

Phil Treloar *Feeling to Thought*

## *MUSIC COMPOSITIONS*

other than those of the Sudhana Cycle

### PREFACE

Broadly, my compositional work might be seen to fall into two bundles: The *Sudhana Cycle*, and the rest. I've structured this website to accommodate this view for a very particular reason. To wit, all my compositional and improvisational work through to circa 2003 increasingly focused on the development of Collective Autonomy. In terms of a resolve that gave rise to compositional dots on paper, the *Sudhana Cycle* was inaugurated in 2007.

The four-year interim was witness to the two-hour "Work" *Zen's Way – through the eye of Gogō-an : Homage to RYŌKAN* being written; my solo series, *Pathways of the Mind : exploring sympathetic resonance*, being established; and Facing East – an initiative set up to accommodate occasional performances and from which Converging Paths was to come forth as a collaboration with the Australian drummer, Hamish Stuart – being initiated. Both *Zen's Way* and the *Pathways* series were inspired through my emerging understanding of Buddhist life, while Facing East and Converging Paths continued to pursue the more secular aspects of my work.

In essence this two-bundle view still applies though there obtains a considerable overlap between them. While Collective Autonomy has a home in the *Sudhana Cycle*, its deploy and behavior are not foregone conclusions nor are they to be taken for granted. Myself and my previous life's work are in the service of the *Sudhana Cycle* and to feel free to say this is an absolute joy.

All the musical "Works" discussed on this particular page concern those more secular in character and this includes, of course, all the work that has contributed to the evolution of Collective Autonomy. Below is an introduction to these more secular compositions while the "Works" comprising the *Sudhana Cycle* are to be found on a dedicated page.

### INTRODUCTION

My very first journey into music composition was indeed a venture. In fact, I'd say that music composition not venturous is something I'd not engage. And I'd go further to say that my early attempts, though venturesome, are what I'd refer to nowadays as song-writing rather than composition. The difference, in my view, is neither small nor pedantic. The difference in fact, is utterly essential.

I value inspiration for its spiritual benefaction and not its usefulness. To consider the source of inspiration is to offer to it respect and to honor its place of origin. True inspiration is a gift. It burns like a fire and the person who's been given it has

a responsibility to see that its nurturing warmth is distributed and shared. To my way of feeling and thinking, it is this that lies at the heart of music composition. It is this that generates the power that does the “Work’s” work.

My early attempts at assembling musical gestures into some kind of formal order were plagued by a complete lack of training and knowledge, not to mention them bearing abundant naïveté. Does this demean them? No. It doesn’t. They are as crucial to the field I inhabit today as was the life of my now departed parents. Retaining a contextual view will always maintain a degree of objectivity and this is essential nourishment to the process of composing. As feelings and thoughts are etched onto a page in dots, stems, beams, rests, and spaces, the process is a bird-like experience; one of diving, climbing, soaring, gliding, and at times, coming to rest. This is the experience of heart, of mind, of emotion, and of the physical body. These remarkable interactions of perspective become the “Work” as witnessed, perceived, received, and pondered by others. It is these perspectives that bear communicative potential and the wherewithal to furnish communicative exchange, prior to, during, and after the actual making. This is not music qua music but music qua human exchange and sharing. This is not music qua use-value but music qua spiritual insight. For many years it would be the case that where my innate, intuitive feelings pointed the way, my eyes were blind to the path. Whilst I had a pretty good idea concerning the direction to take, my compass kept swinging side to side, often unable to see the proverbial wood for the trees. Thus, my direction was unsure and my blindness found me stumbling over, and bumping into, obstacle after obstacle. Yet the essence, the *essence*, was there. In a word, inspiration.

The various writings appearing here on this web-page then, trace in considerable detail, the venture I’ve undertaken and refer to as music composition. By now I’ve enough hindsight so as to enable a project like, for example, *Of Other Narratives*, to be written about with an appreciable mix of exactitude, objectivity, and technical awareness. It’s no accident that, as indicated above, this particular project’s timeframe spans 1976 through 2003. That twenty-seven-year period was quite an adventure. It saw me through years of self-doubt, learning, teaching, mental collapse, re-gained confidence, spiritual reawakening, and the joy to be found in devotion. It led inexorably to the *Sudhana Cycle*.

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