

The graduate students of the UC San Diego Department of Music present...

springfest

A WEEK OF EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC

April 11 - 18, 2013



Springfest 2013

Department of Music, UCSD

THURSDAY, APRIL 11

Songs in Ulterior Time

7PM

Concert Hall

- Light refreshments will be provided between the shows -

Pop Suckets presents:

THE DISCIPLINE HOUR

9PM

Experimental Theatre

FRIDAY, APRIL 12

Posing Nothing

8PM

Concert Hall

SUNDAY, APRIL 14

Springfest @ Birch Aquarium

6PM

2300 Expedition Way, La Jolla, CA

(To get to the Birch Aquarium, Take I-5 to La Jolla Village Drive. Go west one mile. Turn left on Expedition Way.)

\$10 cover includes aquarium admission (\$8 members and UCSD Students)

Springfest@Che Cafe

8PM

Che Cafe, Scholars Drive, just downhill from La Jolla Playhouse Complex

TUESDAY, APRIL 16

Lightness and Darkness

7PM

Concert Hall

- Light refreshments will be provided between the shows -

Maiden Voyage

9PM

Concert Hall

THURSDAY, APRIL 18

Language, as a music / six marginal pretexts for composition

7PM

Concert Hall

- Light refreshments will be provided between the shows -

Devotion of Union, Collapse of Pleasure

9PM

Experimental Theatre

Springfest 2013

Springfest is made possible through the support of the Graduate Students Association, the office of Dean of Arts and Humanities Seth Lerer, and the wonderful production staff of the Department of Music. Special thanks to all the concert curators, GSA stalwart Brian Griffeath-Loeb, designers Jen Bewerse and Meghann Welsh and to our tireless production manager and fearless leader in all things live and near-live, Jessica Flores.

About Springfest's guest ensemble in residence, Diagenesis Duo:

Diagenesis was formed when Heather Barnes, soprano, and Jennifer Bewerse, cello, met in July 2010, during the soundSCAPE performance and composition exchange in Maccagno, Italy. While walking between rehearsal locations and working together in a chamber ensemble, they formed a mutual artistic admiration and became fast friends.

In their first two years as an ensemble, Diagenesis Duo has been able to commission and premiere six new works for soprano and cello, perform in diverse venues from concert halls to community centers, bring their work to six states and three countries, and were recently recipients of the Myrna Loy Center Grants to Artists Award. They have also had the opportunity to work with prestigious performers and institutions such as The Banff Centre for Performing Arts, the University of Florida and of South Florida, Boston Conservatory, Joel Krosnick, Tony Arnold, Scott Klucksdahl, and Nan Hughes.

About Guest Artist Nic Tammens:

Nic Tammens (b.1989) is an Australian visual artist that performs regularly within noise and free music communities. He studied under Oren Ambarchi at the Victorian College of Arts and has played in ensembles with Brian Chase, Marco Fusinato, Sean Baxter, Oren Ambarchi and many others. He currently lives and practices in Portland, Or.

Songs in Ulterior Time

7PM - CPMC Concert Hall

A Treatise on the Astrolabe (2012)

Kyle Rowan (b. 1985)

I. Prelude

1. Lyte Lowes my Sone

II. Here Begynneth the descripcioun of thin Astrolabie

2. Thyn astrolabie hath a ring

3. The moder of thyn astrelabie

4. The wombe syde of thine Astrelabie

III. The worken the verrey pracktik of the forseide conclusions

5. To fynde the degree in which the sonne is day by day

6. To knowe the spryng of the dawenyng and the ende of the evening

IV. Postlude

7. And with this swerd shal I sleen envie

Tiffany DuMouchelle, soprano

Stephen Solook, percussion

Scott Worthington, double bass

con mortuis in lingua mortua (2012)

Stephen Lewis (b. 1983)

I. wail

II. marche funèbre

III. ego sum vermis

IV. Totentanz

Vocalette (2012)

Yi Hong Sim (b. 1983)

Diagenesis Duo

Heather Barnes, soprano | Jennifer Bewerse, cello

horas non numero nisi serenas (2011)

Stephen Lewis (b. 1983)

Sara Perez, soprano | Batya Macadam-Somer, violin | Jennifer Bewerse, cello

epigraph: excerpt from *Das Lied von der Erde* (Gustav Mahler, 1860-1911, arr. Stephen Lewis)

Tiffany DuMouchelle, soprano

Rachel Beetz, flute | Sam Dunscombe, Curt Miller, clarinets

Batya Macadam-Somer, violin | Leah Asher, viola | Jennifer Bewerse, cello

Tommy Babin, double bass | Kyle Adam Blair, piano | Ryan Welsh, conductor

A Treatise on the Astrolabe

The only one of Chaucer's works that is scientific, not literary, in nature, *A Treatise on the Astrolabe* represents the oldest known English-language scientific manual and is a personal manual for his son on how to use an astrolabe, an ancient astronomical instrument. The fact that this work was created for a practical rather than artistic purpose was particularly appealing – it called to mind Walter Miller's *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, when Brother Francis creates an illumination of a relic of St. Leibowitz, unaware that the relic was in fact a simple, and quite ordinary, circuit diagram.

Presented here are seven songs divided among four parts. The first part, "Prelude", contains one song, a setting of Chaucer's personal introduction to his son, Lewis. The second, "Here Begynneth the descripcioun of thin Astrolabie", contains three songs describing various components of the astrolabe. "The worken the verrey practik of the forseide conclusions" follows with two songs explaining the use of the astrolabe to calculate the position of the sun and the time of dawn and dusk; here, the words are spoken rather than sung. "Postlude" concludes the work reminiscent of the opening, unmeasured material, using for its text the humble conclusion to Chaucer's introduction. I am very grateful to Tiffany and Steve, who I first approached two years ago about a potential Chaucer cycle, as well as Scott, who came to the project later but no less enthusiastically; without their support and hard work this piece would not have been possible.

Vocalette

Text: "She saw and understood this man, not in an objective way, but in her own way: in the lambent colors of poetry, with woods in the background, and penetrating everything, the roar of the world's deepest and mightiest river." – Halldór Laxness, *Independent People*.

The idea of setting this one sentence from *Independent People* bothered me for over six years—a full two-thirds of the nine years I spent "not being a composer." By the time I sat down to write music again in the summer of 2012, I realized that, over its years lying fallow in my mind, the once-compelling idea had become a tomb, a sentence embalming the last thought with which I had left music behind. Thus, this 5-minute work is an attempt to reclaim the composer I was and reorient the composer I was becoming. It is melodic and contrapuntal, which are musical inclinations I have always had. Picking up where I left off in my Conservatory training, it is tentatively exploratory with extended techniques, but I tried harder this time to integrate these techniques with more genuine musical expression. It is somewhat impulsive in tempo and textures, a new inclination for me that emerges from my Oberlin and UCSD influences as well as a little...who knows what? Finally, it is mildly allusive to my '90s singer-songwriter roots, by dint of which I challenge you to a game of "Where's Sarah McLachlan?" I titled this piece "Vocalette" to mean "a little piece, involving voice." It is, if I were to be fully honest, a benign exorcism of the fears, confusions, and uncertainties that made me turn away from my composer self ten years ago. May that dumbass turn in my life rest in peace.

con mortuis in lingua mortua

...means "with the dead in a dead language." The first two movements adapt two traditional musical reactions to death - the lament and the funeral march. The third movement shows the creative process of making new music from digesting old, with pastiches of Webern, Lachenmann, and Sciarrino giving way to a climactic passage in a more personal style. The final movement, the Dance of Death, abstracts that which was personal in the third song, to a gently lilting rhythm.

horas non numero nisi serenas

...means "I count no hours but those that are serene." This is an inscription found on many sundials. The vocal line is a vastly expanded quotation of the final notes sung in Gustav Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, which you will hear in the "Epigraph." Never treating its central metaphors as anything other than potential ad hoc resources for inspiration and structure, *horas* imagines the interaction of forces (such as the orbits of celestial bodies) on vastly grander and lengthier time scales than humans can perceive. Channeling Renaissance sacred polyphony and the slow movements of Beethoven as much as recent music, *horas* is perhaps my most radically experimental yet personal work to date.

*A Treatise on the Astrolabe – Geoffrey Chaucer***I Introduction****1. Lyte Lowys my sone**

Lyte Lowys my sone, I aperceyve wel by certeyne evidences thyn abilité to lerne sciences touching nombres and proporciouns; and as wel considre I thy besy praier in special to lerne the tretys of the Astrelabie. Than for as moche as a filosofre saith, "he wrappith him in his frend, that condescendith to the rightfulle praieris of his frend," therefore have I yeven the a suffisant Astrolabie as for oure orizonte, compowned after the latitude of Oxenforde; upon which, by mediacioun of this litel tretys, I purpose to teche the a certain nombre of conclusions aperteynyng to the same instrument.

II. Here Begynneth the descripcioun of thin Astrolabie**2. Thyn Astrolabie hath a ring**

Thyn Astrolabie hath a ring to putten on the thombe of thi right hond in taking the height of thinges. And tak kep, for from henes forthward I wol clepen the heighte of any thing that is taken by the rewle "the altitude," withoute moo wordes.

3. The moder of thin Astrelabie

The moder of thin Astrelabie is thikkeste plate, perced with a large hool, that reseiveth hir wombe the thynne plates compowned for diverse clymates, and thy reet shapen in manere of a nett or of a web of a loppe. This moder is dividid on the bakhalf with a lyne that cometh descending fro the ring dou to the netherist bordure. The whiche lyne, fro the forseide ring unto the centre of the large hool amidde, is clepid the south lyne, or ellis the lyne meridional. And the remenaunt of this lyne dou to the bordure is clepid the north lyne, or ellis the lyne of midnyght.

4. The wombe syde of thyn Astrelabie

The wombe syde of thyn Astrelabie is also divided with a longe cros in four quarters from est to west, fro southe to northe, fro right syde to left side, as is the bakside. The plate under the riet is discribed with 3 cercles, of whiche the leest is clepid the cercle of Cancre.

The myddel cercle in wydnesse, of these three, is clepid the cercle equinoxiall, upon which turnith evermo the hevedes of Aries and Libra.

III. The worken the verrey pactik of the forseide conclusiouns**5. To fynde the degree in which the sonne is day by day**

Rekne and knowe which is the day of thy month, and ley thy rewle upon that same day, and than wol the verrey poynt of thy rewle sitten in the bordure upon the degre of thy sonne. Ensamplé as thus: The yeer of oure Lord 1391, the 12 day of March at midday, I wolde knowe the degre of the sonne. I soughte in the bakhalf of myn Astrelabie and fond the cercle of the daies, the whiche I knowe by the names of the monthes writen under the same cercle. Tho leyde I my reule over this forseide day, and fond the point of my reule in the bordure upon the firste degre of Aries, a litel within the degre.

And thus knowe I this conclusioun.

6. To knowe the spryng of the dawenyng and the ende of the evenyng

Set the nadir of thy sonne upon 18 degrees of height among thyn almykanteras on the west syde; and ley thy label on the degre of thy sonne, and than shal the point of thy label shewen the spryng of the day. Also set the nader of thy sonne upon 18 degrees of height among thyn almykanteras on the est side, and ley over thy label upon the degre of the sonne, and with the point of thy label fynd in the bordure the ende of the evenyng, that is verrey nyght

IV. Postlude**7. And with this swerd shal I sleen envie**

And Lowys, yf so be that I shewe the in my lighte Englissh as trewe conclusions touching this mater, and not oonly as trewe but as many and as subtile conclusiouns, as ben shewid in Latyn in eny commune tretys of the Astrelabie, konne me the more thank. And preie God save the king, that is lord of this langage, and alle that him feith berith and obeie, everich in his degre, the more and the lasse. But considre wel that I ne usurpe not to have founden this werk of my labour or of myn engyn. I n' am but a lewd compiler of the labour of olde astrologiens, and have it translaid in myn Englissh oonly for thy doctrine. And with this swerd shal I sleen envie.

con mortuis in lingua mortua

Ego sum vermis
Ponam super cadavera patrum meorum me,
Et sustinent me.
Aliquid movetur vivere.
Cetrum siquidem est mortuus.
Occupatio mors est.
In excogitando ante moritur.
Quod spirat Musica est mortuus, nisi agitur.
Et sum vermis, ut novum ex mortuis.

I am a worm
I myself lay upon the carcasses of my ancestors
And they sustain me.
A thing moves to live.
If a thing is fixed, it is dead.
Ownership is death.
Originality dies before it breathes.
Music is dead, except when it is performed.
All I am is a worm, making the new from the dead

Pop Suckets presents
The Discipline Hour
 9PM - CPMC Experimental Theatre

Prologue
 Episode 1
 Episode 2
 Episode 3

-Intermission-

Episode 4
 Episode 5
 Epilogue

The sock is, definitionally, and in terms of the military-textile complex, the lowest underdog of all available post-consumer materials. Their construction alone hints to the debased, bawdy, and brutal resistance to the testicle-crushing DOMINION of consumerism über alles, the fifth reich of banks and McUniversities, Ray Krock colleges where 'student-workers' are forced to take menial side jobs that, at best, provide a meager pittance unfit for living inside a trustworthy structure. The sock provides no such structure- it is limp and frail. New ones go missing each day and are never found again. The sock does not often question its place: it has none. The sock even lacks the capacity to look up the chain-of- command from its view from the floor. All that the socks have is each other. But the socks are disappearing, and so the socks have no choice but to engage in the smuttiest, kinkiest, and most utterly depraved acts of Pop Suckett carnal pleasures, tearing at each other, unravelled and crumpled and crammed into the hellish floor, crammed down in among the layers of pseudo-sexual plant matter, shyter-womanizing fish, insects tortured with urges they wrestle for an understanding of, and other such putrid circles of the darkest hell in the Kingdom of Kitsch. But one day, perhaps very soon, THEY WILL RISE UP..

Pop Sucketts:

Bonnie Lander, Joe Mariglio, Chelsea Pattee, Bob Pierzak, Adam Tinkle, Dylan Messina

Video:

Leslie Fisher-Sanders

Stage Hands:

Silas Bennett, Brendan Bernhardt Gaffney

Goggles provided by:

Brendan Bernhardt Gaffney

Springfest @ Birch Aquarium

6PM - Birch Aquarium

SPRINGFEST AQUARIUM PROGRAM

The programs in all five areas of the aquarium will run continuously from 6-7:30

HALL OF FISHES

Currents

Jon Forshee

water meditation II

Richard Johnson

After Auster

Kevin Zhang

FJN 422

Yvette Jackson

Grillos

Elisabet Curbelo

Cameron

Sam Wells

Anarrhichthys

Caroline Louise Miller

TIDE-POOL PLAZA

G Burns Jug Band

Clint Davis, Guitar, Banjo
Baty McAdam-Somer, fiddle
Meghann Welsh, accordion
Jonathan Piper, tuba
Sean Francis Conway, percussion

SMARGON COURTYARD

Improvisations

Tommy Babin, bass
Joshua Charney, keyboards

GALLERIA

Seascape

Jeff Treviño (Music)
John Hildebrand (Scripps)
Josh Jones (Scripps)

KELP FOREST TANK

Three Songs

by Kevin Flowers
Sarah Perez, Soprano
Leah Asher, Violin

Sept Papillons

by Kaija Saariaho
Jennifer Bewerse, cello

Hands And Lips of Wind

by Mischa Salkind-Pearl
I. Nightfall
IV. Con Los Ojos Cerrados
V. Madrugada al Raso/Daybreak
Jennifer Bewerse, cello
Heather Barnes, soprano

Duo for Violin and Cello

by Giacinto Scelsi
Judith Hamann, cello
Lizzy Welsh, Violin

\$10 cover includes aquarium admission (\$8 members and UCSD Students)

Directions to Birch Aquarium:

2300 Expedition Way, La Jolla, CA

Take I-5 to La Jolla Village Drive. Go west one mile. Turn left on Expedition Way.

Springfest@Che Cafe
8PM - Che Cafe

Korg Demo 1A with Smooth Scholar

Atomtink & the THINK

Samuel Dunscombe and Nic Tammens

About Dunscombe and Tammens:

Disembodied industrial noise meets deracinated synth-guitar pain. Two dream warriors from Melbourne, Australia. Tammens and Dunscombe found their feet somewhere between the Melbourne noise-punk warehouse scene and the world's of Iannis Xenakis, Francisco Lopez, and Sun 0))).

Together they will make your ears bleed in ecstasy.

Directions to Che Cafe:

Located on Scholars Drive, just downhill from La Jolla Playhouse Complex

Lightness and Darkness

7PM - CPMC Concert Hall

9 Settings of Lorine Niedecker by Harrison Birtwistle (b. 1934)

- I
- II
- III
- IV
- V
- VI
- VII
- VIII
- IX

Heather Barnes, soprano

Jennifer Bewerse, cello

9 Settings of Celan by Harrison Birtwistle, Text by Paul Celan, Translation by Michael Hamburger

- I. Thread Suns
- II. White and Light
- III. Psalm
- IV. With Letter and Clock
- V. An Eye, Open
- VI. Todtnauberg
- VII. Tenebrae
- VIII. Night
- IX. Give the Word

Sara Perez, soprano

Curt Miller and Samuel Dunscombe, clarinets

Leah Asher, viola

Jennifer Bewerse, cello

Thomas Babin, bass

Ryan Welsh, conductor

9 Settings of Lorine Niedecker

I
There's a better shine
on the pendulum
than is on my hair
and many times

... ..
I've seen it there.

II
My friend tree
I sawed you down
but I [must] attend an older friend
the sun

III
Along the river
wild sunflowers
over my head
the dead
who gave me life
give me this
our relative the air
floods
our rich friend
silt

IV
Hear
Where her snow-grave is
the You
ah you
of mourning doves

V
How white the gulls
In grey weather
Soon April
the little
yellows

VI
My life
By water –
Hear

spring's
first frog
or board

out on the cold
ground
giving

Muskrats
gnawing
doors

to wild green
arts and letters
Rabbits

raided
my lettuce
One boat

Two –
pointed toward
my shore

thru birdstart
wingdrip
week-drift
of the soft

VII
Paul
when the leaves
fall

from their stems

playing
to leaves
when they leave

the little
thin things
Paul

VIII
O late fall
marsh –

I
raped by the dry
weed stalk

IX
Sleeps' dream
the nerve-flash in the blood

The sense
of what's seen

'I took cold
on my nerves' – my mother

tall, tormented

9 Settings of Celan

I. Thread Suns

Thread suns
above the grey-black wilderness
A tree-
high thought
tunes in to light's pitch: there are
still songs to be sung on the other side
of mankind

II. White and Light

Sickle dunes, uncounted

In wind-shadow, thousandfold, you
You and the arm
with which naked I grew towards you,
lost one

The beams They blow us together
We bear the brightness, the pain and the nam

III. Psalm

No one moulds us again out of earth and clay,
no one conjures our dust.
No one

Praised be your name, no one
For your sake
we shall flower
Towards
you

A nothing
we were, are, shall
remain, flowering:
the nothing-, the
no one's rose

With
our pistil soul-bright,
with our stamen heaven-ravaged,
our corolla red
with the crimson work which we sang
over, O over
the thorn

IV. With Letter and Clock

Wax
to seal the unwritten
that guessed
your name,
that enciphers
your name

Swimming light, will you come now?

Fingers, waxen too

drawn
through strange, painful rings
The tips melted away

Swimming light, will you come?

Empty of time the honeycomb cells of the clock,
bridal the thousand of bees,
ready to leave

Swimming light, come

V. An Eye, open
Hours, May-coloured, cool
The no more to be named, hot,
audible in the mouth

No one's voice, again

Aching depth of the eyeball:
the lid
does not stand in its way, the lash
does not count what goes in

The tear, half,
the sharper lens, movable,
brings the images home to you

VI. Todtnauberg
Arnica, eyebright, the
draft from the well with the
star-crowned die above it,

in the
hut,

the line
- whose name did the book
register before mine? -,
the line inscribed
in that book about
a hope, today,
of a thinking man's
coming
word
in the heart,

woodland sward, unlevelled,
orchid and orchid, single,

coarse stuff, later, clear
in passing,

he who drives us, the man,
who listens in,

the half-
trodden fascine
walks over the high moors,

dampness,
much

VII. Tenebrae
We are near, Lord,
near and at hand

Handled already, Lord,
clawed and clawing as though
the body of each of us were
your body, Lord

Pray, Lord,
pray to us,
we are near

Askew we went there,
went there to bend
down to the trough, to the crater

To be watered we went there, Lord

It was blood, it was
what you shed, Lord

It gleamed

It cast your image into our eyes, Lord
Our eyes and our mouths are so open and
empty, Lord

Pray, Lord
We are near

VIII. Night
Pebbles and scree And a shard note thin
as the hour's message of comfort.

Exchange of eyes, finite, at the wrong time:
image-constant,
lignified
the retina -:
the sign of eternity

Conceivable:
up there, in the cosmic network of rails,
like stars,
the red of two mouths

Audible (before dawn?): a stone
that made the other its target.

IX. Give the Word
Cut to the brain - half? by three quarters? -,
knighted, you give the passwords - these:

"Tartar's arrows"

"Art pap"

"Breath"

All come Male or female, not one is missing
(Siphets and probyls among them)

A human being comes

World-apple-sized the tear before you,
roared through, rushed through
by answer,

answer,

answer

Iced through - by whom?

"Pass" you say,

"pass",

"pass"

The quiet scab works free from off your palate
and fanwise at your tongue blows light,

blows light

Kyle Adam Blair presents:

Maiden Voyage

9PM - CPMC Concert Hall

Microscope: 11 Pieces for Piano (2011-2013)

Kyle Adam Blair

- I. Overture, Prelude, and Preface
- II. Duo for Piano Interior
- III. F.C.P.F.R.A.G.M.E.N.T.
- IV. Happenstance #4
- V. Portrait of a Berserk as a Young Artist
- VI. Ceremony: Violence, (power)Violence
- VII. Portrait of an Artist as an Old Berserk
- VIII. Music for 18 Keys
- IX. Herman Cain
- X. The Ballade of Baby Boh
- XI. Epi_____
- XII. Post-Script

Primera Sonata (2011)

Xavier Beteta

- I – Violento
- II – Lento
- III – Agitado

American Etudes: 36 Bagatelles for Solo Piano (2012-13)

Hunjo Jung

1. Study on Ruth Crawford Seeger's "Diaphonic Suite No. 1"
2. Study on Charles Ives' "The Unanswered Question"

Microscope: 11 Pieces for Piano

The mind of Kyle Adam Blair is a constantly swelling vortex of bad puns and, depending upon the audience, either clever or utterly punishable word play. In that spirit *Microscope* is some combination of: A) Peering in at events and music through the paired lenses of piano music and punk rock, and B) A collection of short pieces each with a relatively small, simple musical landscape ("Micro-Scope"). That being said, these pieces reek of late-night cigarettes, alcohol-induced conversations, and that one shameful iTunes playlist that you adore but you'll never let anyone else see. Ever.

These pieces invoke a different type of self-expression from that often encountered in the concertized art music world. You won't find intensely pored-over musical craftsmanship here. You won't hear concern with the creation of profound or original musical statements. Instead, these pieces are a sort of musical journal of non-musical events and thoughts. Most of them were written in a day or two and never revised. Some were born out of improvisation at the piano; some were created in the comfortable privacy of my shitty apartment with no consideration of the mechanics of or performance on the instrument. The titles and the order of the pieces within the set came to me long before the music

"Overture, Prelude, and Preface" – What's the sole purpose of an overture or a prelude? To me, it's an unzipping or revealing of the musical landscape of a larger work. That's exactly what this simple piece is for me. "Duo for Piano Interior" – This isn't a duo for two people. Instead, it's a duo for two hands. I've found that any amount of success performing within the piano interior is completely dependent upon good choreography. This is a musical dance for the hands to perform. F.C.P.F.R.A.G.M.E.N.T – When I was growing up I was really into the band Fall of Troy. Their classic "F.C.P.S.I.T.S.G.E.P.G.E.P.G.E.P." (ask me what the acronym means after the show if you wish – Parental Discretion Advised) has been a personal favorite of mine for some time. A portion of the bridge of that song is the seed of this movement. "Happenstance IV" – In 2011 during some research on Cage's chance music processes I composed a set of 3 "Happenstances" using charts and polyhedral dice sets (Cheers to all you D&D nerds). I decided to try another. "Portrait of an Artist as a Young Berserk" – This piece evolved from a few concepts mashed together: *Portrait of an Artist as an Old Man* by Joseph Heller, John Adams' *American Berserk*, and the sounds of 8-bit-influenced "Nintendocore" bands (e.g. HORSE the Band). "Ceremony: (power)Violence, Violence" – Ceremony is a favorite band of mine; my favorite album of theirs: *Violence, Violence*. Their genre is considered hardcore punk or more specifically "Powerviolence." To properly complete this homage to them and their music I decided to include some "ceremonial" music in this piece. Who's more capable of ceremonial music than Mussorgsky? "Portrait of a Berserk as an Old Artist" – Same berserk as movement V, but older. And probably heavier. "Music for 18 Keys" – I was performing *Music for 18 Musicians* at the time, and wondered about writing a piece for 18 piano keys. The influence of atmospheric black metal is definitely in here, too. "Herman Cain" – Cain's obsession over the number 9 inspired me to use the same number in as many ways as I could think of in a single piece. Similar to Cain's concepts, this piece comes across as overly simplistic and absurd. Luckily for us, however, the piece lasts about as long as Herman Cain's campaign. "The Ballade of Baby Boh" – A mash-up of three concepts: the opera *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, a Chopin Ballade, and the Baltimorean colloquial abbreviation of National Bohemian Beer: a "Boh". I was going for a drunken, sloppy version of an otherwise beautiful ballad. Or ballade. "Epi_____" – The idea here was that the title of the last piece could stand for Epigraph or Epigram. Or Epic, Epistle, Epidermis, etc. It was also an attempt at a really short rondo, a common musical form often imposed on the last movement of Classical-era works. "Post-Script" – So this "suite" actually contains 12 movements. But, like most letters with a P.S., it wasn't conceived of until after the body of the piece was already in existence. It's pretty functional though, as it provides just as much a musical return as is necessary to bring this whole thing full circle.

- Kyle Adam Blair

Primera Sonata:

I wrote this piece in Guatemala between 2010 and 2011. This piece is an essay on Sonata Form. It was necessary for me, before I could embark in an exploration of form under a different perspective, to write a statement using the standard canon. I was interested in exploring musical narrative within the context of the serial technique. Since Sonata-Form allows for a lineal discourse producing a strong sense of narrative I thought this form could still give me a plan for narrative before I could completely discard it. I sought to be very strict in the writing technique, avoiding octave relationships, drawing inner relationships between the sonorities, and using a contrapuntal style. At the same time, I tried to make it very pianistic. Besides being indebted to the works of Boulez and Barraqué, this piece also stands in a direct dialogue with the works of the Guatemalan composers Manuel Martínez-Sobral, Rafael Castillo, and Rodrigo Asturias, to whom the work is dedicated.

- Xavier Beteta

American Etudes:

These two pieces are a small part of a larger set of 36 Bagatelles or Etudes each based on the analysis and practice of compositional techniques of American composers such as Ruth Crawford Seeger, Milton Babbitt, Elliot Carter, Roger Sessions, Roger Reynolds, and Charles Ives. The goal of these pieces is to penetrate and explore the American avantgarde soundscape.

- Hunjoo Jung

Devotion of Union, Collapse of Pleasure

9PM - CPMC Experimental Theatre

Credits:

Leslie Ann Leythem, voice
 Sam Duncombe, clarinet
 Jonathan Piper, tuba
 Brendan Nguyen, keyboards
 Leah Bowden, drum set and vibraphone
 Clint Davis, electric guitar
 Batya MacAdam-Somer, violin
 David Medine, conductor
 Kevin Larke, technology
 Clint McCallum, composer

It's coming... do you feel it?

Like the sound of thunder approaching across broad plains it rumbles the future as it approaches the present.

Do you see it vibrating towards you?

Open yourself.

Be ready to be exploded onto the next plain:

limitless body unchained from any and all physical space;

limitless identity unbound by state gender and creed;

limitless mind unattached to the materials that materialize it.

Open yourself to the new global dispersible uncontainable body.

Open yourself to the new ontologically impossible identity.

Open yourself to the new ubiquitous yet camouflaged mind.

Open yourself to the explosion:

the trigonometric transubstantiation onto the multidimensional plain of metabiological processes,
 where life and death come together to materialize a higher consciousness.

Open yourself.

Open yourself to the future.

Open yourself into operation incision induction.

I am Its will; It does not will.

Media is mind.
 Money is flesh.
 Credit is soul.

Correlative rules of investment:
 besieged by your own endowment.
 global digital investiture:
 clothing cloning closing,
 bundled converted and multiplied.
 revolution is always already an inversion—
 repeat

the drive to contribution:
 "Bare necessity" is contextual,

and "happiness" is a word we use for a spontaneous messy explosion from the subconscious.
 God isn't dead!
 God is only dead when we lose access to the future,
 and maintenance is sacrifice.

Money is voice.
 Credit is soul.
 Media is flesh.

The phantasmic force present in systemic wrath,
 its sublime expression in bloodshed, foreclosures, and accredited degrees,
 inveterately speaking our desire.
 God is responsible for accreditation.

Living standards:
 Alone never alone:
 reproduced on the expressions of passers by

Standardized living

Latent likeness engulfing and warming
 I just want to feel safe I just want to feel safe I just want to
 God is reborn
 Wake up from nostalgia!
 Actualize your dreams before fear!

Money is voice.
 Credit is soul.

Hopes and dreams invested—
 protection,
 projection,
 production,
 debt—Detonation.

...
 I...I...I...
 I...I...I...
 I...want...
 I want...
 I...I...I...
 I...want...
 I...
 I am the agent,
 my mouth is an opening.
 And through me in front of the rest,
 speaking everywhere silent
 filling the cracks
 lubricating all of the moving parts.
 Where from?
 Formed where(?) a silent voice,
 never in plain sight obscured by plain sight,
 It speaks—
 write it down pin it down keep it down:
 We have the right to choose the laws we write. Right?
 We choose the laws we write we write the laws we choose. Right?
 The laws we choose the right we have.
 To choose the right we have the laws we write.
 Write to choose the right of the laws we have. Right? Right?
 The laws choose the right we write.
 To choose, we write the laws.
 To choose the right, the laws we right choose. Right?
 Choose the laws.
 We write the right to choose the laws we write.
 Choose the right. Right?
 Write the right, we choose to right the laws we write.
 We, the laws, write the laws to choose the right to right the laws we write. Right?
 The right to write to choose the laws we write to choose the write we choose.
 To right the laws we write to write the laws we right.
 We have the laws to write the laws to choose the right to choose the laws.
 The laws we choose we right to choose the right we choose the laws. Right? Right? Right?
 Have we the right to write the laws we choose to right the laws we write? Right?
 Choose the right, we have the laws.
 Have the right, we choose the laws.
 Choose the laws to write the right to have to choose the right laws we write right the laws we choose. Right? Right.
 It does not speak.
 It does not adapt.
 It does not argue.
 It is fate, prohibition, desire,
 overlooked, and ignored.
 It is a resistor, a roadblock, a vindication.
 It insinuates, welcomingly stoical, from after the surface of time.
 I am Its will.
 It does not will.

m y s e l f
y o u
p r i s o n
m e r c y
m y s e l f
here you person
myself
f i g m e n t
y o u r s e l f
i o u r s e l f
y o u r s e l f
p e r s o n

to fill commending cryptic swelling
to speak choreography
not be killed.
mouth,
lips,
commanding.
out,
c o n s u m i n g
stampng claim on time
while ebbing in and affirming something completely outside of
their power
some more than others, beyond their spontaneous death
exploding into
pushing pulling propping pleading prying pandering
power litmus of some all power
flow force of some deep freedom...
the right right to to speak
write the right right to to speak
write the right to write the right to speak
to speak the right
the right not to be killed defended by the right to take away
the right not to be killed and kill should the right not to be killed be taken away