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

springfest
A WEEK OF EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC

April 11 - 18, 2013
THURSDAY, APRIL 11

Songs in Ulterior Time
7PM
Concert Hall

- Light refreshments will be provided between the shows -

Pop Suckets presents:
THE DISCIPLINE HOUR
9PM
Experimental Theatre

FRIDAY, APRIL 12

Posing Nothing
8PM
Concert Hall
SUNDAY, APRIL 14

Springfest @ Birch Aquarium
6PM
2300 Expedition Way, La Jolla, CA
(To get to the Birch Aquarium, Take I-5 to La Jolla Village Drive. Go west one mile. Turn left on Expedition Way.)
$10 cover includes aquarium admission ($8 members and UCSD Students)

Springfest@Che Cafe
8PM
Che Cafe, Scholars Drive, just downhill from La Jolla Playhouse Complex

TUESDAY, APRIL 16

Lightness and Darkness
7PM
Concert Hall

- Light refreshments will be provided between the shows -

Maiden Voyage
9PM
Concert Hall

THURSDAY, APRIL 18

Language, as a music / six marginal pretexts for composition
7PM
Concert Hall

- Light refreshments will be provided between the shows -

Devotion of Union, Collapse of Pleasure
9PM
Experimental Theatre
Springfest 2013

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

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

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

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

About Guest Artist Nic Tammens:

Nic Tammens (b.1989) is an Australian visual artist that performs regularly within noise and free music communities. He studied under Oren Ambarchi at the Victorian College of Arts and has played in ensembles with Brian Chase, Marco Fusinato, Sean Baxter, Oren Ambarchi and many others. He currently lives and practices in Portland, Or.
Songs in Ulterior Time
7PM - CPMC Concert Hall


I. Prelude
   1. Lyte Lowes my Sone

II. Here Begynneth the descriptioun of thin Astrolabie
   2. Thyn astrolabie hath a ring
   3. The moder of thyn astrelabie
   4. The wombe syde of thine Astrelabie

III. The worken the verrey pracktik of the forseide conclusions
   5. To fynde the degree in which the sonne is day by day
   6. To knowe the spryng of the dawenynge and the ende of the evening

IV. Postlude
   7. And with this swerd shal I sleen envi

Tiffany DuMouchelle, soprano
Stephen Solook, percussion
Scott Worthington, double bass


I. wail
II. marche funèbre
III. ego sum vermis
IV. Totentanz

Vocalette (2012) Yi Hong Sim (b. 1983)

Diagenesis Duo
Heather Barnes, soprano | Jennifer Bewerse, cello

horas non numero nisi serenas (2011) Stephen Lewis (b. 1983)

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

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

Tiffany DuMouchelle, soprano
Rachel Beetz, flute | Sam Dunscombe, Curt Miller, clarinets
Batya Macadam-Somer, violin | Leah Asher, viola | Jennifer Bewerse, cello
Tommy Babin, double bass | Kyle Adam Blair, piano | Ryan Welsh, conductor
A Treatise on the Astrolabe

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

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

Vocalete

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

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

con mortuis in lingua mortua

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

horas non numero nisi serenas

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

I Introduction
1. Lyte Lowys my sone
Lyte Lowys my sone, I aperceyve wel by certeyne
evvyences thyne abilitie to lerne sciences
touching nombres and proportiouns; and as wel
consideyre I thy besy prayer in special to lerne the
tretys of the Astrolabe. Than for as moche as a
philosofer saith, “he wrappith him in his frend,
that condescendeth to the rightfulfe prayers of his
frend,” thercfor have I yeven the a suffisant Astrolabe
as for oure orizonte, compownded
after the latitute of Oxenforde; upon
which, by mediacion of this litel trety, I
purpose to teche the a certein nombre of conclusions
aperteynynge to the same instrument.

II. Here Begynneth the descriptioun of thin Astrolabe
2. Thyn Astrolabie hath a ring
Thyn Astrolabie hath a ring to putten on
the thomb of thi right hond in taking the
height of thinges. And tak kep, for from henes
forthward I wol clepen the heighte of any thing
that is taken by the rewle “the altitude,” withoute
moo wordes.

3. The moder of thin Astrelyabye
The moder of thin Astrelabye is thikkest plate,
perced with a large hool, that receyveth
hir wonme the thynne plates compownded
for diverse clymes, and thy reet shapen in
manere of a nett or of a web of a lopp.
This moder is dividid on the bakhalf with
a lyne that cometh descending fro the ring
doun to the netherest bordure. The whiche
lyne, fro the forside ring unto the centre
of the large hool amidd, is cleped the south lyne,
or ellis the lyne meridional. And the remenant
of this lyne doun to the bordure is
clepid the north lyne, or ellis the lyne of midnyght.

4. The wombe syde of thyn Astrelabie
The wombe syde of thyn Astrelabie is
also divided with a longe crois in four quarters
from est to west, fro southe to northe, fro
right syde to left side, as is the bakside.
The plate under the riet is discrived
with 3 cercles, of whiche the leest is
clepid the cercle of Cancere.
The myddel cercle in wyndnesse, of these three,
is clepid the cercle equinoxiall, upon which
turnith evermo the hevedes of Aries and Libra.

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

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

IV. Postlude
7. And with this sward shal I slean envie
And Lowys, yf so be that I shewe the
in my lighte English as trewe conclusions
touching this mater, and not oonely as trewe
but as many and as subtile conclusionens, as
ben shewid in Latyn in eny commune tretyes
of the Astrelabie, konne me the more thank.
And preye God save the king, that is lord of
this langage, and alle that him feith berith and
obeith, everich in his degre, the more and
the lasse. But considre wel that I ne usurp
not to have founden this werk of my labour
or of myn engyn. I n' am but a lewd compilator
of the labour of olde astrologiens, and have it
translatid in myn English oonly for thy doctrine.
And with this sward shal I slean envie.

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

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

The Discipline Hour

9PM - CPMC Experimental Theatre

Prologue
Episode 1
Episode 2
Episode 3

-Intermission-

Episode 4
Episode 5
Epilogue

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

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

Video:
Leslie Fisher-Sanders

Stage Hands:
Silas Bennett, Brendan Bernhardt Gaffney

Goggles provided by:
Brendan Bernhardt Gaffney
**Springfest @ Birch Aquarium**
6PM - Birch Aquarium

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>HALL OF FISHES</th>
<th>TIDE-POOL PLAZA</th>
<th>KELP FOREST TANK</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Currents</strong></td>
<td><strong>G Burns Jug Band</strong></td>
<td><strong>Three Songs</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jon Forshee</td>
<td>Clint Davis, Guitar, Banjo</td>
<td>by Kevin Flowers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Batya McAdam-Somer, fiddle</td>
<td>Sarah Perez, Soprano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Meghann Welsh, accordion</td>
<td>Leah Asher, Violin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Jonathan Piper, tuba</td>
<td><strong>Sept Papillons</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Sean Francis Conway, percussion</td>
<td>by Kaija Saariaho</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>water meditation II</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Jennifer Bewerse, cello</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Johnson</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hands And Lips of Wind</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>by Mischa Salkind-Pearl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>After Auster</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>I. Nightfall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kevin Zhang</td>
<td></td>
<td>IV. Con Los Ojos Cerrados</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>V. Madrugada al Raso/Daybreak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>FJN 422</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Jennifer Bewerse, cello</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yvette Jackson</td>
<td></td>
<td>Heather Barnes, soprano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Grillos</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>GALLERIA</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elisabet Curbelo</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Seascape</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cameron</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Jeff Treviño (Music)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sam Wells</td>
<td></td>
<td>John Hildebrand (Scripps)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Anarrhichthys</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Josh Jones (Scripps)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroline Louise Miller</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

**Directions to Birch Aquarium:**
2300 Expedition Way, La Jolla, CA
Take I-5 to La Jolla Village Drive. Go west one mile. Turn left on Expedition Way.
Springfest@Che Cafe
8PM - Che Cafe

Korg Demo 1A with Smooth Scholar

Atomtink & the THINK

Samuel Dunscombe and Nic Tammens

About Dunscombe and Tammens:

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

Together they will make your ears bleed in ecstasy.

Directions to Che Cafe:
Located on Scholars Drive, just downhill from La Jolla Playhouse Complex
Lightness and Darkness
7PM - CPMC Concert Hall

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

I
II
III
IV
V
VI
VII
VIII
IX

Heather Barnes, soprano
Jennifer Bewerse, cello

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

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

Sara Perez, soprano
Curt Miller and Samuel Dunscombe, clarinets
Leah Asher, viola
Jennifer Bewerse, cello
Thomas Babin, bass
Ryan Welsh, conductor
9 Settings of Lorine Niedecker

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

I've seen it there.

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

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

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

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

VI
My life
By water –
Hear

spring's
first frog
or board

out on the cold
ground

giving

Muskrats
gnawing
doors

to wild green
arts and letters
Rabbits

raided
my lettuce
One boat

Two –
pointed toward
my shore

thru birdstart
wingdrip
weekd-drift

of the soft

VII
Paul
when the leaves
fall

from their stems

playing
to leaves
when they leave

the little
thin things
Paul

VIII
O late fall
marsh –
I
raped by the dry
weed stalk

IX
Sleeps’ dream
the nerve-flash in the blood

The sense
of what's seen

‘I took cold
on my nerves’ – my mother

tall, tormented
9 Settings of Celan

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

II. White and Light
Sickle dunes, uncounted
In wind-shadow, thousandfold, you
You and the arm
with which naked I grew towards you, lost one
The beams They blow us together
We bear the brightness, the pain and the nam

III. Psalm
No one moulds us again out of earth and clay,
no one conjures our dust.
No one
Praised be your name, no one
For your sake we shall flower
Towards you
A nothing we were, are, shall remain, flowering:
the nothing-, the no one's rose

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

IV. With Letter and Clock
Wax
to seal the unwritten
that guessed
your name,
that enciphers
your name

Swimming light, will you come now?

Fingers, waxen too
drawn
through strange, painful rings
The tips melted away

Swimming light, will you come?

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

Swimming light, come

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

No one's voice, again

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

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

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

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

woodland sward, unlevelled,
orchid and orchid, single,

coarse stuff, later, clear
in passing,

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

the half-
trodden fascine
walks over the high moors,

dampness,
much

VII. Tenebrae
We are near, Lord,

near and at hand

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

Pray, Lord,
pray to us,
we are near

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

To be watered we went there, Lord

It was blood, it was
what you shed, Lord

It gleamed

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

Pray, Lord
We are near

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

Exchange of eyes, finite, at the wrong time:
image-constant,

lignified
the retina :-
the sign of eternity

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

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

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

"Tartar's arrows" "Art pap" "Breath"

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

A human being comes

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

Iced through — by whom?

"Pass" you say, "pass", "pass"

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

blows light

(The composer set 1988 versions of the Michael Hamburger translations. In a few places, these differ from the revised 1995 texts printed above.)
Kyle Adam Blair presents:

Maiden Voyage
9PM - CPMC Concert Hall

Microscope: 11 Pieces for Piano (2011-2013)
Kyle Adam Blair

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

Primera Sonata (2011)
Xavier Beteta

I – Violento
II – Lento
III – Agitado

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

1. Study on Ruth Crawford Seeger's “Diaphonic Suite No. 1”
2. Study on Charles Ives' “The Unanswered Question”
Microscope: 11 Pieces for Piano

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

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

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

- Kyle Adam Blair

Primera Sonata:

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

- Xavier Beteta

American Etudes:

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

- Hunjoo Jung
Devotion of Union, Collapse of Pleasure
9PM - CPMC Experimental Theatre

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

It's coming... do you feel it?
Like the sound of thunder approaching across broad plains it rumbles the future as it approaches the present.
Do you see it vibrating towards you?
Open yourself.
Be ready to be exploded onto the next plain:
limitless body unchained from any and all physical space;
limitless identity unbound by state gender and creed;
limitless mind unattached to the materials that materialize it.
Open yourself to the new global dispersible uncontainable body.
Open yourself to the new ontologically impossible identity.
Open yourself to the new ubiquitous yet camouflaged mind.
Open yourself to the explosion:
the trigonometric transubstantiation onto the multidimensional plain of metabiological processes,
where life and death come together to materialize a higher consciousness.
Open yourself.
Open yourself to the future.
Open yourself into operation incision induction.
I am Its will; It does not will.
Media is mind.
Money is flesh.
Credit is soul.

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

the drive to contribution:
“Bare necessity” is contextual,
and “happiness” is a word we use for a spontaneous messy explosion from the subconscious.

God isn’t dead!

God is only dead when we lose access to the future,
and maintenance is sacrifice.

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

The phantasmic force present in systemic wrath,
its sublime expression in bloodshed, foreclosures, and accredited degrees,
inveretely speaking our desire.

God is responsible for accreditation.
Living standards:
Alone never alone:
reproduced on the expressions of passers by

Standardized living

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

Money is voice.
Credit is soul.

Hopes and dreams invested—
projection,
production,
debt—Detonation.
to speak not be killed.
filling mouth,
commending lips,
cryptic commanding,
swelling out,
swelling of
chant
while ebbing in
affirming something completely outside of
their lingering,
some more than others, beyond their spontaneous death
exploding mystery.
pushing pandering
power
power
flow
the right
write the right
write to
the right to
the right to
the right not to be killed defended by the right to take away
the right not to be killed and kill should the right not to be killed be taken away