



Next Concert:

– Low-Key Chamber Concert #3 –

Saturday, February 20th at 5pm
20 Pine Street, NYC

Featuring:

Daniel Schnyder - soprano saxophone
Gene Pritsker - electric guitar

Live Stream:

<https://www.facebook.com/composersconcordance/live>



Composers Concordance

Gene Pritsker, Dan Cooper - Directors

Milica Paranosic, Peter Jarvis, Debra Kaye,
Seth Boustead - Associate Directors

– Low-Key Chamber Concert #2 –



Saturday, February 13th at 5pm
20 Pine Street, NYC

Live Stream on Facebook

Featuring Take A Pick (TAP):

Milica Paranosic - music, voice, and guitar
and Brian DuFord - music, voice, and guitar

Program

I. *Why Didn't You Tag Me?* *

Music & Video by Gene Pritsker
Poem by Robert C. Ford
Robert C. Ford - recitation

II. *American Fever - Song Cycle* *

Music by Take A Pick
Lyrics adapted from
American Fever: A Tale of Romance and Pestilence
by Peter Christian Hall

#1 *Bleak*

#2 *COVID*

#3 *Angel*

#4 *American Fever*

#5 *Small enough*

#6 *Outdoor Disco*

#8 *anxiety*

#7 *missing link*

#8 *Anxiety*

#7 *missing link – cont:*

#9/1 *Bleak*

* world premiere

Staying in rotation for 36 years in NYC is a rare feat. In the case of a new music presenting organization, it requires not only diligence and cognizance of achievements of the past, but also an ethic of keeping one's ear to the ground for emerging stylistic and technological developments, as well as talented new composers on the scene. **Composers Concordance**, founded in 1984 by Joseph Pehrson and Patrick Hardish, advised by Otto Luening, strives to present contemporary music in innovative ways, with an emphasis on thematic programming. Directors Gene Pritsker and Dan Cooper co-curate the programs, and lead the CompCord Ensemble, Chamber Orchestra, String Orchestra, and Big Band. Associate Directors are Milica Paranosic, Peter Jarvis, Debra Kaye, and Seth Boustead. Composers Concordance has also created a Naxos-distributed record label: Composers Concordance Records, co-directed by Peter Jarvis. Composers Concordance's overriding vision is to promote contemporary music, composers, and new works as a rightful and respected part of society. Good music, performed and recorded well, pushing the boundaries of sound and composition.

"Composers Concordance has existed some 36 years, a veritable New York new music institution of concerts, album production and multiple ensembles under a sweeping, tenacious brand, thriving on the emulsion of contemporary classical, free improv, jazz and rock, overt humor and fearless political statements, all very much in evidence..The ensemble..was masterful throughout." - **John Pietaro, *The New York City Jazz Record***. "An unwavering force in giving composers exposure through concert bookings and its own record label, the intrepid new-music organization Composers Concordance" -***The Brooklyn Rail***. "For the past 30 years, Composers Concordance has been a booster for local composers, through both its concerts across the city and a record label." -***The Wall Street Journal***. "Enterprising new music organization" -***The New York Times***. "The Composers Concordance folks are unpredictable and at times refreshingly irreverent in a reverent sort of way...ingenious fun" -***Classical-Modern Music Review***. "Edgy... boisterous... demanding our attention" -***San Diego Story***. "These men and women are creating exciting music with elements of jazz, world music and many experimental techniques blended with equal parts classical tradition and playing techniques." -***Asbury Park Press***. "There is considerable evidence to show that Composers Concordance may be one of the most exciting labels in American contemporary music." -***JazzdaGama***.

<https://composersconcordance.wixsite.com/2020-21-season/concerts>

<http://www.composersconcordance.com>

#1 Bleak

Funerals are still permitted
But funerals are now discouraged
Web service became
A standard procedure
As long as the internet holds up

I hope New York Has
Enough body bags
I wish I had one
for Lisa.

Weddings are officially banned
Homelessness is more vexing than ever
Restaurants, Bars and Gyms,
And most stores remain closed

I have no idea
What everyone is doing for money
I haven't left my apartment since March.

*It feels so hot and sticky and hopeless tonight
Tomorrow's gonna feel
Stickier still
I pity anyone who's alone in this town
It's so bleak
Here.*

I hope New York Has
Enough body bags
I wish I had one
for Lisa.

*It feels so hot and sticky and hopeless tonight
Tomorrow's gonna feel
A 100 times Stickier still
I fear everyone who visits this town
It sucks either
Way.*

#2 COVID

New York Needs Money
Not a traditional budget blowup
We are suffering a major liquidity crisis on the simplest level:
WE HAVE NO CASH!
The whole city shut down at once
A lot of people are getting fired for the duration
Many without severance
I count 7 friends whose jobs are lost
Including the calculating Fitch
He wants to know
how are people supposed to file for unemployment benefits
at offices that are closed
what about welfare payments
or food stamps
For those fortunate enough to remain employed

who will process their checks?

*I'm just a masked and googled face
Grunting across
A 7-inch chain, that safeguards
my door
Leaving one hand out of sight*

COVID!

I tried in vain
to rent borrow or buy wheels
I offered friends free shelter in a second bungalow
but no one is interested
they sure want masks though.
the city seethes with fear
a lot of people are sick
there has been looting almost everywhere
though the streets sound quieter tonight
there probably isn't much left to steal in the stores
I've come to hate the sound
of footsteps and voices in the corridors
silence never sounded so sweet
I don't know what I would do without Sneaky,
my loyal friend.
while he senses the disturbance
his gaze says: we're still here. Relax.
I feel so alone.
I've got nothing positive to say.

*I'm just a masked and googled face
Grunting across
A 7-inch chain, that safeguards
my door
Leaving one hand out of sight*

COVID!

So they think that I'm armed.

#3 Angel

123 12 12
123 12 12

123 12 123 12
123 12 123 12

123 12 12
123 Day 1
123 12 12
123 Day 2
123 12 12
123 Day 123 12 12
123 Day 7

*Angel without
Mercy*

*Bruno Without
Notice
Bursting with Light
Broken*

Evelyn

123 12 12
123 Day 11
123 12 12
123 69
123 12 12
Hundred and 97
123 97
Two Hundred fifty two

*Angel without
Mercy
Bruno Without
Notice
Mountains of Garbage
Feeding
Church Volunteers
Handing*

Everywhere

#4 American Fever

*Fever
American
Fever
American*

New York has banned demonstrations
and imposed a curfew from dusk to dawn I don't think it's
legal but few seem to care.
The cops are already making pedestrians
unwelcomed at night.
They do that a lot in
good
times
here.

*Fever
American
Fever
American*

Anyone with ID
confirming that they work in
health care, transportation, utilities, food
delivery, social services, or IT and provisions may
sample the dark
-ness

*Fever
American*

*Fever
American*

Schools shall remain
closed until further notice
precocious kids will
live off the land
There are mountains of garbage
and brigades of rats
the sewers are
clogging
up...

*Fever
American
Fever
American
Fever
American
Fever
American*

#5 Small enough

Spaces
A timeless
Refuge
In a desert

Power is
A Mirage
That helps
Others accept what you are

*It's easy to feel
Powerful
If your
Reality is small enough*

Life is
Promising
So far
From reality

Whatever
Goes on
These days
Takes place silently

*It's easy to feel
Powerful
If your
Reality is small enough
small enough
small enough
small enough....*

#6 Outdoor Disco

Under the West
Side High-
- way
Where I planned
to relieve My-
-self

I happened on
Something no less
Shocking
An outdoor Dis -
An outdoor Dis -
- Disco

fresh flu
fresh flu
virus sex
fresh flu
fresh flu....

As I Urinated in fog-
-bound
Shadows my bi-noculars re-
-vealed speak-
-easy with lights
And thumping beats
And dancing girls
With naked face
- faces

moans and grunts
sex on a lawn
moans
and grunts
caution aside
passion outside
moans on a lawn
moans
and grunts
sex on a lawn
sex on a highway
way
way

1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8

1 2 3
4 5 sex

Since Influen-
-za replicates
with
replicates with amazing
speed
Whenever two
Viruses in-

fect the same cell
they can swap genes

each can contribute
genetic segment
needed to assemble

fresh flu
fresh flu
virus sex
fresh flu

fresh flu
fresh flu
moans and grunts
fresh flu

outdoor disco
passion disco
virus disco
highway
disco
disco
sco
co
o
o
o

#8 anxiety

I am obsessed with the election and exhausted, working
double time literally. No days off since last summer and I'm on
with both jobs till March.

I don't work Dropbox very well, and the songs disappear
separately into my lousy Mac music dimension. Drives me
crazy last Dropboxing I got right was when my friend Andy
sent me music for the book trailer, but he died last year, maybe
from Covid after touring China we'll never know.
I'm sorry I'm such a dork. I can't even post much, or keep up.
My wife, half dead from work, is in bed.

It's worse now, and they towed my car from a legal spot on
Sunday.
I have to work all weekend.
I am literally a wreck.

#7 missing link

M – breath
B – dreams
M – earth
B - limbs
M – trips
B – home
MB – neither alive nor dead

M –tense
B - deal
M – missing link
B – rude
M – 20 years
B – or 2
MB – there is no leaving it

Weeping woman
Solitude
Liquid motion
Merchandise

Life on earth
DNA

#8 Anxiety

I am actually way anxious and depressed. They doubled my
work and all the commute to the city and having my car
illegally towed blew my mind.
I nearly killed my cats with carbon monoxide on Monday
when I went to try to get vaccinated in the city.

Damn, I haven't been opening emails.
I haven't responded to holiday greetings from all over the
world yet.

I'm sorry.
Yes: no.
Public events are unsafe. I'm skipping all sorts of minor
medical stuff. I am afraid for my mental state.

Just want this all to end.
Last 6 weeks have been awful.
I'm just so worn out.
It's so hard.

#7 missing link – cont:

(Instrumental)

M Bleak
B Chain
M Angel
B Fever
M Small
B Disco
MB – Solitude has its charms

Weeping woman
Life on Earth
Liquid motion
DNA

Twenty years
dva je'n dva

je'n dva tri
je'n dva je'n dva
je'n dva tri
je'n dva je'n dva

#9 / #1 Bleak

I hope New York has
Enough body bags
I wish I had one for Lisa

It feels so hot and sticky and hopeless tonight
Tomorrow's gonna feel
A 1000 times Stickier still
I fear everyone who visits this town
We're fucked either
Way.