



# Zweite Meinung aus den sieben Tagen

Empirische Beweise für die Existenz von außerirdischer Intelligenz und / oder Hierarchien der himmlischen Wesen wie von synthetischen Heterodyn interferometrischen Demodulation des Weltraums Funksignale mit Beta- ( $\beta$ ), Alpha- ( $\alpha$ ), Theta- ( $\theta$ ) und Delta- ( $\delta$ )Hirn-Frequenzen belegt

**"Das größte Kunstwerk, was möglich ist in den ganzen Kosmos"**

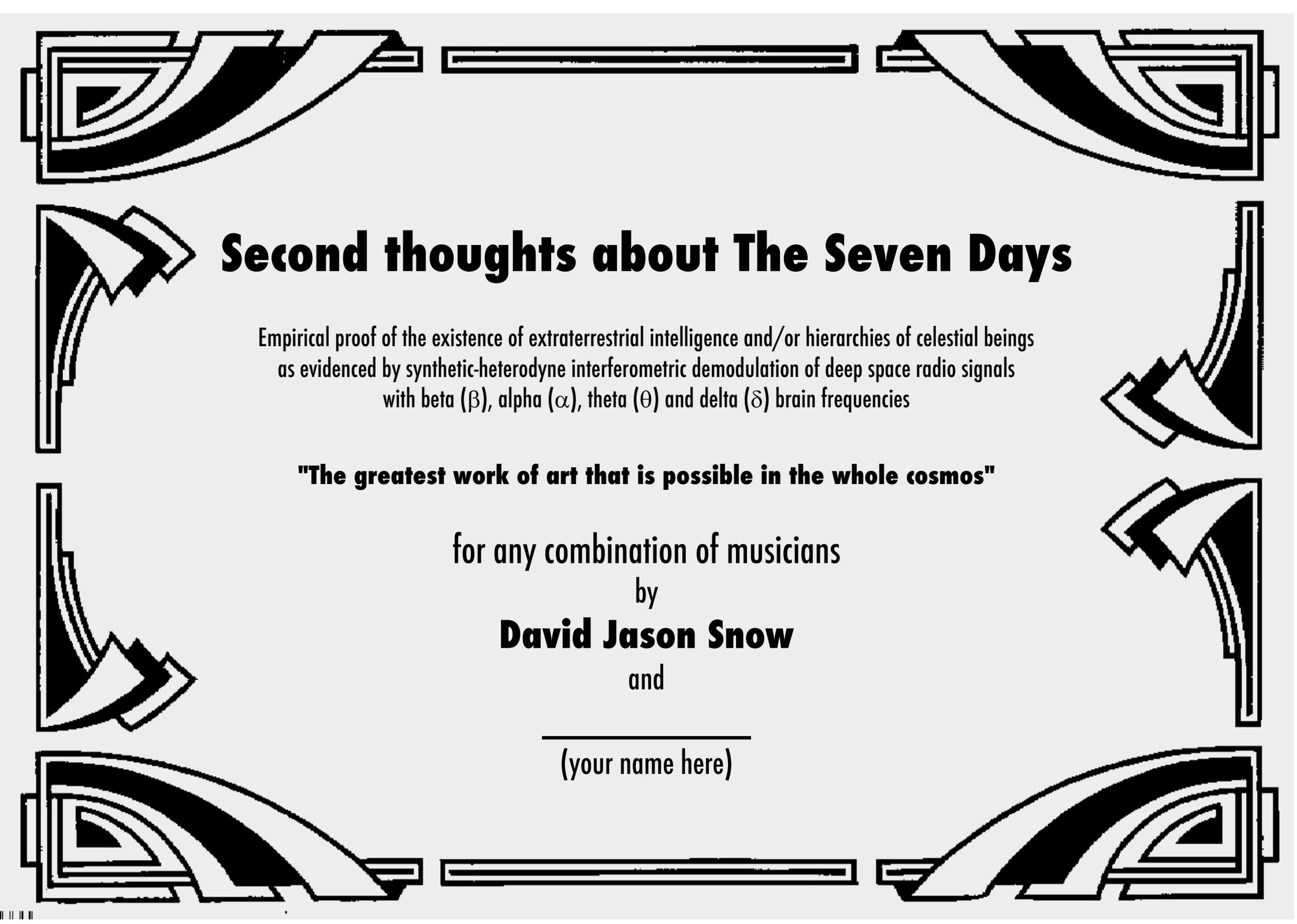
für jede Kombination von Musikern

von

**David Jason Snow**

und

(ihr Name hier)



# Second thoughts about The Seven Days

Empirical proof of the existence of extraterrestrial intelligence and/or hierarchies of celestial beings  
as evidenced by synthetic-heterodyne interferometric demodulation of deep space radio signals  
with beta ( $\beta$ ), alpha ( $\alpha$ ), theta ( $\theta$ ) and delta ( $\delta$ ) brain frequencies

**"The greatest work of art that is possible in the whole cosmos"**

for any combination of musicians

by

**David Jason Snow**

and

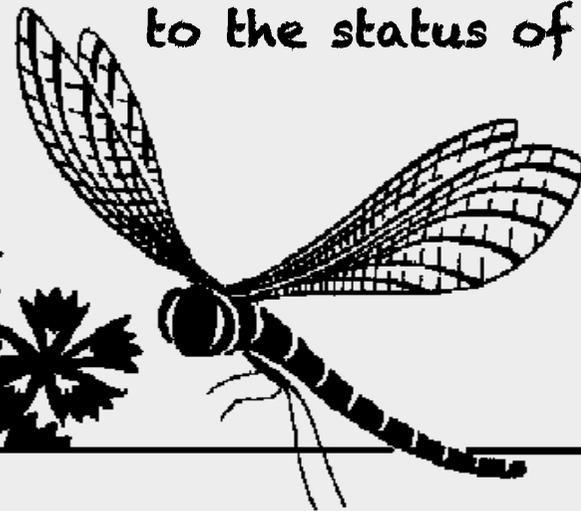
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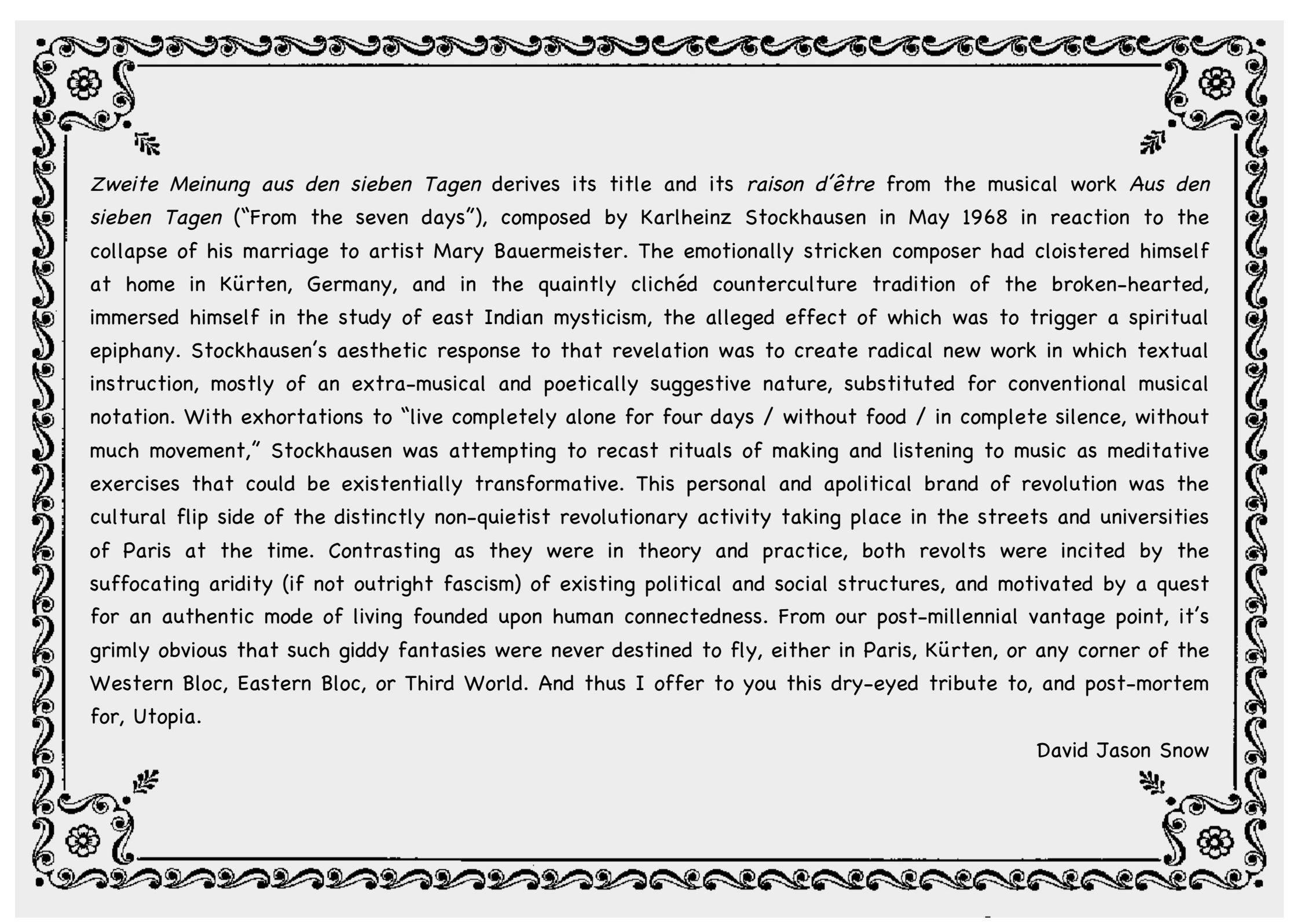
(your name here)

To Dave Taylor,  
a consummate musician  
who infuses virtuosity with soul,  
and doesn't take shit from anybody,

and...

to the holy fools of  
The Portsmouth Sinfonia  
who elevated incompetence  
to the status of transcendent art.





*Zweite Meinung aus den sieben Tagen* derives its title and its *raison d'être* from the musical work *Aus den sieben Tagen* ("From the seven days"), composed by Karlheinz Stockhausen in May 1968 in reaction to the collapse of his marriage to artist Mary Bauermeister. The emotionally stricken composer had cloistered himself at home in Kürten, Germany, and in the quaintly clichéd counterculture tradition of the broken-hearted, immersed himself in the study of east Indian mysticism, the alleged effect of which was to trigger a spiritual epiphany. Stockhausen's aesthetic response to that revelation was to create radical new work in which textual instruction, mostly of an extra-musical and poetically suggestive nature, substituted for conventional musical notation. With exhortations to "live completely alone for four days / without food / in complete silence, without much movement," Stockhausen was attempting to recast rituals of making and listening to music as meditative exercises that could be existentially transformative. This personal and apolitical brand of revolution was the cultural flip side of the distinctly non-quietist revolutionary activity taking place in the streets and universities of Paris at the time. Contrasting as they were in theory and practice, both revolts were incited by the suffocating aridity (if not outright fascism) of existing political and social structures, and motivated by a quest for an authentic mode of living founded upon human connectedness. From our post-millennial vantage point, it's grimly obvious that such giddy fantasies were never destined to fly, either in Paris, Kürten, or any corner of the Western Bloc, Eastern Bloc, or Third World. And thus I offer to you this dry-eyed tribute to, and post-mortem for, Utopia.

David Jason Snow

## *Zweite Meinung aus den sieben Tagen*

is in seven movements of indeterminate length:

1. L'ennui, présenté (Boredom, introduced)
2. Fétide idéaux avec le fromage (Festering ideals with cheese)
3. Fastidieux entracte (Tedious intermission)
4. Frénétiques des nausées (Frenetic nausea)
5. L'ennui, l'état d'équilibre (Boredom, steady-state)
6. Nombriisme, etc etc etc (Navel-gazing, etc. etc. etc.)
7. L'ennui, récapitulé (Boredom, recapitulated)

The recited texts of this work are in French and English. It is permissible to translate those texts into other languages for performance. A performer may optionally announce the title of each movement before it is performed.

# 1. L'ennui, présenté: "L'ennui est contre-révolutionnaire."

All musicians who have instrument cases  
bring them on stage,  
flinging the cases open with great flourish  
and shouting "voilà!" with enthusiasm as they do so,  
then removing instruments from the cases  
and displaying them to the audience.

Woodwind players  
separately remove each piece  
of their unassembled instruments from the cases  
and display them to the audience with a hearty "voilà!"  
randomly blowing  
or speaking through,  
buzzing their lips into,  
or peering through each piece as it is brought forth,  
then assembling the instrument.

Brass players disassemble their instruments  
and display the parts  
one by one,  
blowing,  
buzzing,  
or speaking through the pieces,  
then reassembling the instruments.

Percussion players hold aloft  
each small instrument in their battery for examination,  
or roll large instruments  
(e.g. timpani, orchestral bells)  
to where they can be seen.

Keyboard players  
walk around their instruments  
and point to them like game show models  
hawking prize appliances.

All players  
carry out these activities  
simultaneously and independently of the others,  
always with energy and enthusiasm,  
until all the instruments are assembled and displayed.  
At that point,  
the players shout "voilà!" in unison  
and applaud themselves  
and the audience.

## 2. Fétide idéaux, avec le fromage: "Soyez réalistes, demandez l'impossible."

Some musicians  
attempt to play *La Marseillaise* in unison  
(if they don't know the tune,  
they should fake it),  
while others intone the following lines  
slowly  
and with great solemnity,  
either individually  
or as a group:

"L'ennui est la mort de la liberté.  
L'ennui est la mort de la créativité.  
L'ennui est la mort de la passion, de vie, le sens, et de la révolution!  
L'ennui est contre-révolutionnaire!  
Mort à contre-révolution!"

The musicians who were playing *La Marseillaise*  
recite the following lines,  
while those who were reciting  
take up their instruments  
and attempt to play *La Marseillaise* in unison  
from where the last group left off:

"Mort à l'oppression!  
Mort à ceux qui répète tout ce que je dis.  
Oui, la mort pour nous tous.  
Nous sommes des vaches, Le sort des-nous!  
Mooooooooo!"

All the musicians  
attempt to play *La Marseillaise* in unison.  
Individual musicians  
stop playing at random intervals  
to shout the following lines:

"Vive l'ennui!  
Vive l'ennui!  
L'ennui-l'ennui-l'ennui!  
Vivez sans temps morts, jouissez sans entraves!  
Ne négociez pas avec les patrons, abolissez-les!  
L'art est mort, ne consommez pas son cadavre!"

All musicians  
stop playing  
and shout loudly in unison:

"Oui, l'art est mort,  
consommez pas son cadaver,  
consommez pas son cadaver!  
Yum-yum!"

### 3. Frénétiques des nausées: "La perspective de jouir demain ne me consolera jamais de l'ennui d'aujourd'hui."

Any number of musicians  
attempt to play  
the following Morse code message in unison  
while any number of musicians  
simultaneously attempt  
to slowly recite the text below it in unison:

Morse code:

-. . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / - . . . . . / - . . . . . / . . . . . / - . . . . . / - . . . . . /  
-. . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / - . . . . . /  
. . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . /  
. . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . /  
-. . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . /  
. . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . /  
. . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . / . . . . . /

Text:

"Oui, l'art est mort,  
son cadavre consommer.  
Yum-Yum.

Oui,  
nous allons manger son cadavre.  
Il est interdit d'interdire.  
Le bonheur est la nouvelle idée.  
Mooo.

Oui,  
je suis un poète de la rue.  
La poésie est de la rue,  
comme un tas de merde.  
Longue poésie,  
vive la merde en direct.  
Décroissance Longue,  
vive la merde en direct.  
Les travailleurs du monde,  
avoir du plaisir.  
L'imagination au pouvoir."

#### 4. Fastidieux entracte: Knowest thou Freud?: "Jouir sans entraves."

All musicians shout the following in unison:

"Pouvoir à L'Imagination!"

[Note: Repeat the following section in bold type as many times as desired with different musicians playing each time.]

**Any number of musician simultaneously improvise a brief (5 seconds or less) frenetic solos exploiting the extremes of each instrument's range. The players must start and stop playing at exactly the same time.**

All musicians who just improvised shout in unison:

**"Pouvoir à L'Imagination!"**

Coda

Ten seconds of silence.

All musicians shout the following line in unison:

"Pouvoir à L'Imagination!"

5. L'ennui, l'état d'équilibre: "Nous voulons une musique sauvage et éphémère. Nous proposons une régénération fondamentale: grève de concerts, des meetings sonores, séances d'investigation collectives. Suppression du droit d'auteur, les structures sonores appartiennent à chacun."

Musicians sing the following a cappella Worker's Anthem, composed on the spot. After each verse, one musician shouts a revolutionary slogan. Gender-alternate lyrics are enclosed in parentheses.

1<sup>st</sup> verse

Musicians singing:

"A working stiff's a working stiff,  
she's (he's) got to make her (his) pay.  
She (He) picks up girls and steps on  
squirrels  
so don't get in her (his) way.  
Ya better shut your trap, ya creep,  
she (he) won't take any guff,  
'cause a working stiff's a working stiff,  
the workin' life is rough."

One musician, shouting:

"Don't beg for the right to live – take  
it! Live in the moment! Run, comrade,  
the old world is behind you!"

2<sup>nd</sup> verse

Musicians singing:

"She (He) gets up in the morning and  
she (he) rolls right out of bed.  
She'll (He'll) scratch his nuts and smoke  
her butts  
and rub her (his) aching head.  
She (He) doesn't wash her (his) pits because  
she (he) likes they way they smell.  
Yeah, a working stiff's a working stiff,  
the working life is hell."

One musician, shouting:

"Let's not change bosses, let's change life!  
Occupy the factories! Abolish alienation!  
Abolish class society!"

3<sup>rd</sup> verse

Half the group of musicians, singing:

"It's workin' stiffs like you and me  
that gets the workin' done."

The other half group of musicians, singing:

"It's workin' stiffs like me and you  
that make the workin' fun."

All the musicians, singing:

"We love to drink, our diets stink,  
We often fart and pee.  
Yeah, a working stiff's a working stiff,  
the working life's for me!"

All the musician, shouting:

"L'ennui est contre-révolutionnaire! Mort à contre-révolution!"

6. Nombriisme, etc etc etc: "Je prends mes désirs pour la réalité car je crois en la réalité de mes désirs."

New Age-style modal free improvisation: put the audience to sleep.

## 7. L'ennui, récapitulé: "En tout cas, pas de remords!"

The musicians put their instruments away, cleaning and disassembling them as necessary. While they conduct this activity, random musicians recite each line:

Musician : "Ennui!"

Musician : "Ennui"

Musician : "Ennui!"

Musician : "Ennui!"

Musician : "Ennui! Ennui is the death of freedom!"

ALL : "Ennui!"

Musician : "Ennui is the death of creativity!"

ALL : "Ennui!"

Musician : "Ennui is the death of passion, of life, of sense, and of revolution!"

ALL : "Ennui!"

Musician : "Ennui is counter-revolutionary! Death to the counter-revolution!"

ALL : "Death to the counter-revolution!"

Musician : "Death to oppression!"

ALL : "Death to oppression!"

Musician : "Death to those who slavishly parrot slogans!"

ALL : "Yes, death to us all! We are cows, the lot of us! Mooooooo!"

Musician : "Long live ennui!"

Musician : "Long live ennui!"

ALL : "Long live ennui! Ennui-Ennui-Ennui!"

Musician : "Live without dead time, enjoy without chains!"

ALL : "Enjoy without chains!"

Musician : "Don't negotiate with the bosses, abolish them!"

ALL : "Abolish them!"

Musician : "Art is dead, do not consume its corpse!"

ALL : "Yes, consume its corpse, consume its corpse! Yum-yum!"

Musician : "Yum-yum, yes, we will eat its corpse!"

Musician : "It is forbidden to forbid!"

ALL : "Forbidden to forbid! Happiness is the new idea!"

Musician : "The new idea! Beneath the paving stones, the beach!"

ALL : "Beneath the paving stones, the beach!"

Musician : "Beneath the paving stones, the beach!"

ALL : "The beach! The beach! The beach!"

Musician : "Beneath the paving stones, the sewer!"

Musician : "What does this mean?"

Musician : "You are a pile of shit! Mooooo!"

Musician : "Mooo, yes, I am a poet of the street! Poetry is of the street, like a pile of shit!"

Long live poetry, long live shit!"

ALL : "Long live decay! Long live shit!"

The performers face the audience as a group.

Musician : "Workers of the world, have fun! Power to the imagination!"

All: "Power to the imagination!"

Musician : "Be realistic, demand the impossible!"

All : "Demand the impossible!"

Musician : "Demand the impossible!"

All : "Demand the impossible!"

Musician : "Demand!"

All : "Demand!"

Musician : "Demand.."

Musician : "the.."

All : "IMPOSSIBLE! HUZZA AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

Fin