

*Fast Food For Slow People*

For flute, bass clarinet, violin, cello, soundtracks

Dedicated to Tøyen Fil og Klafferi

Program Text 2019

Suddenly the telephone rang. Nobody picked it up. Danielsen had a really bad headache now. Ulla had not written to him since that evening in Chicago. Goodness, how he missed her! Thankfully he had the piano music. Piano music is the life, Ulla, he said laconically. He checked his e-mail.

One day the doorbell rang. A little pussycat was standing there. The cat looked incredibly sweet, but it had a language so terrible that it made him blush and cover his ears. Or he found other ways to drown out the sounds, like turning on the vacuum cleaner, although the place was as clean as possible, or he checked if the drill had battery power left. But the pussycat of course understood what he was up to, so it just waited with saying what it had to say until he stopped making noise.

A guy with a yellow cap walked by, and swung his arms wildly while leaning back at the same time. He had pulled the cap pretty low into his eyes, and it looked pretty comical. Then he stopped and had a smoke. Good that I don't smoke, not so often at least, he thought to himself. The sound of a trumpet filled the place. Applause was heard. This must be a recording from a concert, he thought. He recognized the music. It was The Musical Sugar Top. Wish I was in Sweden now, he thought. Or not in Sweden, but on the way to Sweden.

Norwegian original:

Plutselig ringte telefonen. Ingen tok den. Danielsen hadde skikkelig vondt i hodet nå. Ulla hadde ikke skrevet til ham siden den kvelden i Chicago. Nei og nei, det var et savn. Heldigvis hadde han pianomusikken. Pianomusikk er livet, Ulla, sa han lakonisk. Han sjekket mailen.

En dag ringte det på. Det stod en liten pusekatt der. Katten så utrolig søt ut, men den hadde et språk som var så fryktelig at han rødmet og måtte holde for ørene. Eller han fant på andre ting for å overdøve det, som å skru på støvsugeren, enda

kåken var så shina som overhodet mulig, eller han testet om det var strøm på den batteridrevne drillen. Men pusekatten gjennomskuet selvfølgelig opplegget hans, så den ventet bare med å si det den skulle si til han hadde sluttet å bråke.

En fyr med gul topplue gikk forbi, og svingte voldsomt med armene samtidig som han lente seg bakover. Han hadde trukket lua temmelig langt ned i øynene, og det så temmelig komisk ut. Så stoppet han og tente seg en røyk. Jammen godt at jeg ikke røyker, ikke så ofte i hvert fall, tenkte han. Lyden av en trompet fylte lokalet. Så hørtes applaus. Dette må være opptak fra en konsert, tenkte han. Han kjente igjen musikken. Det var Den musikalske sukkertopp.

Den som hadde vært i Sverige nå, tenkte han. Eller ikke i Sverige, men på vei til Sverige.