

Thursday 4/26 /2012: 5:30 pm
Conrad Prebys Music Center Experimental Theatre
The University of California San Diego

New American Music for Percussion and Voice
(...etc...)

Bonnie Whiting Smith, percussion/vocals (DMA recital no. 3)
with Jerome Kitzke , piano/vocals
and Curt Miller, bass clarinet

Regina Takes The Holy Road(1994)-----Jerome Kitzke
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* Being Pollen (2011)-----Jeffery Treviño
poetry: Alice Notley

- I. Introduction
- II. Conversation (Bolinás, 1971)
- III. Interlude
- IV. The Song Called "Get Aw ay" (Buffalo, 1987)
- V. Interlude
- VI. Pollen (Philadelphia, 2006)

The Animist Child (1994)-----Jerome Kitzke

* *Things Written in the Snow no. 3 (2012)
sitting alone in a frozen parking lot-----Nicholas Deyoe
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* * * The Green Automobile (2000)-----Jerome Kitzke
text: Allen Ginsberg

The Earth Only Endures (2003)-----Jerome Kitzke
texts: the Tewa,
Allen Ginsberg, Walt Whitman,
the Lakota

*American premiere (written for BWS and Johannes Fischer)
**World premiere (written for BWS)
***First performance with percussion

With many thanks to: The UCSD production staff (especially Nick Patin
and Jessica Flores), Steven Schick and red fish blue fish,
Scott Paulson and the Geisel Library Toy Piano Collection (for
the generous loan of the toy piano), and MOST of all to Jerome,
Jeff, and Nick for your music!

POLLEN

the scented flowers of white thorn depending on the rains acacias you
are the yellow i once and then forgot that leaf or foothill paloverde the breath.
you can be my breath you can be my health little word cupshaped aiy
borne on slender woody stems hibiscus you i once.

came here by
moth they say for i am only pollen and you are the afternoon and
evening and everything for you believe in hierarchy archangelical
blossom of only your wings . i once but you are banished for
you are a human event
and in this rite i once but now
prisoner of war but that was once
and in this discovered a new species
being pollen along the air flowering no roads no inroads no outlets no
put do not put i am coming apart and scattering
a gypsy

pollen
and a velvety coat of white hairs keeps the leaves from
becoming too hot
how gravelly it is coming apart
everything good comes apart so you can not have it. this is our
rite
any dead woman comes apart
Sen tentia come apart like anyone you can be pollen too
spring but if summer rains have been good do you have to have
thought like a hierarchical archangelical ty rant rant ma it is coming
apart.

but if Sumer rains have been good
but if the desert dust drinks drops coheres just there then
COMES APART

rule comes APART and in this rite i and in this rite i
must heal for i have no PARTS
oh knowing go away Oh Know ing go away Oh try
ing come a part oh roads abandoned dirt COME APART
gravelly
southern
mohave sumer love love come APART

The **Green Automobile: Allen Ginsberg**. If I had a **Green Automobile** I'd go find my old companion in his house on the Western ocean. Ha! Ha! H s! H a! Ha! I'd honk my horn at his manly gate, inside his wife and three children sprawl naked on the livingroom floor. He'd come running out to my car full of heroic beer and jump screeaming at the wheel for he is the greater driver. We'd pilgrimage to the highest mount of our earlier Rocky Mountain Visions laughing in each others arms, delight surpassing the highest Rockies, and after old agony, drunk with new years, bounding toward the snowy horizon blasting the dashboard with original bop hot rod on the mountain we'd batter up the cloudy highway where angels of anxiety career through the trees and scream out the engine. We'd burn all night on the jackpine peak seen from Denver in the summer dark, forestlike unnatural radiance illuminating the mountaintop: childhood youthtime age and eternity would open like sweet trees in the nights of another spring and dumbfours us with love, for we can see together the beauty of souls hidden like diamonds in the clock of the world, like Chinese magicians can confound the immortals with our intellectuality hidden in the mist, in the **Green Automobile** which I have invented imagined and envisioned on the roads of the world more real than the engine on a track in the desert ~~more~~ ~~than~~ Greyhound and swifter than physical jetplane. Denver! Denver! We'll return roaring across the City & Country Building law which catches the pure emerald flame streaming in the wake of our auto. This time we'll buy up the city! I cashed a great check in my skull bank to found a miraculous college of the body up on the bus terminal roof. But first we'll drive the stations of downtown, poolhall flophouse jazz joint jail whorehouse down Folsom to the darkest alleys of Larimer paying respects to Denver's father lost of the railroad tracks, stupor of wine and silence hallowing the slum of his decades, salute him and his saintly suitcase of dark muscatel, drink and smash the sweet bottles on Diesels in allegiance. Then we go driving drunk on boulevards where armies march and still parade staggering under the invisible banner of reality** hurtling through the street in the arm of our fate we share an arch angelic cigarette and tell each others' fortunes: fames of supernatural illumination bleak rainy gaps of time, great art learned in desolation and we beat apart after six decades. . . and on an asphalt crossroad, deal with each other in princely gentleness once more, recalling famous dead tales of other cities. The windshield's full of tears, rain wets our naked breasts, we kneel together in the shade amid the traffic of no light in paradise and now renew the solitary vow we made each other take in Texas once: I can't inscribe here. . . . How many nights will be made drunken by this legend? How will young Denver come to mourn her forgotten sexual angel? How many boys will strike the black piano in imitation of the excess of a native saint? Or girls fall wanton under his spectre in the high schools of melancholy night? While all the time of eternity in the wan light of this poem's radio we'll sit behind forgotten shades hearkening the lost jazz of all Saturdays. Neal, we'll be real heroes now in a war between our cocks and time: let's be the angels of ~~the~~ the world's desire and take the world to bed with us before we die. Sleeping alone or with companion, girl or fairy sleep or dream, I'll fail of lack love, you, satiety: all men fall, our fathers fell before, but resurrecting that lost flesh is but a moment's work of mind: an ageless monument to love in the imagination: memorial built of our own bodies consumed by the invisible poem- we'll shudder in Denver and endure though blood and wrinkles blind our eyes. So, this **Green Automobile**: I give you in flight a present, a present from my imagination. We will go riding over the Rockies, we'll go on riding all night long until dawn, and then back to your railroad, the SP your house and your children and broken leg destiny you'll ride down the plains in the morning: and back to my visions, my office and eastern apartment I'll return to New York.

--NY, 1963

MAD Coyote Madly Sings
 MAD COYOTE
 MADLY SINGS,
 THEN ROARS THE WESTWIND!

Tewa



THE EARTH ONLY ENDURES

The Oldmen
 Say
 The Earth
 Only
 Endures
 You spoke Truly,
 You are right.

Lakota

HUM BOM!

WHOM BOMB?
 WE BOMB THEM!
 WHOM BOMB?
 WE BOMB THEM!
 WHOM BOMB?
 WE BOMB THEM!
 WHOM BOMB?
 WE BOMB THEM!
 WHOM BOMB?
 WE BOMB THEM!

WHOM BOMB?
 YOU BOMB YOU!
 WHOM BOMB?
 YOU BOMB YOU!
 WHOM BOMB?
 YOU BOMB YOU!
 WHOM BOMB?
 YOU BOMB YOU!
 WHOM BOMB?
 YOU BOMB YOU!

WHAT DO WE DO?
 WHO DO WE BOMB?
 WHAT DO WE DO?
 WHO DO WE BOMB?
 WHAT DO WE DO?
 WHO DO WE BOMB?
 WHAT DO WE DO?
 WHO DO WE BOMB?
 WHAT DO WE DO?
 WHO DO WE BOMB?

WHAT DO WE DO?
 YOU BOMB! YOU BOMB THEM!
 WHAT DO WE DO?
 YOU BOMB! YOU BOMB THEM!
 WHAT DO WE DO?
 WE BOMB! WE BOMB THEM!
 WHAT DO WE DO?
 WE BOMB! WE BOMB THEM!

WHOM BOMB?
 WE BOMB YOU!
 WHOM BOMB?
 WE BOMB YOU!
 WHOM BOMB?
 YOU BOMB YOU!
 WHOM BOMB?
 YOU BOMB YOU!

- ALLEN GINSBERG

HUM BOM!



RECONCILIATION

WORD over all, beautiful as the sky,
 Beautiful that WAR and all its deeds of carnage must in
 time be utterly LOST,
 That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly
 wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;
 For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
 I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin - I draw near,
 Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

Walt Whitman

excerpt from "Pollen" (Alma or the Dead Women)
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 calligraphy by Jerome Wit zke and Kim Zoller.