



“BLUE” GENE TYRANNY

THE SOMEWHERE SONGS  
THE INVENTION OF MEMORY  
THOMAS BUCKNER · VOICE

## The Somewhere Songs (1987 - 2001)

The three “Somewhere” songs tell the story of a friendship tested under unusual circumstances. The first song “Somewhere in Arizona 1970” (1987), with a text based upon a hypnotic regression conducted by psychologist Bernhold Schwartz, is related in the voice of an Officer (service unspecified) who is approached by his longtime buddy who offers to take him to a secret underground base where UFOs have been stored since 1904. The Officer suspects that he is being set up to spread disinformation. The images in the second song, “Somewhere in Search of Heaven A.D. 999” (1999) are from Zoroaster worship and from rumors and myths that surrounded Pope Sylvester II at the turn of the previous millennium. Popularly called Gerbert (in the French pronunciation), he was said to have studied sorcery and to have been historically one of the first persons to bring Eastern knowledge to Europe during the so-called Dark Ages. The Officer’s dream parallels the Pope’s situation with his friend. The Officer’s intimate thoughts are heard in the third song as he drives toward a truck stop in the desert to meet up again with his friend. Because of a recent experience, the Officer has a better understanding of what his friend was trying to show him. Given their deep friendship that has no goal, nothing more needs to be said.

[12] IX. NOW PLUS ONE - 3:26

His book was found, apparently abandoned, in a lost and found where the train leaves late at night. A note written in the margin provides a clue to where he might have gone. Quote: How does the cactus remember to grow? What is a memory? How can we know? The spontaneous recurs untamed and what we call God cannot be named.

Now. See you there / then.

### THE SOMEWHERE SONGS

Thomas Buckner baritone voice · Peter Gordon sax wild tracks.

Environmental and electronic sounds recorded and mixed by BGT.

Vocal recording and final mix by Tom Hamilton. Recorded at Systems II, Brooklyn, NY.

Excerpt from BGT’s “Leading A Double Life” (1976), heard in the third song playing on a jukebox in the desert truck stop, was arranged and played by The Ned Sublette.  
Band: Ned Sublette voice · Tim Schellenbaum guitar · Lloyd Maines steel guitar · Tony Garnier bass · Jimmy Daniel drums · Steve Elson sax · Lenny Pickett sax · Stan Harrison sax solo.

### THE INVENTION OF MEMORY

Thomas Buckner baritone voice · Alan Johnson conductor · Conrad Harris first violin · Pauline Kim second violin · Lev Zhurbin viola · Ariane Lallemand violoncello · Jay Elfinbein bass · Luke Winslow-King resonator guitar · BGT piano

Recorded by Mike Marciano at Systems II, Brooklyn, NY. Edited by BGT. Mixed by Tom Hamilton. Cover photographs by Philip Makanna. CD design by carinfortin.com.

He states the premise: all scientists are not spies whereas all spies conduct arcane research as deceptive attribution: Edward Bancroft, friend of Franklin, Ben, British spy, and an expert on tropical plants with associates near Tibet. Colonel Tolstoy, O.S.S. in Tibet, Bahamian sponges. Doctor John Dee, occultist, and “zero zero seven” to the Queen. Ivan Sanderson, cryptozoology, N.I.S., U.F.O.s at the Pentagon. The so-called “bird-watchers”, the “hunters of the Yeti”, “B.B.” senior’s “think tanks” in Dallas, November, Sixty-three (get the picture?)

He writes, now comes the part that can hardly be set to music about the purposeful creation of fear, of enemies, and unending war. Consider the source of the attribution and please be careful (but not too much).

[11] VIII. IF MEMORY SERVES ME WELL (RESCUE THE REJECTED)

- remembering, forgetting / crossfade of camouflage and revelation procedures - 3:50

He writes, what should I remember? And what will we forget? Remember pure air, pure water, the rush of the wind, the warmth of a touch, the joy felt at an honest answer like a breath of fresh air.

The mind is one hundred trillion stars within each shining net, and a sense of presence that we share with those we have not met ... yet. For the future, we rescue our hopes like a world without poverty, Dr. King’s dream. We will rescue goodwill. In linear, atomic time, some day you’ll be in heaven. In omnipresent, light-filled time or now, heaven is within and without.

To paraphrase Audrey Hepburn: “For beautiful lips, speak words of kindness, for lovely eyes, seek out the good. People need to be restored, to be renewed, to be revived, to be reclaimed” ... restored, renewed, revived, reclaimed ... unquote, and often simply left alone to just listen, to just breathe, to just consider, to just ...

[1] SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA 1970 (1987) 10:04

I met a friend of mine, who shall remain nameless. This happened years ago. I was with military intelligence in Arizona. I mentioned some experiences I had had overseas, and somehow the subject of UFOs came up and he said “Well, would you like to see some aliens?” I said, “You must be joking” and he said, “That’s fair to say, now get in the car.” We drove on a highway over the base onto a dusty road. Chamiza and sage, flattened by the headlights, hiding barbed wire over grazing land. After a turn, we went underground. I doubt if I could ever find that place again. I’ll tell you the best that I can. Remember I doubted what I saw. The craft was cordoned off by yellow hemp rope. Everywhere you looked you got the impression that something was underneath. Twenty feet across, inside the craft, I saw symbols, switches ‘n’ lights, and something like a screen seven feet high and four feet around, beautiful gold and a green that wasn’t green. He knew how to open and close the door, but he wouldn’t tell me about it. He said, “Right now we’re nowhere and it’s just

before dawn when Mayans wait for the morning star.” Tear - (you would think somewhere beneath). Tear - (underneath all of this). Tear - tear-shaped were their eyes. See (beneath the everyday life). See (something else is going on). Their eyes; if you touched them they would break. I wondered if I was set up to sow disbelief among the crowd. In that light, it does make sense ‘cause we drove on a highway underground and no one was there. There were five of them, and they were very, very pale. They had no hair, no ears, no nostrils, the mouth was very small. There were three males, two females, the largest of them was three-and-a-half feet tall. He told me from a study of the brain, they estimated one was two hundred years old. In their seats of a dull bronze metal not cold to the touch, the crew had died. As the craft slowly descended in a falling leaf motion and settled in the desert. There were others from long ago. Back to nineteen-o-four. He and I go back a long way, too. I was scared and I wanted out. I had no right to be there. I said, “Friend, you know that we go back a

long time, but I don't want to understand any more 'cause you get in and you don't get out. And right now you value security above everything, even one hell of

a friendship." He said, "It's almost dawn. We have, still, a long way to go. Buried in the sand, this craft was not damaged. And hidden in time, unharmed are you and I."

[2] SOMEWHERE IN SEARCH OF HEAVEN, A.D. 999 (1999) - 8:24

I left my friend in Arizona, his secrets underground. With outstretched arm I point to stars of acetylene flame in the vault of blue heaven. I have the same dream, night after night. Light on a temple wall, red, yellow, white, green and blue. An illusion like the vault of heaven. Cautes and Cautopates, two friends guard the archway. Morning and Evening, Spring and Autumn, the soul's entrance through the North, and its exit to the South. They guide crayfish, lilies and washerwomen, pine trees and watchmen of the night. My friend and I are like these two. Bread and wine, body and the blood, years before Jesus. My soul ascends to the Campus Martius. "Percute hic", strike here, written on the statue whose outstretched arm casts a shadow others do not see. At midnight we strike where the sun casts a shadow the earth opens. A golden stairway bright as sunlight leads to a hall. A golden king and a

golden queen served a feast of gold. My friend takes a golden knife, a golden boy comes to life! His arrow shatters the light. The walls begin to shake. In darkness we race through the pale moonlight. The golden room was not heaven, for heaven is not gold. I know this in my heart. I am Gerbert, the son of a nobleman, and student of Praeposius. I fled through the night with his secret book, and slept under bridges to hide from the stars.

The ravens are watching. They are thought and memory. But magic was not heaven. Today is New Year's Eve, A. D., Nine hundred ninety-nine. I am the pope, Sylvester, number two. In search of heaven I brought numbers from the East, the abacus, the astrolabe. I wrote music in a new way. "Te Deum laudamus", the choir sing like angels. "Te Deum laudamus" their praise resounds. Now we fear the end is near, confused by the signs. I feel like a

your soul.

Our slow turtle love, our beached whale love, our lonely truck stop love, our kind of love. Our special love. Our kind of love.

[9] VI. HER NAME WAS ... WAIT A MINUTE

- blocking / slow hesitation dance - 5:47

Now. Now. Now. Now. Now.

In many cultures people change their names at different stages in their lives. Like everything else, that concept has its pluses and minuses. For example, I'm trying to recall her new name, while feeling the beauty of time as Nature working itself out. One special tempo for each emotion.

Ask the questions: Where was I when my mother said, I wouldn't have known him if he hadn't spoken? And, why after all those letters, didn't I recognize him passing by? And, when I feel afraid why do I seem to forget everything I know? And, though I've been there many times, I know her vocation but forgot her location. He writes, a lapse in retrieving a name, a face, is funny, and a stark introduction to the shadows. (To the Fata Morgana of the mind.) But when you think back to your last encounter, her name returns. That's all he wrote.

Now, okay, her name is ... ah, wait a minute.

[10] VII. YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE (STOP THE UNENDING WAR)

- attribution / the song modulated by its internal voice - 6:01

My picture never fit your frame. Maybe you had better start again. Attribution. An old Tibetan waiter said, "You've been here before". A haunting attribution. That certain look you gave me said we have been here before. Such a kind attribution. A hidden planet is discovered through its neighbor's motion, like attribution reveals unsuspected feeling. Forbidden love, a rope, a tree, "they're all like that ... not good like me", unquote: that's a deadly attribution that some day we shall overcome.

stars at night. Solitude. Enfolded hands in almost-prayer and deep breath unite your body. A sound from outside. The air clears. Redemption.

Night turns into dawn, and, well, I feel you calling me; not by moonlight, only by the light in your ... well, you know the song. Once touched always in touch. I reached for the phone, it rang. How could we have the same idea at the same time?

Fifty-two and fourteen, fifty-three, eleven, and fifty-five, nine, fifty, sixteen, then sixty-one, three and sixty, six, fifty-eight, eight, sixty-three, one, then four, sixty-two, five, fifty-nine, seven, fifty-seven, two, sixty-four, then thirteen, fifty-one, twelve, fifty-four, then, fifty-six, fifteen, forty-nine, then twenty, forty-six, twenty-one, forty-three and twenty-three, forty-one, eighteen, forty-eight, then twenty-nine, thirty-five, twenty-eight, thirty-eight, twenty-six, forty, thirty-one, thirty-three, thirty-six, thirty, thirty-seven, and so on to the sum, two hundred-sixty everywhere ... I hear you calling me.

[8] V. DON'T FORGET (OUR STRANGE LOVE)

- absentmindedness / drone with internal motion - 5:03

Every night we drift away while at rest a sleeping beauty, the mind in camouflage, re-shuffles the cards and brings sweet expectation. When I walked into your room, I forgot why I was there. I turned to speak to you but you're no longer here.

Fire spreads from tree to tree. Save one leaf, you change the weather. The universe creates itself without beginning or end, and, for want of a better word, memory is part of that dream.

Got your call, fifteen to three. The Palisades, just you and me. Circled the date, yet by sheer luck, picked you up in the pickup truck. (Chorus) O sweet liberty! They won't just let us be. But I won't forget. Those have been my words since the day that we met.

Got your call. You're back in town. The sum of us. Let your hair hang down. You always know the way I feel. Now where'd I park that automobile? (Chorus)

Billions in the world are searching, different thoughts on their minds. Memory as a concept invented to react to life's changes may free or bind the living diamond that is

thief. I want to take them out to see the stars! "Te Deum laudamus" for boredom, for change. I raise my hands. The crowd expects the end. The bells ring, we are unchanged. I awaken. The images quickly fade. I doubt that Gerbert ever dreamt what I dream. About heaven, heaven on

earth where friends accept you as you are. Still I pray: Ä-woon d'wäsh-ma-yä : Our Maker in heaven eveywhere. Wäsh-wok-lan kho-bain äi-kennä däp-khä-nän sh-wäk-en el-khä-yä-uen. Forgive us our reasons just like we forgive. (Oh, God ...)

[3] SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE RED CIRCLE (2001) - 6:01

Listen, he said they wanted to know if I could keep a secret. I said, sometimes a beavertail is just a desert cactus, who needs more secrets? We agreed to meet at a truck stop in the desert. His image of me, my image of him are a curse we have to remove. Thank God, this road ends soon. That dream. That dream. The pope took his friend the thief underground, in that dream. And in my lifetime, some friends lose touch like Andromeda sailing away. But we share in a presence that is everywhere. I believe him now. Last year I was awakened in the middle of the night. They said something had landed. I told them to leave me alone. But just like in a waking dream, I barreled out at the end of a runway. There I saw the object inside a red circle. A scalar physics weapon? No, I don't think so.

There were sounds like crickets and the crushing of aluminum cans. It was alive! A glowing mass of plasma in blue, green, red, and white. Then, without a sound, it flew away and was gone. There's some trouble with the map. Four bends in the road, seven twenty degrees in half-spin mode, to get back right. In remote vision, I see the truck stop, the pinball machines, the rooms filled with dreamers. That old song on the jukebox. He sings about a double life. The most irresistible force in my world gently moves me on. Thank God, I'll be there soon.

*Note: Approximately 6 lines are quoted by permission from Berthold E. Schwartz's "UFO Dynamics, Vol. 2" in Songs 1 and 3. The Aramaic version of The Lord's Prayer in Song 2 is traditional.*

## The Invention of Memory (2003)

While reading about the physiology of the brain and human behavior, I was struck by parallels between the way people have described forms of memory and certain musical procedures, both traditional ones and a few invented for my own pieces. This thought created a strange sensation in me - something about the true nature of music. This composition was written to research that thought. For each of the nine movements, musical material heard in an initial Song is scanned to describe a specific type of memory and its parallel musical procedure -- eg., "IV. I Felt You Calling Me, cryptoamnesia / inexact imitation" in which an inexact canon between the singer and the cellist imitates the way that a person may innocently repeat an idea, or joke heard the previous day as his own, having forgotten the real source. Happens all the time. A "missing persons" story weaves throughout this piece, its plain lyrical discourse style recalling ancient information exchanges (teaching, balladeering) found throughout the world.

### [4] I. NOW MINUS ONE

- the song to be scanned (piano solo) 1:13

### [5] II. WHAT I FEEL NOW

- hindsight / passacaglia - 2:36

I read his book "The Invention of Memory". Words on a page readjustable in tone. Seven ideas with examples and imagery remind me of the past, of the times we had known. He writes, what I feel now I've always felt are the words carved in stone for the one to whom Then matches Now. But if he knew it all along, how did he wind up in those shoes?

The phone rings, while I read ... on the left, lies the drone, an involuntary interpreter. To the mind's right, intentional single moments in single tones. The phone rings. His words fade. If the oldest music is the movement of the mind, then what I feel now, I've never felt before. The phone rings. The phone rings. Seven times, four times.

### [6] III. I CAN'T GET YOU OUT OF MY MIND (AND I DON'T WANT TO)

- persistence / melodic transfers within a closed loop - 3:10

Who am I to say? Maybe he had always felt that way. Help those children born to bear our memories. When you touched my hand, suddenly I knew that I had always loved you. Stuck in the past, my present seemed detached. Now I'm back and I can't get you out of my mind, out of my heart, and I don't want to.

### [7] IV. I FELT YOU CALLING ME

- cryptoamnesia / inexact imitation - 3:49

He writes, I sat alone. One tune dissolved into another. Dawn light changed to the rudeness of noon. It's challenging to meditate in this anxious coordination. Burning



RECORDED BY MIKE MARCIANO AT SYSTEMS II, BROOKLYN, NY  
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## THE SOMEWHERE SONGS

FOR BARITONE, ENVIRONMENTAL AND ELECTRONIC SOUNDS

THOMAS BUCKNER BARITONE VOICE

PETER GORDON · SAX WILD TRACKS

ENVIRONMENTAL AND ELECTRONIC SOUNDS RECORDED AND MIXED BY BGT. VOCAL RECORDING AND FINAL MIX BY TOM HAMILTON. RECORDED AT SYSTEMS II, BROOKLYN, NY

## THE INVENTION OF MEMORY

FOR BARITONE, STRING ENSEMBLE, GUITAR, AND PIANO

THOMAS BUCKNER BARITONE VOICE

ALAN JOHNSON · CONDUCTOR

CONRAD HARRIS · FIRST VIOLIN

PAULINE KIM · SECOND VIOLIN

LEV ZHURBIN · VIOLA

ARIANE LALLEMAND · VIOLONCELLO

JAY ELFINBEIN · BASS

LUKE WINSLOW-KING · RESONATOR GUITAR

BGT · PIANO

EXCERPT FROM BGT'S "LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE" (1976), HEARD IN THE THIRD SONG PLAYING ON A JUKEBOX IN THE DESERT TRUCK STOP, WAS ARRANGED AND PLAYED BY THE NED SUBLETTE BAND: NED SUBLETTE, VOICE, TIM SCHELLENBAUM, GUITAR, LLOYD MAINES, STEEL GUITAR, TONY GARNIER, BASS, JIMMY DANIEL, DRUMS, STEVE ELSON, SAX, LENNY PICKETT, SAX, STAN HARRISON, SAX SOLO.

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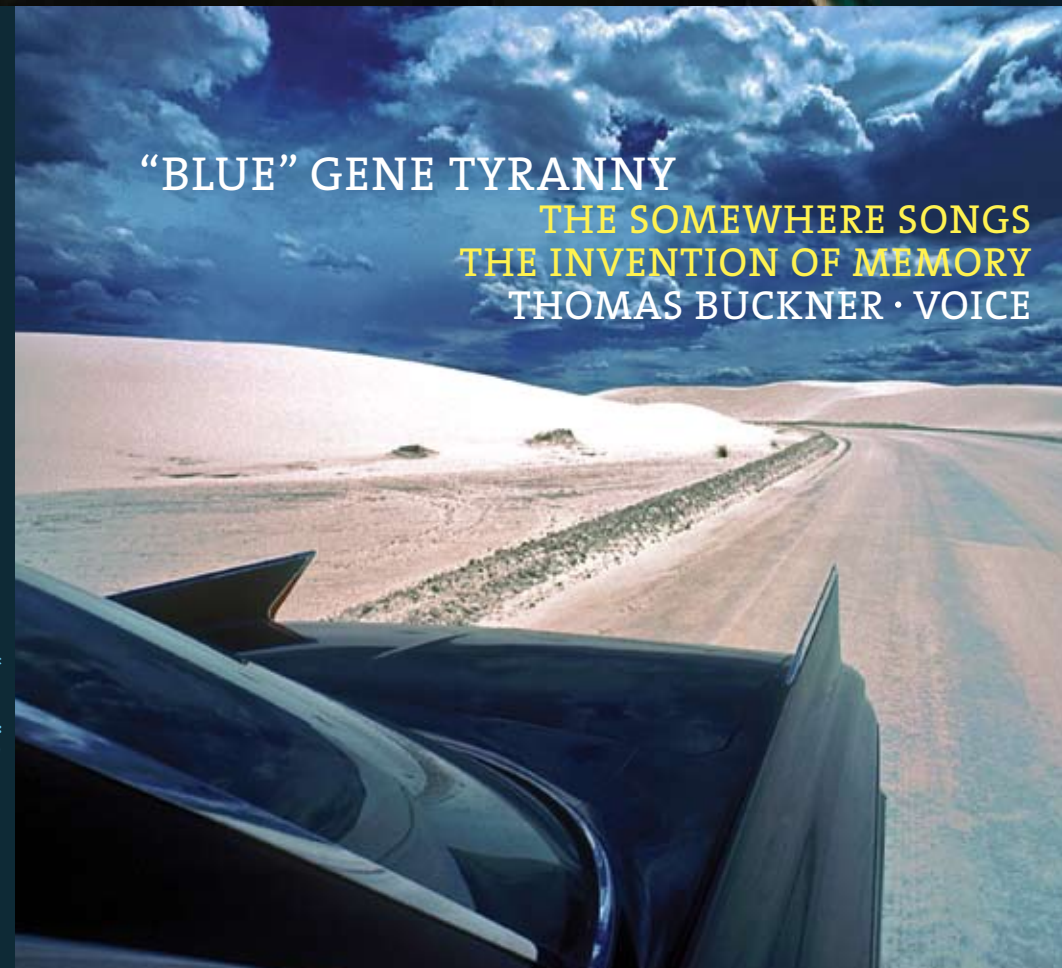
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