Cello
Percussion
Piano

for:

(Song for the kids)

Icuko Lezingane
A \( \text{\textbackslash d} \text{\textasciitilde} 4 \text{\textasciitilde} \) (Rhythmically this section should be interpreted very freely)
(Parchment rubbing)

From [E3 to G] the performers should decide how many times each section is to be repeated.

E3

Piano plays sequence as solo. Then Xylophone adds counterpoint. Followed by cello. Repeat at least 4X once all three players have made their entry.
Songs of the Urban Wanderer

for: Violin and Harp
Tuning

The harp is tuned to just intonation on the C-major scale:

- C = 0
- D = 204
- E = 386
- F = 498
- G = 702
- A = 884
- B = 1088
- C = 1200

When both instruments play simultaneously, the violinist should adjust intonation to match that of the harp, especially on sustained notes.

Notation

In the violin part, those notes written as \( \text{#} \) are to be played slightly flat in pitch (circa \( \text{#} \)-tone)

Page 2, second bar: \( \text{#} \):

Player slides finger while bow executes the desired rhythmic pattern

Page 9 \( \text{#} \):

Slides are executed as above

Page 11: Glissandi are bowed as unmeasured tremolo

Tempi

Tempo markings should be interpreted freely. With the exception of E, performers should where possible play faster than the given tempi.
SOUTH AFRICAN TRIPTYCH

for: Magnetic Tape,  
3 Narrators and  
6 Instrumentalists.
Instrumentation (Abbreviations given in parentheses)

Harmonium (Hn)
Synthesizer (Sz) - polyphonic with preset facilities (played by one performer)
Violin (Vl)
Piano (Pno)
E-string guitar (Gt) - one of low pitch, one of high pitch played with soft heavy mallets
Snare drum (Sn) - played with light sticks and light, hard mallets alternately
2 loudspeakers (Lp1 and Lp2)

Positioning on Stage

General directions for Performance

Throughout this composition, performers should synchronize only when instructed to do so. It is important that cues be given by a musical director or conductor in order to synchronize the larger sections of the piece.

The three narrators sit on stages of average height. N1 is an English-speaking white man dressed casually. N2 is white, speaking English with a strong African accent, wearing white trousers and a "Makonde" hat. N3 is a black man wearing blue overalls. Spotlights are centred on each of them individually and are turned on only when the narrator in question is talking.

Page 1: At blackout, except for spotlight on N2.
Page 2: S: Musicians (Vl & Sn) perform their part.
Page 3: O: N2 uses same military-type beret.Narrative takes on the style of a lecture.
Page 4: O: S & Sz synchronize on conductor's cue.
Page 5: O: "Interlude is tempo-matic moving at a medium but elaborate pace." and N1 enters after N2 has recited the first two lines of each stanza.
Page 6: O: Musicians play all patterns until narrative is completed, then continue till conductor signals the beginning of Sz.
Page 7: O: Then vice versa. N1 reads "quaintly" louder than before. Musicians play all patterns at indicated intensity.

Page 9: N2 and N3 engage in mock conversation whilst N1 recites his part very emotionally. Musicians play all patterns. Once narrative ends, conductor signals Sz to play the transitory chord (ff).

Page 10: Sn & Sz continue in sync. Each player has two sequences to play. Each sequence can be repeated as often as the player wishes (minimum repeats 4). A player may reverse the order of the two sequences. Once narrative is completed the musicians continue playing. The conductor signals Sn to play the bridge passage leading to F

Page 11: Dr and Sn continue playing with sequences starting seen afterwards. Conductor cues the other musicians in whatever order he chooses. N1 and N2 enter once all patterns are settled joined by N3 and his narrative is completed. Once all performers are settled in their patterns there is a steady crescendo leading to the second bar on page 12. The arrival in this bar is cue'd by the conductor.

For 3 bars the instruments are synchronized exactly.

At end of chord only tape, Dr & Sn and N3 continue. At this point the only light is the spotlight on N3. It fades, leaving the auditorium in darkness with the taped Bay soprano and Sn finishing the piece.
This is the new age
the age of fission -
explosive ideas that fuse

Is it true, this is the new age?
How can I tell?

This is the age of liberty
they shout across the valleys
from the mushrooming towns.

promising freedom have they divided our garments
Lazarus you've come back from the dead.
perhaps you can tell us?
Is this the new age?

plastic promises
songs sung in bottles
listen to the wind
whining across the desert
blowing up the dust
South Africa is a country blessed with a number of different landscapes, all of them beautiful. And here I'm not only talking about our famous countryside, I'm also talking about our sparkling cities. I mean everyone knows about the powerful seduction of the Cape Peninsula, the pounding surf, the primeval forests.

The Karoo, haunting and humbling. The sculpted sandstone of the Orange Free State, the contrasts of the Transvaal, the Drakensberg. Where can one encounter such beauty and splendour? Come on, you tell me. Have you been into the cities, now? Cape Town!

Words are too weak to convey the feeling of the place. The mountain and the sea! Where in the world do you have that combination of features? Did you say something? Oh sorry, thought you did. And what about the beautiful Oudtshoorn. It's harsh, I know, but that is it's attraction. Who the hell is talking? Is it you? Shaddup man!

(1) Interjections are shouted by a person placed among the audience.
Who's that? I've had enough now! The bastard, hiding in the crowd! Come on show yourself.

Too scared, hey? You know what will happen to you. I'll give you a good thrashing with a sjambok! Come out and say that here you bliksem! Come out! I'll show you a few things.

Also the city, well planned, neat, functional! A real gem in the wilderness. And Durban by the sea. You been there? Jesus those beaches. Which we keep especially for people like you! We have just the right methods to silence people like you!
Voice: It is impossible to enter that great metropolis of a million people without noticing en route the ordered rows of houses that characterise the townships of the Reef.

These areas are home to over a million blacks who have migrated to Johannesburg in search of fortune. At closer inspection one notices the crowded conditions, the poor sanitation, the lack of public amenities, the matchbox cottages. But you have to get close up to dispel the lies.
Tape on

Ch 1. (Revivalist Preacher)
Ch 2.

(Afrikan child: Nursery Rhyme etc.)

(j=120 (with soft mallets)

(b) (with sync with 3rd)

P (molto leggiero)

D. c.

chords

D. c.

chords

chords

N 1+ 3

Look at the ants about the heap
They nip at passers-by.

N 2
Remove the pincers from their fronts, and squish them where they lie;

1. Silently the grass it grows
   And cracks the concrete paving,
   Edifice and monolith
   Are announced to be past saving;

2. Saurian beasts against the horde
   Ranged in angry formation
   Prehistoric sensibilities
   Preceded the rise of the nation;

3. Earthquake, fire and hurricane
   Stir the dust of plateaux,
   Blow away all the filth of the past
   And blow in the rain that follows;

4. What will it be when volcanoes blast,
   Not burning and destruction?
   The bricks of the old are easily down
   But what will come from the eruption?

5. Encouraged is the growth of the new,
   Secure in granite and plaster,
   For from the cold ashes of the past
   Emerges the new Adamastor;

6. Removes the pincers from their fronts,
   Squash them where they lie;

In Unison (Canto Comodo)

The song of the dove is plain-tune when we

Announced ped saving
rise of the nation

Squash them where they lie

As a new
Adamastor.

Spoken: As all it

That proceeds the

Song of the dove is plain-tune

But now there's

New Adamastor.
Ch. 2: Z. S. "F-4 177th symphony harmonized by Vassar.

Ch. 3: Very Slowly (not synchronized)

Very Slowly (with light soft mallets)

Do you hear the rumblings in this dark afternoon - is it a storm?

I saw -

Do you hear the rumblings in this
dark afternoon - is it change?

The crown -

Do you see the sky edged in red in this
dark afternoon - is it the sun?

He got upon his brow

Do you see that crowd gathering in this
dark afternoon - is it a crowd?

The sweat him blood and salt

Hush child look at the sheets of light -

Him too knows that yoke -

Hush child look at the sheet of light

Him bore it too!

Hush child don't look, that's not the sun!

Muh god - he can't forget -

Hush child try and think.

He done forget me sure.

Run child run.

We sings the songs of god -

We tell the truth -

The cross he wore -

Me say so -

The dirge he be better now -

Me god him done forgot me

We cannot sing the simple songs

Oh muh god I'm done for

My soul him done for -

When god forget me -

My feet him done for too!

Can he forget me - muh god?

We feels it now

If that be so then I've done for -

If he has forgot us we are done for sure.

We feels it hard upon our backs

We lie not!
You know, the one thing about us is
that we are not scared to fight. We
never run away. There are no hand-
appers in our nation. We were good
freedom fighters man. We gave the
British a bloody hiding man; and
Smuts! We blew down bridges and
pylons all over the place. We were
fighting for our freedom. That's
allowed when the odds are against
you!

Narrator 2: Ya, it's like on the border now.
Here, the times are hard man, you
know. You got any stories to tell of
the border?

Narrator 1: Full of terrorists there now. All trying to
injure and maim the people. Destructive!
They'll destroy anything to cause the
misery of the people. Savages man.
There is such a difference in civilisation
you would not believe it. Our habits are so
much cleaner and neater. Look at the
township on your next camp. Dirty man!
Living like animals in their pondokkies. That's true. So you've always been
of the civilised section? Lived a
good life?

It's not a simple song. It licks us like a snakes tongue
It wounds us - a cats claw
Sprung - prised open.
A trap we dreads it,
It holds us fast.

It helps not.
It hurts our backs,
This yoke?
It cuts us -
A knife with razor edge
We bear it.
What? You're joking. The first of us that moved to the big city Johannesburg lived in dirty shacks on the outskirts. We slowly began to get into the vital institutions that were run by the government. They made sure we were looked after and we made sure that they stayed in power. We wanted to keep all those terrorists and animals at bay.

NARRATOR 1:

What else could we call them? They were wars for the people; we have our heroes of those wars, you know. Of course the Englishmen called us agitators. Today they would call us terrorists. But of course, that isn't true. I mean we were not like the terrorist today; we were much more civilised.

NARRATOR 2:

What did you call these attempts at expressing your own nationhood?

But even if we sing, it's not a simple song. We sings best.

I want to tell you of Cato Manor. There is a gap somewhere where the somewhere has flown. You can kill the mortar but can you take the stone?

I want to tell you of Sophiatown.

Cato Manor they said you must go; go where except nowhere; it is there that the road ran past the cafe; it is there that people laughed.

I want to tell you of District Six.
District Six in which part
of heaven runs Hanover Street
there is the old man
resting now

And Sophiatown you were
too close
Your colour bar too thin
what is that boxing in
your church
Father,

I hear the rumbling but it's not a storm

I see the sky but it's not the sun

I see the crowd - it shall consume us, Father!