

WEDNESDAYS@7

WET INK ENSEMBLE

January 12, 2011

7 pm

Conrad Prebys Concert Hall

UC San Diego Department of Music

UPCOMING WEDNESDAYS@7

January 26

Aleck Karis

February 8

Palimpsest New Music

March 9

Kartik Seshadri

April 13

Formalist Quartet/Mark Menzies

April 27

Telematics/Mark Dresser

May 18, 20, 21

Chamber Opera

TICKETS: (858) 822-2166

and at the door

\$15 general / \$10 UCSD faculty/staff/alumni/friends of music

FREE student rush one hour before concert

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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WET INK ENSEMBLE

January 12, 2011

TEXTUREN

Katharina Rosenberger

Alban

Rick Burkhardt

This is This is This is (for David Foster Wallace)

Eric Wubbels

Intermission

Color/Form-Line (for Ellsworth Kelley)

Alex Mincek

Voices from the Killing Jar

Kate Soper

I. Prelude: May Kasahara

II. My Last Duchess: Isabel Archer

III. Palilalia: Iphegenia

ATD V

Sam Pluta

Wet Ink Ensemble

Carl Christian Bertendorf, conductor

Kate Soper, voice

Erin Lesser, flutes

Alex Mincek, tenor saxophone/clarinet

Eliot Gattegno, alto saxophone

Eric Wubbels, piano

Ian Antonio, percussion

Joshua Modney, violin

Sam Pluta, electronics

TEXTUREN – Katharina Rosenberger

I wrote this composition while living amongst a most magnificent garden. A place that bewilders, dazes and shakes you up, among delicately changing colors, textures, fragrances and sounds. TEXTUREN places you at the top of the hill for a quick glimpse down the path, past the roses and agaves, to a varied texture of greens and yellows, and sudden speckles of red.

I would like to thank my friend and botanist Michael Sundue for allowing me to use his scholarly text—on the fern genus *Ascogrammitis*—for my libretto. TEXTUREN is dedicated to Dietlind Antretter. KR

Alban – Rick Burkhardt

Alban can spell but does not know what words he has spelled. Both words and music break each other's spells as Alban plays through them. Alban is prone to dizziness and fainting. RB

This is This is This is (for David Foster Wallace) – Eric Wubbels

Writer David Wallace committed suicide in late 2008. In addition to the love and admiration I feel for his work, a number of other coincidences of biography and personal history had made me feel quite close to him, and his death was not only a shock, but also just an incredibly sad thing. For me and many of my friends, it seemed like confirmation of some of our darkest thoughts about... well, everything.

In his later writings, Wallace outlines the struggle for a type of consciousness, a moment-to-moment vigilance of mind that transforms the repetitious business of daily life into something sacred. He describes this kind of attention as both a path outward from habitual self-focused thought patterns, and a stay against "the constant gnawing sense of having had and lost some infinite thing" that those patterns eventually produce. Additionally, his conviction that art should be both moral and practical, that "fiction's about what it is to be a fucking human being," has become something of a guiding principle for me.

So--This is for David Foster Wallace. This is unison, concentration, and attention. This is extended repetition as a force against habit. ("This is a Bronx-bound 2 express train.") This is the constant gnawing sense of having had and lost some infinite thing.

This is the connection between attention and ecstasy—ecstasy of physical gesture, ecstasy of sound, ecstasy of repetition. EW

Color Form Line - Alex MIncek

The title “Color Form Line” is a reference to a work by the artist Ellsworth Kelly called “Line Form Color.” In Kelly’s work a succession of images proceeds from one to many lines, then to primary color fields, then mixed color fields, and finally shapes embedded in color. My own work follows roughly the same strategy in reverse order, and emphasizes, like the Kelly, the futility of fully separating the experience of color from that of shape/gesture and how the order of these successions either intensifies or dilutes the potency of both.

The idea of “line” is of particular interest in this piece and is dealt with both directly, as articulated by the vocal part, and obliquely, as rendered by the instrumental parts. For example, many of the physical instrumental gestures are based on very simple up and down scale patterns that have been modulated by various types of mechanical interference (for example, if the instrumentalist performs an ascending major scale while holding down a mechanism on the instrument foreign to that task, a quite complex, “colorful” sound results instead of the expected scale). Like the previous sentence, in which an example is explained by a further example, various levels of nested redundancy are also an important aspect of this work, allowing the hearer to both fixate from different temporal perspectives on individual musical objects and also perceive them as meaningful units belonging to the whole. Like the previous sentence, which is self-referential, the text articulated by the singer comments on much of what is happening in the piece from moment to moment. AM

Voices from the Killing Jar – Kate Soper

Voices from the Killing Jar is an ongoing series of pieces in which a protagonist is caught in a trap – tragic or absurd, melodramatic or mundane – forged by fate or by circumstance and constructed from the innumerable possible sound worlds of the Wet Ink core ensemble.

In *Prelude: May Kasahara*, the titular sixteen year-old of Haruki Murakami’s novel *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle* speculates on the true nature of the force underlying human existence. In increasingly agitated fragments, she describes the essential malevolence of this force and admits its influence on her to commit acts of violence and cruelty.

Isabel Archer: My Last Duchess, set to taped excerpts from a 19th century dramatic monologue by Robert Browning, portrays the heroine of Henry James’ *Portrait of a Lady* (personified in a gradually collapsing clarinet tremolo), whose disastrous marriage to a soulless Machiavellian ends all hope for the future. In *Pailialia: Iphigenia*, set sometime before the events of Aeschylus’ *Agamemnon*, Clytemnestra sends a prayer for bloodshed to Artemis, instructions to her murdered daughter in Hades, and a grim warning to her absent husband. KS

II. Palilalia: Iphigenia

Lady of Arrows
Give me the quiver
Bring in the quarry
Goddess of beasts

When the horizon
Echoes with fire
Twin of Apollo
Teach me the hunt

Iphigenia! Iphigenia! Iphigenia! Iphigenia!

Iphigenia
Girl of Tears
Bled like a yearling
Fed to the winds

Down to the ferry
I send your assassin
Rush him with mercy
To kill him again

Iphigenia! Iphigenia! Iphigenia! Iphigenia!

HOUSE OF ATREUS
I wait for ruin
Plotting the trial
Rigging my nets

Soon, Agamemnon
An act meets an action
A Daughter of Leda
Strikes for the dead

Iphigenia! Iphigenia! Iphigenia! Iphigenia!

--Kate Soper

ATD V – Sam Pluta

From Wikipedia: “The fantasia (from Italian: fantasia; also English: fantasy, fancy, German: Fantasie, French: fantaisie) is a musical composition with its roots in the art of improvisation.” I wrote this work in the winter of 2010 with the idea of creating a piece improvisational in form and at many points actually improvised. I had been listening to albums of Horowitz performing Chopin. I really enjoyed the absurdity of the whole thing - both Chopin’s wild music and Horowitz’s ridiculous playing. I wanted to create a work that had a free and open form which also gave the performers an open platform to display their virtuosity. I also spend much of my time improvising and wanted to be able to write myself into the piece. This work combines a fully notated structure, written for ensemble, with an improvisational element performed by Alex Mincek and myself. SP

