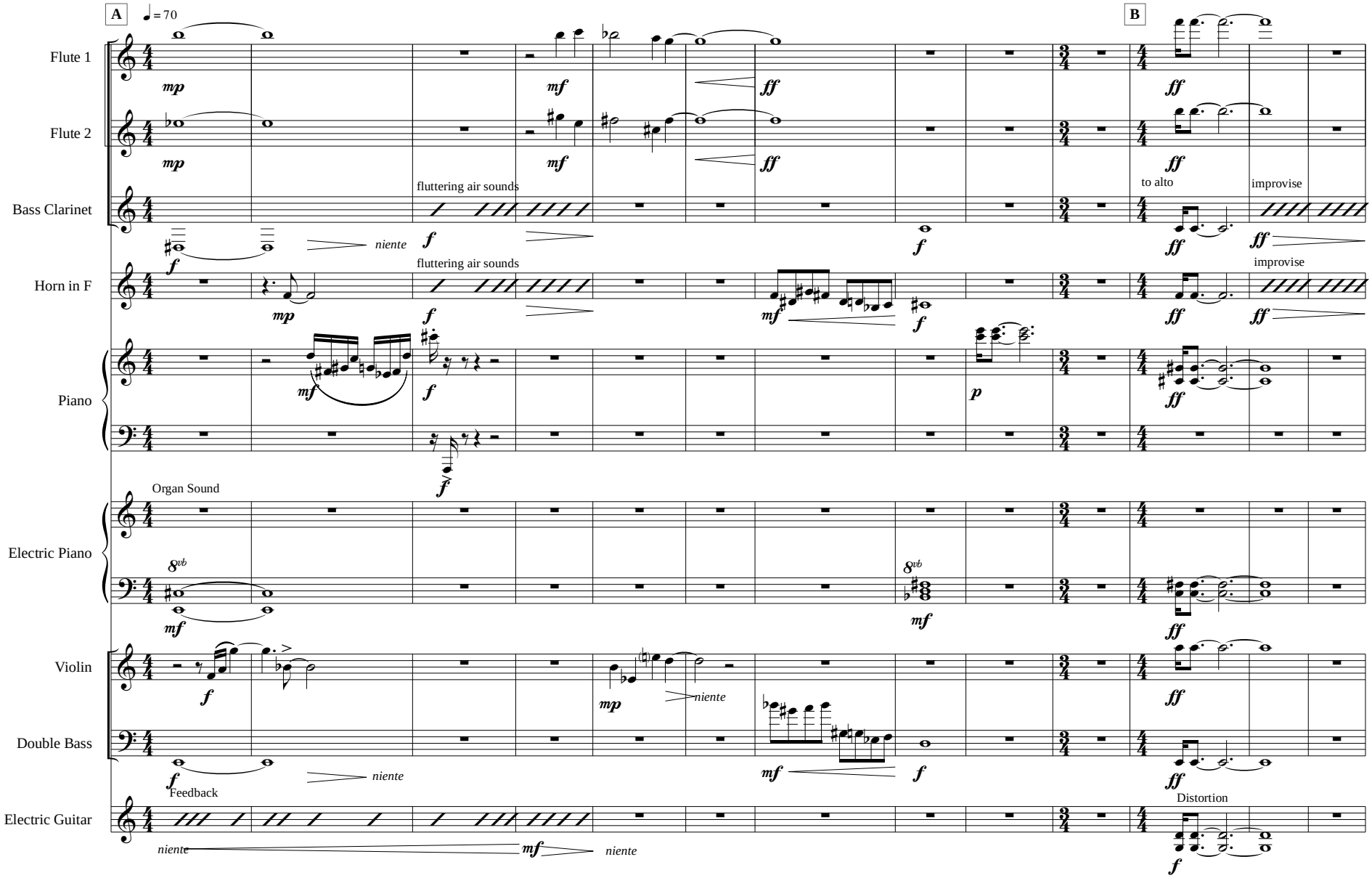
Score

No Longer Human

Tom Weeks
Text by Osamu Dazai (Translated by Donald Keene)



No Longer Human

C

Open

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

A. Sx.

Speak:
For three days and nights I lay as one dead. The doctor considered it an accident, and was kind enough to postpone reporting to the police. I am told that the first words I murmured as I began to recover consciousness were, "I'm going home." It's not clear even to myself what place I meant by "home," but in any case these were the words I said, accompanied, I was told, by profuse weeping.

14

Hn.

p

14

Pno.

14

E. Pno.

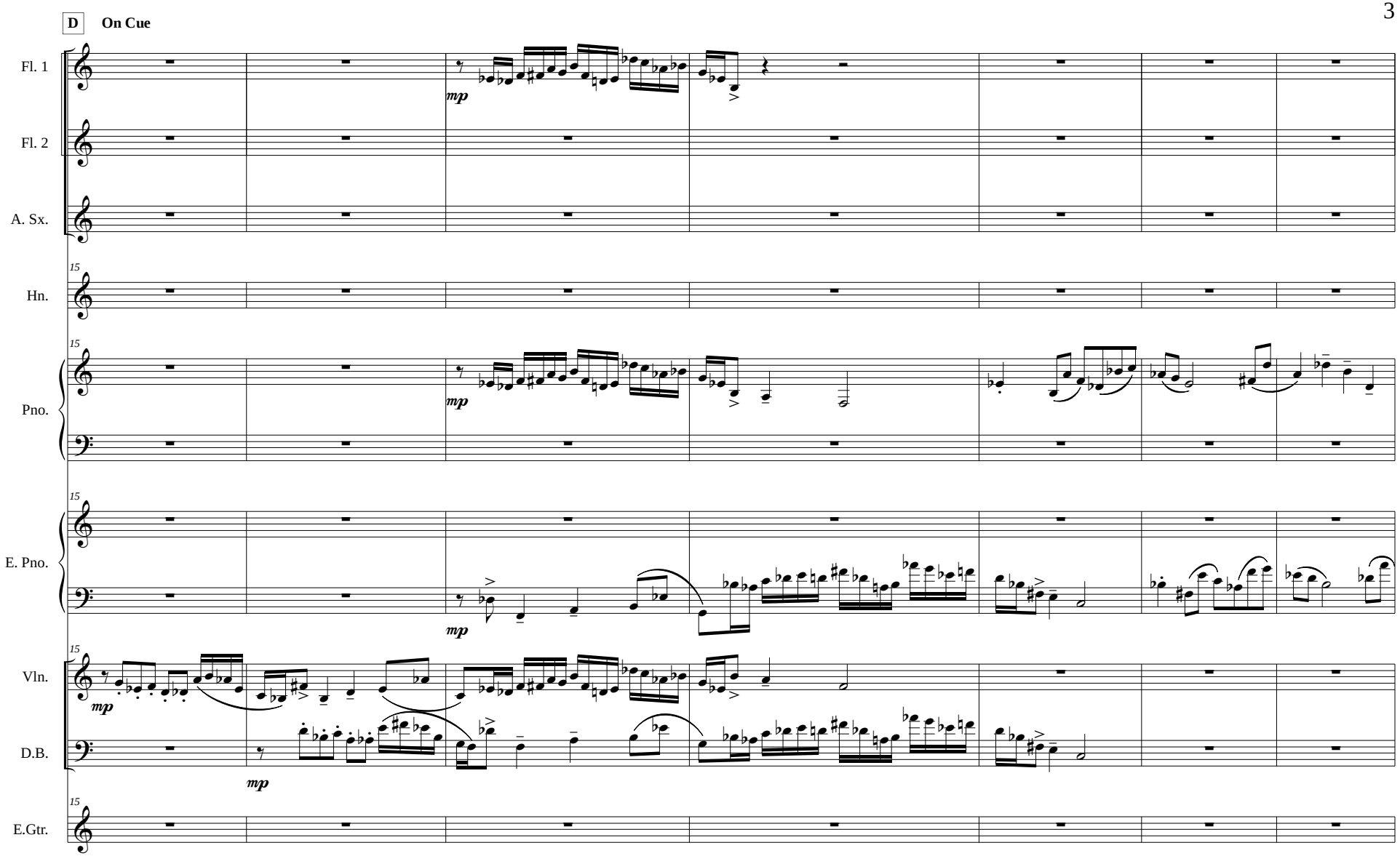
14

Vln.

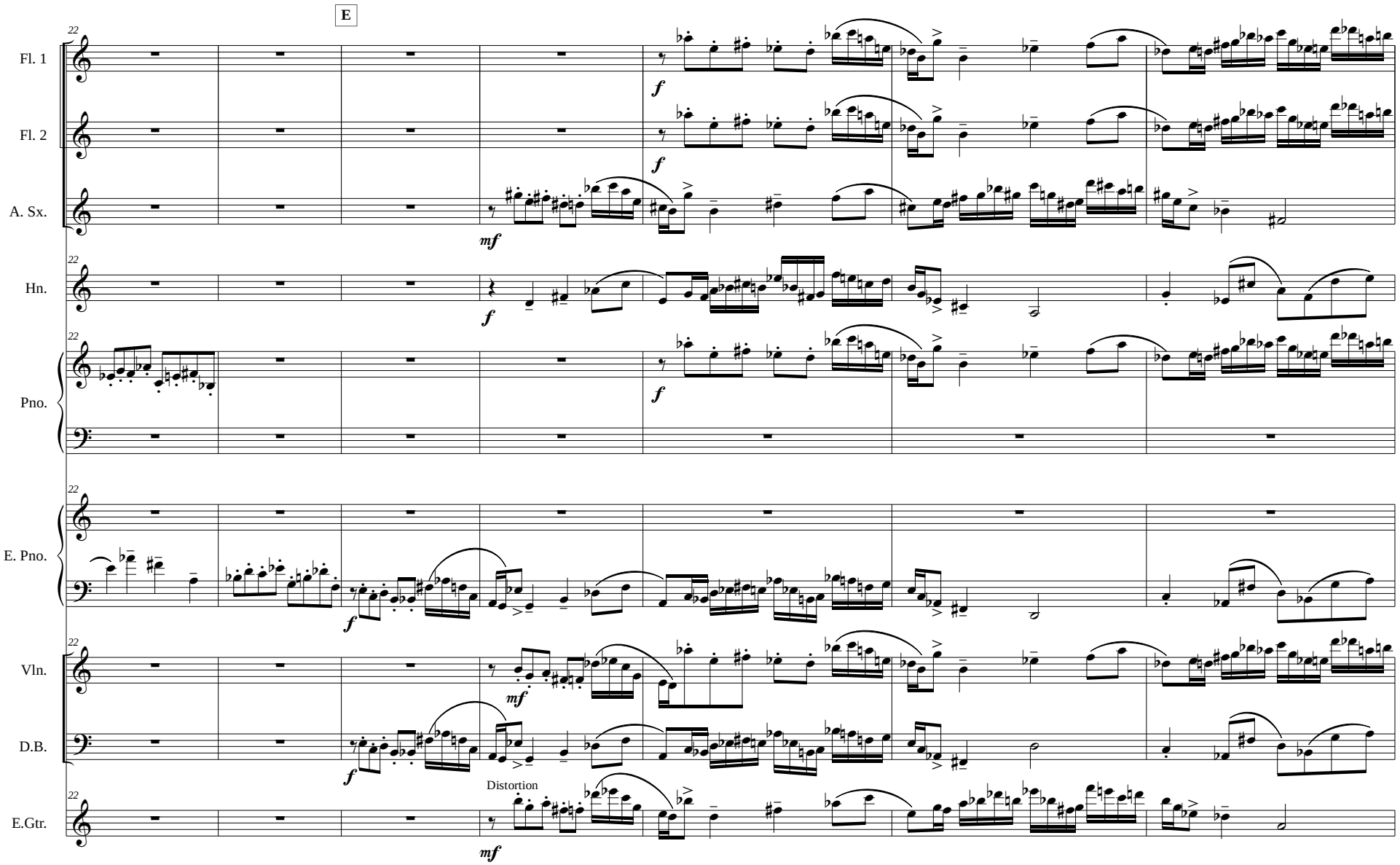
D.B.

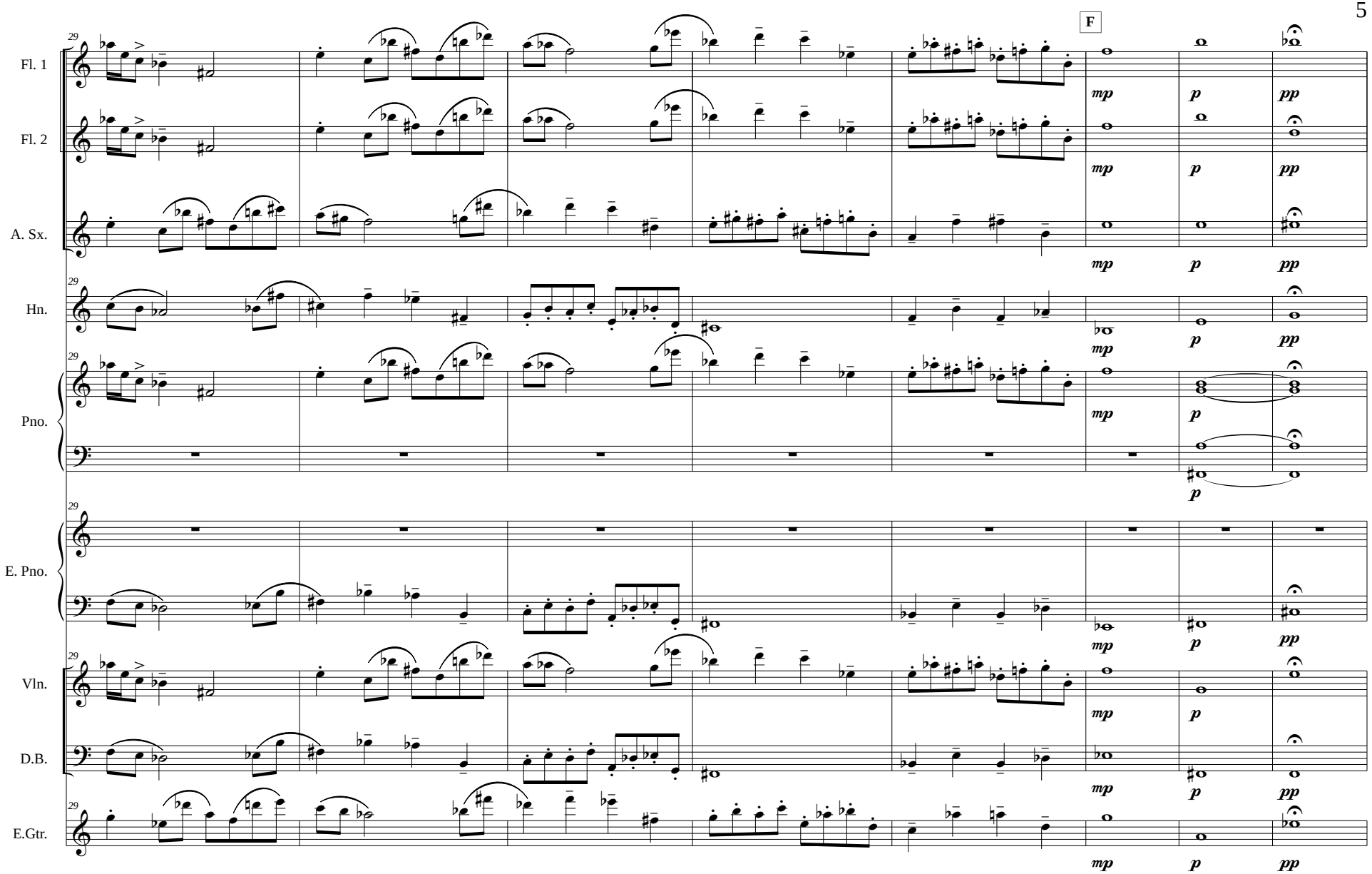
14

E.Gtr.


D
On Cue
Fl. 1
Fl. 2
A. Sx.
Hn.
Pno.
E. Pno.
Vln.
D.B.
E.Gtr.
15
mp

No Longer Human




F
Fl. 1
Fl. 2
A. Sx.
Hn.
Pno.
E. Pno.
Vln.
D.B.
E.Gtr.
29
mp
p
pp

6

G

Quietly play pitches in the order written. Pitches can be played in any octave/ Only one person should be playing at any given time. There should be an average time of ~5 seconds between ALL pitches. (This means you will not be playing for long stretches of time.)

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

play electronic component

A. Sx.

Speak:

You might say that I still have no understanding of what makes humans tick. My apprehension on discovering that my concept of happiness seemed to be completely at variance with that of everyone else was so great as to make me toss sleeplessly and groan night after night in my bed. It drove me indeed to the brink of lunacy. I wonder if I have actually been happy. People have told me, really more times than I can remember, ever since I was small, how lucky I was, but I have always felt as if I was suffering in hell. It has seemed to me in fact that those who called me lucky were incomparably more fortunate than I.

I have sometimes thought that I have been burdened with a pack of ten misfortunes, any one of which if borne by my neighbor would be enough to make a murderer of them.

I simply don't understand. I have not the remotest clue what the nature or extent of my neighbor's woes can be. Practical troubles, griefs that can be assuaged if only there is enough to eat – these may be the most intense of all burning hells, horrible enough to blast to smithereens my ten misfortunes, but that is precisely what I don't understand: if my neighbors manage to survive without killing themselves, without going mad, maintaining an interest in political parties, not yielding to despair, resolutely pursuing the fight for existence, can their griefs really be genuine? Am I wrong in thinking that these people have become such complete egoists and are so convinced of the normalityof their way of life that they have never once doubted themselves? If that is the case, their sufferings should be easy to bear: they are the common lot of human beings and perhaps the best one can hope for. I don't know… If you've slept soundly at night the morning is exhilarating, I suppose. What kind of dreams do they have? What do they think about when they walk along the street? Money? Hardly – it couldn't only be that. I seem to have heard the theory that human beings live in order to eat, but I've never heard anyone say that they lived in order to make money. No. And yet, in some instances… No, I don't even know that…. The more I think about it, the less I understand. All I feel are the assaults of apprehension and terror at the thought that I am the only one who is entirely unlike the rest. It is almost impossible for me to converse with other people. What should I talk about, how should I say it? - I don't know.

37

Hn.

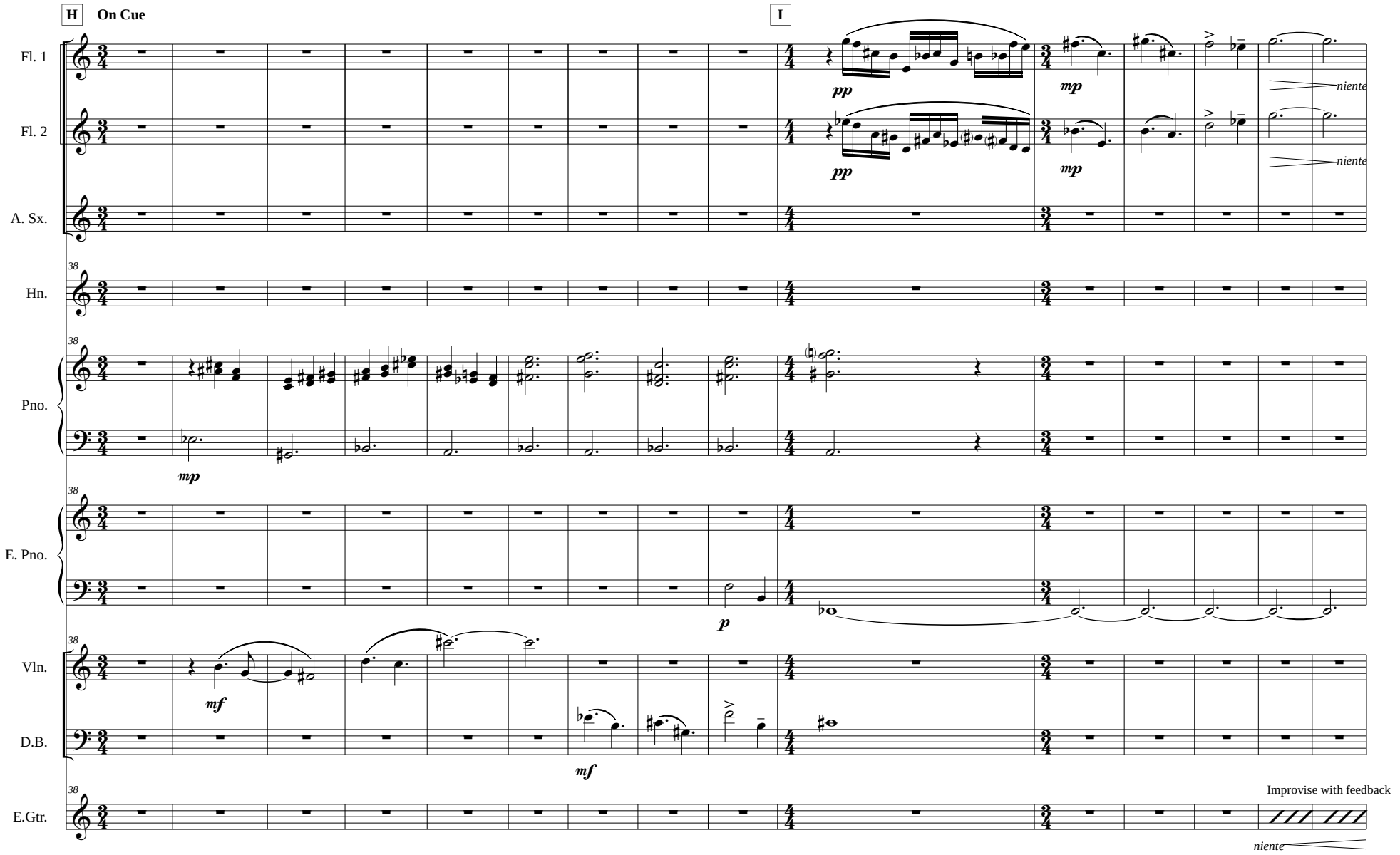
Pno.

E. Pno.

Vln.

D.B.

E.Gtr.


H
On Cue
I
Fl. 1
Fl. 2
A. Sx.
Hn.
Pno.
E. Pno.
Vln.
D.B.
E.Gtr.
pp
mp
niente
mf
p
Improvise with feedback

No Longer Human

J **Open**

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

A. Sx.

Read Text 3

Everything passes.
That is the one and only thing I have thought resembled a truth in the society of human beings where I have dwelled up to now as in a burning hell.
Everything passes.

Hn.

Pno.

E. Pno.

Vln.

D.B.

E.Gtr.

mf

niente