**Music & Protest**
*MUS 421/532 Lecture-Recital*

*Dr. Suzanne Snizek, Instructor*

---

**Program**

*Adagio* from ‘The Limpid Stream’
Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975)
Jackie Kreke, euphonium
Stefani Yap, piano

*Fifty years from now*
Music and lyrics: Janet Sit (b.1981)
Lecture presented by Janet Sit
Andrea Paddock, voice
Brian Desjarlais, guitar

*The Artistry of Janelle Monae* (b.1985)
Lecture presented by Matthew Blockberger,
Trevor Hoy, and Julia Kimberley

*Strange Fruit*
Lyrics and music by Abel Meeropol (1903-1986)
Lecture presented by Diana Doublet
Andrea Paddock, voice
Stefani Yap, piano

---

**INTERMISSION**

*Retreat!*
Music by Nolan Krell (b.1991)
Brian Desjarlais, guitar

*Two Songs by Tom Waits* (b.1949)
Lecture presented by Ryan Hemphill

*Improvisations on ‘Une Jeune Fillette’*
Text and melody, anonymous
Arranged by K. Bozhinov
Kiiri Michelsen, soprano
Konstantin Bozhinov, lute ‘Le Jeune Fillette’

*April 27 1945*
Karl Amadeus Hartmann (1905-1963)
Lecture and music (first movement) presented by
Stefani Yap, piano

*Bottom Feeder*
Music by Dave Riedstra (b.1989)
Lecture presented by Dave Riedstra
Eve Richardson, voice
Julia Kimberley and Seán Maynard, saxophones

---

**Tuesday, December 3, 2013, 8:00 p.m.**
Phillip T. Young Recital Hall
MacLaurin Building, University of Victoria
Free admission
[www.finearts.uvic.ca/music/events](http://www.finearts.uvic.ca/music/events)
and one to any won four withdrawn made is comments games the chronicles one and one the brings Niagara amateurs leading the with contends other any to made is to the July of thirty-first American the of chess and ungenerous four won had at is M. Mister in which editor time which at the of right Tuesday on of the first this is Bissell passage through Tillary the way to staggered am I then that was said that there was if he was are in captain the before you are in Brooklyn you show will the right New York let to be said that here was no and so the was gentleman the so and duty for him if the so and brought when house for him if no was this he refused to and was and left is at be it is surmised that escaped the taken before eleven fifty fined clerk of the court the took until for one day very short New York one of the papers Sunday denies that gave his is it vegan to say an opportunity friends Friday to evening admire the hat him cheese someone when is post is the and says limited was party presented by Post the and the say was limited to party Mr Ruff a up Post reporter up Mr Ruff hunted last and night learned him from that the described by party senator Conover party party Ruff the Post your taking photo people that the represented asking for a friend post the by being present missed you as were actually on the way back we and by I oh my god given really Conover time damned fine have I would a there had I all alone wouldn’t Ruff Mister asked the logic of this my love I it of concisely argument expressed is sufficient Permanente and Anthem Blue to most Cross said I’ve been too depressed too cower most the of sheets daring sad to deserve to go to the doctor to out about just to find out films which at awards won at Banff at fests mountain snowy will but it’s zero close to stay will degrees C press the perhaps Sunday deny will the that Post senator Conover presented a hat with day the a take all to moment let’s that has court at police the yesterday realized Twit- ter White was John charged its with true purpose all achieving an time in high point possessing unlawfully himself social media indeed and history human in civilization and one barreled double property gun the of Brock the Henry stunning with inn an keeper complainant development Atwood Margaret adorable selfies of her Munro and Alice Nobel celebrating win Queen Street in the bought gun by now on a get plane most about months since twelve from White wedding these are from perfect beardsstyles haven’t why taken like off I’m get to going beardsstyle up do this for wedding a pizza note a him gave and breakfast making because dollars twelve three at in months payment a try new want I brush if the first thing out of your fucking mouth SF in when we talk about domestic violence huge line have doesn’t is concern for the rep of abusers a go then you are the problem fav people recently met I are at fake rapper should and you because follow I find can’t brainwave my robot cat ears this Wednesday last on defendant to come Brock disaster unmitigated an is this Instagram Harry if Potter had be a to not also prima donna but kittens like my I other without people’s germs and on random and SF colds all flus over them understand don’t I like why butterflies saying sexism doesn’t exist because you’ve never experienced it is like gross thing creepy crawly turns thing into are saying cancer doesn’t exist because you’ve never had it thing wings with gross creepy crawly fucking great I what think really although lol at moment the exciting no is more are than in the the racism in technology is fucking real gross really caterpillars me are the in toothpaste hate this morning tix bought just Raffi for may in two thousand fourteen Vancouver who not sure cops caught red handed at Montebello guys made I guys just guys metal fork plastic fork out a of danced we all night the to best day ever lame I’m so so much have I for we can assume incitement is standard operating procedure hair off it pull wish I daring that was don’t worry even is better you thank the skeptics are mad at me for talking about diversity are movie believe even better never better than never Beliebers are the of ads rape threats and garden variety misogyny

Text from Bottom Feeder

One country, two systems, oh, where is the proof?

Our fathers keep on lying, obscuring the truth,

Fifty years from now, can it still be the same?

Will it be enough to protect us, if only in name?

Our fathers keep on lying, obscuring the truth,

Washing over me like the coming monsoons.

The radios are singing different tunes,

You weren’t there, in the rain, on Hennessy Road,

Time has marched on and so have I,

Well, time has marched on and so have I,

The orchid trees grow to touch the sky,

When the winds, they got rough, it didn’t take long,

You made news friends, hundred thousand (strong) –

I made news friends, hundred thousand (strong) –

I don’t need you back here anymore,

I don’t need you back here anymore,

‘Cause things ain’t the same like they were before,

We weren’t there, in the rain, on Hennessy Road,

I know who I am, and you’ll never know.

-----

I saw the ferry twenty-three going by,

I saw the ferry twenty-three going by,

Well, time has marched on and so have I,

When the winds, they got rough, it didn’t take long,

The orchid trees grow to touch the sky,

You weren’t there, in the rain, on Hennessy Road,

Time has marched on and so have I,

You made news friends, hundred thousand (strong) –

I made news friends, hundred thousand (strong) –

I don’t need you back here anymore,

I don’t need you back here anymore,

‘Cause things ain’t the same like they were before,

We weren’t there, in the rain, on Hennessy Road,

I know who I am, and you’ll never know.

-----

You weren’t there, in the rain, on Hennessy Road,

Well, time has marched on and so have I,

The orchid trees grow to touch the sky,

When the winds, they got rough, it didn’t take long,

You made news friends, hundred thousand (strong) –

I made news friends, hundred thousand (strong) –

I don’t need you back here anymore,

I don’t need you back here anymore,

‘Cause things ain’t the same like they were before,

We weren’t there, in the rain, on Hennessy Road,

I know who I am, and you’ll never know.

-----

Fifty years from now, can it still be the same?

Will it be enough to protect us, if only in name?

Our fathers keep on lying, obscuring the truth,

One country, two systems, oh, where is the proof?

Obscuring the truth…we’ll show you our proof…

Fifty years from now

Music: J. Sit
Lyrics: J. Sit

Walkin’ long the piers and looking, I
() saw the ferry twenty-three going by.
The raindrops were building streams with my tears,
Thinking, “Soon, my darling, you will be here.”

But then you went away, on the first of July,

You were afraid our freedoms might die,

You got on the plane with your mother and your bags,

I had no voice, no choice, alone and sad.

CHORUS

Well, time has marched on and so have I,

The orchid trees grow to touch the sky,

When the winds, they got rough, it didn’t take long,

I made news friends, hundred thousand (strong) –

I don’t need you back here anymore,

‘Cause things ain’t the same like they were before,

You weren’t there, in the rain, on Hennessy Road,

I know who I am, and you’ll never know.

-----

Walkin’ pass the shops on Nathan,

() see news signs I don’t recognize,
The radios are singing different tunes,

Washing over me like the coming monsoons.

Fifty years from now, can it still be the same?

Will it be enough to protect us, if only in name?

Our fathers keep on lying, obscuring the truth,

One country, two systems, oh, where is the proof?

Obscuring the truth…we’ll show you our proof…