

ca. 6 minutes

c kaczor

secondhand smoke

*a study in sympathetic vibrations
for solo viola*

2017

Secondhand Smoke

(c) c kaczor 2016

I will walk with you to the corner store while you buy your whiskey and cigarettes.

It's late
but I've always been the type to tag along,
outwardly, to appear to be the kind of friend who isn't bothered by anything
and, inwardly, because I know you'll let me have some.
Drinking, smoking—acts of camaraderie where persons agree to support one another
in their slow suicides, laughing along the way.

It's always a good time with you. That's another reason I don't mind.
After all, the most beautiful time of day is between 3am and 5am—
you know—
the time period when the world, and even the voices in my head go quiet.
We could listen to music—
any kind, really,
because the whiskey makes me easier to be around—
or we could sit just as quietly as the world and my mind, sharing an intimacy
greater than I have ever experienced with anyone who's claimed to have made love to me.

Days and weeks and even months will pass—the same old thing...
watching the sun kiss the grey,
sometimes sitting too close,
relaxing into limbo,
going nowhere and being okay with it all.

We discuss our dreams, our frustrations, our fears.
Sometimes my monsters come out but you calm them and send them to back to bed.

We stay up to make sure they sleep well.

You are my guardian angel and I'm here to remind you that all the broken,
softened parts of you were once cohesive and pointed toward Nashville.
It's a good arrangement, I think.
But we will keep sitting here with my monsters and your ex-girlfriends
and watch the sun come up, assuring one another that we get another chance with this new day,
and that we will see each other later tonight, when I will walk you back to the corner store
for whiskey and cigarettes.

I do all of this knowing fully that some day we will gear up for our walk,
and at some point on the way home the emptiness will finally hit us.

It will hit me like a stupor.

I will freeze the way I always have
and then slowly attempt to catch up to you but I will be too tired to make it.

You will keep walking,
talking to yourself,
so deep in your own mind that I won't be missed.

And as usual, I won't be missed. It seems to happen that way.

In the spirit of what I set out to do
I will slowly walk a few blocks behind you
just to breathe in your secondhand smoke.

*Accents denote heavy bow pressure and a long stroke so as to make the notes on the lower ossia staff resonate.

secondhand smoke

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♩=52, but overall very free

The musical score is written for Viola and Sympathetically Sounding Pitch (Open Strings). It consists of four systems of music, each with a Viola staff and an Open Strings staff. The tempo is marked as ♩=52, but overall very free. The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (mf, mp, f), articulation (accents, slurs), and performance instructions (Sul G, jete, struggle, slide, sul pont, ord.). The time signatures change throughout the piece: 5/4, 3/4, 4/4, 5/4, 5/4, 4/4, 2/4, 4/4, 3/4, 2/4, 2/4, 4/4, 5/4, 2/4, 2/4, 4/4, 3/4, 4/4. The score is marked with measures 5, 11, and 16.

22 **4/4** **Sul G** *with motion* **3/4** **Sul D** *agitate and attack* **7/8**

mp *f*

26 **7/8** **4/4** **Sul D** *faster...* *slow down; heavier*

mf

30 **Sul D** *sul pont* **Sul A** *ord.* **Sul D**

f

35 *rit.* *free* **2/4** **Sul A** **3/4** *heavy* **4/4** **p** **♩=100**

p

40 *pizz. ord.* *jete* **3/4** **2/4** *pizz.* **4/4**

f *mp* *f* *subp* *mf*

44 $\frac{4}{4}$ arco $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ pizz. arco
p *mp* *mf*

48 *p* *f*

51 *p* *ff* *pp* *f* *mp*

57 *mf* *f* hack away

62 arco pizz. arco $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ *ff* *mp* *mf* *f*

67 $\frac{4}{4}$ *more and more brutal*

mp

75 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ *more and more bow pressure; scratch, work for subharmonic*

ff *fff* [max vol.]

Sul D $\text{♩} = 72$, free but with motion

81 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$

p \triangleright *n* *mp*

87 $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ *roll over the bridge*

f

90 *light, airy*

mp *ff* *mp*

92 $\frac{4}{4}$

ff *p* *fff* *pp* *n*

rit.

very slow and free

5

93 $\frac{4}{4}$

mp *p* *mf*

Sul G
jete

$\frac{2}{4}$

97 $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ sloppy and faster

n

10-15"
slowly detune C string
and fade away to nothing