Bonnie Landers

When I got sick I added to it... I thinking it would get

yuck turned into a leaf of some kind

---

January 25, 2012: 8pm

"DON'T SPOIL MY MYTHOLOGY"

IRIS

But... it never got to senet snake

---

It's harder up here, but we never make it harder--(Q. wrinkle linori playq rethryl

It's such a fucking room [\[] arnu si lion idne ifneu

However...

---

I'm not so sure, we don't know if it's my

---

We are often told to put too much here

---

Uguru utie CK ME juhn in utyenau rnhou jem joemmeter n when inhaling, 987**

---

Course can. yes... bin

---

I'm not sure, we don't know if it's my

---

My body hurts) (over) it to u u with and then there's, too

---

Picking the music.

---

Froth wh sat ev

---

Lock! Whatevering the front door. I'm not sure, we don't know if it's my

---

The videocassette probably equal to complete terror.

---

If it was the throatness times it works

---

As the whole thing, la la la la la la

---

She's got some fire.

---

Right in the middle of it all

---

Peek

---

Reason

---

Peek

---

Peek
PROGRAM

incredibly short sighted, race

Chapter 1

fragmented materials

of course everything is kind

Luciano Berio

Sequenza III

from: Attila József Fragments &

Eminența der Süßelbüchern

György Kurtág

Georg Christoph Lindenberg

Bob Pierzak

Bio Clock Songs #1 & #2

various

Brendan Gaffney -- (birds)

impossible

Bob; pause

Great Crumb

Apparition

Anton Webern

Drei Lieder, Op. 25

on my God

Thank you for coming...

This recital is: for me (a representation of a period in time.

which IT is an intersection.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kahlil Gibran wrote: "You would know the secret of death. But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life...? For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one... For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt in the sun? And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand and seek God unnumbered... Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing... And when the earth shall claim your limbs shall you truly dance" The Prophet
Texts: Part One

Attila József: Fragments

Kásásodik a viz. 
kitalakul a jég, és bűnem 
hallalá válnak össze.

Sokan volték és körülvettek, 
álamomban engem kinevezték: 
"Hehe, hát ennél van a kincs, ami nincs!"

Ad ído futva terem mint bab.

Kőlő szerelme szalamang, azért oly 
sebes és fatánk.

Én élnök, hogy elmöklok.

Szújt hát, mit tegyek én hogy szeress ha 
sírva fakadok, ne nevezz. Mint a motor, 
mely már begyulladt, és nincsen útja és 
em indult olyan vagyok s ha bátrabb 
vönék, értelmetlen szavakat szólnék.

Tizenöt éve Irok költösenyt és most, 
ami kor költő lennék végre, csak álllok itt 
avagy már szegletten nincsen szavan a 
holvédgáz és érde.

Nincs közöm senkinek, szavam szálló 
pentéz. Vagyok, mint a hideg, világos és 
néhez.

Lesz lágy hős s mellé fűj karalábé õkör 
hízik és no a csalámdé de az már am i 
porunkból fakad

Nem! Nem! Kellene kialakonom s azt 
suttogom: igen, igen, hogy a sors 
ringatózást hozzon a tenger sírá 
visz felben.

Kásásodik a viz. 
kitalakul a jég, és bűnem 
hallalá állnak össze.

Én hajolj ke ajkamon, s te bánat, ne 
érj el, csak holnap. Mélyebbre kell meg 
hajolnok, hogy semmit nem tudon dalolják.

Bio Clock 1


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

Bio Clock 2

When my first mother once told me....

Georg Christoph Lindenberger fragments

Alpenspitzen näher der Sonne, aber 
kalt und unfruchbar.

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

Er schämte sich nicht einmal "ex 
officio."

Was hilft aller Sonnenaufgang, wenn 
Wir nicht aufstehen

Im Dunkel rot werden.

Drei Lieder Op. 25

text by Hildegard Jone

I. Wie bin ich froh:

Wie bin ich froh!

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

II. Der Herzans Purpurvogel

Des Herzens Purpurvogel fliegt durch 
Nacht.

Der Augen Falter, die im Hellen 
gaukeln, sind ihm voraus, wenn sie im 
Tage schaukeln.

Und doch ist er’s, der sie ans Ziel 
gerichtet.

Sie ruhen oft, die bald sich neu 
erheben zu neuem Flug.

II. Der Herzans Purpurvogel

Der Herzans Purpurvogel fliegt durch 
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Der Augen Falter, die im Hellen 
gaukeln, sind ihm voraus, wenn sie im 
Tage schaukeln.

Und doch ist er’s, der sie ans Ziel 
gerichtet.

Sie ruhen oft, die bald sich neu 
erheben zu neuem Flug.

Doch rasst er endlich er am Ast des 
Todes, mod und flügelschwazz.Zum 
müssen sie zum letzten Blick verweben.

III. Sterne

Sterne, ihr silbernen Bienen 

der Nacht um die Blume der Liebe!

Wahrlich, der Honig aus ihr 

Hängt schimmernd an Euch.

Lasset ihn tropfen ins Herz, 
in die goldene Wabe.

füllt sie an bis zum Rand, 

Ach, schon tropft sie über, 

seitig und bis ans Ende mit 
wie immer zucker durchdränkt.

Translated by Keith Anderson

Texts: Part One

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

It is not the spirit, but the flesh which 
makes me non-conformist.

He is ashamed to not even have "ex 
officio."

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

In dark red

Three Songs

I. How happy I am:

How happy I am!

Once more all is green 
and shining so

Flowers blossom for me over the world!

Once more I am set in becoming and am on 
earth.

II. The hearts crimson bird

The heart’s crimson bird flies through 
the night.

Eyes: butterflies that flutter in the 
light are before him, when they swing in 
the day.

And yet he it is who brought them to 
their goal.

They are often quiet, that soon spring up 
again in new flight. Yet finally he rests 
on the branch of death, weary and heavy 
again then must they quiver at the last 
glance.

III. Stars

Stars, you silver bees 
of night about the flowers of love!

Truly the honey from them 
hangs shining down on you.

Let them drop into the heart, 
in the golden honeycob, 
fill it to the brim.

Ah, now it overflows, 

happy and up to the end with 
eternal sweetness drunk.

Translated by Keith Anderson
George Crumb: Apparition

I. The Night in Silence

The night, in silence, under many stars, the sun whispering its song, the Cole voice I know:

When lies last in the dooryard Blood
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know:

Come lovely and soothed Death
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

II. II. Dark Mother

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet:

When lies last in the dooryard Blood
And the soul turning to thee. O vast and well-wrought Death,

And the body gently nestling close to thee.

The night, in silence, under many stars, the sun whispering its song, the Cole voice I know:

When lies last in the dooryard Blood
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know:

Come lovely and soothed Death
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

Text: Walt Whitman

III. When Lies Last in the Dooryard Blood

When lies last in the dooryard Blood
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know:

Come lovely and soothed Death
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

The night, in silence, under many stars, the sun whispering its song, the Cole voice I know:

When lies last in the dooryard Blood
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know:

Come lovely and soothed Death
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

Text: Walt Whitman

IV. I. Approach Strong Deliverer

When it is—when thou hast taken them, joyously sing the dead.

The night, in silence, under many stars, the sun whispering its song, the Cole voice I know:

When lies last in the dooryard Blood
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know:

Come lovely and soothed Death
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

Text: Walt Whitman

V. Come Lovely and Soothed Death

When it is—when thou hast taken them, joyously sing the dead.

I. The Night in Silence

The night, in silence, under many stars, the sun whispering its song, the Cole voice I know:

When lies last in the dooryard Blood
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know:

Come lovely and soothed Death
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

Text: Walt Whitman

VI. II. Dark Mother

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet:

When lies last in the dooryard Blood
And the soul turning to thee. O vast and well-wrought Death,

And the body gently nestling close to thee.

The night, in silence, under many stars, the sun whispering its song, the Cole voice I know:

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Come lovely and soothed Death
And the body gently nestling close to thee.

Text: Walt Whitman
Thank You!

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

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

All of my friends and colleagues who supported me to make this happen, in reality.

Mom
Dad
Bobby

(subconsciously) windtunnel again.

x of yrs
it's not hello and it's not go to hell, it's not go to hell.