shouldn’t we talk? 
J.K. Randall

I. c.9’
II. c.5’
III. c.17’
IV. c.6’

JKR bio:

J.K. Randall, comfortably retired since 1991, lives in Princeton, where he taught for many years. Much of his work is available on the Open Space label.

[Program note follows.]
Program note for shouldn’t we talk?:

Forget Weirdnesses ( : amazing multiphonics, sonic matches, extended resources, & all that ) .

What I’m after, needs Ordinary; needs, as between percussion and saxophones, the bald incommensurability that estranges them right there in their most routine, everyday, doings --- like banging on stuff vs. playing tunes.

Roughly, here’s how my 4 mvmts go : {*Your Attention Please*}


[A puzzled SILENCE ensues.] ??Start Over??
& Solos Sententially.

ALTO unbuttons a jazzy, Practiceroom voice; whose licks PERC registers, then Waxes Sentential Again (giving carnybark the grand go-by), and stumbles into A Sludgy Groove. where SOPR infiltrates, Gabbles (flustering PERC), Narcissistically takes over, Pirouettes Out Of Orbit, and earns #the gong#.

--- whereupon PERC solicits, & delivers, a Forceful Anti-war Speech --- Sentential --- Mostly On Drums.

Encouraged (or is it heckled) by PERC, TENOR (a beginner with a halting investment in rhythm) Huffs Manfully to embrace phrase 2 of The Sheetmusic Version of Body & Soul.


III. Revamping Failures Familiar From Mvmt I, TENOR and PERC re-emerge in A Partnership Of Convenience; in which “fft, CaCa” supports Some Honky Hotcha, whose Addlecrotched Unraveling earns a {tasteful} gong.

Aping the sustained SILENCE surrounding the gong, A Sustained Blast by TENOR kicks off A Supercautious Game Of Virtual Checkers --- in which You Can’t Tell whether they’re playing each other, or Against Us. Whichever, a Rigorously Plausible Upshot earns the gong and an embarrassed SILENCE. (Silence, here, is always realworld silence: never GaGaLand, as in GAP5, where time floats as space.)

Thus It Is, that in The Doldrums Of Nothing-To-Do --- abruptly, some honky hotcha resuscitates; but its even feebler unraveling again earns the gong. Which heralds Some More (or is it more) Of The Same virtual checkers. Which is --- (in turn) --- (again) --- gonged. Yet These Guys Won’t Quit; and this time contrive to simulate A Consequential Consummation, which seems, for a hopeful moment, to spring us into the clear; --- but : --- {gong} --- we are abandoned, in thrall to a Resigned, Drained, SILENCE.
Now that any imaginable remnant of energy has dispersed, PERC ushers in the only genuine patch of The Real Thing to be found here: namely, a ripoff of a Gerry Mulligan [+BARI] countermelody to *Love Me Or Leave Me*; which is rowdily squelched by carnybark, re-apparing In Cameo.

However, enough PERC-energy leaks across the subsequent SILENCE to incite Supranatural Inversions Of Race & Gender, as ALTO lolls on the concluding lick from *Lonely Woman* --- a reverse from which mvmt III won’t recover. ALTO turns out to be a Quite Persuasive, if histrionic, diva, who enacts for us A Comprehensive Madscene with which we cannot help but Empathize!! PERC attends closely, and works its way thru a responsive, Noticeably Hypersentential, interior monologue, which blossoms into a running Explanatory Aside To Us, and Outlasts The Outsneaking Diva.

IV.

Sensible of, nor intimidated by, a Jagged Landscape of PERC splatts, SOPR rises, by Steps Admittedly Logical, up into the stratosphere, where *The Saints Go Marching In* on their 1st 4 notes, in augmentation --- outfoxing the stars.

{*Continuity, consecution, in this precis, is, of course, surreal.*}
{*as music is.*}

--JKR