MULTISENSORY COMMUNICATION

AND SOCIAL CHANGE

by

Brentwood Charles Straughan

A SPECIAL PROJECT SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL
FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS
FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ARTS
in the Department
of
Communication Studies

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SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY

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APPROVAL

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Degree: Master of Arts
Title of Project: Multisensory Communication and Social Change
Examin ing Committee:
   Chairman: Tom Mallinson
   Margaret Patricia Hindley
   Senior Supervisor
   Fred Brown
   Ken Benshoof
   Associate Professor
   University of Washington, Seattle
   Paul Thompson

Date Approved: August 28, 1973
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Title of Thesis/Dissertation:

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Multisensory communication and social change.

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Author: Brent C. Straughan
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ABSTRACT

"Enfilony" (Environment-Film-Symphony) is the multisensory form of my exploration of the Canadian cultural identity. It attempts to bring the craftsman, his work, his audience and its identity together in ways that explore the interfaces between sensory modalities. Enfilony attempts to push ahead the frontiers of available communication forms by assuming that the media, the art object, and the cultural end have not yet been fully exploited in an integrated way.

In its present form, Enfilony is a project consisting of an introductory paper, a score for large orchestra and chorus with film script, a workprint of a four screen wide-screen 16mm. film, and an appended background paper. It is hoped, however, that with some minor but costly additions to the project, a production of the entire work will take place in the near future.

Development of the project required the preparation of a large fund-raising dossier and successful submission to many business, civic, provincial and federal fund sources. The learning of television production techniques carried over well into the camerawork, editing and administrative requirements of a cross-Canada film expedition, and a separate expedition to the arctic. Since there is no multiscreen facility of any kind in western Canada, some processing equipment, editing equipment and projection equipment had to be built. Certain variations on known filter techniques, optical and contact printing, multiple exposure, and hand colouring film techniques had to be learned or invented from minimal information and resources. Several hundred Canadian folk songs were examined in search of suitable themes. The mechanics of organizing the 104 musicians and 81 singers on the score page had to be mastered in order to present to professional musicians a clear description of what was required. Many personal methods for generating new material, understanding it, and deciding how to use it had to be developed. Since my formal background is minimal, I had to learn to recognize musical "objects" through a more personal language than that taught in standard music schools.
In addition to my unorthodox "understanding" of harmonic systems, I found that music schools could not cope with the "dilution of purity" that multi-sensory communication represents.

The combination of large orchestra, chorus, four-screen film, electronic tape and pollution devices required the invention of a new "form". The event is not presented in the conventional film format, for it is multiscreen and lacks a sound track running along the film. For similar structural reasons an enfilony is not an opera, a concerto, a symphony or a piece of environmental theatre, it is in fact an "Enfilony".

Canada is the natural place for such a form to evolve. Our film history is sensitive and documentary, surfacing for example in such events as Expo 67 where our multiscreen explorations were first brought to world attention. Our music is built from the healthiest, most incredible combination of folk material from around the world, brought here and re-worked over the past generations. Because of an earlier tendency to ignore ourselves, most Canadians don't know that Canadian folk music exists and is delightful. The songs of the Newfoundland outports are Irish and English, or rather they were, now they belong to the sea and Newfoundland. The Jongleur songs of old Quebec have their roots in the court of Louis XIV, but when you are paddling a canoe all day and thinking about your girl friend whom you may not see for many months, you take certain liberties (with the song). You have only to hear the Doukhobors in Cranbrook B.C. singing about how nice it is to live in Cranbrook; in parallel fifths and octaves (a deeply Russian style) to know what I mean. Over a period of time, the genius of the people coupled with the demands of the tasks done while singing, have resulted in uniquely Canadian styles and purifications of form.

The enfilony concept was the most dramatic and large scale way in which I felt I could interrelate those aspects of the Canadian visual and acoustic tapestry available to me and perhaps make Canadians more aware of what it is we care about.
Without Ken Benshoof there would have been no music, without Pat Hindley there would have been no money, without Fred Brown I would never have been at Simon Fraser, without my family and friends I could never have persevered.

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FINANCIAL
President's Research Grant Fund
Intermedia
National Film Board of Canada
Simon Fraser Film Workshop
BMI Publishing
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Opportunities For Youth Programme
Trans Canada Film Laboratories
Pacific Western Airlines
Jean McNulty
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"Enfilony" (Environment-Film-Symphony) is the name of the form I have conceived in which to present a multisensory work for large orchestra, chorus, 4 screen film, electronic tape, slides and pollution devices, that explores the Canadian identity.

I have abstracted from the work, as a "special project", an introductory paper, the orchestral score for large orchestra and chorus - including 4 screen film script, an appended background paper and the workprint to the 4 screen film.

Objectives:

To give Canadians a complex cultural event mirroring themselves on a large and dramatic scale and provide a cultural portrayal of our diversity as strength.

To expand in the general consciousness the willingness of the Canadian people to believe that we can create and partake of large spiritual adventures.

To unearth for the general audience parts of the Canadian musical heritage heretofore ignored by Canadian composers.

To free the film medium from the tyranny of the single screen and spoken narration and thereby to liberate and let speak for itself the visual language of film.

To free the orchestra from the inequitable position of providing the "mood music" for cinema love scenes.

To remind Canadians that should we not choose to develop our unique identity we will be vanquished; like the passenger pigeon, like the buffalo, and like the Indian.
Canada will pass through history in cultural terms, or it will not pass through history at all. Whether we continue to exist, or vanish like the plowshare and merchant cultures will depend more on our aesthetic contribution to human culture than on the number of dams we build or trees we destroy.

One of the most powerful cultural forces afoot in the world today is music. Four young men in our time changed within a very few years the hair lengths, fashions, and life styles of hundreds of millions of the earth's citizens. If it were left for two nation states to produce a similar result, no doubt the two originating countries would still be thrashing out the first treaty. Of all the things that men and nations have succeeded in destroying, none has ever destroyed music. Surely our music is one of the most permanent cultural representations we can pass on. Where is Hungary now? Czechoslovakia? Not on the map perhaps, but alive in people and in music.

In order to exist, Canada needs what I call "cultural scarecrows". The scarecrow serves two purposes. First, he is the image of the farmer and in his dress and his mannerisms reminds the farmer of himself. Second, he reminds those outsiders whose studied unawareness of our existence is a threat to our survival that we do indeed exist and are growing some very interesting things in our garden that we do not wish disturbed.

Much of the strength of Canadian social experience lies in the fact that despite the blundering engines of state we have not managed to repress the will of local cultures and communities. Indeed, we have encouraged them and our clans, villages, ethno-geographic and historical loyalties are thriving heartily under their own steam and at every cultural level.

The reason that many Canadians are clinging at the moment to the image of the nation state is perhaps one of fear. We are not a nation state at all but a rather happy collection of cultural villages that wishes to continue to function as such. Unfortunately for this idyllic state of affairs we are surrounded by nation states and must deal with them through some sort of representative consensus whenever they present specific problems at our door. If our little mixed vegetable garden
is to survive, it must compete with the nation state ideas around it for survival without absorbing the worst qualities of that organism. We must be able to tolerate, design, express and generate diversity.

I feel that there is no more suitable vehicle than the multi-screen film to physically portray some of this diversity. The multi-screen film as I have used it allows people to create much of their own event in the Canadian fashion i.e. without forcing them to look at only one controlled, linear idea at a time in the manner of some of the more skilled single-screen propagandists.

Canadians could not feel totally at home in any work that did not deal in some way with our relationship to the land. We seem to require large swatches of it for our various solitudes; and we prefer our land undisturbed.

The sensory experiences of the land and environment then, were brought into the work using film, slides, fog, outdoor scents and music of a lonely, pastoral, and stormy nature.

In order to portray the human side of the willingness to live with our past that must be done; and the responsibilities we must accept in order to control our future, I chose the medium of the large chorus. Notice that no film accompanies the chorus. No matter how we take the picture, film always leaves us rearranging the past in order to discuss the future. The chorus it seems to me can put us a little bit more into the future because it does not "show all", and gives our minds more freedom to invent and to fear. The spiritual qualities of music have long been used to express group feeling toward the supernatural and a possible future. I feel that the choral device can discuss with retained impact a more secular view.

One of my basic creative aims in "Enfilony" has been to communicate the essential joy with which I greet the opportunity to exist in the Canadian experience. The desire to communicate this joy to others has long given me the will to function and to express.

Certainly I could spend my lifetime communicating such things as far as my developing abilities will allow. I have not said everything I wish to say or that could be said for Canada with this work. Nevertheless, I have begun to speak.
DEVELOPMENT

The first thing that became apparent when I considered the sum of things I wished to express and the depth and scale to which I wished to express them was that the standard forms were inadequate to the task. Generally, they have been developed from within, and are representative of, other peoples' cultures. I felt that a logical approach would be to select the "good" things I wanted from the "symphony", namely the symphony orchestra, and use its power and gentleness to describe our big land. I decided to expand on the film trends that are already uniquely Canadian, by asking the multiscreen film to say something more than "Canada is a pretty country full of happy people." I determined to explore the treasure house of our own folk material since it has been largely under-utilized in the orchestra. My examination of several thousand eastern Canadian folk songs yielded one, "The Swallow, Love's Messenger" from the Marius Barbeau collection, which I felt suited my standard for the orchestra. The best of the western Canadian folk material I discovered, came from the Doukhobors. The mainstay of their religious and moral tenets is passed down through the generations in song. The extensive use of group singing, and criticality of its function in Doukhobor society has meant that the original Russian forms have undergone extensive modification in Canada over the past 70 years. I attended local Doukhobor concerts and absorbed some of the elements of their style that make it distinctive, translated that general feeling into ideas for the orchestra, and invented my own "Doukhobor-like" tunes.

Most of the first year was spent generating thematic material and fighting with the local primitives over use of a piano. During the second year I mounted a cross-Canada film expedition accompanied by my brother. Much of the 4 screen film was shot during this year. During the winter, several thousand film commercials were examined for possible uses in the destructive part of the work; a few were found suitable. The first section of the score, dealing with scenery was completed and an extensive fund raising dossier on the project was
prepared - a few copies of which will be available for information purposes at the oral defence. The dossier required extensive correspondence, and a certain amount of publicity. Use of the dossier eventually provided a wealth of experience in the realm of competition with other people and ideas for public money. The struggle for funds for materials resulted in an accumulation of approximately $25,000.00.

The summer of the second year my two brothers and myself went to the arctic on the second film expedition. On my return I processed and contact printed 16,000' of workprint to my film on a small machine which Dick Bidwell, technician for the Department of Communication Studies, rebuilt to specification. The summer of the third year I spent editing the film on a hand cranked device which I assembled from the cheapest borrowed film equipment.

Showing of the workprint in the fourth year was accomplished on a device designed and built by Dick Bidwell for interlocking four projectors. During this time, small portions of the score were "read through" by the Simon Fraser Madrigal singers, the Lyric Arts Trio, and the Purcell String Quartet.

I cannot adequately express in prose the sum of what I have learned about music. I can say, however, that although the score is only 200 pages, the rejected orchestrated sheets number 1,100 and my sketch book weighs five pounds! I will be able to continue to create from this accumulation well into my next work (an ice ballet for orchestra and film).

I was able to improve my camera work by getting seriously involved in television during the first year of cablevision in Vancouver. In order to collect and use the electronic sounds needed, I had to become familiar with the use of the electronic music studio.

During the last year it became more and more and more possible to enlist the aid of my student colleagues and to delegate some of the awesome drudgery of the work. In the course of the past few months it became possible with such help to present several public showings of the 4 screen workprint accompanied by music written by others, and including samples of my own music. Copies of the score have been widely circulated and a future performance of the entire production in Vancouver seems very likely.
OUTLINE OF INTENDED PERFORMANCE

During the intermission of a summer evening concert in Simon Fraser Mall, a firecracker explodes; the strings race away. On four screens overhead, we see film images of primordial Canada, the Canada that was here before we invented ourselves —barren, silent, but strong and raging with tomorrows.

The music is a bit murky at first, coming and going quietly enough, but leaving us unsatisfied; no sooner does a gust of wind come up than it subsides, leaving us empty and with the knowledge that that wind will still be here in a thousand years, but we won't. A fiercely primitive section.

At last we are born, and people occur to the screen, popping out of the woodwork at their most joyful times. A Newfoundland-like folk song evaporates our cobwebs as a prairie Indian rhythm hurtles along underneath in 5/4. Jammed right next to it is a strong rhythm Doukhobor folksong. This matrix is the musical mosaic of Canada. It is built from the heritage of the people whose labour and love built us.

There are flaws in our grand vision, and in the next area I ask you to look at them. One by one, the instruments abandon this orgy of vision and beautiful sound, and greedily begin to "do their own thing". Visually the images shift to those concerning Canada's urban problems, the concerns of native people, foreign economic and cultural domination, and linguistic grievance.

The 1950's Canadian with his happy melodic lines now has some explaining to do. On the screens, images of contemporary life are in chaos, fog floods the experience space, slides of ruined cities writhe in the mists. Turbine and machine sounds whirl overhead, noxious smells briefly displace the smell of spruce.

Obvious to every creature but ourselves, such a world cannot be lived in.
Silence begins.
The screen images evaporate. Only the swirling fog remains, licking her lips as she leaves us.

Overhead, the deep sounds of nature well up, it is as if a large predator has passed through our woods, and the smaller animals have just now found their voice. From out in the audience a chorale begins. All around you people stand up and sing. They sing in French and they sing in English. They tell you the story over again, only with words and man to man, people to people.

This is where the hope lies, and this is my dream.
The score is written at concert pitch.

Sounding two octaves above the written:
The Orchestra Bells, and the Antique Cymbals.

Sounding an octave above the written:
The Piccolo, Celeste, and Harp harmonics.

Sounding an octave below the written:
The Contra Bassoon, Tenors, Violas & 5 string or extended Contra Basses.

*Celeste; 8 tympani; knife and fork; electric jackhammer; spade, 2 buckets of gravel, sheet of corrugated tin; triangle; 3 Burmese gongs; ripsaw, ¼"X4'X8' sheet of plywood; large Eskimo pan drum; tam tam; tambourine and leather glove; dry branch or kindling; cymbals, large suspended cymbals; antique cymbals; 2 snare drums; tenor drum; 3 large toms; bass drum; foot bass drum; hi hat; 4 rubber mallets; 4 maplewood mallets; 4 marimba mallets; marimba; vibraphone; 2 handfuls of long stem wooden sulphur matches; wire brushes; ratchet; cowbell; gold pan; thunder sheet; 2 bottles in a cardboard box, 1 brick; temple blocks; glass wind-chimes; chimes; 3, 6' lengths of ½" chain, 2 large firecrackers; gun; blanks; empty oil drum; 2 swords; animal bells; tabor; 4 snare sticks; broken glass; East Indian brass bells.

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<tr>
<td>Alto Saxophone in E♭, Bass Saxophone in B♭</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fagotte</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fagotte or Contra Bassoon</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Highland Bagpipes</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corni in F</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trumpets in C or B♭</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trombones: (low C)</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bass Trombone</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuba</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Grace notes exist "by the grace of" the note preceding.
STAGING

4 xenon arc, wide screen gate
  16 mm. arc projectors
3 carousel slide projectors &
  programmer
6 black boxes containing
  noxious smells & fans.

Several fragrant spruce trees
  in pots.

6 large boxes of flowers
4 11' X 22' minimum projection screens
4 large speakers
1 ½ track or ¼ track 4 track tape
  machine and amplifiers

2 swordfighters

4 magenta spots (minimum) & gobols
4 blue spots (minimum) & gobols
  red, green & gold filter changes
2 ultraviolet lights
1 white dress for solo alto
2 car engines mounted on blocks
  (power saws may substitute)
Blowing thistles | Saskatchewan sunrise, lightning
Water dripping against darkness, close up (c.u.) | Momrise, fast clouds

To my parents, Gordon and Kathleen,
dreamers in their own right.

Actionnez les projecteurs.

The performance begins during the
intermission of the previous work.
Violins I and II tone ophite totally
with the orchestra, then assemble on stage
unobtrusively, then the conductor

is seated the orchestra's stage a large
firecracker, the strings race away and on four
screens overhead, four film images of scenes
begin to wide screen. The rest of the orchestra
then flies on quietly, and the audience sit down.

Conductor
start stopwatch
time 000 1.84 CONCERT MASTER

Each player begins
at a different time

Play your run
in this manner
until the con-
ductor enters
& gives you a

© Copyright Brent Straughan 1973.
Blowing thistles

Sunrise, quiet northern lake.

Water drips against dark background.

Sunrise - stormy.

Woodwinds should be on stage and counting from the conductor's downbeat at this point.

Conductor enters and begins controlling downbeat.

15 sec
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SCREEN 1</th>
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<th>SCREEN 3</th>
<th>SCREEN 4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Blowing thistles.</td>
<td>Sunrise on quiet Northern lake dissolves to double image of same in red &amp; blue.</td>
<td>Medium shot (m.s.) of tree silhouetted against northern lake sunrise.</td>
<td>Dissolve to sunrise, pan right, storm subsiding.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Blowing chisles.  
Red & blue images of northern lake.  
c.u. Tilt down a branch.  
Sunset dissolves.
Break a long dry branch or piece of kindling,

Phoebe.

Send the wind....Boadicea.

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Tell white flower, pan left, right of grasses super'd. fade in: quiet pond, bugs.

\textit{c.s. Blowing foxtail.

\textit{Pan left down to tall grass.}

\textit{Pan left: normal foxtails in quiet pond, bugs stick the water.}

\textit{Pan left: foxtails turn red.}

\textit{Suspended droplets, green & blue, red & blue - microscopic world.}

\textbf{20}
Pond and bugs.
Reverse superimposition of coloured suspended droplets.

Pull back: diffraction grating colour prism effects.

Sul tado Hiasando
Bugs on all 4 screens.
c.u. flowers.

SCREEN 1

SCREEN 2

SCREEN 3

SCREEN 4

SMELL PRAIRIE FLOWERS.
Dissolve: More flowers.
Deep forest glen.

Bugs.
Bugs.
Camera moves left; through gnarled tree trunks, forest glen.

Purple flowers, close, moving camera.

spinning trees & sky

suspended droplets.

deep forest.

tilt up: ferns, fern against sun.
 Tiny pool of water, rippling surface, leaves.

Camera moves through the grass.

Spinning sky and trees cont'd.

C. u. Grasses, ferns, pan: forest floor.
White flowers, pine branches, melting snow.

Delicate, Tiger Lily, mountain flowers, white flowers, dark forest stream.

Camera moves through grass, follow focus, buttercups, purple flowers.

Tilt down to pond.
Spring buds near melting snow, dark forest.

Pull back; small rivulet of mountain stream.

Pan right: flowers.

Play of dark & light.

Tilt down to pond cont'd.
Melting snow, dark earth. Spring begins.
W.s. Mountain stream. Play of light and dark.
C.u. Tool, branch near melting snow.
Flow images (prism) of still pond.
Moss, light & shadow on a rock.
Pan right:

Tilt up: to quiet farm.
C.U.
Pool, branch near melting snow.

M. C.,

Piano

Celesta

Harmonika

C.s.

W. s.

W. s.
Small dammed pool deep in forest.

Fern continued.

Spring branches against snow.

Dark, rivulets of water, deep forest stream.
c.u. Pool conc'd.
c.u. Running water.

c.m. Pool conc'd.
c.u. Running water.

c.u. Rivulet draining

c.u. Sleet water spilling off of brown rocks. Surround by dark. Greasy tuft.
Pan right:

1973
c.u. running water.

Branches—near snow,
running water.

Sunlit branch against
dark.

m.m. Sunlit rocks in
deep mountain stream.

rock & tall tufts of
grass cont'd.

\[\text{music notation}\]
SCREEN 1
Snowbank, branches, running water.
Syncronised - w.s. fir trees on knoll
w.s. mountains & lake.

SCREEN 2
Deep grotto.

SCREEN 3
Pan right, m.s., out of focus stream to in focus
surrounded by rocks & water, c.u. running H2O.

SCREEN 4
Pan left: sunlit plant
in rock pattern, tree top pan

inorganically grown

Planche à l'aver.
c.u. pen right: snowy rugged range.
pan left: snowless range.
pull focus: to mountain flowers.
zoom: to mountain top.
W.S.: static pine trees against blue sky.
tilt up: pines, m.a.

a.s. pen left: snowy range
zoom: to mountain top.
a.s. mountain flowers.
C.U. purple flowers.
pen right, a.s., glacier
pen right, m.a., purple flowers.
©1973

SCREEN 1

pan left: mountains
WAVI forest glen, looking
up at trees.
Tilt down: mountains &
trees.

SCREEN 2

pan left: mountains

SCREEN 3

pan left: mountains

SCREEN 4

m.s. purple flowers.
zoom to mountain
pan right: mountains

100

110

PIZZ. ARCO

PIZZ. ARCO
perhaps though it may seem unclear to you, the narrative is unfolding as it should.
optical reverse of screen 2
Static glacial lakes & mountains.
dissolve to tilted lake, tilted lake pans right.

Static glacial lakes & mountains.
Zoom to water, pan left

optical reverse of screen 3
"Rational" man begins his pompous orderings of the universe.
Brent Streughan
FNF
ILOIY
Winter forest scenes.

Winter forest.
Multiscope, camera always moving.
Moving through winter forest.  
Desolate to waterfall.  
Waterfall turns coloured.  

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Winter forest.</td>
<td>Winter forest.</td>
<td>Winter forest.</td>
<td>Winter forest.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd section of waterfall.</td>
<td>3rd quadrant of waterfall.</td>
<td>Waterfall turns coloured.</td>
<td>Waterfall turns coloured.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DOUBLE TIME

1st quadrant of waterfall.  
Waterfall turns coloured.  

3rd quadrant of waterfall.  
Waterfall turns coloured.  

4th quadrant of waterfall.  
Waterfall turns coloured.
Rushing mountain waters.
Rushing gravely mountain stream.
Coloured mountain waterfall.
Green rapids of the Thompson river.
Red filter: water reflections
Double image: Red & Blue shimmering lake.
Eucalyptus branch
Sky begins to spin.

Pics. 1, 2, 3, take fls.

take Bass Cl.

[Sheet music and musical notation]
Multicoloured rushing streams cont'd.
Northern grassy shore.
Pan left: Dissolve:
Small quiet, then wind rippled pool.

Ready northern lake.
Pan left:
Lake in sun.

Double image of lake cont'd.
Sideways: Lake in sun.
Dissolve: Sun & clouds.
Tilt down: to lake.
Dissolve: small, quiet,
then wind rippled pool.

Spin down: to lake.
Dissolve:
Fluid, spinning branches.
Wind rippled pool cont'd.

Flat arctic lakes at dusk, out of focus; camera travels across water surface.

Reflection on water of ready northern lake. Lake spins right, on its side. Tall green reeds. W.S. Swirling red & blue multime of stream.

Wind rippled pool cont'd. Pan right: choppy water, coloured bars of light appear. Moon of light with coloured bars appears over the water.

Small pool, camera tilts up, from sideways position. Camera travels across water.

Brent

Copyright 1973

Large, flottant, expressif.
pen right, dissolve to another double image of red & blue lakes. tilt down: northern lake on its left side, 3 suns appear.

Swirling, coloured stream cont'd. fast pan left: out of focus stream. c.u. 1 branch in focus, pulls back.


Brent Straughan
P.O. Box 2303
Copyright 1975
3 sums continued.
Tilt down: Branch.

Normal, swirling stream.
Pan right: red filter,
Same stream.

Sideways deep mountain
stream turns red & blue.
Red & blue multimage of
another stream bed.

Red & blue stream (vertical & horizontal) cont'd.
Dissolve: very rocky stream bed in motion, red & blue.
SCREEN 1
Black leader.
Fade in; moonlit seas from.
Dark waves & its reflection begins, slow dissolve.

SCREEN 2
Black leader.

SCREEN 3
Black leader.

SCREEN 4
Black leader.

Brent Straughan
ENRILOV
Copyright 1973

L'ISTESSO TEMPO

FLUTE 1
FLUTE 2
OB. 1
OB. 2
CLARINET
SAX.
TRUMPET
TROMBONE
T.C.
T.C.
T.C.
T.C.
T.C.
T.C.
T.C.
T.C.
T.C.
T.C.

VALSE DU BONHOMME CARNAVAL
FAT PEOPLES' WALTZ
3rd. wave begins.

Dark B & W moonlit waves continued.

A 2nd. wave begins.

Black leader.

4th wave begins.

Brent Straughen
SNFLOSSY
©Copyright 1973
Were waves from left to right across all 4 screens. More waves come in. Water reflections.

Copyright 1975
Quiet smooth rolling waves.
C.U. Waterlock against the sun.

Spectral image of sun on quiet water before a wave washes over the image. Quiet smooth rolling waves.

W.E. Longbeach.
C.U. Tilt up brown island greese.

Greese sway in from of a hazy sun.
Dissolve: Red seed pod.
Tilt up: Tree.

Tilt up: Tree.

Pan left: Forest undergrowth.
Follow focus: through ferns & beyond.

Moving through forest carpet.
More follow focus shots

Follow focus: through undergrowth

Follow focus: forest undergrowth

Follow focus: through undergrowth, depths of field appear to melt into one another on all screens.

Outro. Voile L'Illus de la dead
Sun appears as a spectral star-silhouetted against the sun. It appears as if we are a fish, looking up at the sun through the H2O.

**SUN-STAR-SPECTRUM.**

Camera in motion over the ground.

**SUN-STAR-SPECTRUM.**

Camera in motion.

**SUN-STAR-SPECTRUM.**

Camera in motion.

The camera appears to be fleeing an unannounced predator.

---

The music notation shows a section labeled "46 Piu Mosso," indicating a melodic passage. The score includes multiple staves for different instruments, each with their own notes and rhythms. The dynamics and articulations are marked throughout the sheet music, guiding the performance.
SCREEN 1

The Camera runs.
Sun-star.
Fast moving blur of scenery.

SCREEN 2

SCREEN 3

SCREEN 4

runs.

A TEMPO
Race over water.
Camera runs, dives.
No escape from the new molemaker in the world.
Sim moves down & tree.

5b
Long pause

Music notation for orchestra.

5b
Leave and finger down until 4th has finished harmonies.
Earthquake cont'd.
Screens change—sites go to black, one after another.

Screen 3
Cameras moving up streams superimposed cont'd.
Optical size change.

Screen 4
Cameras rushing over rocks.
Optical size change.

CRESC...
Brent Straughan

Copyright 1973

1. 84 moderato il arrive

Fis. 1, 2, 3 take Piccs.

chirnook

G major
Indiana dancing cont'd.
Girl throwing leaves.
Dimanche, après la messe, à Trois-Pistoles.

A Sunday wintertime-lazy, sunny afternoon in Ravenscrag, Saskatchewan.

5 images swirl clockwise.

Indians dancing cont'd.

Girl throwing leaves.

Steel pours and turns to colour.

Multiverse of steel.
super: Girl, her hand.  
Girl in white pants on rock.  
Girl behind branches.

Dance continued.

Leaves cont'd.  
Little girl on bridge.

Steel cont'd.  
Thin line of poured steel, shower of sparks.

Dance continued.

Little girl on bridge.

Steel cont'd.  
Thin line of poured steel, shower of sparks.

Dance continued.
Mother & daughter in field of tall grasses & flowers.

Mother fixes daughter's hair.

Mother shows flowers to daughter.

Mother & daughter walk along Maritime Fence.

Mother & daughter in field of tall grasses & flowers.

Mother & daughter in field of tall grasses & flowers.

Mother & daughter in field of tall grasses & flowers.

Mother & daughter in field of tall grasses & flowers.

Mother & daughter in field of tall grasses & flowers.

Mother & daughter walk along Maritime Fence.
Mother & daughter walk along maritime fence.
Daughter in car waving hands.

Mother & daughter in field, holding flowers, cont'd.
c. u. Daughter eating apple.
Daughter in car, quiet.

Daughter waves right, through field.

Walking along maritime fence.
Daughter in car waving.
Daughter waving, cont'd.
Drive by: silhouettes,
sunset, sea.

Daughter, quiet, in car
cont'd.
Nova Scotia piper.

C.U. Daughter cont'd
Maritime coastal houses,
sunset, pan right.

Daughter waving from car.
Daughter looks back. Frons
at us, continues.

Daughter, quiet, in car
cont'd.
Nova Scotia piper.

C.U. Daughter cont'd
Maritime coastal houses,
sunset, pan right.

Daughter waving from car.
Daughter looks back. Frons
at us, continues.
Scene 1: Drive by with a children playing by the sea, sunset, silhouettes.

Scene 2: Image over fishing village at sunrise.

Scene 3: Image of mother, cow, quiet maritime harbour, man milking cows on hillside.

Scene 4: Sheep on hillside, man milking cows on hillside.
Children playing by sea in sunset.

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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Super: cont'd.</td>
<td>-c.u. woman, maritimes</td>
<td>Super: cont'd.</td>
<td>-c.u. woman, maritimes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maritime cove, seagulls</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Playing by wharf cont’d.
Super: of mother cont’d.
Super: cont’d.
Cove continued
m.a. boatmen, harbour.
silhouette of rowboat.
Red filter; houses on water.
Super cont'd.
Hair view of engrossed young animal watcher.
Little New Brunswick girl working in potato field.
Boaters.
Happy little boy at mo.
pointing carefully.
red filter: Boats cont'd.
Little girl held up to rail, picks nose, mother disciplines.
Little boy selling potatoes, beside truck.
Little boy pointing at seals, cont'd.

Brent Strouphant

310
Blue boats. 
Sunset drive by: Maritime Harbour Houses.

Screen 1

Screen 2

Screen 3

Screen 4

Fls. 1, 2, 3, take Pics.
Sunset drive by cont'd.
pan left, super: Sheep.
New Brunswick house
children in yard.

Old maritim man walking on
road.

c.u. Acadian girl selling
berries.

Boys selling potatoes
cont'd.
Old maritim man walking on
road.

c.u. Acadian girl selling
berries.

Woman walking, cont'd.

Brent Straughan

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Pieces I II (c.17)

Pieces III (c.17)

Harp

Marimba

Vib 1

Vib 2

Vib 3

Vib 4

320
Drive by cont'd.

Frightened girls in front of house.

Girls in maritime swing.

Woman walking cont'd.
pull back. Window on the sea, weathered fishing shanty.

Brent Sraughen

Pic. 5

Pic. m

On 3 II

On 3 III

On 3 IV

On 3 V

on track.

Piano, tamb. in unison.

Harp

V1

V2

V3

V4

V5

V6

C.B.

Copyright

1973

SCREEN 1

SCREEN 2

SCREEN 3

SCREEN 4
As many members of the brass and woodwinds as possible, stomp left foot in quarter note rhythm.

Crowd flees off in slow motion to see Her Majesty.

Margaret Trudeau waves from her limousine. Medals.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh drives by, waves from his limousine.

m.s.: Heavily medalled chest.

People in jeeps at the end of the parade also drive by waving.

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m.s.: Heavily medalled chest.

People in jeeps at the end of the parade also drive by waving.

Margaret Trudeau waves from her limousine.

Crowd flees off in slow motion to see Her Majesty.

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3 monstrosa swagger down sidewalk in slow motion, and absolutely in step. Woman in pedal pushers falls in behind.

His Highness waves to the crowd.

Her Majesty waves (to the Duke?) and greets the crowd.

c.u.: Her Majesty floats through the crowd.

Her Majesty waves (to the Duke?) and greets the crowd.

Her Majesty floats through the crowd.
2 Elderly bystanders adjust spring outfits while awaiting Her Majesty along parade route.

Her Majesty & crowd.

Her Majesty & crowd.

Pan left: Lonely fisherman.

Her Majesty.

Beaming mayor accompanies Her Majesty.

Brent Strougan

Copyright 1973
Old maritimer with scythe. Boy and girl in sandbox. Girl on beach staring. Little nude happens by. Little nude, fills pop bottle with seawater.

A TEMPO (J.132) DE LICKITY SPLIT.

Denise et Dominique.
SCREEN 1: Man with scythe cont'd.

SCREEN 2: Sandbox cont'd.

SCREEN 3: Beach boy wiggling head.

SCREEN 4: Little nude walks along beach drinking saltwater out of a pop bottle.
Little prairie girl waves picnic blanket. Hutterite boy and girl. Spreads blanket on grass.

Little prairie girl waves picnic blanket. Multicoloured wheat field. Spreads blanket on grass.
C.W.: Wheat cont'd.

Hutterite girl cont'd. Other little girl still helping with lunch; disappointed for a moment.
Back to corn and beans. Little girl in pink jacket.

W.S. Houses of the colony.

3 prairie girls have footrace. Other little girl smiles. 2 cowboys by fence.
c.u.: Wheat woman approaches post hole with crowbar.


m.s.: Little girl in pink jacket climbs onto saddle on fence.

Prairie girls lean over fence after footrace.


child.

girl, again.
Monseur le Curé dans la balançoire.
c.u.: Profile of cowboy. Swinging post nail and stretching fence wires. Horse jogs past to the right.
m.s.: 2 Hutterite girls. c.u.: Hutterite girl. m.s. 2 shot, girl walks out of frame.

Hands of green shirred cowboy. c.u. His face.
c.u. Hands with rope.
c.u. Little girl smiles.

Horses gallop over ridge in early morning: towards camera.

L'ISTESSO TEMPO

Maestoso Snow Shovel

"ENGLISH"
Horses jog past cont’d. Cowboy eyes them in corral; m.s. Looking through slats in barn door. Loading belgium colt. Men on foot corral Charolais calves.

Hutterite children go inside. 1 girl looks out. m.s. Wheat field. W.S. Granary.


n.s.: 2 riders lead another w.s. c.u.: Farm dog. Rear view Charolais herd.

take Bass Cl.

Rearrange children go in barns, 1 girl looks out. Man on foot corral Charolais calves.

Hutterite children go inside. 1 girl looks out. m.s. Wheat field. W.S. Granary.


n.s.: 2 riders lead another w.s. c.u.: Farm dog. Rear view Charolais herd.

take Bass Cl.
Men corral calves on foot cont'd.
Close corral gate.
c.u.: Girl by branding corral fence.

"Blue" gopher.
dissolve, w.a.: Calves in distance, sun and shade on the land.

Men rides by.
"H.G. Seville" sign.
Hereford bulls mixing it up.

Charolais herd, cont'd.
Approach corral.
c.u.: Charolais calf.
2 shot; Men showing boy how to rope.

Charolaia hard, cont'd.
Two cowboys in corral.
C.U. Blond youth.
Two calf wrestlers waiting expectantly by fence.

m.s. Herefords in corral.
Mothers separated from calves begin to moo.
C.U. Man on bay with rope moves out.

Two cows "mix it up".
Boy on roan begins to move out.

Two men admirers beside pickup truck.
Back to roping lesson.
Boy on roan looks for calf.
Little boy on corral fence
w.s. Man on bay shakes out rope, calves approach
M.S. Man on bay ropes calf.

C.U. Man on bay with rope cont'd.
M.S. Herd; calf dragged by.

Man on roan cont'd.
M.S. Man on roan cont'd.
M.S. Man & boy with calf, pull back includes roper.
Man on roan drags calf by.

Man on roan looking for calf cont'd.

A Pléne Vapeur
.138 wide open skidoo!

Pieces 1, 2, take Fls.

Fl. 3 Take piece.
Calf on rope charges camera.
Two boys on the rope.

Children & calves dragged by.
Boy bulldog calf.
3 children chase 1 calf.

Calf dragged by.
Calf looks right & left.
Boy rides calf by.

Boy falls on calf.
Roper drags calf by, left. 2 boys chasing calf on rope. 3 children, one being dragged by calf. Cowboy on roan drags calf by, right.

Grinning boy gets up. 3 shot: women admire in shade of fence. C.U. Strong hands wrestle calf.

Brent Straughn

Man on bay ropes calf. Man and boy try to flip calf by heel.
Men on hay ropes another calf.
Men and boy wrestle it down.

Boy pulls calf's tail.

C.u. Hired man holding struggling calf.

Boy wrestling calf by one heel.
Screen 1
Man & boy wrestle calf.
Boy drags calf by tail.
3 boys & men after calf.
1 boy flipped by rope.
calf escapes.
c.u. boy on calf.
calf dragged by
c.u. boy on calf, cow in shot.

Screen 2
Boy drags calf by tail.
3 boys & men after calf.
1 boy flipped by rope.
calf escapes.
c.u. boy on calf.
calf dragged by
c.u. boy on calf, cow in shot.

Screen 3
Men on roan ropes another
calf.
2 boys slowly pull calf
over.
2 boys try to ride calf

Screen 4
Lady calf wrestler lends
a hand.
c.u. of the lady.
Man climbs into combine
c.u. front of combine.
Side shot: platform in
action.
Jongleur Song, Old Québec.

take C. trumpet
Tractor holds camera up.

Husky still tearing hide.

w.w. Yellowknife house & lake.

m.s. Lady of the house opens storm door & shouts.

Full back to include tail of Wardair twin otter.

w.s. Unloading fly camp supplies at northern lake.

Clamp knife.

Wardair twin otter.

m.s. Unloading fly camp supplies at northern lake.

m.s. Lady of the house opens storm door & shouts.

Combine truck-mirror.

Screw flies in front of camera.

C.U. Whirling propellor tip.

m.s. Pilot, passenger & puppy in cockpit.
Hunting, cont'd. Long dissolve to aerial shot of ice in arctic. Dissolve to aerial of Northern lakes & water-falls.

Woman calling cont'd. Girl comes toward house.

m.s. Unloading otter cont'd.

C.U., M.S., Men unloading

m.s. Twin otter turning on water, taxis right for takeoff. View from co-pilot seat; water cools to fly camp.
aerial of lakes & falls cont'd.
Indian girl walks toward clothesline cont'd.
C.U., tilt up, men unloading plane cont'd.
Still swimming by on float. m.s. of freight remaining.
A single frame of air freight, pilot enters cockpit.

stringendo

stringendo
m.s. Yakima fisherman and sons.

Girls paddling cont'd.

Takeoff run cont'd.

m.s. Pilot loading otter.


SCREEN 1
Rahimo fisherman cont'd.
Young Rahimo child playing in yard, arctic char drying in foreground.

SCREEN 2
Girls paddling cont'd.

SCREEN 3
Takeoff cont'd.

SCREEN 4
View of loading from inside aircraft.
Indian girl, through leaves.

---

Brent Straughan

Copyright

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Viol.
Viol.
Viol.
Viol.
Horns
Orch. belts (Sus) orch. drums (Bass)
Pno.

---

(1941)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SCREEN 1</th>
<th>SCREEN 2</th>
<th>SCREEN 3</th>
<th>SCREEN 4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eakino child cont'd. 2 Eakino boys, 1 parka.</td>
<td>c.u. Indian girl. 2 Indian girls on rock.</td>
<td>Takeoff run cont'd. 2 Dgrib boys by glacial lake on reserve.</td>
<td>Girl through leaves, murky shadows of people pow-wowing in tent.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Takino boy approaches camera.

The girl dives in, both advance towards camera.

2 Dogrib boys by lake, 'ont'd; dissolves to v.e.

of boys and lake - much light on water.

Ritual in tent 'ont'd.
Rakin boy approaches camera, cont'd, begins to run.
Rakin girl walking their puppy.

Indian girls swimming, cont'd.
C.U. Beautiful smile.
Indian girl.

Boys & lake cont'd.
C.U. Husky behind poles of dog pen.
Husky outside dog pen.
C.U. pull back, husky in pen.

W.S. Dogrib teenager strides across, little boys enter & begin to stalk the camera.
©1973

SCREEN 1
People on bando cont'd.
Older Eskimo man walks by in blue parka.

SCREEN 2
Indian girl bent forward.
.c.u. profile.

SCREEN 3
Girls carrying boxes
Dogrib boys sit down & make face at camera.

SCREEN 4
Girls playing by tent
Little Yellowknife girls on way to Dominon Day festivities.

Stunt Girl

Copyright

Piano

Harp

Highland Bagpipe

Oboe

Clarinet (or)

English Flute (or)

Corno

Violin I

Violin II

Violin III

Violin IV
Faking boy with lollipop stands towards camera, face grows very cold.

Girl 3/4 profile, cont'd. Now sunlit & sad
c.u. sad face against blue sky & pine needles.

Boy making faces cont'd.

m.s. little girl in blue striped outfit at festivities. Approaches pop stand.
Screen 1
Boy staring, cont'd.

Screen 2
C.U. Sad Indian girl cont'd.

Screen 3
Pan right of teepee
C.U. Little girl in blue striped outfit smiles to herself.

Screen 4
Little girl - blue stripes - with friends at pop stand.

152 vivo LE LUTIN DE BOIS.
Eskimo boy & shy siste. c.u. reflective upward
glimpse -girl cont'd.
m.s. girl shoulders
kayak & walk to beach.
c.u. Little girl, sad, walking with her balloon.
Little girl buy's bottle of pop.

Take FL.

start flashing light
metronome

brass
march
time
only.
Children playing in honey bucket.

Girl walking with kayak on shoulder.

C.U.: Girl walking with pop bottle.

M.S.: Girl walking with pop bottle, chats with little boy friend.
Children & honey bucket
cont'd.

Girl sets kayak in water.
c.u.: Happy girl paddles
kayak.

Girl with candy.
Girl carrying bucket on
the reserve.

Little boy friend cont'd.
c.u. 2 friends.

Girl with candy.
Girl carrying bucket on
the reserve.

Wauan walks past.

Little boy friend cont'd.

Girl with candy.
Girl carrying bucket on
the reserve.

Wauan walks past.
Children and honey buckets.

Girl paddles kayak, smiling happily to herself.

Passers-by in crowd.

Old Indian man.

Sexy, chic, modern Indian girl.

Woman walking by.

Young Indian mother with baby on her hip.

Passers-by in crowd.

Old Indian man.

Sexy, chic, modern Indian girl.
Happy girl running cont'd.  
Happy girl paddling kayak cont'd.  
Girl with child on hip cont'd.  
People walk across bridge on reserve.

Appreciative male admirers.  
Focus of the attention laughs alluringly.  
Baby in stroller with bottle, 
Father with own bottle.
Motorboat heads out to sea. o.s.: Plump Eskimo lady laughs. Plastic, commercial white girl.

Girl in Kayak. Kayak is beached.

Children in canoe on reserve. w.a.: Lake, bridge on reserve. Woman looks up & laughs. Features with hand.

Stroller cont'd.


Girl in Kayak. Kayak is beached.

Children in canoe on reserve. w.a.: Lake, bridge on reserve. Woman looks up & laughs. Features with hand.

Stroller cont'd.
c.u.: Friendly plastic chick.
Spinning checked pattern.
Girl dancing over diamond pattern.
c.u.: Mouth open left.

double image of plastic chick.
c.u. The young lady.
White northerner dancing.

Three hip folk singers in park.

1.72 SCHALTZANDO QUASI NOSTALGIOSO

VANCOUVER

TOUT CE QUI BRILLE.

Like a very slushy snowball.

104 Big City.

SAUCY

SPRECHSTEMME
Fast cutting of the jet-set types and the neon city at night.

Related fast cutting of neon, cigarette sign, model.

Northerner dancing cont'd.

Folk singers cont'd.
Truck driver's dance. Lips blow kiss.

Night, smiles. Plastic brunette selling us something.

Northerner sits down. Elderly gentleman being comforted by his lady in the park.

Folk singers cont'd. Girl at park concert scolding her dog.

LE GIGUEUX

176 toe-stomper
Squid Jiggin'
Lovers cont'd.

Plump businessman on beach.

Brockton Point cricket.

English Bay popcorn seller.

Cresc. (winds)
Night, clock, Dominion square flags at night.
Night street upside down.

Girl with rose.

People getting on the tube.
Inside subway car.

Night ticket seller.
SCREEN 1

Events unfold in the presence of a family in suburbia, where two brothers play. In the background, a cricket adds to the scene.

SCREEN 2

Two brothers roughhouse, adding to the lively atmosphere.

SCREEN 3

A popcorn seller's cries add to the market chatter, indicating a bustling scene.

SCREEN 4

(Note: The image contains sheet music, which is not transcribed here.)
c.u.: Little girl.  | Appreciative teenage boy.  | New Brunswick in cloth cap.  | Teenage girl at market.
Fat lady crosses street.
76 sealers

Busards à l'œuvre.

76 sealers

Biting...
Weekend mechanic, group shot; mechanics, bikers ride by.

C.U.: Woman in audience, CBC follows the action, Table top hockey, Frozen taking lady.

Leapfrog cont'd, young street hockey players.

Happy, singing Montreal barber.
Stock broker.
Future woman driver getting some practice.

Pan past fountain.
Happy girl cont'd.

Father carrying bassinet.
Very happy little girl at the exhibition.
Teenage girl, slow motion.

Boy and family cont'd.

Pan past fountain.
Happy girl cont'd.

Father carrying bassinet.
Very happy little girl at the exhibition.
Teenage girl, slow motion.

Boy and family cont'd.
VENT DANS LES CHEVEUX.

120 skate home from school.
People on soaring, octopus-like ride; against the sky.

People on another part of the same ride soar by.

People on another part of the same ride soar by.

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People on another part of the same ride soar by.
past upward, moving
bucket-type ride.

Woman looking for her
child.
Little girl moves away,
mind of her own.

Buckets moving upwards;
feet.

Buckets moving upwards;
feet.
Fast bucket-on-rail ride sweeps left.

Fast bucket-on-rail ride sweeps left.

Fast bucket-on-rail ride sweeps left.

Fast bucket-on-rail ride sweeps left.
Fast train-like ride sweeps left cont'd. Octopus ride, against the sun.

Fast train-like ride sweeps left cont'd. Looking up at descending Ferris wheel buckets.

Fast train-like ride sweeps left cont'd. Gray buckets swoop at the camera.

Fast train-like ride sweeps left cont'd. Ferris wheel.

Orc. & film must sync.

Take C1.
In cinema, another car accident; police, victim.

Incision widened; c.u.: Surgeon.

Castration cont'd.
Pull back, c.u.: bucket.

Another carcass.

Fan boy laughs.

800
Accident victim, police woman on stretcher.

Boy goes off looking for more gophers.

Fearful bulging calf’s eye.

C.U. Surgeon cont’d back to incision.

Boy with knee on young calf’s neck.
m.a. Woman accident victim
w.s. Removal by stretcher,
A.m. Herekin's feet stick-
ing out of V.W.'s window-
"store display" of an
accident scene.

Hands with cylinders
C.u. The gouging out of
horns "buttons" in a calf's
head.

Incision cont'd.
A.m. Instruments.

Bod on calf's neck cont'd.
Cauld hand with knife.
Fearful eye, another vul-
nerable calf.
C.u. Rancher cuts a piece
out of calf's ear with
his jacknife.

Brent Straughan
PENRYA

CONFIDENT

SREPRIS

LHNNERVER

take Alto sax

SENZA

hand muffle

Jack

Hammer

Vi. 1

Vi. 2

Vi. 3

Vi. 4

Vi. 5

Vi. 6

Vi. 7
Gazeux

Jack surprised. Intimiated.

Frightened

tongue as best you can.

Bound 4th

care of.

Jackhammer

Marimba

Virt. 1

Virt. 2

Virt. 3

Virt. 4
Mountie & horse: manikins [m.a. hands adjust branding irons in fire.]

Brandings; self in pain.

Quebec & U.S. Flags

Bus, topless go go dancers.

e.g. Slobbering muscle

e.g. Charcoal self, tongue hanging out.

Calf in pain.

C.U. Charlaime calf, tongue hanging out.
m: m. Manikin.
m. Motored patrol display.
c.s.: Pull back; Skull of Belgian horse.
Drive by; Funeral, mourners on steps with handkerchiefs.
"Topless Go Go"
"Welcome U.S.A."
Men with dollar bills in their hands.
Chained man in glass case; Topless exotic dancer; Hawker in sunglasses.

manikin.
Motorcycle patrol display.
"Topless Go Go"
"Welcome U.S.A."
Men with dollar bills in their hands.
Chained man in glass case; Topless exotic dancer; Hawker in sunglasses.

Take FLS.
"Sakina a go go, U.S. dollars honoured at par."
Indian woman brandishes scythe.

Dead woodchuck on highway. Funeral cortège.
Flowers in black limousine. C.U. Pornography dealer's new van.

"Your personal computer-liced notebook $1.00."
Salesman in converted garage selling headstones to elderly couple.

Helen Strongman
Copyright

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Ct.

B.S.

Cymb.

Timpe

Drum

Bass
Indian women brandishes scissors cont'd.
Wolf hide staked out in nun. c.u. animal skull on Huron lodge pole. Zooms to entered skull.

“Pray for Us”
St. James Bond United m.s. Soldiers, War of 1812 c.u. Dealer himself m.s. Laughing, exploited woman breasts, beer.

Walking shot: newstand
Plaque “War with United States - 1812”.
Pioneers & goat mascot
march in advance of troops
Another antlered skull.

Finally, human skull on lodgepole.

Our soldiers march right.

Soldiers lower guns.

Woman begins to undress.

White aproned pioneers & goats, come.

Soldiers advance steps.
w.s. Column marches right.
m.s. Soldiers advance towards us.

The eagle & leaf disappear, the square flies.
A cannon fires.

Endscoring complete.

w.s. Infantry at the ready.

c.s. Soldiers march towards us.
Cannon relaoded.
Large column fires from ramparts.

Cannon recoiling.
Woman still bent over.

Mortar fires.
Mortar fires.

Mortar crew wheels battery into position.
Whirling suds.

Next line fires in order.
Whirling suds.

Whirling suds on stream in national park.
W.S., pull back; stream covered with detergent suds.
Polluted rapids, stream flowing right. Rapids.

Whirling suds, c.u. rushing H2O, coffee coloured, rapids. C.U. detergent bubbles caught in grass.

Whirling suds, c.u. rushing H2O, coffee coloured, rapids. C.U. detergent bubbles pull back; little blonde girl is back.

Whirling suds, c.u. rushing H2O, coffee coloured, rapids. V.S. pan left, zoom; to rapids.
c.u. Detergent glop. 
Mother helps daughter down to stream. 
Daughter doesn't like it & leaves. Suds flow by left pan; Suds choked stream.

Little girl descends to stream. 
pan left: across a glop of detergent.

C.U. Little girl looking down starts to leave. 
Suds flow by left.

Little girl by stream. 
Suds flow by left. 

Pull back: from detergent glop. 

M.S. Little girl by stream. 
Splashes in stream. 

CAUCHEMAR 
cresc.
Pan left; Suday stream continued.

m.a. Pulpmill outfall.
Pan left.

m.a. Playing in stream cont'd.

Little girl starts to exit.

Woman in bathtub sprinkling mud on herself.

Little girl starts to leave.

"New Sewage System" cont'd.

m.a. Pulpmill.

Sud flow by cont'd.

m.a. Pulpmill effluent on water.
Pan left.

Brent Straughan

Copyright © 1973
She steps out of her bath; oil well counterweights swing over.

Detergent gathered at conduits.

Chubucto oil slick laps at the shoreline.

Pump arm descends.

Pen; sunset; kids by H2O.

Pan left; pulp effluent.

Hub of oil rig turning.

W. S. pump arm descends on us.

Pump arm descends.

Pump arm descends.

Chubucto oil slick laps at the shoreline.

Pan; sunset; kids by H2O.

Pan left; pulp effluent.

Hub of oil rig turning.

W. S. pump arm descends on us.
Oil slick & excelsior paper supposed to sop it up. Zoom back. Trucks zip by, Toronto freeway.

Oil slick & goop on water.

Cars zip right at an angle. Many lanes.

Drive by: Kids & parent at Chedabucto attempting to play at the seaside. Cars zip back & forth & away.

Oil rig & gun cont'd. Mothers rowing through the oil goop. Cars zip right at an angle. Many lanes.
Dissolve: cars curve towards us; telephoto, freeways. Multimage red & green-blue then red & blue.

Dissolve to wide telephoto, orange multimage of freeway cars.

Dissolve; red & green-blue multimage, telephoto of freeway cars.

Dissolve- orange freeway cars, multimage, cut; red & blue multimage of cars sling around curve, telephoto.

Short superimposition.

Copyright 1973
"fil, rate drugs"
"self smoke about pop file"
"Shoppers Drug World"
"Creese" "Blood"
"Community Drugs"
"Penner" "Dinoland"
"Help wanted"

tar paper ahecko. Cemetery next to factory. MacDonald's memorial. Highway seven gin.
Skagir valley protestors.

"Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

Government of Canada
Salmon Pond
C.P.R. train leaving the country

"Civil War" Girl on father's shoulders.

Graves of Nova Scotia miners killed extracting resources.

Trees sway, drop logs into water.

Blue begins.

Iron jaws drop lags into water.

Blur begins.
fff As Loud As Possible
Graves of Nova Scotia miners killed extracting resources.
Iron jaws drop logs into water. Blur begins.
"Government of Canada sells more to Japan."
"K.F.A. long train of logs leaving the country."
Skagit valley protestors.
"Yankee $ = Destruction!"
C.U. Girl on father's shoulders.
As Loud As Possible

fff terror

TERREUR
Single frame: Suburban houses.
Blur.
Black transmission towers against the sunset.
"escaping car" Single frame: cars.

Multimage: logged hillside.
Masked protesters.
Drive by: cars lined up in parking lot.

Single frame: Suburban house.
Blur.
Black transmission tower against the sunset.
"escaping car" Single frame: cars.
TOTAL BLACKNESS EXCEPT ORCHESTRA LIGHTS

Spotlights and dimmies are positioned behind audience.

After 2 seconds, a tape of the territorial call of the Innu begins & novice overhead in 4 speakers.

The chorus is out in the audience; towards the rear,

Singers are treated as audience members and sit closely enough together that

They can sing, but not close enough to give the appearance of the traditional block. No music parts

are visible to the audience. Take them out & stand here.

The entire orchestra is to make various quiet whispering noises of andantino.
take c.l.
a tempo

harmon mutes P

Gold light smoothes softly over her face quiet as a breath...
MODERE AVEC VERVE

When the wind blows soft and warm in your land, and the snowflakes softly descend from above,

when the wind blows soft and warm in your land, and the snowflakes softly descend from above,
BARELY SUSPENSE - Each person whistle, descend slowly, stagger your breathing, whistle a different note to that of your neighbor, for a tune.

stringendo

UNION ENTIRE CHORUS - Dramatic speech in free time.
**Tempo**: moderate

**Texture**: free

**Harmonies**: simple

**Improvise** with these notes and these words:

**Finalement leurs armées sont venues**

**Pitch is not critical**

**Choke the bell** - everyone.
They broke our laws. We were afraid. Nous avons rompu leurs lois. Nous avons été surpris et choqués.

 Ils ont brisé nos lois. Ils ont tué notre premier ministre. Nous sommes tombés le long de...
On the verge of a whisper, in the throat
TAKE Cl.
Chorus: sit down

Quietly one & two

at a time.
Blue, or 2 tube ultraviolet light.

Solo alto.

UVLARGO MEMO

Ultraviolet light slowly illuminates a solo alto standing in a balcony. She is young (20's) with long hair and is dressed in sexy white. Her voice contains no excessive

memories: are and sounds strange and untrained. She represents the spirit that roams.

There is no trace of consciousness in her voice.

vi. 1

vi. 2

vi. div.

vi.
"...We should get away from the idea
that art is only for the few...
It is for everybody, at some level,
in some form..."

Tony Emery

Brent Straughan
Fall 1969
What is behind the decline of the Symphony Orchestra as a viable cultural institution of the twentieth century? Why do so many people "tune in, turn on, then drop out" of the symphonic experience?

People have not stopped going to symphony concerts completely yet, but they are showing signs of increasing disillusionment with the symphony orchestra as a representative medium of the twentieth century. Leonard Bernstein attributes much of the general malaise to the fact that orchestra directors are often "museum curators", performing the simple function of a glorified long play record. He notes too that among the composers of the day, "there is no one to champion" - gone indeed are the days of the impassioned Beethoven and the romantic Strauss in whose image and times, after all, the orchestra was created. Have we been abandoned by the modern composer in much the same way as the human figure has been "banned" from art galleries?

Tony Emery, director of our own Vancouver Art Gallery puts it forcefully:

"The symphony is virtually dead as a form of contemporary composition yet going to the symphony is still the cultural norm.

Symphony listening has become an experience which stimulates no interest or enthusiasm in many people. It is a social formality centred on a body of work that has not been appreciably added to in many decades. Anyone fool enough to compose one today would find, for one thing, that the Musician's Union wouldn't allow the rehearsal time necessary to learn the new work.

Another reason symphony orchestras play only ancient works is that the instrumentalists can now play their parts in their sleep just as the audience can comfortably sleep through a performance it doesn't understand and isn't thrilled by.

At the same time, there never has been a time in history when as much music has been consumed as the present - most of it heard by radio and mostly in the form of rock and roll. That form of music sounds terrible to a lot of people but is a noise that the young people enjoy, and a noise that conforms to the same rules as Beethoven's music."
Let us look briefly at "rock and roll" and see if perhaps we can point to a few possible flaws in the symphonic armor. The popular music framework is an extremely rigid structure. A few artists such as the Beatles are able to work eloquently in such a framework, but most succeed in merely regurgitating their vocal chords at some multiple of the sexual interval.

The "pop song" figured bass line is, typically, Elizabethan modal or early Bach, up tempo. The harmonic structure rarely involves more than the I IV V I chord progression. The lyrics are limited to love, or more lately, social change. The instrumentation is the equivalent of an "electrified string quartet" with the addition of a percussion player.

The whole thing sounds fairly dull when you prepare in your mind to compare it with something as noble as a fine old symphony, but let us look at the symphony and see just how well it measures up.

The classic symphony, for our purposes, consists of four movements: a "Fast" movement (Sonata-Allegro form - introduction, exposition and development) - a "Slow" movement (theme and variations) - another fast movement (minuet and trio) and a final fast movement (rondo or sonata combination). The inner key relationships are well defined by tradition, and hardly vary much more than those of the pop song. Typically, each movement is a development of one or two ideas -- just as we find in the popular song. Both use the same harmonic structure and scales, i.e. predominantly diatonic with emphasis on thirds and sixths and their traditional usages. Stringed instruments in both cases provide the depth and sensitivity that each requires or should require.

It is evident that the structures of both forms are rather traditional and possibly a little stilted.

Let us turn for a moment away from generalizations of form and look at some of the basic structural differences that may not seem so obvious in this context. Since the prime vehicle of the rock and roll experience is the medium of dance, we find that most of the participants are allowed to physically express themselves and their individual reactions to the music at the moment it happens. The musical orientation
is very primitive and hypnotically summons "normal" people from the depths of the middle class out onto the dance floor to "do their thing".

Meanwhile, our friend the poor symphony-goer, is holding his breath at the concert to avoid disturbing anyone, and is quite immobilized by one of those plush-velvet "iron maidens" whose particular function in life it is to paralyze our buttocks for the duration. He sits quietly, contemplating his shoes, then the wall, then the ceiling, the blond three rows down, and back to his shoes. No matter how much he enjoys the music, the concert-goer is only allowed a modicum of participation; and that at the conclusion of the piece (usually forty-five minutes after the fact) when he is permitted to applaud for a few seconds. Much of the time the symphony-goer doesn't even feel like applauding. He may find that the composer has spent so much time at the intellectual task of assembling all the "right data" in all the right ways, that he has overlooked the necessity of communicating and has lost sight of the ability to move people. All too often the result is a dry, sterile, intellectually correct but emotionally vapid, wasted effort. This sonic desert is greeted with polite applause whereupon everyone retires for the evening, only to return again in next week's mink; unfailing pilgrims of hope.

Back at the rock concert, usually held a block away and at the same time, the participants are not only getting treated to a "trampolining" of the eardrums, but are receiving a totally living bombast on all their senses! Lights are sprawling all over the walls in gooey patterns, incense and "pot" are searing one's nostrils, steaming bodies flail madly about the room. The picture is much more one of action and involvement ...and, oh yes, a scant block away in his little glass cage of polite audience silence, the symphony-goer is still enduring his more platonic love - always told that he can look but not really touch. Sadly, he is lost amid a sea of inactive people and smothered by an overwhelming forest of deodorants.

Surely something can be done for this poor fellow!

I do not myself have major plans afoot for the revision of rock and roll as an art form, but I do have ideas to ameliorate the plight of the sensorily deprived symphony-goer!
The symphony was probably born somewhere in Europe in a very romantic feudal castle, during a very romantic sixteenth century. The name comes from the Italian "Symphonia" and means "mixed group of voices and instruments". Jean Baptiste Lulli, a composer in an era of troubadours, was one of the first to assemble a recognizable string group. His "orchestra", consisting mostly of first and second violins, was formed for the pleasure of Louis XIV. Lulli was the creator of lovely, pompous dotted notes and "slurred string bowings".

Gradually people began to add lutes, recorders, harpsichords and more strings to the orchestra. The musicians earned their keep by providing programme music for Sunday-afternoon-at-the-castle music dramas. Very often these embryonic operas required an overture to seat the audience and raise the curtain. It wasn't long into the eighteenth century before Joseph Haydn began to extend the length of the overture and add a few non-union woodwinds, and lower and middle strings to the group. At this point in time then, we might say that the opera overture splits off from its parent and begins to go off on its own as "the symphony". By Beethoven's time, the symphony has been whisked out of the castle and plunked into the concert hall.

Beethoven added the trombone, more woodwinds and more brass. He freed the violas from simply doubling the second violins, and the double bass from doubling the cello an octave below. He also took the conductorship away from the first chair player and from time to time conducted his own symphonies all the way through, and beyond. By this time the harpsichord was no longer needed to fill in the middle harmony, and disappeared from the orchestra. The present day orchestra has increased in size, added percussion instruments, more flexible horns, trumpets and flutes, and larger, more resonant stringed instruments.

Our predecessors gave us one hundred and fifty golden years of music - the equal of which we have not seen since. Man's single minded diversion since then seems to have been technology. The Beethovens of our time appear to have been funneled off into more "useful" pursuits. No one seems to have been left to tend the fires of musical spirit, and music, in this short age of technology, has failed to adapt.
Music is off on the tangents of Schoenberg; lost in random musical mathematics, it is temporarily hiding in the electronic lettuce of Karl Heinz Stockhausen. The new wave of "apres avant gardeists" is supposed to be creating marvelous new microtonal fabrics with delightfully impossible rhythms. I wonder what has happened to the "marvelous" that can go with "microtonal"?

Melody, that "repulsive" reminder of a "syrupy" age has been buried without ceremony. The composer has abandoned his audience. Where is Bernstein's "champion" in the final hour of music?

We might find him at the opera, watching three hundred pound sopranos being carried off to their death beds by ninety pound tenors, or he might be at the movies, watching sanitized celluloid people live out their little hysterias, or perhaps we might find him at a concert, wondering what went wrong. I suggest that we might find our twentieth century composer in a world that combines all three. Instead of being overwhelmed by technology and retreating to the past, music must make technology its tool as well. Only then will she be able to "compete" for the minds of men.

The time has come for synthesis.

A friend of Gustav Mahler's once remarked to Mahler that he was "the last of the great composers". Mahler merely pointed to the ocean and said, "Yes and here comes the last wave." This is true of many disciplines at this time. We don't need people to calmly fill in the holes in quantum mechanics, and quietly improve weapons technology, we need people to animate our cultural sensibility and give us guidelines for hope. Ten years from now may be too late, especially for Canada.

As musicians, we cannot afford to abandon our audience at the door of the darkest hour of music. We can use our art and the technology of the day to help present and clarify man's problems and opportunities.

It is of no use to plan three dimensional holograms of artistic events - which can be played in the home complete with smells and sounds - if there is no one around to experience them. We must channel a certain amount of our energies into solutions to the problem of our own survival.
I feel that as a composer I can, forcibly and with some relevance, communicate the urgency of the dying evolutionary hours of species and planet through a work of artistic expression. I believe that it can be done without sounding like eloquent speeches to the sharks from the bow of a sinking ship.

We, in our generation, have not been abandoned by musical creativity, it is alive and well and in forms that will surface for the better in the near future. I do not believe that previous generations or cultures had a monopoly on creativity for the orchestra. Creativity is really just the discovery of hidden relationships, and anyone can be creative at some level. The controls of such skilled activity generally function below the level of consciousness on which that activity takes place, but under the dual control of a fixed code of rules (which may be innate or acquired by learning) and of a flexible strategy guided by environmental pointers.

"...first there must be the basic idea or conception; secondly, the idea must be embodied in concrete and articulate form...thirdly, the outcome as thus embodied must be new; and finally... it must have value; the novelty must be a useful novelty. If there is such a thing as creativity as thus defined, then it is clear that civilization must owe much, if not everything to the individuals so gifted. The greater the number and variety of genuinely creative minds a nation can produce and cultivate, the faster will be its rate of progress... Creativity is an actual surplus of potentials - of capacities that is to say, which are untapped or dormant under ordinary conditions, but which, when conditions are abnormal or exceptional, reveal themselves in original forms of behaviour...". 2

If we think about it for a moment, I am sure that it is possible to come up with a statement or two about the composer's responsibility in the twentieth century. Every day a few more "addle-pated" birds drop from sight and are not replaced; each day a few more plants quietly stop making oxygen forever. Thus far we have not discovered enough chinks in the armor of man's colossal inferiority complex to enable us to stop
this bastardization by bulldozer. Our problem now is essentially beha-
vioural. It will be many years before we can chemically and precisely
alter man's internal mental behaviour. We have the power right now to
socially alter his behaviour, which is the same thing. We must in
fact find the best approaches to persuasion - using our infamous tech-
nology to convince ourselves that the obvious does indeed exist. It is
not enough that the intellectual periphery of the human organism under-
stand our plight, each and every one of us must know and act. We must
learn to live with nature and not bastion ourselves blindly against it.

I believe it is within my capacity to communicate this to my fellow
man musically, but in a unique way. Canadians are already saturated with
verbal and televised environmental collapse, as well as the real thing.
The stimuli are constant, and disorganized, like notes lying silent on the
piano. I feel it could be of great service to try and assemble these sti-
muli into a strong Canadian environmental statement. It is difficult for
people choking in smog and cut off from themselves to intellectualize and
plan long term solutions. Given the psychic animation provided by a
relevant work of art, however, I feel that greater possibilities exist
to come to grips with the physical situation. I am convinced that if envi-
ronmental denigration is watched passively on television, read about briefly
in the newspaper or noticed vaguely on the way to work that its impact and
the impact of the observer's responsibility are minimized through fragmenta-
tion. The average person caught up in the struggle to survive against the
noise, the stench and the stress of "Bye, Mum, see you at the next meal" family living, may not be able to put all of the finishing touches on the
whole picture by himself. I strongly feel that a work of art, as a concept-
ualization of a possible future, can help him do this. I feel that a paint-
ing by my hand would be insignificant to this particular struggle. The
fact that any film is a picture of a past event, limits the ability of film
to discuss the future in as spiritual a manner as music. I feel that
contemporary music, however, finds the orchestra as a separate entity
lacking in the ability to transmit the environmental message.

I feel that a new concept in art, brought together by the far
reaching synthesis and adaptation of existing forms and technology is in
order.
The work of art I propose is complex. It must be in order to reach the wide range of extra and intra-cultural strata to which I must appeal. It must contribute new perspectives and demand personal involvement. It must extrapolate to the catastrophe, yet offer solutions from within. Above all, it must show us that we ourselves are the problem and the solution.

I feel it is quite necessary to go to great lengths to create this work for contemporary Canada. To do it I must use and refine every bit of the tensile strength I can find in myself and the people around me. It is not a task for the old or feeble of heart. If I do not help communicate the today of Canada, then there will be no tomorrow to understand and forgive.

I propose the creation of a new form of art called an "enfilony". The word itself is a synthesis of the words "environment", "film", and "symphony orchestra". An enfilony would be synthesis of disciplines which together could embark on new dimensions of human enquiry. It would involve a deep intellectual and emotional commitment over a long period of time.

The symphonic vehicle is a natural form in which to demonstrate a microcosmic "aging". If the degeneration of nature's (not man's) environment has gone on long enough to reach into the concert hall - historically an establishment bulwark - then perhaps it has indeed "made the grade". Perhaps by drawing on the long tradition of the symphony, and clearly expending a great deal of carefully focused and successful effort to task, I can re-open some of the ears that have been permanently closed to the Canadian and environmental messages.

Given a group of people and a late spring night in 1971 I would propose the creation of the following enfilony:

The experience begins when the concert-goer first drives up Burnaby mountain and out of the smog to Simon Fraser University. He parks his portable pollution device and joins the remainder of the audience in the "mall". Spruce boughs and flowers, or possibly cedar shavings will have been used to enhance the outdoors quality of the new and thus far unspoiled environment. On spring nights here, when the Ioco refinery is belching in the other direction, the wind drifts gently off the pines, the stars above
are very clear, and the air is vibrant and close to life.

The audience will be seated and go through the ordinary rituals of the ceremony of concert listening for the "normal" first half of the programme. It is during the intermission that I first endeavour to change the traditional time-space and role relations of the orchestra and its audience.

Everyone has heard that there will be a new modern work on the programme, one quarter of the audience has already left to try and catch the rest of the hockey game. Everyone is prepared for the worst and more or less resigned to taking his medicine with tolerance in the hope that the experience will not be too painful. The work begins while the audience is still at intermission. We are all in the middle of intense discussions as to Johnny's marks at school, the various dress shoppes represented, and "Why do we have to go to the concert, Mummy?", when an explosion takes place accompanied by the traditional flash of light. A few string players, who have already tuned and wandered on stage, race away "sul tasto" pianissimo, with a lonely barren sort of theme that suggests the fabric of the prairies.

The audience will be a bit surprised, but its members will eventually recall their lines and sit down.

Now that the audience is seated, the various instruments and the conductor come on as needed. After the initial rudeness of being interrupted at intermission, I "leave the audience alone" for about thirteen minutes. The musical images are pastoral, idyllic and mostly diatonic. The visual images which now begin to appear on four large screens over the heads of the orchestra, are scenic, romantic and escapist. The intent is to evoke a certain identification with an unpolluted past. It is important to me to reaffirm a certain confidence in our heritage of wilderness; I suspect that far too many members of my generation feel isolated from the past, and cynical about the future.

There will be electronic tape sounds, but they will be modern abstracts of the scenic soundscape and designed to blend. Their use should give new perspectives to the orchestral sound, and help to make the audience feel a bit more at home with our past.
During the next twelve minutes, the orchestral texture thickens and becomes synthesized - more "nineteenth century" - in the sense that I reproduce musically the unshakeable confidence in the abilities of rational man to deal with the universe on his own terms that characterized the "age of reason". Visual images reflect man's ability to organize and revise nature to what appear initially to be viable ends. It is in the next nine minutes that Yeat's "ceremony of innocence is drowned". The electronic sounds begin to include concrete sounds of jet turbines, and ponderous advancing machines. A jackhammer and flute "stage" a duet, the flute loses, diesel and car engines on blocks are started and waft their particular brand of the kiss of death onto the audience. The chemical smells of pulp mills spew forth from all around and are hurried by fan onto the audience. A fog machine floods the entire experience space with its burden. Lights dart frantically over the fog. Each recognizable screen image lasts only an instant and is a multiple exposure. The orchestra instruments shriek at the top of their "lungs", in a frenetic fury of chaos. Everyone has a separate part and goes his own way. Logic and synthesis are dissolved. Rhythms syncopate insanely until they are unplayable. Melodies fly off into the shattered voids.

At the thirty-fourth minute, decibel level eighty-five, and a peak saturation of events of two-hundred-and-eight events per minute, silence begins. During this critical time block, while the audience is still "literally catching its breath" a chorale wells up from the audience area. It may begin with the sound of howler monkeys, a powerful haunting, gripping sound lodged in the four acoustic suspension speakers overhead, or with a flute melody, or with the chorus picking any pitch they wish, then sliding up to the pitch I want. This motion creates an incredibly intense intervallic relationship which then resolves to the anchoring points of the chord. The chorus is now standing interspersed throughout the audience.

Suddenly from all around you, the sound of human voices raised in chorale! The chorale and remnants of the fog soon fade away, after a brief join with the full orchestra. The sound of all frequencies and harmonics (white sound) and the sound of "big waves" swells up to a dynamic and quickly dies. This is the sound of the stars and the
universe. It could mean that we were driven back into the protein soup from which we came, by our own hand.

Why have I chosen the symphony orchestra as a part of my medium? Roger Sessions comments are instructive:

"I have tried to point out how intimately our musical impulses are connected with those primitive movements which are among the very conditions of our existence. I have tried to show, too how vivid is our response to the primitive elements of musical movement. Is not this the key both to the control of music and to its extraordinary power? These bars from the prelude to Tristan and Isolde do not express for us love or frustration or even longing, but they reproduce for us, both qualitatively and dynamically, certain gestures of the spirit which are to be sure less specifically definable than any of these emotions, but which energize them and make them vital to us....Emotion is specific, individual, and conscious; music goes deeper than this, to the energies which animate our psychic life, and out of this creates a pattern which has an existence, laws, and human significance of its own.

It reproduces for us the most intimate essence, the tempo and the energy of our spiritual being, our tranquillity and our restlessness, our animation and our discouragement, our vitality and our weakness --- all in fact, of the fine shades of dynamic variation of our inner life. It reproduces these far more directly and more specifically than is possible through any other medium of human communication".3

The symphonic medium, by connecting previously unrelated dimensions of experience enables us to attain to a higher level of mental evolution. It can be an act of liberation for us. We can defeat the habit of our mechanized indifference with originality and new perspectives. We can be more than emotionless parasites of the planet.

I.A. Richards finds that "...the effect of rhythm is not due to our perceiving pattern in something outside us, but to our becoming patterned ourselves".4 The range of experience from hypnotism to rock and roll indicates that the mind is particularly receptive to and suggestible by messages which arrive in a rhythmical pattern or are accompanied by a rhythmical pattern. People have a certain readiness
to patterning. The superposition of two systems: thought and metre is a primary element of ordered complexity, that is to say, of beauty, and can indeed move people in predetermined directions.

Harvey Cox's essay on the "enfeeblement of fantasy" in western man and its much graver import as a "symptom of a much larger cultural debility" is relevant here. "If festivity enables man to enlarge his experience by reliving events of the past, fantasy is a form of play that extends the frontiers of the future". In short, they both help make man a creature who can see himself with an origin and a destiny. We have worshipped work to the extreme and squeezed "festivity to a minimum". We are discovering that science without morals and vision gets us nowhere. Our shrunken psyche is just as much a victim of industrialization as the bent bodies of English children indentured servants of the factories two generations ago.

Suppression of man's celebrative and imaginative faculties, by the debauchery of exhaltation now demands release. Man must once again learn how to sing.

Menotti's latest opera is the most recent example I can think of that helps to teach us to sing again. His "Globolinks" walk through walls, resist fire and poisonous sprays and bullets, but cringe at the sound of a musical instrument. Had Menotti written a grand cantata on the subject, relatively few would have been induced to listen to him - great as the music might have been, but in the theatrical form in which he cast his allegory, he utilized the theatre as a forum in which thousands will participate, react to, and perhaps without really knowing it, become more greatly aware of the power of music than they have ever been before.

Charles Darwin lends his voice to this type of need, which I feel the orchestra can help fill:

"But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of a large collection of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain
on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Only through the miracle of music can many voices "talk at once" and be understood. In a sense, music is the ultimate democracy. Everyone gets his chance to speak. An orchestra after all is humanitarian - we all help the flute along in his solo and we all crash together in the deep double forte soul of Beethoven. We can essentially duplicate the human condition without ever saying a word!

What music expresses, is eternal, infinite, and ideal; it does not express the longing of Oliver P. for Penelope Q., but rather the love or longing in itself, and this it presents in that unlimited variety of motives which is the exclusive and particular characteristic of music, foreign and impossible to any other language. Music is a source of insight, not a plea for sympathy.

Not everyone in music believes that music can do what I am asking of it. The "absolutists" insist that "musical meaning lies exclusively within the context of the work itself"; in the perception of relationships set forth within the musical work of art. The "formalists" believe that the meaning of music is primarily intellectual and lies in the perception and understanding of the set musical relations set forth. The "referentialists", however, see that music in some way refers to the "extra-musical world of concepts, actions, emotional states and character". To the "expressionists" these same relationships are in some sense "capable of exciting feelings and emotions in the listener". This is the view I emphasize. Formalists such as Henslick or Stravinsky, reacting against what they feel to be an over emphasis upon referential meaning, have denied the possibility or relevance of any emotional response to music, they have adopted an untenable position partly because they have confused expressionism and referentialism. Works of music seem more properly to signify "inter-personal tendencies" which are understood by the listeners who in this way participate in fantasy on the interpersonal transactions of the composer.
Musical signs have either the capacity to induce in the observer rudimentary expressive gestures and postures, or to act as partial social releasers, provoking him to partial reciprocal reactions. That is, the subject either identifies (through the process of imitation) and empathizes with the tendency of the music, taking it as his own, or he perceives it as coming from somebody else, and this releases in him a reciprocal social reaction. Through music, I can inhibit the tendency of my audience to verbalize (name and describe) and by so frustrating them, I hope to lead their perceptions to new depths.

"It seems that the light popular music reflects conventional and stereotypic relationships among people, and releases corresponding interpersonal tendencies in the listener, but without any further effect. On the other hand, it seems that music as art offers new insights about oneself and about one's interpersonal relationships, and activates one to seek creatively new attitudes and solutions in life." 7

Why have I included a visual experience in the form of film? Part of the reason involves the way in which my own mind works. I am an image type of person. Koestler's example of the woman asked to draw an elephant is relevant here. The woman concerned drew an elephant when asked, but left out the tusks. She was aware of having left something out, but could not decide what. The way she discovered that the tusks were missing was to briefly analyse the functional things an elephant would need to survive. When she got to the jaw, she realized it would need teeth and then thought of tusks. If I had been asked to draw an elephant and had left out the tusks I would have noticed they were missing when compared to the visual image in my mind that I was duplicating. It would never have occurred to me that I should draw in tusks because the elephant itself needed them to survive. According to Koestler, the majority of people that I will be dealing with in the audience may string together perceptual entities in this way. The "glue" which holds the visual parts together for them is "meaning".

I need at certain times to point with clarity to people and Canadian political events. I want you to "be there" in as much of the physical sense as possible so that you can read the "body language" of my "actors" and decide on its meaning for yourselves. 9
Music does not allow me to tie people and events together as specifically as I require. The Heidbreder (1945) general theory of perceptual and cognitive processes; briefly that the ease of concept formation is a function of the degree to which the instances possess "thing character", lends support to the visual needs idea. The assumption here is that humans are innately capable of dealing more easily with concrete objects (replicated by Grant in 1951). In other words, the more concrete a concept is, the greater the probability that a single unambiguous label will already exist for it. This means that providing the "thing people" with objects they can see, via film, should help guide them through the essential gluing process they may need.

The Speisman, Lazarus, Mordkoff and Davidson study sheds further light on the impact of visual stimuli. The experimenters made a film of the male puberty ceremony of the Arunta tribe in Australia. During the ceremony, a boy is held down by several naked men, and a crude incision made along the underside of the penis with a stone knife - without anesthesia and under unsanitary conditions. The experimenters then varied the sound track and exposed western audiences to the film with different sound tracks. The "group one" sound track emphasized intellectualization and the "anthropologist's" dry account of a primitive custom. The "group two" sound track emphasized denial and reaction formation, the group was told that the operation was not painful. "Group three" was given the "trauma track", with all the painful aspects highlighted. A fourth group was shown the film with no sound track. The results showed, that at the emotional peak of the film, the actual operation, the groups differed measurably in their physiological response. The trauma track group reacted most, the silent film group next, and the two defensive groups (intellectualization and denial reaction formed) least. Clearly, film and sound are two extremely powerful message transmission combinations.

There are very few empirical studies of conceptual behaviour which use other than visual stimuli. It is probably the case that shifting from the visual modality to some other, say auditory or tactual, will have no major effect on the functional relationships between performance and important independent variables. The (1962) study by
Archer suggests that "the influence of the number of irrelevant dimensions is the same for auditory and visual stimulus patterns."

There is only one study (Lordahl 1961) in which the comparison between auditory and visual stimulus information has been made. All that the study determined was that increasing the amount of irrelevant auditory information has essentially the same effect though less in amount as increasing the amount of irrelevant visual stimulation.

We may live in a visually dominant society as a survival function of our physiology. We probably do rely for survival more on our eyes. We only turn our heads to listen if we can't see. For me, however, a completely visual experience would be too shallow as a medium and deny me the use of likewise effective pathways to people. If we have never listened much before, then perhaps it is time we did.

Why all the chemical smells and gas fumes? Won't people just cry "gimmicky" and leave it at that? Whether or not the work is gimmicky or not really depends on how I use each sensory variable. If God had wanted us just to listen to music, then he would have given us ears without eyes! It doesn't hurt to remind ourselves that the orchestra itself was once thought "pompous gimmickry" compared to the "purer" forms of chamber music and duets and trios. I would contend that those who raise such cries have most likely missed the point and should re-examine the new medium and my new forms and structures. I predict that the young, and the innocence-retaining adult will see my vision with some clarity, while the irresolute old guard will refuse to listen, hear or smell, -- or rather accept what they are hearing, listening to and smelling.

If you have ever noticed an inquisitive dog sneeze indignantly at the impingement of too pungent a smell on his nostrils, then you have probably noticed the same expression on the face of the average city dweller who makes the mistake of standing on his porch and attempting to fill his lungs with fresh air. I think that smell is one of the all important indicators of environmental collapse. The reaction to smell is general, nearly unanimous, succinct, and to the point - too much of it
and we gag. This is too important a tool to leave out of an enfilony. It takes at most eight molecules of a substance with a molecular weight between seventeen and three-hundred impinging on the olfactory epithelium to cause the sensation of smell. Although I do not have the equivalent range of possible stimuli or technical means of controlling them as I do music and light, I still have an important repertoire to work with. Phosphorous, sulphur, pulp smells and gasoline exhausts can all be quite effectively juxtaposed to the earlier pine trees and flowers.

Now that I have indicated why I have chosen the individual musical, visual, and olfactory values described, it would seem reasonable to ask why I consider them in combination. Why "enfilony"?

"Before you can talk about light, you need a human eye; before you can define sound, you need a human ear" and before you can discuss smell, you need a human nose. Each of these is an avenue to the people I wish to influence. I feel that the urgency of the message demands that I use every avenue available. People normally select things out of the environment to reduce cognitive dissonance and are reassured by that which agrees with them. I think that environmental collapse is now at enough of a "common ground" stage that the truck driver who realizes that he can no longer hunt ducks because they have all been hunted, is as ready to listen to "proposed solutions" as is a treeless MacMillan Bloedel. My solution is brief but effective, namely that we clean it up ourselves. I think that sometimes, people just need to be told that they can do it.

"If we once start thinking no one can guarantee where we shall come out, except that many objects, ends and institutions are doomed. Every thinker puts some portion of an apparently stable world in peril and no one can wholly predict what will emerge in its place." (Dewey)

One of the things we do know about people is that we can make them laugh. The Haydn "musical joke" and the operatic basso buffo come at once to mind from music. Laughter is an important concept and not to be ignored in terms of import and the effectiveness of its judicious use. Nervous energy always tends to beget muscular motion; and when it rises to a certain intensity always does beget it. Emotions and
sensations tend to generate bodily movement, and the movements are violent in proportion as the emotions or sensations are intense. When consciousness is unawares transferred from great things to small, the liberated nerve force will expend itself along the channels of least resistance, which are the muscular movements of laughter. Exhalation is debunked by the sudden impact of triviality. Parody becomes the line of intersection between the planes of the exalted and the trivial. Nonsense humour as Max Eastman has pointed out is only effective if it pretends to make sense. Seeing the joke and solving the problem are the uses to which I will be putting nonsense humour.

At the other end of the scale, what will I be doing with the fears and anxieties that the audience will be bringing in with them?

The aggressive, defensive class of emotions really has a greater inertia, persistence or mass momentum than does reason. "Reason has little power over irritability or anxiety, and passion is blind to better judgment." Anger and fear show physical after-effects long after their causes have been removed. Weeping as a counter example can be a passive state, a surrender, a sort of gradual relief. The cathartic effect of the illusion can be used in enfilony just as tension can build, and or be annihilated with laughter. Fatigue as Maxwell describes it comes more from the recalling of one's wandering thoughts than from the generation of new ones.

It is true that "anxiety can be aroused by any drive state". People who are anxious perform learning tasks differently, and up to a point, better than those who are typically more relaxed (Wesley 1953). Orderliness of the array of stimuli presented to the subjects can influence their learning rate of the concepts I wish to impart. Subjects working with an orderly layout in the Bruner study (1957) took forty percent fewer trials to learn than those learning through the random condition. I do not pretend that any of these studies directly applies to what I am trying to do, but only that they contain "hints" for the carrying out of my concepts. We all have a hierarchy of associations for a given stimulus, and I can make no absolute guarantees that I have dealt with, for you, the response dominance I thought I was.
According to Bruner and Postman, "The bulk of experimental and clinical evidence points to blockage as the process producing the increase in association time with regards to emotionally charged stimuli." That is, with increase in emotionality of stimuli, "recognition may lead to anxiety and is avoided as long as possible." One of the basic fears with which I will work, and which is crucial to the success of the choral, is man's wish to survive. My problem is to make this fear a palatable phenomenon that will do more than simply frighten people away from the facing of facts. I must appeal to reason, before panic sets in. Emotions can, through the disruption of ongoing behaviour produce new goal directed forms of behaviour. A moderate degree of anxiety can be a positive force in a person, motivating creative responses and personal growth. If we ask ourselves what would make us anxious, then we stumble across some of the potential areas that I can use in an enfilony to create that effect. Doubt thrown upon our intelligence, honesty, or sexuality; an attack on our moral or religious values, a shaking of our faith in our friends and loved ones; or an undermining of our belief in ourselves as worthwhile human beings, all can induce anxiety in us. Though anxiety can be an emotionally arousing condition and anger the intervening emotional state, aggression is only one of the many possible responses that I can stimulate in the audience - Stravinsky certainly did that the night of the famous "riot" at the premier of "Rite of Spring".

Let us now look at some of the general aspects of learning that could take place through the medium of enfilony:

The artist, intent on driving home his message, exaggerates and simplifies - the audience co-operates by filling in the gaps and extending the range of communication. The music code I use must be largely represented in the listener's perceptual organization, or there will be no perception. Retention of a pattern of stimuli is the rule, retention of an isolated stimulus the exception. The mind remembers the note long enough to put it into a musical phrase, if this cannot happen, frustration and confusion are the result - precisely the effect I need to duplicate - as I pit man and his world against one another - and the "skies fall"
all around him. People remember what it is in their own interest to remember and bind their chosen perceptions up with learning, that is with memory. The eye and ear perceive inferential constructs. It is up to me to point these out to the audience. I must make sure that people can spot the coin against the barrage of candy wrappers and bottle caps. Any form of communication involves a certain amount of agreement within a culture as to what symbols mean. This applies in startling measure to visual and auditory communication as well as to print. It is true that within a few hours of the performance, an experimenter would learn that each audience member had remade my work on the sounding board of his own experience; substituting his hows, whys and wherefores for mine. Nevertheless, although I cannot prove it in print, I expect to communicate. No matter how much the mind rearranges an enfilory after the performance, the audience member cannot change the order in which the symbols were presented to him at the performance. It is during those brief seconds between what the mind perceives and what it is willing to accept that I will work my greatest changes. It is precisely because I will be getting around the all-too-predictable "neural wiring" of words that my work may succeed. The "word wires" have been overloaded for generations. The other sensory modalities do not have centuries of recorded use behind them, and their surfaces are yet unscratched.

It is an ancient maxim that the subject who is aware can never become the object of his awareness. My experience in writing a work can never be the same as that of the audience who views it. The rates of their conditioning and adaptation, however, are determined by the proportion of relevant cues I give them. In other words their learning processes will proceed more rapidly as the number of valid cues to solution increases and the number of invalid cues decreases. Battig and Bourne (1960) tested subjects using stimulus material having two, four, and six values per dimension. Problem difficulty on the subject's part increased with the number of values per dimension. Performance got worse as the number of irrelevant dimensions increased, regardless of the amount of intradimensional variability. As relevant redundancy increased, however, performance improved. The provision of more bases on which a problem could be solved, simply hastened the attainment of solution.
Irrelevant redundancy interfered with performance. Underwood notes that the closer together in time instances of a given concept occur, the more rapid will be the formation or identification of that concept. I must be careful that in addition to not overwhelming people with concept instances, I do not take the pleasure out of intrinsically motivated cognitive processes by making them completely means to an extrinsic end.

The object of the exercise is to affect homeostasis and redirect "drive". By "drive" I mean the internal process that goads a person into action. Drive may be influenced by the environment, but the drive itself is internal. A considerable amount of evidence now suggests that increasing a drive up to a certain point facilitates behaviour, but extreme degrees of drive may actually result in deterioration. This effect may be due to physical weakening, the emergence of irrelevant and interfering responses, or the induction of an emotional state.

One of the things in the "sham" culture of today that I have observed other composers ignore, just as the mass media do, is that man is not necessarily a passive victim of his history and his environment; he is capable of conceiving great plans and molding the world to them, he needs but to be challenged. The Lews and Duncan "slot machine" studies show us responding to challenge, all down the ladder. The experimenters found that the smaller the percentage of intermittent reinforcement during the training period (fewer payoffs) the longer the subject persisted in pulling the handle after no further discs were forthcoming from the machine.

I have not mentioned the particularly Canadian problems of multiculturalism and bilingualism, and cultural domination by others, that I must address as a Canadian composer, but suffice it to say that a great deal of artistic effort will be expended along these lines - in the interest of awakening a greater Canadian consciousness and enlightened self interest.

This country, and these people too have a great rage to live.
LIST OF REFERENCES

7. Sessions, R., op. cit.

