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A Deeper Shade of Blue: A Compositional Folio Informed by Ethnographic Research into the Sydney Jazz Scene

Jeremy Rose

A folio of original musical compositions and thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

University of Sydney

March 2015

Volume II: Score Portfolio part 1

This submission comprises a folio of creative work and accompanying thesis. It is in three volumes and includes three accompanying discs
Iron in the Blood

Music inspired by Robert Hughes' The Fatal Shore

1. The Marauder Within
2. Time Immemorial
3. Tyranny and Van Diemen's Land
4. An Indelible Stain
5. Beyond the Seas
6. Bunters, Mollies and Sable Brethren
7. A Strange Lottery
8. Norfolk Island
9. We be the Aristocracy Now
10. The Melancholy Bush (Old Colonial Boy)

Instrumentation:
woodwind 1: alto/soprano saxophone + flute + piccolo
woodwind 2: alto/soprano saxophone
woodwind 3: tenor saxophone
woodwind 4: tenor saxophone + alto clarinet
woodwind 5: baritone saxophone + bass clarinet
trumpet 1 + flugelhorn
trumpet 2 + flugelhorn
trumpet 3 + flugelhorn
trumpet 4 + flugelhorn
trombone 1
trombone 2
trombone 3
bass trombone
piano + harpsichord
guitar
acoustic bass
drums + percussion: tamtam, thundersheet, bamboo chimes, shell chimes

four or more various type of bird whistles
1. The Marauder Within

Narrator: Now this coast was to witness a new colonial experiment, never tried before, not repeated since. An unexplored continent would become a jail. The space around it, the very air and sea, the whole transparent labyrinth of the South Pacific, would become a wall 14,000 miles thick.

Solo - make it 'dirty' with growls + plunger

continue in a similar style..


Narrator 1: In their most sanguine moments, the authorities hoped that it would eventually swallow a whole class—the "criminal class," whose existence was one of the prime sociological beliefs of late Georgian and early Victorian England. Australia was settled to defend English property not from the frog-eating invader across the Channel but from the marauder within. English lawmakers wished not only to get rid of the "criminal class" but if possible to forget about it.

Narrator 2: In the whole period of convict transportation, the Crown shipped more than 160,000 men, women and children in bondage to Australia. This was the largest forced exile of citizens at the behest of a European government in pre-modern history. In Australia, England drew the sketch of our own to forget about it.


[155]

Alto 1

Alto 2

Tenor 1

Tenor 2

Bar. Sax.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Pno.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

Dr.

Botany Bay' - in the style of a drunk larrikin

C/E  F  F#B  E9  D9  G9  C


saxes continue ad lib 5''

[224] [229] Improv - vocal sounds + wild lines

Bari. Sax.
Tenor 1
Tenor 2
Alto 1
Alto 2
Dr.
J. Gtr.
A. Bass

Tpt. 1
Tpt. 2
Tpt. 3
Tpt. 4
Tbn. 1
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.

plunger mutes
plunger mutes
plunger mutes
Improv - vocal sounds + wild lines
Improv - vocal sounds + wild lines

open
open
open

accel.

play as written - conducted

ad lib solo
ad lib solo

=112
Narrator 1: To deprive the Aborigines of their territory was to condemn them to spiritual death – a destruction of their past, their future and their opportunities of transcendence. But none of them could have imagined this, as they had never before been invaded. And so they must have stood, in curiosity and apprehension but without real fear, watching from the headlands as the enormous canoes with their sails like stained clouds moved up the harbour to Sydney cove, and the anchors splashed, and the outcasts of Mother England were disgorged upon this ancestral territory to build their own prison.

Narrator 2: One may liken this moment to the breaking open of a capsule. Upon the harbour the ships were now entering, European history had left no mark at all. Until the swollen sails and curveting bows of the British fleet came round South Head, there were no dates. The aborigines and the fauna around them had possessed the landscape since time immemorial, and no other human eye had seen them. Now the protective glass of distance broke, in an instant, never to be restored.
Soprano Saxophone
play through each cue individually (open tempo) after cue
use bird noises. Flutter tongue and other timbral effects may be added ad lib

Piano
continue ad lib arpeggios

Picc.  
Sop. Sax.  
Tenor 1  
Tenor 2  
Bari. Sax.  
Tpt. 1  
Tpt. 2  
Tpt. 3  
Tpt. 4  
Tbn. 1  
Tbn. 2  
Tbn. 3  
B. Tbn.  
Pno.  
J. Gtr.  
A. Bass  
Dr.

return to arpeggiated idea
repeat ad lib with added ornaments
Soloist - Sop. Sax.  
Picc.  
Sop. Sax.  
Tenor 1  
Tenor 2  
Bari. Sax.  
Tpt. 1  
Tpt. 2  
Tpt. 3  
Tpt. 4  
Tbn. 1  
Tbn. 2  
Tbn. 3  
B. Tbn.  
Pno.  
J. Gtr.  
A. Bass  
Dr.

**Narration**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Only when they anchored and Cook, Banks, Solander and Tupaia - who, all hoped, might act as interpreter - approached the south shore of the bay in a longboat did the natives react. The sight of men in a small boat was comprehensible to them; it meant invasion. Most of the aborigines fled into the trees, but two naked warriors stood their ground, brandished their spears and shouted in a quick, guttural tongue, not a syllable of it familiar to Tupaia.</td>
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**Narration**

<table>
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<td>11</td>
<td>Cook and Banks pitched some trading truck ashore - nails and beads, the visiting cards of the South Pacific. The blacks moved to attack, and Cook fired a musket-shore between them. One warrior ran back and grabbed a bundle of spears, while the other began shying rocks at the boat. Cook fired again, wounding one of them with small-shots but still the man did not retreat; he merely picked up a bark shield. It was time to land. A young midshipman named Isaac Smith was in the bow. The lad sprang into the green, bottle-glass water as it prickled on the floury white sand, and waded ashore. Cook and the others followed, and the seal of distance and space that had protected the east coast of Australian since the Pleistocene epoch was broken.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Soloist - Sop. Sax.

Alto Sax. 1

Alto Sax. 2

Tenor 1
cresc.

Tenor 2

B. Cl.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Pno.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

Dr.

Soloist - Sop. Sax.

Alto Sax. 1

Alto Sax. 2

Tenor 1

Tenor 2

B. Cl.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Pno.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

Dr.

B. D.
Soloist - Sop. Sax.

Fl.

Sop. 2

Tenor 1

Tenor 2

B. Cl.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Pno.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

Dr.

Soloist - Sop. Sax.

Fl.

Sop. 2

Tenor 1

Tenor 2

B. Cl.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Pno.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

Dr.

Soloist - Sop. Sax.

Fl.

Tpt. 1

Grad cresc.

Grad cresc.

Grad cresc.

Grad cresc.

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Grad cresc.

Soloist - Sop. Sax.

Picc.

Sop. 2

Tenor 1

Tenor 2

B. Cl.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Bsn.

continue idea ad lib

Pho.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

Dr.

Soloist - Sop. Sax.

Picc.

Sop. 2

Tenor 1

Tenor 2

B. Cl.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Pno.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

Dr.

10" fill over ensemble off-pitch 'soup'

10" - bend note/quarter tone

10" bend note/quarter tone

10" - bend note/quarter tone

10" - bend note/quarter tone

10" bend note/quarter tone

10" - bend note/quarter tone

10" bend note/quarter tone

10" bend note/quarter tone

10" bend note/quarter tone

10" bend note/quarter tone

10" - bend note/quarter tone

10" bend note/quarter tone

10" bend note/quarter tone

10" bend note/quarter tone

10" bend note/quarter tone

repeat note ad lib

short ad lib then to harpsichord

10" - atmospheric

10" improv - subtle sense of panic, drum rolls, cymbal wash

pp
Narrator 1: "(The Blacks) may appear to be some to be the most wretched people upon Earth, but in reality they are far happier than we Europeans; being wholly...

Narrator 2: "He then, by signs and gestures, seemed to ask if the pistol would make a hole through him, and on being made sensible that it would, he showed not the when he demonstrated his pistol.

Narrator 1: "He then, by signs and gestures, seemed to ask if the pistol would make a hole through him, and on being made sensible that it would, he showed not the when he demonstrated his pistol.

Narrator 2: The colonisation of the last continent had begun. The blacks threw their stone-tipped spears. Captain Cook:

Narrator 1: "(The Blacks) may appear to be some to be the most wretched people upon Earth, but in reality they are far happier than we Europeans; being wholly unacquainted not only with the superfluous but the necessary Conveniences so much sought after in Europe, they are happy in not knowing the use of them. They live in Tranquility which is not disturbed by the Inequality of Condition."

[音乐谱面]

- 钢琴 (Hpd.)
- 吉他 (J. Gtr.)
- 小提琴 (Dr.)
- 长鼓 (Gong)

**乐句描述**
- **Hpd.**
  - D oppress
  - D oppress
  - A tempo

- **J. Gtr.**
  - A tempo

- **Dr.**
  - A tempo

- **Gong**
  - A tempo

**注释**
- ad lib pedal
- Tamba
- ad lib aux percussion soundscape
Soloist - Sop. Sax.

mf cresc. to ff
adlib fast ascending line then hold a long note

Fl.

mf cresc. to ff
adlib fast ascending line then hold a long note

Sop. Sax.

mf cresc. to ff
adlib fast ascending line then hold a long note

Tenor 1

mf cresc. to ff
optional 8vb

Alto Cl.

mf cresc. to ff
adlib fast ascending line then hold a long note

Flug.

mf cresc. to ff
adlib fast ascending line then hold a long note

Flug.

mf cresc. to ff
adlib fast ascending line then hold a long note

Flug.

mf cresc. to ff
adlib fast ascending line then hold a long note

Flug.

mf cresc. to ff
adlib fast ascending line then hold a long note

To Tpt.

Tbn. 1

mf cresc. to ff
adlib rhythms - start with long notes

Tbn. 2

mf cresc. to ff
adlib rhythms - start with long notes

Tbn. 3

mf cresc. to ff
optional 8vb

B. Tbn.

mf cresc. to ff
ad lib

Hpds.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

adlib groove - go to dbl x 2nd repeat

Dr.

mf cresc. to ff
3. Tyranny and Van Diemen's Land

Narrator 2: The first democratic experience in Australia (hunger) spared no one. It made most of the colonists stupid and some crazy, playing havoc with morale and producing endless displays of tyranny. The First Fleet carried enough food to keep its passengers alive for two years in Australia. (Pg 97) … as 1790 crept by, the little settlement inexorably sank into the torpor and despair of slow starvation.

Narrator 1: “Famine … was fast approaching with giant strides, and gloom and dejection overspread every countenance. Men abandoned themselves to the most desponding reflections, and adopted the most extravagant conjectures. Still we were on the tiptoe of expectation. If thunder broke at a distance, or a fowling-piece of louder than ordinary report resounded in the woods, “a gun from a ship” was echoed on every side, and nothing but hurry and agitation prevailed.

Narrator 2: Ralph Clark scrawled in his diary, and Watkin Tench described the mood that now descended over Sydney Cove:

Narrator 1: “Famine … was fast approaching with giant strides, and gloom and dejection overspread every countenance. Men abandoned themselves to the most desponding reflections, and adopted the most extravagant conjectures. Still we were on the tiptoe of expectation. If thunder broke at a distance, or a fowling-piece of louder than ordinary report resounded in the woods, “a gun from a ship” was echoed on every side, and nothing but hurry and agitation prevailed.

Alto 1
Alto 2
Tenor 1
Tenor 2
B. Cl.

use echo pedal to simulate notations
written soli - smoothly

written soli - smoothly

bass line enters

Dr.
Narrator 1: Phillip reluctantly stepped up the punishments for food theft, which were already draconic but no longer deterred the starving. In 1780 one man got 500 lashes and 6 months in chains for stealing 20 ounces of potatoes, and another drew 1,500 lashes for taking 3 pounds of the precious tubers. After such treatment, a man would be incapacitated, literally skinned alive. Huge rewards (in food, the only currency that mattered, for there was no money circulating in this jail) were offered to convicts who helped catch food thieves. Thus in May 1790, convict Thomas Yarsley received 60 pounds of flour for catching a man stealing garden vegetables. Such inducements, Walakin Trench remarked, were “more tempting than the one of Peru or Potosí.”

Narrator 2: Hunger, fear, exhaustion and the pervasive sense of abandonment - these destroyed whatever scraps of morale may have been left among the convicts. One of their few surviving letters, from an unknown woman, speaks of “our disconsolate situation in this solitary waste of the creation … not to be imagined by any stranger” and revealingly noted, “in short, everyone is so taken up with their own misfortunes that they have no pity to bestow on others.”

Alto 1
Alto 2
Tenor 1
Tenor 2
Bar. Sax.
Tpt. 1
Tpt. 2
Tpt. 3
Tpt. 4
Tbn. 1
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.
Pro.
J. Gtr.
A. Bass
Dr.
Iron in the Blood: Music Inspired by Robert Hughes’ The Fatal Shore
Narrator 1: The flogger was a County of Clare man a very powerful man and he took great pleasure in inflicting as much bodily punishment as possible, using such expressions as.

Narrator 2: “Another half pound, mate, off the beggar’s ribs.”

Narrator 1: His face and clothes usually presented an appearance of a mincemeat chopper, being covered in flesh from the victim’s body. Major Foveaux delighted in such an exhibition and would show his satisfaction by smiling as an encouragement to the flogger. He would sometimes order the victim to be brought before him with these words:

Narrator 2: “Another half pound, mate, off the beggar’s ribs.”

Narrator 1: And order him to put on his coat and immediately go to his work. One prisoner named Joseph Mansbury had been flogged so often—some 2,000 lashes in three years that his back appeared “quite bare of flesh, and his collar bones were exposed looking very much like two Ivory Polished horns.

Narrator 2: It was with some difficulty that we could find another place to flog him. Tony Chandler, the overseer suggested to me that we had better do it on the soles of his feet next time.”
[63] Swing
raucously - everything you've got buddy

tenor + alto solo, straight 2's

Alto 1 (piano voicings)

Tenor 1 (piano voicings)

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Pno.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

tenor + alto solo, straight 2's

Dr.

[87] Ebphrygian(nat.6)
[87] Abphrygian(nat.6)

Alto 1
Tenor 1
Tbn. 1
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.

Pno.
J. Gtr.
A. Bass
Dr.

Alto 1
Tenor 1
Tbn. 1
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.
Pno.
J. Gtr.
A. Bass
Dr.
Narrator 1: The English invasion of Van Diemen's Land (later named Tasmania) was by higher imperial standards a muddled and squalid affair. It produced no set piece battles, no benevolent occupation, no heroes, profits or cultural loot. It merely opened another pit within the antipodean darkness, a small hole in the world about the size of Ireland, which would in due time swallow more than 65,000 men and women convicts - four out of every ten people transported to Australia. How many Tasmanian Aborigines died while the invading whites readied this cavity is not known.

Narrator 2: But die they did-shot like kangaroos and poisoned like dogs, ravaged by European diseases and addictions, hunted by laymen and pestered by missionaries, "brought in" from their ancestral territories to languish in camps. It took less than seventy-five years of white settlement to wipe out most of the people who had occupied Tasmania for some thirty thousand years; it was the only true genocide in English colonial history. By the standards of Pol Pot, let alone Josef Stalin or Adolf Hitler, this was a small slaughter. But not to the Tasmanian Aborigines.
4: An Indelible Stain

Narrator 1: The fate of the Australian blacks was intimately connected to the System. A frontier society based on slave labor, run by the threat of extreme violence and laced with rigid social divisions was not likely to treat the Aborigines compassionately or even fairly. Nor did it.

Conductor cues bar 2

Narrator 2: For the original Australians, then, the arrival of the convicts was a catastrophe. Perhaps they might have suffered less if New South Wales had been colonised by free emigrants who were, at least notionally, less brutal; who had a less obvious investment in kicking a subject class.

Conductor cues bar 8

The more opportunistic the settlers were, the more their sense of being poor white trash demanded relief, the more they spoke of civilisation and racial superiority, reflecting that even their diseases facilitated Destiny’s plan for the blacks.
Narrator 1: The pattern of violence between black and white in Van Diemen’s Land was fully established by 1815. It went on against a background of proclamations by the lieutenant-governor - Collins, Davey and Sorell all issued them - enjoining the settlers not to provoke or persecute the blacks and stressing that they had the full protection of English law. Their utterances weighed notion against the reality of invasion: the whites were on the blacks’ land, and grabbing as much of it as they could. No colonists were prepared to consider such two-legged animals as beings with prior rights. So the war of random encounter inexorably changed into one of extermination, as the settlements and the stock-pastures spread.

Narrator 2: Reading Arthur’s reports in London, Sir George Murray, secretary of state for the colonies, had felt a tingle of premonition: “the whole race of (Van Diemen’s Land Aborigines) may, at no distant period, become extinct… Any line of conduct, having for its avowed, or for its secret object, the extinction of the Native race, could not fail to leave an indelible stain upon the character of the British Government.

[43]

Alto 1
Alto 2
Tenor 1
Tenor 2
Bar. Sax.
Tpt. 1
Tpt. 2
Tpt. 3
Tpt. 4
Tbn. 1
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.
Pno.
J. Gtr.
A. Bass
Dr.
Shells

expressivo
mf
f

break

F phrygian

brushes - play loose time

(sax melody)

Alto 1

Alto 2

Tenor 1

Tenor 2

Bari. Sax.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Pno.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

Dr.
It is therefore ordered and adjudged by this Court, that you be transported upon the seas, beyond the seas, to such place as His Majesty, by the advice of His Privy Council, shall think fit to direct and appoint, for the term of your natural life.

Or seven years, or fourteen – in any case, the shock of sentencing was dreadful. In law, seven years’ banishment meant what it said; but what man could be certain of returning to England at the end of it? For many people, the sentence of transportation—whatever its announced length—must have seemed like a one-way trip over the edge of the world.
Narrator 1: But even the marines, whose job it was to guard the convicts had their own thoughts:
Narrator 2: "I find that I am spending the Prime of my Life at the farthest part of the World, without Credit, without...
Profit, secluded from my Family,... my Connexions, from the World, under constant Apprehensions of being starved...
All these Considerations induce me... to embrace the first Opportunity that offers of escaping from a Country that is
nothing better than a Place of banishment for the Outcasts of Society.”

Iron in the Blood: Music Inspired by Robert Hughes’ The Fatal Shore
Constitution-hill... Men used to carry trees on their shoulders. How they used to die!

Narrator 1: For nine months there I was on five ounces of flour a day; when weighed out, barely four... in those days we were yoked to draw timber, twenty-five in gang. The sticks were six feet long six men abreast. We held the stick behind us, and dragged with our hands. One man... was put to the drag; it soon did for him. He began on Thursday and died on a Saturday, as he was dragging a load down. 

Narrator 2: The distant shore of England strikes from sight
and all shores seem dark that once was pure and Bright,
But now a convict dooms me for a time
To suffer hardships in a foreign clime
Farewell a long farewell to my own my native Land
O would to God that I was free upon thy Struggling Strand

soprano sax with narration

solo break - play it your own way.
6. Bunters, Mollies and Sable Brethren


[Sop 1] Swing - Shuffle [Tpt. 1] ad lib embellishments

[Sop 2] ad lib embellishments

[Tenor 1] Solo - raucously

[Tenor 2] Baritone Saxophone

[Bari. Sax] Tpt. 1

[Pno.] Tpt. 2

[Dr.] Tpt. 3

[J. Gtr.] Tpt. 4

[A. Bass] Tbn. 1

[73] G7(#9)

[77] straight

[100] Swing - Shuffle

[106] Straight

Sop 1
Sop 2
Tenor 1
Tenor 2
Bar. Sax.
Tpt. 1
Tpt. 2
Tpt. 3
Tpt. 4
Tbn. 1
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.
Pno.
J. Gtr.
A. Bass
Dr.

energy dissipates - play off flute

Botany Bay

To B. Cl.

[224]
7. A Strange Lottery

\( \text{\textsuperscript{\textdegree}178} \) swing

Soprano Saxophone

\( \text{\textsuperscript{\textdegree}178} \) swing

Soprano Saxophone

Piano

gently, pulsing

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

\( \text{\textsuperscript{\textdegree}178} \) swing

Dr.
By 1825, the English authorities knew and in fact had come to accept that their ways of dealing with crime had failed in the past, were not working now and would be unlikely to succeed in the foreseeable future. The crime rate in England had not dropped; thus one had to conclude that transportation did not deter. The question of "reformation" was not quite as important, since so few people came back from Australia. Instead of treating the prisoners on their merits, the recently appointed Sir Ralph Darling wanted a rigid, undeviating standard of punishment, "with a view to the prevention of Crime at Home".

Narrator 2: The basis of this standard was the cat-o'-nine tails, whose whistle and dull crack were as much a part of the aural background to Australian life as the kookaburra’s laugh. "Flogging in this country," one old hand in the 1820s remarked to the newly arrived Alexander Harris, "is such a common thing that nobody thinks anything of it. I have seen young children practicing on a tree, as children in England play at horses."

[79] Half time \( \frac{3}{8} \) straight
Narrator 1: "I do not scruple to pronounce,"
Narrator 2: wrote the marine major Robert Ross,
Narrator 1: "that in the whole world there is not a worse country, all that is contiguous to us is so very barren and forbidding that it may
with truth be said that here nature is reversed; and if not so, she is nearly worn out... if the minister has a true and just description
given him of it he will surely not think of sending anymore people here.


[122] half time q=69

Sop. 1
Alto Sax. 2
Tenor 1
Tenor 2
B. Cl.
Tpt. 1
Tpt. 2
Tpt. 3
Tpt. 4
Tbn. 1
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.
Pno.
J. Gtr.
A. Bass
Dr.

Solo fills

cadenza can start to creep in

ff
Narrator 2: Most persons in this country were ignorant of the real amount of suffering inflicted on a transported felon, and underrate (its) severity. On their arrival at the antipodes, they discover that they have been grievously deceived by the accounts transmitted to them, and that their condition is a far more painful one than they expected. For those convicts who write to their friends are generally persons who have been fortunate in the lottery of punishment, and truly describe their lot in flattering terms; those… who really experience the evils of Transportation, and are haunted with “a continual sense of degradation,” are seldom inclined to narrate their sufferings except when they have powerful friends from whom they may expect assistance.
Narrator 1: The spot that now represented the quintessence of punishment was Norfolk Island. Governor Brisbane had turned his attention to it in 1824, the year Moreton Bay was settled. After reading the Bigge Report, Lord Bathurst had ordered him to prepare a place of ultimate terror for the incorrigibles of the System. As long as convicts were on the mainland, they could escape; and so Bathurst told Brisbane to re-occupy Norfolk Island, which had been abandoned ten years before at the merciful behest of Governor Macquarie.

8: Norfolk Island

narration – open repeat

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{Sop. 1} \\
\text{Sop. 2} \\
\text{Tenor 1} \\
\text{B. Hn.} \\
\text{B. Cl.} \\
\text{Tpt. 1} \\
\text{Tpt. 2} \\
\text{Tpt. 3} \\
\text{Tpt. 4} \\
\text{Tbn. 1} \\
\text{Tbn. 2} \\
\text{Tbn. 3} \\
\text{B. Tbn.} \\
\text{Pno.} \\
\text{J. Gtr.} \\
\text{A. Bass} \\
\text{Dr.} \\
\end{array} \]

[9] on cue

\[ \text{\text{Soprano Saxophone}} \]

\[ \text{\text{in a militaristic march style, play your own way}} \]

\[ \text{\text{in a militaristic march style, play your own way}} \]
Narrator 2: This speck of land, floating in the infinite waste of the Pacific a thousand miles east of Sydney and four hundred miles north of New Zealand, would once more serve as “a great Hulk of Penitentiary,” the nadir of England’s penal system. Its old form had been bad enough. As Governor Hunter declared in 1812, its prisoners.
Narrator 1: “fell it was a very severe sentence; they would sooner have lost their lives.”
Narrator 2: Now it would get worse, and although no convict could escape from it, rumor and reputation would. In this way, the “Old Hell,” as convict argot termed it, would reduce mainland crime by sheer terror.

'Sop. 1':
Alto Sax.

'Tenor 1':
Tenor 2

'B. Cl.':

'Tpt. 1':
Tpt. 2
Tpt. 3
Tpt. 4

'Tbn. 1':
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.

'Pno.':

'E. Gtr.':

'A. Bass':

'Dr.':

'Botany Bay' - play in a larrikin way: out of tempo (speed up/slow down), scoops

'Sop. 1':
Alto Sax.

'Tenor 1':
Tenor 2

'B. Cl.':

'Tpt. 1':
Tpt. 2
Tpt. 3
Tpt. 4

'Tbn. 1':
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.

'Pno.':

'E. Gtr.':

'A. Bass':

'Dr.':

'Botany Bay' - play in a larrikin way: out of tempo (speed up/slow down), scoops

'Sop. 1':
Alto Sax.

'Tenor 1':
Tenor 2

'B. Cl.':

'Tpt. 1':
Tpt. 2
Tpt. 3
Tpt. 4

'Tbn. 1':
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.

'Pno.':

'E. Gtr.':

'A. Bass':

'Dr.':

'Botany Bay' - play in a larrikin way: out of tempo (speed up/slow down), scoops

Sop. 1
Alto Sax.
Tenor 1
Tenor 2
Bari. Sax.
Tpt. 1
Tpt. 2
Tpt. 3
Tpt. 4
Tbn. 1
Tbn. 2
Tbn. 3
B. Tbn.
Pno.
E. Gtr.
A. Bass
Dr.

(On Cue) Narrator 1: The workday was sunrise to sunset, with an hour off for the midday meal. Every morning and evening, all irons were inspected for signs of tampering - nick-marks, ovalling of the leg-ring, a loose rivet. Authority was absolute and capricious, lacking any proportion between the acts it forbade and the punishments it meted out.

(On Cue 2) Narrator 1: Prisoners could run up heavy punishment records, like William Riley’s during two years in heavy irons after the mutiny:

1st and 2nd x only
1st and 2nd x only
1st and 2nd x only
1st and 2nd x only
1st and 2nd x only

solo - respond to narration

solo - respond to narration

solo - respond to narration

solo - respond to narration

solo - respond to narration

solo - respond to narration

solo - respond to narration

solo - respond to narration

solo - respond to narration

solo - respond to narration
Narrator 2: (shouting) 100 lashes
Narrator 1: For saying “O My God” while on the Chain for Mutiny.
Narrator 2: (shouting) 100 lashes
Narrator 1: Smiling while on the Chain.
Narrator 2: (shouting) 50 lashes
Narrator 1: Getting a light to smoke.
Narrator 2: (shouting) 200 lashes
Narrator 1: Insolence to a soldier.
Narrator 2: (shouting) 100 lashes
Narrator 1: Striking an overseer who pushed him.
Narrator 2: (shouting) 8 months’ solitary confinement, on the chain
Narrator 1: Refusing to work.
Narrator 2: (shouting) 100 lashes before all hands in the Gaol
Narrator 1: Insolence to the Sentry.
Narrator 2: (shouting) 100 lashes
Narrator 1: Singing a Song.
Narrator 2: (shouting) 50 lashes
Narrator 1: Asking Gaoler for a Chew of Tobacco.
Narrator 2: (shouting) 100 lashes
Narrator 1: Neglect of work.
Narrator 2: (shouting) 100 lashes
Narrator 1: Adlib behind narrators
create soundscape

on cue - guitar solo and narration continues

Pno.  E. Gtr.  A. Bass  Dr  hand claps

on cue - guitar solo and narration continues

Narrator 2: At the end of 1850, having bottomed out like so many thousands of other Forty-Niners, Hargraves spent his last dollars on a passage back to Sydney. But he took his pan and rocking cradle with him, and on February 12, 1851, he and his guide, John Lister, rode down Lewes Pond Creek, a tributary of the Macquarie River near Guyong outside Bathurst.

Narrator 1: As the horses picked their way along, Hargraves felt—as he put it later—"surrounded by gold." He got down into the creek-bed with his pick and trowel, and scratched some gravel and earth from a dike of schist that ran athwart the gully. Four pans out of five produced gold. Hargraves was overcome. "This," he exclaimed to Lister, "is a memorable day in the history of New South Wales. I shall be a baronet, you will be knighted, and my old horse will be stuffed, put in a glass case, and sent to the British Museum." None of these happened, but something of infinitely greater consequence did. Australia was convulsed with gold fever.

[17] on cue

group solo - tenor, b.c., tpt., tbn., gtr. slowly build

Tenor 2

Bass Clarinet in B

B. Cl.

Tpt. 2

Tbn. 2

drums + horns enter

Pno.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

creep in

creep in - play it your own way

Dr.

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

17 18 19 20

21 22 23 24
Narrator 1: All the aristocratic feelings and associations of the old country were at once annihilated. Plebeianism of the rankest and lowest kind dwelt in Australia and as riches were now becoming the test of a man’s position, it was vain to have any pretensions whatever unless you were supported by that powerful auxiliary. It is not what you were, but what you are that became the criterion.

Narrator 2: “We be the aristocracy now,” miners were heard to say as they rollicked in the Melbourne grog-shops, “and the aristocracy now be we.”

Narrator 1: With this, transportation to Australia came to an end.

Iron in the Blood: Music Inspired by Robert Hughes’ The Fatal Shore
ad lib fast ascending line then hold a long note

continued but be more freer with it

Drum solo

Alto Sax.

Alto Sax.

Tenor 1

Tenor 2

Bar. Sax.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Pno.

J. Gtr.

A. Bass

Drum solo

continue ad lib then suddenly cut off

10: The Melancholy Bush
(Wild Colonial Boy)

Narrator 1 (over ensemble): to ask what Australia would have been without convicts is existentially meaningless. They built it—if by “it” one means European material culture there—and their mute traces are everywhere; in the peckings and scoops of iron chisels on the sandstone cuttings of Sydney, hewn with such terrible effort by the work gangs; in the fine springing of one bridge at Berrima in New South Wales, and the earnest, slightly bizarre figures carved on the face of another at Ross in Tasmania; in the zigzags of the Blue Mountain road, where traffic now rolls above the long buried, rusted chains of the dead; less obviously, in the fruitful pastures that were once primeval gum forests.

J = 48 Narration (over ensemble)

[7]

[Orchestra: (over rhythm section)]

Shame on the mouth
That would deny
The knotted hands
That set us high

Orchestra: (over rhythm section)

That set us high
The knotted hands
That would deny
Shame on the mouth

solo (sparse)

Narrator 2: (over ensemble): Would Australians have done anything differently if their country had not been settled as the jail of infinite space?

Piano solo - open until cued
Narrator 2 (cont.) Certainly they would. They would have remembered more of their own history. The obsessive cultural enterprise of Australians a hundred years ago was to forget it entirely, to sublimate it, to drive it down into unconsulted recesses. This affected all Australian culture, from political rhetoric to the perception of space, of landscape itself. Space, in America, had always been optimistic; the more of it you face, the freer you were—"Go West, young man!" in Australian terms, to go west was to die, and space itself was the jail. The flowering of Australian nature as a cultural emblem, whether in poetry or in painting, could not occur until the stereotype of the "melancholy bush," born in convict perceptions of Nature-as-prison, had been expunged.