N° 1069a

Eve Beglarian

Landscaping for Privacy

for voice & keyboards

EVBVD MUSIC
PO Box 1677
Old Chelsea Station
New York, NY 10011
www.evbvd.com

Landscaping for Privacy was written to be performed on the Kurzweil PC88 keyboard, using its arpeggiator function. The piece begins with the keyboard player latching a pianissimo D5 and then sustaining various notes, which get added into the arpeggiator in the order and at the dynamic at which they are played. Version #1069a notates what the keyboard player should play on the top staff, and the resultant music on the lower staff. In addition to the music notated in the score, there is a sequenced part that begins at m. 91, which is triggered by the vocalist. The sequenced part is available as a standard MIDI file. If a sequencer is not available, it would also be possible to play this part on CD.

The narrator should work with the musician to pace his or her reading so that the start and end cues align in the way I've indicated, but beyond that, the internal pacing of the reading is quite flexible. If you would like to perform the piece in another language than English, please contact me, as several translations have already been made, and there may be one in the language you need.

There is an all-acoustic chamber version of the piece for voice, piano, marimba, vibraphone, alto flute, and bass clarinet. It is published as EVBVD Music #1069b.

In addition, I am open to people undertaking to perform the piece for voice, acoustic piano, and tape (version #1069c). The pianist plays the keyboard part with no electronic help, and the CD supplies the sequencer part.

Landscaping for Privacy was written in August-September 1995 for *twisted tutu* (Kathleen Supové, keyboards and Eve Beglarian, vocals) while we were in residence at the Bellagio Center in Italy under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. The text is by Linda Norton. The piece is seven minutes long.

twisted tutu's recording is available on CRI #770.

landscaping for privacy: vox

[m. 2]
The hedges along the parkway, the trees, the trees--
They sashay, they nearly genuflect, they breathe.
It's good to breathe; it's good to get away in summer,
It makes you feel clean. The city, the squalor, the mess,
That's what's killing us. Did I tell you about the rat
I saw in the subway last night? It had a swollen belly
And no fear, it went right for a transvestite in heels!
Enough; I know; not here, not now; I should relax,
Shut up, let go. Oh, yes, Long Island's very fresh and nice;
Do they have rats out here, or just field mice? And I forget,
What do people *do* with themselves in the suburbs?
The streets are empty, the lawns unused. If I lived here,
I'd spread out, I'd hang a hammock, I'd keep sheep,
I'd dig a well. I'd build hummocks to my own
Specs, I'd be positively pastoral. **[done before m. 36]**

[m. 51 or so]
But you're right, of course. Of course, you're right.
I couldn't keep sheep, there's probably an ordinance,
They'd shoot me for ruining property values.
But what's property, anyway? Years ago
I read about a pillar of roses in an English garden
And so I own it, I have the deed by heart.
[m.64]
Speaking of which, pull over, look,
Here's a surprise for you. Check out my bicep.
Do you like my new tattoo?
What do you mean, "What is it, did it hurt?"
It's a *miniature gazebo*! Of *course* it hurt!
Note the incredible detail, the wicked craftsmanship.
See--it's a garden pagoda for me and you,
With ivy, and grass, and a snake in the grass.
Hey, what are you doing? Oh yes, that's good,
Yes, kiss it and make it better. Because
It did hurt a bit. In fact, it hurt like hell
(Remember that night when you touched me
And I yelled?) **[m.83]**

[m. 85]
OK, let's drive, let's tour the hydrangeas
And the lawns. What could be more suggestive
Than a grassy mattress? Maybe that TV glowing
In a darkened den, shades nearly drawn.
Slow down, slow down--that's strange: a sick room,
A suburban tomb, on a day like this,
With the clouds all starched and bustling
In a Disney sky. Look, they have a gazebo, too,
Jam-packed with rusted rakes and trash.

[m. 104]
If I had their lawn I'd soak it and sun bathe on it,
I'd sleep out under the stars, I'd walk to the mall
And strap a sack of fertilizer to my back and hike
All the way home. We've lived in the city far too long,
Yes, that's what's killing us. That, and this monument
To love we lug, this brick inscribed FOREVER.
Let's let it sink. Let's kiss.

[m. 123]
Give me the wheel,
I'll drive so you can look at clouds.

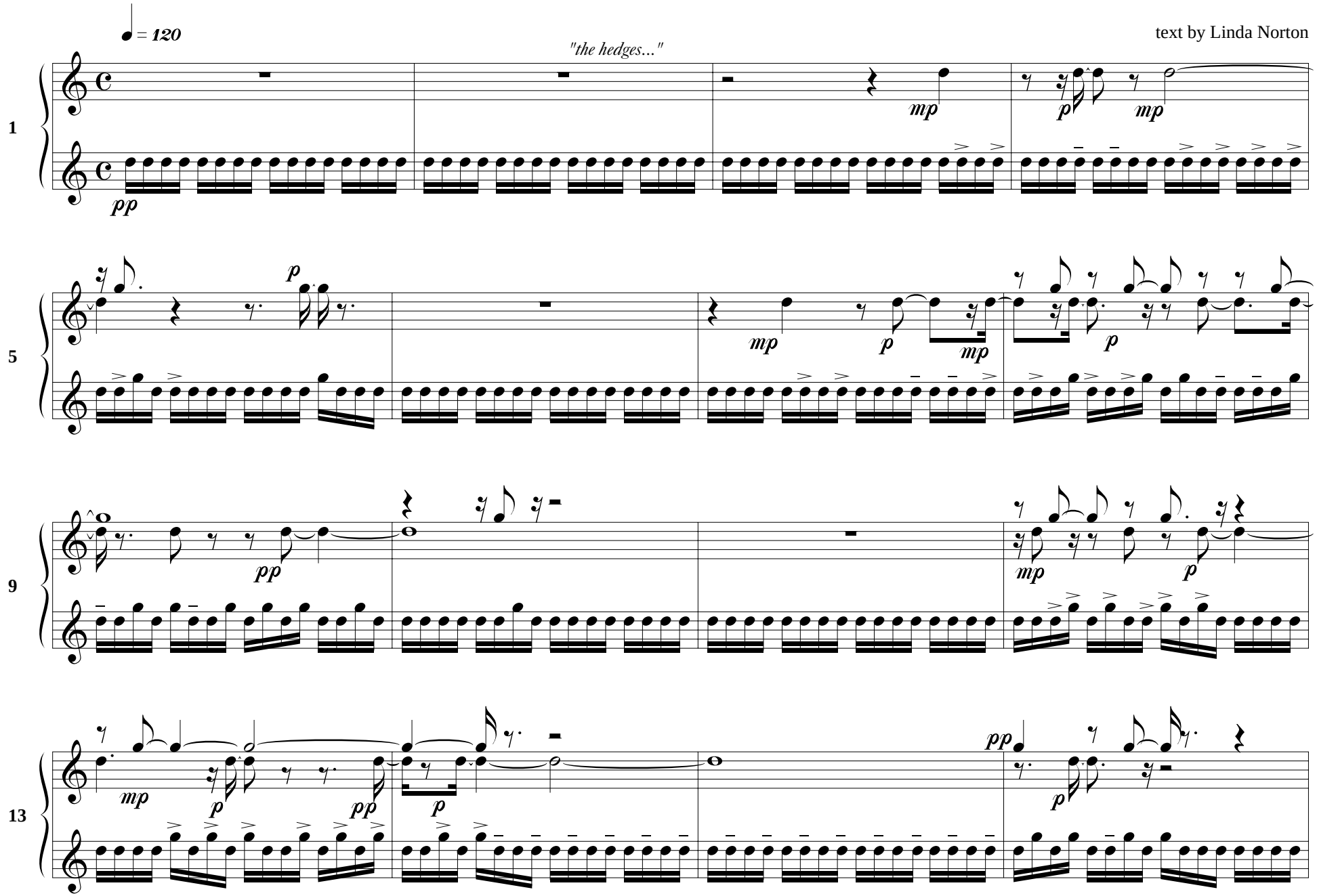
[m. 135]
"All clouds are clocks," bulldozing time.
Do you remember who said that?
A pauper? A philosopher?
Well, he was right,
Those pretty clouds are bullies--

Bouffant armada,
Fluffy but cruel,
Ushering last days for many.

[done by m. 145]

landscaping for privacy

text by Linda Norton



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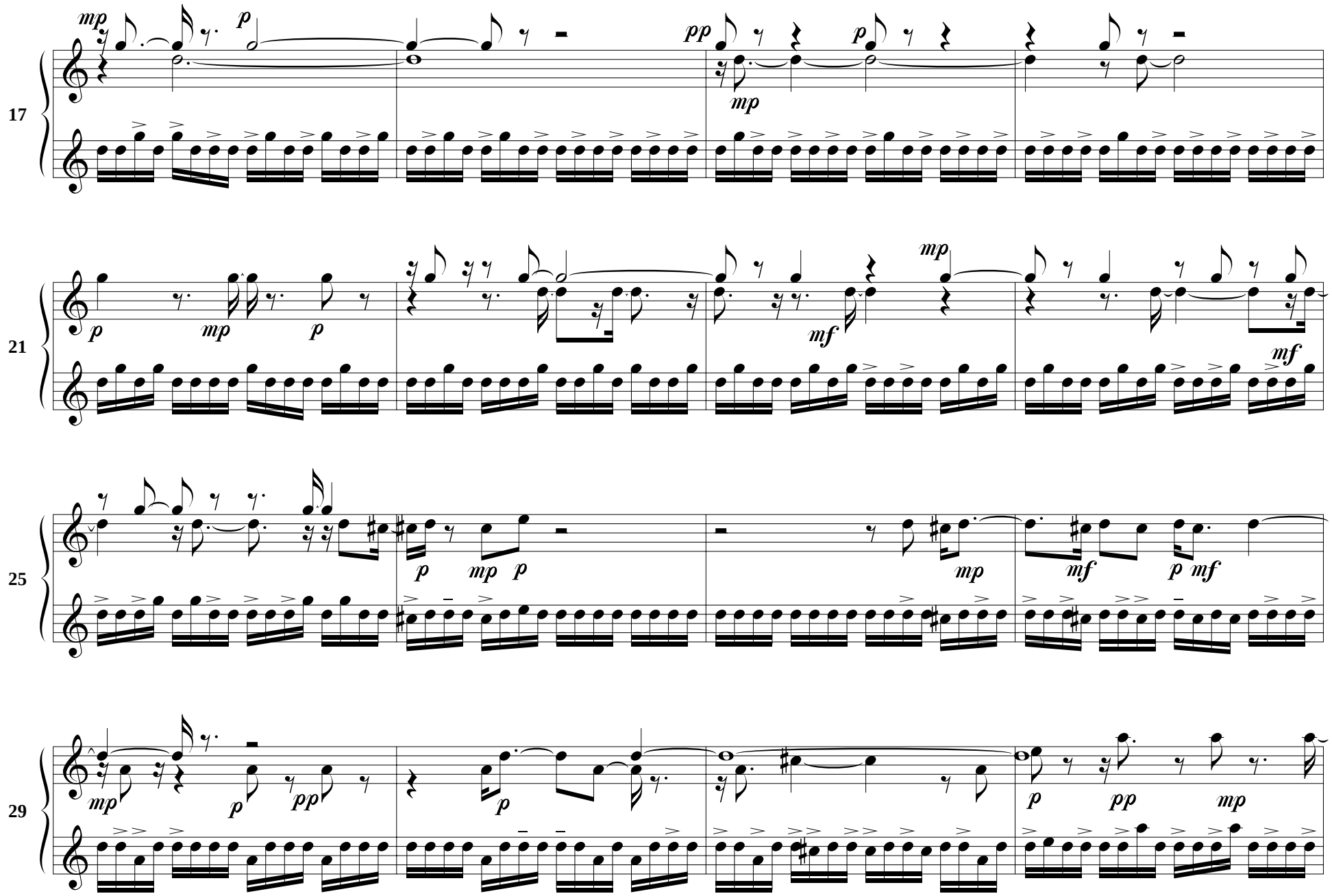
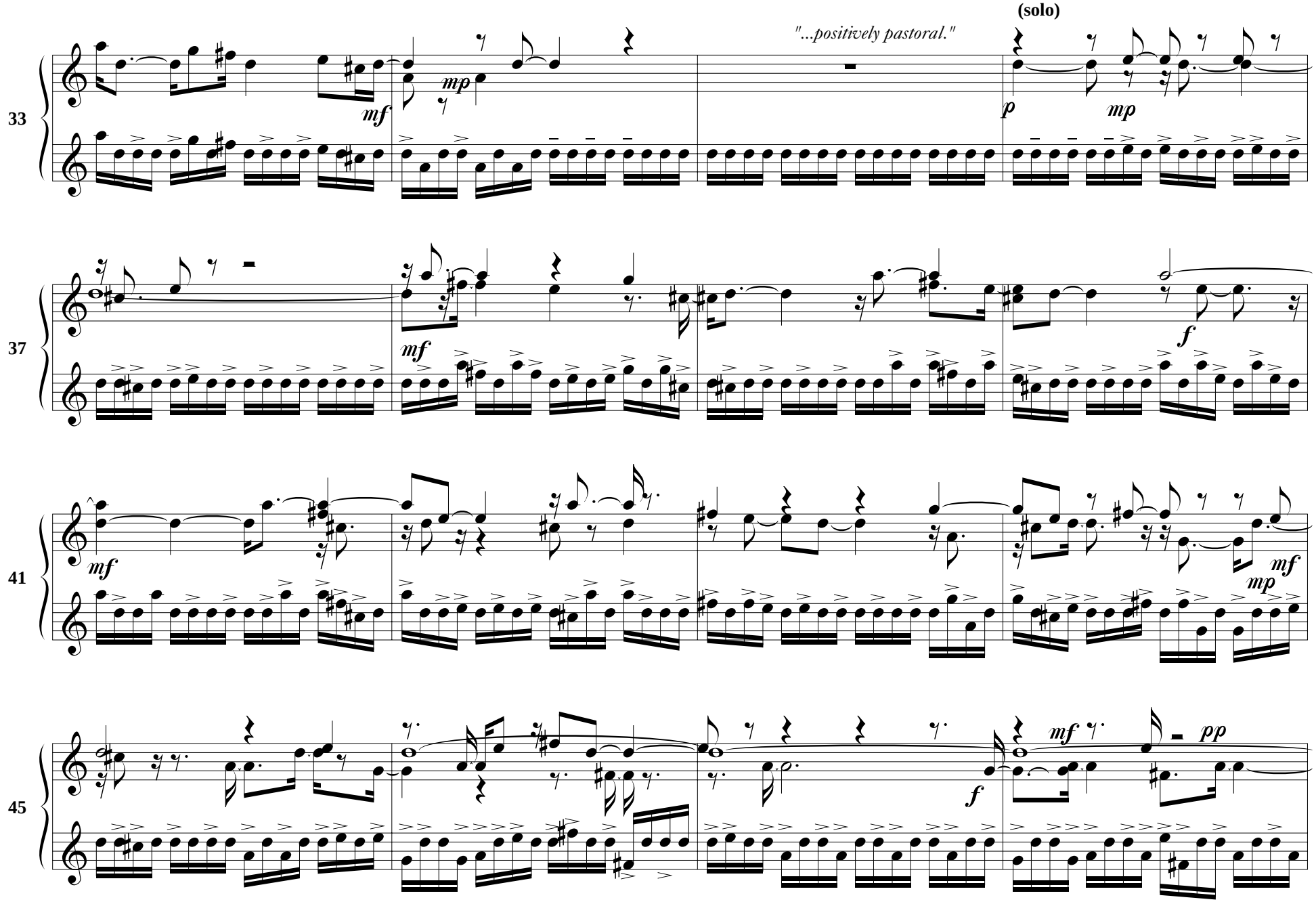
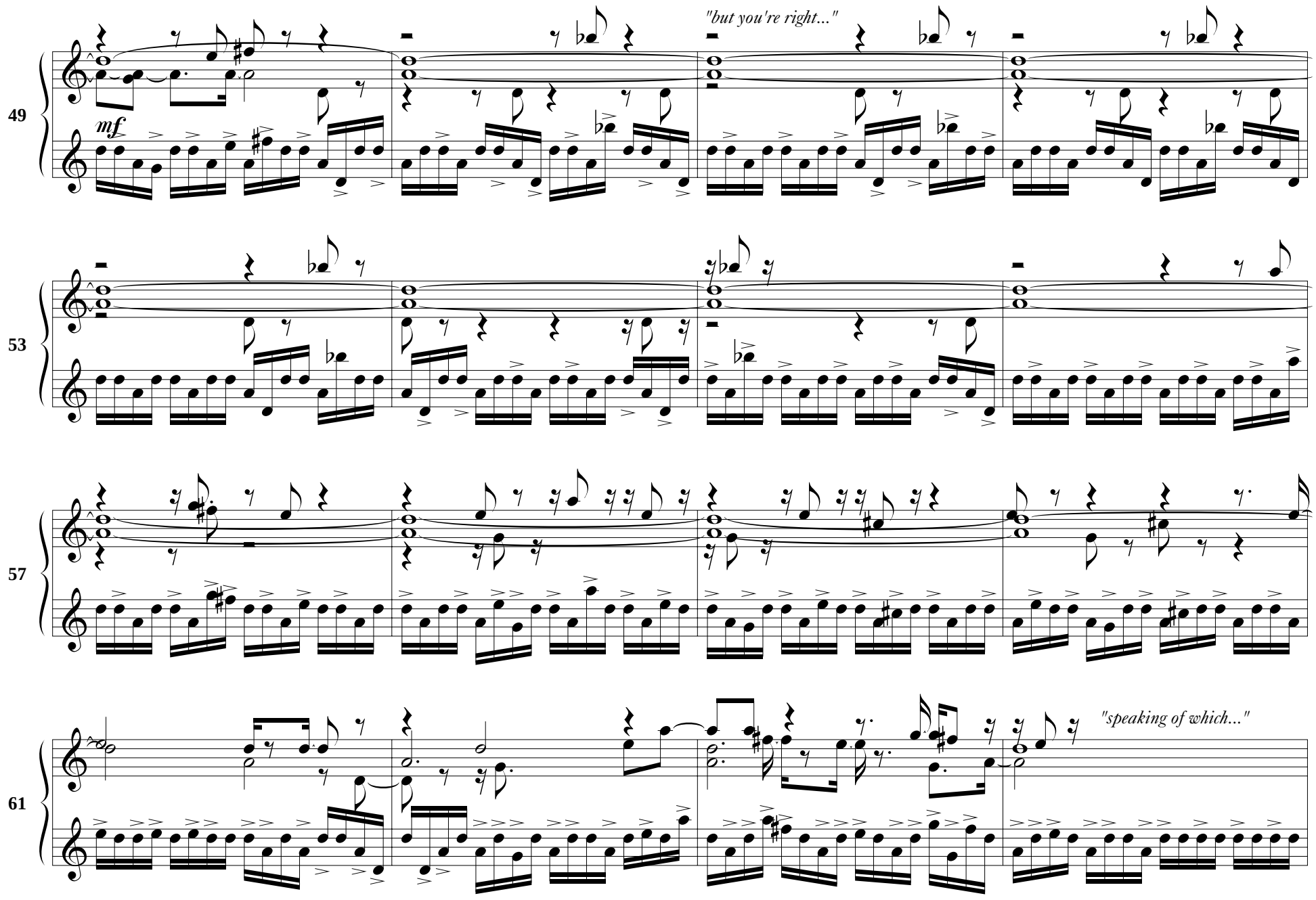
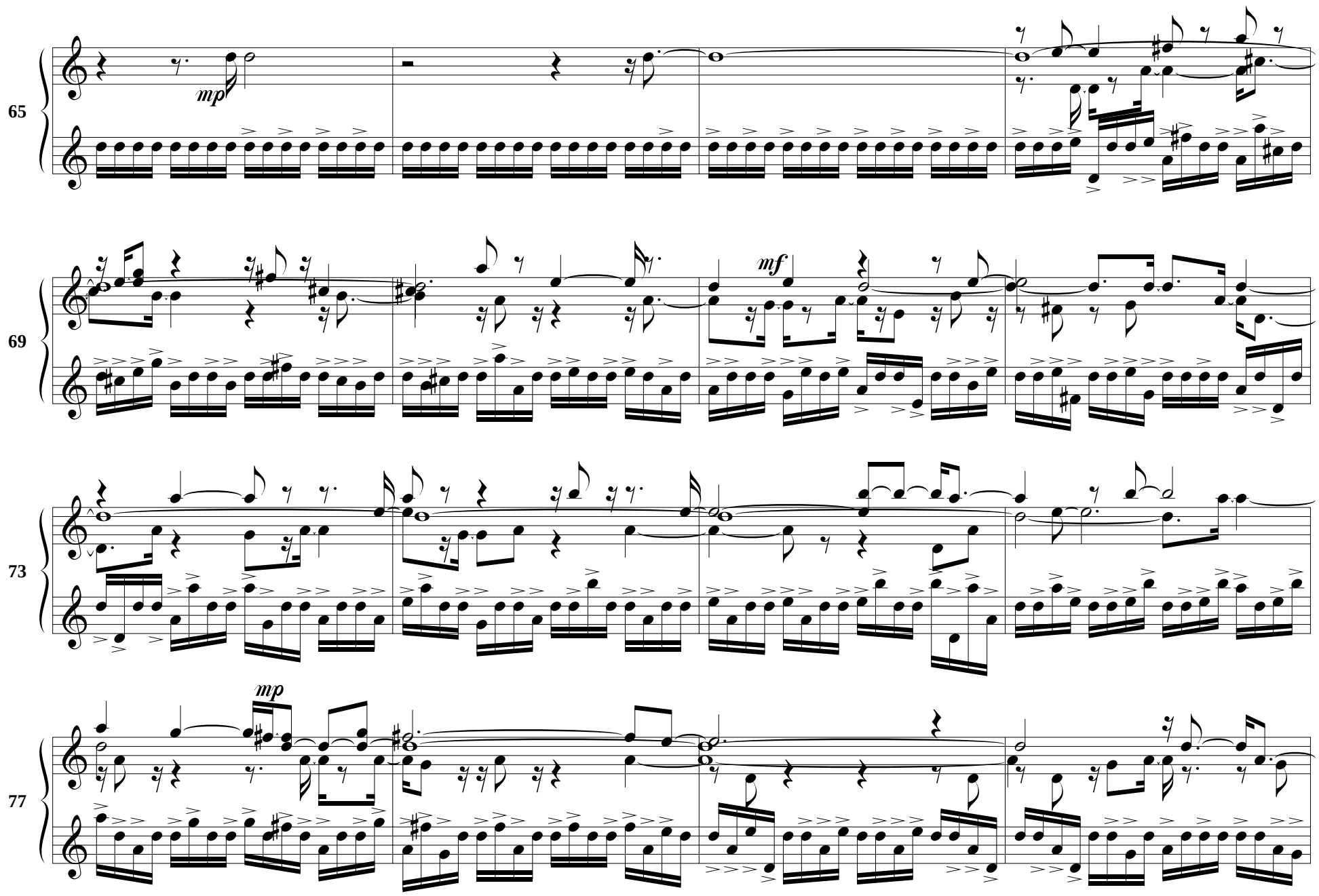
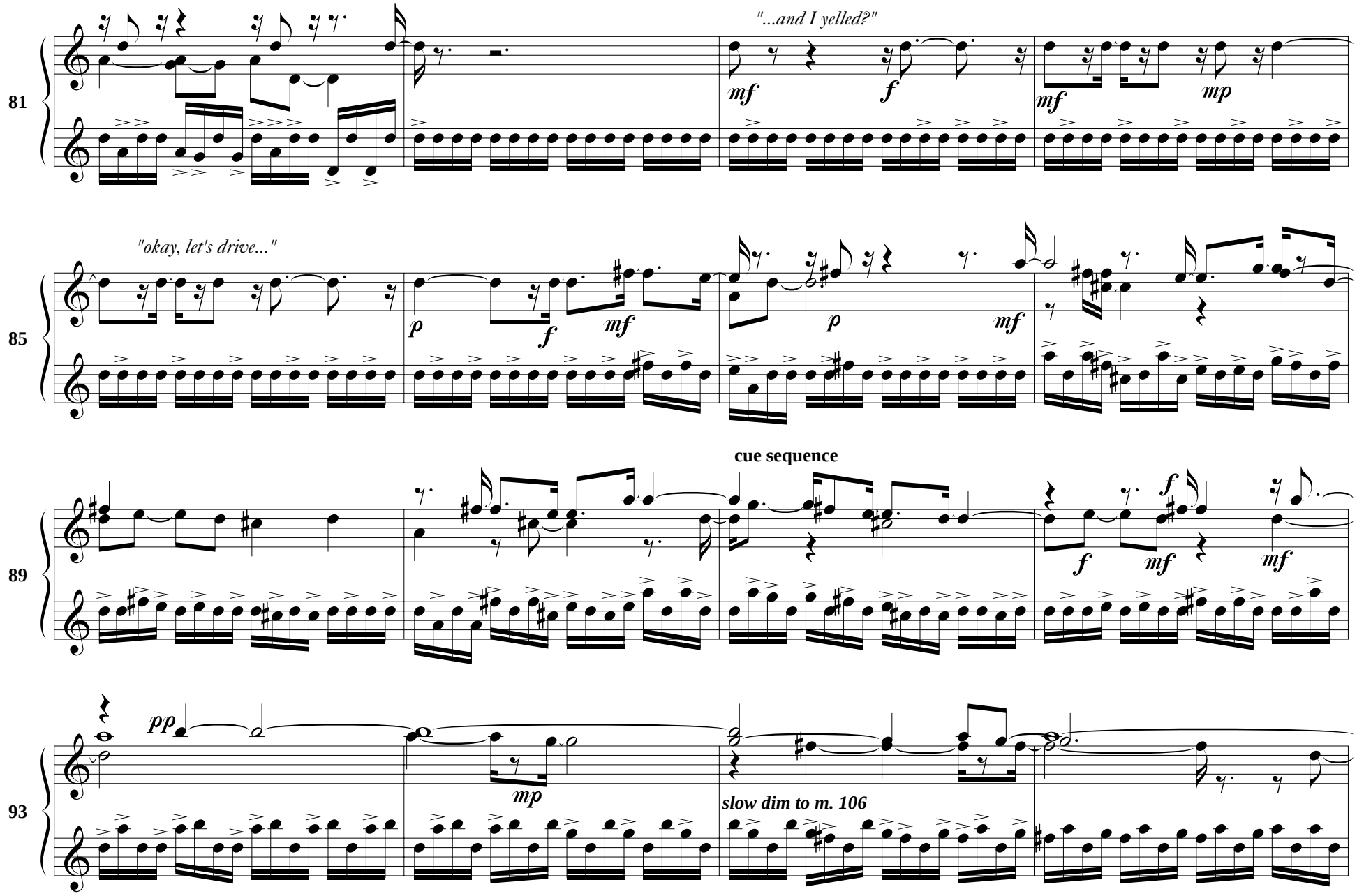
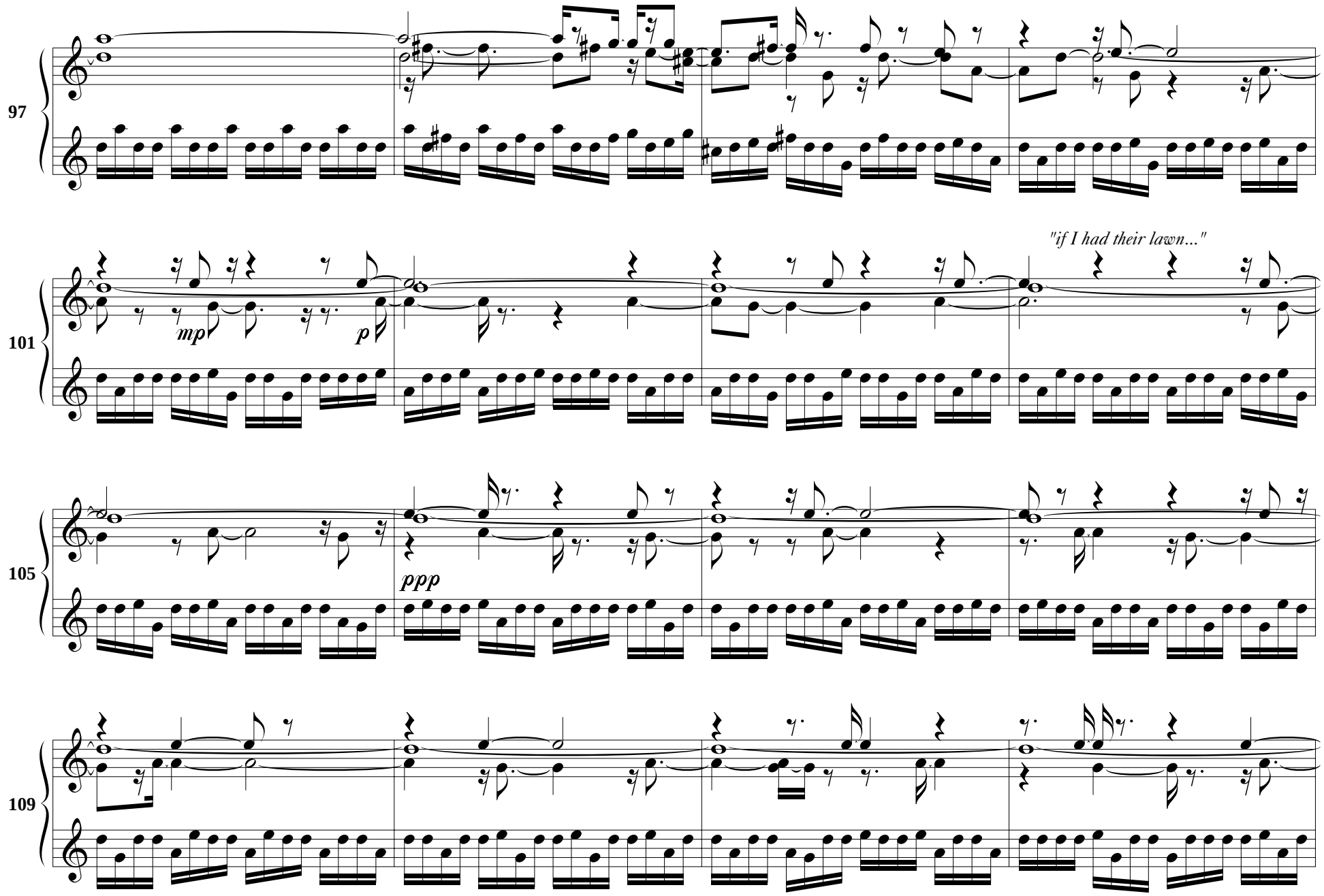

17
21
25
29

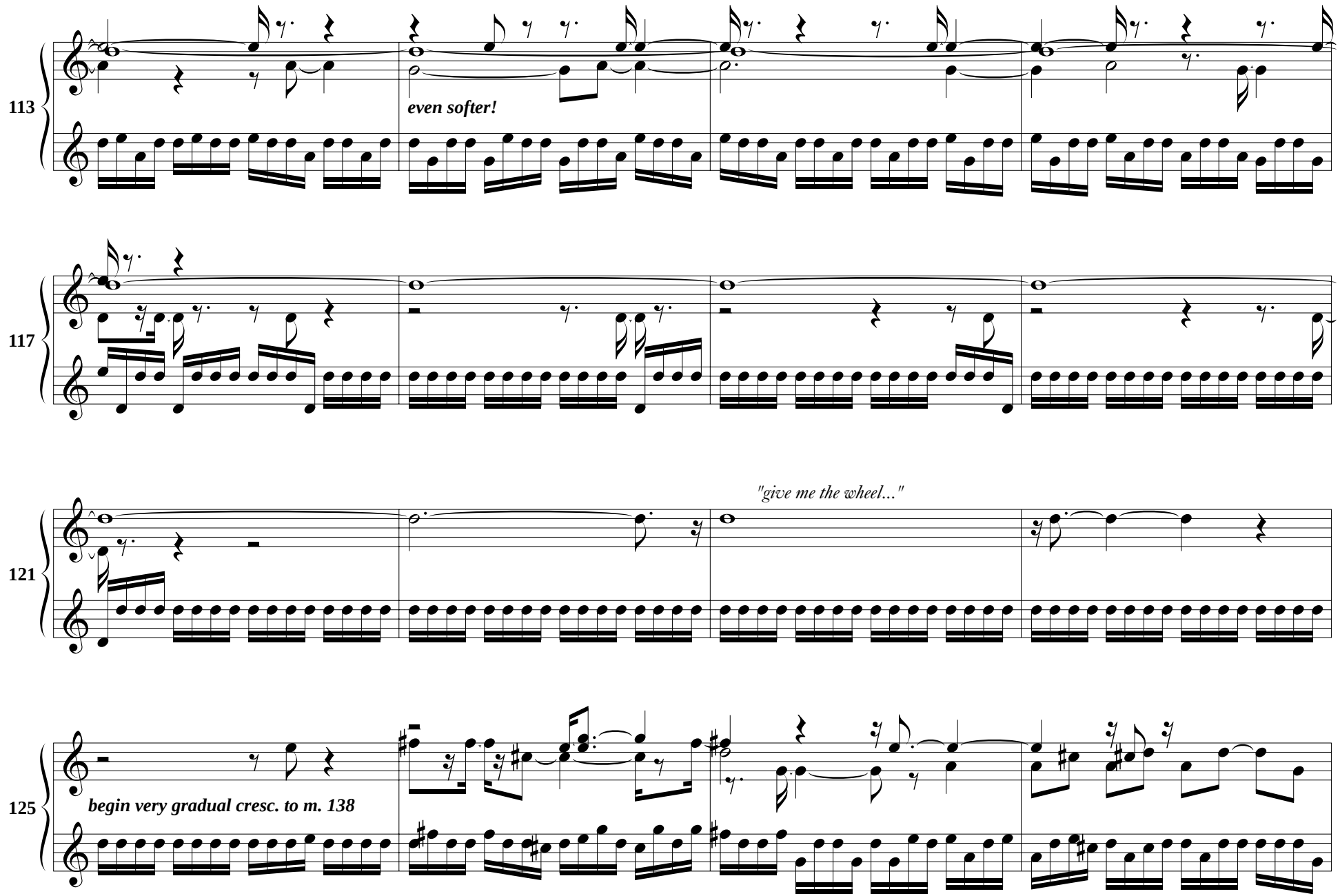

(solo)
"...positively pastoral."
33
37
41
45

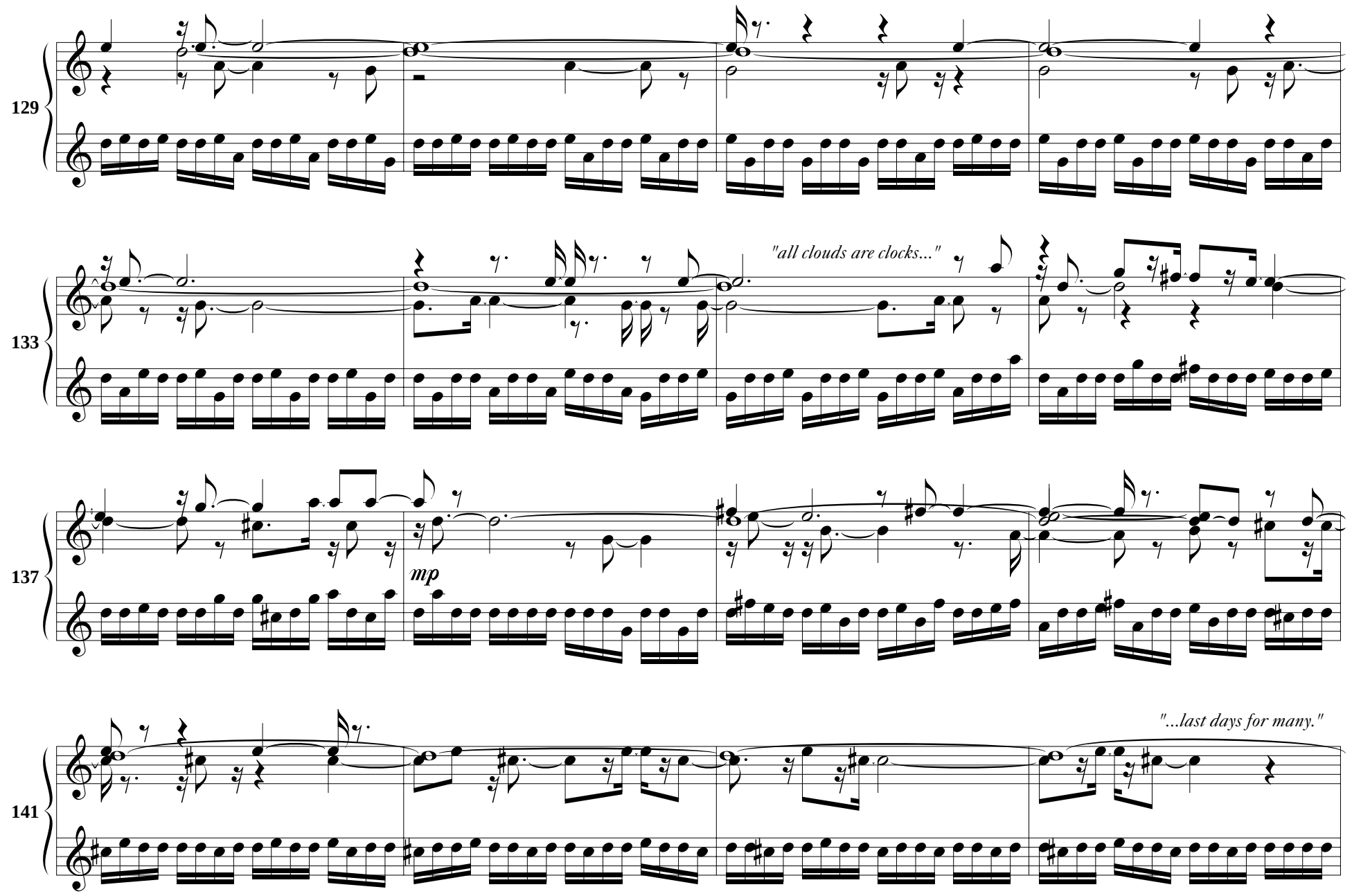

"but you're right..."
mf
49
53
57
61
"speaking of which..."

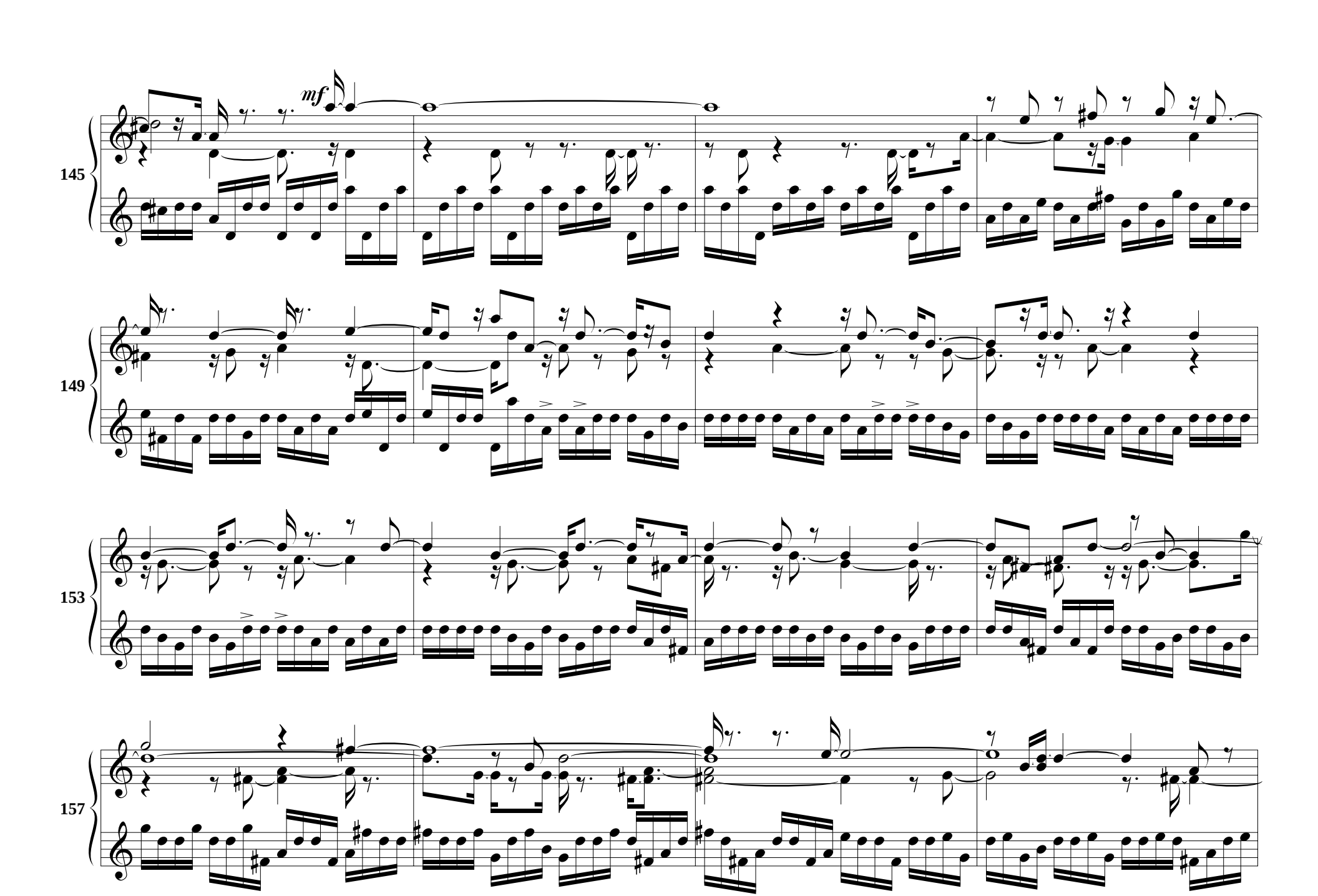

65
mp
69
mf
73
77
mp

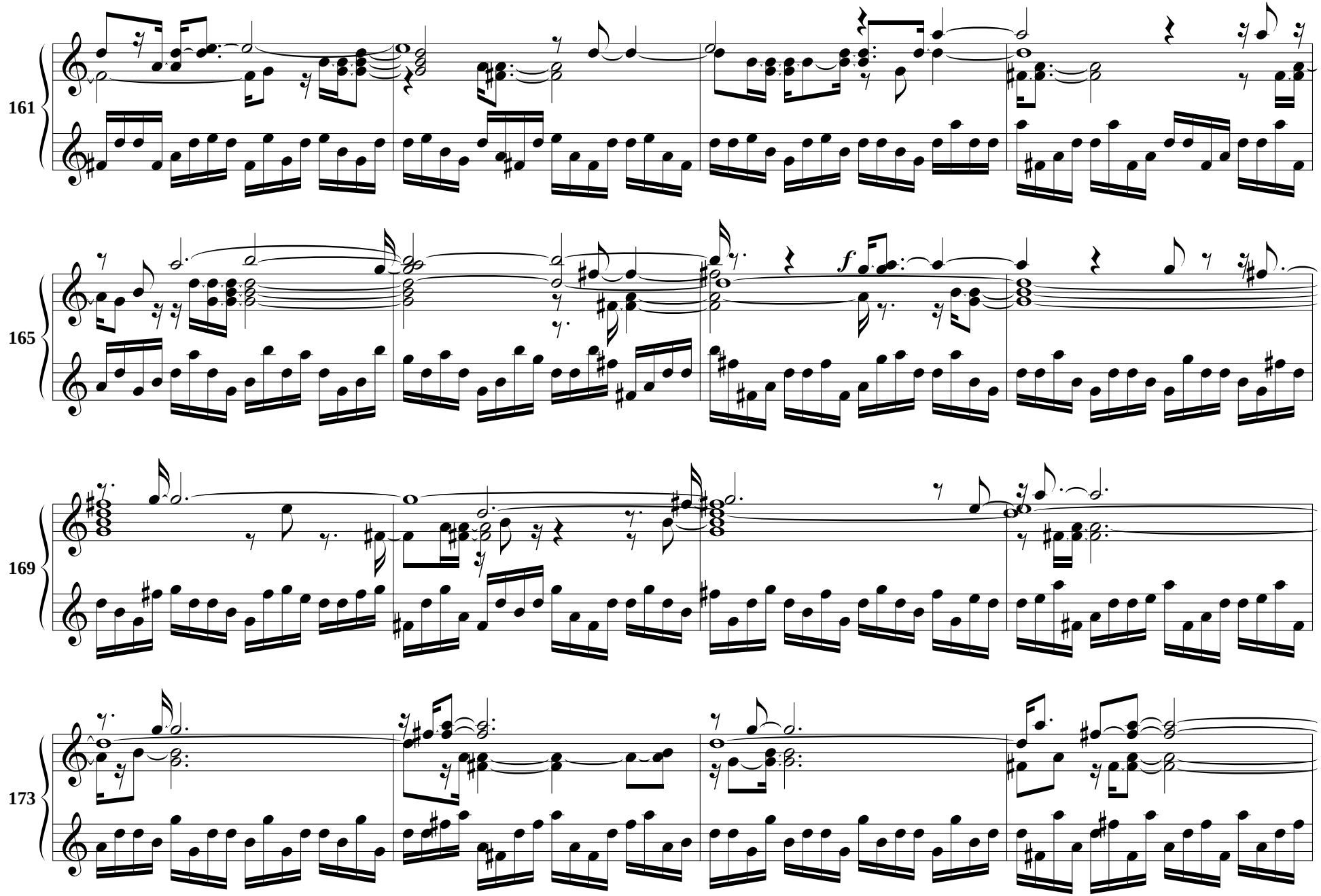

81
"...and I yelled?"
mf
f
mf
mp
85
"okay, let's drive..."
p
f
mf
p
mf
89
cue sequence
f
mf
f
mf
93
pp
mp
slow dim to m. 106

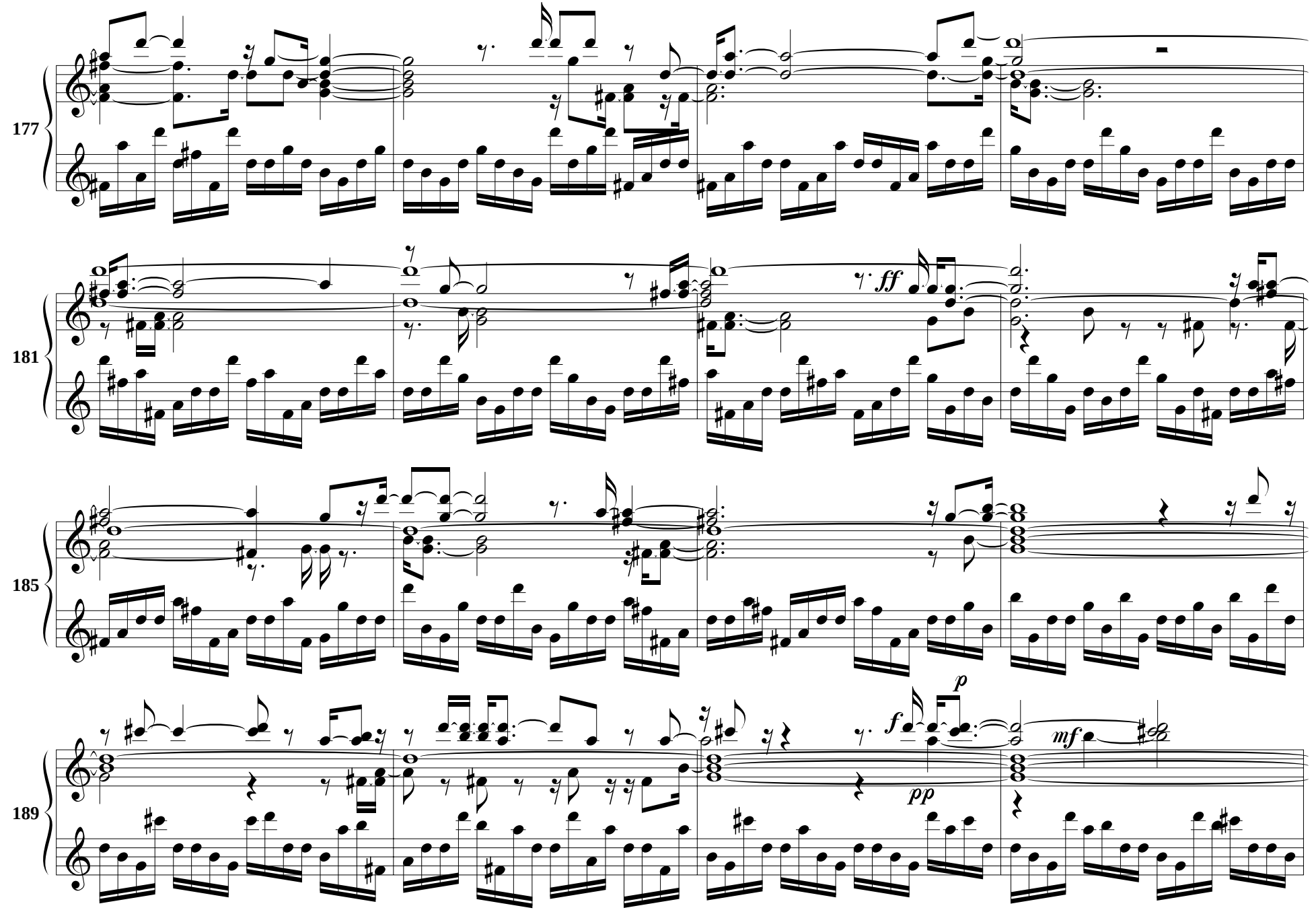

97
101
105
109
"if I had their lawn..."
mp
p
ppp

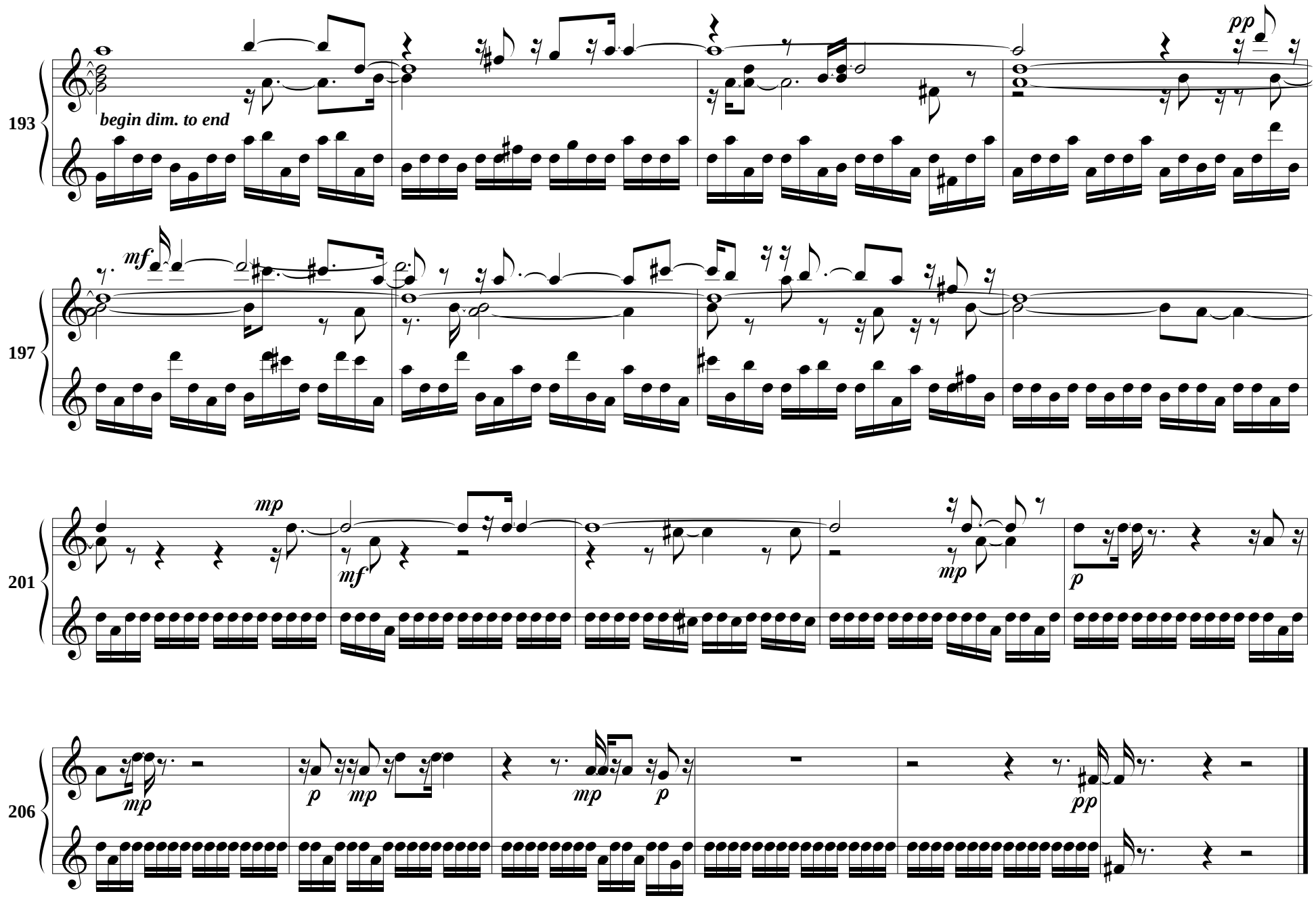

113
even softer!
117
121
"give me the wheel..."
125
begin very gradual cresc. to m. 138


129
133
"all clouds are clocks..."
137
mp
141
"...last days for many."


mf
145
149
153
157


161
165
f
169
173


177
181
ff
185
189
p
f
pp
mf


193
begin dim. to end
pp
197
mf
201
mp
mf
mp
p
206
mp
p
mp
mp
p
pp