

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS



ERIC SHANFIELD

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS

Eric Shanfield

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poem by James Tate

Version for Sextet

Mezzo-soprano

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in Bb

Bass Clarinet in Bb

Bassoon

Program note:

Fuck the astronauts.

Fuck the Astronauts

James Tate

I

Eventually we must combine nightmares
an angel smoking a cigarette on the steps
of the last national bank, said to me.
I put her out with my thumb. I don't need
that
cheap talk I've got my own problems.
It was sad, exciting, and horrible.
It was exciting, horrible, and sad.
It was horrible, sad, and exciting.
It was inviting, mad, and deplorable.
It was adorable, glad, and enticing.
Eventually we must smoke a thumb
cheap talk I've got my own angel
on the steps of the problems the bank
said to me I don't need that.
I will take this one window
with its sooty maps and scratches
so that my dreams will remember
one another and so that my eyes will not
become blinded by the new world.

II

The flames don't dance or slither.
They have painted the room green.
Beautiful and naked, the wives
are sleeping before the fire.
Now it is out. The men have
returned to the shacks,
slayed creatures from the forest
floor across their white
stationwagons. That just about
does it, says the other,
dumping her bucket
over her head. Well, I guess
we got everything, says one,
feeling around in the mud,
as if for a child.

Now they remember they want
that mud, who can't remember
what they got up for.

They parcel it out: when
they are drunk enough
they go into town with
a bucket of mud, saying
*we can slice it up into
windmills like a bloated cow.*
Later, they paint the insides
of the shack black,
and sit sucking eggs all night,
they want something real, useful,
but there isn't anything.

III

I will engineer the sunrise
they have disassembled our shadows
our echoes are erased from the walls
your nipples are the skeletons of olives
your nipples are an oriental delight
your nipples blow away like cigarette papers
your nipples are the mouths of mutes
so I am not here any longer
skein of lightning
memory's dark ink in your last smile
where the stars have swallowed their train
schedule
where the stars have drowned in their dark
petticoats
like a sock of hamburger
receiving the lightning
into his clitoris
red on red the prisoner
confesses his waltz
through the corkscrew lightning
nevermind the lightning
in your teeth let's waltz
I am the hashish pinball machine
that rapes a piano.

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS

I.

James Tate

Eric Shanfield

$\text{♩}=152$
ff

Mezzo-soprano

E - ven-tual-ly we must com-bine night-mares an an - gel smo-king a ci - ga -

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bass Clarinet
in B♭

Horn in F

Bassoon

ff ***ff*** ***ff*** ***ff*** ***ff*** ***ff*** ***ff***

9

p

M-S.

rette on the steps of the last na-tion-al bank said to me. I put her out with my thumb.

Fl.

p

Ob.

p

Cl.

p

B. Cl.

p

Hn.

p

Bsn.

p

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - I.

2

15

M-S. *f*

I don't need that cheap talk I've got my own prob- lems.

Fl.

Ob. *f*

Cl. *f*

B. Cl. *f*

Hn. *f*

Bsn. *f*

==

M-S. *mp*

It was sad, ex - ci - ting, and

Fl.

Ob.

Cl. *mp*
1/2 *tr*

B. Cl.

Hn. *ff*

Bsn.

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - I.

3

23

M-S. hor - ri - ble. It was ex - ci - ting, - hor - ri - ble, - and sad. It was hor - ri - ble, - sad, and ex - ci - ting. It was in
fl.

Fl.

Ob. (tr)~~~~~

Cl. tr~~~~~

B. Cl. W tr~~~~~

Hn. +

Bsn. mp

28

M-S. vi - ting, mad, and de - plo - ra - ble. It was a - do - ra - ble, glad, and en - ti - cing.

Fl.

Ob. W tr~~~~~

Cl. tr~~~~~

B. Cl. tr~~~~~

Hn. +

Bsn. bD.

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - I.

4

33

32

M-S. *ff* E - ven-tual - ly we must smoke a thumb *mf* cheap talk I've got my own an - gel on the

Fl. *ff*

Ob. *ff* *mf*

Cl. *ff* *mf*

B. Cl. *ff* *mf*

Hn. *ff* *mf*

Bsn. *ff*



43

38 *-mp* steps of the prob-lems the bank said to me *p* I don't need that. *fff* I will take this one

Fl. *-mp* *p*

Ob. *-mp* *p* *fff*

Cl. *-mp* *p* *fff*

B. Cl. *-mp* *p* *fff*

Hn. *-mp* *p* *fff*

Bsn. *-mp* *p* *fff*

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - I.

5

44

M-S. 

53

M-S. 

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS

II.

James Tate

Eric Shanfield

d=112 mf

Mezzo-soprano The flames don't dance or sli - ther.

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bass Clarinet in B♭

Horn in F

Bassoon *mf*

==

5 *mf*

M-S. They have paint-ed the room green. Beau - ti -

7

Fl.

Ob.

Cl. *mf*

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

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FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - II.

7

10

M-S. ful and na - ked, the wives are sleep - ing be-fore the fire.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.



15

M-S. *mf*

Now it is out.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

20

mf

The men have re -

Musical score for Flute (Fl.), Oboe (Ob.), Clarinet (Cl.), Bassoon (B. Cl.), and Trombone (Tbn.). The score consists of five staves. The Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, and Bassoon staves are in treble clef, while the Trombone staff is in bass clef. The key signature is four flats. The score features a series of measures where the upper four instruments play sustained notes (quarter notes) in unison, while the Trombone provides harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns.

25

M-S. turned to the shacks, — slayed crea-tures from the fo - rest floor a-cross their white sta-tion

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

mf

mf

3

30 **31**

M-S. wa - gons. That just a-bout does it, says the o - ther, dump-ing her buck - et o-ver her head.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

35

M-S.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - II.

10

41

M-S. 40

mf

Well, I guess we got ev-er-y-thing, says one, feel-ing a - round

Fl.

mf

Ob.

mf

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

2

M-S. — in the mud, as if for a child.

Fl. *mf*

Ob. *mf*

Cl.

B. Cl. *mf*

Hn.

Bsn.

44

48

M-S. *mf*
Now they re - mem - ber they want that mud,

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl. *p sub.* *mf*
flt.

Hn. *p* *mf*

Bsn.

53

M-S. *mf*
who can't re -

Fl. *mf*

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl. *mf*

Hn.

Bsn.

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - II.

12

58

M-S. mem - ber_ what they got_ up for.

Fl. *p*

Ob. *p*

Cl. *mp*

B. Cl. flt. *mp*

Hn. *p* *mf*

Bsn. *mp*

62

M-S. They par cel it out: when they are drunk e - nou gh they go in - to town with a

Fl. *mf* *mp*

Ob. *mf* *mp* 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Cl. *mp*

B. Cl. *mp* *mf*

Hn. *mp*

Bsn. *mp*

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - II.

13

67

sotto voce

M-S. *f* *p* *breathy*
 buck - et of mud, say-ing we can slice it up in - to wind - mills
 Fl. *f*
 Ob. *f*
 Cl. *f* *p sub.* *1/2 tr*
 B. Cl. *f* *p sub.* *mp* *mf*
 Hn. *flt.* *fp* *f* *1/2 tr*
 Bsn. *f* *mp* *mf*

71 M-S. *norm.* *nasty* *f* 75
 like a bloat - ed cow.
 Fl. *pp* *f* *p*
 Ob. *pp* *f* *p*
 Cl. *tr* *f* *tr* *p*
 B. Cl. *mp* *f* *p*
 Hn. *tr* *f* *tr* *con sord.*
 Bsn. *mf* *f* *p*

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - II.

14

76

M-S. *p norm.*
Fl. Ob. Cl. B. Cl. Hn. Bsn.

La- ter, they paint the

M-S. *p* *mf* *p*
Fl. Ob. Cl. B. Cl. Hn. Bsn.

B. Cl. *p* *mf* *p*
Hn. *mf* *p*

Bsn. *mf* *p* *p*

80 83

M-S. *p* *mf* *p*
in-sides of the shack black, and sit

Fl. Ob. Cl. B. Cl. Hn. Bsn.

Fl. Ob. Cl. B. Cl. Hn. Bsn.

Cl. *mf* *p*
B. Cl. *mf* *flt.* *p*
Hn. *mf* *flt.* *mf*
Bsn. *p* *mf*

p *p* *mf*

84

M-S. *suck-ing eggs_ all night,*

Fl. *p*

Ob. *mf*

Cl. *mf*

B. Cl. *mf pp*

Hn. *p*

Bsn. *pp*

87

they want some-thing real,

via sord.

rit.

88

M-S. *use - ful,*

Fl.

Ob. *mf*

Cl. *mf*

B. Cl. *mf*

Hn.

Bsn.

rit.

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS

III.

James Tate

Eric Shanfield

5

mf

Mezzo-soprano

I will en - gi-neer

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

mf

Bass Clarinet in B♭

mf

Horn in F

Bassoon

6

9

mf

M-S.

the sun - rise

they have dis - as-sem - bled our sha - dows

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.



16

M-S. Fl. Ob. Cl. B. Cl. Hn. Bsn.

f

19

your nip - ples_ are the ske - letons of

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - III.

18

21

M-S. o - - - lives your nip - ples are_ an o - ri - en - tal de - light

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.



26

27

M-S. your nip - ples blow a - way_ like cig - ga - rette pa - pers_

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

31

M-S. your nip-ples are the mouths of mutes so I am

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

mf

36

M-S. not here_ a - ny long - er_ skein of light - ning me - mo - ry's

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

3

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - III.

20

41

M-S. dark ink in your last smile

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.



47

46

M-S. where the stars have swal - lowed their train sche - du - le

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

51

M-S. Fl. Ob. Cl. B. Cl. Hn. Bsn.

where the stars...

55 *mp*

56

M-S. Fl. Ob. Cl. B. Cl. Hn. Bsn.

— have drowned in — their dark pet - ti - coats like a sock of

59 *f*

Fl. Ob. Cl. B. Cl. Hn. Bsn.

mf *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *f*

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - III.

22

61

M-S. ham - bur - ger re - ceiv - ing the light - ning in - to his cli - to -

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.



66

67

M-S. ris red on red the pri - so - ner con -

flt.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

71

M-S. fes - ses his waltz through the cork-screw light - ning

Fl.

Ob. *p* *f*

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.



76

M-S.

Fl. *p*

Ob. *p*

Cl. *p*

B. Cl. *p*

Hn. *p*

Bsn. *p* 3 3 3 3 5 3 3 3 3

FUCK THE ASTRONAUTS - III.

24

80

M-S. ne-ver-mind the light - ning in your teeth let's waltz

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

p

5 3 3 3 5 3 3 3

84

88

M-S.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn.

p *mf* *p*

p *mp*

p

90

M-S. *p*
I am the hash-ish pin-ball ma-chine that rapes a pia - no.

Fl. *p*

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Bsn. *p* 3 3 3 3 5 3 3 3 3 5 3



94

M-S.

Fl. *pp*

Ob.

Cl. 5 5 5 5 *pp*

B. Cl. 7 7 7 7 *ppp*

Hn. *pp*

Bsn. *pp*