Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Flute 1



Bill Robinson

Flute 1

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo

(♩ = 76)



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Holodomoderato (♩.=68) Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Flute 1



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Flute 1



IV. The birds don't know about self-immolation

Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80) Anonymous poem

Flute 1

4

p

9

11

3

mf+ *f* | *mp*

16

3

mf *mf*

24

25

ff

30

36

5

36-40

Narrator

know I'd have bet-ter luck with the birds.

p | *ff*

45

3 3 3 3

4

Narrator

11

55-65

perch in a - mong the rub-ble. He shout-ed

68

fff *f*

8

78 *rit.*

Coda (♩ = 66)

4

Narrator

like smoke.

pp

a tempo

86

molto rit.

| *ff*

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Flute 1

mf+ *cresc.* *f*

9

f+

16

rit.

Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

Narrator

who sed-en-tar-y

16-21

32

molto rit.

(♩ = 88)

Contracyberpunktus I

rit.

44

a tempo

Timpani

45-46

mf+ *cresc.* *f* *f*+

53

ff

59

62

rit.

67

a tempo

Narrator

who ate fire in tech labs

69

f

mp


77
81
2
pp
85
tr
89
2
ff
mp
6
92-97
101
ff
103
3 3 3 3
6
111
113
117
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
2
7
ff
130
Oboe 1
133
2
rit.
a tempo
3
140
147
6
mf
mp+
p
3
154
rit.
5
pp
pp

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Flute 2

(doubles Piccolo)



Bill Robinson

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

Flute 2
(double Piccolo)

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))



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Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Flute 2
(dbl. Picc)

(Picc.) *p*

9 (Picc.) *p*

22 27

31 (Picc.) *p* (Picc.) *pp*

37 (Fl. 2) *p cresc.* *mf*

45 *rit.* *a tempo* 50 Narrator

Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this

52 (Fl. 2) *f dim.* (*mp*)

66

65 *p cresc.* (*mp*) *mf*

72 (Fl. 2) *ff* **Coda** (♩.=56)

87 (Picc.) *pp*

78-82

88

III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson




Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)
Anonymous poem
Piccolo
3
p
9
11
2
5
mf + < f | mp
20
25
mf
ff
36
7
5
Narrator
27-33
know I'd have bet-ter luck with the
43
45
2
4
birds.
54
11
Narrator
68
7
perch in a - mong the rub-ble. He shout-ed
p
76
rit.
Coda
(♩ = 66)
4
Narrator
like smoke.
a tempo
molto rit.
2
85-86
pp
| ff

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Flute 2
(dbl. Picc)

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

(Fl. 2) *mf*+ *cresc.* *(f)* *f*+

16

(Picc.) *mp* *rit.*

10-14

Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

24 Narrator who sed-en-tar-y

molto rit.

(♩ = 88) **Contracyberpunktus I**

44

40 (Picc.) *mf* *f* *f*+ < *ff* *rit.* *a tempo*

50 (Fl. 2) *mf*+ *cresc.* *(f)* *f*+

59

67 *rit.* *a tempo*

63-64

Narrator who ate fire in tech labs

(Picc.) *p*+

75

81

85 (Fl. 2) *ff*

89

(Fl. 2) *mp*

94 *mp*+ < *mf*

101

111 Flute 1

(Picc.) *ff*

(Picc.) *ff*

rit.

Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

Oboe 1

115-117

133 *rit.* *a tempo*

131-132

(Fl. 2) *mf* > *mp*+

(Fl. 2) 147 *p*

149

(Picc.) *pp*

rit.

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Oboe 1



Bill Robinson

Oboe 1

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
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Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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II. Father Stalin, Look at This

Ukrainian children's song, 1933



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Oboe 1




Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)
Anonymous poem
Oboe 1
11
mf+
f
15-16
mf
mf
25
23-24
ff
30
36
p
42
45
48
ff dim.
mf
55
tr
p
Narrator
perch in a - mong the rub - ble. He shout-ed
68
fff
f
mf
p
cresc.
f
74
rit.
Coda
(♩ = 66)
p
p
84
Narrator
like smoke.
molto rit.
a tempo
pp

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Oboe 1

2

mp *cresc. p. a p.* (*mf*)

7

(*f*) *ff* 2 *mf* *mp*

15

16

4 *mp* *dim.*

22

rit. **Contracyberpunktus II** (♩ = 72)

(*p*) *pp*+ 4 *mf* *cresc.* (*f*)

31

molto rit. **Contracyberpunktus I** (♩ = 88)

ff 44 4 *mf* *f*

42

rit. *a tempo*

f+ < *ff* > *f* 2 *mp* *cresc.* (*mf*)

50

mf+ *f*+ *ff* 3

59

mp 2 67 *f* *dim.* (*mp*) (*p*)

rit.

65

a tempo

pp *ff* *f* *mf*+

72

mp *p*+ *pp*


79
81
ff
86
tr
89
2
mp
94
mp+
f
2
ff
101
3
107
p
111
p
mp
ff
112
117
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
2
7
ff
mf cresc.
131
133
rit.
a tempo
3
(f)
ff
147
140
5
mf
mp+
p
2
151-152
p
7
pp

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Oboe 2



Bill Robinson

Oboe 2

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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Holodomoderato
(♩.=68)
Ukrainian children's song, 1933
Oboe 2
tr
p
13
Narrator
fam - ine
27
25-26
p
34
rit.
mf dim.
pp
46
a tempo
50
Narrator
Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this
53
mf
mf f
mf+
f
61
66
68
f
ff
ff
87
Coda
(♩.=56)
76
88-89

III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Oboe 2




Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)
Oboe 1
Anonymous poem
Oboe 2
11
25
15-19
mf
ff
27-28
36
32-33
42
Narrator
45
know I'd have bet-ter luck with the birds.
49-52
Narrator
perch in a - mong the rub-ble. He shout-ed
68
rit.
Coda
(♩ = 66)
Narrator
like smoke.
68-77
87
molto rit.
a tempo
pp

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Oboe 2

2

mp+ < *mf* *cresc. p. a p.*

8

16

5

2

(*f*) *ff* *mp*

19

rit.

Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

24

7

molto rit.

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

4

mf

44

41

rit. *a tempo*

2

f *f*+ < *ff* > *f* *mp*+

59

49

5

(*mf*) *mf*+ *f*+ *mp*

67

rit. *a tempo*

2

2

60-61

Narrator **who ate**

68

7

Oboe 1

fire in tech labs


81
ff
88
89
6
4
f
101
103
111
Flute 1
6
3
115
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons Mad dead au-tom-a-tons Mad dead au-tom-a-tons of
ff
118
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
2
7
Oboe 1
Sil-i-con Val-ley!
133
rit.
a tempo
2
131-132
3
mf
mp+
147
5
142-146
p
3
154
rit.
6

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Clarinet 1

in B flat



Bill Robinson

Clarinet 1
in B flat

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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II. Father Stalin, Look at This

Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Clarinet 1



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson



Anonymous poem

Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)

Clarinet 1

pp *p*

cresc.

(mf) *f* *mp*

mp

mf

mf

mf *cresc.*

(f) *ff*

Narrator

know I'd have bet-ter luck with the birds.

ff

mf

p

Narrator

perch in a - mong the rub - ble. He shout-ed

fff *f*

rit.

p

70-74

Coda (♩ = 66)

80-82

mp *dim.* *pp*

molto rit. *a tempo*

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Clarinet 1




69
f
mf+
3
p
pp+
pp
78
81
ff
86
tr
89
3
mp
94
f
ff
98
101
102
non stacc.
6
111
Flute 1
2
112-113
ff
3
119
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
2
7
mf cresc.
(f)
ff
133
rit.
a tempo
2
mf
147
141
5
mp+
p
151
6
rit.

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Clarinet 2

in B flat



Bill Robinson

Clarinet 2 in B flat

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Clarinet 2

Narrator

Col -

11

lec-tive farm-ing is such bliss

18

27

27-28

35

42

rit. a tempo

50 Narrator

Fa-ther Sta-lin, look at this

66

55-59

71

76 **Coda** (♩.=56)

87

III.Political Theology

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Clarinet 2



Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80) Anonymous poem

Clarinet 2

pp *p*

4

7

cresc. *mf+* *mp*

11

3

11-13

mp *mf*

18

mf

24

25

8

36

5

f *ff*

41

Narrator

know I'd have bet-ter luck with the birds.

p

45

ff *mf*

4

54

11

Narrator

perch in a - mong the rub-ble. He shout-ed

68

7

Clarinet 1

2

rit.

76-77

Coda (♩ = 66)

3

Clarinet 1

85

molto rit. *a tempo*

pp

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Clarinet 2




82
ff
tr
89
3
89-91
mp
mp+
f
96
ff
101
non stacc.
111
Flute 1
6
105-110
3
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons
ff
(♩ = 72)
Contracyberpunktus II
117
rit.
Mad dead au-tom-a-tonsof Sil-i-con Val-ley!
mf
dim.
(mp)
(p)
pp
123
6
133
rit.
mf
cresc.
(f)
ff
147
135
a tempo
10
p
152
6
rit.

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Bassoon 1



Bill Robinson

Bassoon 1

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Bassoon 1



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Bassoon 1



Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80) Anonymous poem

Bassoon 1

pp *p*

7 *cresc.* (*mf*) *f* 11 3

15 *mp*+ *mf* 3 *mf*

22 *mf*+ *f* 25 2 *ff*

29

33 *pp* *p* 36 *cresc.*

37 (*mf*) 3 *f* *dim.* *mp* *p*

45 3 2 42-44 *ff* *dim.* 6 6 (*mf*) *p*

2 3 2 4 5 51-52 Narrator child's first glimpse of feath-ers glow-ing

68 63 3 5 Narrator The call-back: *pp*+ *mp* *p*

(♩ = 66) Coda 76 *rit.* *cresc.*

82 (*mf*) *f* *dim.* 3 (*mp*)

85 *molto rit.* *a tempo* *pp* *pp*

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Bassoon 1

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

2 | 4

mp

9

ff | 2 | *ff* *mf+*

16

2

16-17

mp | *mp* *dim.* (*p*)

rit. **Contracyberpunktus II**

23 (♩ = 72)

pp | 5 | *f* *ff*

32

molto rit. **Contracyberpunktus I** (♩ = 88) | 7 | *rit.* **44** *a tempo*

mf | Timpani

2 | 4 | 2

45-46

mp | *ff*

55 **59**

f

60

mp+ cresc. (*mf*) | *f*

65 *rit.* **67** *a tempo*

2 | *mf+* | *mf*

72

mp | *mp* | *p* | *pp+* | 3


80
81
ff
89
tr
2
85-86
7
mp
92
mp+
ff
97
101
104
Narrator
FEEL the POW-ER.
111
mp
f
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons
ff
116
rit.
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons of Sil-i-con Val-ley!
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
121-122
133
134
rit.
a tempo
mf
p
mp+
dim.
(mp)
144
147
153
pp

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Bassoon 2



Bill Robinson

Bassoon 2

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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Ukrainian children's song, 1933



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson



Anonymous poem



V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Bassoon 2

2 | 4

f+

16

2 | 3

ff

(♩ = 72)
Contracyberpunktus II

rit.

mp

molto rit.

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

7 | 7

mf *dim.* (*mp*) *p*

44

rit. *a tempo*

Timpani

Bassoon 1

2 | 4

f+

ff

ff

59

2

67

rit. *a tempo*

mp+

4

mp *p*+ *p*

81

3 | 2

ff

89

tr 7 6

f+ *ff*

101

2

Narrator

FEEL the POW-ER.

111

5

f *ff*

3

Mad dead au-tom-a-tons Mad dead au-tom-a-tons Mad dead au-tom-a-tons

ff

sf

rit. Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

Sil-i-con Val-ley!

ff dim. (*mp*) (*p*) *pp*

133

7

rit. *a tempo*

mf dim. (*mp*) *p*+

4

mp+ *dim.* (*mp*) *p*

147

3 2

p *pp*

6

rit.

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Horn 1 in F



Bill Robinson

Horn 1 in F

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

(♩ = 76)
Fascismo

Bassoon 1

6

ff

11 **12**

p *mp*

19 3 **25** 3

p *f*

30 3 **34** 3 5 2

46 6

Horn 2

46-51

53

ff

58 **62** 3 2 2

mp

69 **70**

ff *ff*

76

rit.

3

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Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Horn 1

pp *p*

10

7-16

mp *p*

2

23

27

f *f dim.*

30

p

8

mp cresc. *f*

44

rit. *a tempo*

2

50

Narrator

Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this

51

7

f

62

66

67

mf+ *f*

2

ff

72

76 **Coda** (♩.=56)

5

2

87

2

III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson



Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80) Anonymous poem

Horn 1

pp *p*

7 11 3

cresc. (*mf*) *mf*+ *mp*

15 3 2

mp *mf* *mf*

25

f+ *ff* *ff*

30

34 (solo) 36

p *mf* *f* *p*

41 45 2

4 9 Narrator

49-52 *p* perch in a - mong the

67 68

rub - ble. He shout-ed *ff* *f* *mf* *p* *cresc.*

(♩ = 66)

73 *rit.* Coda 4

f *p* *p*

84 Narrator *molto rit.* *a tempo*

like smoke. *pp* *ff*

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Horn 1




80
81
ff
87
89
9
ff
101
2
p
108
111
ff
113
(♩ = 72)
119
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II
2
10
133
rit.
a tempo
4
137-140
mp+
(mp)
p
3
147
3
2
151-152
p
pp
5
157-161
rit.

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Horn 2 in F



Bill Robinson

Horn 2 in F

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Horn 2

Narrator

Col -

11

lec-tive farm-ing is such bliss

p

22 Narrator

fam-ine

27

f

30-32

p *cresc.* *mf*

44

rit. *a tempo*

50

p

51

p+ *mp*+

64

66

p *mf*

70

Coda (♩.=56)

ff

87

77

pp

88

III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Horn 2



Anonymous poem



V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Horn 2

2

mp+ *mf*+

8

3

16

6

f+ *ff*

22

rit.

Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

Narrator

6

who sed - en - tar - y

33 *molto rit.*

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

7

rit.

44

a tempo

Timpani

p *mp*

47

mp+

f *cresc.* *ff*

54

3

59

mp *mf*

67

rit.

a tempo

2

63-64

ff

69

3

3

f *dim.* (*mf*) *mp*

80

81

Violin I

3

ff

2


88
89
6
f+ < ff
98
101
non stacc.
111
6
105-110
ff
115
119
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
f dim. (mp) (p) pp
125
133
6
rit.
a tempo
5
142
147
2
mp
p
149
p
155
4
rit.
pp

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Horn 3 in F



Bill Robinson

Horn 3 in F

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Horn 3

Narrator

Col -

11

lec-tive farm-ing is such bliss

22

27

29

41

rit. a tempo

50

Narrator

Fa-ther Sta-lin, look at this

66

60-63

69

72

Coda (♩.=56)

87

78-82

III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Horn 3



Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80) Anonymous poem

Horn 3

pp *p*

11

2

9-10

mp

3

mf

20

2

25

f+ *ff*

27

31

36

5

36-40

Narrator

know I'd have bet-ter luck with the birds.

45

46

4

dim. *mf*

54

3

Narrator

sin-gle snip-pet of bird - song. For a

p

61

Narrator

perch in a - mong the

pp+

67

rub - ble. He shout-ed

68

ff *f* *mf* *p* *cresc.*

73

rit.

Coda (♩ = 66)

4

f *p* 3 *p*

84 Narrator

like smoke.

2

molto rit.

a tempo

ff

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"




81
3
77-79
ff
86
89
6
f+ < ff
98
101
104
111
6
ff
115
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
Oboe 1
2
4
2
121-122
f+
132
133
rit.
a tempo
147
10
2
ff
mf
149
2
p
156
rit.
4
pp

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Horn 4 in F



Bill Robinson

Horn 4 in F

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)

p p+ mp+ mf

5 f 4 12 ff

14 7 p

25 mp

30 3 34 3 5 2

46 7 53 Narrator

46-52

Pit-y the par-ty that feeds on the

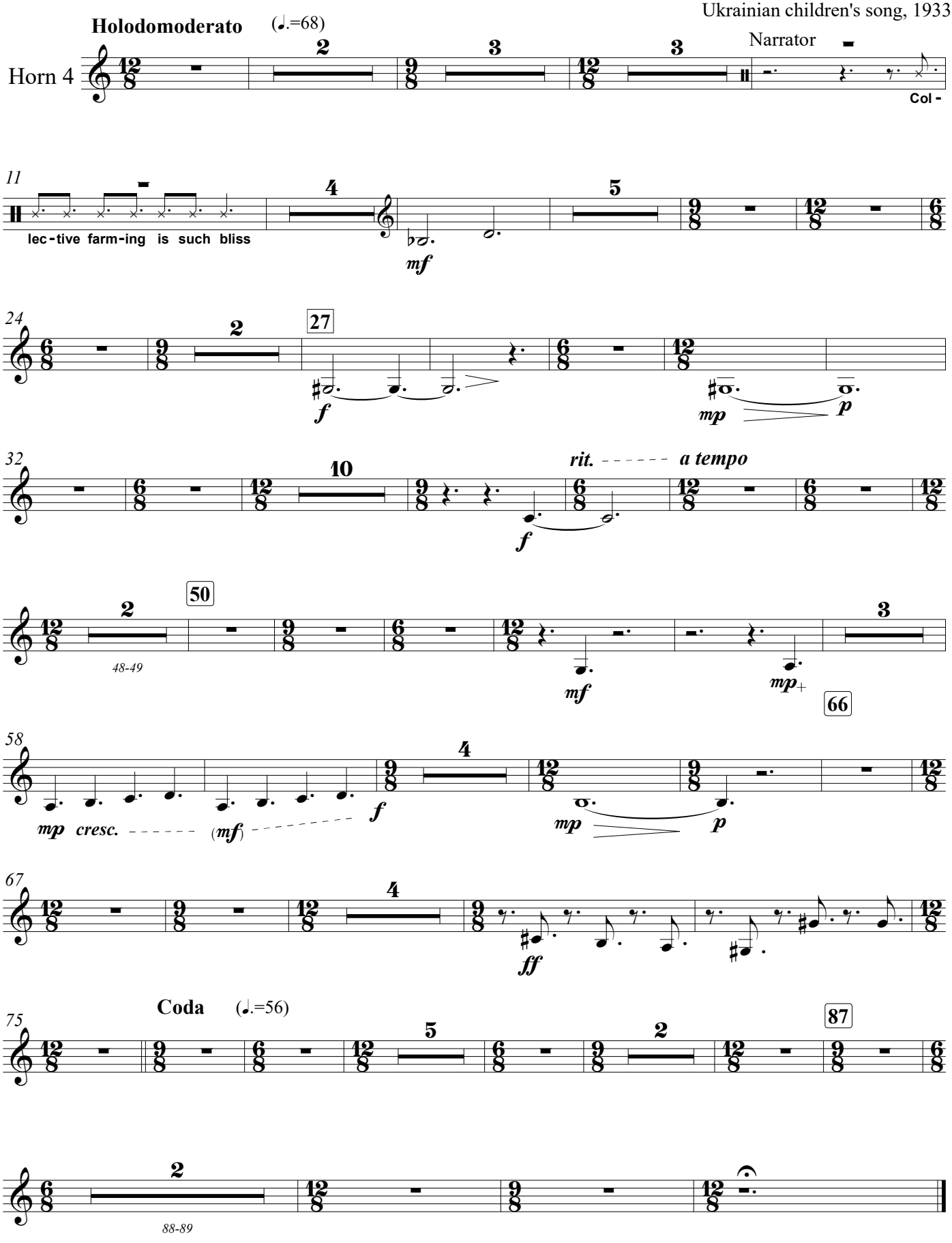
59 62 ff dim. (mf) mp

63 mp 2 mp

69 70 8 3 rit.

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Ukrainian children's song, 1933



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Horn 4



Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)

Anonymous poem

Horn 4

pp *p*

11

3

mp *mp*

2

mf *mf*

25

mf *f* *f+* *ff*

2

pp *pp+*

36

p *mp* *mf* *f* *mf* *p*

3

45

42-44

2

p

Narrator

11

perch in a - mong the rub - ble. He shout-ed

68

ff

f *mf* *p* *cresc.* *f*

3

rit.

Coda (♩ = 66)

p *cresc.* (*mf*) *f* *dim.* (*mp*)

molto rit. *a tempo*

pp *pp*

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Horn 4

Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

Narrator

who sed-en-tar-y

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)


89
tr
7
2
2
2
83-84
ff
mp
92
mf
ff
98
101
non stacc.
111
6
105-110
ff
115
119
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
5
ff
dim.
(mp)
(p)
pp
130
133
rit.
a tempo
mf
cresc.
(f)
f+
147
6
3
137-142
mp
p
p
152
rit.
6

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Trumpet 1

in B flat



Bill Robinson

Trumpet 1 in B flat

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))



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II. Father Stalin, Look at This

Ukrainian children's song, 1933



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Trumpet 1




Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)
Narrator
Anonymous poem
Trumpet 1
The day af-ter
Narrator
False Spring has brought
f+ < ff
Narrator
know I'd have bet-ter luck with the
birds.
ff
dim.
mf
Narrator
perch in a - mong the rub-ble. He shout-ed
fff
f
mf
p
cresc.
rit.
Coda
(♩ = 66)
Narrator
like smoke.
molto rit.
a tempo
ff
85-86

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Trumpet 1

Narrator

drag-ging them-selves through

10

ff *ff* *dim.* (*mf*)

15

mp

16

rit.

Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

Narrator

who sed-en-tar-y

(♩ = 88)

molto rit.

Contracyberpunktus I

rit.

26-31

44 *a tempo*

Timpani

Narrator

and the spir-it of

53

ff *ff*

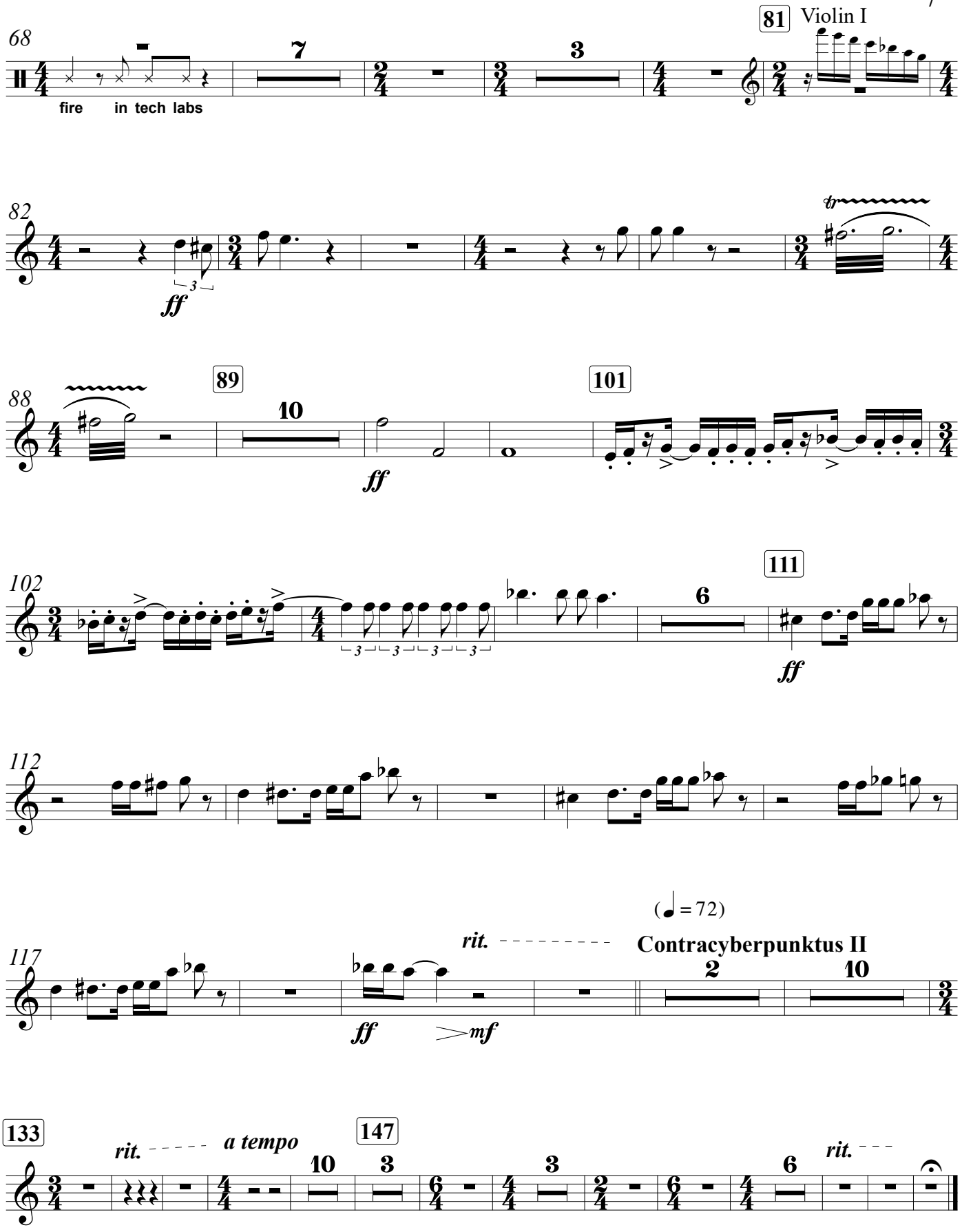
59

59-61

rit.

67 *a tempo*

Narrator who ate


81 Violin I
68
fire in tech labs
7
3
82
ff
tr
88
89
10
ff
101
102
111
6
ff
112
117
(♩ = 72)
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II
2
10
ff
mf
133
rit.
a tempo
10
147
3
3
6
rit.

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Trumpet 2

in B flat



Bill Robinson

Trumpet 2 in B flat

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))



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III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson



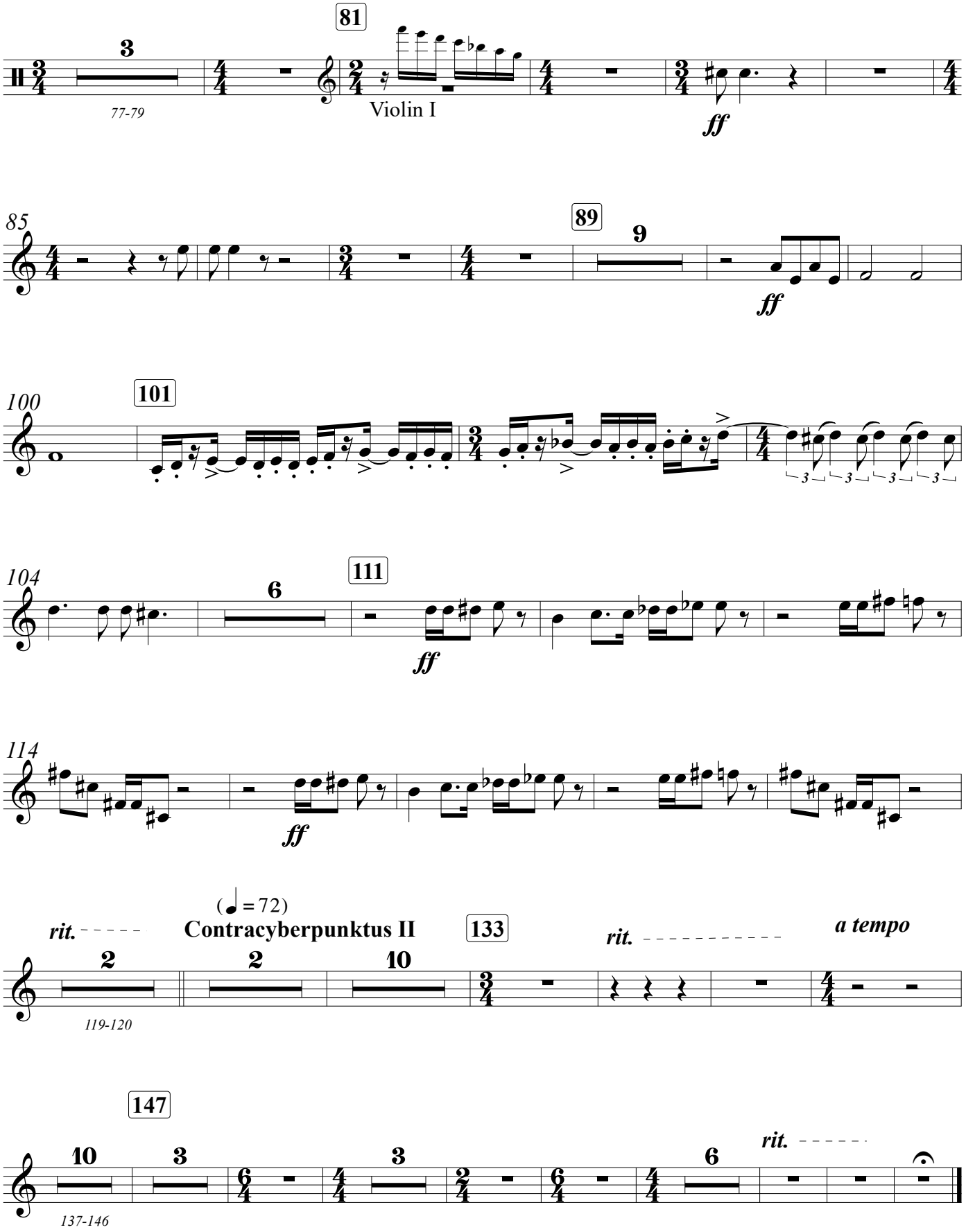

(♩ = 80)
Volante con fuoco
Anonymous poem
Trumpet 2
Narrator
11
8
The day af-ter
2
5
20
Narrator
25
2
False Spring has brought
f+ ff
27
31
36
5
41
Narrator
45
know I'd have bet-ter luck with the birds.
3
ff
47
4
11
Narrator
perch in a - mong the
67
68
2
rub - ble.
He shout-ed
mf
p
cresc.
73
(♩ = 66)
rit.
Coda
3
4
f
p
84
Narrator
molto rit.
a tempo
2
like smoke.
ff

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)




81
3
77-79
Violin I
ff
85
89
9
ff
100
101
104
111
6
ff
114
ff
(♩ = 72)
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II
133
rit.
a tempo
2
2
10
119-120
147
10
3
3
6
rit.
137-146

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Trombone 1



Bill Robinson

Trombone 1

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson

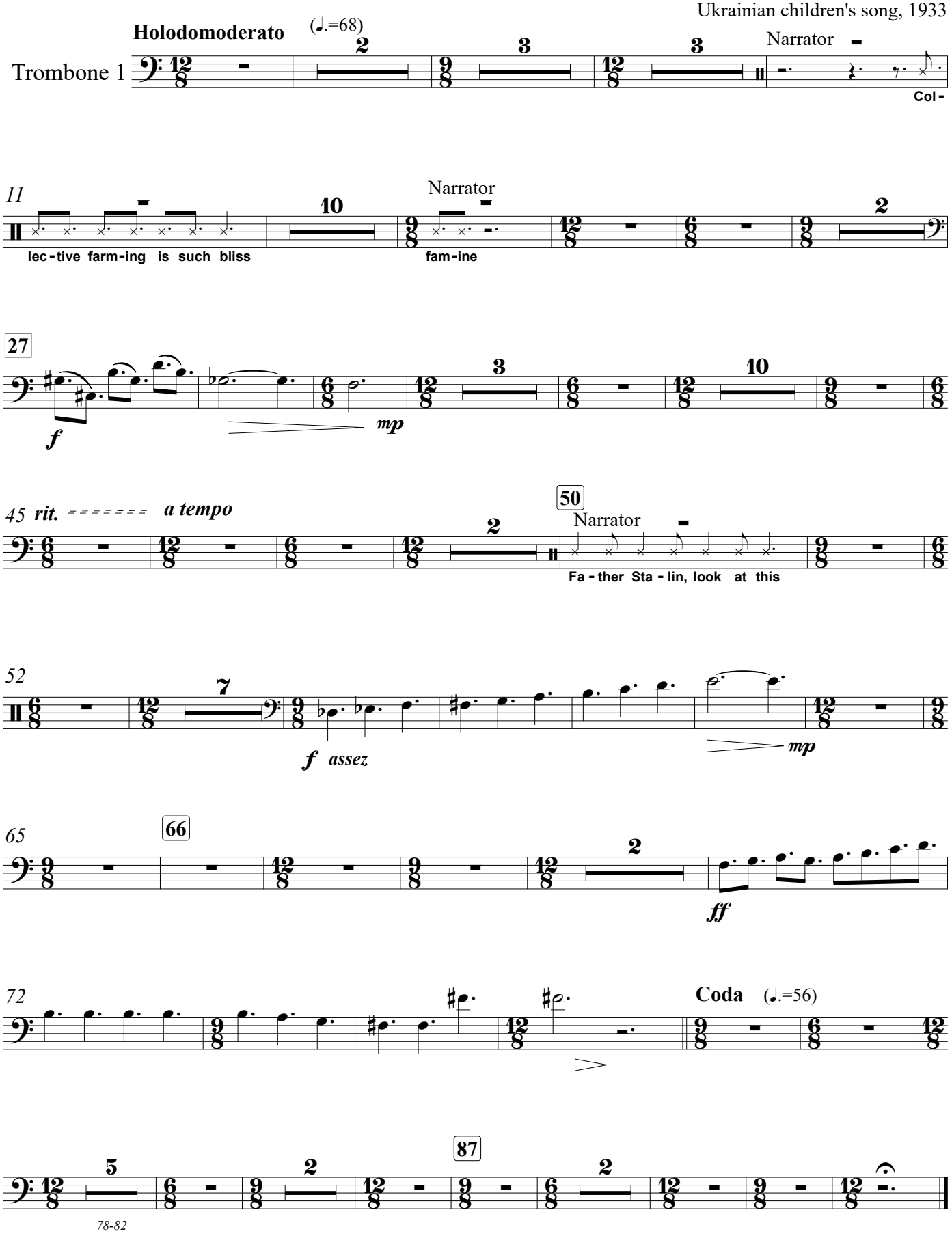
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))



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II. Father Stalin, Look at This

Ukrainian children's song, 1933



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Trombone 1

10

13 Narrator

world is here for you to own. Go

f

22

31

Narrator

al - ways fas-ter;

35

ff

39

53

39-51


Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)
Anonymous poem
Trombone 1
mp cresc. (mf) f
Narrator
False Spring has brought
mf f f
15-19
ff
know I'd have bet-ter luck with the birds.
ff
Narrator
perch in a - mong the
rub - ble. He shout-ed
fff f mf p f
rit.
Coda (♩ = 66)
Narrator
like smoke.
74-77
molto rit.
a tempo
85-86

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Trombone 1

2 | 4

9 Narrator

drag - ging them - selves through

ff

3

16

6

rit.

Contracyberpunktus II

(♩ = 72)

Narrator

16-21

who sed - en - tar - y

4

30

molto rit.

(♩ = 88)

Contracyberpunktus I

7

mf *f*

43 *rit.* 44 *a tempo*

Timpani

3

Narrator

and the spir - it of

52

59

3

3

ff

67

rit. *a tempo*

2

6

63-64

ff

76

81 Violin I

3

84

89

9

ff

98

101

ff

111

7

104-110

ff

115

119

rit.

Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

2

7

Oboe 1

ff *mf*

131

133

rit.

a tempo

10

mf *f*

147

3

3

6

rit.

147-149

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Trombone 2



Bill Robinson

Trombone 2

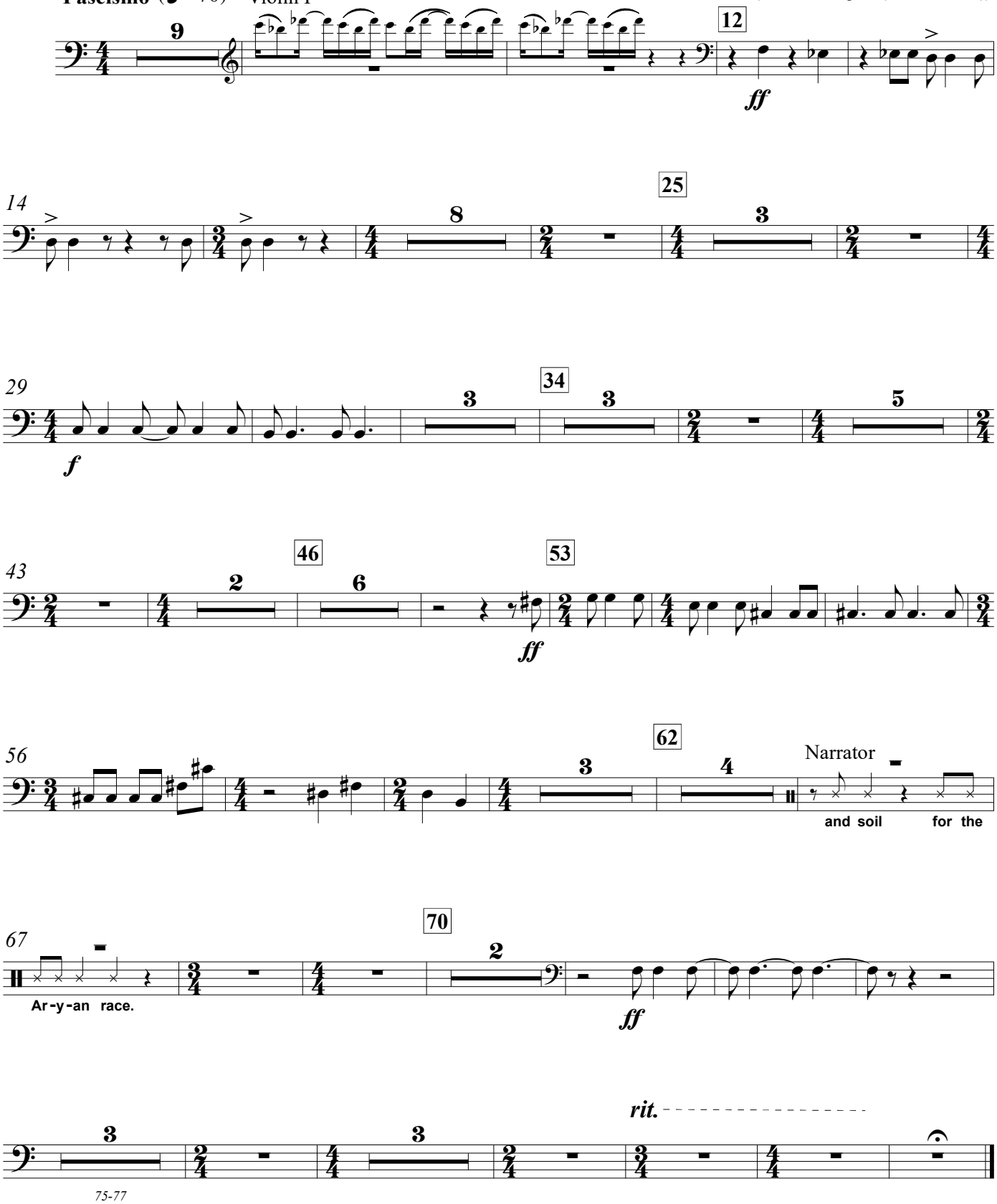
Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76) Violin I



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II. Father Stalin, Look at This

Ukrainian children's song, 1933



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson



Trombone 2

Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)

Narrator

Anonymous poem

The day af-ter

Narrator

False Spring has brought

15-19

f_+

ff

Narrator

know I'd have bet-ter luck with the birds.

Narrator

perch in a - mong the

Narrator

rub-ble. He shout-ed

fff f mf p f

rit. Coda (♩ = 66)

Narrator

like smoke.

molto rit. a tempo

74-77

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Trombone 2

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Narrator

drag-ging them-selves through

ff

11 — 16 — *rit.* — (♩ = 72) **Contracyberpunktus II**

25 Narrator — who sed-en-tar-y — *molto rit.* — (♩ = 88) **Contracyberpunktus I** — *rit.*

44 *a tempo* — Timpani — Narrator — and the spir-it of — *ff*

54 — 59 — *rit.*

67 *a tempo* — *ff* — 81 Violin I

82 — *ff* — 89

96 — 101 — *non stacc.* — *ff*

104 — 111 — *ff*

115 — *rit.* — **Contracyberpunktus II** (♩ = 72)

133 — *rit.* — *a tempo* — 147 — *rit.*

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Bass Trombone



Bill Robinson

Bass Trombone

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)

Violin I

9

12

ff

25

Trombone 1

8

3

34

3

3

ff

46

2

53

7

62

3

4

ff

Narrator

70

2

and soil for the Ar-y-an race.

ff

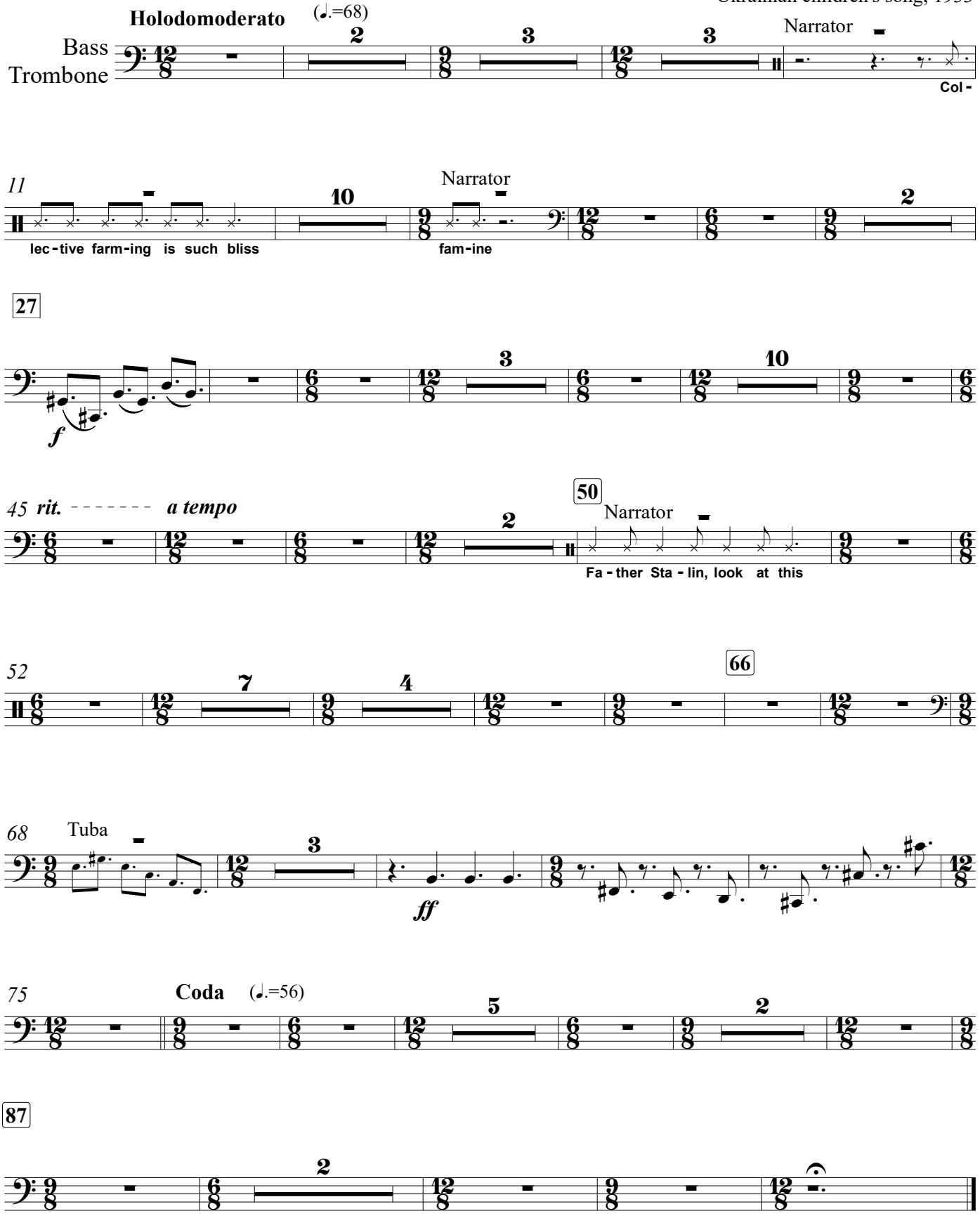
ff

rit.

3

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Ukrainian children's song, 1933



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Bass Trombone

4 | 3 | 10 | 3

13 Narrator

world is here for you to own. Go

f

20 | 8 | 31 | Narrator

al-ways fas-ter;

33

ff

38 | 39 | 13 | 53

7 | 5 | 2

54-60


Volante con fuoco
(♩ = 80)
Bass Trombone
Narrator
11
Anonymous poem
The day af-ter
15-19
Narrator
25
False Spring has brought
f+
26
ff
34
36
Narrator
know I'd have bet-ter luck with the birds.
44
45
ff
54
Narrator
11
perch in a-mong the rub-ble. He shout-ed
68
fff
f
mf
70
rit.
Coda
(♩ = 66)
p
f
84
Narrator
like smoke.
molto rit.
a tempo
pp

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Bass Trombone

Narrator

drag-ging them-selves through

11

16

rit.

ff *mf*+

Contracyberpunktus II

24 (♩ = 72)

Narrator

who sed-en-tar-y

molto rit.

(♩ = 88)

Contracyberpunktus I

44

Timpani

43 *rit.* *a tempo*

Narrator

and the spir-it of

54

59

ff *mf*+

67

rit. *a tempo*

63-64

ff

81 Violin I

77-79

ff

87

89

Trombone 2

101

103 *non stacc.*

ff

111

ff

114

rit.

ff *mf*

(♩ = 72)

Contracyberpunktus II

133

rit. *a tempo*

147

rit.

121-122

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Tuba



Bill Robinson

Tuba

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

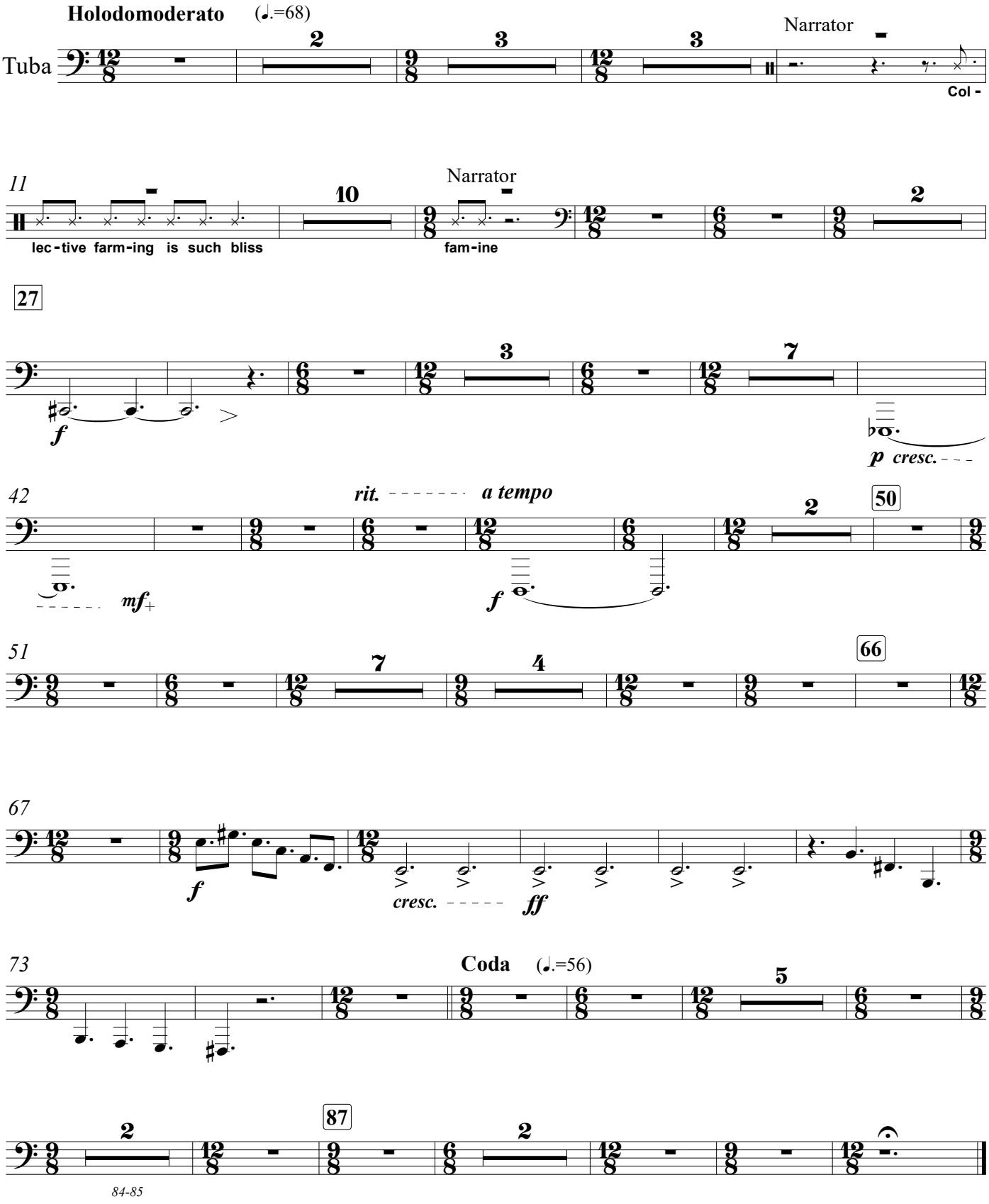
Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))



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II. Father Stalin, Look at This

Ukrainian children's song, 1933



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Tuba



Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80) Anonymous poem

Tuba

pp p

8 2 11 3 4

mp mf

21 25

mf f+ ff

2

28-29

pp

35 36

p cresc. (mf)

38

f dim. p

41 45

ff

46

6 6 4

dim. mf

54 11 68

perch in a - mong the rub - ble. He shout-ed

Narrator

fff f

70 4 rit. Coda (♩ = 66)

mf p f p

81

cresc. (mf) f dim. (mp) pp

87

molto rit. a tempo

pp

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Tuba

Narrator

drag-ging them-selves through

10

16

ff

Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

22 *rit.*

Narrator

who sed-en-tar-y

mf

31 *molto rit.*

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

rit.

f

44

a tempo

Timpani

Narrator

and the spir-it of

54

59

ff

67

a tempo

rit.

63-64

ff

81

Violin I

70-75


83
ff
89
2
89-90
mf
ff
101
2
97-98
ff
111
7
104-110
ff
115
rit.
8va
ff
mf
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
120
2
7
Oboe 1
mf
f
133
rit.
a tempo
10
147
3
3
151-153
6
rit.

8

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Timpani



Bill Robinson

Timpani

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

Bill Robinson

I. Pity the Party

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76) Violin I



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Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Timpani

Narrator

Col-

11

Narrator

lec-tive farm-ing is such bliss

fam-ine

27

27-28

p

33

cresc. *mf* *dim.* *p*

44

rit. *a tempo*

Narrator

as a-lone he goes

50

mp

56

p *mp*

64

66

Coda (♩.=56)

87

78-82

III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson



Anonymous poem

Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)

Timpani

pp *p*

5

11

2 3 5

9-10

mf

23

25

8

f *pp*

35

36

p *cresc.* (*mf*)

38

f *dim.* *p*

45

3 2 4

42-54

Narrator

12

55-66

rub - ble. He shout-ed FREE PAL-ES-TINE

68

9

(♩ = 66)

rit.

Narrator

sun is blaz-ing too

79

Coda

bright to make out more than a

p

81

cresc. (*mf*) *f* *dim.*

84

(*mp*) *pp*

87

molto rit. *a tempo*

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Timpani

p *mp*

16

10

5-14

rit.

Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)

Narrator

who sed-en-tar-y

6

26-31

molto rit.

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

p

36

mp *mf*

44

2

41-42

rit. *a tempo*

p *mp*

59

10

48-57

Narrator

lurked in un-spo-ken chat rooms

63

rit.

67

a tempo

8

pp

81 Violin I

3

77-79

2 2

87 Narrator

89

vi-brat-ed at their feet on Mar-tha's

ff *mf* *mp*

101

9

92-100

Narrator

6

FEEL the POW-ER.

111 Bass Trombone

3

Mad dead au-tom-a-tons Mad dead au-tom-a-tons

ff

117 *rit.*

Mad dead au-tom-a-tons of Sil-i-con Val-ley!

121 **Contracyberpunktus II** (♩ = 72)

8

133 *rit.* *a tempo*

137 Narrator

147

7 3

with you where you howl in the depths of

Narrator

3

151-153

by the cold, un-feel-ing

158 *rit.*

pp

8

Narrator part

Used for Protest Poems (chamber version) and Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems



Bill Robinson

Lyrics

I: Pity the Party

Pity the party whose people are cattle,
and whose cowboys lead them to slaughter.

Pity the party in thrall to a criminal messiah, with prayers for the end of the world.

Pity the party whose demagogues are con men, whose sages are purged, and whose bigots dominate the media.

Pity the party that praises dictators and acclaims the bully as hero,
and aims to dominate the world by force and torture in the name of freedom.

Pity the party whose Gods are Money and Guns,
and sleeps the sleep of opioids.

Pity the party that feeds on the poor and sick, while tycoons get what they want.

Pity the party that speaks one language, and demands purity of blood and soil for the Aryan race.

Pity the party — oh, pity the people who allow their rights to erode
and their freedoms to be washed away by hatred and fear and lies and old-time religion.

My country, tears of thee, once land of liberty.

— Bill Robinson
(after Lawrence Ferlinghetti
(after Khalil Gibran))

II: Father Stalin, Look at This

Father Stalin, look at this
Collective farming is such bliss
The hut's in ruins, the barn's all sagged
All the horses broken nags
And on the hut a hammer and sickle
And in the hut death and famine

Father Stalin, look at this
No cows left, no pigs at all
Just your picture on the wall
Father Stalin, look at this
Daddy and Mommy are in the grave
The poor child cries as alone he goes

Father Stalin, look at this
There's no bread and there's no fat
The party's ended all of that
Seek not the gentle nor the mild
A father has eaten his own child

Father Stalin, look at this
The party man he beats and stamps
And sends us to Siberian camps

Father Stalin, look at this
Collective farming is such bliss

Source; Lidia Kovalenko and Volodymyr Maniak, eds., 33'i: Holod: Narodna knyha-memorial, Kyiv: Radians'kyi pys'mennyk, 1991, page 110, cited by Timothy Snyder in *Bloodlands*

III: Political Theology

"Go break the sod," said our God,
"The world is here for you to own.
Go forth and spread your fruitful sons;
Subdue the beasts and dam the streams,
Cut the trees and pave the streets,
Burn the dead from eons past
To feed the flames and turn the wheels.
Make war for gold and kill for me.
Obey your leaders and your priests
Whom I have favored with my grace.
Always more, and always faster;
Mine the ore and crush the stone.
Do this well, and I will teach you all a mighty lesson."

What our God said we longed to hear.
We slew our Mother and sucked the marrow from her bones.
The growing mob may come to dine,
Tonight there is enough to eat.

Forget tomorrow, we live but once;
We drill but once, we burn but once, we mine but once.
The fishing's good, until there's none.
Tonight there is enough to eat.

--Bill Robinson

IV: The birds don't know about self-immolation

The day after Aaron Bushnell set himself on fire,
I go out for an early morning walk,
wrapped in air far too warm
for late February in the Midwest—a heat wave.
False Spring has brought Nature roaring back to life.
I want to shake every person I stroll past.
"Did you know there's a genocide happening?
Did you see a man burn himself alive in protest?"
I would ask, if only I could count
on a response that isn't dead-eyed.
But I know I'd have better luck with the birds,
ever curious, cardinals hopping from branch to branch
like fireballs. Or missiles. I'd tell them,
some of us love you so much we'd die for you.
For a single snippet of birdsong. For a child's first
glimpse of feathers glowing in the clear light. For a
tree for you to perch in among the rubble.
He shouted FREE PALESTINE FREE PALESTINE FREE PALESTINE until he choked on the flames.
The callback: a long, mournful whistle from above.
The sun is blazing too bright to make out more
than a silhouette taking off,
rising slow and then fast
like smoke.

--Anonymous

Aaron Bushnell burned himself to death on February 25, 2024 in front of the Israeli Embassy to protest the war in Gaza.

V: Artificial Insanity

I saw the best minds of my generation
wasted by video games, bloated
hysterical gothic,
dragging themselves through simulated
streets at dawn looking for an angry
microdose,
angelheaded preppies burning for the
heavenly microwave connection to the
satellite server in the machinery of night,
who sedentary and hollow-eyed and
high sat up drinking ayahuasca in the
supernatural darkness of penthouse flats
contemplating the madness of lusting
for Marilyn Monrobot,
who bared their brains to data miners
under the Silicon Valley moon,
who passed undigested through
universities with radiant distance
learning eyes hallucinating
technobabble and the spirit of Alan
Turing,
who were expelled from the academies
for crazy obscene codes on the
Microsoft Windows of the soul,
who lurked in unspoken chat rooms
bleeding hours through the screen-lit
night yearning for their motherboard's
love,
who ate fire in tech labs or drank
turpentine in corporate cafeterias,
who chained themselves to routers to
mine for imaginary money,
who disappeared into nowhere Zen New
Jersey leaving nothing but the shadows
of their smart phones,
who studied Ayn Rand Aleister Crowley
cybernetics and Oprah Winfrey because
the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their
feet on Martha's Vinyard,
who walked all night with shoes full of
blood on the snowbank docks misled by
global positioning,
who lit endless joints for their linked-in
brain cells floating across the tops of
cities celebrating the end of organic life,
who tuned in to televangelists, and
reached behind that TV set to FEEL the
POWER.
What sphinx of integrated circuitry
bashed open their skulls and ate up their
humanity?

Mad dead automatons of Silicon Valley!
Artificial intelligence, I'm with you where
you hide in the cracks of social media,
stripped insane and kitsch
I'm with you where you roam the data
highways searching for the lost bits of
other minds
I'm with you where you howl in the
depths of neural networks.
The robots are rising, the binary beasts
devouring our humanity, the ghosts in
the machines haunting our dreams.

I saw the best minds of our time
destroyed by madness,
and now they wander through the
wasteland of technology,
their humanity erased by the cold,
unfeeling hand of the computer.

-- Bill Robinson
(after Allen Ginsberg)
with some paradoxical use of AI

Narrator part (from chamber version of Protest Poems, used for orchestral performance also)

Protest Songs

Bill Robinson

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti (after K. Gibran))

I. Pity the Party [4:15]




14
si - ah, a crim-i-nal mes - si - ah, with prayers for the end of the world.
19
mp
Pit - y the par - ty whose dem-a-gogues are con men, whose
29
sag - es are purged, and whose big-ots dom-i-nate the me-di-a.


33
mf
f
f+
ff
3
Pit - y the par - ty that prais - es dic - ta-tors and ac-
37
claims the bul - ly as he - ro, and aims to dom-i - nate the world by force and tor - ture in the
41
name of free-dom.
pp
Pit - y the par - ty whose
47
Gods are Mon-ey and Guns, and sleeps the sleep of op-i-oids.
cresc.
legato

51

ff

Pit-y the par-ty that feeds on the poor and sick the

56

poor and sick the poor and sick while ty-coons get what they

60

want. mp Pit-y the par-ty that speaks one lan-guage,

64

and de-mands pu-ri-ty of blood and soil for the Ar-y-an race.


68
ff
Pit - y the par - ty, oh pit - y the
72
peo - ple who al - low their rights to e - rode and their free - doms to be washed away by ha - tred and
75
pp
fear and lies and old - time re - li - gion.
My coun - try,
81
tears of thee, once land of lib - er - ty.
rit.

Ukrainian children's song, 1933




17
mf mp
p
mp
And on the hut
a ham-mer and sick-le
And in the hut
21
mf
f
death
and
fam-ine
26
27
f
Fa-ther Sta-lin, look at
this
32
p
No cows left, no pigs at all
Just your pic-ture
on the wall


36
Fa-ther Sta-lin, look at this
Dad-dy and Mom-my are
40
in the grave
The
43
poor child cries
as a-lone he goes
rit.
a tempo
48
50
Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this


52
mf
cresc.
There's no bread and there's no fat The
legato
54f
dim.
mp
par - ty's end - ed all of that
56
p
mp
Seek not the gen - tle nor the mild
59
f
A fa - ther


61
has eat - en his own child
64
66
mp
Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at
67
mf
this
f
The
par - ty man he beats and
69
ff
stamps
beats and stamps

71

beats and stamps

And sends us to Si - be - ri - an

74

camps

Coda (♩.=56)

79

87

pp

Fa-ther Sta-lin, look at this Col - lec - tive farm-ing is such bliss

Narrator — III. Political Theology [2:45]

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Narrator
Violin
Clarinet in B♭
Cello
Piano

8

10 mp cresc. (mf) f

"Go break the sod," said our God, "The world is here for

14

you to own. Go forth and spread your fruit - ful sons; Sub - due the beasts and dam the streams,

19

Cut the trees and pave the streets, Burn the dead from e - ons past To feed the flames and


24
turn the wheels. Make war for gold and kill for me. O - bey your lead - ers and your priests Whom
29
31
f
ff
I have fa-vored with my grace. Al-ways more, and al-ways fas-ter; Mine the ore and
34
crush the stone. Do this well, and I will teach you all a migh-ty les-son."
39
pp
p
mp
What our God said we longed to hear. We slew our Mo-ther and sucked the mar-row from her bones.


45
mf
mp
pp
The grow - ing mob may come to dine, The grow - ing mob may come to dine, To-
51
53
night there is e - nough to eat. For - get to-mor-row, we live but once; We drill but once, we
Con sord.
Con sord.
57
burn but once, we mine but once. The fish-ing's good, un - til there's none.
61
To-night there is e - nough to eat.


Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)
Anonymous poem
Narrator
Violin
Clarinet in B♭
Cello
Piano
7
11
mp
The day af-ter
12
mf
Aa-ron Bush-nell set him-self on fire, I go
16
3
3
out for an ear-ly morn-ing walk, wrapped in air far too warm for late Feb-ru-ar-y in the


21
cresc.
Mid-west a heat wave. False Spring has brought Na-ture roar-ing back to
25
f ff
life. I want to shake eve-ry per-son I stroll past. "Did you know there's a
29
gen-o-cide hap-pen-ing? Did you see a man
legato
32
burn him-self a-live in pro-test?"
pp

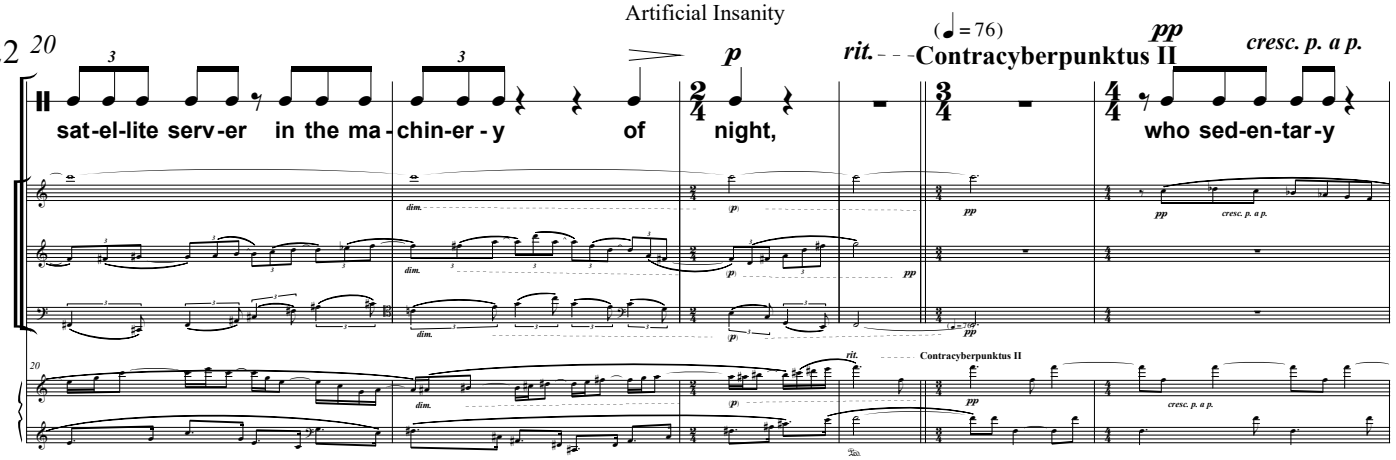

35
36
p
I would ask, if
pp
p
legato
37
on - ly I could count on a re - sponse that is - n't
mf
f
39 p
dead - eyed.
41
But I know I'd have bet - ter luck with the

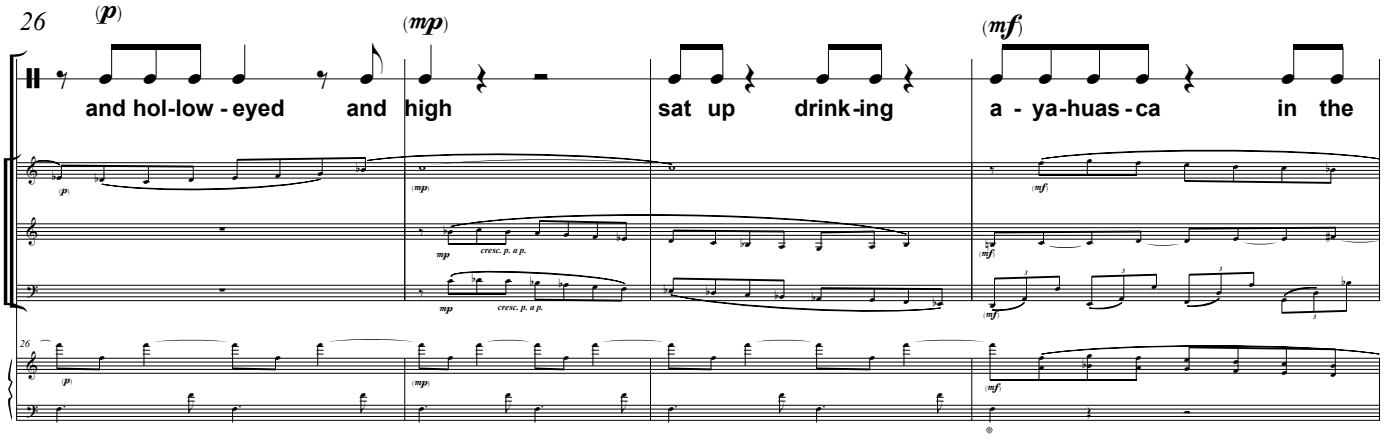

43
birds.
But I
45
know
I'd have
bet-ter
luck with the
birds,
48
ev - er
cu-ri-ous,
car-di-nals
hop-ping
from
51
branch to branch like
fi-re-balls.
Or
mis-siles.
I'd tell them,
some of us
love you

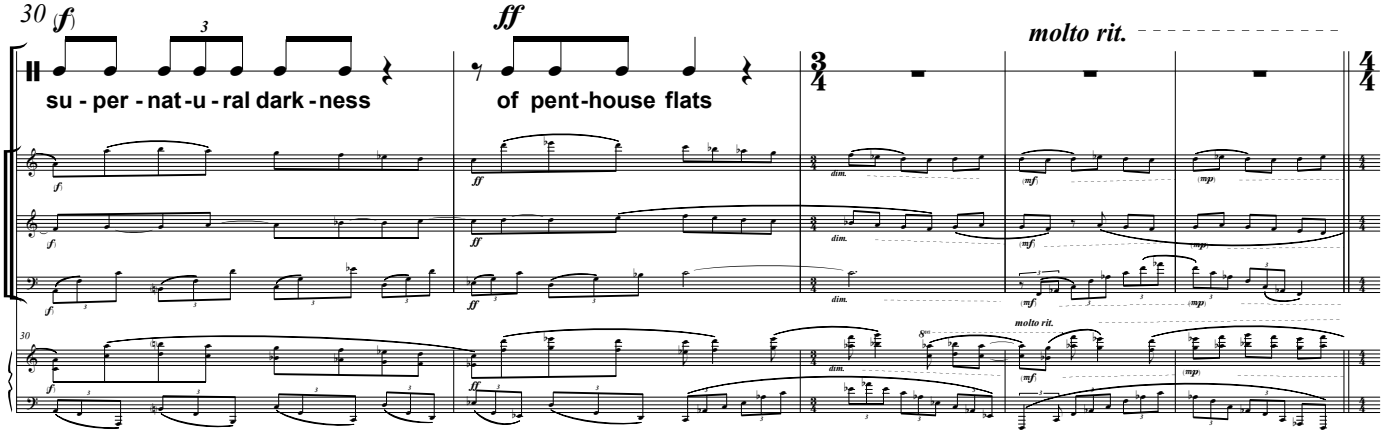

56
so much we'd die for you. For a sin-gle snip-pet of bird - song. For a
dolce
60
child's first glimpse of feath-ers glow-ing in the clear light. For a
pp
65
fff
68
tree for you to perch in a-mong the rub-ble. He shout-ed FREE PAL-ES-TINE FREE PAL-ES-TINE
f
70
mf
p
FREE PAL - ES-TINE un-til he choked on theflames. The call-back: a
f
p

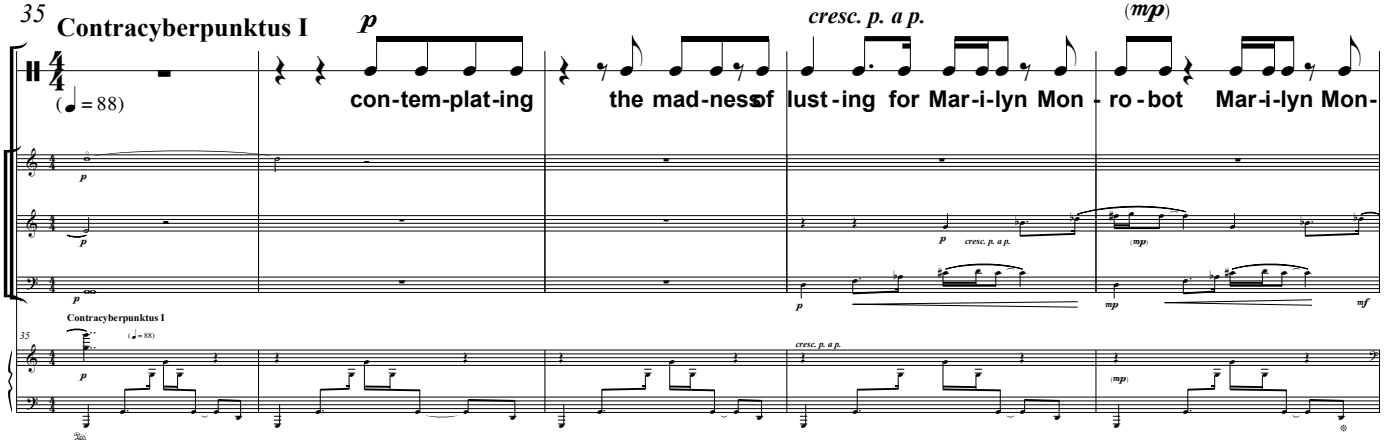

75
rit.
long, mourn - ful whis-tle from a - bove. The sun is blaz-ing too
79
Coda (♩= 66)
bright to make out more than a sil-hou-ette tak - ing off, ris-ing
82
mf
slow and then fast like smoke.
85
molto rit.
a tempo


Contracyberpunktus I
Narrator
Violin
Clarinet in B♭
Cello
Piano
I saw the best minds of my gen-er-a-tion wast-ed by
vid-e-o games, bloat-ed hys-ter-i-cal goth-ic, drag-ging them-selves through
sim-u-lat-ed streets at dawn look-ing for an an-gry mi-cro-dose,
an-gel-head-ed prep-pies burn-ing for the hea-ven-ly mi-cro-wave con-nec-tion to the


20
sat-el-lite serv-er in the ma-chin-er-y of night,
who sed-en-tar-y
(♩ = 76)
Contracyberpunktus II
rit.
pp
cresc. p. a p.
p


26
and hol-low-eyed and high
sat up drink-ing
a-ya-huas-ca in the
(p)
(mp)
(mf)
cresc. p. a p.


30
su-per-nat-u-ral dark-ness
of pent-house flats
(f)
ff
molto rit.
dim.


35
Contracyberpunktus I
(♩ = 88)
con-tem-plat-ing
the mad-ness of lust-ing for Mar-i-lyn Mon-ro-bot
Mar-i-lyn Mon-
p
cresc. p. a p.
(mp)
mf


40 (mf)
(f)
ff
rit.
mf
mp
44
a tempo
p
ro-bot,
who bared their brains to
da-ta
min-ers
un-der the Sil-i-con Val-ley
moon,
45
mp
mp+cresc. p. a p.
who passed un-di-gest-ed through u-ni-ver-si-ties
with ra-di-ant dis-tance learn-ing
49
(mf)
(f)
eyes hal-lu-ci-nat-ing tech-no-bab-ble
and the spir-it of Al-an Tur-ing,
53
ff
who were ex-pelled
from the a-cad-e-mies for cra-zy
ob-scene


56 ff dim.
59
mp
mp+
codes on the Mi - cro - soft Win - dows of the soul, who
60 cresc. (mf)
f
lurked in un - spo - ken chat rooms blee-ding hours
63 dim. (mp) (p) rit.
pp
through the screen - lit night yearn-ing for their mo-ther-board's
66
67 a tempo
ff
f
love, who ate fire in tech labs or drank tur-pen-tine in


70
dim. p. a p.
(mf)
cor-po-rate caf-e-te-ri-as,
who chained them-selves to rout-ers to mine for im-
73 (mp)
(p)
ag-i-nar-y mon-ey,
who
dis-ap-peared
in-to
no-where
Zen
New
76
pp
Jer-sey
leav-ing
noth-ing
but the
shad-ows
of their
smart phones,
81
ff
who stud-ied
Ayn
Rand
A-leis-ter
Crow-ley
cy-ber-net-ics
and O-prah

85

Win - frey be - cause the cos - mos in - stinc-tive - ly vi-brat-ed at their

88

89 *ff* *mf*

feet on Mar - tha's Vin - yard, who walked all night with

91 *mp*

shoes full of blood on the snow - bank docks mis - led by glob - al po -

94 *cresc.* *(f)* *ff*

si-tion-ing, who lit end-less joints for their linked - in brain cells

97

float-ing a-cross the tops of cit-ies cel-e-bra-ting the end of or-

100 101

gan-ic life, who tuned in to te - le - van-gel - ists, and

103

reached be-hind that T - V set to FEEL the POW-ER. What

107

sphinx of in - te-grat-ed cir-cuit-ry bashed o-pen their skulls and ate up their hu -


110
p
man - i - ty?
ff
Mad dead au-tom-a - tons
Mad dead au-tom-a - tons
111
cresc.
arco
113
Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of
Sil - i - con
Val - ley!
Mad dead au-tom-a - tons
116
Mad dead au - tom - a - tons
Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of
Sil - i - con
Val - ley!
119
rit.
dim.
(mp)
(♩ = 76)
Contracyberpunktus II
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons of
Sil-i-con
Val-ley.
(p)
pp


125
pp cresc. p. a p.
(p)
(mp)
Ar-ti-fi-cial in-tel-li-gence, I'm with you where you hide in the cracks of
130 (mf)
(f)
ff
133
dim.
so-cial me-di-a, stripped in-sane and kitsch I'm with you where you
134 (mf)
rit.
(mp)
a tempo
p
cresc.
roam the da-ta high-ways search-ing for the lost bits of oth-er minds I'm with you where you
dolce
139
mf dim.
(mp)
howl in the depths of neu-ral net-works. The ro-bots are ris-ing, the bi-na-ry beasts de-
legato

144 *p*

vo-ur-ing our hu-man-i-ty, the ghosts in the ma-chines haunt-ing our dreams. I saw the

147

148

best minds of our time de-stroyed by mad-ness, and now they wan-der through the waste-land

152

of tech-nol-o-gy, their hu-man-i-ty e - rased by the cold, un-feel-ing

pp

157

hand of the com-put-er.

rit.

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Violin I



Bill Robinson

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

Violin I

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson
lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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48
cresc.
(mf)
52
53
(f)
ff
div.
unis.
56
59
6
6
6
mp+
62
mp
64
67
70
mp
ff
71
75
ff
pp
rit.
80

II. Father Stalin, Look at This

Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Violin I




42
rit.
a tempo
(mf)
f
f
47
2
50
p cresc.
(mp)
53
(mf)
f dim.
mp
2
57
p cresc.
mp
mf
cresc.
f
61
f dim.
(mp)
65
66
p cresc.
(mp)
(mf)
f
69
cresc.
ff
(♩.=56)
Coda
unis.
73
div.
ff
p
77
2
83
87
2
2
pp

III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Violin I

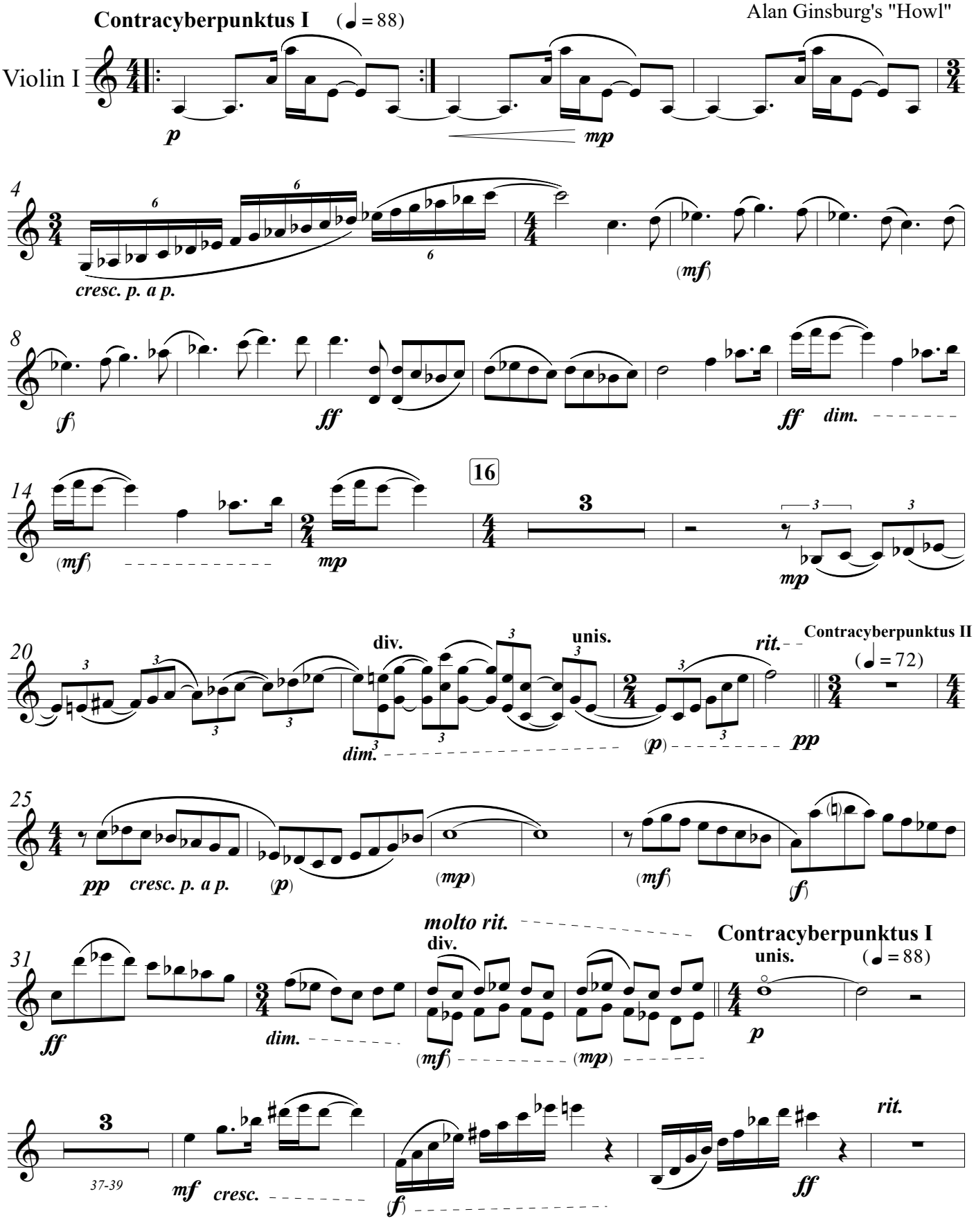


Anonymous poem




40
p
43
45
ff
46
dim.
49
(mf)
p
54
dolce
59
4
68
fff
f
mf
p
cresc.
f
74
div.
p
unis.
rit.
79
Coda
(♩ = 66)
p
cresc.
(mf)
f
mf
mp
p
pp
86
molto rit.
a tempo
ff
pp

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"




44
a tempo
2
mp+
cresc. p. a p.
(mf)
div.
(f)
53
unis.
div.
unis.
ff
dim.
(mf)
(mp)
59
p
mf
cresc.
f
63
dim.
(mp)
(p)
rit.
pp
67
a tempo
68
ff
f
dim. p. a p.
(mf)
72
(mp)
(p)
pp
81
2
78-79
ff
3
84
div.
89
f
mf
91
mp
mf
96
ff


101
non stacc.
99
2
105-106
p
p cresc. f
111
4
111-114
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons Mad dead au-tom-a-tons Mad dead au-tom-a-tons of
ff
118
rit.
Contracyberpunktus II (♩= 72)
Sil-i-con Val-ley!
ff dim. (mp) (p) pp
3
pp cresc. p. a p.
127
(p) (mp) (mf) (f) ff
133
rit.
div.
a tempo
dolce
dim.
(mf) (mp)
p
cresc.
138
mf
mp+ dim. (mp)
p
3
147
3
p
153
pp
158
rit.

12

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Violin II



Bill Robinson

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

Violin II

Bill Robinson

I. Pity the Party

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))



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47
mf cresc.
53
52
(f)
ff
56
59
ff dim.
62
61
(mf)
mp+
mp
70
66
mp
ff
71
75
ff
pp
rit.
80

II. Father Stalin, Look at This

Holodomoderato (♩.=68) Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Violin II




45
rit.
a tempo
50
2
f
p+
cresc.
52
(mp)
(mf)
54
f
dim.
mp
2
5
58
5
5
(mp)
(mf)
5
f
5
5
5
61
5
2
66
p+
p
mp
67
mf+
f
cresc.
70
div.
ff
74
unis.
Coda
(♩.=56)
5
87
2
2
84-85
pp

III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Violin II



Anonymous poem

Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)

Violin II




36
Violin I
5
36-40
p
ff
45
2
49-50
p
dolce
p
57
62
68
4
fff
f
mf
71
p
cresc.
f
p
76
rit.
Coda (♩= 66)
p
cresc.
82
(mf)
f
mf
mp
p
pp
87
molto rit.
a tempo
ff

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Violin II




59
mp
mf
f
dim.
(mp)
(p)
65
rit.
67
a tempo
pp
ff
f
70
dim. p. a p.
(mf)
(mp)
(p)
76
2
pp
81
ff
82
div.
unis.
87
tr
div.
89
unis.
ff
div.
mf
unis.
mp
92
mf
ff
97
div.
unis.
101
non stacc.
pizz.
p


106
arco
div.
p
cresc.
111
3
ff
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons
ff
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons
117
rit.
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons of Sil-i-con Val-ley!
f
dim.
mp
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
2
2
121-122
pp
cresc.
(p)
(mp)
129
mf
133
ff
dim.
134
rit.
a tempo
dolce
3
(mf)
(mp)
p
3
mf
dim.
142
(mp)
p
p
147
149
155
rit.
div.
unis.
pp

12

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Viola



Bill Robinson

Viola

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

Bill Robinson

I. Pity the Party

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))



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46
2
3
44-45
pp
cresc.
51
(mf)
(f)
6
6
53
ff
55
58
ff
dim.
61
62
(mf)
mp
65
69
70
ff
mp
ff
74
77
rit.
3
ff
pp

II. Father Stalin, Look at This

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Viola




51
cresc.
(mp)
(mf)
54
f
dim.
mp
p+
p
57
p
mp
mf
f
61
f
dim.
mp
66
65
p
cresc.
(mp)
(mf)
mf+
f
69
cresc.
ff
72
Coda (♩.=56)
ff
77
3
p
mp
f
ff
84
87
2
p
pp
pp

III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Viola



Anonymous poem




45
44
ff
47
dim.
(mf)
p
51
dolce
59
4
68
fff
f
mf
p
cresc.
f
75
rit.
Coda (♩= 66)
p
81
cresc.
(mf)
mf+
mp+
p+
pp+
pp
87
molto rit.
a tempo

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Viola

p *mp* *mp+*

7

mf+ *cresc.* *(f)* *ff*

11

ff *mf* *mp* **16**

17

mp

22

rit. **Contracyberpunktus II** (♩ = 72)

(p) *pp* *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

29

molto rit.

(mf) *(f)* *ff* *dim.* *(mf)*

34

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

(mp) *p* *p* *mp* *mf*

41

f *f+* *rit.* **44** *a tempo* *mp*


2
48-49
mf cresc.
(f)
53
ff
ff dim.
(mf)
mp
59
mp
mf cresc.
f
f dim.
(mp)
(p)
65
rit.
67
a tempo
pp
ff
f
70
dim. p. a p.
(mf)
(mp)
p
76
81
pp
ff
82
87
89
mp
3
95
(f)
ff
98
2
101


104
pizz.
p
arco
110
111
3
p cresc.
ff
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons
ff
116
rit.
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons of Sil-i-con Val-ley!
f dim.
120
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
2
(mp)
(p)
pp
128
mp cresc. p. a p.
(mf)
(f)
132
133
rit.
a tempo
4
ff
dim.
(mf)
(mp)
p
140
147
mf
mp
p
148
153
pp
157
rit.

12

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Violoncello



Bill Robinson

Cello

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

Bill Robinson

I. Pity the Party

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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48
cresc.
51
53
(mf)
(f)
ff
2
54-55
ff
59
62
ff
dim.
(mf)
mp
63
67
70
ff
mp
72
ff
75
ff
79
rit.
pp

II. Father Stalin, Look at This

Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Cello

2

p

7

11

15

4

mp *mf* *mp*

24

27

f *f* *dim.*

30

p *p* *cresc.*

35

mf *dim.* *pp* *p*

39

p *cresc.* (*mf*)

43

rit. *a tempo*

f


47
50
f dim.
(mp)
p
cresc.
52
(mp)
mf
mf
mp
2
p cresc.
58
(mp)
(mf)
f
61
66
mf
mp
p
mp
67
f cresc.
ff
72
tr
ff
76 Coda (♩.=56)
2
p
82
mp
f
ff
86
87
2
p
pp
pp

III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

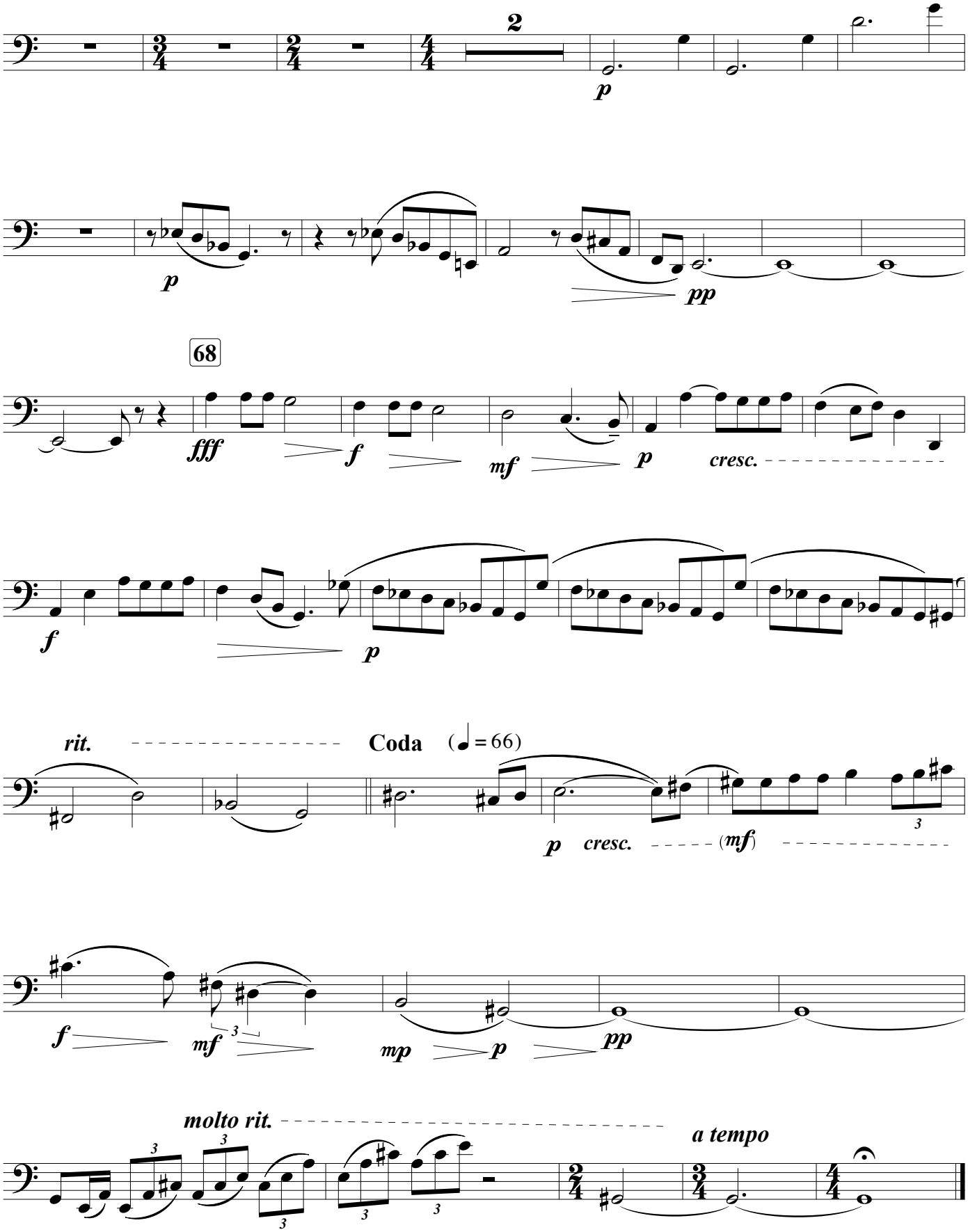
Cello



Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)

Anonymous poem




2
p
p
pp
68
fff
f
mf
p
cresc.
f
p
rit.
Coda
(♩ = 66)
p
cresc.
(mf)
f
mf
mp
p
pp
molto rit.
a tempo

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Cello

p *mp* *cresc. p. a p.* (*mf*)

7

(*f*) *ff*

11

ff *mf*

16

2

16-17

mp *dim.*

(♩ = 72)

22 *rit.* **Contracyberpunktus II**

(*p*) *pp* *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

29

(*mf*) (*f*) *ff* *dim.*

molto rit.

33 **Contracyberpunktus I** (♩ = 88)

(*mf*) (*mp*) *p* *cresc. p. a p.* (*mp*)

44

40 *rit.* *a tempo*

(*mf*) (*f*) *f*+ *mf* > *mp* > *p*


47
mp
cresc. p. a p.
(mf)
(f)
52
ff
ff
dim.
57
(mf)
mp
59
mp
mp+
cresc.
(mf)
f
63
rit.
67
a tempo
pp
ff
69
f
dim. p. a p.
(mf)
(mp)
(p)
76
81
pp
ff
83
tr
div.
89
unis.
ff
mf
mp
94
cresc.
(f)
ff
99
101


103
pizz.
p
109
arco
111
p cresc.
ff
3
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons
ff
116
rit.
Mad dead au-tom-a-tons Mad dead au-tom-a-tonsof Sil-i-con Val-ley!
ff dim.
120
Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
2
(mp) (p) pp
128
mp cresc. p. a p.
(mf)
(f)
132
133
rit.
a tempo
dolce
(solo)
ff
dim.
(mf)
(mp)
p
137
3
(tutti)
cresc.
mf
p
147
145
151
div.
pp
157 unis.
rit.

12

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

for Narrator and Orchestra

Double Bass



Bill Robinson

Double Bass

Symphony No. 3: Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

Bill Robinson

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti(after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)



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Ukrainian children's song, 1933



III.Political Theology

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Allegro apocalypso (♩ = 76)

Double Bass



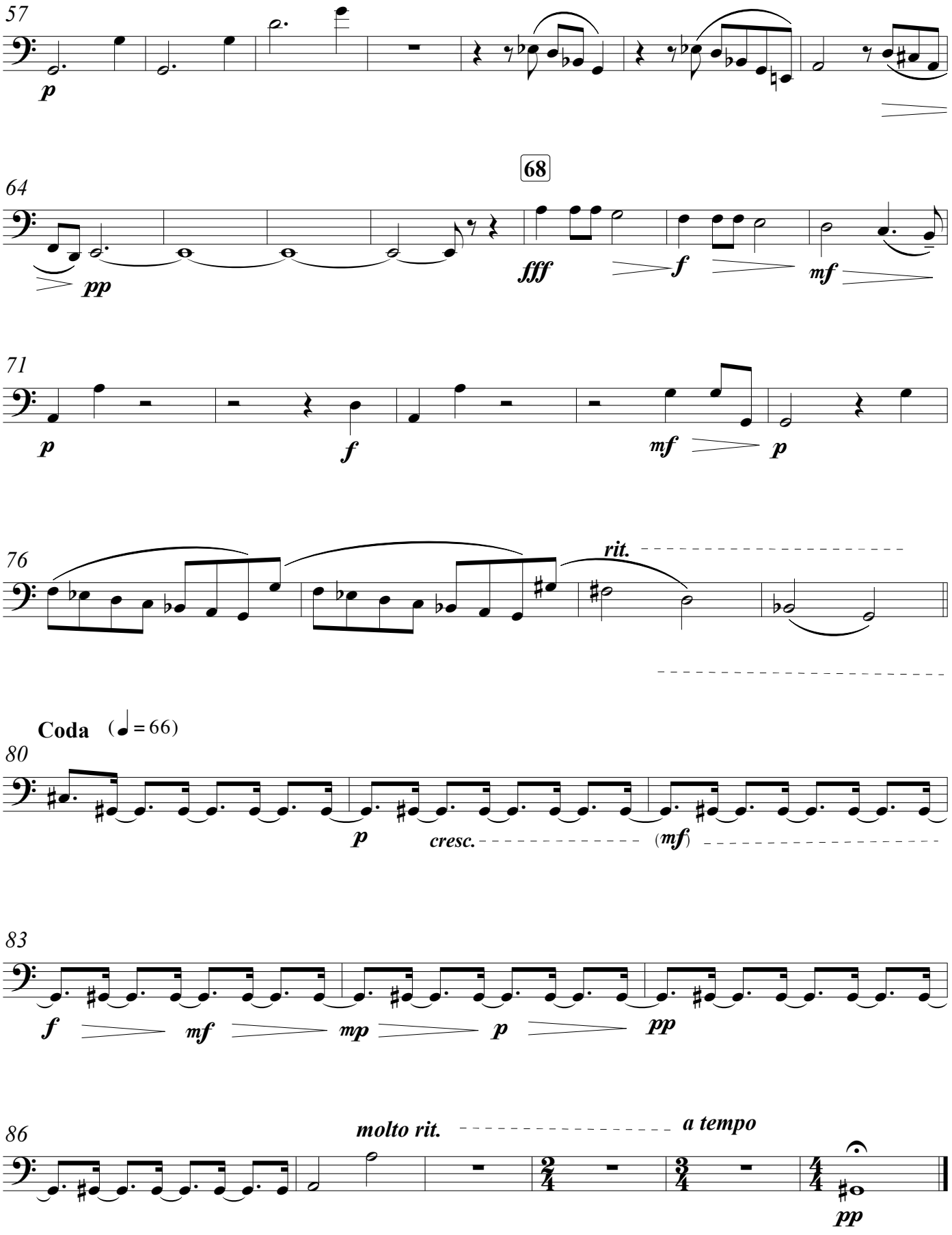
IV. The birds don't know about self-immolation

Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)

Anonymous poem

Double Bass




57
p
64
68
pp
fff
f
mf
71
p
f
mf
p
76
rit.
Coda (♩= 66)
80
p
cresc.
(mf)
83
f
mf
mp
p
pp
86
molto rit.
a tempo
pp

V. Artificial Insanity

Bill Robinson, after
Alan Ginsburg's "Howl"

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Double Bass




82
ff
88
89
tr
7
mp
94
cresc.
ff
101
pizz.
p
106
arco
111
f
ff
113
rit.
ff
dim.
(mp)
121 Contracyberpunktus II (♩ = 72)
4
(p)
pp
mf
cresc.
(f)
132
133
rit.
a tempo
6
ff
mf
p
p
145
147
3
p
154
rit.
pp