

PRISMA:
BOOK *of*
MOVES

a suite for theatrical quartet (2021)

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A NOTE

This suite is to be performed by a theatrical quartet, a group familiar with music performance as well as theatrical music, theater, and/or dance. This piece should include instruments, and can include any instruments that can be set up on stage and played at will, more or less with the hands. Set them about the stage like a cornucopia of instruments for any member to play on.

Instruments should be multiple to a person, and placed around the stage conveniently. While there are hardly any directions to play an instrument, there is nonetheless an opportunity to do so within almost every textual indication. Performance time is around 30 to 40 minutes.

As an added layer of theatricality, members are acting as themselves, who have just received this mysterious score and were thrust upon stage to play it. It seems, as the members play on, that the score has a mind of its own.

INTRODUCTIONS

immediately after walking onstage:
do not bow. motion to bow, then stop,
mouth agape, expression shocked
and ever lifeless. do not dip your
head. stare through the audience,
past the point of discomfort.

relax. breathe. in. out.

in. out.

inout.

inoutinoutinoutinoutinoutiiiiiiiiiiin.

and oooooouuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuut.

GROUPTHINK

Stomp your feet and clap your hands.

c'mon, let's do a little dance, now!

Stop! Who said you could dance?!

This music is to be revered, not
tarnished with unnecessary
m o v v e e m m e n n t t s s s .

Go about the stage and think
about things. About sound. Go
and experiment with the timbre
of an instrument as penance.

*someone gets a little too into the
analysis and gets groovy*

six swings swtich sing witch
sin nix sitches wing stitches
britches brits bring brat bratchet
bratsche bringer singer sling
her scurvy topsy turvy swerve
he serve he curvy cure we
you're the lure the lurid leery leeming
scheming schema dream-ah team
uh deem dean dan done dun dun
dun foo fum for fun stun stuck stick six

moving as slowly as possible, walk
around the stage analysizing areas
you have never taken into account
before...

*...the group then makes music out of
the turning of the pages of this booklet.*



create noise, run around, howl at
the moon (or any light source), and
generally, do anything to grow more
intense...

*...the group instead falls back upon
standard notions of musical intensity,
wary to anger the audience and the
composer, as well as the music itself.
the score was, indeed, very angry.*

*the group stops, affixed, each like
marionnettes with strings twisted,
their visages in knots. they try to
look to each other but can only
move their eyes.*

*they walk together to form a circle,
hopelessly fighting against every step.*

MONOCRHOMES I

*all members but one
collapse onto the stage.
the standing player has free reign
to do what they please (within
some sort of reason) on stage.*

*play a solo, punch the air, show us
your personality, then tag another
soloist. give us all you've got!*

MONOCHROMES II, III, & IV

as you tag the next soloist, grab
each others forearms, and collapse
as they stand up, taking their place.

*this continues until all four players
have had their dominion over the
stage.*

WIDE GAMUT

Improvise again, continuing your earlier solo on top of every other player.

The players quickly realise this will not work, motioning to the audience to forgive them for a momentary lapse in the flow of the production.

Each player tempers their musical choices to cater to the balance of the group. Hesitantly, each player joins in the music-making, creating a groovy remnant of their earlier attempt.

They all come to a halt when one player stops after dropping their music with a vicious page turn. In a sign of solidarity (as if to say “see! nothing will happen to us if we mess up the music”), the remaining players drop their music one by one.

MYOPIA

*The group makes music out
of throwing and trashing this
score against the ground.*

*The group becomes more and
more attracted to the ground.
The score is very, very angry.
As the music continues and the
destruction toward the score
becomes near fatal, the life forces of
the performers seem to fade as well.*

*Some players are on their knees,
some laying down on the ground, all
too weak to be upright at the moment,
all now focused on unraveling the
scores from their binding. It seems
they are linked to each score, and as
the pages of the scores go loose, the
members collapse for good.*

BLACKOUT