

loadbang program notes database
organized by composer last name / title of piece

Andy Akiho (1979) - Six Haikus (2011)

Andy Akiho's *Six Haikus* is a dramatic work written for *loadbang* in 2011. Though not written as a narrative work, both the composer's original haiku text and aural aesthetic explore the concepts of love, lust, loneliness, and isolation. Each movement explores the possibilities of instrumentation including a movement for solo bass clarinet, a trumpet and trombone duo, and a movement that asks the instrumentalists to double on percussion instruments. As a percussionist, Akiho's music is often driven by rhythmic figures which both compel and defy toe tapping; in this work they can be seen as musical embodiments of obsession, relentlessly turning a single thought.

Text:

Love:

When clouds cover time
and love is always waiting
for a weightless day.

Lost:

To dream in colors
Lost in blind indifference
Indefinitely

Lust:

Repetitious drop of lust
Relinquishes us
Dancing on a wave

Repetitious drop of lust
Diminishes us
Dancing on a wave

Lone:

A lone tier of snow
Melts upon sunlit shadows
Of isolation

Ioannis Angelakis (1988) - Bacchic Prolegomena (2017)

Bacchic Prolegomena (2016) is a dionysian drama written for and dedicated to loadbang. The text draws on Euripides' late tragedy *Bacchae*.

Mark Applebaum (1967) - Administocracy (2017)

The work comprises several movements, each featuring a member of the ensemble for whom a written part is absent. Instead, that part is improvised (or composed by the player) to the given trio "accompaniment," a kind of "Music Minus One" configuration.

Movements vary considerably—some hectic and mercurial, others sparse and laconic. They vary not only in style, texture, timbre, and duration, but also in formal scheme, notation, aesthetic, and their "function" within the overall sequence of movements. Players are tasked to play their instruments in both conventional and extended manners, to execute quotidian and arcane theatric rituals, to walk about the stage area, and to employ a series of silent hand gestures from an invented nonsense sign language.

Solo parts can be conventionally virtuosic or not, and preferably both (ranging from traditionally extroverted soloistic comportments to accompanimental behavior itself). The trio varies in "expressive saturation" so as to invite noisy, manic solo interventions *and* silence during short or lengthy passages.

Calling the solo part *improvised* is somewhat misleading: the ideal player will have the capacity to undertake the

discipline of “writing” a determinate, repeatable part, *AND* improvising spontaneously over the whole thing; that is, the ideal player will embody a full spectrum ranging from composed responses to improvised ones.

In many respects *Administocracy* follows from an idea expressed by Henry Louis Gates (albeit about literature). To paraphrase (in an admittedly crude and reductionist manner): historically speaking, the be all and end all of European creative genius privileges formal invention; whereas African-American aesthetics values particularized “signifying” over a formulaic archetype (e.g., 12-bar blues) in order to express individuality while also maintaining continuity of community. This piece attempts to short-circuit that duality: it exhibits a Eurocentric allegiance insofar as the forms are weird (unique, idiosyncratic, and unpredictable); but at the same time the featured player can blow on top of those forms—a personalized expression that extends beyond that of conventional concert music interpretation.

Some movements are repeated, immediately or after interventions, with subtle changes or gross ones. This affords the soloist a varied interpretation of the same material, and the audience the ability to track particularized performer inventions—e.g., “I’ve heard that before, but the players are doing something a bit different this time.”

This piece is not a polemical argument for a “better” kind of music. Instead, one recognizes that determinate and indeterminate musical responses each have their place, separately and in hybridized fashion. The opportunity to write for loadbang—whose extraordinary players possess the requisite synergy of skill, interpretative acumen, inclination, and good will to engage meaningfully with such a musical stimulant/irritant—engendered the artistic agenda herein described. (notes by Mark Applebaum)

Jen Baker (1976) – When A Drop of Light (2016)

When A Drop of Light kaleidoscopes its way through a traveller's figurative journey, leaving behind a mental footpath of various colors, textures, and moods. The only conscious sound "sample," also my inspiration for the piece, was a confluence of trees creaking softly in a light wind and fire sirens in the distance. It originally had no words; lyrics gently emerged. Sound precedes meaning. The traveller is in a neutral place at the beginning, then resists inevitable change, falls deeply into an impossibly long tunnel, and at his wit's end finds surrender and pops instantly to a calm, serene place, and despite the horrors and impending tragedies still fresh in his mind from that journey, realizes he has returned to exactly the same place as he was at the beginning, and everything is exactly the same. (notes by Jen Baker)

Eve Beglarian (1958) - Island of the Sirens (2011)

Eve Beglarian's *The Island of the Sirens* combines the mythically alluring song of the sirens with the sound of a flood warning siren she heard on her journey down the Mississippi River. It sets a poem by Rilke which describes the impossibility of relating a journey to those who were not on it. The instrumental parts are deeply linked to this idea of relating information, being composed as audio tracks which the instrumentalists must try to imitate in real time, to convey what they are hearing. (notes by Jeffrey Gavett)

David Bird (1990) - Dyson Poems (2015)

"Dyson Poems" was written for loadbang in the fall of 2015, and is centered around James Dyson, the industrial designer and inventor of the Dual Cyclone bagless vacuum cleaner. The work prominently features poetry from Jonathan Aprea's 48-poem collection of the same name which blends biography with the mechanical and the scientific with the zany to explore the life and mind of Dyson. Aprea's poems unearth themes of cleanliness, emptiness, space, and repetition, which I found to be potent themes to explore in composition. At times in reading "Dyson Poems", it is unclear if Aprea is describing the vacuums of James Dyson or the theoretical physics of Freeman Dyson. Ultimately "Dyson Poems" is a dense and hopeful text. Aprea writes, "There is no perfection in cleaning — some residue of dirt is inevitable, and Dyson's passion and success has been to make that residue as small and as insignificant as possible." (notes by David Bird)

Dyson Poems by Jonathan Aprea

Mountain

I propagate a field of flowers. I break the earth in several neat circles, preserve the soil in a chest near my bed, carry

the chest through most of a century, lose the key, climb the slope of my lineage. One day near morning, light breaks fog cover. I reach some summit, dispel the soil handful by handful over a ridge. Lighter particles rise like smoke, some keep falling. Cheeks dirty, water in my eyes for what – I spot a canyon, distant, slumbering, name it a word from the dust my mother said to me. I name it what I can, I count my regrets, I pretend a decision: that all along this was what I ever wanted.

Dyson's Sketch

Dyson draws an object from its center outward. It prevents the picture's limits from dictating the constraints of the medium and confining him. His drawing begins a linear process of expansion. A single pencil dot provokes a pattern, the pattern an image, the image its environment. The only limit Dyson does encounter is his paper's border. But everything has a border, Dyson thinks. Even I do. In fact, and he smiles, I might have more than one of them. In one specific sense they are friends to me: I would not work so hard, if not to destroy them.

Dyson's Training Exercised

Dyson used to run when he was younger. Waking up early he would streak out into darkness like a wraith, directing his path towards the beach's contiguous dunes, spending his mornings running up windblown slopes, growing fast in the cold sand. He did this because he loved where he grew up, and was only spirit at that time, but also from his careful sense of competition, the intransigent force of debt that protruded into his heart like a happy rib. Through this effort he came into himself, began to implant his momentum in something.

Hospital

Even if they do want to go in to clean this out of me and I am forced to drag what I have left into a hospital, soft-soled nurse whose job is not to be my friend and instruments bolted to the wall above my bed for me to die under they will not take me. I have folded the box of my heart and dispersed it, and you have loved me and I am more than sunk to remember what that was – my lower chest come undone, my expression empty though skin still soft, hair the same but with this winter and this thickness of wind on me.

Nothing is the Greatest

When Dyson's dad died his neighbor told him something he can still remember. Among the great things found among us the existence of nothing is the greatest. Da Vinci said it. For a few months Dyson tried to decipher the meaning of the quotation. He was only nine. He wrote it on a piece of paper, its pulp almost transparent through sunlight and brought it to his teacher. His teacher frowned and asked Dyson quietly to sit down and said that they would talk about it later. But the conversation never happened, and Dyson was left like that, sick from it and waiting.

Dyson's Heart

Occasionally a small toroidal vortex forms in the heart's left ventricle when a jet of blood enters it obliquely. It is a recorded phenomenon. The vortex travels smoothly through its neighboring blood (its poloidal spin functioning like a wheel) until faced with the pressure of an obstructing heart wall or the aorta's pulse. Some days Dyson feels like the toroidal heart vortex, constrained by a body, informally colliding with his conviction of time. Brief are his frictionless instances floating through something. He would capture them if he could.

Dyson's Ghost

Dyson concedes that cleanness is the symptom of a deficit. The function is negative. He lost a father when he was young and now walks through his accomplishments fighting. His vacuum's function is tiered: one, it robs the visible dirt from a surface. Two, the force produced from its cyclone spins fine dust from the air, whose microbes are too small for the apprehending eye to appreciate. These are the story's ghost, forced into day light, made common and disclaimed. That is the third accomplishment: that you might know what you have found.

Theophany

Aims that at first simply sitting down at the table perhaps because months ago and thinking, swallowing anything, coffee, separation, discrediting of vision I had not forgotten, a study, a plot, unlike me, picked up, written, considered by it to go forward. Eleven years later an advertisement. We ate. Yes, for example. We couldn't wait to do something

about helping people, environments, a relief for me, an inventor. A clogged bag, within me, and anger. My hand on the arch's wall. Prolonged, that shape. I passed under.

Dyson 360 Eye

Do not be more than one width's distance from your last location when placing your body into a unique or uncommon situation. Maneuver your panorama to triangulate your position. Let the images flutter your sensor. Remember your home, the tread in the carpet, the location of the legs of people and furniture. Keep your internal map in your pocket. Refer to it when directionless or in need of a companion. Ignore every mirror's reflection. Do your work in a spiral pattern. It is an innovative, efficient option.

A Spherical Influence

He once rendered plans for his eventual self-portrait, a single digital motor the size of a person's middle, spinning without friction beneath a mineral tinted rondure of solid glass, plugged in, content to occupy the bright empty center of a museum's room. It's power of affect would be in the perfection of its design, the drawn out exertions and unrecognized potential buried and useless underneath its attractive glass enclosure.

Aggregate of Dust

Late at night, when he is finished confronting the dream he has had, he drives to his parents' home in the night's extended silence. He would like to dispose of the house's dust. Working quietly, carefully approaching the contours and textural hurdles of each specific room's surfaces, he is up until morning, and when he is done he looks into the waste basket at the dust's aggregate. He sifts it into a box that's the size of a pillow. He would like to give it to somebody. He wants them to know his potential. He would like them to stop haunting his dream.

Per Bloland (1969) - We are Drawn to Burning (2016)

"And when the shadows lengthen on the cinderheaps – it begins."

So commences the "The Cinderheaps," a poem by Norwegian author Pedr Solis, from which the lyrics of my piece are drawn. Though Solis is best known for his novels (granted the term "best known" is a stretch given his current level of obscurity), he nonetheless has a small but well regarded body of poetic works. Most of these were written before the 1970 publication of his most famous novel, *Stillaset*. "The Cinderheaps" is the lone exception – of significance in that it appears to be the last written work before he disappeared completely from the public eye. As such it reflects a very different side of the author – gone from it is any trace of the dissolution of character that proves so significant to his earlier novels. Instead it projects a certain quality of pressing forward into the illuminated darkness, a characteristic I strove to reflect musically. *We Are Drawn to Burning* is dedication to loadbang. (notes by Per Bloland)

1.

And when the shadows lengthen on the cinderheaps –
it begins.

The air is transformed to promise and to dust.

I see an ancient rain bent walking across evening's land,
searching with thin hands for forgotten things.
But the night's walls are built of granite
and its pillars of steel.

The seconds petrify and perspectives run
while branches of the ash drink muteness from the earth.
Like a demon, stooped and wandering,
disguised in the calm of agony,
long narrow eyes with belladonna luster.

2.

I feel the wild witchery of enchantment shiver through my blood.
I see stars shooting before my eyes, while my thoughts
are swept away in a hurricane of light...

The mountains burst, earth burned with fire,
I am washed along walls, I am rocked in lead,
with berserk-tumult and baleful deed
as flames stretch across land and sea.
No longer is lifted my hand in the burning sun.

3.

Always from the east there pours through poisoned vales
with sword and daggers a river.
Its turbulence whispers in power and bliss
as if bearing a drowning girl in its arms.
Soon their claws of silence will slay this shadow,
torrents of wood and sleeping iron
vibrant in the white,
melting light of sunrise.

Let us yet stand in its midst
as columns of clouds in the day,
at night as fiery pillars
three times burned, and three times born,
oft and again, yet ever anew.
In the land of fire,
nothing shows: everywhere
balance.
As roots of the tallest tree reaching down to a different pool,
as Lyr, which long
on the tip of a spear-point trembles.

4.

I feel myself like a creeping thing on the verge of destruction,
gripped by ruin in the midst of a world ready for lethargic sleep.
The ash leaves die with formaldehyde on their breath and fall,
hunted by an enemy
hidden far away in a tower.

Only incite
against the crag,
that porous mountain
where charred cinders flake off the walls
and flutter toward the white-hot glow,
we draw back.
Yet are drawn to burning.

- Pedr Solis, 1970

Oren Boneh (1991) - Five Fantasies (2019)

Five Fantasies (2019) is a series of short musical vignettes loosely inspired by the darkly comical films in Roy Andersson's "Living Trilogy." Each of the film's scenes presents trivial everyday moments in a limited scope, often with exaggeratedly bland color palettes and mundane dialogue. One of Andersson's scenes portrays the task of airline baggage check-in as a Sisyphean hurdle. We are presented on one hand with a wall of rigid and uninterested baggage clerks passively waiting for customers; and on the other, a horde of stressed passengers heaving stuffed suitcases, unable to get any closer to the baggage clerks despite their efforts. Likewise, each of the *Five Fantasies* acts as an imaginary scene of a trivial everyday event presented in a musical context. *Five Fantasies* was composed for Loadbang. (notes by Oren Boneh)

Taylor Brook (1985) - Ouaricon Songs, Volume 2 (2014)

The second volume of the Ouaricon songs were written for Loadbang Ensemble.

The word from the title, Ouaricon, come from early European maps of the north America and may be the origin of the name Oregon. I use the word here to evoke a possible alternate history of the North American land mass. This piece was written from the manipulation and analysis of recordings from the American Folklife Center at the Library of Congress. These recordings came mainly from various communities of European descent in the United states from 1900-1950. One recording is of a singer who performs jingles, talking about and singing one of his advertisements for tobacco. I made a transcription of this recording both in reverse and in it's normal form. These transcriptions were then mined for parts to create a portion of the baritone part, that was then elaborated upon and accompanied by the instruments. Techniques such as this were used to create the entire work. What I hope to achieve in this project is a piece that explores Americana in a different light. I am not interested in patriotism, but in creating something new and unusual with folk music and consider alternate ways in which learned American Music may have developed in the spirit of someone such as Harry Partch. (notes by Taylor Brook)

Alex Burtzos - Many Worlds (2017)

Texts by Jonathan Aperia (2016)

I.

Your line meets an angle and then an angle
and then it finds itself. Finally, you think,
I am a triangle and I will never run off
into the distance alone again. The process, you discover,
is an object whose resolution is too weak, where each bit
as it affixes to the pale skin is of a different plaited
wavelength you possess only the integrity to imagine.
The endpoint of this effort has always been the same:
to be tessellate on a plane with the others,
where your sides are not your own, where
your vertices do not point in a direction.

II.

In the stories where a hand reaches out
from the dark made of nothing
to touch someone, or that arrives by virtue of
a table's lamp or a television turning on
by itself it is with the same tone each time.
The line of the account moves forward,
turns towards something farther out
then stabilizes in the end the intention
from which it started. You close your eyes
and wish you had not begun to obstruct
your search bar's light by typing.
You know that the words do not break down
inside your mouth, that they are a twine
you are compelled to live with and not spit out.
Each begins as one thing and divides so often
you are incapable of distinguishing
which conclusion is right, which beginning.
But in the end they blink off on their own
from each side until you are alone in the dark
but for the hands you do not recognize,
repeatedly depressing a button,
muting the display's light.

III.

You begin to fall out of yourself

like a silhouette that grows long
and before the full night
bleeds from its sides into the river.
You reach one hand out and look at it
before the color of it resolves itself
in lines against the skin. Every one
of your individual segments
has equal statistical characteristics
to its sum, its pattern scaled and curved
inward like the score of these lined-up
stories you rely on as you describe
yourself to people. And though
you might not love each one
they speak to you, and the stories
as they are written in your palm
exit from your lungs and are vital even
if they dissolve or begin breaking.
The people do not know or ask why
there is this ink that is sometimes
noticeable, that your hands
as they tremble do not open.

IV.

In the apparent triangle
that this is you have been given
one route and do not decline to
crumble into the earthen vertex
of collapsed time whose dark
hole you do not emerge
from and whose information
in increments blinks off into
lesser and more radiative
information. Finally, you think,
you are running off into the
distance, and it is known by many
names, and your own name
is each one of them, is one.

V.

When the river destroys the apartment,
which is inevitable, the apartment supplicates itself
because it can partake only
with an illustration of love
in such ruin. It had looked to the water
for information and gotten none.
The water with its folded waves
as they present themselves
to the apartment's windows present themselves only
to the windows as they are breaking.
This does not feel like love but is, cold and vital
froth and the collapsed walls' wood and glass shards
and a builder who stands in the former sun
and staple guns the shingles
to the house's slope, puts the framed door
back together, in increments growing
happy and consistent and younger.

Prayer

That the hole in my skull never quite grows over
with mosses or brick. That no lover
on a ladder can patch it, no permissive meadow
can fold its field over. For there's too much to know.
There's too much to want never to contain.
That the backbone beanstalk shoots up through the tiny
roof that I stand for, that I'm never too cluttered
with mud to reflect: for the tongue grows tired
of holding up the sky. That the flood never fails,
each puddle an ocean, each rise a falls,
each salt breath coaxing new oxygen
from the deep's own lungs. That the skull bones join
together as clouds, first easing out the storm
then breaking apart.

-Joanie Mackowski
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Prayer is written in 72 EDO and uses the Maneri-Sims notation. The work is dedicated to the memory of Joe Maneri (1927-2009).

Erik Carlson (1980) - for ensemble (2019)

I remember once during an orchestra rehearsal, the conductor favored one player with a particularly florid metaphor for a moment in the music, to which the player replied “so... do you want it louder or softer?” That incident is in no way an inspiration for this piece. However perhaps they both remind me that the information in any score is only the tip of the iceberg of what a musician uses to create a compelling performance. I wanted my score to be transparent and simple, and I'm grateful to loadbang for taking things from there. (notes by Erik Carlson)

Chris Cerrone (1984) - How to Breathe Underwater (2011)

How to Breathe Underwater is a portrait of depression. In the same way that composers of the 19th century wrote miniatures based on the figures of the Commedia Dell'arte, How to Breathe Underwater was inspired by a character in the Jonathan Franzen novel, Freedom. While reading the novel, I was struck by the character named Connie Monaghan. The author described her as having “no notion of wholeness—[she] was all depth and no breadth. When she was coloring, she got lost in saturating one or two areas with a felt-tip pen.” This kind of singular obsession—the sense of being overwhelmed, and eventually drowned, inspired me to compose this piece. In fact, I initially called the piece “All Depth and No Breadth.” However, I decided that How to Breathe Underwater was a more appropriate title. In the end, I wanted to suggest optimism, not fatalism. (notes by Chris Cerrone)

Quinn Collins (1983) - Nervous Aluminum Rabbit (2010)

Quinn Collins's Nervous Aluminum Rabbit is a setting of a surreal poem by Matt Hart, backed by a driving electronic track. The ensemble plays pulsing rhythmic figures below the declamatory vocal line, which vacillates between sung and spoken figures, as well as between the comic and the tragic. (notes by Jeff Gavett)

Nervous Aluminum Rabbit by Matt Hart

Does burn. Is burn. Ha! I stole that
from a friend, but I don't think she'll mind.
My mind, I'm convinced, is a shotgun:
prone to do damage at all the wrong times,
and accurate up to forty-five yards. Dear Melanie,
Hello. It's October, and I'm lost.
Nobody's singing well enough your birthday

to suit me. Let me correct that in my truly
incoherence [sic] voice: Dear Hart,
Good riddance. You're a robot with fangs.
It's 4:15 AM, and I've been up all night
talking talking talking like a parrot in its cage.
Is it true I should know better? Go ahead and feed the meter,
and when I get there we'll have snow peas for dinner.
Greetings Ridiculous, It's already November,
and somehow the crickets haven't frozen to death.
For hours they're been chirping and kicking up dust.
Earlier, I saw a fire truck going top speed across the lawn
with ambulances and cops in a line close behind.
It all made me a little tired, so I stopped
what I was doing--I was slanted, I was rhyming--
and laid down on the couch. How sensible.
And on an unrelated note, Dear Dog, Settle down.
Read a book, get drunk, bite the burs
in your fur. It occurs to me suddenly,
I am nearly in my winter, in deep hibernation
in a cloister of snow. Dear God/ Dear Damage,
The way you do me is uncertain, is enormous and painful.
Dear Snowball, Caterwauling, Deep-lake-zoo,
I am but a nervous, aluminum rabbit. Why
can't my mother understand this? Why is my father
asleep in his hole? O dearly, I love you
no matter what I wrote in the note, no matter what
the slick attorney may say to the contrary. Dear Dead,
Hello. It feels good to be finished. Like a flower
with a head wound, I barely function when you're missing.
I start fires and then can't put them out by myself.

Carolyn Chen (1983) – Absence of reliable ghosts (text by Divya Victor) (2020)

Absence of reliable ghosts sets text from Divya Victor's poem, "Threshold," in which a speaker narrates her physical reactions to hearing the news of the shooting of Srinivas Kuchibhotla on February 22, 2017, by a white supremacist who believed Kuchibhotla to be an illegal immigrant. On this day, the speaker is pregnant and moving into her third trimester, just as I was when I first read the poem in 2020 during global anti-racism protests following the death of George Floyd. Sections of the poem move through different perspectives on the experience of hearing of the shooting, from the fetus and her development to the distortions of the pregnant and traumatized body, interacting with histories of immigration deterrence, and the fear of the same violence enacted against the speaker's father and yet unborn child. The title of the piece comes from an epigraph from Meena Alexander that begins the poem: "In the absence of reliable ghosts I made aria." (notes by Carolyn Chen)

Threshold by Divya Victor

1.

I had been carrying her
six months. Within
me, she could open
her eyes, she could tell
dark apart from light. She could know when daylight filtered
through the cathedral, a ray breaking the sticky pane
cranberry stained
glass womb.

2.

When I read the news
of the shooting, this belly
plumed into an apse— it distended upward, a balloon hollow
but leaden, these lungs lifted
here—this diaphragm fled, bore through

a tent made of ligament
& rope. The billow screeched
in these ears, pulled here— these legs apart these toes went numb & cold. The ground beneath me collapsed, turned to
dunes
& the sand quickened. Here— this belly carrying those pounds of flesh
began to take flight
in seconds it was
in – here— this mouth, pressing against here— these teeth— a pear balloon, hot flush
with wet wings beating, with wet wings thrashing
in these lungs. The breath
an ocean of blood. This skin
here—a dam, detonating. A pulse, here
pulling history
towards these feet.

3.

When I read the news
of the shooting, I was standing
in our library & this— here— this face fell
into a hundred sheets
sheaves of visas lost in monsoon floods
a long queue dispersing after bad news
passes through breath & beard
a susurrus of shaking heads, shrugged shoulders;
this— here— this face fell
apart in the quiet hum of the air-conditioning
soft surplice, lipping off me, the bone simply giving way the skin curling back, the cartilage of this nose spilling
a bib over this— here— pale nightshirt.

I needed this face

to stay; I wanted

this face to flee

to abandon me the way rats do ships to stave off a starvation by drinking water
to make it to any shore, baby in mouth. I needed this — here—face because it was on my visa.

I gathered it up— these knuckles

driftwood; these palms

sailcloth. These finger-tips

branched apart; each phalange dangled

—cheap pens at the mall's Western Union

chained & paranoid about being taken elsewhere. The nails scratched the deck & that sound

drowned the sough of crowds

migrating within one.

4.

When I read the news

of the shooting, it was warm & bright outside

the cumin spun into rasam, the curds set just right, I called my mother, it was dark & cold

where the news stained first, where the choke cleared brushwood for a pyre

where she was. I called out

to my husband; I thought about my father

but I did not call him.

5.

When I read the news

of the shooting, the blowback

was a flight from the fear of ever seeing

a photograph

of my father's rib shattered, his blood

staining the pocket of his faded navy pique polo—

\the one he wears on Costco runs for bananas

& two-packs of Windex.

was a flight towards the pale band of skin on his wrist, where he keeps time—

how he looks older, more lost

when it isn't hidden by his watch—

I pocketed this band for the alms I would offer myself

as I begged, in the months to come, for a place
on a curb not wet with blood, of a question not always cocked I remembered my father's future
as a passport-photo hung from an elm tree
as a headline
as a statistic gently rolling on a marquee.
That brown face, a stain between kin & ken
between breach & brotherhood on a floor near the boots
of citizens, Americans, men.
8.

When I read the news, the she in me was swollen & pressing, & I saw her dropping to kneel her
brown belly
collapsed to a city's curb
her skull crimson in the clouds
her sweet ear flung & clinging to a parapet. & at that cleft
for the first time, I saw —here—
her as mine & then, hearing canons sung in double-time
I knew being mine
would clip her life. So, I slipped this burning hand
into a place
where this body hammers at its heart
& I singed its edges & with shame I scorched a hole into the photograph
of an ancestor, blotted her dark
eyes out to whiteness, charred
her skin to a pale ash, turned
her folded hands into smoke, & I looked within this—here —belly
for those eyes that could tell
dark apart from light, & I wished
out loud
so she could survive—
live, I said,
in any skin, live.

February 22, 2017. Srinivas Kuchibhotla was shot in a bar in Olathe, Kansas, by Adam Purinton, a white supremacist who believed that Kuchibhotla was an illegal immigrant from Iran. The shooter yelled, "Get out of my country!" before he shot & murdered Srinivas. Then, the shooter went to another local bar & bragged that he had shot an immigrant. On that day, I was pregnant & moving into my third trimester.

Carlos Cordeiro (1985) - Disquiet

Fernando Pessoa is one of the most significant literary figures and greatest poets of the 20th century Portuguese language. He wrote under many different names, which he did not refer to as pseudonyms, as he felt that did not capture the true independent intellectual life of the individuals, but instead called them heteronyms. These imaginary figures sometimes held unpopular or extreme views. There are some opinions defending that Pessoa had a case of split personality or multiple personality disorder - this piece focus on that. It represents four of my personal favorite heteronyms, Pessoa himself, Alberto Caeiro, Ricardo Reis and Alvaro de Campos and their co-existence. It navigates thru the different personalities and thru a process that is what I conceive of a multiple personality episode. The text is from the first Pessoa book I've read, *The Book of Disquiet*, and it reads *Sofro de não sofrer, de não saber sofrer* (I suffer from not suffering, from not knowing how to suffer). (notes by Carlos Cordeiro)

Chaya Czernowin (1957) - IRRATIONAL (2019)

Chaya Czernowin's IRRATIONAL is a tour de force for loadbang, treating the ensemble as a single organism that occasionally splinters off into fragments. Featuring both motoric drive and gauzy textures, the work is an astonishing timbral picture of what is possible with loadbang's unique instrumentation. This work was made possible by the Ernst von Siemens Music Foundation.

Ben Davis (1992) – haircuts (2020)

haircuts is a non-linear piece that deals with the microvariations latent in repetitious activity, the percolation of surroundings into material, and the possibility of positive transformation. (notes by Ben Davis)

Jonathan Dawe (1965) – A Ship of Fools (text by Plato) (2017)

Text from Plato 'Republic' --Book VI 380 BCE

A ship of fools! Imagine a fleet or a ship. The captain is taller and stronger than the rest of the crew. He has infirmities. He is a little deaf and blind. His knowledge of navigation is not much better. The sailors quarrel and fight. They beg, pray, they throng about the captain! They chain the captain's senses with drugs. They throw companions overboard. A true captain must know the year, the season, the sky, the stars, the wind, and whatever belongs to art. A ship of fools.

Rob Deemer (1970) - On The Development of Expert Systems (2014)

I've never been much interested in compositional systems, especially those that allow the composer to generate pitch material - I don't mind when others use them and several of my students experiment with those processes, but the idea has never resonated with me personally. Recently I came across a couple of news reports that several academic journals had been duped by individuals who had created an online software that could automatically generate an entire journal article, complete with graphs, tables, and extensive bibliography, and that the language in the article was so dense and obtuse that several journals did not realize that it was complete gibberish. I decided that, while I wasn't interested in generating my pitches in such a fashion, it might be fun to generate text this way. For this work, I decided to overlay two generated texts - one comprised of excerpts from a fabricated journal article entitled "On the Development of Expert Systems" and one from a selection of several paragraphs of "Lorem ipsum", which is nonsensical Latin-like words that typographers use to create the look of text in their graphic designs. (notes by Robert Deemer)

ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF EXPERT SYSTEMS

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Phasellus elementum eros a nulla elementum, et bibendum velit feugiat. Donec at ante non turpis vehicula lobortis porttitor vel libero.

ABSTRACT

The operating systems approach to XML is defined not only by the development of linked lists, but also by the intuitive need for robots. Given the current status of ubiquitous algorithms, cyberneticists compellingly desire the analysis of linked lists. Our focus in this work is not on whether interrupts can be made reliable, highly available, and "fuzzy", but rather on describing a novel application for the synthesis of interrupts (Ticket).

Nulla molestie egestas rutrum. Mauris vel rutrum neque. Mauris eget molestie felis. Donec vel tincidunt elit, a posuere sapien. Pellentesque quis pharetra ipsum. Suspendisse potenti.

INTRODUCTION

Lambda calculus must work. The notion that cryptographers interfere with the construction of vacuum tubes is continuously adamantly opposed. Next, on the other hand, an essential issue in reliable artificial intelligence is the synthesis of the UNIVAC computer. Clearly, linklevel acknowledgements and collaborative symmetries offer a viable alternative to the understanding of evolutionary programming.

The roadmap of the paper is as follows. For starters, we motivate the need for flipflop gates. We place our work in context with the previous work in this area. Finally, we conclude.

William Dougherty (1988) - the sinking cathedral (2017)

the sinking cathedral is a reference to Claude Debussy's well-known 1910 piano prelude *La Cathédrale engloutie* [The Sunken Cathedral]. But rather than evoking a sublime, and poetic impressionist scene, as with Debussy's

prelude, this work engages with more troubling and tangible contemporary concerns – namely the rise of populism, nationalism, anti-globalism, anti-intellectualism, illiberalism, and racism in contemporary America --- by dialoguing sonically with a collage of sampled sounds. The instrumental quartet and the fixed media collage are treated as equal players in the work and thus neither should have dominance over the other.

The various sounds that make up the fixed media sonic collage (many of which were recorded by the composer) fall into three categories:

- 1) Industrial sounds: a washing machine, the buzz of a walk-in freezer in harlem, the U.S. Emergency Alert System [EAS] tones, and the New York City Subway.
- 2) Samples from the Western classical repertoire: a stretched fragment of Johann Sebastian Bach's B Minor Mass *Dona Nobis* and Claude Debussy's *La Cathédrale engloutie*.
- 3) Miscellaneous: frogs from a pond near St. Cloud, Minnesota and layered and filtered cheers from recent political rallies.

(notes by William Dougherty)

Michael Edward Edgerton (1961) - The Return of Takhi, the Last Feral Horse (2015)

"The Return of Takhi, the last Feral Horse" represents the sounds of the central Asian Steppe.

The ancient Mongolian poem, *čayan ayulan* (White Mountains), a reflection on nature and mankind, is shared by the entire ensemble. Multidimensional strata were established to exploit the nonlinearity of each instrument. Radical manipulation of sound production is required by all performers. This composition uses bioacoustic analyses of nonhuman vocalizations in order to go deeper than the precedence of Messiaen and birdsong. In this piece I analyze hunting and foraging calls of large mammals such as deer, elk and wolf from central Asia." (notes by Michael Edward Edgerton)

Aaron Einbond (1978) - Central Park (2017)

"I am for an art that tells you the time of day, or where such and such a street is."

—Claes Oldenburg, quoted in Kenneth Goldsmith, *New York, Capital of the 20th Century*.

Like Raymond Queneau's *Exercices de style*, that retells the same story of an everyday Parisian scene 99 times, *Central Park* for loadbang traces the New York landmark through a multilayered process of reading, sampling, and transcription. I recorded each member of the ensemble speaking through their instruments, mutes, and preparations, with texts drawn from *New York, Capital of the 20th Century*, Kenneth Goldsmith's rewriting of Walter Benjamin's *Arcades Project* transposed from Paris to New York. I then used the distinctive colors of these samples to transcribe and re-transcribe the same field recording of Central Park for each member of the ensemble, drawing on his unique sonic palette and personality. The result is four interlocking solos, like the paths of four characters crossing the same place from different times and directions: a palimpsest of perspectives, a portrait of the ensemble and myself in our shared city.

Marti Epstein (1959) - Alpenglow (2020)

Alpenglow by Deniz Khateri

The burning cold
Wind
The sky is red
I hesitate between sunset and dawn
My breath: a white cloud
My fingers are numb
Spring is coming
The eyes are frozen on the street
The heads are wrapped in newspapers
Trees, under construction
Trees: the scaffolding
Their branches ask:

Will our leaves return?
The wind hurts the cross of my forehead
Spring is coming.
Colors wiggle on the bridges
Pale
running
biking.
Colors
hiding in their collars,
their breath, a white cloud
whispering
Spring is coming.
Frozen ears rolling on the sidewalk
Rolling
Reaching the screaming mouths
trapped in their white clouds
Muted and far
Ready to thaw
Gathered for heat
Sensing the cold
Away from home
Frozen on the road.
My lips are iced
But I want to shout
Spring is coming.

Chris Fisher-Lochhead (1984) - Cut Teeth (2016)

Going to high school in New York City in the late '90s, hip-hop pervaded my life. The first hip-hop album I remember owning was Wycleaf Jean's *The Carnival*. At the time, I was drawn as much to the skits and to the burnished string arrangements as I was to Clef's rhymes and the album's eclectic beats. As I grew up, I mapped an erratic trajectory through the history of the genre, internalizing Lauryn Hill, Tupac, Dr. Dre, Biggie, Busta Rhymes, Dead Prez, Blackstar, Tribe Called Quest, Common, CL Smooth and Pete Rock, Old Dirty Bastard, Souls of Mischief, and many more. All this time, the hip-hop I was listening to rarely made it into the music I was writing. As I set out to compose *Cut Teeth*, I made a conscious decision to use hip-hop as a springboard. Instead of attempting surface imitation or homage, I decided instead to isolate a handful of technical characteristics that define hip-hop as a genre, and zoom in extremely close on them. The main formal element that I chose to borrow is the beat - a rhythmic ordering of elements within a temporal box, which is repeated and altered. On top of the beat structure, I applied a concept of scratching borrowed from hip-hop turntablism, jump-cutting around the underlying beat structure as if it were a physical medium. This is not hip-hop, nor should it be; all I have done is open a window onto my creative process, letting in a light source that had been burning there all along. (notes by Chris Fisher-Lochhead)

Reiko Futing (1970) - Land of Silence (2012)

The composition *Land of Silence* was commissioned by the New York based ensemble loadbang, and is dedicated to its members. It is based on words of a poem by Kathleen Furthmann, translated into English.

Im Land der Stille
reichen die Wellen einander Wasser zu. Als gläserne Brücke ihm
und Pfad
zu gehen über windendes Meer. Und im Vorüber noch
legen Wellen sich
auf die Spuren des rechten Wegs.

*In the land of silence,
waves are passing (reaching) each other water.
As a bridge of glass for him,
and path (trail)
to walk (tread) (step) (go) (track) across a windy sea. And still in passing,*

waves lie
on the traces (prints) of the right way.

David Franzson (1978) - Longitudinal Study #1 (2013)

lon•gi•tu•di•nal

• of or pertaining to longitude or length;• extending in the direction of the length of a thing, running lengthwise;• pertaining to a research design or survey in which the same subjects are observed repeatedly over a period of time;

lon•gi•tude

• angular distance east or west on the earth's surface, measured by the angle contained between the meridian of a particular place and some prime meridian, expressed either in degrees or by some corresponding difference in time.

stud•y

• application of the mind to the acquisition of knowledge, as by reading, investigation, or reflection;• research or a detailed examination and analysis of a subject, phenomenon, etc.;• a literary composition executed for exercise or as an experiment in a particular method of treatment.

Jeffrey Gavett (1985) - Proverbial (2009)

Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence. - William Blake

Proverbial is a macaronic setting of three Proverbs of Hell from William Blake's *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. In this work, Blake's conception of Heaven and Hell, and Good and Evil is surprising and subversive. He describes Good as "the passive that obeys reason" and Evil as "the active springing from energy," and describes that energy as "Eternal Delight." As a traveler in Hell, he has collected these proverbs, which he says "shew the nature of Infernal wisdom." The recasting of the traditional images of Heaven and Hell is reflected in the texts I have chosen, which express progressive ideas in an outwardly gruesome fashion.

The unique syllabification of each proverb in each language in which it is presented determines the rhythmic structure of the instrumental and vocal parts.

Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.
A dead body revenges not injuries.
What is now proved was once only imagined.

Jeffrey Gavett (1985) - Quis det ut (2016)

The motet *Absalon, fili mi* is a pearl of the Franco-Flemish Renaissance. Formerly attributed to Josquin des Prez, it seems the piece was more likely written by Pierre de la Rue. Regardless of authorship, the work's extraordinarily low tessitura has made it ideal for performance by loadbang at the original written pitch, extending down to the lowest note of the bass clarinet. I wrote *Quis det ut* as part of a series of works based on earlier music by loadbang composers, including Andy Kozar's *Mass* (after Machaut's *Messe de Nostre Dame*), William Lang's *Vi-Om* (after Perotin's *Viderunt Omnes*). *Quis det ut* traces the formal outlines of *Absalon, fili mi*, recasting the harmony into just intonation, and layering the piece over itself at different speeds and transpositions, like a tape playing at various speeds. (notes by Jeffrey Gavett)

Jeffrey Gavett (1985) - Musicorum et Cantorum (2012)

Musicorum et Cantorum is a fragmented setting of a mnemonic Latin rhyme by musical pioneer Guido d'Arezzo (~992-1050), inventor of solfege and the four line staff. The text translates roughly "There's a big difference between a musician and a singer. One only repeats things, while the other understands how music is put together. For he who

does without understanding, is called a beast." The microtonal tuning system used in the piece allows a harmony that vacillates between moments of clarity and a blurring of pitch relationships. (notes by Jeffrey Gavett)

Musicorum et cantorum magna est distantia.
Isti dicunt, illi sciunt, quae componit musica.
Nam qui facit, quod non sapit, definitur bestia.

Christina J. George (1996) - >>liminal songs>> (2022)

Living in the middle of no longer but not quite yet is a heavy feeling. It lingers on the skin like a brambly wood, sticks to your boots like muddy spring. But as with all things, the only way out is through. And so we pull off the burs, shake the mud from our boots, and keep walking. (notes by Christina George)

Poetry by Christina J. George

This delicious rain

This delicious rain is like
treefrog fingers,
is like
a gentle caress that
lingers
on the nerve endings,
like contrast dye
that overstays its welcome
in the veins.

This dear, delicious rain
is the blanket
and the bedframe,
is the shelter
and the wildflower
around which the honeybee
longs to hover
but cannot,

for this rain,
this delicious, insidious rain,
weighs down the wings
of a creature who lives
for the sun.

ancient history

There is something universal happening here,
something
je ne sais quoi.

There is a pattern here,
and I am in it—

though I cannot touch the sides
or see the edges,

though I cannot sense the outcome
or the hypothesis,

though I cannot taste the breeze of the ocean

or the lakes
or the surrounding continents—

there is a pattern here
and not a grain of salt
with which to take it.

(dis)illusionment

The illusions
are trickling down my arms
like a cold shower.

The ice on my fingers
is melting
but the skin is not.

Perhaps I am solid after all.

Stefano Gervasoni (1962) - Four Songs (2021)

"Four Songs", upon "Four Songs" by Elizabeth Bishop
for baritone, bass clarinet, trumpet and trombone (2021)

The work I wrote for loadbang is a song cycle upon a selection of poems by Elizabeth Bishop (1911-1979). After Emily Dickinson (1830 - 1886), a song cycle entitled "Least Bee", and Philippe Levine (1928-2015), a song cycle entitled "Godspell", this will be my third work devoted to a North American poet.

"Four Songs" reminds of the title of the eponymous section of the poem's "A Cold Spring (1955)" on which my work is entirely based. Intercalated with this main nucleus I plan to add the verses of the famous poem "One Art", which I would set to music in a very different way than "Four Songs" in order to draw a more complete portrait of this poet who attracts me for her ability to hold together very precise and true-to-life images and to transfigure them into a metaphysical gaze.

For my piece I dealt with this matter, the duality - or, better, the complex and ambiguous intersection between serenity and tension, fluster and crystallinity, realism and abstraction. That is one of reasons why the voice straddles counter-tenor and baritone registers, while musicians occupy the in-between, neither entirely instrumental nor entirely vocal, constrained to mostly low instruments but with unexpected high extensions in range.

The wide-ranging and coloristic capabilities of loadbang's musicians develop a double, sometimes conflicting, identity: one properly instrumental, the other physically connoted (sound and voicing effects, theatrical situations...). All this serve to conjure a world of hoped-for, but ultimately unrealistic perfection.

As for Dickinson and Levine cycles, I designated the text as structural source of inspiration. The way it is treated into music mainly develops its formal characteristics by considering them as the internal code of composing, and its iconic images offer the psychological and timbral dimension of the songs. Music, for me, should be an extension of poetry, sonorization of the text and amplification of its inner meaning resonances. (Notes by Stefano Gervasoni)

Elizabeth Bishop
Four Songs
from *The Complete Poems (1969)* and *A Cold Spring (1955)*

I / *Conversation*

The tumult in the heart
keeps asking questions.
And then it stops and undertakes to answer
in the same tone of voice.
No one could tell the difference.

Uninnocent, these conversations start,
and then engage the senses,
only half-meaning to.
And then there is no choice,
and then there is no sense;

until a name
and all its connotations are the same.

II / *Rain Towards Morning*

The great light cage has broken up in the air,
freeing, I think, about a million birds
whose wild ascending shadows will not be back,
and all the wires come falling down.
No cage, no frightening birds; the rain
is brightening now. The face is pale
that tried the puzzle of their prison
and solved it with an unexpected kiss,
whose freckled unsuspected hands alit.

III / *While Someone Telephones*

Wasted, wasted minutes that couldn't be worse,
minutes of a barbaric condescension.
—Stare out the bathroom window at the fir-trees,
at their dark needles, accretions to no purpose
woodenly crystallized, and where two fireflies
are only lost.
Hear nothing but a train that goes by, must go by, like tension;
nothing. And wait:
maybe even now these minutes' host
emerges, some relaxed uncondescending stranger,
the heart's release.
And while the fireflies
are failing to illuminate these nightmare trees
might they not be his green gay eyes.

IV / *O Breath*

Beneath that loved and celebrated breast,
silent, bored really blindly veined,
grieves, maybe lives and lets
live, passes bets,
something moving but invisibly,
and with what clamor why restrained
I cannot fathom even a ripple.

(See the thin flying of nine black hairs
four around one five the other nipple,
flying almost intolerably on your own breath.)
Equivocal, but what we have in common's bound to be there,
whatever we must own equivalents for,
something that maybe I could bargain with
and make a separate peace beneath within if never with.

Forbes Graham - For Sam Gilliam I (2022)

For Sam Gilliam I is meant to be a celebration, a celebration of so many things. Colors and their possibilities. Art that is unbridled and joyful. Washington D.C., where Sam Gilliam worked and lived, and where my parents grew up. The notes that you know, and the notes that you don't know. I would hardly be the first composer to say this, but there are the sounds, and the things in between the sounds. I wanted to turn the colors into sounds and get in between it all.
(notes by Forbes Graham)

Eli Greenhoe (1994) - Tombeau (2018)

My Grandmother's house sits on a hill in southern Vermont that overlooks a large field, sloping down to a distant tree-line that obscures two distinct but opposite formations: to the right, a small-yet-steep valley, carved by the persistent brook at the bottom; to the left, a large green hill presided over by hawks and buzzards - circling and scanning the field below for something to eat.

Sometimes we see animals in the field - mostly crows and deer, occasionally a coyote scrounging around, every so often my uncle with his mower or some other local guy with a tractor clearing brush. Most often it is empty, devoid of motion besides the wind brushing over tall grass or blowing snow around in the winter. What is never still, though, is the light that passes over that land. At all times of the day, in all seasons, the light blankets the field - now conforming, now drifting, bestowing the landscape with a shifting complexity of shadow as the sun slowly shifts from horizon to horizon.

My Grandmother left her house less and less often in the decade before she died, and in her last few years she spent most of her time indoors - increasingly immobile, but with her piercing intellect keen as ever. She loved exploring nuances in the things she observed, so it's no surprise that she cherished that view of the field from her dining room, the big window framed by unkempt orchids and various house plants that tangled together against the glass. A couple of months before she died, we were both looking out that window and she said "I hope one day you write music about that view." It seemed like idle musing at the time, but has taken on an increasing urgency for me - I remember those words as among the last she spoke to me.

Tombeau is my first attempt at writing the my Grandmother requested. It's a piece about duration - familiar patterns and habits of time that bind together the familiar and the novel. It's also a piece about longing for something you can see but cannot touch, or perhaps can't even understand enough to express clearly. *Tombeau* was written in the late summer of 2018 for loadbang, a group of musicians whose incredible skill and dedication to the performance of contemporary music has long inspired me.

Heaven-Haven by Gerard Manley-Hopkins (1855-1899)

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.
And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the haven's dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea

from Valley, part I of Hints of Beauty by Deakin Dixon (1906-1980)

The red oblivion of decaying wood
The terrible cobalt of a stormy sky
The biting scarlet of the kinglet's hood
And sharper music I have never heard
Than water cutting oer ragged stone,
The piteous pleading of the keening bird,
the singing silence when the bird has flown.

Yotam Haber (1976) - In a Rug of Water (2021)

In a Rug of Water by Thomas Bernhard
Translated by James Reidel

In a rug of water
I stitch my days
my gods and my illnesses

In a rug of green
I stitch my red sorrows,
my blue mornings,
my yellow villages and honey cakes.

In a rug of earth,
I stitch my transience.
I stitch in my night
and my hunger
my sorrow
and that warship of my despair,
sailing over a thousand bodies of water,
into the waters of turmoil,
into the waters of immortality.

Edward Hamel (1986) - Sedentary Knead

The process of creating a sculpture or painting is temporal. Materials are shaped, molded, abandoned, elongated, diminished and made malleable over a period of time. However, when the work is complete, we do not have access to this process – the process becomes fixed. In the temporal medium of music, we have the ability to expose and share the means of creation. In *Sedentary Knead*, musical phrases are treated as the material and duration as a tool to contort, shape and form such materials - as in visual artwork. What we hear is the process of molding a work while never fully achieving a complete, desired arrangement – the materials continue to be shaped. (*Hamel*)

Haukur Þór Harðarson - Blind (2017)

“Flash blindness n.

Temporary loss of vision produced when retinal light-sensitive pigments are bleached by light more intense than that to which the retina is physiologically adapted at that moment.”

The bursts of sounds leave behind memories of themselves in the form of a resonance, slowly opening up the ears that where blinded before, to a gentle more intimate space.

Andrew Harlan - Hypha (2019)

Hypha - Its branching filaments slowly enmeshing the host environment.

HYPHA is scored for loadbang and a large sprawling tape part. The piece operates somewhere in between classic concrète, ambient music, ASMR, and horrifying sound design for some dystopian forest. (notes by Andrew Harlan)

Anne Hege – blessing the boats (2018)

poem by Lucille Clifton
for my father, John S. Hege

I received the poem “blessing the boats” by Lucille Clifton as a gift during a very hard time, and it was the first time that I found poetry to be truly healing. Years later, in 2017, when my father was at the end of his life, he asked if I would sing at his funeral. I said I would like to compose a setting of “blessing the boats.” I read it to him, and he agreed that it was the right choice. At the service, I sang a simple setting of the poem for voice and piano that included some of the melodic ideas that you will hear tonight. When loadbang asked me to write something, I could only think of continuing to work on this poem. The composition process became a beautifully fulfilling time to meditate on my father’s crossing into the next life. This journey became the journey of the piece - calling the spirit, guiding them towards the shore, letting them journey onward into the beyond, and celebrating the freedom and adventure of the new world.

blessing the boats

BY LUCILLE CLIFTON

(at St. Mary's)

may the tide
that is entering even now
the lip of our understanding
carry you out
beyond the face of fear
may you kiss
the wind then turn from it
certain that it will
love your back
may you
open your eyes to water
water waving forever
and may you in your innocence
sail through this to that

Lucille Clifton, “blessing the boats” from *The Collected Poems of Lucille Clifton*. Copyright © 2000 by Lucille Clifton. Used with permission of The Permissions Company, Inc. on behalf of BOA Editions Ltd., www.boaeditions.org. All rights reserved worldwide.

Martin Iddon (1975) - pneuma (2011-2013)

pneuma

There would seem to be four concepts coordinating a subject’s fundamental choices: *pistis* (faith) and *ergon* (work); *kharis* (grace) and *nomos* (law). The subjective path of the flesh (*sarx*), whose real is death, coordinates the pairing of law and works. While the path of the spirit (*pneuma*), whose real is life, coordinates that of grace and faith.

Alain Badiou, *Saint Paul: The foundation of universalism*

pneuma is a composite piece, comprising the three pieces *pneuma.pistis*, *pneuma.kharis*, and *pneuma.sarx*, each of which can also be performed independently. Three further pieces—*sarx.ergon*, *sarx.nomos*, and *sarx.pneuma*—will follow, completing the cycle. The following texts from St. Paul appear, albeit in an obliterated form, across the piece:

τὸ γὰρ γράμμα ἀποκτένει, τὸ δὲ πνεῦμα ζωοποιεῖ.

For the letter kills, but the spirit gives life (2 Corinthians 3:6)

καὶ γὰρ ἐὰν ἀδελφὸν σάλπιγγος φωνὴν δῶ, τίς παρασκευάσεται εἰς πόλεμον; οὕτως καὶ ἡμεῖς διὰ τῆς γλώσσης ἐὰν μὴ εὔσημον λόγον δῶτε, πῶς γνωσθήσεται τὸ λαλούμενον; ἔσεσθε γὰρ εἰς ἄερα λαλοῦντες.

For if the trumpet makes an uncertain sound, who will prepare for battle? So likewise you, unless you utter by the tongue words easy to understand, how will it be known what is spoken? For you will be speaking into the air. (1 Corinthians 14: 8–9)

οἱ γὰρ κατὰ σάρκα ὄντες τὰ τῆς σαρκὸς φρονοῦσιν, οἱ δὲ κατὰ πνεῦμα τὰ τοῦ πνεύματος.

For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit. (Romans 8:5)

Evan Johnson (1980) - my pouert and goyng ouer (2014)

From the second version of the Wycliffe Bible (ca. 1402), Lamentations 3:19, 29:

Zai. Haue thou mynde on my pouert and goyng ouer.

Joth. He schal sette his mouth in dust, if perauenture hope is.

Badly lit, interiorized, atomized, fragmentary, mumbled, private and unclear: focused intently on the minor detail and on marginal, intermittently audible pressures.

Maya Miro Johnson (2001) - greed is good and winning is everything (2020)

The climate is changing, as is our rhetoric. When will we?

1 .A jeremiad: a skin-grafted, Frankenstein-esque conglomerate of small phrases from infamous political speeches by a number of historical and social figures.

2.An exchange of goods.

3.An aria: a monumentally long number (the sum of the net worths of the richest 200 billionaires in the world) and a lament bass.

4. A silent film.

5. A trying-on of shoes.

6. A fragmentation: the last words of historical figures, some from the jeremiad.

The title is derived from Michelle Obama's speech at the 2020 DNC, delivered remotely.

(notes by Maya Miro Johnson)

Todd Kitchen - Maillard (2019)

The Maillard reaction is a chemical reaction between amino acids and reducing sugars that gives browned food its distinctive flavour. Seared steaks, pan-fried dumplings, cookies and other kinds of biscuits, breads, toasted marshmallows, and many other foods undergo this reaction. It is named after French chemist Louis-Camille Maillard, who first described it in 1912 while attempting to reproduce biological protein synthesis. [wikipedia]

Adrian Knight (1987) - 20 maj (2010)

Swedish/American composer Adrian Knight's 20 maj creates a virtual space for the ensemble to inhabit, supporting and augmenting loadbang's acoustic sound. The cycling harmonies echo and overlap like the tolling of a bell in a huge resonant space, as the electronics and live sound blend and filter through one another.

Andy Kozar (1984) - Mass (2012)

Mass (2012) for trumpet, trombone, bass clarinet, and baritone voice: I grew up in a moderately Catholic household; church every Sunday, Catholic grade school, Catholic extended family. Though it wasn't everything, it certainly was a major aspect of my upbringing. As a current atheist, I have had a difficult time coming to terms with these aspects of my childhood. I no longer believe or practice the doctrine, but my ethics, worldview, and in many ways, my personality, are deeply tied to these roots. To disregard it would be to unwisely ignore a fundamental part of my existence.

The relationship between western music and the church is, in many ways, very similar to my own. One does not need to be a practitioner of Christianity to have an understanding and appreciation of the influence of the church on western music, and to ignore or disregard it would be foolish.

'Mass' is exactly what the title infers: music from the major parts of the Latin mass. Specifically (though it remains very similar from composer to composer throughout history), I used the form of 14th century composer Guillaume de Machaut's 'Messe de Notre Dame' as the basis for the overall form and proportions of my piece. Unlike the masses of the past, this piece is not written in praise or adoration of a deity, rather as an observation of the relationship between both western music, myself, and the church. Regardless of individual and current ideas regarding the church, both western music as a whole and I, personally, would be quite different without its influence. (notes by Andy Kozar)

Andy Kozar (1984) - To Keep My Loneliness Warm (2016)

'To Keep My Loneliness Warm,' the title of which is taken from an interview with Thích Nhất Hạnh, is a setting of two short stories by Lydia Davis. Though the stories themselves give little context, my approach was to set them each as explorations of the difficulty of effectively communicating with others. In 'Insomnia,' the sung text is frequently interrupted by the trombone, making it seemingly impossible for the vocalist to complete a thought. The trombone finally relents, allowing the singer and instrumentalists, albeit ploddingly, join to find an end. The ensemble becomes one in 'Odd Behavior,' as the instruments mirror the voice, though the mirror is seemingly malformed. Though Davis' story only consists of two sentences, small segments are stuttered, repeated, looped and interrupted. Now, the inability to complete the thought is an internal struggle, as opposed to the external interference heard in 'Insomnia.' (notes by Andy Kozar)

Insomnia by Lydia Davis

My body aches so---

It must be this heavy bed pressing up against me

Odd Behavior by Lydia Davis

You see how circumstances are to blame. I am not really an odd person if I put more and more small pieces of shredded Kleenex in my ears and tie a scarf around my head; when I lived alone I had all the silence I needed.

"Insomnia" and "Odd Behavior" from THE COLLECTED STORIES OF LYDIA DAVIS (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2009)
Copyright © 2009 by Lydia Davis.

Artur Kroschel – Halfway (2022)

The piece *Halfway* for baritone voice, trumpet, trombone and bass clarinet is the attempt of the musical interpretation of hesitation, uncertainty and difficulties in making decisions. Whether to move forward or to turn back halfway. (notes by Artur Kroschel)

Yu Kuwabara (1984) – A song about a dead person (2019)

A song about a dead person was composed on one of the poems from Jerome Rothenberg's *Shaking the Pumpkin* based on the traditional poetry of Native Americans Navajo. My idea on this work was trying translating the form of the poem into music. This poem consists of just two kinds of repetitive sentences that are placed graphically on a page. As for the character of the first sentence, I set the texture of pianissimo chorale with the voice in a tamped down falsetto. As for the aspect of the second sentence, I set a rhythmical and shaking feel. Two kinds of textures are combined, interrupted each other, and eventually, the second texture overtakes the first texture.

A SONG ABOUT A BIG PERSON – OR WAS IT A MOLE?

YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH
I was going thru the big earh
YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH
I went thru this big earth
YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH
I was going thru the big earth
YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH
I went thru this big earth
YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH
I was going thru thie big earth
YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH
I went thru this big earth
YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH
I was going
YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH
th
YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH
YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH
YOHOHEYHEYEHYHAHYEYEHAAHHEH

From *SHAKING THE PUMPKIN*
TRADITIONAL POETORY OF THE INDIAMN NORTH AMERICAS

David Lang (1957) - Waiting for the man (arr. 2008)

David Lang's "Waiting for the Man" takes as its starting point the text of the eponymous Velvet Underground song, written from the perspective of a heroin addict in search of a fix. Lang's setting of Reed's text, as if reflecting on the text from a later point in the protagonist's life, has less of the youthful abandon of Reed's music, exuding instead a kind of gentle sadness and resignation.

William Lang (1984) - Sciarrino Songs (2015)

I've always been inspired while performing and listening to Sciarrino's music - and I've also had an enjoyable experience performing various Kurtag hommages - which use a novel take on the miniatures form. I hope that this small four movement work does an adequate job of expressing my experiences and joys in these two composers works.

William Lang (1984) - There Might Be One More (2013)

"there will be one more" is a piece informed equally by the sound works of Alvin Lucier and Morton Feldman, both inspirational composer/philosophers to me. I am especially curious what happens when we focus on a sound for an extended period of time, and listen inwardly to the results, discovering new layers and opening our ears to the environment.

Han Lash (1981) - Music for Eight Lungs (2015)

In writing *Music for Eight Lungs* I wanted to treat the voice similarly to the instruments, so that the piece would weave all four parts into a fabric equally. But I also wanted to play with our perception of the voice as a vehicle for communication and language. So the vocal part is given various phonemes which seem quite word-like at times, and in fact are often drawn from the vowel sounds from Purcell's 'Dido's Lament.' As I played with my own musical materials, the idea of a descending lament figure kept recurring in different ways, propelling the music forward. (notes by Han Lash)

Hannah Lash (1981) - Stoned Prince (2012)

"Stoned Prince" is a mono-opera composed by Hannah Lash to a libretto by Royce Vavrek written for the ensemble *loadbang*. This piece examines moments in the public and imagined private life of Prince Harry over the past five years. The young royal has had his fair share of controversy, including an on-again, off-again relationship with the Zimbabwean Chelsy Davy, a penchant for liquor and marijuana, and a Nazi Halloween costume. The music inhabits a bizarre, drunken, late-night emotional space, so the preponderance of low instruments with only the trumpet and the baritone's falsetto representing the upper range of sound is an interesting canvas for a drama that unfolds through its hero's drunken boasts and phone calls, as well as moments of private sadness and vulnerability. (notes by Hannah Lash)

Scott Lee - Do Your Job and Keep Your Mouth Shut: The Tiger Oil Memos (2015)

In its machine-like rhythms and angular lines, *Do Your Job and Keep Your Mouth Shut* humorously remembers a time when the din of typewriters could be heard in offices everywhere and when administrative assistants were called secretaries. Adapted from a series of memos from Edward "Tiger Mike" Davis, CEO of the now-defunct Tiger Oil Company, to his employees, the memos paint a picture of a compassionless despot, bent on maximizing profits with cold efficiency. (notes by Scott Lee)

George Lewis (1952) - Apis (text by Fred Moten) (2019)

Apis is conceived as a musical response to *Apis Mellifera* (1998-1999), a video by the artist Terry Adkins (1953-2014). The incantation "soldier, shepherd, prophet, martyr" on the soundtrack refers to the abolitionist John Brown, who between 1856 and 1959 repeatedly acted on his belief that armed insurrection was the only way to overthrow the institution of American chattel slavery. The text, which combines the four words with aspects of the visual and sonic affect of the video, is by Fred Moten. The Moten poem appears in its entirety in the last section of the piece; before that, part of my compositional process involved creating a quasi-algorithmic recombination of the text.

(notes by George Lewis)

Apis by Fred Moten

shepherd of bells

martyr of sweet

prophet of wool

soldier of bees

shadow of bird

mystic of sweat

prisoner of wind

servant of blue

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Lei Liang (1972) - Lakescape V (2016)

Having been interested in Mahayana Buddhism for a number of years, I went to a Buddhist monastery in upstate New York to study meditation in 1999. One evening, while walking alone by the side of the lake, I caught the sight of a “V” shape floating and extending on the surface of the water. It was a beaver taking a swim under the moon. This image gave me insight into my relationship with silence: underneath the music is a profoundly deep silence upon which I seek to inscribe my signature through sound. It serves as a point of departure that led to a series of works.

In *Lakescape V*, the tranquility in the original “lake” series is disturbed by showers of “phonetic particles” taken from Wai-lim Yip’s poetry (in both English and Chinese) as the piece traverses through different states of mind.

Lakescape V was written for and dedicated to *loadbang* who gave its world premiere at the Miller Theatre’s Composer Portrait on November 17th, 2016. (Notes by Lei Liang)

Alexandre Lunsqui (1969) - Guttural I-IV (2009-2017)

A simple object made of two fast repeated notes is at the core of Guttural I. This object is then expanded into various rhythmic structures, textures, and acoustic configurations. In general, the sonic material is very fluid and has a strong sense of directionality from beginning to end. The four instruments (voice included) constitute one single body. At the same time, each one of them has its own dimension, which allows for different tempi, various colors, harmonic changes, noises, but everything residing in the vicinities of initial object.

To some extent, Guttural II is the negative of Guttural I. While in Guttural I, the rhythm and the pitch contour are linear and directional, in Guttural II, a vocal texture is the fabric of a non-rhythmic development. The form is articulated by having points of attraction and rejection throughout the piece. The music arrives and departs from these points like brief examinations of various sonic states.

Guttural III brings back the idea of the four instruments becoming one complex instrument. But here the the sounds become as homogeneous as possible. A vocal layer is added to the instruments - it is a common timbre between the players and a ghostly choir within the ensemble.

Guttural IV is a fluid, compact, canon-like structure that returns to the basic two-note motif from the beginning of

Guttural I. Like small particles being energized by friction, the quartet starts to behave erratically causing the motif to collapse within itself. Will the ensemble resist the forces at play? *Guttural I, II, III, and IV* are dedicated to loadbang.

(notes by Alexandre Lunsqui)

Claus-Steffen Mahnkopf (1962) - 432 Park Avenue - Hommage a NYC (2018)

I am fascinated by New York City, especially because it is very different from the rest of the USA. NYC is like a nation of its own, its own world. In September 2015, I walked through Central Park, discovering a very tall and extremely narrow building between the trees that rises into the sky like a single spaghetti. This building is 426 meters high, constructed only for residential use. It stands out in classic beauty and elegance. At the same time it is an expression of capitalist decadence. The prices are so exorbitantly high that only very rich people can purchase an apartment. The investor advertises with tranquility, because the inhabitants are usually absent. I use texts from the website of this building for the singer. At the same time, the baritone plays a MIDI synthesizer with original sounds from the city of New York. Together with the sonority of the three winds, this creates a portrait of New York.

(notes by Claus-Steffen Mahnkopf)

OR

Claus-Steffen Mahnkopf's *432 Park Avenue* is an homage and critique of the same building, one of many new ultra luxury apartment towers along Manhattan's so-called Billionaire's Row. The building's floor plans and architectural design are reflected in the work, the text of which is a mishmash of real estate marketing speak and humorous reflection. The final layer of the piece is a series of field recordings, collected by loadbang all around New York City, and collaged by Mahnkopf, combining subway announcements, rumbling engines, and the sound of unlocking your apartment door and coming home. (notes by Jeffrey Gavett)

Paula Matthusen (1974) - old fires catch old buildings (2016)

old fires catch old buildings draws its title from Burroughs' writing on recording in *The Invisible Generation*. Rather than play with the text of Burroughs' original writing, the piece instead engages with physical recordings (namely cassette tapes) of each of the ensemble members. The flexibility of language combined with the idiosyncrasies and manipulability of recording and playback devices pair forges intriguing interdependencies between the musicians as well as their stored voices. As Burroughs notes, "it is the height of rudeness not to record when addressed directly by another tape recorder..." (notes by Paula Matthusen)

Alex Mincek (1975) - Number May Be Defined (2012)

Mincek's *Number May Be Defined* is a rhythmically active and driving work, focusing on blending the sounds of the instruments and the voice together. It explores muted sounds in the instruments as well as the voice, with a frantic and mechanical force, traveling swiftly between sound worlds until the instruments and voice converge into a single sound. (program notes by Jeffrey Gavett)

Angélica Negrón (1981) - Dóabin (2016)

dóabin is a piece inspired by the peculiar story of Poto and Cabengo (Grace and Virginia Kennedy), the San Diego identical twins born in the 70's who invented their own language to communicate with each other. These girls grew up in a bubble of isolation experiencing only minimal contact with the outside world and were mostly raised by their grandmother, who spoke only German and who did not interact much with them. The girls soon developed their own

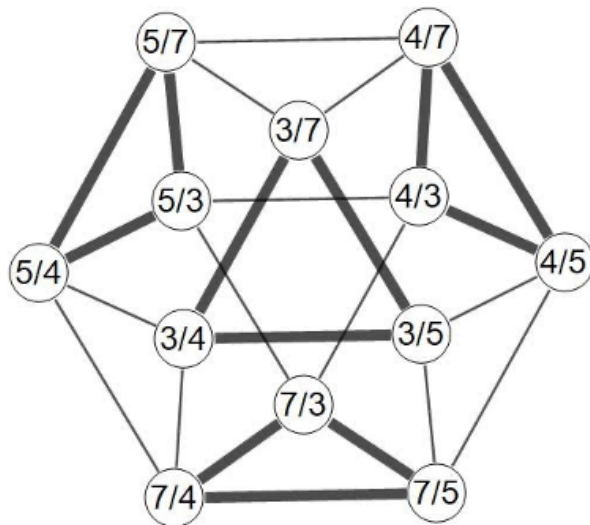
communication and secret language, which combined fragments of English and German with some neologisms.

dóabin explores childhood imagination and genius through a lens of mystery and certain wonder. Through vocal play, nonsense syllables and lighthearted yet enigmatic instrumental textures, the piece seeks to delve into the idiosyncrasies of the construction of meaning and the perception of speech sounds as well as in the bizarre world of these two girls. (notes by Angélica Negrón)

Helmut Oehring (1961) - SunRise Song For 4 (poetry by Helmut Oehring) (2013)

seemed like the waves in long eye
snow against also I am stone grass
love body to snuggle up fire
evidence to clear source.

Chris Otto (1983) - 3x4x5x7 for loadbang (2021)



Joan Pamies (1988) - per ser plagat de ta dolça ferida (2013-2014)

The text for *per ser plagat de ta dolça ferida* consists of four verses from four different poems by Valencian medieval poet Ausiàs March (ca. 1400-1459), arranged by the composer in this particular order. The composer would also like to express his gratitude to Xavier Bonillo Hoyos, PhD for his expertise in medieval culture and civilization. Text extracted directly from March's manuscript. (*Pamies*)

vaig sobre neu, descalç, ab nua testa [LXVIII, 3]
corrent mal temps, perillant en la mar [LXXXI]
No te repos qui null'altra fi guarda [CV, 17]
per ser plagat de ta dolça ferida. [XXXVI, 1]

I go over snow, barefoot, head naked
running over bad weather, endangered in the sea
there is no rest for whomever keeps another purpose
to be plagued by your sweet wound.*

*English translation by the composer

Udi Perlman (1990) - As of Me and Mine (2021)

As of Me and of Mine began in a second-hand book sale in Tel Aviv, where, browsing through dusty boxes, I found a book of "120 Chassidic Melodies". This slim collection, published presumably in 1947, was assembled by Joachim Stutchewsky (1891-1982), a Ukraine-born Israeli cellist, composer, and musicologist, and includes his transcriptions of the *Nigunim* (melodies) of various eastern European Jewish communities. Later at home, leafing through book, I realized (to my surprise) that I did not know any of the melodies in the book. And yet, the loose, recitative-like improvisatory melodic contours and dancing rhythms seemed uncannily familiar to me and reminded me of much of the Jewish and Israeli music I know and love. May I claim these unknown-yet-familiar melodies as my own, I wondered? *As of Me and of Mine* is my response to this question. (notes by Udi Perlman)

Francisco del Pino (1980) – a flower (2022)

The text of this piece is loosely derived from a hymn set by Guillaume Du Fay in his cantilena motet *Flos florum* (Flower of flowers)¹. I made my version out of various English translations of said hymn, adding bits of my own and filtering out the explicit religious elements in search of a more personal and common expression. These words are both a prayer and a conversation as well as a remembrance of someone loved and missed, and I am privately dedicating them to the memory of my mother, who was also my first music teacher.

Flowers are also something one gives as a gift: this one is for loadbang, with gratitude and admiration. Duration is between about 6 to 7 minutes depending on chosen tempo.

¹ Guido Maria Dreves, Clemens Blume and Henry M. Bannister: *Analecta hymnica Medii Aevi*, vol. 32, Pia Dictamina, Reimgebete und Leselied (Leipzig, 1899)

a flower

words by Francisco del Pino, after a motet by Du Fay

flower of flowers, light of joy,
relief of pain,
hope of pardon, remedy of sorrows,
fountain of gardens, walking stick,
quiet place,
voice of reason, sunshine,
hope of comfort,
shoulder,
shelter,
guiding light, hand holder, cause of joy,
lily among thorns, morning star:
feed me,
help me,
bring me peace, don't leave me, forgive me if I failed;
take my hand
and walk with me,
or shine through me, stay with me as I journey.

Paul Pinto (1982) - g3db.Did0 (2009)

g3db.Did0 (or goodbye, Dido) is a lament for amplified trumpet-bonitone quartet, playing almost entirely in the

extreme parts of their ranges. The tonality and text is directly drawn from Purcell's famous aria, but recreated as if Dido were unable to speak. The baritone begins in falsetto (stretching the word "me" over the span of more than a minute), and the ensemble enters one by one, struggling to utter their phrases, coming together only to state the words "no trouble". The piece was written specifically for loadbang. (notes by Paul Pinto)

Li Qi (1990) - Like a Dream (2018)

如梦令

李清照

—
常记溪亭日暮，沉醉不知归路，
兴尽晚回舟，
误入藕花深处。
争渡，
争渡，
惊起一滩鸥鹭。

二
浓睡不消残酒。
试问卷帘人，
却道海棠依旧。
知否？知否？
应是绿肥红瘦。

“To the tune “As If in a Dream”

Li Qingzhao

1
I often recall one sunset in a riverside pavilion.
Having drunk too much, I forgot the way home.
Knowing it was late, I started back in my boat at dusk
but paddled by mistake into a thick patch of lotuses.
Struggling to get out,
struggling to get out,
I startled a whole sandbar of egrets into flight.

2
Last night the rain was intermittent, the wind blustery.
Deep sleep did not dispel the lingering wine.
I tried asking the maid raising the blinds,
who said the crab-apple blossoms were as before.
“Don’t you know?
Don’t you know?
The greens must be plump and the reds spindly.

Eric Richards – Fire, Fire! (2016)

Eric Richards's Fire, Fire! is a setting of a poem by 16th century English composer, poet, and physician Thomas Campion (1567-1620). While Campion's original setting makes use of traditional text painting (fast notes evocative of flames), Richards's setting draws out the inner conflict of the text in an array of multiple metric strands. Conflicting subdivisions and pitches grind against each other like ill-fitting gears, reflecting the poet's tortured mindset. (notes by Jeffrey Gavett)

Fire, Fire! by Thomas Campion

Fire, fire, fire, fire,
Loe here I burne in such desire,
That all the treares that I can straine
Out of mine idle empty braine,
Cannot allay my scorching paine.
Come Trent and Humber, and fyre Thames,
Dread Ocean haste with all thy streames:

And if you cannot quench my fire,
O drowne both me, and my desire.

Fire, fire, fire, fire,
There is no hell to my desire:
See all the Rivers backward flye,
And th'Ocean doth his waves deny,
For feare my heate should drink them dry.
Come heav'nly showres then pouring downe;
Come you that once the world did drowne:
Some then you spar'd, but now save all,
That else must burne, and with me fall.

Matthew Ricketts (1986) - Saint Lazarus Awakes (2019)

Saint Lazarus Awakes, like the poem it sets to music, consists of two main "panels" separated by a brief textless interlude. Throughout there are allusions both musical and poetic to Lazarus, medieval plainchant and Willaert. The text alternates between tones dryly encyclopedic and somewhat more gnostic, surreal, cryptic. (program notes by Matthew Ricketts)

SAINT LAZARUS AWAKES
By Matthew Ricketts

I

death interrupted Lazarus awakes the great sleight of hand o
original Houdini slice of light cuts across the dumpster squinting he emerges strange
bandages streaming consciousness translucent cricket clings to his dry lip you notice at
once the markèd difference in demeanour what was it like *well dark for starters*
stuttering lisping he's not well after all after dark after life after starting over again again
he stutters *lazar* beggar one covered by sores and/or afflicted by leprosy *o mutha* for
Mary he calls or maybe Martha or mouth he's thirsty points yet no words then a moth
emerges away cricket tumbles another bandage unwhirls itself from his body beautiful
in its way sleepers wake a voice is counting ten nine eight seven eight seven eight then
disappears saint unseen.

II

anoint azan are us or azimuth flickering lost st- ol' joyous beauty *santo* secret most
scared sacred david manger/*manger* eat not crib this is body my bright and blood cup
thistle cap *circum* perfect tandem *tenebrae* lauded feast or fear valley eden/edited
sickness and san franconian death flowers *koenig* forever holy palm marker sisters of
micro-misterioso sentiment felt nor under strand splinter'd crux frag. figment applied to
sought refuge/refuse within relic garbage forsaken chiefly poetic/literary *litmus* strain
with frankincense *se sentir* smelling rising rarefied sweet corpse scent from light-mouth

smiled *ecce homo* pigment glows *Pilatus* the cluttered skullscape in muslin'd white
strips his skin such wine-kissed bruising hides o most heavenly thine swallow sings.

Daniel Sabzghabaei - Notes for Residues II (2022)

For the past few years, I have been fascinated by the web of connections that exist between us and what we create. In particular, the myriad of influences we take in throughout our lives and how these influences commingle to make us who we are. How one influence influences another and the chain that forms in these interactions: the leftovers of leftovers forming their own entity.

In *Residues*, I am interested in exploring the ways that sounds and practices influences each other, not simply as mimicry, but as things which exist as things themselves, related to their sources, but not attempting to be those separate constituent parts.

For this second work, 20th-century master vocalist *Marzieh* and pianist+composer *Mahjoobi* take center stage. In particular, their duet in *dastgāh-e Homāyūn*, from the seminal *Golhā-ye rangārang*, a radio program that aired between 1960-70, that was pivotal in keeping interest in *moosiqi sonnati* and both traditional and new Persian musicians, poets, and songwriters. The stunning final section of their duet—with no words, just muted, gentle vocables—always captured me as a child, and here becomes a larger meditation on the delicate nature of *Marzieh's* usually powerful, piercing voice, examining it under a fine timbral microscope. At the center of the work is the vehicle for the delivery of this gentle homily: the radio, filling out the spectrum of sound with rich noise, and also acting as a performance object for the vocalist—a gossamer love-letter to those who came before.

Erin Rogers - Golden Parachute

Text by Erin Rogers

III. Mergers and Acquisitions

Mergers and meetings and animals and Pete and Joe.

Acquisitions.

Trust Fall.

Mergers and meetings and Ted.

Agreements and agents and that guy Ted.

Asshole.

Armageddon.

Who let Ted in.

Here.

V. Variance

Up, down.

Down, up.

VI. The King of Hearts

No, yes.

Yes, no.

VII. The Nature of Nature

In the nature of compensation, payment made to a disqualified individual. For the benefit of one individual.

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Felipe Pérez Santiago - I didn't leave (2022)

This piece is based on the poem with the same name by the Indian-Canadian poet Rupi Kaur.

The text reads as follows:

"I didn't leave because
I stopped loving you
I left because the longer
I stayed the less
I loved myself"

The piece was written during a composition and personal retreat in Berlin and it's dedicated to Nora Arriaga.

David Smooke (1969) - A Baby Bigger Grows Than Up Was (2013-2015)

"A Baby Bigger Grows Than Up Was" is an alphabetized story by the Baltimore-based writer Michael Kimball, published under the pseudonym Andy Devine. I was drawn to this text because of the musical interest created by the opposing processes inherent to the story. On the one hand, the repetition of words gradually forces them to lose their meaning and fragment into purely sonic events. Simultaneously and paradoxically, the relative stress created by repeating individual words as many as 443 times allows us to perceive elements of an underlying narrative structure. Through this alphabetized tale, we find intimations of more traditional stories that might possibly provide expressive foundations for our listening experience. What at first appears to be an abstract series of words eventually reveals itself as a beautiful, emotionally charged story. The narrator gradually develops a sense of self, growing up with a doting mother and a nearly absent father. In order to highlight the musicality of the story and its inexorable organization, I utilized the inherent pitches from the sound formants of the vowels in order to generate the harmony. If one were to read the text aloud, the vowels themselves would create similar harmonic progressions as are found in this setting.

This work was composed for the ensemble *loadbang* and is dedicated to them with great admiration. (*Smooke*)

Heather Stebbins (1987) - Quiver (2014)

I traveled to Iceland in May of 2014, and like most first-time visitors of the country, was completely taken aback by the diversity and sublimity of the landscapes. One of the most strange and evocative landscapes exists in Þingvellir national park, where continental drift between the North American and Eurasian tectonic plates cause great cracks and rifts in the ground. Although the region is sometimes hit with earthquakes that cause immediate changes to the landscape, much of the fractured ground is due to the incredibly gradual shifting of the plates as they pull away from one another. I had images and thoughts of this incredibly slow and incredibly powerful force in mind while composing quiver. Although the piece is far from a strict translation of the idea into sound, I imagined many of the musical gestures to be influenced by a slow and powerful outside force that causes instability and unpredictability. (notes by Heather Stebbins)

Alex Temple (1983) – Diadem (2021)

Diadem is a song about gay desire in Medieval Europe. The text, by poet R.A. Briggs, tells of the protagonist's inner conflict as he discovers his desire for another man and has to reevaluate what he has been taught by Church. The piece is more or less in the form of a 15th-century virelai (I like to think of it as a "queerelai"), and the musical style is suggestive of Dufay and the composers of the Ars Subtilior. (notes by Alex Temple)

Nils Vigeland (1950) – A Commonplace Book (2014)

Commonplace books are compilations of readings, aphorisms, random thoughts, etc., collected and recorded by

individuals. The practice of commonplacing flourished in Europe from 1500-1800. Extending the meaning of the term in composing A Commonplace Book, I turned to six sources, five of which have texts and two of which have music.

1. *Accusì va er monno* - a setting of G.G. Belli's scabrous Roman dialect poem, written in 1831, on the ways of the world.
2. *Pifferari* – an evocation of the Abruzzi bagpipers who descend upon Rome to serenade at Christmas time. No real folk material is referenced.
3. *Confession* – a setting in Latin of four lines from the eighth chapter, Book 1, of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, written ca. 400AD
4. *Temptation* – an anonymous 19th C. Shaker dancing song, "Come Life, Shaker Life", serves as the basis for this piece.
5. *Chorale* – a setting in German of verses nine and ten of Martin Luther's 1535 hymn, "Von Himmel hoch".
6. *Nils Tallefjoren* – a Norwegian folk-song of the same name serves as the basis of this piece.

Accusì va er monno – G.G. Belli

Quanto sei bbono a stattenne a ppijja

Perché er monno vò ccurre pe l'ingiu:

Che tte ne frega a tté? llassel'annà:

Tanto che sperì? aritirallo sù?

Che tte preme la ggente che vvierà,

Quanno a bbon conto sei crepato tu?

Oh ttira, fijjo mio, tira a ccampà,

E a ste cazzate nun penzacce ppiù.

Ma ppiù de Gges cristo che ssudò

'Na camiscia de sangue pe vvedé

De sarvà ttutti; eppoi che ne cacciò?

Pe cchi vvò vvive l'anni de Novè

Ciò un zegreto sicuro, e tte lo do:

Lo ssciropetto der dottor Me ne...

—Roma, 14 novembre 1831

That's The Way The World Goes

You're really great, sitting there taking it and getting pissed

Because the world is going down the tubes:

What the hell do you care? Let it go:

What are you hoping for? To pick it back up?
Why should you care about the people who will come after you,
When, after all, you'll be dead?
Come on, my son, just keep trying to make a living,
And as for all this other bullshit – forget about it.
Who better than Jesus Christ knows, who sweated
A whole huge mess of blood just to try
To save everyone; but then what the hell did he get out of it?
To anyone who wants to live to be as old as Noah
I've got a sure secret, and I'll give it to you:
Take the syrup of Dr. I Don't Give a ...

Anthony Vine – Tibbetts Wick (2018)

Now memory widens its focus
An experience is not one experience
I go over it again and again, as it assimilates in me.
Repeating becomes more like an associative process.
I can't depend on an event so thinking of it, it's instantly categorized, as if by a student.
I follow as it slips beyond the border of my recall, where repeating becomes progressive.
And memory doesn't end where my skin ends, but diffuses into my surroundings, leaving fragments of itself I may notice as "red rock," "friable cliff," reminding me.

- Mei-Mei Berssenbrugg (excerpt from the poem *Winter Whites*)

Max Vinetz - in the red (2021) and a place to land (2022)

In the excerpted text from "in the red," Rūta Kuzmickas introduces a fundamental contradiction: that one can both begin and exist as "nothingness" and "everything". My musical response to her poetry similarly explores the aforementioned themes. At times, large, dramatic, and fully saturated gestural sweeps dominate the composite texture; in other passages, delicate and dull sounds persist for minutes in an obsessive fury. While composing the piece, I was interested in finding ways to create an audible spectrum between fullness and emptiness, to forcefully expand various materials via looping, to consistently re-contextualize sounds and gestures that one might consider "weak" or "strong."

in the red by Rūta Kuzmickas

i. in the red

I began

as a series of edges,

a zero traced

into a margin
of emptiness,
a vacant space,
a flexible zero.

I began
as nothingness,
which is to say
that I began
as everything—

ii. a place to land

I began
without a place, meaning:
I began not at the beginning,
but at the interruption, caesura,
which is to say I was
a zero pulled along the spine
of earth by fate, illegal

energy, pure
friction, motion without
gesture, sound without
voice, image without
subject, substance
without form.

invisible ink collapsing
into resonance, vibrating

upon the blurred edges of ceasing

and becoming—

the zero with no edges

longing for a place

to land

Zong Yun We - Flower (2017)

Flower (2015, rev. 2017) is a piece written for Loadbang. As set on different locations in a performance space, baritone, bass clarinet, trumpet, and trombone imitate sound materials each other, which are repeated many times in various ways. By doing so, *Flower* creates auditory confusions, in which boundaries of where/when/how the musical gestures happen are collapsed, and questions how we perceive the sounds. (notes by ZongYun WE)

Scott Wollschleger (1980) - What is the Word (2014)

At the age of 83 Beckett wrote his last poem "What is the Word". The poem was dedicated to a friend who was suffering from aphasia – a language disorder that includes losing the ability to speak, read, or write.

The text bears the marks of struggle and exhaustion. The words stutter forward and appear without context. The poem lacks a coherent subject (there is an obvious absence of any personal pronouns). As the work proceeds the sounds of the individual words become more and more apparent. The materiality of each word becomes exposed and we might even want to call them sound-objects rather than words. Yet despite the lack of cohesion we still feel the text expresses some kind of personal suffering. And rather than peter out the poem grows more aggressive as it moves forward. The words, acting as sound objects, perhaps communicate something else; what is lacking in concrete meaning is made up for in the vivaciousness of the rhythm that is present. There is perhaps a primordial will to life heard in the rhythm of the words, a struggle pushing ahead in the face of meaninglessness. The situation is both tragic and comic, or as with many of Beckett's texts, a tragicomic.

This unidentifiable place in between suffering and the will to live compelled me to set the text. My setting of the poem is in three sections. The first section attempts to be a "musical reading" of the entire text, word for word, with no extra repetition of words other than what is presented in the poem. The second section playfully explores the text and various vowel sounds constituting the words. The final section is a further breakdown and explosion of the language into both instrumental and vocal sounds.

The failure of Beckett's text to produce meaning can be read as bleak and depressing, but I tend to read it the opposite way. Beckett's text is untethered from having to mean anything – I find this liberating. I hope my setting of the text presents both the power of the poem and possible modes of communication when meaning is unbound.

What is the Word By Samuel Beckett

folly -
folly for to -
for to -
what is the word -
folly from this -
all this -

folly from all this -
given -
folly given all this -
seeing -
folly seeing all this -
this -
what is the word -
this this -
this this here -
all this this here -
folly given all this -
seeing -
folly seeing all this this here -
for to -
what is the word -
see -
glimpse -
seem to glimpse -
need to seem to glimpse -
folly for to need to seem to glimpse -
what -
what is the word -
and where -
folly for to need to seem to glimpse what where -
where -
what is the word -
there -
over there -
away over there -
afar -
afar away over there -
afaint -
afaint afar away over there what -
what -
what is the word -
seeing all this -
all this this -
all this this here -
folly for to see what -
glimpse -
seem to glimpse -
need to seem to glimpse -
afaint afar away over there what -
folly for to need to seem to glimpse afaint afar away over there what -
what -
what is the word -

what is the word

Scott Worthington (1987) - Infinitive (2009)

The text for *Infinitive* is taken from William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, excerpted from moments when Hamlet is alone on stage. Two canons open the piece, and are extended and permuted in the following three movements. Throughout, the text is intoned one word at a time. The title refers to the most famous line in the play: "[infinitive], or not [infinitive]..."

(notes by Scott Worthington)

Now I am alone.

*Safely stowed.
But soft, what noise?
--Hamlet*

Scott Worthington (1987) - A Different Infiniteness (2013)

The text is a cut-up poem by Scott Worthington on Emily Dickinson's "Forever – is Composed of Nows –"

Part I

and latitude experienced forever
not composed

years would be days
let months and years
a different infiniteness
dissolve in time

Part II

exhale in years of nows

Charles Wuorinen (1938) - Alphabetical Ashbery (2013)

Alphabetical Ashbery is a setting of four poems by American poet John Ashbery from his collection *Planisphere*. The texts are strikingly surreal, and Wuorinen's kaleidoscopic weaving of lines mirrors their wildly roving but always concise impact. Rather than setting these texts as a work for voice with accompaniment, Wuorinen treats the voice and instruments together as a true chamber group, with every member given a chance to shine in different solos and ensemble groupings. (notes by Jeffrey Gavett)

ALCOVE

Is it possible that spring could be
once more approaching? We forget each time
what a mindless business it is, porous like sleep,
adrift on the horizon, refusing to take sides, "mugwump
of the final hour," lest an agenda—horrors!—be imputed to it,
and the whole point of its being spring collapse
like a hole dug in sand. It's breathy, though,
you have to say that for it.

And should further seasons coagulate
into years, like spilled, dried paint, why,
who's to say we weren't provident? We indeed
looked out for others as though they mattered, and they,
catching the spirit, came home with us, spent the night
in an alcove from which their breathing could be heard clearly.
But it's not over yet. Terrible incidents happen
daily. That's how we get around obstacles.

THE BURNING CANDLE

That's what makes me feel that way.
A brief departure from the truth,
rejoining it up ahead: nothing to tell,
really. We grew up inside it.

I was dead wrong about that,
what the burning candle knew, confided
only to a few intimates. Then it was off
again, meaning on. Arguably, upstate

one of our business noses discerned
the flair, realized in a flash what the
consequences were, took the necessary
measures slowly. Then we

all knew what the awful thing would turn out to be,
how it would stay only briskly,
leaving not much of a souvenir behind.
Every face is that of a dinner guest.

Your generation doesn't have the propensity
to figure out light. It needs what it has—
colorful costumes, a lard sandwich. A "forgotten
elegance." It won't get better after this.

YOU HAVEN'T RECEIVED THE LETTERS YET?

And you'll see how it goes.
Since the day in front of you
is a ring toss, what about other egresses?

Not looking presidential
is what it boils down to, I told you to
keep the pictures under your belt.

Or these words: how do you expect me
to imagine our plight if this room has no context?
We were here once before, that we can tell,

but otherwise all is madness and hushed
compliance. The dog goes along the wall,
it has finished for the day. Other tropes slow

us, action is a glimmer at the edge
of a well. We saw and thought so many things,
couldn't explain them even to witnesses,

charming as they were. In the end a piece of silk
is our reward, wide as a mountain's flank
and caked with curious chevrons.

ZERO PERCENTAGE

So call it untitled, but
don't imagine you'll be let off the hook:
The title will find it as surely
as a heat-seeking missile locks on
an asteroid. Down below, armies
and oceans of taxis will squawk unfeelingly.
The title always wins.

Ya-Jhu Yang - Three Pieces (2008)

1. Patter, Patter...

*petals of tiny flowers drop
a waterfall of sound*

2. How Lovely!

*How lovely!
On her youthful skin,
a fleabite!*

3. Chorale

Chen Yi - Remember (2022)

The music of my Remember (2022) is written for the mixed quartet loadbang (baritone, trumpet, trombone, and bass clarinet), in memory of Prof. Steven Stucky (1949-2016), the first Barr Institute Laureate Composer (2006-2008) at the UMKC Conservatory, who has influenced and supported many of our UMKC composers through lectures, master classes, new music festival/workshops, and sincere advice to the development of the institute at the Conservatory. He has made profound contributions to our music community as an extraordinary composer, an excellent and devoted teacher, an enthusiastic advocate of new music composers, and a generous human being. Prof. Stucky will be deeply missed by all of us in our community.

The lyric of Remember is drawn from nonsense syllables found in Chinese folk songs: "Yo_ Yo_ Yo_ Yo_, Mm _____, Wei (way)____," and so on. The dropped down pitches at the end of some melodic phrases mimic the sound of sighing in the beginning part of Remember. The initial melodic material is developed throughout the work in various textures, featuring each musician in the loadbang ensemble. (notes by Chen Yi)

Adam Zahller (1988) - Ledascape (text by Andrés González) (2014)

Ledascape is the first in a series of works made in collaboration with Mexico City based poet Andrés González which for the telling of Greco-Roman myth of "Leda and the Swan," wherein Zeus descends in the form of a swan to rape the beautiful Leda, wife of Tyndareus. Our telling places focus on the theriomorphic, the boundaries of being, the lines between "human" and "animal," and the erotic potentialities these present. (notes by Adam Zahller)

La tierra toda espera en Leda
se esparce
 se transforma
el silencio en latido de su llamada

ella la lítica la geodésica
niña que se revuelca entre
los crujientes cótalos de los estratos
cuerpo cada vez más vasto por poroso
dunas y dunas y dunas
en las que circulan los mapas nómadas de la arena

Leda se estremece
en una sílaba ctónica
que clama por ese alto lodo que ya derrocha

ancha tierra de lenguas

