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## **First-Hand Accounts of the Performance of Western Art Music**

I.

On a stage in a hall a violin plays a concerto.

II.

On a stage in a hall a violin plays a concerto never asking the violinist,  
*what do you think of this?*

The violinist is tired and forgetful, wears a beautiful dress and acquiesces.  
*Look at my beautiful dress*, the violinist says.

III.

On a stage in a hall a violin plays a concerto.

The orchestra, the entity, is too, there; is the collective thing negating its moving pieces:  
bodies that author texts to ultimately erase their makers.

IV.

On a stage in a hall a violin plays a concerto but not in singularity.  
A violin plays a concerto subjugating the bow, the violinist, the orchestra, in service of itself.

The bow is made of ivory attached to gold attached to ebony attached to pernambuco  
binding hair harvested from a horse.

The bow is bloody and loaded: pernambuco mourns for its roots; ivory for its elephant.  
Two images collapse to serve a single idea.

V.

On a stage in a hall a violin plays a concerto. The violin made of maple attached to spruce bound in fittings made of ebony, the fittings keeping taut four sheep gut strings.

A violin made of maple commands its bow—mourning bow—to shove the sheep guts into sound, never asking the guts, *what do you think of this?*

The guts beg cessation.

The guts beg to gorge themselves on clover.

V.

On a stage in a hall a violin plays a concerto, negating its violinist.

On a stage in a hall sequins glitter on a violinist in service of a dress that is beautiful.

VI.

On a stage in a hall a violin plays a concerto, subjugating the orchestra, subjugating the moving pieces acting in tandem, the pieces moving in service of instruments.

The orchestra, the entity, is dressed in black.

This is a physical process, observed and real:

the black garments absorb the light from the stage lamps;

the black garments reflecting nothing.

VII.

On a stage in a hall a violin plays a concerto. A stage in a hall is lit by trussed-hanged lamps.  
We say *hanged* because everything is alive.

Witness to the violin; its mourning, loaded bow; its violinist; its orchestra, the entity and its  
pieces;  
the sequins glittering in service of the dress that is beautiful,

one stage lamp speaks to another:  
*Light is full of information.*