

New Music Now I

AUGUST 01 AOÛT 13:30

New Music Now I

Brand new works performed by HATCH Ensemble

φενικς cycle

CARLY TOPEROSKY SPLETT

at the fissures

YON CHEKHANOVICH

An Idea of Togetherness

PAOLO GRIFFIN

On the Sensations of Tone #1

ANTHONY TAN

Morning Glory

LINDA CAITLIN SMITH

All New Music Now Performers / Tous les artistes de New Music Now

HATCH Ensemble
ensemble / ensemble

Emili Losier
soprano / soprano

Rachel Fenlon
piano & soprano / piano et soprano

Angela Schwarzkopf
harp / harpe

Carissa Klopoushak
violin / violon

SHHH!! Ensemble
piano & percussion duo / duo piano et
percussion

Étienne Levesque
vibraphone / vibraphone

Louis-Pierre Bergeron
horn / cor

Jenna Richards
piano / piano

Meagan Milatz
piano / piano

New Music Now II

AUGUST 01 AOÛT 15:00

New Music Now II

Ritual

DANIEL MEHDIZADEH

That Star is Awake

EDWARD ENMAN

All My Love, Ethel

I. February 17, 1951 – II. Beloved – III. February 9, 1953 - Dear Manny – IV. June 19, 1953 - I am Ready

KELLY-MARIE MURPHY

and one thing leads to another...

1. "first thoughts" – 2. "the devil in the details" – 3. "nightmusic" – 4. "the dark before the light" –
5. "music for morning"

JOHN ARMSTRONG

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All My Love, Ethel

KELLY-MARIE MURPHY

I. FEBRUARY 17, 1951

Dearest Michael,

Daddy and I had a wonderful time reading the letters you wrote at Aunt Lena's house.

Sweetheart, it makes us happy to know you are doing so well at school.

Pussycat how I should love to be with you.

And to be receiving your report card,

and signing it the way I always do.

La da da la la da da la da da la

In the meantime, we want you to know we think we have the two bestest boys in the whole world,
and love them more than anything else in the whole world.

La da da la la la da da la da da la

Now, boykele Robby,

You have a red locomotive!

ev'ryone out of the way:

Here comes Engineer "Hop-a-long" Robby!

Choo, choo!

Here comes the mailcar, Choo, choo!

Here comes Mommy to load it with this great, big, heavy, letter for Michael and Robby.

All aboard!

Hurry up! Get to them fast, fast, fast!

fast, fast, fast, chug, chug, chug, toot!

Love and kisses,

Love and kisses

Love and kisses,

Mommy.

II. BELOVED

Beloved.

Beloved.

Beloved.

Beloved.

Beloved.

Beloved mm

Beloved man.

I love you love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, my sweetheart.

Beloved.

Beloved.

Beloved man.

My own dear sweetheart.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

III. FEBRUARY 9, 1953 *DEAR MANNY*

Dear Manny,

Dear Manny, Ah

In recent weeks, an ugly development

UGLY! Development has been gaining ground.

Ah

It is being casually bruited about, Ah

That I am to be spared by commutation, out of consideration.

For me as a woman, Ah

and as a mother.

While my husband is to be electrocuted.

Ah God!

Manny.

And further, it is hopefully confided, in such an event my "spy secrets" would not die with me and the possibility would still exist for my eventual recantation.

Ah

Lastly, the responsibility for my husband's life would be shifted,
squarely onto my shoulders

And his blood would be on my hands.

By day there will be no hope, and by night no peace.

Over and over again, I shall see the beloved face, and heard the beloved voice.

Over and over and over again I will sob out the last heartbroken, wracking.

Goodbyes, and reel under impact of irrevocable murder!

Irrevocable murder!

IV. JUNE 19, 1953 / AM READY

There is nothing left to say.

Nothing left

Nothing left to say.

I am ready; I am ready.

There is nothing; nothing.

Nothing left to say.

Only this morning it looked like me might be together again.

Now this cannot be.

There is nothing left to say; Nothing left to say.

I am ready.

I am ready.

Ah

I am ready.

I am ready.

New Music Now III

AUGUST 01 AOÛT 16:30

New Music Now III

Sing Nature Alive From My Insides

MATTHIAS MCINTIRE

Trio Tragique pour violon, cor et piano

SIMON BOURGET

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horn / cor

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piano / piano

Meagan Milatz
piano / piano

New Music Now III

AUGUST 01 AOÛT 16:30

sing nature alive from my insides

A SONG CYCLE FOR SELF-ACCOMPANIED SOPRANO, PIANO, AND ELECTRONICS

POETRY: RACHEL FENLON AND MATTHIAS MCINTIRE

COMPOSER: MATTHIAS MCINTIRE

PERFORMER: RACHEL FENLON

TAKE ME TO THE PLACE IN MY DREAM | RACHEL FENLON

take me to the place in my dream,
where the line extends a silver platform
across a place in sweet atmosphere
where we can watch, without disturbing,
time inhabit her space with kindness

we are tired and weary but sleep is for the dead and my body urges me to champion the fortress of my
tender dreams

sing nature alive
from my insides
purge and praise and vomit birdsong

GLYMUR | MATTHIAS MCINTIRE

There was a man who walked the path
that led to Glymur Falls;
While others stopped when at the top
something called him on.

O'er the highland meadow
the river went its way;
He walked within its waters
barefoot in the clay.

Onward as the echo'ing falls
receded far behind;
A sense of purpose overtook
that seemed to grip his mind.
First he spied, against the sun,
the figure of a tree;
Like as like he felt himself
at once alone and free.

Later by the river bank
he found a couple sheep;
Observing them he wondered at
the private lives they keep.

Coming round the river bend,
an unexpected sight,
three new, enchanting waterfalls
that shimmered in the light.

Arriving at the waterfalls
he found a rock midstream;
And there, embraced by rushing sounds,
expelled a buried scream.

Then, finding that his body held
a reservoir of grief;
He let the healing waters
bring him some relief.

The healing waters
brought him some relief.

SINK AND BE HEAVY | MATTHIAS MCINTIRE

Sink and be heavy
Thick with worry
Barely viscous
Maroon, stuck, dense

Sink and be heavy
Oscillation slow
Droning pulsation
Imperceptible

Vomit, spew, cry, burst
Potential, yet nothing
Resonate, dissociate
Sink and be heavy

VIOLET, DISTURBING THE UNIVERSE | RACHEL FENLON

Violet, disturbing the universe
Warmth-inhabiting inharmonious
Playground for birds, small feet,
Dusty memories,
Silent ears to chirping
Crisply warming a dusk.
Island nature blossoms her days
With soft lilac haze.

WILLOW-TREE | RACHEL FENLON

If I lay beneath the willow-tree
Enfolded beneath her branches
Knowing it was our last -
How should I react?
Would there be time to
Say goodbye? Would I
Surrender a desire to kiss, hold
Rapture in wonder?

How would her tender-aged
Years cascade upon my hair,
If I knew I would not see her again?

DROWNING CROW, DRENCHED IN OIL |

RACHEL FENLON

drowning crow, drenched in oil

her limbs are slippery, and separating fast from
daytime

her one eye commands an entire universe to stare
and not look away

the eye penetrating what becomes a shared soul
inhabiting perception of spheres

future is not a mystery, she says,
it is a decay of ideas, pegged to an invisible wall
between
my neighbour and me
me us we you they

spit the fire goes

split her shoulder from her wing,
a thunderous applause, like acid rain,
she catches flame

the crackle seethes the surface teeth of the oil
like a smile accidentally surfing the face of
someone
about to pound your heart to pulp

she lets out a deep groan,
and we
weep, groan, together,
we,
the beholders of the eye, we
reflected in the black, we

the incommunicably tortured
half mute for fear
of
taking the apple

head pounds, thunderous rain,
acid washing away the cities we've imagined
inhabiting, we've
manipulated with moats and
carbon capital

bird chirps ceaselessly all around,
dying crow is drowning
chirps agonize my ears, forcing me to my crisis
i am on my knees

begging the beginning again,
begging the blue sky, and first glances at
impressions of
moon and
restoring wildfire

the smell of the dead and the almost dead
and the future is loud, and slow

agonizing chirping incessant decay
agonizing chirping incessant decay
agonizing chirping incessant incessant

the crow is dead.

WHERE DO THE BREATHLESS SOULS GO | RACHEL FENLON

Where do the breathless souls go,
Who cannot inhabit their air,
Sweet lives destroyed by glass-
shards to the lung, Poisoned
for mouths kissing carbon.

TIDE | RACHEL FENLON

Relieve the guilt,
Relieve the tension,
Let ice melt into river and flow her path
down mountainside,

Drift her way past travellers and friends,
past the torn and tired, searching for stars
to align questions into constellations,
to plead memory into imagination,

Drift expectantly into her fjord, suspending Besseggen on her spine, mirroring sky and
realizing time as reflection of distance between two growing things,

Water into ocean, become tide, become seabreeze
for cheeks to bite, and wash, and wish divine,
embark and progress and bless and restore,
and imagine the light beyond horizon line.