

*Kleine Trommel und UKW-Rauschen ("Conceptio")*

Peter Ablinger

from *Microworks...*

Andrew Allen

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True minimalism, that is, work conceived of singularized and essentialized performance is never actually achievable, since there are always complex systems of culture, language and phenomenology at work.

Bring me the head of Stewart Beach on a platter.

Obligatory Introductory Phrase

SHOT HIMSELF DEAD

Tweeting Bird

bangs anecdote

symmetry-is-boring

*What we swallow turns around*

Carolyn Chen

from *Microworks...*

Andrew Allen

Jew-Goldberg, the accountant, skips town and orders some cotton candy.

Good for your for putting old heads on young shoulders!

on going on a diet devoid of high-fructose corn syrup and foxconn...

merry-marie

Ah, yes

Arem

Crabbingoff Kingstreet

staring at a corner that turns to beige.

*Grapple*

Paul Hembree

from *Microworks...*

Andrew Allen

(EXAMPLE OF BLURT): MIKE → NERD → [BLURT] → MIKE IS A NERD

informationgrantedtoohappenperceptualinterfacedisregarded

Wear hats, switch gears, wear gears, switch hats, witch hears, swear gats

while the dog meat's cookin'

74C14

(-\*)

Anna, watching couple eating bagel together while he reads *The Speed of Trust* and she reads *The Sex Lives of Animals*

Meeting Dostoevsky on the I-95

*Plain Moving Landfill*

Thomas Meadowcroft

Ablinger *Snare Drum und UKW-Rauschen*

Rauschen (white noise) is the totality of sounds - "everything always" in its acoustic representation. Comparable to white light that contains all colours, white noise contains all frequencies, and - poetically speaking - all music. (P.A.)

Allen *Microworks*

Conceptual art can be an eager vessel for the "immediate." When I set out to write this collection of works, I started with the idea of making the pieces each no longer than five seconds. I began to consider what a musical engagement in this small space could mean and what sorts of directions my compositional style would be lead.

Consider the microchip; it works in much the same way as a collection of electrical components that are soldered together do (capacitors, resistors, transistors, etc.) except that it compacts all of those component functions into a singular, smaller unit; essentially a reduction of larger, more unyieldingly-complex schematics. Much in the same way as a microchip, I consider these compositions complete works by themselves, just smaller. Our adaptive facilities allow us to make great leaps in perceptual magnitudes. I've tried to reduce the footprint, not the content. (A.A.)

Chen *What we swallow turns around*

The Lutheran hymn "O Lord, Look Down from Heaven, Behold" has been set by Heinrich Schutz, J.S. Bach, J.P. Sweelinck, Johann Pachelbel, and W.A. Mozart in *The Magic Flute*.

"Couscous" is derived from the Berber *seksu*, meaning well-rolled, well-formed, rounded.

A passing huntsman hears a great snoring and snips the wolf's stomach. Girl and grandmother fast emerge unharmed, and replace their bodies with stones. Waking, the thirsty wolf falls into the well.

Objects swallowed return; covered sounds are uncovered. (C.C.)

Hembree *Grapple (or SCRAM, safety control rod axe man)*

The first title of this piece, *Grapple*, has a peculiar double meaning: to grapple is to engage in close, hand-to-hand combat, and it is also an artificially flavored apple that tastes like a grape. I am attracted to this combination of vigorous struggle and unnatural synthesis. The second title, *SCRAM*, refers to a last-resort method of shutting down a nuclear fission reactor by dropping control rods into the reactor core from above. When I was a child I played an anthropomorphized nuclear reactor in a school play, but I was deeply wounded when environmentally friendly, morally superior solar energy usurped me in the end. I remain amazed and horrified at our Promethean ability to produce energy by manipulating the basic building blocks of nature. And somehow, all of this struggle and artifice has everything to do with the composition and character of this piece. (P.H.)

Meadowcroft *Plain Moving Landfill*

A landfill is a place where rubbish is dumped, buried, lined with plastic and then covered with grass or other light vegetation. As a slow yet nonetheless dynamic process, all the various stages of construction of a landfill are often visible at one site; from open piles of fresh garbage to complete rolling country plains. The piece *Plain Moving Landfill* was inspired by landfill design--- bits of percussion music ('trash') are committed to memory and then re-assembled using a shorthand score for performance to make the complete work ('landfill'). Also inspiring was the frequent Sunday morning trips as a child to the landfill on the edge of town (small communal landfills are still common sites in regional Australia where space seems plentiful and some waste too easy not to bury.) Memories of first wondering about what we do with all our 'stuff' remain moving. (T.M.)

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