Sonic Lab
Sound Derivatives

AJTONY CSABA, director

LINDSAY SUDABBY voice
DOMINIQUE RYSER voice
LINDSEY HERLE violin
MATT ANTAL viola
ALEX KLASSEN cello
THOMAS BAUER flutes
DIANA DOUBLET oboe
MATT KAUFHOLD clarinets
SYDNEY TETARENKO clarinet
MATT KELLY trombone
KEENAN MITTAG-DEGALA percussion
ALEXEI PAISH percussion
NOLAN KRELL electric guitar
DAVE RIEDSTRA bass guitar
CONNOR ASHTON piano

ELLIOIT CARTER
A Mirror on Which to Dwell
1. Anaphora
3. Sandpiper
4. Insomnia
5. View of the Capitol from the Library of Congress

PIERRE BOULEZ
Derive I.

SONIC LAB
Soundpainting

Saturday, November 16, 2013, 8:00 p.m.
Phillip T. Young Recital Hall
MacLaurin Building, University of Victoria
Admission by donation
www.finearts.uvic.ca/music/events
Anaphora

Each day with so much ceremony begins, with birds, with bells, with whistles from a factory; such white-gold skies our eyes first open on, such brilliant walls that for a moment we wonder ‘Where is the music coming from, the energy? The day was meant for what ineffable creature we must have missed?’ Oh promptly he appears and takes his earthly nature instantly, instantly falls victim of long intrigue, assuming memory and mortal mortal fatigue.

More slowly falling into sight and showering into stippled faces, darkening, condensing all his light; in spite of all the dreaming squandered upon him with that look, suffers our uses and abuses, sinks through the drift of bodies, sinks through the drift of classes to evening to the beggar in the park who, weary, without lamp or book prepares stupendous studies: the fiery event of every day in endless endless assent.

Sandpiper

The roaring alongside he takes for granted, and that every so often the world is bound to shake. He runs, he runs to the south, finical, awkward, in a state of controlled panic, a student of Blake.

The beach hisses like fat. On his left, a sheet of interrupting water comes and goes and glazes over his dark and brittle feet. He runs, he runs straight through it, watching his toes.

- Watching, rather, the spaces of sand between them where (no detail too small) the Atlantic drains rapidly backwards and downwards. As he runs, he stares at the dragging grains.

The world is a mist. And then the world is minute and vast and clear. The tide is higher or lower. He couldn’t tell you which. His beak is focussed; he is preoccupied, looking for something, something, something. Poor bird, he is obsessed!

The millions of grains are black, white, tan, and gray mixed with quartz grains, rose and amethyst.
Insomnia

The moon in the bureau mirror
looks out a million miles
(and perhaps with pride, at herself,
but she never, never smiles)
far and away beyond sleep, or
perhaps she’s a daytime sleeper.

By the Universe deserted,
she’d tell it to go to hell,
and she’d find a body of water,
or a mirror, on which to dwell.
So wrap up care in a cobweb
and drop it down the well
into that world inverted
where left is always right,
where the shadows are really the body,
where we stay awake all night,
where the heavens are shallow as the sea
is now deep, and you love me.

View of the Capitol from the Library of Congress

Moving from left to left, the light
is heavy on the Dome, and coarse.
One small lunette turns it aside
and blankly stares off to the side
like a big white old wall-eyed horse.

On the east steps the Air Force Band
in uniforms of Air Force blue
is playing hard and loud, but - queer -
the music doesn’t quite come through.

It comes in snatches, dim then keen,
themute, and yet there is no breeze.
The giant trees stand in between.
I think the trees must intervene,
catching the music in their leaves
like gold-dust, till each big leaf sags.
Unceasingly the little flags
feed their limp stripes into the air;
and the band’s efforts vanish there.

Great shades, edge over,
give the music room.
The gathered brasses want to bo
boom - boom.

Source: www.poemhunter.com