

DECIBEL

A1 Cat Hope

The Lowest Drawer [2013]
6'54"

A2 Stuart James

n dimension [2013]
9'59"

B1 Lindsay Vickery

Night Fragments [2011]
16'56"

1. [*some other world or time*]
2. [*invisible net*]
3. [*faded back into static*]
4. [*red wolf*]
5. [*a man stands on the wing*]
6. [*resting underwater*]
7. [*slowly filling with keys*]
8. [*the surface remains unmoved*]
9. [*night flowers*]

The Lowest Drawer [2013] bass flute, bass clarinet, cello and electronics.

This piece explores the contrasting nature of acoustic instruments and electronic sine tones, and what happens when they interact. The acoustic instruments are sampled at certain moments in the piece, and their pitch translated to a constant sine tone. These tones, from 13 different pick up points, gradually build to a 13-note chord, which will be different each time the piece is performed. The tones draw only pitch – all texture is stripped away yet their interactions with the acoustic instruments distort them. The first performer-cello-may choose any pitch to begin, but each note after that on all instruments must relate to the first pitch in predetermined relationships. Continuing Cat Hope's ongoing fascination with low frequency, the piece descends lower in pitch as it unfolds, ending in the extended lowest range (drawer) of each instrument. *The Lowest Drawer* was written for the International Symposium of Electronic Arts in Sydney where it was premiered in 2013.

Night Fragments [2011] mezzo-soprano, alto flute, clarinet, cello, keyboard and electronics.

Night Fragments responds to texts taken from Belgian Surrealist author, poet and literary historian Franon Daniels' posthumously published *Journaux Intimes*. According to the author they were created using a variant of the Surrealist paranoiac-critical method that she described as "écriture de sommeil": noting thoughts at the twilight between sleep and wakefulness. The handwritten texts were arranged unusually on the page, sometimes overlapping with one another. It is not known whether they were intended to be calligrams—visual poems—or if this was the result of the author "transcribing" them in the dark. In *Night Fragments*, a computer controls the temporal coordination of the segmented screen-scores, audio processing, spatialisation, mixing and independent click-tracks. *Night Fragments* was written for Caitlin Cassidy, commissioned by Decibel and premiered at the Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts in 2011.

the story ended there
a transmission stumbled upon by chance faded
back into static

4. [red wolf]
it is a redwolf lying on the embers of a fire
the wolf walks out onto a field which is covered
with snow

5. [a man stands on the wing]
a man stands on the wing in a suit and with
a briefcase

6. [resting underwater]
riding through a flood or a small lake
the water is clear as the sea
rising up I can see the horses resting below
they are resting under the water
I am resting under the water

7. [slowly filling with keys]
one by one
the nurse places keys in my mouth
The doctor says

TUNED DARKER

Decibel:

Cat Hope: Artistic Director, flute, bass flute
Lindsay Vickery: Bass Clarinet, electronics
Stuart James: Piano, electronics
Tristen Parr: Cello
Aaron Wyatt: Viola
Louise Devenish: Percussion
Caitlin Cassidy: Mezzo-soprano

decibelnewmusic.com

Recorded, mixed and mastered at the Sound Field Studio by Stuart James. Photography and design by Traianos Pakioufakis. Thanks to Mace and Johannes at Listen/Hear Collective.

*The light has changed;
middle C is tuned darker now*

— from the poem "October" by Louise Glück.



listenhearcollective.com

n dimension [2013] flute, bass clarinet, viola, cello, percussion and electronics.

The scientific study of objects and spaces is often described in terms of an *n* dimensional topological or topographical space, where *n* is a number representing the dimensionality. Standard Euclidean spaces and objects have whole number dimensions, and fractal dimensions are described as having fractional dimensions. This composition began as an exploration in musical structures, from fractal and infinite pitch series, fractal rhythmic structure, chaotic controlled spatialisation, and audio feedback, this work "elaborates" on the dimensionality of a small collection of simple musical structures in order to arrive at a more complex and immersive listening experience. The use of timbral and spectral spatialisation, swarm-based spatialisation, and delay-line are used to develop this immersive experience. The use of a tempo canon was inspired by the notion of viewing higher dimensional objects in a lower-dimensional space; as these higher dimensional objects rotate, their structure appear to transform and shift outside of their original geometric alignment. The strands of musical canon function in a similar way, and finally align themselves in the closing musical statement both melodically and rhythmically creating a sense of cadential resolve.

Night Fragments (1947—60)

1. [some other world or time]
words
feverish words
some other world or time
writing without seeing what is written
a black and white jigsaw puzzle in the shape of
a person
I can't find the head
a tiny burning star
just fragments now
not here not now
words serve a purpose they have a life of
their own
lamps without light almost gone
there are eyes that see in the dark and other
eyes that remain closed in the dark
something left to say but it's too late

2. [invisible net]
the birds flow up towards their invisible net
a broken wing beating on the ground

3. [faded back into static]
all of this
everything you said is gone
evaporated in a sea of words
like a radio

"You'll have to swallow them"
I swallow
my body slowly filling with keys
the key falls down
the door opens
but they are gone

8. [the surface remains unmoved]
travelling down a thin channel
it is high in the air
the sea is on the left far below
there are masts on the shore with fish
streaming from them swimming in the breeze
walk down many flights of wooden stairs to the
edge of the sea
I drop a book a white rectangle into the
clear ocean
I can still see it
a tide
though the surface remains unmoved
as she falls she transforms into hundreds of tiny
sea shells
shining like mother of pearl
they burrow down into the sand

9. [night flowers]
the night flowers do not open their eyes
even under the forest moon
words without mouths

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