



Concert 18
Saturday, June 24
8:00-10:30 PM
Playhouse

Program

Gerald Eckert <i>Intereception</i>		7'02"
	<i>Madeline Shapiro, cello</i>	
Kari Vakeva <i>I saw eternity</i>		13'58"
	<i>fixed media</i>	
Daniel Tramte <i>Fever Dream</i>		10'
	<i>Keith Kirchoff, piano</i>	
Sylvia Pengilly <i>If You Could See my Soul</i>		7'29"
	<i>video</i>	
Jorge Garcia del Valle Mendez <i>Visions of the Void</i>		8'36"
	<i>Keith Kirchoff, piano</i>	
INTERMISSION		
Levy Oliveira <i>Por um triz!</i>		7'17"
	<i>Keith Kirchoff, piano</i>	
Michael Rhoades <i>Apparitions</i>		10'44"
	<i>video</i>	
Mark Phillips <i>Elegy and Honk</i>		9'53"
	<i>Michele Fiala, English Horn</i>	
Ragnar Grippe <i>Sans Trace</i>		11'52"
	<i>fixed media</i>	

Hubert Howe
Unbalanced 9'09"
Anthony Izzo, alto saxophone

Alexis Bacon
Ojibwe Song 10'
Alexis Bacon, percussion

Program Notes

Gerald Eckert, *Intereception*
 Sound fragments of the violoncello overlay with the continuous processes of the electronics with the formal and timbre structures of the violoncello and of the electronics are constitutively independent.

L'acqua era buia assai piti che persa;
 Than purple-black much darker was its water;

(Dante - Divina Comedia, I-VII)

Kari Vakeva, *I saw eternity*
 The computer music work *I saw Eternity* (2016) is built on the sonority of a bell. All pitched sounds of the piece are related to the inharmonic overtones of that bell. (The bell itself is only faintly heard a few times in the outcome.) The interest of the listener, however, is probably caught by the granulated sustained-sounds in the mid-register with their wavering character and almost chorus-like whispers... The piece is written with C++ and a synthesis software built by the author.

Daniel Tramte, *Fever Dream*
 The pianist interprets an auto-scrolling score that dynamically materializes notated music in real time via specially designed pseudo-random number generators. The score and accompanying electronic sounds are all generated using a single seed, so the piece is 'fixed' in that it is exactly the same every time. No matter what point in the piece the pianist may jump to, even if it's hour #2 of day #1,000 of the piece, it will consistently yield the same material for that point in time.

Sylvia Pengilly, *If You Could See my Soul*
 What is the soul? Does it even exist, and if so, how might it appear if we were able to somehow perceive it? Surely most of us have had this and similar questions flash across our minds from time to time only to abandon them in frustration at the impossibility of ever finding an answer. In this piece I have chosen to represent my soul visually by silhouettes of my body, while musically much of the music is derived from samples of my voice, sometimes with the music forcing the silhouettes into shapes only available with the music controlling the visual parameters. Therefore, please consider this your glimpse into my tortured and highly convoluted soul.