

Paul STEENHUISEN - PROGRAM NOTES

PIECE: Supplice & Demand

TEXTS

Tim Liardet – The Blood Choir

The Language School - II

No is the blank, the zero, the lumpy zilch, the bijou fuck-all the question solicits and wishes-for: the litany, the plural of no. It is the answer the question anticipates before asking itself, surrounding no. Do you have anything to say in your own defence?

The hiatus, the answer-in-minus scans the many milliseconds of a second that hang like a threat, scaring it way up into the corner of articulation where it ceases to exist. Without fuss, or noise, or anything, without changing expression or looking up the only yes there is nods to a no.

Jorge Luis Borges - The Sonnets (excerpts)

YO

La calvera, el corazón secreto, los caminos de sangre que no veo, los túneles del sueño, ese Proteo, las vísceras, la nuca, el esqueleto, Increíblemente soy también la memoria de una espada y la de un solitario sol poniente, que se dispersa en oro, en sombra, en nada...

The skull within, the secret, shuttered heart,/ the byways of the blood I never see,/ the underworld of dreaming, that Proteus,/ the nape, the viscera, the skeleton./ I am all those things. Amazingly,/ I am too the memory of a sword/ and of a solitary, falling sun,/ turning itself to gold, then gray, then nothing...

LABERINTO

No habrá nunca una puerta. Estás adentro, y el alcázar abarca el universo , y no tiene ni anverso ni reverse, ni externo muro ni secreto centro.

No esperes que el rigor de tu camino, que tercamente se bifurca en otro, que tercamente se bifurca en otro, tendrá fin. Es de hierro tu destino, como tu juez. No aguardes la embestida, del toro que es un hombre y cuya extraña, forma plural da horro a la maraña de interminable piedra entretejida. No existe. Nada esperes. Ni siquiera en el negro crepúsculo la fiera.

There'll never be a door. You are inside and the fortress contains the universe and has no other side nor any back nor any outer wall nor secret core. Do not expect the rigor of your path, which stubbornly splits into another one, which stubbornly splits into another one, to have an end. Your fate is ironclad like your judge. Do not expect the charge of the bull that is a man and whose strange plural form fills the thicket of endless interwoven stone with your own horror. It does not exist. Expect nothing. Not even the beast obscured by the black dusk.

BLIND PEW

...a ti también, en otras playas de oro, te aguarda incorruptible tu tesoro: la vasta y vaga y necesaria muerte.

...and for you, on other golden beaches,/ your incorruptible treasure also waits:/ vast, mysterious, inevitable death.

LOS ENIGMAS (fragment)

...ser para siempre; pero no haber sido

To be forever; but never to have been.

EL DESPERTAR (fragment)

y esperado lugar y en el presente, converge abrumador y vasto el vago a, yer: las seculares migraciones, del pájaro y del hombre, las legions, que el hierro destrozó,

Into this present the Past intrudes, in all its dizzying range – the centuries-old habits of migration in birds and men, the armies in their legions all fallen to the sword

ABRAHAM LINCOLN GILLESPIE (fragments)

Slapback, jawgape, gearChain, dwintrospectiv, karmasokist, conclushunning, Vanishounds

astroVoid Realms, Logicating, Phlegmspleen, Expatriaints, Expatricination, Ejaculiss Demograpicky, Awksquirm, A Perplexicon

Edvard Munch. The Private Journals: *We are flames which pour out of the earth.*

24. A bird of prey has perched in my mind

Whose claws have dug into my heart

Whose beak has drilled into my breast

Whose wingbeat has darkened my understanding

34. ...dipped in flames... like a flaming sword of blood slicing through... The sky was like blood – sliced with strips of fire

Poems from Guantánamo: The detainees speak.

Ustad Badruzzaman Badr

The whirlpool of our tears

Is moving fast towards him.

No one can endure the power of this flood.

It mostly happens, in these cages,

That the stars at midnight

Bring good news

Emad Abdullah Hassan

... The fruit of patience is a running river.

First performed by New Music Concerts, with Erika Iris Huang, mezzo-soprano, conducted by Robert Aitken. Commissioned with the support of an Alberta Creative Development Initiative Grant, administered through the Canada Council for the Arts.