By The Numbers

Two Hundred Eighteen

On Hearing Picasso

Paul F. Page
ASCAP

Tempo rubato ad libitum

mp

6

Poco Adagio (= c. 120)

languidamente sempre

11

mp

16

21

26

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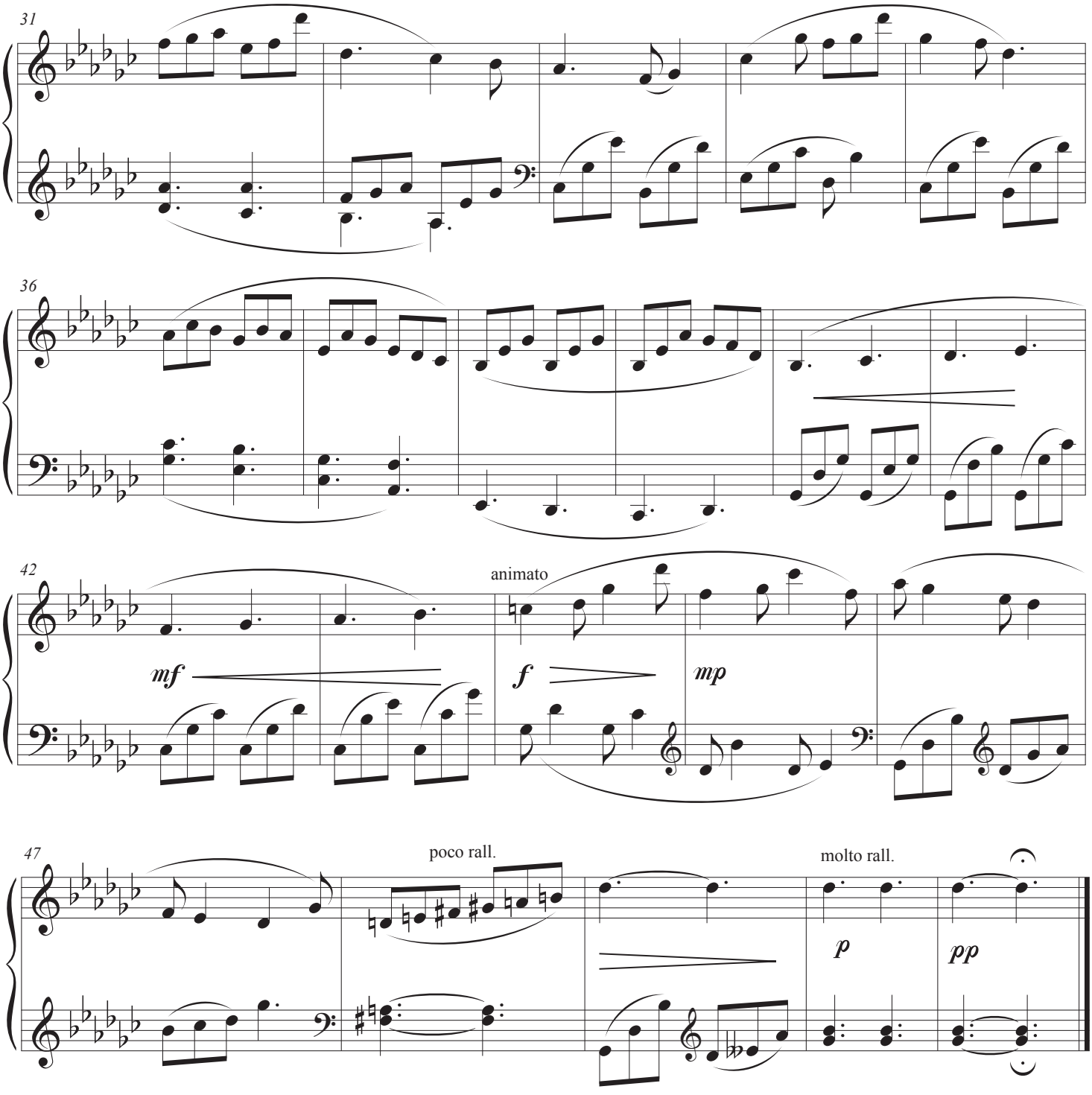

25 July 2018

Ludwig checked his earhorn. "Could it be?" he wondered. "*Musica gratia musica*? Sehr nett." Liszt, folded his arms and cringed. "No possibilities there. Too timid. Too bland." Clara just smiled benignly. "Such delicacy; such a sweet thought. I wonder what Robert is thinking right now?" She squeezed his hand, gently. "Those poor fingers. What WAS he thinking. It'll drive him crazy." Felix slumped in his chair, dismissing the whole affair as "Rubbish. Pure rubbish," while Modest thought he was "hearing" a Picasso, though there weren't any Picassos to hear just yet. "Odd. And I so wanted a simple etude." ... In the dining room, Hummel downed another slice of raspberry cheesecake, certain no one would notice. "Nice tune," he thought. "I wonder what it means?" By his side, Mily Alekseyevich (Balakirev), fresh off the Volga *Empress*, whispered, "That Pagian fantasy is extraordinary, don't you think?" to which Hummel just pointed at the loaded plate before him, nodded and smiled, apparently completely engrossed in the raspberries. ... And that intrepid P.F. Page just played on and on into the night, carefree and unencumbered, mixing ages and ages of music into a hybrid concoction that was as intoxicating and unnerving as the cabernet Hummel had just poured for himself — his sixth, but probably not his last, glass.