

A glimpse into DustyHarpZiggy's Creative Laboratory

(Preliminary remark: Contrary to dust on the bible, which comes from not reading it and is therefore deplorable (as we know from a famous song), the dust on Ziggy's autoharp comes from having the 'harp lying on top of the nearby desk in order to have it always ready for being taken up and played. So DustyHarpZiggy does not at all feel guilty for the dust on the 'harp!)

Mi-Do-Mi and Mi-Fa-Sol

When I learned in 2007 about the service <http://www.midomi.com/> (which I haven't yet used), I felt that mi-do-mi is just the beginning of a tune and it's my mission to fully develop it – and so I did. The resulting "work" consisted of four lines with identical rhythmic pattern; see following picture.

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Dangerously scaling up and down

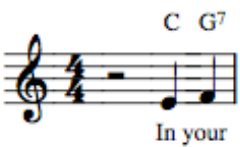
Composed & arranged by S.K., Summer '08

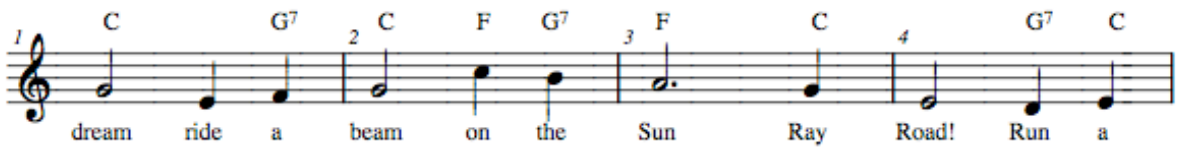
The musical score consists of four staves of music in 4/4 time. Each staff contains a sequence of chords and notes. The notes are: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The chords are: Am, Em, Am, Em, Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm; G7, Am, G7, Am, G7, F, G7, F, G7, F, G7, C; Am, Em, Am, Em, Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm; G7, Am, G7, Am, G7, F, G7, C, G7, C.

In order to make this trivial tune a bit more interesting, I assigned rather unusual chords. I added a "second voice" so that I could hear the chords as replayed by the music notation program, "MusicTime Deluxe", thus cross-checking my ideas. Since the tune essentially steps up and down the C major scale, I called it "Dangerously scaling up and down" with reference to the not really easy chords.

Before actually finishing this arrangement, it occurred to me that this tune's rhythmic pattern could be reused for a melodic variation, starting the new tune with mi-fa-sol—mi-fa-sol instead of mi-do-mi—sol-mi-sol. This second tune is displayed in the next picture. You see, this time I used a different way to pep it up: Instead of assigning exotic chords I added lyrics. While the first tune's mood appears rather indifferent to me, its minor variations in melody and rhythm seem to give the second tune a somewhat dreamy feeling. But feeling dreamy and at the same time looking out into a summer as wet and cold as this year's is fairly incompati-

ble. So, while waiting in vain for a warming sun and dreamy inspiration, I began putting together fitting words, like carrying bricks to a wall on my feet, where I would have preferred to pluck lovely phrases from hazy clouds while sailing along on the wings of inspiration!

Riding the Sun Ray(l) Road (Words & Music by S.K. in the rainy summer of '08)  C G7
In your

1 C G7 2 C F G7 3 F C 4 G7 C

 dream ride a beam on the Sun Ray Road! Run a

5 G7 F 6 G7 D7 G7 7 C F 8 C G7

 race for a place for a warm - er a - bode! All day

9 C G7 10 C F G7 11 F C 12 G7 C

 rain puts a strain on one's mood so much. Hope you

13 G7 F G7 14 C F C 15 G7 F G7 16 C

 find warmth so kind that feels good to the touch!

Now, this is far from true poetry – it's more like humble craftwork, with a few quirky ideas. (I confess that I'm rather proud of the pun with "sun ray/rail road". And the hint at the end of the lyrics that warmth may come not only from celestial bodies resulted from needing a rhyme on "mood so much". Actually, I really love to be challenged with filling a given, nontrivial pattern with rhyme and reason! Being forced to conform with an intricate structure leads one to express one's thoughts in a novel way – and a more interesting one, I hope.)

Inspiration?

For a would-be composer / poet (like me) the question of how to command (!) inspiration is of course a nagging one, a question indeed pertinent to any creative laboratory. So, when recently a (probably) new tune occurred to me and I felt the need for words to it, I tried to make the most of the opportunity and I came up with these words, reflecting upon my problem:

How does inspiration
 pop up in one's mind?
It may be just mem'ry
 in fragments combined,
just partly remembered,
 a subconscious find?
Or is it from heaven
 a gift of some kind?

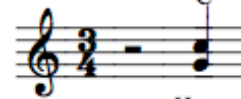
Euterpe's sweet whisper,
 Calliope's kiss,
I certainly yearn for
 what badly I miss!
Am I only open
 to doubt's evil hiss?
Is rational thinking
 a hindering bliss?!

(It has been noticed that one of the Muses is not quite appropriate: Instead of the one for epic poetry the Muse for lyric poetry, Erato, should have been called for. But would she have brought about a better poem?)

Well, so much today for a glimpse into DustyHarpZiggy's Creative Laboratory!

When I awoke on Saturday morning, 13.09.2008, a tune fragment revolved in my head (bars 0 through 5). Since I couldn't get rid of it and also couldn't recall the rest of the tune, I used what I had as a seed, a pattern to expand on. I'm afraid that the tune then grew less on its own, more by having grafted on it twigs ripped off of musical flowers blooming already for a long time. I beg pardon of all I inadvertently may have stolen from. The words reflect on where inspiration might come from (if it does so at all). Siegfried Knöpfler, Cologne, Sept. 2008

Inspiration? (by S.K. 09/2008; with autoharp chords)



How

1 does in - spi - ra - tion pop up in one's mind? It

2 may be just mem' ry in frag - ments com - bined, just

3 part - ly re - mem - bered, a sub - con - scious find? Or

4 is it from heav - en a gift of some kind? Eu -

5 ter - pe's sweet whis - per, Cal - li - o - pe's kiss, I

6 cer - tain - ly yearn for what bad - ly I miss! Am

7 I on - ly o - pen to doubt's e - vil hiss? Is

8 ra - tion - al think - ing a hin - der - ing bliss?!

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