

Christian Carey – A Lady

This is a setting of Amy Lowell's poem, "A Lady" (1914), a short text written in admiration of a lover; potential, fantastic, or actual, it is not made clear. Lowell (1874-1925) was highly regarded as one of the members of the "Imagist" school. As here, her work is often remarkably sensuous, with evocative imagery and potent emotional content.

"A Lady" made for particularly fertile ground to set for Byrne:Kozar:Duo. The composition is imagined as a colloquy between the narrator's inner monologue - with all of its vulnerability alternating with voluble praise - and a more outward-focused description of the object of adoration. Microtones and muting are used to shape and shade various pitches in the texture. The piece was commissioned by Corrine Byrne and Andrew Kozar, to whom it is dedicated. (*notes by Christian Carey*)

"A Lady" by Amy Lowell (1917)

YOU are beautiful and faded,
Like an old opera tune
Played upon a harpsichord;
Or like the sun-flooded silks
Of an eighteenth century boudoir. 5
In your eyes
Smoulder the fallen roses of outlived minutes,
And the perfume of your soul
Is vague and suffusing,
With the pungence of sealed spice jars. 10
Your half-tones delight me,
And I grow mad with gazing
At your blent colors.
My vigor is a new-minted penny,
Which I cast at your feet. 15
Gather it up from the dust,
That its sparkle may amuse you.

Rob Deemer (text by Brian Turner) - Thalia Fields (2017)

AB Negative (The Surgeon's Poem)

Thalia Fields lies under a grey ceiling of clouds,
just under the turbulence, with anesthetics
dripping from an IV into her arm,
and the flight surgeon says *The shrapnel
cauterized as it traveled through her
here, breaking this rib as it entered,
burning a hole through the left lung
to finish in her back*, and all of this
she doesn't hear, except perhaps as music —

that faraway music of people's voices
when they speak gently and with care,
a comfort to her on a stretcher
in a flying hospital en route to Landstuhl,
just under the rain at midnight, and Thalia
drifts in and out of consciousness
as a nurse dabs her lips with a moist towel,
her palm on Thalia's forehead, her vitals
slipping some, as burned flesh gives way
to the heat of the blood, the tunnels within
opening to fill her, just enough blood
to cough up and drown in; Thalia
sees the shadows of people working
to save her, but she cannot feel their hands,
cannot hear them any longer,
and when she closes her eyes
the most beautiful colors rise in darkness,
tangerine washing into Russian blue,
with the droning engine humming on
in a dragonfly's wings, island palms
painting the sky an impossible hue
with their thick brushes dripping green...
a way of dealing with the fact
that Thalia Fields is gone, long gone,
about as far from Mississippi
as she can get, ten thousand feet above Iraq
with a blanket draped over her body
and an exhausted surgeon in tears,
his bloodied hands on her chest, his head
sunk down, the nurse guiding him
to a nearby seat and holding him as he cries,
though no one hears it, because nothing can be heard
where pilots fly in blackout, the plane
like a shadow guiding the rain, here
in the droning engines of midnight.

(c) Brian Turner

from *Here, Bullet* by Brian Turner (Bloodaxe Books, 2007)

Reiko Fütting - eternal return (Passacaglia) (2016)

The composition eternal return (Passacaglia) for soprano and trumpet was commissioned by Corrine Byrne and Andy Kozar, to whom it is dedicated.

The text by Friedrich Nietzsche was taken from "Thus Spoke Zarathustra": And eternal recurrence also of the small...

Paula Matthusen - the old language continues its dialogues in ordinary dust (2017)

This improvisatory piece is based off of an earlier improvisation between Pauline Oliveros, Seth Cluett, and Maria Chavez at the Fridman Gallery as part of the 9 Evenings of Art and Technology 50th Anniversary Celebration. Cassette recorders produce feedback, generating their own colors as they, and the performers, each listen to the room differently. The title is drawn from Peter Gizzi's poetry in *Archeophonics*.

David Smooke - All Are Welcome Here (2017)

The text for this song is the title phrase "all are welcome here," recited in 16 of the nearly 7,000 living languages (in order: French, Teochew, Russian, Cantonese, Swahili, Turkish, Portuguese, Hindi, Hebrew, Luganda, German, Dari (Farsi), Mandarin, Arabic, Spanish, and English). I included the most commonly spoken languages on each continent in hopes that the message would be clearly articulated to as many people as possible. Each translation was made by a native speaker, who then recorded themselves saying the phrase so that I could attempt to replicate their accent in the written score using the International Phonetic Alphabet.

It's important to me that the invitation be understood in two ways. First, I believe strongly that the U.S. should welcome as many people as possible who want to join our society. My family was among the few who were lucky enough to be able to escape Europe shortly before the attempted genocide of the Jews, and I believe that it's my responsibility to hold the door open behind me. I value the exchange of ideas, and treasure the contact that I have with my immigrant colleagues, neighbors, friends, and relatives. Second, the concert hall itself can sometimes feel like a foreboding place, with arcane rituals that are impossible for new patrons to decode. I hope that you, the individual listener, will feel that the performers are speaking directly to you and welcoming you into this space to participate in this concert.

My dream is that soon this second meaning will be the only relevant interpretation of this piece, as our society evolves in order to make the first feel obsolete.

Scott Wollschleger - Bring Something Incomprehensible Into This World (2016)

"Bring Something Incomprehensible into This World" is from the philosopher Gilles Deleuze in reference to Heinrich Von Kleist. I've taken it to be an affirmation of what creativity is all about and it's what the artist should do when they create a work of art. What would be the point of bringing something too comprehensible and pre-packaged into the world? You can do it, but I think that's boring. Don't make boring work! Rather make something that pushes your mind and body and make something that creates new sensations and movements. Maybe you'll even have a new idea happen too. I prefer the scramble the mind has when it encounters a work of art as opposed to some kind of serenity and sedation that comes about from a unified experience. In *Bring Something Incomprehensible into This World* the trumpet and voice are in a playful dialogue. The text is presented in fragments. The fragments are made of single words or just syllabic sounds. I found breaking the text up into smaller sounding parts allowed me greater flexibility when writing the piece and ultimately allowed for a more free-spirited approach. The arrangement of the vocal sounds sometimes imply new words and phrases. Often the trumpet and the voice blend together to create what I call a "dirty unison". I imagined the sounds of the words themselves

being “smeared” by the trumpet’s sounds. I think the interaction between the voice and the trumpet implies a kind a hybrid instrument or a mutant offspring that is the combination of the trumpet and the human voice. The piece is written for and dedicated to Andy Kozar and Corrine Byrne. (*notes by Scott Wollschleger*)

Scott Worthington - SILENCE (every spell is muted) (2017)

The text was written by Ken Hunt by erasing most of the words on the pages defining the words “SILENCE,” “SILENT,” “SILENTIAL,” and “SILENTIARY” in the 1989 edition print of the Oxford English Dictionary. It is part of series of pieces, made in collaboration with Hunt, using the definitions of NOISE, SILENT, MUSIC, and SOUND. The project began with a piece commissioned by the Library Foundation of Los Angeles in 2016, *NOISE (the air has been ill)*. (*notes by Scott Worthington*)

bearing
ice
with his tongue
he
taught my lips to adapt
to her music
all
books
put
to
her
are put
to shame her absence personified in
the bugle's deathlike note
the
memory of
her name smothered
this overture wrung a cry from the library
of
a
learned priest irritated
by a violent
conscience
he
might have spread dark sails with the lute murmuring
of her
noble face
to the minister of fire
though
every spell
is
muted by
her

archery
the moon
is
overgrown by masses of asphodels
her marble weeps a chronicle of song
animals
in
the
grave
ship
passing over her
drank
of
her letters relics
marked by the stars
worn fishermen call to
the
moon
for
fresh life bodies
rise
in a flood shriveling and grim-eyed
with her signs death calls the
forgotten
to
the moorings of spring
observe
this interposition the spectacle
strikes
minstrels who grind at the corners of the tongue
and
her
doctrine of
speech
alas we punish
the
poet
the moonlight
broke