

The Bewitched—A Dance Satire by Harry Partch

Like some other examples of music written for dance, *The Bewitched* lends itself admirably to an audio recording, or even the concert stage. It is music that holds its own in the abstract, as is the case of **Harry Partch**'s entire output, yet it is conceived to be heard, seen, and fully experienced in the context of live mime-dance. Reading Partch's eloquent prose (as well as between the lines) in his original program notes "Notes and Synopsis / The Bewitched" (1957) and "Sixteen years after the premiere of *The Bewitched*" (1973) (part of the liner notes of CRI's recording of *The Bewitched* at that time and reprinted below), it should be clear that Partch's vision for musicians was a completely different "serving of tapioca" than had been previously expected of performing musicians in Western culture. Should the reader fail to suspect something different, I would suggest some research into the role of the musician in ancient Greek theater, Medieval mystery plays, traditional African and Balinese villages, then to come back to Partch and read again.

The Bewitched was Partch's first work solely intended for dance (and mime-dance at that; he was not overly enamored in his lifetime of so-called "modern dance"). Drawing heavily from his deep affection for the music-theatrical performance traditions of Greek theater, as well as those from Africa, Bali, and Chinese opera, Partch conceived of a contemporary American music ritual-theater where musicians not only play, but also function at times as movers-singers-actors. Such is the case of *The Bewitched*, where the instruments are the set, in front of (and around) which dancers "dance," but where the onstage musicians also move and sing. For 1957 this was truly a radical concept. Absolutely no one was ready for it, whether they were the musicians at the University of Illinois (or anywhere) or the leading choreographers of that era. At the time this led to great disappointment and frustration for Partch. He called this the element of "Corporeality" in his music-theater works, and this idea was an integral component of all his works after 1957. Earlier and other works such as *Barstow*, *Plectra & Percussion Dances*, *U.S. Highball*, *Oedipus*, and *Daphne of the Dunes* lend themselves well to this "corporeal" concept today, and any contemporary performance should respect Partch's "corporeal" canon.

Partch was admittedly leery and weary of the conventions of the proscenium stage and over-specialization in the performing arts of Western culture. In excerpts taken from various audio documentaries from the late 1960s and early 1970s Partch declared:

The creative person shows himself naked, and the more vigorous his creative act, the more naked he appears—sometimes totally vulnerable, yet always invulnerable in the sense of his own integrity. I am now sixty-nine as this is being said, and I have been doing my own thing for more than five-and-a-half decades. This thing began with truth, and truth does exist. For some hundreds of years, truth . . . has been hidden—one would say almost maliciously—because truth always threatens the ruling hierarchy, or they think so. Nor does the spiritual corporeal nature of man fare any better. We are reduced to specialties—a theater of dialogue without music, for example—and a concert of music without drama. Basic mutilations of ancient concept! My music is visual—it is corporeal, aural, and visual.

The direction in which I have been going in the past forty-four years has much in common with the activities and actions of primitive man as I imagine him. Primitive man found magical sounds in the materials around him—in a reed, a piece of bamboo, a particular piece of wood held in a certain way, or a skin stretched over a gourd or a tortoise shell—some resonating body. He then proceeded to make the object, the vehicle, the instrument, as visually beautiful as he could. His last step was almost automatic—the metamorphosis of the magical sounds and the visual beauty into something spiritual. They became fused with his everyday words and experience—his ritual, drama, religion—thus lending greater meaning to his life. These acts of primitive man became the trinity of this work—magical sounds, visual form and beauty, experience ritual. Meaningfulness must have roots. It is not enough to feel that one's roots extend back only a decade, or a century. It is my strong belief that the human race has known and abandoned magical sounds, visual beauty, and experience ritual more meaningful than those now current. I must therefore decline to limit the dimensions of my rather intense beliefs by the modernly specialized word "music." I believe devoutly that this specialty must become less specialized for the sake of its own survival. The experiential-ritualistic-dramatic area has constituted a very large part of my beliefs and work.

The vision of player and instrument, together, must be beautiful. Those who play the large instruments especially are very conspicuous in a studio or onstage. Bends, which are frequently necessary in playing should be at the knees. Footwork must be dexterous because of large areas to cover. The musicians must always present pictures of athletic grace. The spatial thing is fantastically important, and also the attitude of the performers, who have now become actors.”

Specialization—a dancer just a dancer, a musician only a musician—is self-defeating, because it denies fulfillment. I want my musicians, at least occasionally, to get out on the stage and become a moving, playing chorus.

I have used the word “ritual” in the (*Bewitched*) program notes and I hope that I am not misleading. Tonight (the premiere of *The Bewitched*, 1957) is just a small beginning, looking toward the kind of theater that I have been involved with in the past (*Oedipus, Plectra & Percussion Dances*), and that I hope to continue to be involved with in the future. I use the word “ritual” and I also use the word “corporeal” to describe music that is neither on the concert stage nor relegated to a pit. In ritual the musicians are seen. Their meaningful movements are part of the act. Collaboration is automatic with everything else that goes on. How could it be otherwise? The various specialists do not come from sealed spheres of purity—pure art, pure music, pure theater, pure dance, pure film. As far as large involvements of music in this modern world are concerned, we have really only two choices. We have the pit, or we have the obsessive formality of the concert stage. If this evening accomplishes nothing else, it will relieve the beautiful (and) rhythmic movements of the musicians from the inhibitory incubus of tight coats and tight shoes.

But in the first *Bewitched* productions of 1957 and 1959 Partch’s manifesto fell on individuals with conceptual inexperience and deaf ears, and naturally so, for the Age of Aquarius was more than a decade in the future. How could choreographers, dancers, and musicians of that era (and before) be otherwise, since they had not the knowledge or experience of ancient Greek, or African and Balinese musicians, all of whom are expected to perform in broader styles of presentation than simply concert music. Subsequent productions of Partch’s works at Illinois, *Revelation in the Courthouse Park* (Jean Cutler) and *Water! Water!* (Jean Cutler) proved to be more successful in his eyes. Through Partch’s presence and wisdom the Illinois students were catching on. Later productions of *The Bewitched* (Johanna Weikel / Mary Lou Blankenberg) and others like *Castor & Pollux* (Virginia Storie / Shela Xoregos / Marta Giacoletti), *Delusion of the Fury* (Virginia Storie), *Daphne of the Dunes* (Susan Long / Marta Giacoletti), *Revelation* (George Faison) again in the seventies and eighties, allowed the Partch manifesto of ritual-theater and corporeality to bloom more fully. While *The Bewitched* is all this, and should be so conceived in any live performance, when it is reduced to an audio recording it measures up as a masterpiece of the craft of Western concert music composition, abstract or otherwise.

In terms of the specific compositional structure of each movement, the cyclical use of thematic material, the *klang* of Asian and African music, and Partch’s stylistic technique as a composer in the Western tradition, this is for the listener to ferret out.

So far *The Bewitched* has been mounted in four different productions—University of Illinois and St. Louis (1957); University of Illinois and New York City (1959); San Diego (San Diego State University and University of California, San Diego), Los Angeles (UCLA), and Palo Alto (1975); and San Diego (SDSU) and The Berlin Festival (1980). The last two productions were performed by the corporeal-inspired San Diego Harry Partch Ensemble. This recording was made on the campus of the University of Illinois in 1957, under the supervision of Harry Partch. —*Danlee Mitchell*

Danlee Mitchell first met Harry Partch at the University of Illinois in 1957, and from that time until Partch’s death in 1974 he became his assistant, ensemble manager, documentarian, and music director, performing and conducting live performances of Partch’s music in New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, San Diego, Portland, and Seattle, at the Aspen Festival, the Berlin Festival, and the University of Illinois, as well as recordings on various labels such as Gate 5, CBS (Sony), Composers Recordings Incorporated (CRI), New World Records, and Tomato.

Notes and Synopsis by Harry Partch

The Bewitched is in the tradition of world-wide ritual theatre. It is the opposite of *specialized*. I conceived and wrote it in California in the period 1952–55, following the several performances of my version of Sophocles' *Oedipus*. In spirit, if not wholly in content, it is a satyr-play. It is a seeking for release—through satire, whimsy, magic, ribaldry—from the catharsis of tragedy. It is an essay toward a miraculous abeyance of civilized rigidity, in the feeling that the modern spirit might thereby find some ancient and magical sense of rebirth. Each of the 12 scenes is a theatrical unfolding of nakedness, a psychological strip-tease, or—a diametric reversal, which has the effect of underlining the complementary character, the strange affinity, of seeming opposites.

Generally, the Witch occupies a throne near the front of the stage, facing the opposite entrance, draped in robes which assume different colors with the changing lights. She is frequently a dark silhouette, creating the illusion of a *presence* which the dancers hear but cannot see. She sits immobile, she stands, she moves rhythmically on the throne. Singing wordlessly in a male and female voice, she occasionally assumes command of her Chorus as ostensible conductor.

The instruments dominate the set. They are on risers of different heights, the risers being connected by a stairway, or a nexus of stairways, which mature into an ascent without evident end, at one of the far corners of the rear. This is a true story. Gravitating to my instruments and to an idea, the “lost musicians” discovered that they were not relegated to a pit, but obligated to fulfill an integral element of ritual, *onstage*, and they did so. From the viewers' standpoint, the dynamism involved in seeing them as a tumultuous part of a modern whole, along with dancers, actors, singers, medicine-men, or whatever, opens a road to the rediscovering of Western man's ancient past and his present brothers.

The original lost musicians were never involved in a formal staging of *The Bewitched*, but I found willing proxies at the University of Illinois, and this was the locale of its debut, at the Festival of Contemporary Arts of 1957.

Argument

We are all bewitched, and mostly by accident: the accident of form, color, and sex; of prejudices conditioned from the cradle on up, of the particular ruts we have found ourselves in or have dug for ourselves because of our individual needs. Those in a long-tenanted rut enjoy larger comforts of mind and body, and as compensation it is given to others who are not so easily domesticated to become mediums for the transmission of perception, more frequently. Among these are the lost musicians. The present-day musician grows up in a half-world between “good” music and “not-so-good” music. Even when he has definitely made his choice between the two, he is still affected by the other, and to that extent he is dichotomous and disoriented. His head is bathed in an ancient light through a Gothic window while his other end swings like a miniature suspension bridge in a cool right-angle gale. The perception of displaced musicians may germinate, evolve, and mature in concert, through a developing at-one-ness, through their beat.

[Track 1] Prologue—The Lost Musicians Mix Magic

The forms of strange instruments are seen on stage. How did they get here? They came on in a dark celestial silence, doing tumbles and handsprings, and for no other purpose than to be discovered by *these* musicians in *this* theater before *this* audience.

One of the musicians gives a low beat, and others swing in, one at a time. They are neolithic primitives in their unspoken acceptance of magic as real, unconsciously reclaiming an all-but-lost value for the exploitation of their perception in an age of scientific hierarchs—a value lost only about a minute ago in relation to that ancient time when the first single cell moved itself in such autoerotic agitation that it split in two. The first animate magic.

In the enveloping ensemble the lost musicians have momentarily found a direction, a long-arm extension of first magic. Their direction becomes a power, and their power a vision: an ancient witch, a prehistoric seer untouched by either gossip or popular malevolence, and with that wonderful power to make others see also. The perceptive Witch corresponds to the Greek oracle, while the Chorus (the orchestra)—like the choruses of ancient tragedy—is a moral instrument under the power of perceptive suggestion.

The lost musicians are quite without malice. On wings of love they demolish three undergraduate egos temporarily away from their jukeboxes. It is the kind thing to do. On wings of love they turn an incorrigibly pursuing young wooer into a retreating misogynist. It is the kind thing to do. On wings of love they catapult the cultural know-it-alls into limbo, because limbo will be so congenial. It is certainly the kind thing to do.

The Witch surveys the world and immediately becomes sad and moody, then takes command: “Everybody wants background music!” the Witch-like sounds seem to murmur, and the conspiratorial tone is clear even in gibberish. Let us dance.

[Track 2] Scene 1—Three Undergrads Become Transfigured in a Hong Kong Music Hall

The bewitched enter, and the analogy with lyric tragedy is complete: the Chorus, the Perceptive Voice, the Actors. These actors dance their parts, and they unconsciously seek perceptive guidance. Although they seem always to ignore the person of the Witch, the voice is heard distinctly. Like the bewitched everywhere, they also seem to ignore the Chorus of the displaced, while at the same time revealing that they are terribly aware of the displaced presence.

If this painting tends to portray the bewitched as unattractive it is not intended. These undergrads particularly are charming and exuberant children, with plump bodies, shining teeth and eyes—exuding from a thousand pores a soap-scrubbed pinkish gleam.

The job taken on by the Chorus of displaced musicians is—briefly—to divest the undergrads of the confirmed xenophobia that once blanketed them so lovingly in their cradles. That in this instance the conditioned rejection, dislike, and even ridicule of anything strange is tied to exotic music is incidental. The comeuppance is a broad one, and for one moment the undergrads become aware, far beyond their young years and experience. The exotic—East or West—does not hold more mystery than it ought.

[Track 3] Scene 2—Exercises in Harmony and Counterpoint Are Tried in a Court of Ancient Ritual

Like the Mindanao Deep of the Pacific, the bewitchment in musical conditioning is profound and mysterious. It is indeed so deep that a term such as *the scale* is accorded a silent and mysterious Mindanaoan acceptance as obvious as *the robin* in spring.

One can conjure up, long before this particular deep, a whole series of deeps, some perhaps even vaster and deeper. In the interests of perspective let us plumb some of these others, long since lost sight of by everyone except the Witch and Chorus. For there is probably nothing so disorienting to modern man as suddenly to have to consider how many other deeps he may have occupied—that is, how appallingly ancient he is.

The bewitched exercises in harmony and counterpoint are cast into a sea of ancient rules and ritual. Now the immediate colors are strong and violent, and rich with symbolism, while the distant pastels of the eighteenth century are barely perceptive in the dim, dim future. Instead of an ignominious drowning, the unwitched exercises suddenly look to an inspired new day— parthenogenetic and apocalyptic.

[Track 4] Scene 3—The Romancing of a Pathological Liar Comes to an Inspired End

The scene focuses on the sad life-story of a boy and man. He is a pathological liar for one reason: He is pursued by the magic of his fancy just as relentlessly and in the same way that he pursues the object of his fancy. Driven in a less than conscious way to avoid the final catastrophe of his seduction, he must himself seduce. By every conceivable physical means—rhythmic, eurhythmic, crypto-rhythmic, cata-rhythmic, ana-rhythmic—he must transform the mortal danger at his back to a threat of his own, in front. His fancies are his weapon and he proliferates them before him only to die many little deaths as they breathe down his neck from behind.

In the pedestrian life of the day-to-day world this spinning triangle must finally end in tragedy—one big death as the correct sum of many little deaths. But in the jet-stream magic of this night the Chorus of displaced musicians and their Witch find a poetic way out. In a flash the boy’s driving bewitchment abandons him to light momentarily in the temple of his lady-love. Too late, the boy sees himself. But too late, too late! for out of the corner of his vision he sees woman with lust in the shaft of her eye. A dull thud.

[Track 5] Scene 4—A Soul Tormented by Contemporary Music Finds a Humanizing Alchemy

Of all the sad tales sung by the poets of old, some are sadder than this, some more poignant, many more tragic, but none more pathetic, for this is a scene of inner conflict—a conflict arising out of an absorbing regret over the passage of time.

The story of this soul began with the injustice of having been born at such a miserable time in history as the present. But as the years passed the regret became equivocal, because—except for such modern trivia as the current price of babysitters—it became so immersed in the bewitchment of some preceding century as in fact to function only in that century. Even the growing child falls somewhat behind the surge of the modern world, because of the shelter of his home, and during a year or so out on his own he must catch up. Imagine, then, the degree of nervous tension that is generated in the excruciating ordeal of being forced to catch up through a couple of centuries!

The Chorus whistles dolefully, while the slow beats toll off the neuroses—one by one. The amplitude of the shocks increases. Now utter silence. Breathing loudly in a crescendo of emotion the Chorus of displaced musicians brings the climax. The other-century soul has returned to the world of living people through a whole-souled abandonment to modern slapstick comedy!

[Track 6] Scene 5—Visions Fill the Eyes of a Defeated Basketball Team in the Shower Room

It seems perversely characteristic of the human male to think of his moments of weakness and failure in a female context. He may say: “Today I’m a sick woman,” but he does not intend his work to mean that he has just undergone a sex-changing operation. For the sake of a moment of magic perception let us impose this idea on the defeated side after a game of basketball.

The potentialities are tremendous, because the bewitchment is profound. Now, with women as subjects, an area of group behavior is open to the adventurous watcher that he could never observe in a group of men under similar conditions. With the incorrigible optimism of healthy young women, for example, these very quickly conclude that one defeat in a basketball game (played by themselves as women) is of exceedingly trivial consequence, and immediately thereafter, with a capricious Witch and a conniving Chorus in the background, fling themselves into something really important—a wild dance that makes the shower room ring with adulation for the nude god Hermes (or his clothed TV equivalent), knaviest among the Olympian knaves. The dance becomes more abandoned with each passing moment, until it can end only with a catapulting of the women down into darkness.

The basketball team—now unwitched—has fallen completely under the charming belief that reality contains a compound of both experience and imagination.

[Track 7] Scene 6—Euphoria Descends a Sausalito Stairway

The scene is one of the landings of a stairway on the steep hills that rise from San Francisco Bay at Sausalito. Adolescent love can make do with whatever scene it’s got, of course, but there is something of poetic justice in placing the scene among conservative suburban homes where, at the same time, baroque leaps, baroque swoons, pirouettes, trunks revolving around necks, and the various other devices of adolescent love in ballet form might attract hardly even a second notice.

Magic is a wonderful thing, and although Pythagoras is reputed to have arrested a man in motion with a single chord—to release him with a second chord, it has remained for the young man of Sausalito to accomplish this feat with his dancing partner for the purposes of undisturbed examination. From this point on, adolescent love becomes so athletic as to be intolerable.

Anyone can *dream* of bringing control to a Sausalito love affair, but the Witch actually accomplishes it. Facing each other, the boy and girl now move backward and forward on the stairway—with quiet dignity and tenderness—in a way that suggests eternity.

[Track 8] Scene 7—Two Detectives on the Trail of a Tricky Culprit Turn in Their Badges

Obsession makes this a melancholy scene, and notwithstanding the blood ghosts in its background, obsession also makes it a slapstick love affair. Let cities decay, let armies of souls ascend on high, but never, never allow even one minor culprit to believe that he does not need those conspicuous gentlemen whose lives are dedicated to the single purpose of complementing his ego!

Perhaps he is aware that he wants his ego complemented in exactly this way. Perhaps, on the other hand, he needs convincing. Now the form of this convincing may vary widely, but probably never before this night of magic have two detectives applied their persuasion in the guise of toothsome chorus girls.

This culprit is a recidivist. His automatic *Who, me?* response to interrogation leads to a third degree, a fourth degree, and even a fifth degree, each progressively more delightful. With a whistle and stamp he takes off on a spontaneous angle of his own, and is only temporarily stopped when the detectives plead with him to honor the memory of his dead mother—hoping that she will rub off.

This is too much for the Witch and Chorus, who waste no time precipitating a crisis. At the scene's end, the unwitched trio tenderly pledge eternal cooperation, to the end that each may achieve the ultimate fulfillment.

[Track 9] Scene 8—A Court in its Own Contempt Rises to a Motherly Apotheosis

The scene's gist: The heroes of a matriarchy are the sons who gain public attention in futile rebellion against it, thus making their mothers proud. It begins as a double exposure: Underneath is the quality of the very ancient matriarchy, on top the personalities of the modern trial—judge, attorneys, witness (the accused *in absentia*). The tension in the court arises not so much from the overriding necessity everyone feels for posing with his revolving head's most handsome face, as from the fact that the human male is himself on trial.

The lady witness tells a lilting sad story, and the stern decorum of the court is unruffled. But as things proceed lady witness becomes flippant, even indignant, and tempers begin to flare. She is obviously in contempt, and suddenly the Witch wonders about the court itself: Hasn't even one court ever become so disgusted with *itself* as to be in its *own* contempt? Flip its calendar, so to speak?

Well it's high time, says the Chorus of the displaced, for some judicious unwitching, and from the single stroke of a double-bladed axe two events transpire. First, the court—unwitched—exclaims: "Why, this *is* a matriarchy!" and by the old standards is immediately in contempt. Second, the lady witness—unwitched—exclaims: "Why this *is* a matriarchy!" and by the new standards administers the citation. His-former-honor moves alone now, with shining eyes to his lonely apotheosis. Her-honor gazes down proudly.

[Track 10] Scene 9—A Lost Political Soul Finds Himself Among the Voteless Women of Paradise

The mood in paradise is static, suspended somewhere between exquisite joy and exquisite melancholy. Gyrating fitfully between the layers of his conscious and unconscious, the lost political soul dreams. Ideas such as these have not come into his head since adolescence! (He sees the dreadful vision of a confession forced under torture before the League of Women Voters.) Conscious and unconscious are not mutually exclusive, and the resulting ambivalence is straight anguish. Gone is the matriarchy, and in vast relief he clutches at this paradise—final refuge of patriarchal entrenchment! And yet—at the same time—how melancholy that there is no electorate to sway, no supporter to allay, and—most distressing of all—no security to administer.

This terrible conflict gives the lost political soul the countenance of Death. The beautiful houris of paradise are only an inanimate stage set, but even now, although he is quite unaware of it, Transfiguration is moving beside him.

The Chorus of lost musicians begins to rip away the sources of conflict. *Dig!* say the two kitharists, as they tear the last layer off, and the houris, who have very slowly emerged from paradisiacal refrigeration, have by now fallen into the houriest of all houri dances. Finally purged, the lost political soul dreams his dream peacefully, and finds himself functioning contentedly among constituents who played no part in his election.

[Track 11] Scene 10—The Cognoscenti Are Plunged into a Demonic Descent While at Cocktails

It is soon evident that cognoscenti as subjects for unwitching are by all odds the most difficult. Their armor, for all practical purposes, is untouchable, and they are to that extent the rarest of mortal creatures—not a heel of Achilles in a drawing-room load. Probe them mentally where you will—there is not an unfilled crevice. Or, if you suddenly discern one, like lightning they find a filling for the crack, wise or otherwise, even before you have time to open your mouth to remark on the phenomenon.

Now, the power of magic seems an unfair advantage in anybody's game, but we must remember that the displaced

musicians have had encounters with the cognoscenti before, and on those humiliating occasions their retreating feet invariably got tripped on their own vocal chords. Not so tonight. The power they have generated is both fierce and controlled, and a bit frightening even to the cognoscenti.

“Bah!” says the Chorus and that one word makes up in violent delivery what it lacks in intellectual sparkle. “How extraordinary!” say the cognoscenti, propelled by a chorus of dragons in backward somersaults into the middle of limbo.

Not a bad night’s work. “Rrrrrrr-ee----eh!” says the Witch, and as everyone knows, this may be rendered: “I really don’t give a raspberry about all this nonsense. Furthermore, it’s time you children were in bed.”

[Track 12] Epilogue

“Later!” says the Witch, and vanishes. But the lost musicians cannot unwind so fast, and a few of them linger with their beat, as a kind of final refuge. Then, one by one, they wander away, and finally the last hurries after them.

Note: The slow, rather lengthy and contrapuntal melodic passage heard in the Prologue and in Scenes 8 and 10 is based on a chant of the Cahuilla Indians of the southern California desert.

Sixteen years after the premiere of *The Bewitched Partch* made the following statement:

“Nearly everyone in the art professions positively beams when I say that I believe in an integration of stage and film arts. Subsequent to this enthusiastic approval, however, I have seldom experienced anything but timid back-pedaling, from either filmmakers or choreographers, because of an imagined threat to their particular specialties. *The Bewitched* endured more of this than any other work of mine.

Fairly early in my creative life I discovered that what filmmakers and choreographers really want is musical yardage goods, to constitute ‘background’ for whatever spur-of-the-moment idea that they might concoct. To them it is literally inconceivable that a dramatic composer could fashion a purpose in drama that is equal to theirs. Collaboration is just a word. If they are not autocrats what can life be worth?

At first I was amused. Later, this turned into a feeling of contempt. Tentatively, I outlined something called *Yardage Goods*, to offer ‘background’ for every human emotion or reaction, from moral depravity to volcanic cataclysm. It was to be sold by the piece, or—more inexpensively—by the bolt. There was even an outline for *Background Music for Filibusters in the U.S. Senate*. But my daimon does not function through negativism, and the idea barely got beyond an outline.

In the case of *The Bewitched* the character of the Witch dominates every scene. She is central to all of the action. In the cases of all performances to date, the Witch was discarded totally as a dramatic element. In the first disaster of choreographic integration, every scene was renamed—the result being that two quite different programs were given the audience for the same performance. Example: My title: *Visions Fill the Eyes of a Defeated Basketball Team in the Shower Room* was changed to *Puppet Show*.

In the second non-interpretation of the work, not only was the Witch not allowed onstage but a white scrim was drawn before my instruments along with the remark: ‘Do you think we can compete with those instruments?’ The idea of the stairway into infinity was discarded in both productions. This stairway was deeply symbolic, and was to be used freely for entrances and exits of the Witch, the musicians, and dancers.

When full comprehension dawned as to the dreadful fate of my dramatic idea, there was no time for restaging.”

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

17 Lyrics of Li Po. Stephen Kalm, voice; Ted Mook, tenor violin. Tzadik 7012.

Enclosure Two. Historic Speech-Music Recordings from the Harry Partch Archives. innova 401 (4 CDs).

Enclosure Five. Contains *Ulysses Departs from the Edge of the World, Revelation in the Courthouse Park, King Oedipus, The Bewitched.* innova 405 (3 CDs).

Enclosure Six: Delusion of the Fury. innova 406.

Revelation in the Courthouse Park. Tomato Records 2696552.

The Wayward. Newband, Dean Drummond, director. Wergo 6638.

The Harry Partch Collection Vol. 1. Contains *Eleven Intrusions, Castor and Pollux, Ring Around the Moon, Even Wild Horses, Ulysses at the Edge.* New World Records 80621-2.

The Harry Partch Collection Vol. 2. Contains *U.S. Highball, San Francisco, The Letter, Barstow, And on the Seventh Day Petals Fell in Petaluma.* New World Records 80622-2.

The Harry Partch Collection Vol. 3. Contains *The Dreamer That Remains, Rotate the Body in All Its Planes, Windsong, Water! Water!* New World Records 80623-2.

VIDEOS

Enclosure One. Four films by Madeline Tourtelot with music by Harry Partch (*Rotate the Body in All Its Planes, Music Studio, U.S. Highball, Windsong*). innova 400.

Enclosure Four. Delusion of the Fury. innova 404.

The Dreamer That Remains: A Study in Loving. Directed by Stephen Pouliot and produced by Betty Freeman. New Dimension Media, Inc.

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For more comprehensive information on Harry Partch, please visit the official Partch Web site, *Corporeal Meadows*, www.corporeal.com.

Originally produced by Carter Harman under personal supervision of the composer.

Originally recorded in 1957 by Lyle Dahms and GATE 5 Records.

Reissue Producers: Jon Szanto and Danlee Mitchell

Digital restoration and mastering: Mark Hoffman and Bill Blue

Front cover:

Cover design: Bob Defrin Design, Inc., NYC

The Bewitched Restoration and Remastering Project is produced by Mark Hoffman and Bill Blue. The analog transfer to a 32-bit digital format was done from the original (1957) 15-ips full-track mono master tapes. In a single one-minute section, the 1975 "original master protection dub" was necessary, as the original master was simply too degraded for repair. Meticulous analog and digital restoration, including a proprietary technique created by Bill Blue, has brought new life to this amazing recording, with sonic qualities approaching those of modern recording technology. Blanket automatic noise reduction, de-popping and de-clicking have not been used. Whenever possible, original room tone, timbre and attack have been preserved, even if it meant leaving in a bit of tape noise. This project was engineered by Bill Blue with Mark Hoffman at The Controlroom, El Cajon, California, in January and February, 2005.

This is a recording of the first performance of *The Bewitched*, which took place at the University of Illinois' Champaign-Urbana campus in 1957. The performance featured musical instruments designed and built by the composer and played by members of the University of Illinois Musical Ensemble. This recording was originally released on Partch's own label, GATE 5 Records.

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HARRY PARTCH (1901–1974)

THE HARRY PARTCH COLLECTION VOLUME 4

THE BEWITCHED—A DANCE SATIRE (1955)

80624-2

Bar Code

File Under: Classical/Contemporary/Partch, Harry

Total Time: 75:43

1. Prologue—*The Lost Musicians Mix Magic* 18:21
2. Scene 1—*Three Undergrads Become Transfigured in a Hong Kong Music Hall* 5:36
3. Scene 2—*Exercises in Harmony and Counterpoint Are Tried in a Court of Ancient Ritual* 5:09
4. Scene 3—*The Romancing of a Pathological Liar Comes to an Inspired End* 5:40
5. Scene 4—*A Soul Tormented by Contemporary Music Finds a Humanizing Alchemy* 5:44
6. Scene 5—*Visions Fill the Eyes of a Defeated Basketball Team in the Shower Room* 4:23
7. Scene 6—*Euphoria Descends a Sausalito Stairway* 4:19
8. Scene 7—*Two Detectives on the Trail of a Tricky Culprit Turn in Their Badges* 5:36
9. Scene 8—*A Court in its Own Contempt Rises to a Motherly Apotheosis* 5:30
10. Scene 9—*A Lost Political Soul Finds Himself Among the Voteless Women of Paradise* 6:01
11. Scene 10—*The Cognoscenti Are Plunged into a Demonic Descent While at Cocktails* 7:17
12. Epilogue 2:07

Freda Schell, *The Witch*; The University of Illinois Musical Ensemble, John Garvey, conductor

The Chorus of Lost Musicians (in order of appearance):

William Olson, Chorus Leader (male solo voice), Marimba Eroica; Warren Smith, Bass Marimba; Thomas Gauger, Boo (Bamboo Marimba); Michael Donzella, Spoils of War; George Andrix, Cloud-Chamber Bowls; Danlee Mitchell, Diamond Marimba; Jack McKenzie, Surrogate Kithara and Gongs; Georgi Mayer, Harmonic Canon (Castor); Barbara Grammar, Harmonic Canon (Pollux); Sanford Berry, Kithara (right side); Jan Bach, Kithara (left side); Warren Birkett, clarinet; Joseph Firrantello, bass clarinet; Charles Delaney, piccolo; Carol Zuckerberg, koto; Peter Farrell, cello; Herbert Bielawa, Chromelodeon

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