

11-22-2010

Tex, a musical for gay men's chorus

Alan Stringer

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711
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TEX

by

Alan Stringer

At rise: Chorus members #1 and #2 come up to footlights and address the audience.

Chorus member #1: This here's a story that didn't make it into Greek mythology. Plan pre-ju-dic'-e if you ask me. Well, it's a sa-a-a-d love story--about a five hankie one. So get them hankies out for a good cry, or else don't say I didn't warn you.

Chorus member #2: It has a good ending though. A real wrist bender. (He shows a limp wrist.)

#1: You dod-blamed cow-puke! Don't you go givin' the ending away. Get back in that bunkhouse before I wrap your hydrangeas around your eye-teeth.

#2: Oh, I just love it when you're butch!

#1: Get! (Pushing him to the bunkhouse area of the stage. Stage areas are to be used as the interior of a bunkhouse and ranch house, the interior of a cantina and a corral fence. Tex and Wilbur act with excessive masculinity throughout and speak with strong Western accents. Tex is seated in the bunkhouse. Wilbur comes over. Both are dressed as cowboys.)

Wilbur: (Taking his time.) Howdy! Thought I'd come callin'. After our swell time last night, I thought it'd only be neighborly.

Tex: I'm so glad you did.

(Sings) Where ya been? What ya been doin', son?

How ya been? Hope ya been havin' fun.

Glad ya came around to call on me today,

and there ain't an anyhow that you could overstay.

Grab a spot and give yourself some breathin' space.

Been so long I heard from you it's been a disgrace.

It's good to see your smilin' face.

And you always know you're welcome at this humble place.

(Aside.) I wish this fellow wouldn't bother me. Just because I trick with a fella doesn't mean I like him. Last night I was new in town, and he was the only thang available on short notice.

Wilbur: Gosh, Tex, you make me feel right to home.

Tex: (Sickeningly sweet) Good, that's how I aim to make you feel.

Wilbur: You is a beautiful specimen! So good-lookin' you make me feel

plumb inferior.

Tex: No need to feel like that, boy. Being ugly ain't no disgrace. How about a friendly game of cards afore you go back to your ropin' and brandin'? Ain't nothin' else to do.

Wilbur: I could think of something. (Tex pretends to gag himself with a finger while Wilbur looks away and begins dealing the cards.) Got any sixes.

Tex: Nope! Fish.

Wilbur: (He doesn't draw any.) Heck fire!

Tex: (Oily) I figure you to be a smart type holding onto some high powered face cards. Got any queens?

Wilbur: Yep, I got three. (Tex takes them.)

Tex: I'm sure nuff lucky today. I reckon a slick player like yourself don't give away many cards. Aces?

Wilbur: I got some of them too.

Tex: Well, am I ever blame lucky. That's the game. (With phony warmth:) I bet you're just lettin' me win cause I'm a new fella in town.

Wilbur: Naw, ya won fair and square. I don't see how you done it so fast.

Tex: I'll come callin' on you tomorry. (Aside.) Maybe if I wait a couple a days, he'll figure out I don't cotton to him.

Wilbur: I'll be lookin' for ya. (They shake hands. Wilbur moves forward on the stage to indicate a new location. Tex stays behind and engages in "cowboy" work: rope coiling, implement sharpening, boot polishing, etc., as do the members of the chorus. Soon a chorus member rings the dinner triangle, and they all come to the dining table and sit down. Wilbur looks up from his food to speak to Tex.) It's been over a week since I seen you over at your bunkhouse.

Tex: I've been doing (pause) inventory. I'll see you at six o'clock. (They all get up and go back to their cowboy work. Again the dinner triangle is rung.)

Wilbur: (Looking up.) I didn't see you at six like you said.

Tex: I meant six on Sunday. (They get up and go separate ways. More quick work pantomime. Dinner triangle rings again. At the table again, Wilbur looks up and says nothing.) I'm building a cabin in the mountains and a snow storm kept me from coming in. (All get up and go separate ways. Wilbur sings.)

Wilbur: You pester me on the subject of time.
You drive me mad on the subject of time.
When you say you're coming to call,
I know it's never at all.
You'll say you're fixing a stall
or building a wall.

Poor fellow, he needs more time.
God damn fellow, he needs more time.
Quite possibly, but mean time
he's certainly wasting my time.
My anger begins to climb.
His behavior could lead to crime.
If I kill him I'm sure that I'm
gonna use a torture that needs more time.

He is insane on the subject of time.
He pesters me on the subject of time.
When he says he's coming around,
I know there's nothing profound
to guess he's fixing his hair.
He'll never be there.
Sounds phony to me.

Chorus member #1: Tex makes it over to Wilbur's once in a while,

Chorus member #2: When Wilbur begins to look better than the steers--which
isn't too often.

#1: He tells Wilbur about his mean mom,

#2: And dippy dad,

#1: And about one or two of his love tragedies. He even tells him about
losing his voice on the Opry House stage. (Tex is lying with his head in
Wilbur's lap. Wilbur listens with rapt attention.)

Tex: I was married onct. She was trusting, obedient, reverent and loyal--a
good scout all round. I sang in the local Opry, but she started sleepin'
around, and it made me so plumb mad I couldn't sing or sleep, and I took to
drinkin' with the impressario. He was from New York City and was as black a
villain as you might expect from his originies. He seduced me in the midst
of my sorrow, stripped my young body of it's decency, and abandoned me. I
was so ashamed I traveled around for a spell, makin' new friends as would
have me.

Chorus member #2: Wilbur laps up Tex's stories like a horse at a water
trough and takes to Tex like a little kid to a hurt billy goat. Needy
people always was Wilbur's specialty.

Chorus member #1: One night Tex invites calf-eyed Wilbur to a Cantina.

#2: A bar so buried in the barrio that cowboys dance with rustlers, or with each other if no rustlers is available. Tex, a course, is a-flirtin' with everyone. (All are dancing in the imaginary Cantina. Some use castanets.)

Tex: (Sings.) La, la, la, la seductive.
La, la, la, la intriguing.
La, la, la, la erotic.
I might be yours sometime.

La, la, la, la affection.
La, la, la, la attraction.
La, la, la, la admirer.
Why don't you try a line?

Chorus: La, la, la, la sex.
La, la, la, la lust.
La, la, la, la flesh.
What do you have in mind?

Tex: I feel your libido is really quite low.
You hinder your love life. You should let it go.
I might consent to maybe.
You even yet might sway me
someday to be your baby,
but I'm not sure right now.
If I just had the time.
If you were more sublime.
If I weren't in my prime,
I might be yours sometime.
That gay married ranch hand you should not pursue.
That messy relation you ought to undo.
If things were different,
we would be lovers.
We might be lovers
if I were free.

Chorus: La, la, la, la sex.
La, la, la, la lust.
La, la, la, la flesh.
What did you have in mind?

Chorus member #2: (Speaking) Tex just loves attention, and he always lets Wilbur hope until... (The dinner triangle rings, and we are back at the ranch, where the hands are showing up for a meal.)

Tex: I decided that I would be leavin'. I got friends all over creation, and I get a hankering after them sometimes. One special guy in Dubuque is officially my lover.

Wilbur: (Appalled.) You didn't tell me nothing about him.

Tex: Yep, he come right after the impressario. (He sings, during which time Wilbur is visibly torn between despair, anger, and a need to keep up a friendly appearance.) My lovin' fairy is back in Dubuque.
He's a good cayuse at playing the uke.

If I could stand him, I'd like to return,
sharing the love that I spurn.

I met another guy in Ohio.
He made me feel at home for awhile.
I'd like to make my home in Ohio
if I weren't so versatile.

Others are scattered in towns in each state,
everyone hoping that I'll be his mate.
I let them think it if that is their wish,
such is the life of a swish. (He leaves.)

Chorus member #1: Months pass. This is the sa-a-ad part.

Chorus member #2: Wilbur has lost all interest in punching cows. All he
does is yowl at the moon.

#1: Then the miracle occurred. (The chorus and Wilbur are in the
bunkhouse. An extravagant male in drag enters.)

Chorus member: Howdy, Ma'am. We didn't know there was any woman out here
at the ranch tonight. Or such a purty one. (The drag preens.)

Drag: Oh, you kid. I hope you aren't doing anything later. But I came
here in response to a distress call.

Chorus: Distress call?

Drag: I am--get this--the good fairy, and I appear when I hear so much
catterwailing from a gay caballero that I can't stand it any longer.

Chorus member: Oh, you mean Wilbur's howling finally got to you.

Drag: You better believe it. My makeup was bouncing all over my dressing
table, my eye lashes were falling off, and worst of all, I couldn't put my
lipstick on straight--pardon the expression. (To Wilbur:) Are you going to
give up this infantile infatuation?

Wilbur: My heart is true, and I'm in love. I can't help myself.

Drag: Being hooked by a prick tease in cowboy drag is not love.

Wilbur: Once a cowboy like me has given his heart he can't take it back.

Drag: You don't need to take it back. You just give it out again as many
times as necessary. If not the original, then a Xerox copy.

Chorus: A what?

Drag: Never mind. I forget we are in the boondocks. How long has this

carrying-on been carrying on?

Wilbur: Month and months. I am true and blue.

Drag: Oh, spare me! Where did you learn this?

Chorus member #2: He reads Barbara Cortland romance.

Drag: The very worse heterosexual pornography. Your mind is warped. I suggest going to the big city and doing safe sex every weekend for two months.

Wilbur: I'm true blue, and there ain't no help for me. (He yowls.)

Drag: Oh stop that! I guess this calls for a metamorphosis.

Chorus: A metamorpho'sis?

Drag: Didn't you people go to school? Didn't you hear about the pretty boy who kept looking at his reflection and got turned into a flower?

Chorus member #1: We don't want you to do nothing to hurt Wilbur.

Drag: I don't plan on hurting him. (Wilbur yowls. They all wince.) I just plan to find a less disturbing outlet for what he plans to do anyway. (He yowls again. The chorus adlibs "O.K." "All right," etc. The drag then created a magic ritual.) Hairy fairy, don't be wary.

Puff and powder to you I'll carry.

I'll sprinkle on the fairy dust

so you can holler if you must.

But to relieve the ears of all

and your heart when you call,

I transform you on this night

to a new form to ease your plight.

(Drag leaves in a flamboyant way. Wilbur has disappeared during the chant.)

Chorus member #1: We never saw Wilbur after that. He may have gone to San Francisco like that nice lady suggested, but right after that there was a coyote baying at the moon every night that sounded a heck of a lot like Wilbur. (We hear Wilbur yahooping in the distance as the chorus listens with rapt expressions on their faces. Lights dim slowly.)

Drag: (Bouncing in.) I'm just waiting for them to put that in their mythology book. Now, where did that cute cowboy go? (She dashes after him. Quick curtain.)

Where ya Been? What ya Been Doin', Son?

Fast

Handwritten musical score for the song "Where ya Been? What ya Been Doin', Son?". The score is written on ten staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked "Fast". The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines. Chord symbols are written above the notes. The score includes a Coda section at the end.

Lyrics:

where ya been? what ya been do-in', son?
 how ya been? Hope ya been hav-in' fun.
 Glad ya came around to call on me to-day, and there
 ain't an en-y-how that you could ov-er stay.
 Grab a spot and give your-self some breath-in space.
 Been so long I heard from you it's been a dis-grace.
 Coda It's good to see your smil-in face. And you al-ways know your at this welcome humble place.

Chord symbols: G, Am7, C, G, D, G, Am7, C, G, Am7, G, Gmaj7, G Em, D7, G, Am7, D7, G, D.C. al, G, Am7, Em, Bm, G, Bm, G, Am7, D7, G.

Same words on
Coda as in the
last four measures
if...

You are Insane on the Subject of Time

Handwritten musical score for the song "You are Insane on the Subject of Time". The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the notes, and chords are indicated by letters above the staves. The lyrics are: "you pes-ter me on the sub-ject of time. you drive me mad on the sub-ject of time. When you say you're com-ing to call, I know it's nev-er at all. you'll say you're fix-ing a stall or build-ing a wall p poor fel-low, he needs more time. God damn fel-low he needs more time Quite pos-si-bly, but mean time he's cer-tain-ly wast-ing my tim my an-ger be-gins to climb. His be-ha-vior could lead to crime. If I kill him I'm sure that I'm gon-na use a tor-ture that needs more time. He is in-". The chords are: D, A7, D, A7, D, A7, Bm, G, A, Bm, A, A7, D, A7, D, D, A, D, A, D, Em, Bm, A, D, F, F#m, A, Em, A7, F#m, Em, A7, Em7, E7, Em7, D.

you pes-ter me on the sub-ject of time. you drive me
mad on the sub-ject of time. When you say you're com-ing to
call, I know it's nev-er at
all. you'll say you're fix-ing a stall or build-ing a wall
p poor fel-low, he needs more time. God damn fel-low he needs more time
Quite pos-si-bly, but mean time he's cer-tain-ly wast-ing my tim
my an-ger be-gins to climb. His be-ha-vior could lead to crime.
If I kill him I'm sure that I'm
gon-na use a tor-ture that needs more time. He is in-

sane on the sub-ject of time, He pes-ters me on-the subject of time

time When he says he's coming a-round, I know no-thing pro-
there's

found to guess he's fixing his hair, I'm wait-ing no mat-ter

where. He'll nev-er be there, Sounds pho-n-y to me.

You are insane on the subject of time.

You pester me on the subject of time.

If you say we're meeting at six,

I know it's never at six.

It's much more likely at ten,

more likely at ten.

You pester me on the subject of time.

You drive me mad on the subject of time.

When you say you're coming to call,

I know it's never at all.

You'll say your're fixing a stall

or building a wall.

Poor fellow, he needs more time.

God damn fellow, he needs more time.

Quite possibly, but mean time

he's certainly wasting my time.

My anger begins to climb.

His behavior could lead to crime.

When I kill him I'm sure that I'm

going to plan a torture that needs more time.

He is insane on the subject of time.

He pesters me on the subject of time.

When he says he's coming around,

I know there's nothing profound

to guess he's fixing his hair.

I'm waiting no matter where.

He'll never be there.

Sounds phony to me.



Cue: He come right after the Impassario
My Lovin' Fairy

Handwritten musical score for the song "My Lovin' Fairy". The score is written on six staves in treble clef, 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below the notes, and guitar chords are indicated by letters above the staff. The chords include C, Dm, G, G7, Am, F, and A. The lyrics are: "my lov-in' fair-y is back in Du-buque He's a good Oth-ers are scat-tered in towns in each state; ev' ry-one ca-yuse at play-ing the uke. If I could stand hop-ing that I'll be his mate. I let them think it if that is their turn wish, shar-ing the love that I spurn, I met an-oth-er guy in O-hi-o. He made me feel at home for a-while. I'd like to make my home in O-hi-o if I weren't so ver-sa-tile." The score ends with a double bar line and the instruction "D.C. al Fine".

My lovin' fairy is back in Dubuque.

He's a good cayuse at playing the uke.

If I could stand him, I'd like to return,
 sharing the love that I spurn.

I met another guy in Ohio.

He made me feel at home for awhile.

I'd like to make my home in Ohio
 if I weren't so versatile.

Others are scattered in towns in each state,
 everyone hoping that I'll be his mate.

I let them think it if that is their wish.

Such is the life of a swish.

Detached ^{Tex:} Where ya Been? What ya Been Doin', Son?
In as yed you did.

piano accompaniment

1+8

You Are Insane on the Subject of Time

piano or guitar

you pester me on the subject of time. you drive me mad on the subject

Detached

to Coda

time. When you say you're to call, I know it's near at

all you'll say you're piping a stall or building a wall

Poor fellow, he needs more time. Doh damn fellow he needs more time

Quite possibly but meantime his certainly wasting my time

my anger begins to climb, his behavior could lead to crime

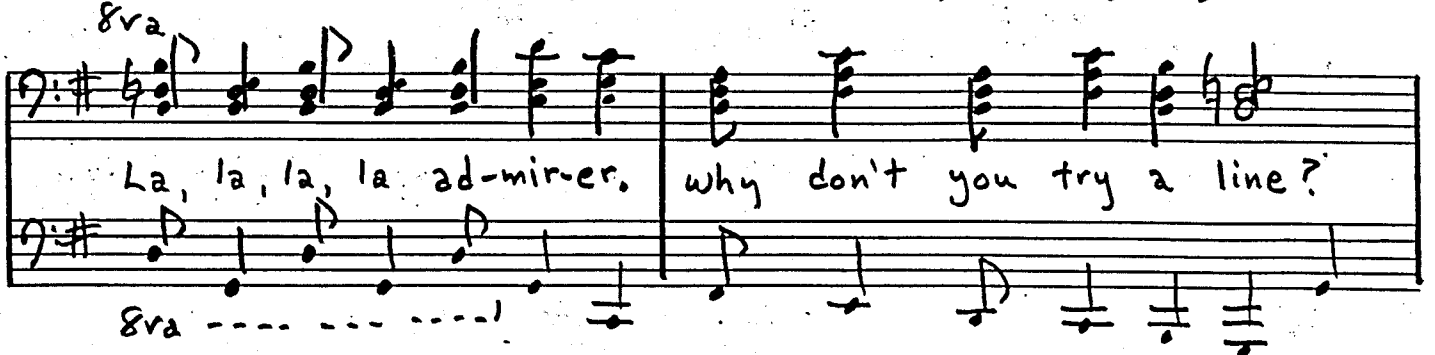
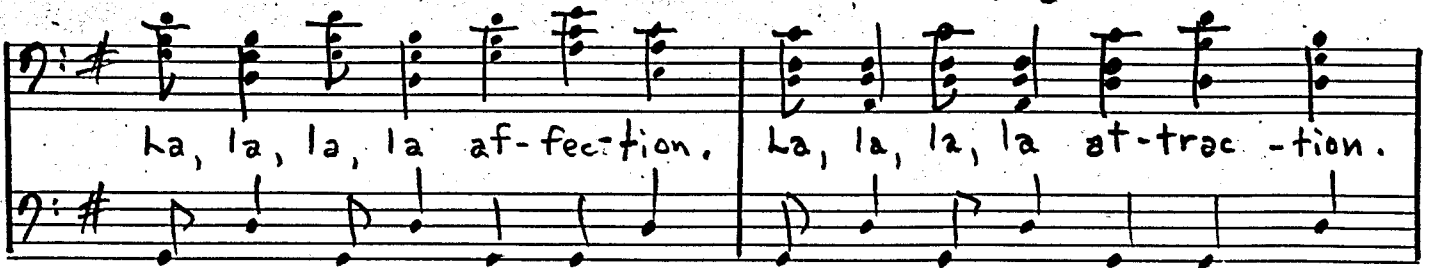
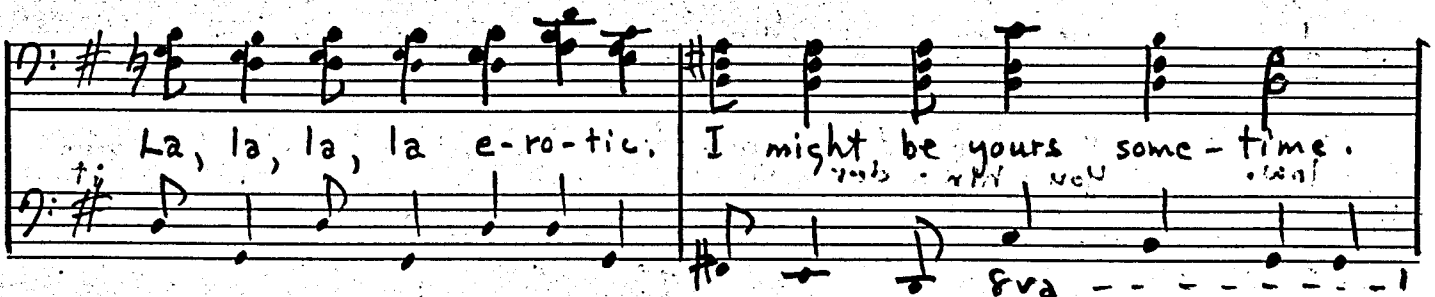
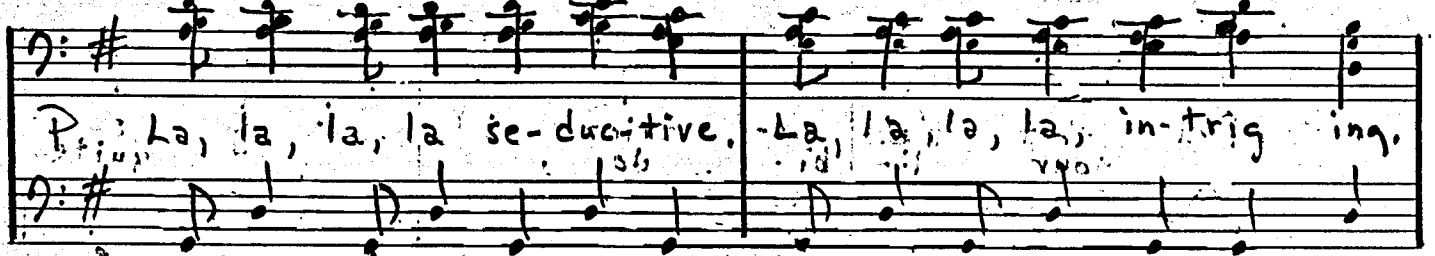
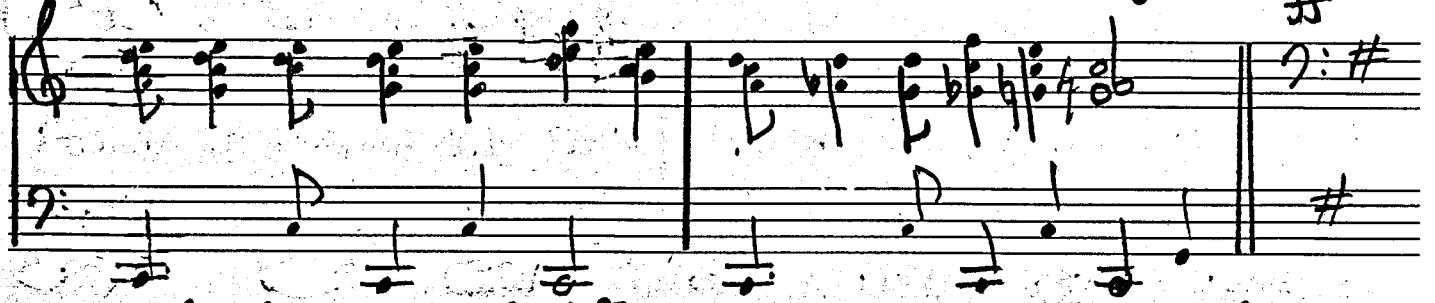
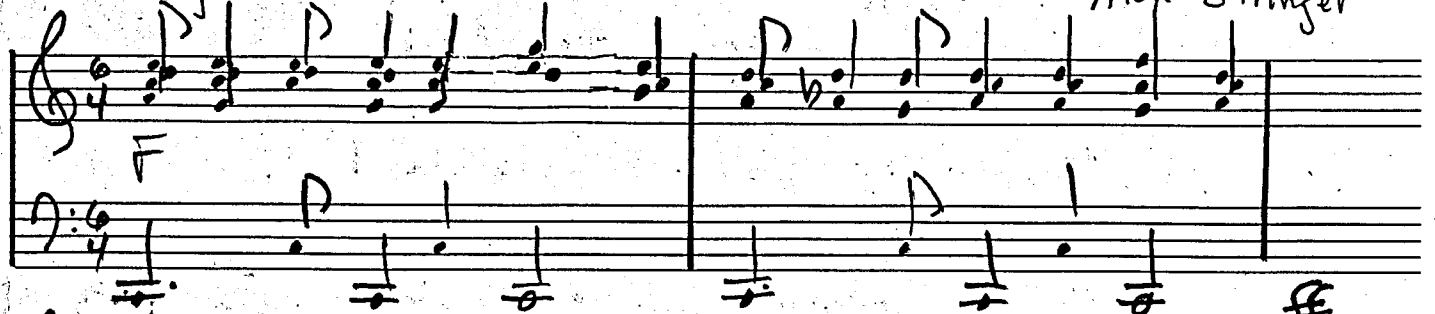
if I kill him, I'm sure that I'm going to see a torture that

D.C. Coda
needs more time this is
found to guess he's his

hair, I'm waiting no matter where hell may be there sounds of

me

Lively Cantina Dance Song Alan Stringer



Handwritten musical score for the song "Flesh" by The Roots. The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 7/8 time signature. It contains two measures of music. The first measure has a "scoop" annotation above the final note. The lyrics "la, la, la, la, la flesh." are written below the first measure. The second measure has the lyrics "What did you have in mind? I". The bottom staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 7/8 time signature. It contains two measures of music. The lyrics "8va" are written below each of the seven notes in both measures.

feel that that ex- trick is real- ly a quite
your li- bi- do

Handwritten musical score for the song "Hinders Your Love Life". The score is written on two staves. The top staff uses a soprano clef (C1) and the bottom staff uses an alto clef (C3). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the bottom staff.

Lyrics:
 crow. low. He hin- ders your love life. You should let him
 You hin- der it

Handwritten musical score for the song "I might consent to maybe". The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a whole note G, followed by a half note A, and then a quarter note B. The lyrics "go." are written below the first note. The music then continues with a half note C, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a quarter note G. The lyrics "I might consent to maybe" are written below these notes. The bottom staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a whole note G, followed by a half note A, and then a quarter note B. The lyrics "go." are written below the first note. The music then continues with a half note C, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a quarter note G. The lyrics "I might consent to maybe" are written below these notes.

You ev-en yet might sway me some-day to be your ba-by,

but I'm not sure right now. If I just had the time,

If you were more sub-lime, If I weren't in my prime,

I might be yours some-time. That gay mar-ried

fel-low you should not pur-sue. That mes-sy re-

la-tion you ought to un-do, If things were

~~dif-ferent, we would be lov-ers. We might be~~

Handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The score consists of three systems. The first system has two staves: the top staff is for the voice (treble clef, key of D major) and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment (bass clef, key of D major). The lyrics are "dif- ferent we would be lov- ers." The second system also has two staves with the lyrics "We might be lov- ers if I were". The third system has two staves; the top staff has the word "free." and the bottom staff has the instruction "D. S. al Fine". The piano accompaniment features various chords and melodic lines, with some measures marked with "8" and "4" indicating fingerings or counts. The notation is handwritten and includes many accidentals and dynamic markings.