

After 9-5

for sho and electronics

Francesca Le Lohé

After 9-5 for sho (Japanese mouth organ) & electronics (2020-2021)

Music: Francesca Le Lohé

Words: Charlotte Wührer

Duration: 11 minutes

Premiered by Atsumi Kojima (sho) as part of "Assorted Sounds" at OTOOTO, Tokyo, Japan, 13th February 2021

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After 9-5 has been created through an ongoing exchange between London/Tokyo-based composer, Francesca Le Lohé and Berlin-based writer, Charlotte Wührer. The exchange began when Francesca composed a new short work for solo sho in response to Charlotte's fiction work "Nine to Five". Charlotte then wrote new text in response to this music, which was then passed back to Francesca to respond to with more new music and so on. This "back-and-forth" of inspiration culminated in the piece "After 9-5".

This creative partnership led Francesca and Charlotte to co-found the "Sound & Word Network"; an international collective of composers/sound artists and writers/word artists.

www.soundandwordnetwork.com

www.francescalelohe.com

www.charlottewuehrer.com

Text by Charlotte Wührer

Extract from "Nine to Five" (2018)

"It's a bad time for men," he says. "It doesn't matter if you're straight or gay. We're all fucked either way. I'm honestly pretty worried. Look at Harvey Weinstein. How was he to know the goalposts would change? I could be saying something totally harmless one day and have it become a prisonable offence the next. How are men supposed to keep up? Should I even be looking at you right now?"

I keep my face impassive and pretend he's not asked a question. At home, the fire spark of my kitchen thermostat leaps in urgent sporadic flames, roars loud and soft at night like waves washing up and pulling away. *Metoo-metoo*, I fancy it swooshes. "I just want you to be happy," he says then. "We love you, don't we, Simone? Why did we hire her, Simone?" "Because look how cute she is!" That word - as the thermostat clicks and sparks, I dream fiercely I'm on a narrow rickety track, traveling far too fast above topiary and roosting birds in a wooden supermarket trolley with only one wheel. I'm killing it. *Cutecutecutecutecute* it chugs menacingly.

Text written throughout exchange (August – December 2020)

What does this remind you of? He holds you by the shoulder and makes you listen. This time it is not disco and you are relieved. You can't hear the woman moan I love to love you baby one single more time.

It reminds you of playing the smarties tube, blowing saliva bubbles through the soggy cardboard, holes bored with baby-milk-incisors. It's like a game of tug-of-war where no one is winning. It's like disembodied laughter. Like animals and small children running into room corners, hiding under tables, fat fingers pressed to mouths. Everything is all right. The sound is a tickling, a shallow irregular breathing, an inflating with something outside itself like... like... a light lung with air.

You shrug and you say, I don't know I guess it reminds me of like Paris? You notice your voice going up at the end and vow to fix it.

*

The dancers bring you into their dark studio and turn on the lung they made out of shower curtain, melted at points, plastic skin hardened mid-bubble, like screaming it went into the freezer. A ventilator hidden inside is programmed to come on and off at random intervals. It is illuminated by plant grow lights. It breathes slowly and irregularly and lights up the room. You sit around it like it's a campfire. It inhales like the off-kilter rhythm of arrhythmia. It doesn't have a heart, and it is missing a second lung.

*

What does this remind you of?

That's not music, you tell him, and his face flushes a choleric puce as he bangs his fist on the steering wheel.

Not music! he shouts, throttling mauve, swerving. Everything is music!

You're driving through the city you'll one day move to. You don't know that yet. Everything is music. I'm blue daba di daba die versus free jazz. What's free about it, you think. The buildings are taller than at home and it's raining into your heads, which you fill with kebab to soak up the acid.

*

The life rattle of a copper kettle.

The raining of small currency coins.

Your grandmother sneezing.

The mice chewing cables in the walls.

Acupuncture needles.

Follow the piper.

Luke-warm glass noodles.

Catching your funny bone.

Toddler snow suits.

A little death, laughable anticlimax.

Close the sash windows.

After 9-5

Music: Francesca Le Lohé
Text: Charlotte Wuhrer

Aug 2020-Jan 2021

1_StartTextBar1.wav

笙

It's a bad time for men..... At home, the fire spark of my kitchen thermostat

RESPONSE 1(sho solo)

*Sho enters at
"leaps in urgent sporadic flames"*

笙

2 $\text{♩} = 88$ K*

mf > ff sub.p < mf > sub.f p f mp >

笙

5 intermittent trill:
F# only $\text{♩} = 72$

ff mf > ff p < mf p

笙

8 K

fp < f mp > f sub.p

笙

13 shake the instrument shake etc

f ff p mf p

笙

15 $\text{♩} = 88$ Quicker rall. intermittent trill: E

mf > ff mf > f p f p

*Use a voiceless 'K' sound to articulate the start of the note

2

♩ = 60

♩ = 88

18 Suddenly much slower

A tempo

笙

< p > < > < f > < mp > < p >

intermittent trill:
F# only

笙

ff mp f

笙

f mp p

笙

mf f fp

tap quickly

♩ = 108

Markedly quicker

笙

f p mf accel. fp

♩ = 88

intermittent trill: G+C#

笙

mf f ff

♩ = 108

♩ = 88

笙

f

笙

fp mf p

RESPONSE 2, PART 1 (text)

2_Response2Part1_Bar43.wav

3

43



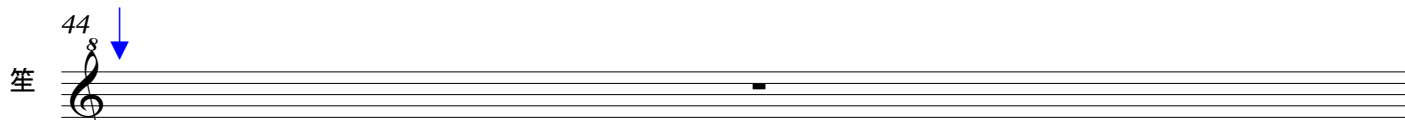
笙

(笙なし)What does this remind you of?....

RESPONSE 2, PART 2 (sho + electro)

3_Response2Part2&Res3.wav

44



笙

電子音が入った後、笙が直ぐに入る

45

♩=120

3回に繰り返し



笙

48

(1回)



笙

50

8秒



笙

51

(1回)



笙

56

15秒



笙

♩=96

58 美 (sounding pitch)

62

65 4回に繰り返す: 最初はできる限り早いからだんだんゆっくりになる (e.g. ♩=60 → ♩=108 まで)

♩=108

(Continue to play this phrase 2-3 times once PART 3 text has entered)

70 4 ~ 5回に繰り返す

RESPONSE 2, PART 3 (recorded voice)


What does this remind you of?....

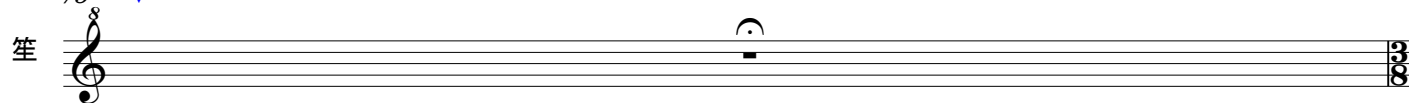
74

RESPONSE 2, PART 4 (sho + electro)

4_Response2Part4Text.wav

5

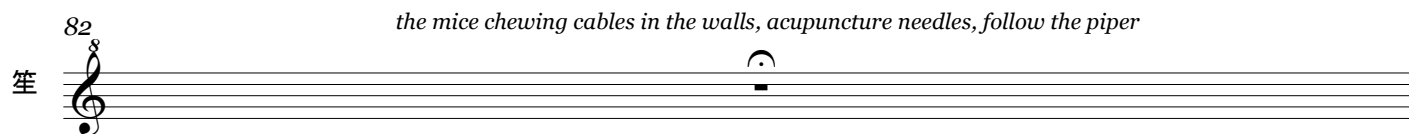
75  *The life rattle of a copper kettle, the raining of small currency coins, your grandmother sneezing*



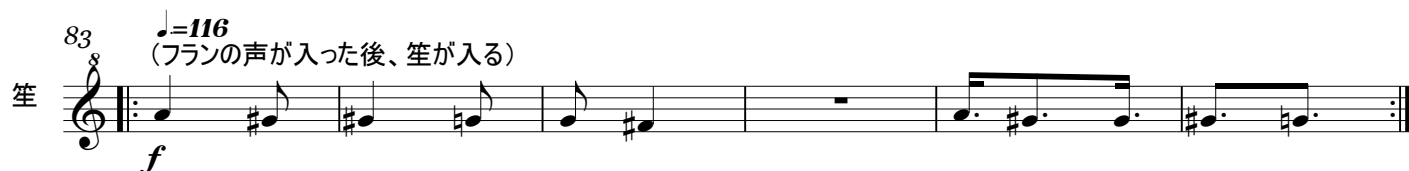
76 $\text{♩} = 88$
(フランの声が入った後、笙が入る)



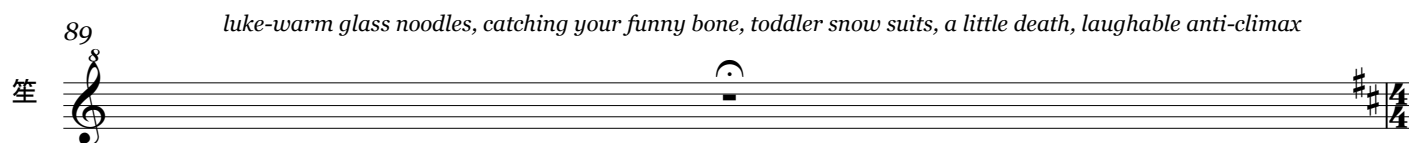
82 *the mice chewing cables in the walls, acupuncture needles, follow the piper*



83 $\text{♩} = 116$
(フランの声が入った後、笙が入る)



89 *luke-warm glass noodles, catching your funny bone, toddler snow suits, a little death, laughable anti-climax*



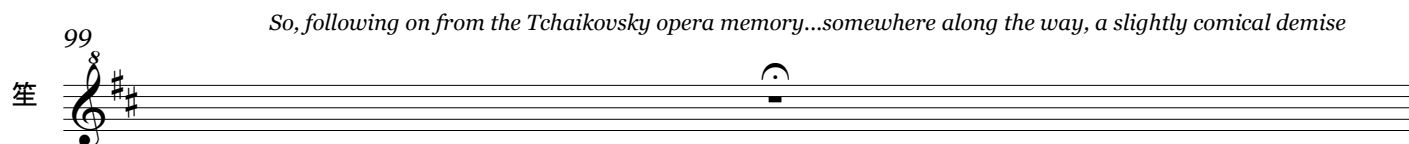
90 $\text{♩} = 84$
(フランの声が入った後、笙が入る)



95



99 *So, following on from the Tchaikovsky opera memory...somewhere along the way, a slightly comical demise*



5_Response2Part4Part2_Bar104.wav

100 フランの声の終わりの方に入る (重ねる)



106 ♩=88

笙

117

笙

130

笙

138

accel.

笙

6_EndSection_Bar152.wav

145 ♩=116
2.LOW

1.FOL
2.THE

笙

155

PI PER

rall.

笙

♩=84

Dまでゆっくりフェード

笙

170

p

笙

フェードアウト