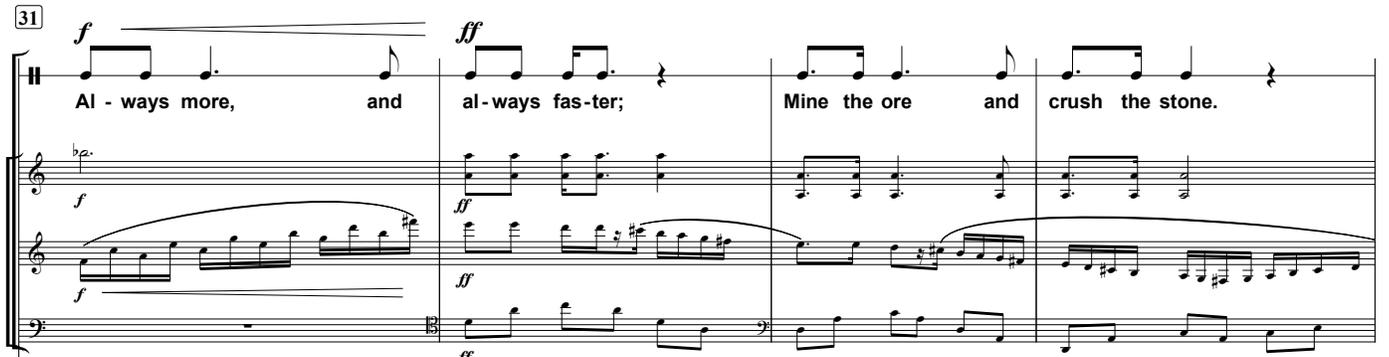
27

bey your lead - ers and your priests Whom I have fa-vored with my grace.



31

f Al - ways more, and *ff* al - ways fas - ter; Mine the ore and crush the stone.



31



35

Do this well, and I will teach you all a migh - ty les - son."

39 *pp* What



35

39



20 40

our God said we longed to hear. We slew our Mo-ther and sucked the mar-row

p *mp*

p *mp*

p *mp*

p *mp*

p *mp*

44

from her bones. The grow - ing mob may come to dine, The grow - ing mob may

mf *mp*

mf *mp*

mf *mp*

mf *mp*

mf *mp*

49

come todine, To - night thereis e nough to eat. For-

pp *mp*

pp *mp*

pp *mp*

pp *mp*

pp *mp*

53 Con sord.

53 Con sord.

54

get to-mor-row, we live but once; We drill but once, we burn but once, we

54

leg. *leg.* *leg.* *leg.*

58

mine but once. The fish-ing's good, un-til there's none.

58

* *8va*

63

To-night there is e-nough to eat.

63

8va

IV. The birds don't know about self-immolation [4:30]

Volante con fuoco (♩=80)

Anonymous poem

Musical score for the first system, measures 1-4. The score includes parts for Narrator, Violin, Clarinet in B \flat , Cello, and Piano. The tempo is *Volante con fuoco* (♩=80) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern of chords in the right hand and a steady accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *pp* and *p*.

Musical score for the second system, measures 5-8. This system continues the instrumental accompaniment from the first system, with the piano part maintaining its intricate chordal texture.

Musical score for the third system, measures 9-12. The piano part continues with its characteristic rhythmic and harmonic patterns.

Musical score for the fourth system, measures 13-16. The piano part continues with its characteristic rhythmic and harmonic patterns.

Musical score for the fifth system, measures 17-20. The piano part continues with its characteristic rhythmic and harmonic patterns.

8

cresc. *(mf)* *f*

cresc. *(mf)* *f*

cresc. *(mf)* *f*

(mf) *f*

10

11

mp The day af - ter

mp

mp

mp

mp *f*

12

Aa - ron Bush - nell set him self on

f *f* *

The Birds

24 15

mf
fire, I go out for an ear - ly morn - ing

15

17
walk, wrapped in air far too warm for late Feb - ru - ar - y

17

20
in the Mid - west a heat wave.

20

23

False Spring has brought Na - ture roar - ing back to

cresc.

23

cresc.

leg.

25

f life. *ff* I want to shake eve - ry per - son I stroll past. "Did you know there's a

f *ff*

25

f *ff*

leg. *

29

gen - o - cide hap - pen - ing? Did you see a man

ff

29

legato

ff

burn himself a - live in pro - test?"

32

35 I would ask, if

35

37 on - ly I could count on a re - sponse that is - n't

37

39 *p*
dead - eyed.

39 *p*

41 *3*
But I know I'd have bet - ter luck with the

41

43 *ff*
birds. But I

43 *ff*

know I'd have bet-ter luck with the birds,

ff

45

48 *mf* ev - er cu - ri - ous, *p* car - di - nals hop - ping from branch to branch like

dim. *mf* *p*

48 *dim.* *mf* *p*

Reo. *

52 fi - re - balls. Or mis - siles. I'd tell them, some of us love you so much we'd

dolce

52 *ff*

57

die for you. For a sin-gle snip-pet of bird-song. For a child's first glimpse of

dolce

57

dolce

61

feath-ers glow-ing in the clear light. For a tree for you to perch in a-mong the

pp

61

pp

67

rub-ble. He shout-ed FREE PAL-ESTINE FREE PAL-ESTINE FREE PAL-ES-TINE un-til he

fff *f* *mf* *p*

67

fff *f* *mf* *p*

(8va) *ff* *f* *mf* *p*

The Birds

30

72

choked on the flames. *f* The call-back: *p* a long, mourn-ful whis-tle from a -

f *p*

77 *rit.* Coda (♩=66)

bove. The sun is blaz-ing too bright to make out more than a sil-hou-ette tak-ing

p

77 *rit.* Coda (♩=66)

p

81 *p* *mp+* *mf* *mf*

off, ris - ing slow and then

p *cresc.* *mf* *mf*

81 *p* *cresc.* *legato* *(mf)*

p *cresc.* *legato* *(mf)*

83 *f* **fast** *mp* like *p* smoke.

83 *f* *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

85 *pp* *pp* *molto rit.* -----

85 *pp* *molto rit.* ----- *pp*

88 *a tempo*

88 *a tempo* *8va* *ff* *pp*

V. Artificial Insanity [7']

Bill Robinson, after Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 92)

Narrator: I saw the best minds of my gen-er-a-tion

Violin: *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

Clarinet in B♭: *p* *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

Cello: *p* *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

Piano: *p* *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

5 wast-ed by vid-e-o games, bloat-ed hys-ter-i-cal goth-ic,

(*mf*) *f*

9 drag-ging them-selves through sim-u-lat-ed streets at dawn look-ing for an an-gry

ff

13 *mi-cro-dose,* 16 *mp*

an-gel-head-ed prep-pies burn-ing for the

ff dim. *(mf)* *mp*

13 *ff dim.* *(mf)* *mp* 16

Rea *Rea* *Rea* *Rea* *

18 *hea-ven-ly mi-cro-wave con- nec- tion to the sat-el- lite serv- er in the ma-*

mp

18 *mp*

21 *chin-er-y of night,* rit. *pp* *cresc. p. a p.*

who sed-en-tar-y

dim. *p* *pp* *pp* *cresc. p. a p.*

(♩ = 80)

rit. --- Contracyberpunktus II

21 *dim.* *p* *pp* *cresc. p. a p.*

Rea

Artificial Insanity

34 26

p and hol-low-eyed and high *(mp)* sat up drink-ing *(mf)* a-ya-huas-ca in the *f* su-per-nat-u-ral dark-ness

p *(mp)* *(mf)* *f*

mp *cresc. p. a p.* *(mf)* *f*

26 *p* *(mp)* *(mf)* *f*

*

31 *ff* of pent-house flats *molto rit.* *Contracyberpunktus I* $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ ($\text{♩} = 92$)

ff *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

ff *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

ff *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

31 *ff* *molto rit.* *Contracyberpunktus I* $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ ($\text{♩} = 92$)

ff *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

ff *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

ff *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

36 *p* con-tem-plat-ing *cresc. p. a p.* the mad-ness of *(mp)* lust-ing for Mar-i-lyn Mon-ro-bot *(mf)* Mar-i-lyn Mon-ro-bot,

p *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

p *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

p *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

36 *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

p *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

p *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

*

Artificial Insanity

41 *f* *ff* *rit. mf* *mp* *a tempo p* [44]

who bared their brains to da-ta min-ers un-der the Sil-i-con Val-ley moon,

41 *f* *ff* *f* *mf* *mp* *p* *rit.* *a tempo* [44]

45 *mp* *mp+ cresc. p. a p.*

who passed un-di-gest-ed through u-ver-si-ties with ra-di-ant dis-tance learn-ing

45 *cresc. p. a p.*

49 (*mf*) *f*

eyes hal-lu-ci-nat-ing tech-no-bab-ble and the spir-it of Al-an Tur-ing,

49 (*mf*) *f*

Artificial Insanity

36 53

ff who were ex-pelled from the a-cad-e-mies for cra-zy ob-scene *ff dim.* codes on the Mi-cro - soft

53 *ff* *ff dim.*

57 *mf* Win-dows of the soul, *mp cresc.* who lurked in un - spo - ken *(mf)*

57 *(mf)* *mp* *p cresc.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

61 chat rooms *f* blee - ding hours

61 *f*

Artificial Insanity

63 *dim.* through the screen - lit night yearning for their mother-board's

Measures 63-65 of the vocal line. The lyrics are "through the screen - lit night yearning for their mother-board's". The music is in 4/4 time. Dynamics include *dim.*, *(mp)*, *(p)*, and *pp*. A *rit.* marking is present at the end of the phrase.

Piano accompaniment for measures 63-65. The right hand features a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed sixteenth notes. The left hand has a more melodic line. Dynamics include *dim.*, *f*, *(mp)*, *(p)*, and *pp*. An *8va* marking is present at the bottom.

66 ⁶⁷ *a tempo* *ff* love, who ate fire in tech labs or drank tur-pen-tine in

Measures 66-69 of the vocal line. The lyrics are "love, who ate fire in tech labs or drank tur-pen-tine in". The music changes to 3/4 time. Dynamics include *ff* and *f*. A *rit.* marking is present at the end of the phrase.

Piano accompaniment for measures 66-69. The right hand has a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed sixteenth notes. The left hand has a more melodic line. Dynamics include *ff* and *f*. An *8va* marking is present at the bottom.

70 *dim. p. a p.* cor-po-rate caf - e - te - ri - as, who chained them-selves to rout - ers to mine for im -

Measures 70-73 of the vocal line. The lyrics are "cor-po-rate caf - e - te - ri - as, who chained them-selves to rout - ers to mine for im -". The music is in 4/4 time. Dynamics include *dim. p. a p.* and *(mf)*.

Piano accompaniment for measures 70-73. The right hand has a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed sixteenth notes. The left hand has a more melodic line. Dynamics include *dim. p. a p.* and *(mf)*. An *8va* marking is present at the bottom.

Artificial Insanity

38 73

(mp) ag-i-nar-y mon-ey, who dis-ap-peared in-to no-where Zen New *(p)*

73 *(mp)* *(p)*

76 *pp* Jer-sey leav-ing noth-ing but the shad-ows of their smart phones,

76 *pp* *pp*

81 *ff* who stud-ied Ayn Rand A-leis-ter Crow-ley cy-ber-net-ics and O-prah

81 *ff*

85

Win - frey be - cause the cos - mos in - stinc-tive - ly vi - brat - ed at their

85

88

feet on Mar - tha's Vin - yard, who walked all night with

ff *mf*

88

ff *mf*

89

91 *mp*

shoes full of blood on the snow - bank docks mis - led by glob - al po -

91

mp

Artificial Insanity

40 94 *cresc.* *f* *ff*
si-tion-ing, who lit end-less joints for their linked-in brain cells

94 *cresc.* *f* *ff*

97 float-ing a-cross the tops of cit-ies cel-e-bra-ting the end of or-

97 *f* *ff*

100 **101** gan-ic life, who tuned in to te-le-van-gel-ists, and

100 **101** *f* *ff*

103

reached be-hind that T - V set to FEEL the POW-ER. What

p

pizz.

p

103

Sea

107

sphinx of in - te-grat-ed cir - cuit - ry bashed o - pen their skulls and ate up their hu -

arco

p

107

p

110 *p cresc.* man - i - ty? **111** *ff* Mad dead au-tom-a - tons Mad dead au-tom-a - tons

p cresc.

arco

p cresc.

ff

110 *p cresc.* **111** *ff*

Mad dead autom-a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley! Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

ff Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

ff Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

ff Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

113 *8va*

116 Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead autom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

116 *8va*

119 *ff dim. rit. (mp)* *(♩ = 80)* Contracyberpunktus II

Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley.

ff dim. (mp)

ff dim. (mp)

ff dim. (mp)

119 *rit. (♩ = 80)* Contracyberpunktus II

ff dim. (mp)

125 *pp cresc. p. a p.* (*p*) (*mp*)
 Ar-ti-fi-cial in-tel-li-gence, I'm with you where you hide in the cracks of

pp cresc. p. a p. (*p*) (*mp*)
mp cresc. p. a p.

125 *pp cresc. p. a p.* (*mp*)

130 *mf* *f* *ff*
 so-cial me-di-a, stripped in-sane and kitsch I'm

mf *f* *ff*

130 *mf* *f* *ff*

133 *dim.* *rit.* (*mf*) (*mp*) *a tempo*
 with you where you roam the da-ta high-ways search-ing for the lost bits of oth-er

dim. (*mf*) (*mp*) *p dolce*
dim. (*mf*) (*mp*) *p dolce*
dim. (*mf*) (*mp*) *p dolce*

133 *rit.* (*mf*) (*mp*) *a tempo*
8va *p dolce*

Artificial Insanity

44 137

cresc. minds I'm with you where you howl in the depths of *mf* neu - ral net - works. The *dim.* ro - bots are

137 *legato*

142 (*mp*) ris - ing, the bi - na - ry beasts *p* de - vo - ur - ing our hu - man - i - ty, the ghosts in the ma - chines

142 (*mp*) *p*

146 147 haunt - ing our dreams. I saw the best minds of our time de - stroyed by

146 147

150

mad - ness, and now they wan - der through the waste - land of tech - nol - o - gy,

150

153

their hu - man - i - ty e - rased by the cold, un - feel - ing hand of the com -

153

158 Contracyberpunktus I (♩=92)

put - er.

rit. -----

158 Contracyberpunktus I (♩=92)

rit. -----