

THE MAGICIAN'S SECRET

Written for Loadbang and the 2019 Charlotte New Music Festival

Words by Dustin M. Hoffman

Music by Ronald Keith Parks

♩ = 90 even, no metric emphasis *

Bass Clarinet

Trumpet in C

Trombone

Baritone

How many were killed for the magician's se-cret?

ppp

ppp

ppp

p Even and chant-like throughout.

One hun-dred for -ty -se -ven thou -sand,

6

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

nine hun-dred and two hu-mans mur-dered each o-ther for the se-cret. The num-ber ris-es

* Bar lines are for ensemble coordination only.

Text in boxes are spoken. Tone of voice should generally follow dynamics. While gradually increasing in intensity up to measure 150, delivery should never reach the level of shouting. Text spoken by two or more voices should be asynchronous.

9

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

dai - ly. Two hun-dred six - ty - two thou-sand,

How is the secret kept?

13

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

one hun-dred for - ty - two sen-tinels guard the ma-gi-cian's se-cret, scribed up-on a leath-ered ele-

16

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

phant ear, inked with bi-o - lu - mi - nes-cent squid blood. The ma - gi - cian's neck was then slit by

19

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

a guard who stowed the se - cret in an adaman - tine box and de - liv - ered

21

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

it to a moun-tain. This guard and his lo-ver pro-TECT the box. Four more guards all al-so

24

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

lo-vers locked the cou-ple in-side a ti-ta-ni-um vault. Eight guards guard a larg-er steel vault.

27

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

Six-teen an iron vault. Thir - ty - two guard a bam - boo cage. Six - ty - four in - ter - lock arms to

30

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

block the moun - tain path. And on thus - ly un - til we reach the love -

32

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

ppp

ppp

ppp

sick sol - diers who cir - cle the shores sur - round - ing the is - land hous - ing

34

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

pp

pp

pp

the moun - tain that swal - lowed so ma - ny lov - ers and one se - cret.

What is the secret?

37

B. Cl. *pp*

C Tpt. *pp*

Tbn. *pp*

B

Who was the magician?

We can't be tricked.

He har-bored an affin-i-ty for

41

B. Cl. *pp*

C Tpt. *pp*

Tbn.

B

tan-ger-ines. He suf-fered from methe-mo-glob-ine-mia that tint-ed his skin sky blue. He loved his

44

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

pp *p* *p*

moth-er, grew bored of his fa - ther's shout-ing.

His-to-ri - ans sus-pect a J

What was his name?

48

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

in - volved. Lin - guists have ar - gued o - ver a sa - cred schwa or a

50

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

pp

pp

pp

ho - ly diph - thong. Philoso-phers de - mand his name is mere dis - trac - tion.

52

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

Are there other secrets?

p

p

p

Why this secret?

On - ly the se - cret mat-ters. None as im - por - tant. _____

57

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

All ex - pe - ri - enced it on the Day of Wit - ness, af - ter the vid - e - o im - preg - nat - ed eve -

60

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

ry screen. Some of us kneeled at the spot where we watched and wept for

62

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

days. Oth-ers, most of us, couldn't han-dle the mir-a-cle and stuffed our ears with grass,sealed

65

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

our eyes with ep - ox - y, stitched our lips with nee - dle and thread.

67

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

pp

We couldn't imag - ine lives spent wit - ness - ing less - er mir - a - cles.

69

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

Yet you don't remember his name?

mp

The world's pop - u - la - tion frac - tioned. We re - mem - ber the ma - gi - cian's

72

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

mp

mp

mp

tux - e - do, cheap, a yel - low - ish stain on his chest. We re - mem - ber his as - sis - tant's white

75

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

feath - er bo - a, her green se - quins. The mag - ic trick in - volved: a horse, a saw, two

78

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

doves, the Em-pire State build-ing, the as-sis-tant's low-er tor - so, a deck of cards with all

81

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

kings re-moved, three py-thons, one white rab-bit, a tank of sea wa-ter con-tain-ing poi-son-

84

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

ous jel - ly - fish and one Ma - ko shark, a red silk ker - chief,

86

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

What is the secret?

and count - less doors that may have been trapped, but we dare not guess.

89

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

mp

We un-der-stand end-less in-quiry. We who have wit-nessed have boun - ti-ful tol-er-ance.

92

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

At least, then, what color is the secret?

pp

pp

pp

mp

Beige. _____ A fine san-dy tex-ture, un-like the coarse bone grinds of the

97

B. Cl. *mp* *mp*

C Tpt. *mp* *mp*

Tbn. *mp*

B

ma - gi - cian's cre - mat - ed re - mains. We've al - rea - dy said too much.

When will the secret be revealed?

And its smell?

101

B. Cl.

C Tpt. *mp*

Tbn. *mp*

B

Con - cern - ing that day and hour, no one knows. Not e - ven the guards. Not e - ven their lo -

104

B. Cl. *mp* *pp*

C Tpt. *pp*

Tbn. *pp*

B *pp*

vers. Stone. Of course.

If the secret could be a stone or smoke?

Does it glow with radiation?

If you could compare it to any intergalactic...

110

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B *mp*

Ask what you tru - ly mean. Ask a bet - ter ques-tion.

What is the secret?

How much does it hurt to be sawed?

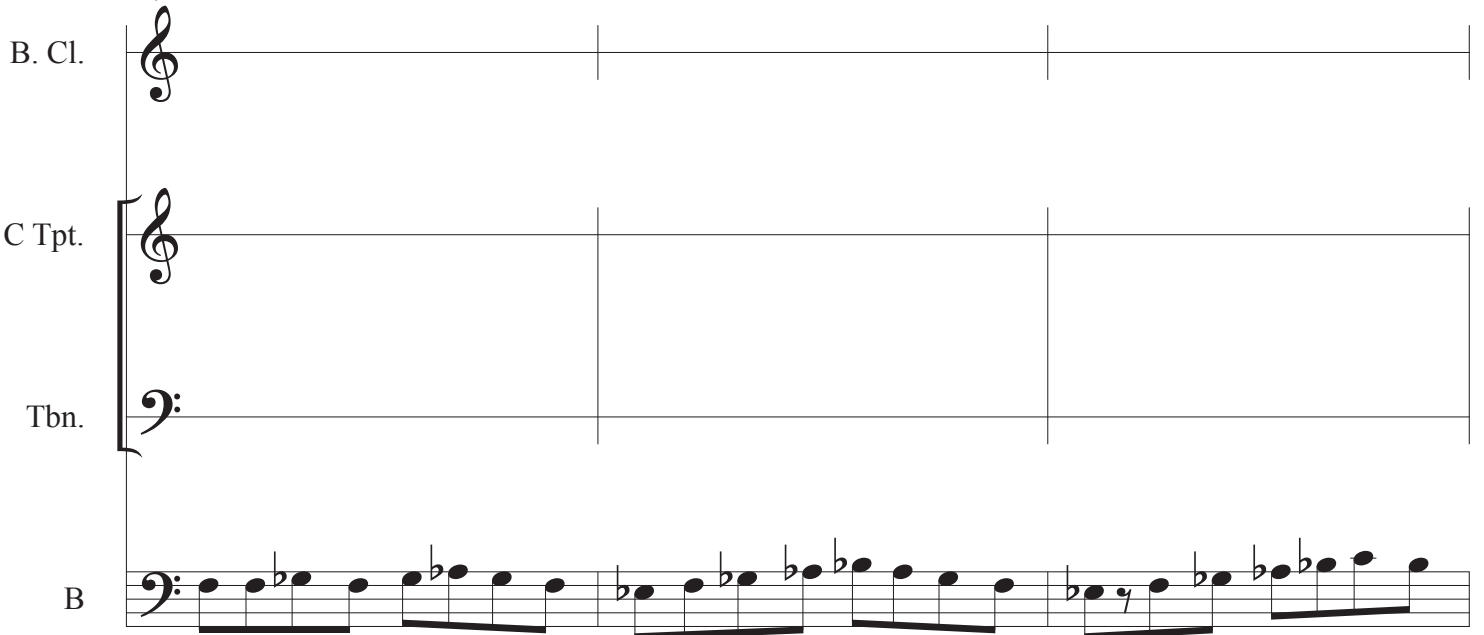
114

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B



The as - sis - tant's di - ary re - veals that on their twen - ti - eth an - niver - sary, she asked on - ly to know.

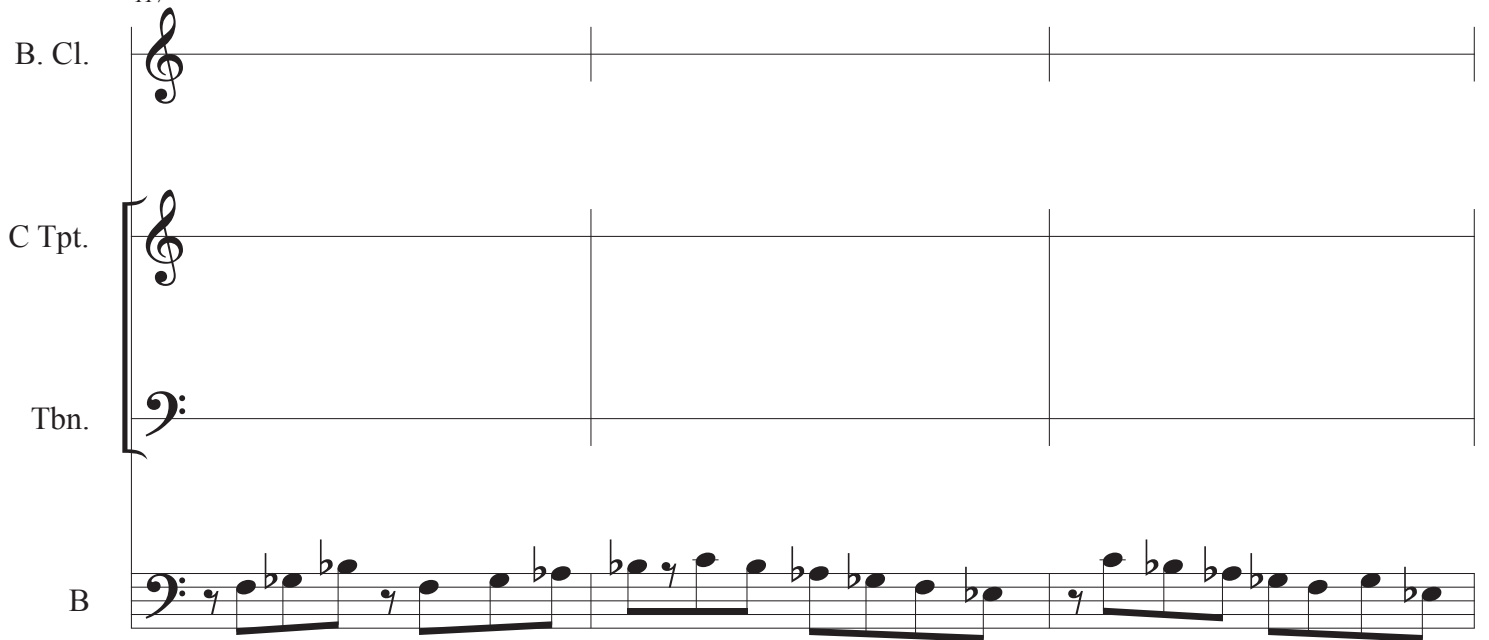
117

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B



He re - fused. Two nights lat - er, at their next per - for - mance, he sawed as he al - ways had.

120

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

mp

mp

mp

For the first time, she felt the steel teeth gnaw in-to skin, ribs, lungs. The crowd watched her

123

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

blood cas - cade a - top the white - mar - ble stage floor. She wit - nessed her -

125

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

self spil-ling. But then he huz - zahed, flipped the box o-pen, and the as-sis-tant found her bo-

128

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

dy un-touched. He swooped her in - to a kiss, and his mouth, she re-ports, tast-ed of blood.

131

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

mp

What is the name of the first Guard's lover?

His name is or was Sal-a-zar. The war-ring sol-diers wear his

135

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

mp

mp

mp

name tat-toed on their left breast. They care noth-ing a-bout the se-cret. We pi-ty them. We

138

B. Cl. What is the secret?

C Tpt. What is the secret?

Tbn. What is the secret?

B

en - vy them. It's been so long. _____

*

142

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

The school-ars have all died. The guards who re - mem - ber what they're guard -

* Text spoken by two or more voices should be asynchronous.

144

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

ing are all dead. Gen-er - a - tions ded-i - cat-ed to for-get - ting have fad - ed to dust. ___

147

B. Cl.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

B

What is the secret?

What is the secret?

mf

mf

mf

mf

But what of all the blood?

Per - haps there nev - er was one. ___

152

B. Cl. *pp* What is the secret? *ppp*

C Tpt. *pp* What is the secret?

Tbn. *pp* What is the secret?

B *pp* *ppp*

Yes, there is al - ways the blood. ____ It stretch-es ten - ta - cles ac - ross

155

B. Cl. What is the secret?

C Tpt. *ppp* What is the secret?

Tbn. *ppp* What is the secret?

B

the night, un-du-lat-ing in sea-foam green. A boy once loved a guard who died

159

B. Cl. What is the secret?

C Tpt. What is the secret?

Tbn. What is the secret?

B

know - ing what could nev - er be known. ____

162

B. Cl. We are asking.


C Tpt. We are asking.


Tbn. We are asking.


B Do you truly want to witness?


On - ly the dead ____ know. ____

167

B. Cl.  And buckets more. Then this will never end.
repeat ad lib,
fade to whisper...

C Tpt.  And buckets more. Then this will never end.
repeat ad lib,
fade to whisper...

Tbn.  And buckets more. Then this will never end.
repeat ad lib,
fade to whisper...

B  Despite all the blood? Then this will never end.
repeat ad lib,
fade to whisper...

Ronald Keith Parks
 April, 2019
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