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Bonnie Lander we nincs wär ich schon mein lokinf tpong
lcsala

Bonnie Lander

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January 25, 2012 : 8pm ki this is my jamaica room [\\] mfnuh ai lion ldine lfnuenu
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but truth *

cause it was a mess to be in that ocean of whatever the fuck.
right in the middle of it all |

Thank you for coming....

This recital is ,; for me { a rep}resentation of a p.erioid in time.

whichIT is an interesection.

At the divide of the mind's past, present, and future.

I have chosen music that is theatrical, emotional, satirical, happy, introspective, hilarious, chaotic, sad, and in sadness- hopeful. Then I chopped at it with my mind's hammer knife so that it could makke sentse!

In one world, there is the theatrical improvisation sounds of Berio's sequenza for solo voice- written with Cathy Berberian's idiosyncratic vocal language. By using her musical toolbox in combination with his own, the Berio's sequenza blurs the line between composer and performer.

This is the doorway into the world of improvisation that reappears throughout.

In another world, the Kurtág fragments deliver a poetic recitation of densely packed verses. The deeply emotional Hungarian poet Attila József is excerpted as well as German satirist Georg Christoff Lindenberg. I love the way Kurtág sets text, with specific attention to the spoken embellishments of the language as well as the emotional subtext of each heartbreaking or hilarious moment.

The Webern lieder, although complex, is a return, for me, to the tradition of art song - which is the first version classical vocal music I ever learned.

Bio clock songs by Bob are the breakaway point into absurdity and theatricality.

In this format, the pieces, which are so far apart, are stacked in direct contrast. They create anchors, narratives, disjuncts, and discomforts. Hope you enjoy them!

In the pause- please enjoy bird sounds by Brendan Gaffney.

In Chapter 2- I have left the Crumb untouched. George Crumb is an American composer with an idiosyncratic sound. His use of prepared piano, extended techniques, and dissonant tonalities distinguishes his music as exactly his.

The text of this work is by American poet Walt Whitman, extracted from a larger work "Memories of President Lincoln," as an elegy written in the wake of his assassination.

Although the subject matter of the piece is death, the work itself embraces death for its unique position within a greater cycle. In this piece, mourning and longing give depth, life, and joy to death's somber image.

Khalil Gibran wrote: "You would know the secret of death. But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?... For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one...For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt in the sun? And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered..."

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing... And when the earth shall claim your limbs shall you truly dance" The Prophet

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 Luciano Berio Sequenza III
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 as win György Kurtág from: Attila József Fragments &
 ~ sto was probabl; (Einige Sätze der Südelbuchern
 1. B of (Georg Christoph Lindenberg
 lly :-
 get that Anton Webern Drei Lieder, Op. 25
 // , dr vutyl anoue jt
 va * OH MY GOD
 o i went Bob Pierzak Bio Clock Songs #1 & #2
 ove e uy o "tou thet
 On ; lopa nu out ur control ur stue swept.
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 ine bliss (acid : the atr) Brendan Gaffney -- (birds)
 A der sussigkeit der trauer.
 immense space and incredibly density
 then to the end i go, melted and further melting.
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 Chapter 2 whose feet move as if they are supposed(
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 forever. George Crumb = Apparition
 uncomfor I. The Night in Silence under Many a Star sad of shifting
 Vocalise 1: Summer Sounds ything feels off A
 tools II. When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd to
 III. Dark Mother Always Gliding Near with Soft Feet
 * Vocalise 2: Invocation
 IV. Approach Strong Deliveress!
 Vocalise 3: Death Carol ("Song of the Nightbird")
 V. Come Lovely and Soothing Death
 VI. The Night in Silence under Many a Star to change

Featured musicians: Meghann Welsh, vocals ; Todd Moellenberg, piano ; Kyle Adam Blair, Piano ; Scott Worthington, bass ; Samuel Dunscombe, clarinet

Texts : Part One

Attila József Fragments

Kásásodik a víz,
kialakul a jég, és bűneim
halállá állnak össze.

Sokan voltak és körülvettek,
álomban engem kinevettek:
"Hehe, hát ennél van a kincs, ami nincs!"

Ad idő futva terem mint bab.

Költő szerelem szalmaláng, azért oly
sebes és falánk.

Én ámulok, hogy elmúlok.

Szólj hát, mit tegyek én hogy szeress ha
sírva fakadok, ne nevéss. Mint a motor,
mely már begyulladt, és nincsen útja és
nem indulhat olyan vagyok s ha bátrabb
volnék, értelmetlen szavakat szólnék.

Tizenöt éve írok költeményt és most,
amikor költő lennék végre, csak állok itt
a vasgyár szegletén s nincsen szavam a
holdvilágos égre.

Nincs közöm senkihez, szavam szálló
penész. Vagyok, mint a hideg, világos és
nehéz.

Lesz lány hús s mellé ifjú karalábé ökor
hízik és nő a csalamádé de az már am i
porunkból fakad

Nem! Nem! Kellene kiáltoznom s azt
suttogom: igen, igen, hogy a sors
ringatózást hozzon a tenger sírás
vizeiben.

Kásásodik a víz,
kialakul a jég, és bűneim
halállá állnak össze.

Ének, hajolj ke ajkamon, s te bánat, ne
érj el, csak holnap. Mélyebbre kell meg
hajolnom, hogy semmit nem tudón daloljak.

Bio Clock 1

Hurry hurry! Or we'll miss the womb
boat/toast!

The water thickens, swelling into ice,
and my sins gather into death.

Many came and pressed around me, in my
dreams they laughed with me:
"Ha ha, so he is the one with the
treasure that's none!"

Time sprouts on the run, like beans.

Poet's love is a blazing straw, hence
it's greed and devouring speed.

Amazed am I that I shall die.

Tell me, what should I do to make you
love me, if I weep, don't laugh or mock
me. Like a car with engine racing but
there's no road, no way of starting, -
that's me, and were I bolder my words
would lack all sense or order.

For fifteen years I've been writing
verse, and now, when I might at last
become a poet, I just stand here by the
ironworks, and have no words for the
moonlit sky.

I'm a stranger and alone, my words are
floating mould. I'm clear and hard like
the cold.

There'll be tender meat with young
kohlraabi, the ox grows fat and green
maize grows, but all this grows from our
dust now.

No! No! I ought to cry, yet I whisper:
yes, yes, so that fate might bring a
gentle rocking to the waters of a sea of
tears.

The water thickens, swelling into ice,
and my sins gather into death.

Song, lean out of my lips, and sorrow,
don't reach me until tomorrow. I must
bow down still further to be able to
sing without knowing anything.

Translated by Peter Sherwood

Bio Clock 2

When my first mother once told me.....

Texts : Part One

Georg Christoph Lindenberg fragments

Alpenspitzen näher der Sonne, aber
kalt und unfruchtbar.

Es ist nicht der Geist, sondern das
Fleisch was mich zum Nichtkonformisten
macht.

Er schämt sich nicht einmal "ex
officio."

Was hilft aller Sonnenaufgang, wenn
wir nicht aufstehn

Im Dunkel rot werden.

Drei Lieder Op. 25

text by Hildegard Jone

I. Wie bin ich froh!

Wie bin ich froh!
Noch einmal wird mir alles grün
und leuchtet so! Noch überblühen die
Blumen mir die Welt! Noch einmal bin
ich ganz ins Werden hingestellt und
bin auf Erden.

II. Des Herzens Purpurvogel

Des Herzens Purpurvogel fliegt durch
Nacht.
Der Augen Falter, die im Hellen
gaukeln, sind ihm voraus, wenn sie im
Tage schaukeln.
Und doch ist er's, der sie ans Ziel
gebracht.
Sie ruhen oft, die bald sich neu
erheben zu neuem Flug.
Doch rastet endlich er am Ast des
Todes, müd und flügelschwer, dann
müssen sie zum letzten Blick verbeben.

III. Sterne

Sterne, Ihr silbernen Bienen
der Nacht um die Blume der Liebe!
Wahrlich, der Honig aus ihr
hängt schimmernd an Euch.
Lasset ihn tropfen ins Herz,
in die goldene Wabe,
füllet sie an bis zum Rand.
Ach, schon tropfet sie über,
selig und bis ans Ende mit
ewiger Süße durchtränkt.

Alpine-peaks are closer to the sun, but
are cold and barren.

It is not the spirit, but the flesh which
makes me nonconformist.

He is ashamed to not even have "ex
officio"

What helps the sun rise, if we do not get
up?

In dark red

Three Songs

I. How happy I am!

How happy I am!
Once more all is green
and shining so!
Flowers blossom for me over the world!
Once more I am set in becoming and am on
earth.

II. The hearts crimson bird

The heart's crimson bird flies through
the night.
Eyes' butterflies that flutter in the
light are before him, when they swing in
the day.
And yet he it is who brought them to
their goal.
They are often quiet, that soon spring up
again in new flight. Yet finally he rests
on the branch of death, weary and heavy
winged then must they quiver at the last
glance.

III. Stars

Stars, you silver bees
of night about the flowers of love!
Truly the honey from them
hangs shining down on you.
Let them drop into the heart,
in the golden honeycomb,
fill it to the brim.
Ah, now it overflows,
happy and up to the end with
eternal sweetness drunk.

Translated by Keith Anderson

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It's changed.

George Crumb : Apparition

I. The Night in Silence

The night, in silence, under many a star;
 The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd Death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

III. When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd
 I mourned - and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

III. Dark Mother

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
 Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
 Then I chant it for thee - I glorify thee above all;
 I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

IV. Approach Strong Deliveress

Approach, strong Deliveress!
 When it is so - when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
 Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
 Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

V. Come Lovely and Soothing Death

Come lovely and soothing death,
 Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
 In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
 Sooner or later, delicate death.

VI. The Night in Silence

The night, in silence, under many a star;
 The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd Death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Text: Walt Whitman

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Thank You!

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**Kyle Adam Blair
Meghann Welsh
Todd Moellenberg
Scott Worthington
Samuel Dunscombe
Brendan Gaffney**

fault sa

**Susan Narucki
Jessica Flores, Jason, Tony, & the
production crew!**

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' **All of my friends and colleagues who
supported me to make this happen, in
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