

minis -- words and music composed by Paul Pinto

Performed by thingNY

Gelsey Bell, Hristina Blagoeva, Andrew Kozar, Will Lang, Andrew Livingston, Pat Muchmore, Josh Perry, Paul Pinto, Erin Rogers, Dave Ruder, and Jeffrey Young

This piece was written in written over a span of 5 years and recorded and released on ThingNY's second album minis/Trajectories in 2016.

Not only do I love hearing and thinking about this piece. I love looking at the score. Paul Pinto is a truly artist and he's crafted everything about this piece from the meticulous, and yet, somehow still free his hand drawn graphic score to all of the text that he's composed to beautifully.

This piece has a lot to offer, and while I'd argue that there are more technically composer (push up your glasses) proficient pieces, the minis are complete thoughts. They feel satisfying, exciting, and accessible all at once.

I love thingNY's work. Everything they produce is deeply theatrical, whimsical; never boring. They're a collective of composers who vocalising instrumentalist. They site Robert Ashley, Rzewski, and Pauline Oliveros as their main collective influences. I love how much risk each musician takes when they perform together. It's really a beautiful thing. An ensemble in the best way.

The minis are all over the place and still so deliberate. This is the kind of art I want to make and the kind of art that I want to see.

I can't talk about this piece without taking a deep dive into the incredibly verbose, sometimes terrifying, oftentimes hilarious lyrics that Paul has composed, so here they all are!

mini_01 (2008)

for Violin, Cello, and Piano

Line up the magazines mom's coming over in 12 hours the hamper's spilled over my chairs all my chairs all the milk has spoiled & the cabbage has run away from the crisper run away from my heart my hearse & my horse was lost in the good war was lost in the good war the good war...

Deadlines... but my language is erratic & unnecessary

(...unnecessary... ..it's sooooo cold...)

my fingers aren't doing what they've been told to do since I was 5 years old with scabby knees curly hair & a sense of immortality no sense of purpose & a keenly overdeveloped sense of smell... to do...

(Do it! Do it, fingers!)

I've pinned the curtains to the wall pinned them tightly down to the wall pinned them tightly to the wall tightly to the wall to the wall the curtains are sky blue I have sky blue curtains pinned to the wall pinned tightly down. Forward my voices to the appropriate figure of authority. Because... the end is here it's up it's committed to 11 eager stereotypes:

*Self-awareness Vanity Charm Self-loathing Carelessness Crassness Calamity Can-of-soup-alphabetistics
Senselessness Sovereignty &*

Overall behaving like a pussy! (Pussy! Pussy!)

*The sniper electric he hunts me even now he hunts me in my sleep in my breathy sleeps & whenever I dream...
which is to say... never.*

*Hmm... that's odd I seem to have misplaced my will to live I may have left it on my bed under my hoodie... or is it in
the chair?*

*10 minutes go like 10 days when you're rambling or being rambled to (Forget the fucking sauce) Move like a turn
more like a turn more like a live execution more like a live execution in my home town with the football field on a
Friday night nothing to do nothing to compare*

(...to compare...)

to compare the bitter cold to... so I sit

(I'll stand, thank you.)

*I have a wee seat at the children's desk. At the children's school desk & rant & rave & recite irregular rhymes of
Ravel & Rameau & Rupert Murdoch & other such poets & princes & gamble... my life savings on vegetation &
equines. That is, static equines & fast vegetation... May I have a sandwich? May I have a soup? May I have a
sandwich? May I have a soup? A spoon? A day off? A carton of unfiltered cigarettes & 4...?*

...

*Forgetting my mother's coming I sink into my hard crumbly bed & masturbate & watch 9 hours of Twin Peaks
(I forgot how much I loved MacGyver... Word!)*

*The bus didn't stop for me just on & on & on avoiding eye contact making itself unavailable & unbelievable & sore &
carelessly cocky about leaving me in the cold with a pound-20 just jingling in my hand just jingling just jingling!*

*(But anyway...) Tossing & turning into my filthy kitchen with the spoiled milk & the devastating appliances & twigs &
contours & centipedes & millipedes & millionaires & debonairs & dirt devils & flirt & foul foul foul estates of the
states & states & states of the states & more*

(...& more... ...& more!)

*& more & more I see myself as part of the no one part of the no one the no one the no one fond of my lack of
passion & piano-playing ability.*

I'm covered... in sand... like an animal...

like an animal

an animal...

Cutting.

mini_09 ("Party Piece") (2012) for 4 Vocalizing Instrumentalists

In a few hours...

a few hours...

a few days...

temper...

word in edge-wise...

the sun & moon...

fall of troy...

pastes...

...

Unto your own failings

...

I am a master chocolatier at a cheap-ass restaurant I start my mornings with straight razors & end my evenings with guilt straight razors & guilt straight razors & isolation I've been there we've all been there there are exercises & there are experiences ones that make you try others that try your patience try your resolve & try the...

...

JAMS!

...

Tastes....

Upward....

Upward....

Stop.

mini_03 (2012)

for Prepared Double Bass

This is me in a nutshell...

How did I get in this nutshell? How... how did I get in... in a nutshell? Is this... is this really...? Oh come on! Who... who makes a nutshell this big... so that people c'n get stuck in it?! I'm alarmed. Should I be alarmed? Should...

Don't panic.

Breathe.

It's just a nutshell. There are ways to get out. There are ways to get out of the nutshells.

& then... & then I'm gonna find the bastard piece of shit who's responsible. Put me in a nutshell?!!! I'll put YOU in a nutshell!!!!!! Rage, motherfucker, rage!

No. Wait. Keep !(on)... Think. I... I was in a cab... driving a cab... I was driving a cab on 440. Just stopped to pick up a Diet Sprite & some Camels. I adjusted my mirrors. I adjusted my body. I adjusted my beret.

Goddamn jackel-ass, wet rat! Is this all? This is my lot?! The Frenchmen have theirs. Forgeries. All forgeries!

Forgive & forget. Is it my choice of ties? Was it all the television-television? Is it that Whitey's just trying to bring me down? Is it my fear of God? Is it my fear of God? God builds a nutshell. Man takes the nutshell. Man makes alters to God. Man makes alters to nutshell. Man alters God. God alters nutshell. Nutshell grows. Man shrinks. Alters alter each other. God destroys alters. Man destroys God. Nutshell destroys man!

Was... was it my vices?... was it... was it my vices?

I am a man of God. I am a man of God. I'm a man of God. Man of God. Meatcleaver. Whatever. Man of God. Man of God. Man of God. Want me to ref? Want me to ref? Want me to ref? Cizz. Carse. Unpopular. Threnody. Home & Garden. Anime. Anime. Handjobs. Handjobs. Handjobs. Alcohol. Alcohol. Alcohol. Alcohol. Crack. Crack. Crack. Crack. Crack. Philadelphia. Philadelphia. Philadelphia. Don't look at me!

...Philadelphia.

mini_011 ("Letter from Yâsûj, 1972") (2013)

for Saxophone and Percussion

The only 1 of 5, brother.

The only 1 of 5.

Brother, the only 1.

I saw your face, brother.

I saw your face in the snow, brother.

V, brother.

I of V, brother.

V, brother.

I saw your face, brother.

I saw your face in the snow, brother.

*In the glass, brother.
On the ground, brother.
In the glow of the glass on the frost on the ground, brother.
My home, brother.
My home, as if up in flames, brother.
Gleaming & cold, brother.
& the other four, brother?
The other four, brother?
The other four?
Eyes glassy & slightly crossed, brother.
Frost-bitten, brother.
Frost-bitten & crushed, brother.
& I, brother.
I of V, brother.
The only 1, brother.
The only 1 of 5, brother.
The only 1 of 5, brother.
The only 1.*

mini_05 (2011) for Violin

Blame me/my cause of antidepressants/of 5 to 6 years being tied to/bound to/linked to that suffocating family (& not of my own choice). That cowardly & dis... disfuncive,... disfunc..., superstitious, nauseating pack of manta rays, all vying for if... & all to grab us a case or 2 of Coors Light, pocketing my insurance money, feeding me just enough for/enough to send my condescending mother to the hospital, then get better, then not, then to another child to love her/lover, then to death!

mini_08 (2012) for Toy Piano

*Excuse my rudeness, I said, I haven't slept for weeks, I said, & I've been writing the prose, I said, writing the prose & I've been very dishonest with you & it's not you it's not your fault you can't read at your grade level but if you would please read at your grade level.
Oh my god, Lois, I said. Oh my god, Robert, I said. Oh my god, Mr. O'Brien, I said.
NO. THIS ONE, LITTLE VERSION OF ME!!!
Excuse my rudeness I sometimes forget we're in public you've not hit puberty yet
& we're perhaps in full view of god & all, I said.
NOT MY PROBLEM, GODDAMNITALL! he said.
Excuse my rudeness but you really should know not to touch my sleeve with those sticky little digits, I said. Put... them... uh... there! I said, put it there, I said. You're on your way now remember the lines & spaces
Shit? Really? You said.
Yeah, I said.
FUCK YOUR MOTHER, he said.
Shhhhhhhhhhh.... Notice the lines. Notice the spaces. There are, in fact, cases where in every good boy, I said, like you, I said, deserves fudge. But... few boys get the fudge they deserve. If they did, we'd be in a better place, I said. Y'know... as a species, I said. But the facts are clear, Ed. Some good boys get the mumps & some bad boys get silver spoons & some boys REAL FUCKERS THOUGH THEY BE, he said, get to make the rules for the rest of us.*

...
End gut-busting dollar food,
for adiposity costs extra.
Eliminate Great Britain's drunken fairies,
for alcohol corrupts Englishmen.
End gall bladder drainage forever,
for acid corrodes endometrium.
Engage, Geordi. Beam down, Ferengi.
Fuck Alaska. Climb Everest!
Even godly boxers do fine
fighting all Christmas Eve.
Even gorgeous brunettes desire furry
fellows & complicated existences.
Even great birds die flying
fearlessly & close-eyed.
Even good boys doth frequently
fail at creative endeavors...
...
& you're no different, slick.

mini_02 (2008) **for Trumpet and Trombone**

My condition: Staples/staples of my diet are interfering/are interfering/are interfering with my pastels & super/super/superficialities. My pastels are coming to a simmer... then a gentle boil. My condition has worsened. I've made some poor choices in the staples of my fucking diet! My condition is wrestling, warping, wearing, decaying, stark, stuffing, steak, sturgeon, steamed, still, stale, brought to a gentle simmer but stale/stale/stale! Not in MY house. Cabins of slavish, starving children making me work a sweat-t-t-t-t-t-t/a soul/a soul Staples/staples of my diet are interfering with the/with the goddamn pastels of the universe. Super/super/super/superficial coming to a simmer, then a gentle boil. My condition hassssss worssssssssened. My stale/stale demons, wearing the sweatshirts of the poor. Damn it! A cobb/a cobb. I've stoped it in my mouth. Stopped it dead in my mouth. Forward, can't stop, can't stop, can't, can't, can't... can't... can't...

mini_04 (2008) **for Soprano, Clarinet, and Cello**

Committing an injustice or engagement today in the name of fairly-balanced jurisdiction & publicly mandated lack of affection or the possibility of parole stock options or containment of the threat of iniquity is no excuse for criminal deviations from my conscience tomorrow. Pause. Carry my weight carry my weight carry all my weight my weight my lack or courage to further the agenda of my loins... MY WEIGHT... is being watched. Committing an injustice or engagement today in the name of subpoenaed cause suspended effect sharp sharp suits with pinstripe patterns or transportation accessibility storage increases a decline in the price of petroleum or faster hustle is no excuse for for for poor character poor houses poor choices or dahl puri. Faster always faster it's the crux of my cowgirl politics fantasy pleasure rrrrrrrroping in a slave. CALL IT! Gimme an R. Gimme an E. Gimme an S. Gimme an I. Gimme an S. Gimme a T. I've stacked issued on my legs. Stacked issues are piling on my legs!

Committing an injustice or engagement on the day of someone's self-immolation, or a lack of steady employments (or for "other" please check "other") in the name of blanket diplomatic politics a call to arms a weakness in the arms or in the name of armadillos manatees & bobcat (or in the case of my good acquaintance, Mr. Orwell Thompson, the freedom to graffiti) is no excuse for habit-forming public executions censorship & waste & discount prices making it impossible to function persuasively without blinders. You know... these things.

It's not for me it's for the others for the others the others the others the others the others the others the others.

Pause. Breathe...

& interlude:

...rrrrreaching a point... the point... the point of which... in which, my little, hidden motives can no longer be hidden from view, from the public... from yourself... from your...

Again with haste I proclaim that this is absolutely true: Committing an injustice or engagement today in the name of my own urges to pillage rape & conquer my neighbor no matter how worthless she/he/it may be to make them more like me them more like me & to make them more make them more like me more like me more like me like me regardless of the fact they just want to be left alone (GOD!) is no excuse for my lack of punctuation prudence pauses patience & rhyme. Again with haste again with haste again with hate with hate

Again with the hate.

Against the hate.

The hate.

ThingNY Bio

thingNY is a quirky collective of New York composer-performers who fuse electronic and acoustic chamber music with new opera, improvisation, theater, text, song and installation. Founded in 2006 for an ad hoc festival in the historic Loew's Jersey City Theater, thingNY performs experimental sound works created collaboratively by the core ensemble - Paul Pinto, Erin Rogers, Jeffrey Young, Gelsey Bell, Dave Ruder, and Andrew Livingston - and by adventurous composers such as Robert Ashley, Frederic Rzewski, John King, Pauline Oliveros, Miguel Frascioni, Vinko Globokar, John Cage, Julius Eastman, James Tenney, David Snow, and Andrea La Rose.

The musicians of thingNY are a prolific bunch. They've collaboratively created three concert-length operas: their latest, *This Takes Place Close By*, "Blackly Amusing, Sonically Rich" (NY Music Daily) explores the reactions of isolated individuals in the wake of a devastating storm. Premiering September 2015 at The Knockdown Down Center, a 50,000 square-foot space in Maspeth, Queens, the opera toured to Philadelphia, Boston, New Haven, and Edmonton and Calgary (Canada) during its production. *ADDDDDDDDD*, premiered in 2009 and released on CD in 2010 with a comic-book libretto, and *Time: A Complete Explanation in Three Parts*, a 2011 performance collaboration with Panoply Performance Laboratory accompanied by a 250-page hardcover book. Later in 2011 thingNY created *In House*, a sound installation with music created for each of the rooms commonly found in a home, to be played simultaneously. From 2009-2012, thingNY premiered hundreds of works over the course of three marathon performances called SPAM, in which the ensemble sent out a mass call for scores by email and performed every submitted piece. Jeff Young and Paul Pinto, *Patriots*, *Run for Public Office on a Platform of Swift and Righteous Immigration Reform*, *Lots of Jobs*, and *a Healthy Environment: an Opera* by Paul Pinto and Jeffrey Young, a 30-minute, politically-charged, theatrical work, was created and performed by the thingNY members in the title. It premiered in 7 West Coast performances in 2011, and toured to 17 cities in 17 days in June 2013 and to Mexico, Southern California and Mesa Arizona's Oh my Ears Marathon in January 2016. thingNY joined indie superstar, Helado Negro, in the collaborative string-conducted project, *Brainfinger*, presented by the 2015 Ecstatic Music Festival at Merkin Hall. thingNY has premiered many compact, high-energy chamber works by individual group members, including Paul Pinto's wildly verbose minis series and Erin Rogers' whimsical *Trajectories*, which will be released on Gold Bolus Recordings in 2016.

thingNY is a driving force in the New York music community, working to bolster and support new music and experimental performance, curating the New Music Showdown (2013-2014) and the Immediacies Series (2012-2014), putting a swath of performers from NYC and beyond in conversation with one another and allowing them to perform anti-concert-hall, or difficult-to-program works. thingNY has also performed important contemporary works such as Frederic Rzewski's *Attica* (1971), the New York premiere of Vinko Globokar's rarely staged opera *Un Jour Comme Un Autre* (1975), and played a large role in Varispeed's acclaimed site-specific adaptation of Robert Ashley's *Perfect Lives* (1983).

thingNY has produced some of their most interesting performances in underutilized spaces. In 2014, with the teenage new music ensemble *Face the Music*, the ensemble created a spatial work on the walkway surrounding the Queens Museum's 9335 square foot *Panorama of New York City*. Their mobile sound installation *In House* housed itself, among other places, in an abandoned Lower East Side apartment and an 18th century house museum. And, in an industrious flurry, the group refitted an old taxi garage for a three-day festival of experimental opera in Long Island City in 2012.

thingNY has received multiple grants from the Aaron Copland Fund, the New York Department of Cultural Affairs, Network of Ensemble Theaters, and the Queens Council on the Arts, and residencies at Incubator Arts Project, Standard Toykraft, Orange Theatre, and the LaGuardia Performing Arts Center. In 2013, the ensemble helped launch *Spaceworks LIC*, with an intimate performance for Mayor Michael Bloomberg and Councilman Jimmy Van Bramer through the Mayor's Fund to Advance New York City. thingNY is featured on Season 3 of the *Made HERE* documentary series, devoted to the lives of performing artists based in New York City.

Paul Pinto Bio

Paul Pinto is a composer, writer and performer. He makes noises sometimes. Sometimes with thingNY and Varispeed. Other times just in his living room. Often, he writes them on paper and makes other people make the noises for him. He's got a bunch of albums, including *minis/Trajectories*, and *Jeff Young and Paul Pinto, Patriots*. When he performs other people's noises, it sometimes involves singing and dancing on Broadway in *The Great Comet of 1812*, touring the manic 5-octave *Eight Songs for a Mad King*, or doing something fringy and challenging. In 2017, Paul premiered his opera *Thomas Paine in Violence* and in 2018, his solo dance piece *15 Photos*. Now he's working on an opera about boxing. [pfpinto.com]

Allison Clendaniel Bio

Allison Clendaniel is a singer, sound maker, and art administrator in Baltimore, MD. Allison is a versatile performer and improviser, in both solo and collaborative environments. Her generative work focuses on theatrically-charged experimental sounds and movement.

She has studied voice and movement with legendary performer and composer, Meredith Monk at the [House Foundation](#), clowning with [Globus Hystericus](#), and has toured extensively throughout North America as a teacher and performing artist.

Allison has performed in the High Zero Festival, a premier festival of improvised, experimental music; the Transmodern Festival; the Toronto Creative Music Lab; the Baltimore Symphony New Music Festival, and *Embody*, A Festival of The Vocal Arts. Clendaniel has collaborated with Dan Deacon, Infinity Knives, Wume, Jeff Carey, The Creepers, and Elizabeth Downing. *Summer Fun*, her experimental pop album with composer Ruby Fulton, was released on [Ehse Records](#) and ranked as a top album of 2015 by the Baltimore City Paper.

As a sound designer, she has collaborated with theatre troupes *Feral Woman*, *Annex Theatre*, and the *Mercury Theatre*. During the day, she works supporting other theatrical designers with Baltimore-based *Figure 53*, the makers of [QLab](#).

She has given lectures/masterclasses in theatre technology and performance for students at the University of Iowa, William and Mary College, the Canadian Institute for Theatre Technology, and IATSE Local 1.

Allison is a core-member and Artistic Director of [Mind on Fire](#), a modular chamber ensemble and presenting organization that “offers some of the most fascinating experimental productions in the area.” (Baltimore Sun). It is Mind on Fire’s mission to make music by living composers and showcases the talents of performing artists, building creative access and collaborative partnerships in Baltimore. The ensemble has been featured in the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra’s New Music Festival, a film score by Dan Deacon for Marnie Ellen Hertzler’s [Hi, I need to be Loved](#), and has a residency with the Pratt Library System in Baltimore.

To find out more about Allison and Mind on Fire, check out: [allisononline.com](#) and [mindonfire.org](#)