

## NOTES FOR THE INTERPRETERS

General: 1.) This work is to be played with an opaque curtain between the interpreters and the listeners, and with each instrument amplified. The listeners will be in the center of a nine-speaker ellipse. Each speaker will receive the signal of a single instrument. The ordering of the instruments, starting with the frontmost speaker and rotating clockwise, are as follows: mezzo-soprano, second cello, bass flute, English horn, percussion, tuba, violin, flute, first cello. 2.) The poem following this page should be projected before the listeners as it is read, amplified and from behind the curtain, by the ensemble according to the script following the setting proper. In interpreting the script, lines which change speakers without a line break should flow as a complete sentence, and should not be broken when the speaker changes. Line breaks are to be understood as brief pauses. 3.) If the work is performed after December 21st and before March 19th, the poem should be read before the music. If the work is performed after March 20th and before December 20th, the poem should be read after the music. 4.) Dynamics in this score are effort dynamics, representing the physical force behind an action rather than the sounding dynamic. 5.) Dashed arrows indicate a gradual transition from one technique or tempo to another. 6.) Stem tremoli are to be performed as quickly as possible, and do not represent a subdivision of a note. 7.) Empty measures are to be understood as full-measure rests. 8.) Grace notes are to be performed before the beat they precede, as quickly as possible. 9.) Accidentals apply only to the note which they immediately precede.

Mezzo-soprano and Celli: 1.) Text in quotes underneath fermate are to be spoken within the space of the fermata, with some pause before and after the text is spoken.

Winds and Woodwinds: 1.) In extended passages where no breaths or rests are notated, interpreters are encouraged to break the line at their discretion.

Flutes: 1.) Head joint tilt is represented by degree articulations, wherein 0° indicates tilting the head joint parallel to the mouth, a la jet-whistle position, 45° indicates ordinario, and 90° indicates tilting the head joint perpendicular to the mouth, creating aeolian sound. 2.) Diamond shaped note heads are used to represent overblowing through the harmonic series of a fundamental. This work only uses the fundamentals C and E-flat.

**English horn: 1.) Multiphonics** are accompanied with fingering diagrams printed above the fundamental. **2.) Trill spanners** indicate timbre trills. When combined with glissandi, the timbre trill should persist in the hand as the embouchure controls the glissando.

**Tuba: 1.)** Diads in this score are always executed by singing the high pitch and playing the low.

**Percussion: 1.)** The instruments are a very large gong, a stone roughly 1'x 1' in size, a brake drum, a large floor tom, and a metal Samba whistle. **2.)** The implements are a hard gong mallet, two hand-sized stones, and two drum sticks. **3.)** The floor tom should be damped, removing as much resonance from the instrument as possible. **4.)** The Samba whistle is notated on a two-line staff, wherein the top line indicates the highest note possible on the whistle, and the bottom line indicates the lowest note possible on the whistle. The pitches of notes between the lines should be approximated based on their spatial proximity to the top or bottom line. **5.)** Circular arrow articulations indicate to draw the implement over the instrument in a circle, completing the circle within the duration of the articulated note.

Mezzo-soprano: 1.) The openness of the mouth is represented by percentage articulations below the staff, wherein 0% indicates fully closed, and 100% indicates as open as possible. In the absence of these articulations, the openness of the mouth is left to the discretion of the interpreter. 2.) Mouth shape is indicated using IPA symbols below the staff. Shapes may be interpolated, signaled by a dashed arrow. 3.) A single-line staff indicates to audibly breathe through a passage on the rhythm indicated without vibrating the vocal folds.

Strings: 1.) The bow speed indications in this score are extra fast bow, or XFB, which indicates almost an irregular tremolo, moving the bow as quickly and with as full strokes as possible, fast bow, or FB, which indicates to bow at flautando speed, though not necessarily sul tasto, normale bow, or NB, which indicates normale bow speed, and extra slow bow, or XSB, which indicates to bow as slowly as possible, generating scratch tone at higher bow pressures. 2.) Spectral microtones are indicated by a cent-deviation articulation printed above an equally tempered note. In the absence of electric tuners, approximations of these deviations are acceptable. 3.) Finger pressure of the left hand is indicated by note head shape, wherein traditional note heads indicate a fully closed string, triangle-shaped note heads indicate a pressure half-way between harmonic pressure and fully closing the string, and diamond-shaped note heads indicate to touch the notated pitch with pressure as if playing a harmonic, whether a harmonic sounds or not. 4.) Molto sul tasto, or MST indicates to bow as close to the fingers as possible. 5.) Dietro ponticello, or DP indicates to play between the bridge and the tailpiece, on the wrapping. When playing this technique, interpreters read a four-line staff wherein the top line represents string I, the next line represents string II, etc.

Scordatura: 1.) The first cello should detune the fourth string down a whole-step to **B-flat**. 2.) the second cello should detune the fourth string down a minor-third to **A**. 3.) Passages performed on the detuned strings are transposed to the physical playing position on the string rather than the actual sounding pitch.

# Devenir

or, flocks

if	our		sac	rum	:	split	and	our	r	ibs	stood		up,
like	these	blacl	k l	belts	which	hang	vertically	from	the	ground	as	we	run
and if	we coul	d pant	out u	ntil our	lungs	sealed and	our tongue	could hang	such to	o taste the	e blood	on our	chest
and	feel	the	pulse	2.		perfectly.		metronomic		slo	w.		hard.
then		we		would		know	]	how	our		body		feels
as	we,		near	j	nstantar	neous,	guide	ourself		between	the		trees,

"Did you hear that?"

Here. Knots.

He, looking out from where he sat,

Noted how much warmer it looked than it was  $\,$ 

And brought it to the attention of the others in the house.

They looked up,

Nodded,

Didn't seem to notice especially.

Perhaps this was his sign to keep things to himself,

Or to run again between the trees,

circles	in	run	to	begin	we	when	V	hot	it's
worshipping	though	as	ourselves	lower	and	stop	we	when	and
beneath	and	d	behind	ourself		curve	we	7	when

	by					she					is		
	and our ing	heart is ab on	osorbed our	back into our che nose,	est, our bone i instantly	reseals itself, and a retracting	a flock of fo all	ocus flies aro that	und either we	one of our were	eyes and 1 in	rejoins itse one	elf, land- beat
	we			become		the		one	who				kills
	Not.					Is.							When.
Looking up from beneath the grass, you may see a songbird. It doesn't matter which kind. All you need is to see. You may be able to watch the way her need moves. A glint of sun may fall off her feathers and into your eye. And if you don't rub the glint out, and if the grass doesn't obstruct your vision beyond what i beautiful, you may even know where she's looking just by watching her eyes. You might wonder how you know, if they're completely black eyes, and if they have no whiteness around the iris which you can track the direction of. How is it that you are so sure, more sure than you were sure that you loved her, that you know exactly where she's looking?													
	Knots. When.										Here.		
	"It's like there's someone talking or playing something?"												
You ma	ay be able	to watch t	he way	her neck moves.	If you look u	p, if you can see, y	∕ou may se	ee where she	's looking				
He, returned,													
				With the base o	of his skull and	l the back of his kı	nees wrap	ped around	either arm	of the chai	r,		
					Ν	Noted the moveme	ent of the	eaves,					
						And saw then	n as a tree	,					
						And envie	ed them.						
						He remember	red the sig	n,					
						Kept his jealou	sy to hims	elf,					

And listened to the playing, or the singing.

what

know

we

when

is

us

"You have to hear it."

"Yeah, it's pretty quiet, but you hear it, right?"

"I don't think it's that far away."

"Have you ever been in the middle of a cave and been able to hear a conversation at the mouth as if they're right next to you, because of the echo?"

"It's the opposite of that, I hate it."

If the grass isn't so much to obstruct your view, with the sun shining on the other side of it and turning it black against the sky, you may see her head jut towards the ground. In an instant, she may rise. Her and the grass may share a silhouette in front of the white sky, and you may be able to make out a beetle in her beak. Its abdomen might be bent between her jaws, and its wings may be disfigured, and its legs may rotate in six directions, and you may not be able to understand how you feel. You probably won't understand. You won't know what she has become to you, and this will scare you. If the wings splay outward when she crushes its outer shell and swallows as quickly as she rose, you will be afraid.

we	know		how	our		body	feels		in	frozenness
we	know	how	she	will	fe	eel	when	our	circle	closes
as	strange	runes	form	in	the	lines	we	draw	between	ourself
around		the	one		you		knew		you	loved
she,				at			our			center,
watching	•	the		movemer	nt		of	tl	ne	leaves,
knows			we're		not			with		her

Н	le	was	not	wit	n.	hei

Here.

He was

Here. Knots.

He was not with her when he watched a songbird under the tree.

All he needed was to see it	t alone a	t first,
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Then, like sand in a dune rolling down itself,	
He needed to see her siblings draw strange runes around her,	
And watch her disappear,	
Become nothing,	
No, something.	
A single cell of jutting and rising heads,	
Of splayed wings.	
He swiveled to call,	
Found no one,	
Kept to himself.	
He was not	
Is. Here.	Knots.
If she becomes a cell, you won't see a silhouette. The gaps of white in the sky become black will be easier identified. You will	
Here.	
You will hear the crunch of beetles. You may deny that is what you're hearing. You will hear the crunch of beetles. You will look up. You will	

Here.

Knots.

"You have to hear it."

"The fucking singing!"

"You have to hear there are fucking words!"

"There are words they're lies,"

"You're fucking lying, they're lies!"

"They're fucking lies!"

"I'm not with her!"

"He's not with her, she's not"

she's		here with		with	us		when		we	close
when	we		become	a	cell,		and	she	our	nucleus,
and	she	is	no	longer	the	one	who	looks	to the	trees
she		is		the		one		who	,	screams
the				one		who				
the		one			who				fails	
the	one	whose	skin	is	gently	pressed	ag	rainst	a thousand	jaws
and			for		whom	1		we		freeze
for			whom		she	a.		is		frozen
when										the

"You're fucking lying, you hear that."

When her head juts over you, you will look up into her throat, and touch the inside of her beak, the top with your left hand, the bottom with your right, and you will freeze. So will she. You'll hear the beetles. You may feel gentle. Your pulse may slow. Your surroundings may still. For a moment, the crackle of shell and leg may be the most beautiful song you've ever heard. And then, your hands will be pressed closer to your body. Her skin will press closer to our jaw.

He, and no one else, watched you and she,

As space closed.

and what do I become when she, in knots, guides ourself between the trees? and what do I become when we, near instantaneous, have to hear? and what do I become when there are fucking words, here, is knots? and what do I become when he juts and rises, his sacrum split in belts? and what do I become when we watch the movements of the leaves, brought it to the attention of the others in the house, keep it to herself? and what do I become when I was sure I loved her? and what do I become when "I don't believe it?" "I don't believe her?" "I don't believe it?" "I don't believe it?" "I don't believe her?" "I don't belie

"My best friend told me about the prophetess Cassandra."

"How she never lied, and was never believed."

"When I met her, and her hair reminded me of my best friend's cello,"

"I told her about her name, what it meant."

"She smiled."

"And I could tell where she was looking just by watching her eyes."

"And I was sure I loved her."

"Or maybe I met my best friend after"

"And I never told the prophetess her name,"

"Because I didn't know it,"

"I couldn't have."

"I don't remember."

"My god, I really don't remember."

# Script

Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion (unison): if our sacrum split and our ribs stood up,

like these black belts which hang vertically from the ground as we run

and if we could pant out until our lungs sealed and our tongue could hang such to taste the blood on our chest

and feel the pulse. perfectly. metronomic. slow. hard.

then we would know how our body feels

as we, near instantaneous, guide ourself between the trees,

**Mezzo-soprano:** "Did you hear that?"

Second cello: Here.

Knots.

First cello: He, looking out from where he sat,

Noted how much warmer it looked than it was

And brought it to the attention of the others in the house.

They looked up,

Nodded,

Didn't seem to notice especially.

Perhaps this was his sign to keep things to himself, First cello, bass flute, percussion (unison): Or to run again between the trees,

### Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion (unison): it's hot when we begin to run in circles

and when we stop and lower ourselves as though worshipping

when we curve ourself behind and beneath

when we know what is us

by what she is

and our heart is absorbed back into our chest, our bone reseals itself, and a flock of focus flies around either one of our eyes and rejoins itself, landing on our nose, instantly retracting all that we were in one beat

we become the one who kills

Second cello: Not.

Tuba: Is. When.

**English horn:** Looking up from beneath the grass, you may see a songbird. It doesn't matter which kind. All you need is to see. You may be able to watch the way her neck moves. A glint of sun may fall off her feathers and into your eye. And if you don't rub the glint out, and if the grass doesn't obstruct your vision beyond what is beautiful, you may even know where she's looking just by watching her eyes. You might wonder how you know, if they're completely black eyes, and if they have no whiteness around the iris which you can track the direction of. How is it that you are so sure, **English horn, Mezzo-soprano (unison):** more sure than you were sure that you loved her, **English horn:** that you know *exactly* where she's looking?

Second cello: Knots. Tuba: When. Second cello: Here.

Mezzo-soprano: "It's like there's someone talking . . . or playing something?"

**English horn:** You may be able to watch the way her neck moves. If you look up, if you can see, you may see where she's looking.

**First cello:** He, returned,

With the base of his skull and the back of his knees wrapped around either arm of the chair,

Noted the movement of the leaves,

And saw them as a tree,

And envied them.

He remembered the sign,

Kept his jealousy to himself,

And listened to the **Mezzo-soprano**, **first cello (unison)**: playing, or the singing

Mezzo-soprano: "You have to hear it."

"Yeah, it's pretty quiet, but you hear it, right?"

"I don't think it's that far away."

"Have you ever been in the middle of a cave and been able to hear a conversation at the mouth as if they're right next to you, because of the echo?"

"It's the opposite of that, I hate it."

**English horn:** If the grass isn't so much to obstruct your view, with the sun shining on the other side of it and turning it black against the sky, you may see her head jut towards the ground. In an instant, she may rise. Her and the grass may share a silhouette in front of the white sky, and you may be able to make out a beetle in her beak. Its abdomen might be bent between her jaws, and its wings may be disfigured, and its legs may rotate in six directions, and you may not be able to understand how you feel. You probably won't understand. You won't know what she has become to you, and this will scare you. If the wings splay outward when she crushes its outer shell and swallows as quickly as she rose, you will be afraid.

Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion (unison): we know how our body feels in frozenness

we know how she will feel when our circle closes

as strange runes form in the lines we draw between ourself

around the one you Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion, mezzo-soprano (non-unison): knew you loved

Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion (unison): she, at our center,

Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion, first cello (unison): watching the movement of the leaves, Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion (unison): knows we're not with her

Flute, bass flute, first cello (non-unison): He was not with her

Tuba: Here.

First cello: He was

Tuba: Here.

Second cello: Knots.

First cello: He was not with her when he watched a First cello, English horn (unison): songbird First cello: under the tree.

First cello, English horn (unison): It didn't matter which kind. First cello: All he needed First cello, English horn (unison): was to see First cello: it alone at first,

Then, like sand in a dune rolling down itself,

He needed to see her siblings Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion, first cello (non-unison): draw strange runes First cello: around her,

And watch her disappear,

Become nothing,

No, something.

A single cell of jutting and rising heads,

Of splayed wings.

He swiveled to call,

Found no one,

Kept to himself.

He was not

Tuba: Is.

Here.

Second cello: Knots.

**English horn:** If she becomes a cell, you won't see a silhouette. The gaps of white in the sky become black will be easier identified. You will

Second cello: Here.

English horn: You will hear the crunch of beetles. You may deny that is what you're hearing. You will hear the crunch of beetles. You will look up. You will

Second cello: Knots.

Tuba: Here.

Mezzo-soprano: "You're fucking lying, you hear that."

"You have to hear it."

"The fucking singing!"

"You have to hear there are fucking words!"

"There are words they're lies,"

"You're fucking lying, they're lies!"

"They're fucking lies!"

"I'm not with her!"

"He's not with her, she's not"

Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion (unison): she's here with us when we close

when we Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion, first cello (non-unison): become a cell, Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion (unison): and she our nucleus, and she is no longer the one who Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion, first cello (non-unison): looks to the trees

Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion (non-unison): she is the one who screams

the one who retreats,

the one who fails

the one whose skin is gently pressed against a thousand jaws

Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion (unison): and for whom we freeze

for whom she is frozen

when the

English horn: When her head juts over you, you will look up into her throat, and touch the inside of her beak, the top with your left hand, the bottom with your right, and you will freeze. So will she. You'll hear the beetles. You may feel gentle. Your pulse may slow. Your surroundings may still. For a moment, the crackle of shell and leg may be the most beautiful song you've ever heard. And then, your hands will be pressed closer to your body. English horn, Flute, bass flute, violin, percussion (non-unison): Her skin will press closer to our jaw.

First cello: He, and no one else, watched you and she,

As space closed.

All (non-unison): and what do I become when she, in knots, guides ourself between the trees? and what do I become when we, near instantaneous, have to hear? and what do I become when there are fucking words, here, is knots? and what do I become when he juts and rises, his sacrum split in belts? and what do I become when we watch the movements of the leaves, brought it to the attention of the others in the house, keep it to herself? and what do I become when I was sure I loved her? and what do I become when All (unison): "I don't believe it?" "I don't believe her?" "I don't believe her?" "I don't believe it?" "I don't believe her?" "I don't believe her?" "I don't believe her?"

Tuba: Here.

Second cello: Is.

Second cello, tuba (unison): Not.

**Mezzo-soprano:** "My best friend told me about the prophetess Cassandra."

"How she never lied, and was never believed."

"When I met her, and her hair reminded me of my best friend's cello,"

"I told her about her name, what it meant."

"She smiled."

Mezzo-soprano, English horn (unison): "And I could tell where she was looking just by watching her eyes."

Mezzo-soprano: "And I was sure I loved her."

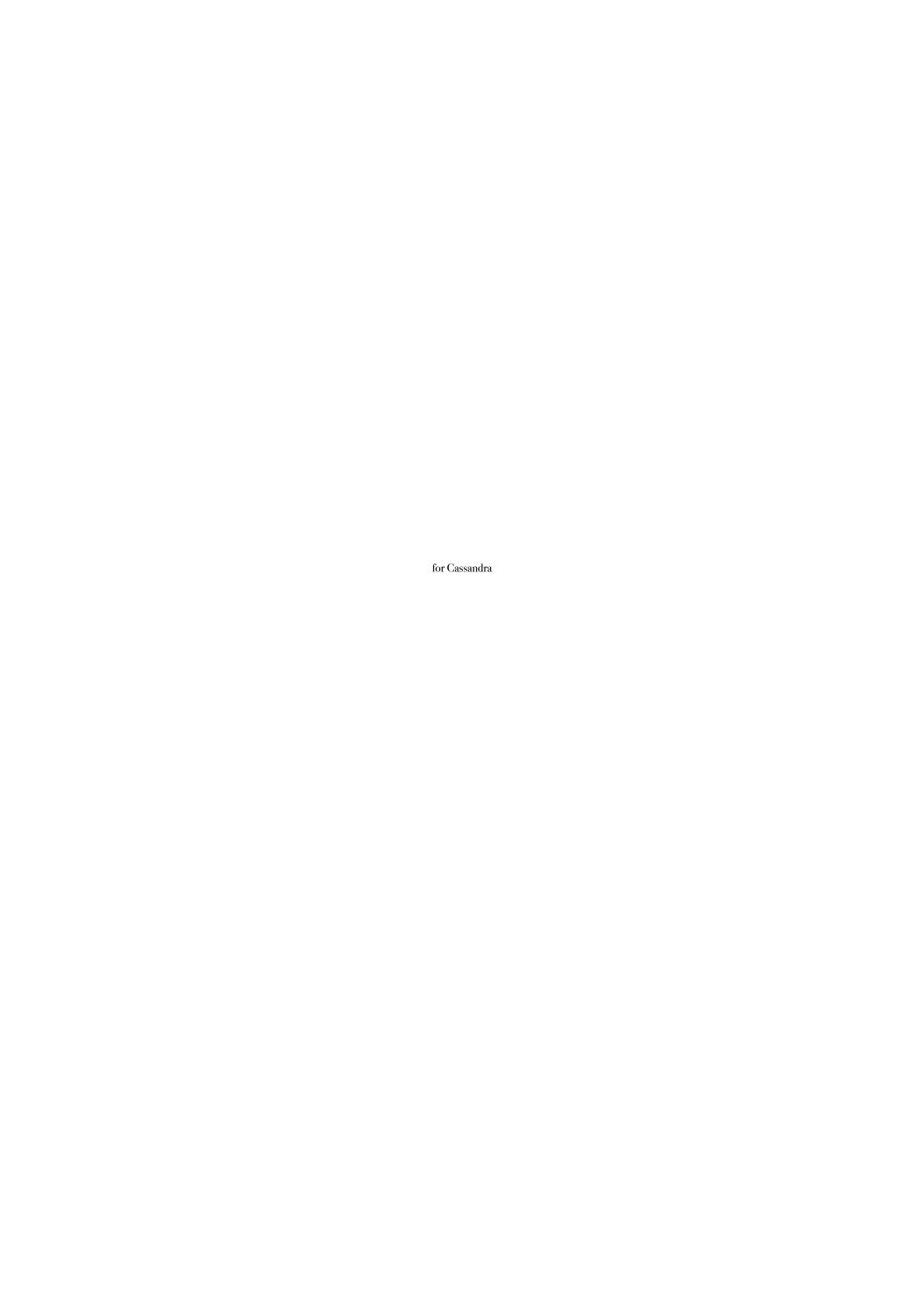
"Or maybe I met my best friend after"

"And I never told the prophetess her name,"
"Because I didn't know it,"

"I couldn't have."

"I don't remember."

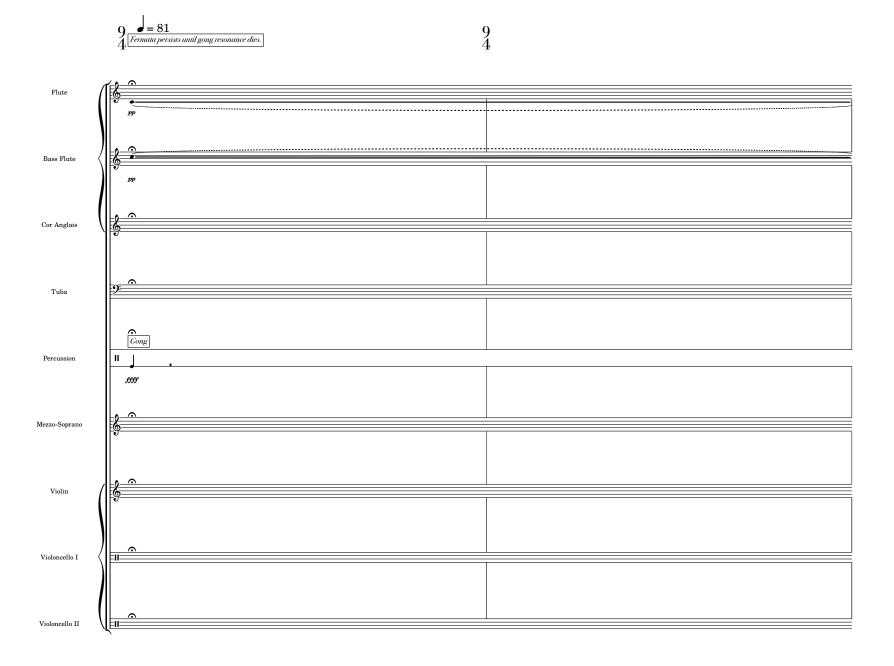
"My god, I really don't remember."

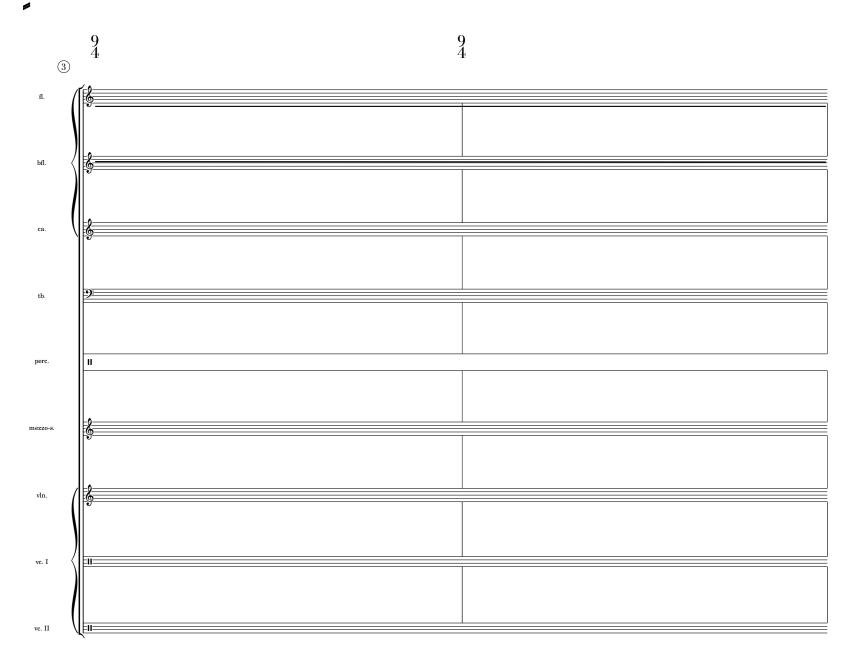


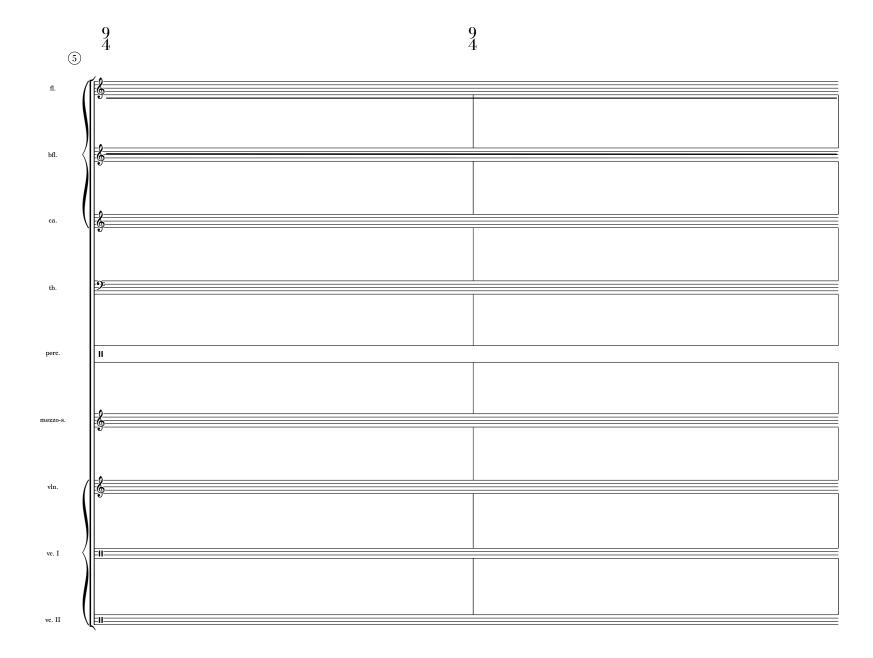
# Devenir

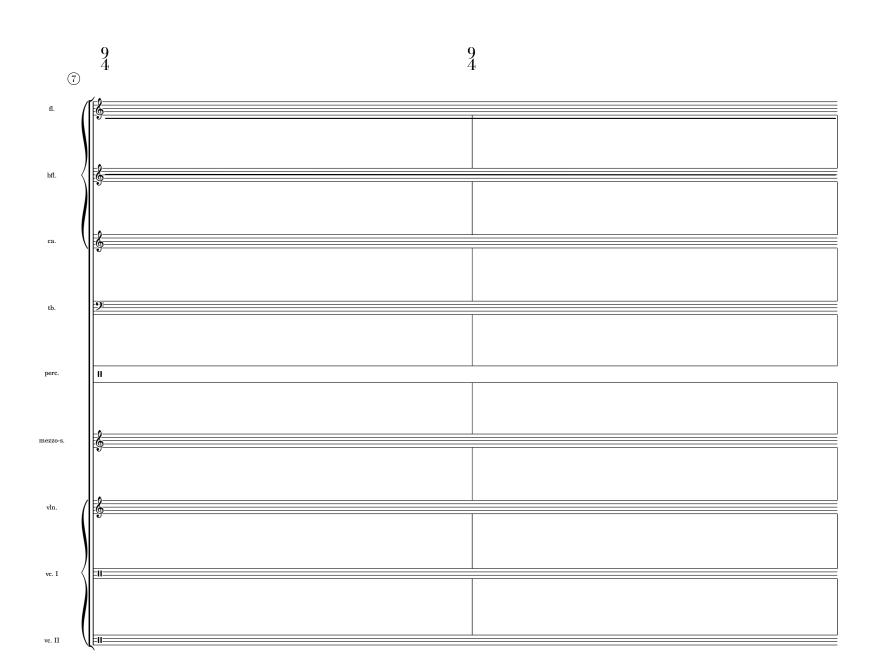
or, flocks

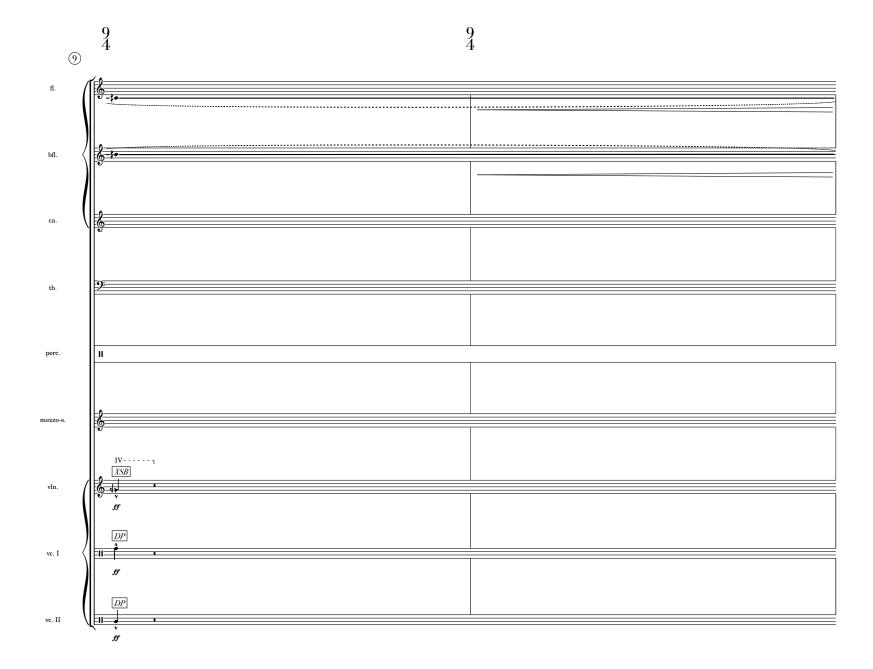
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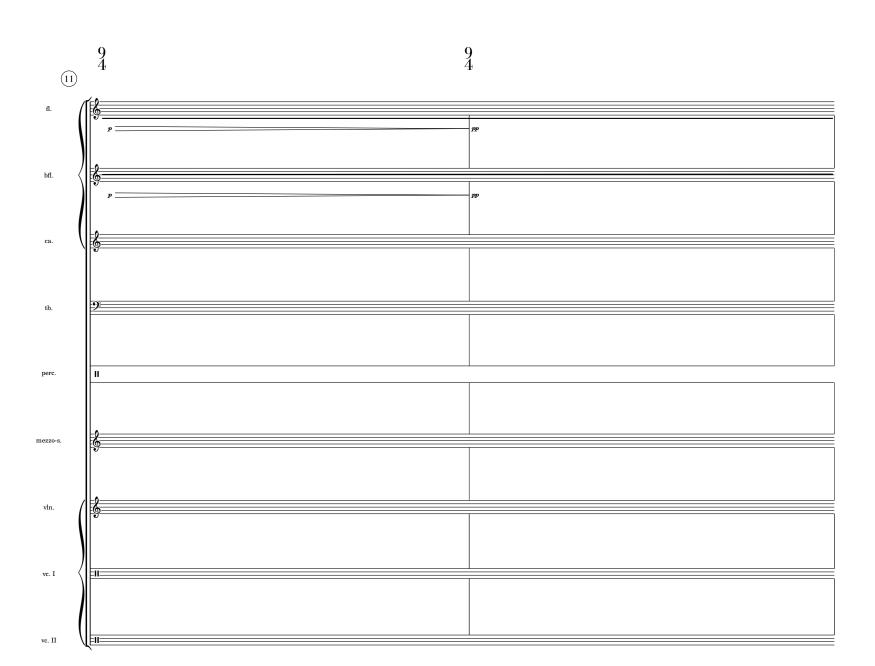


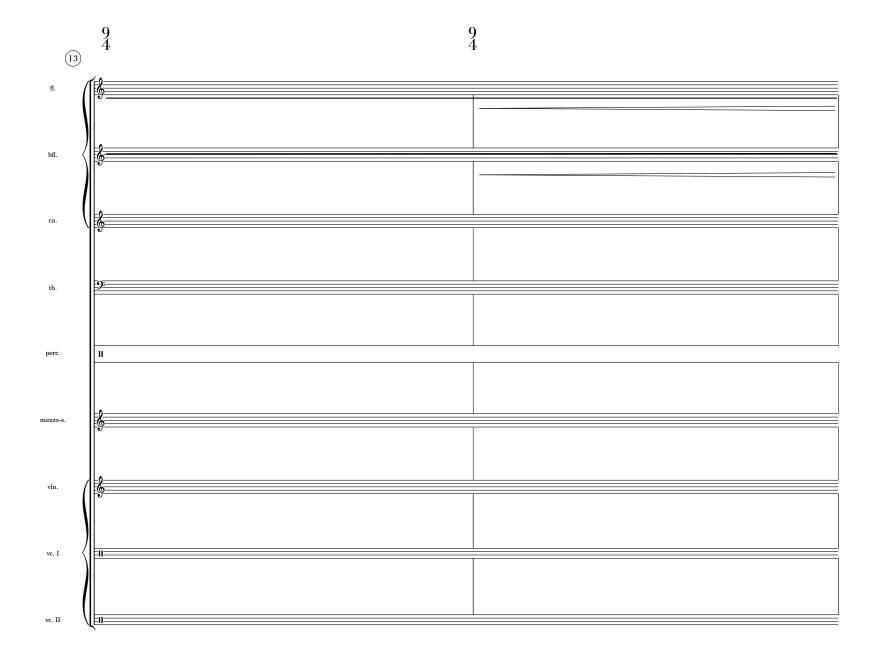


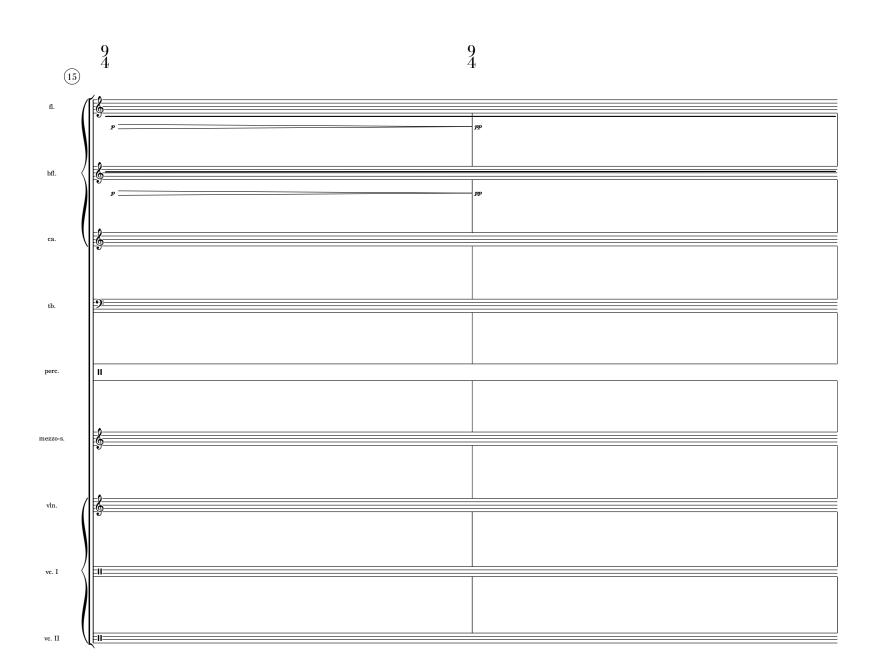


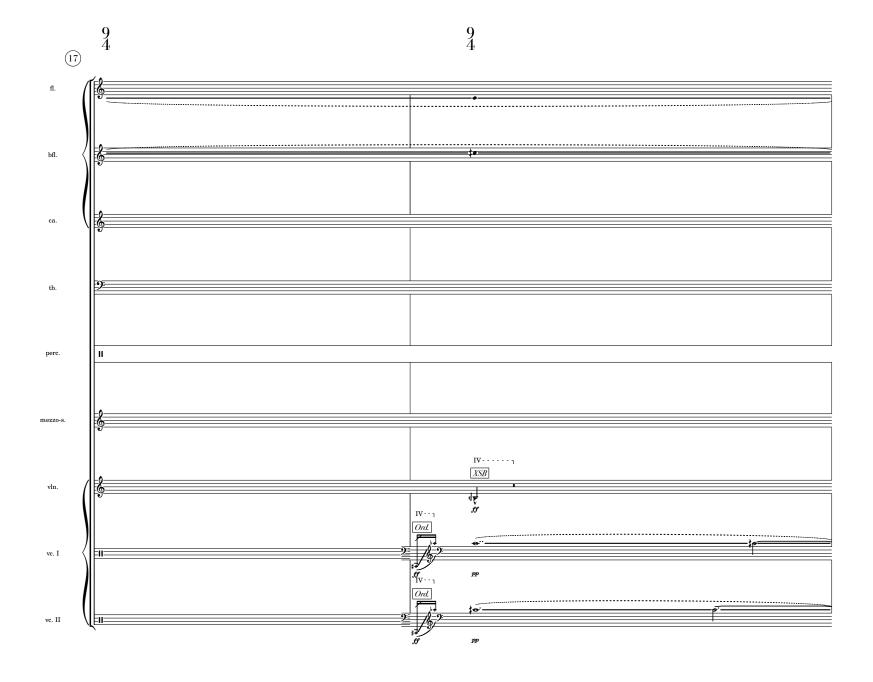


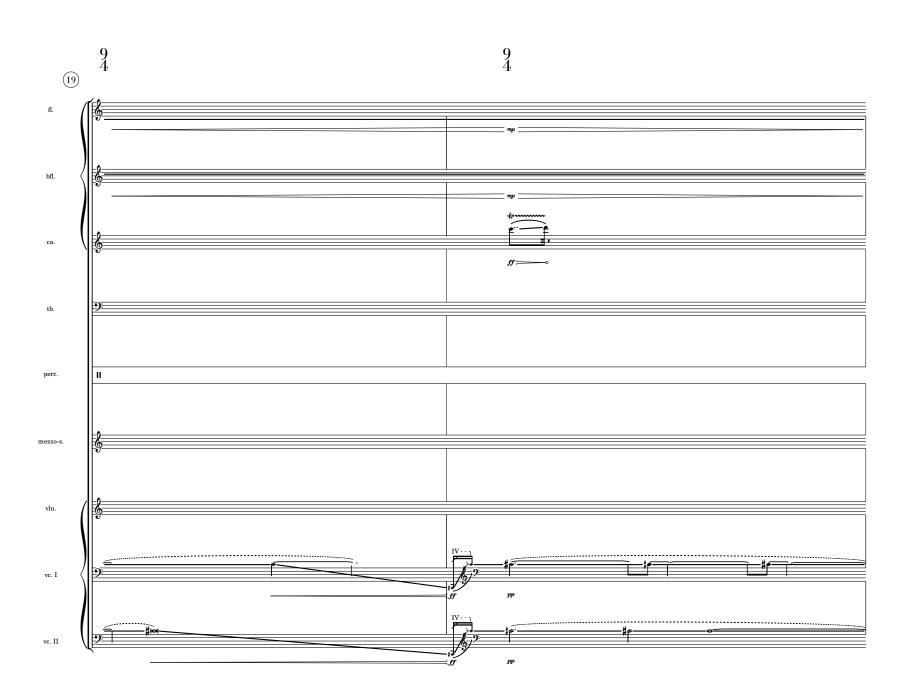


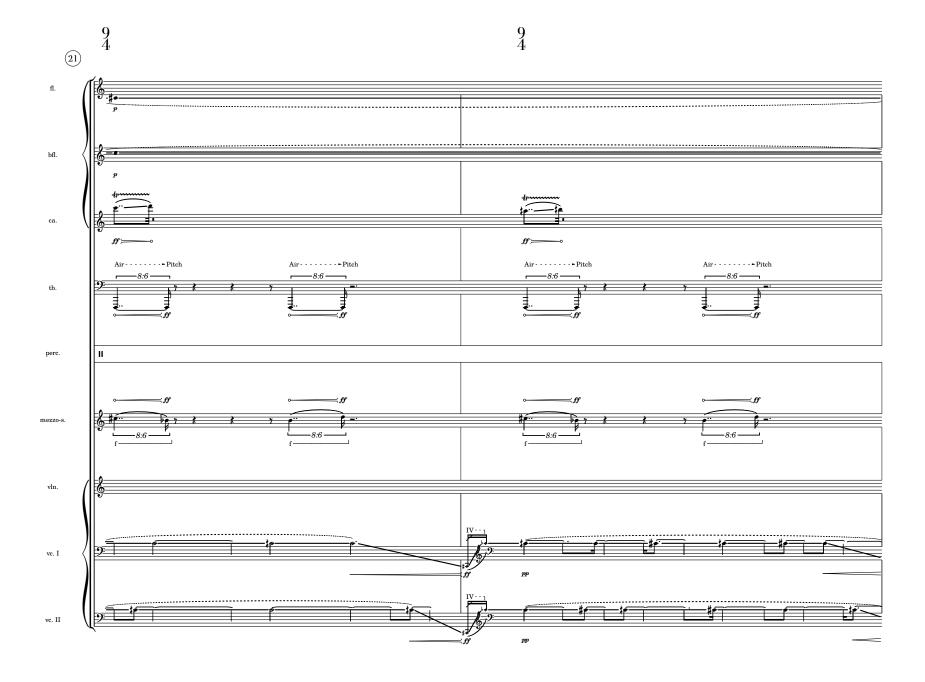


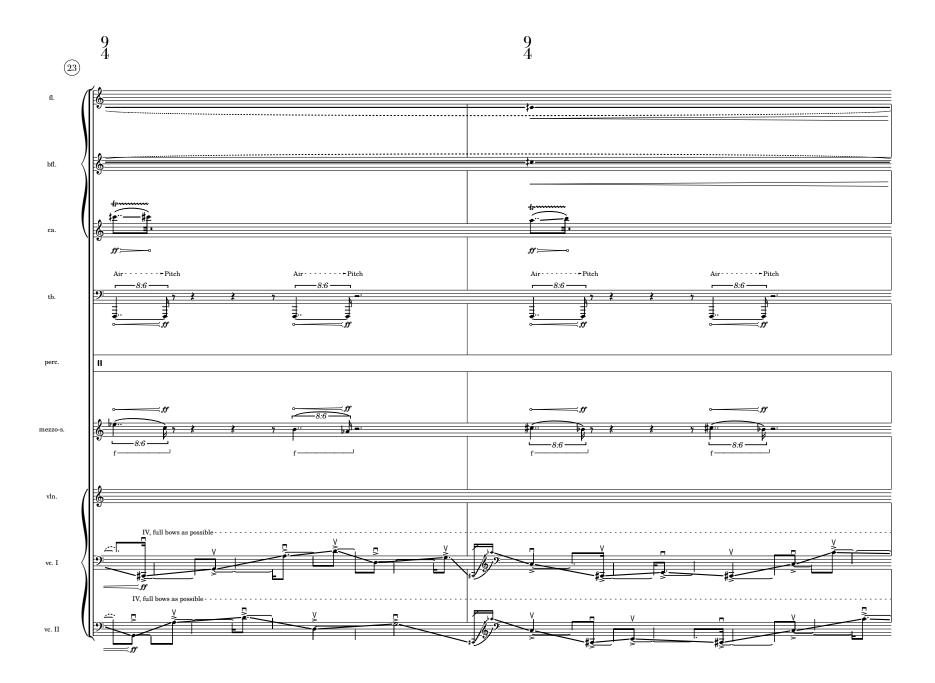








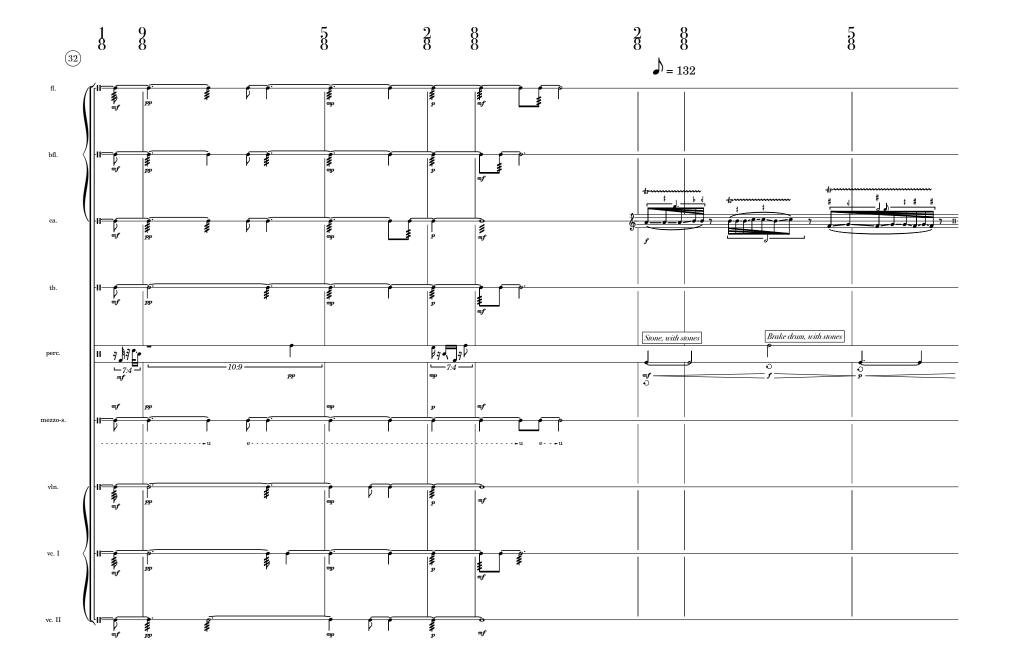




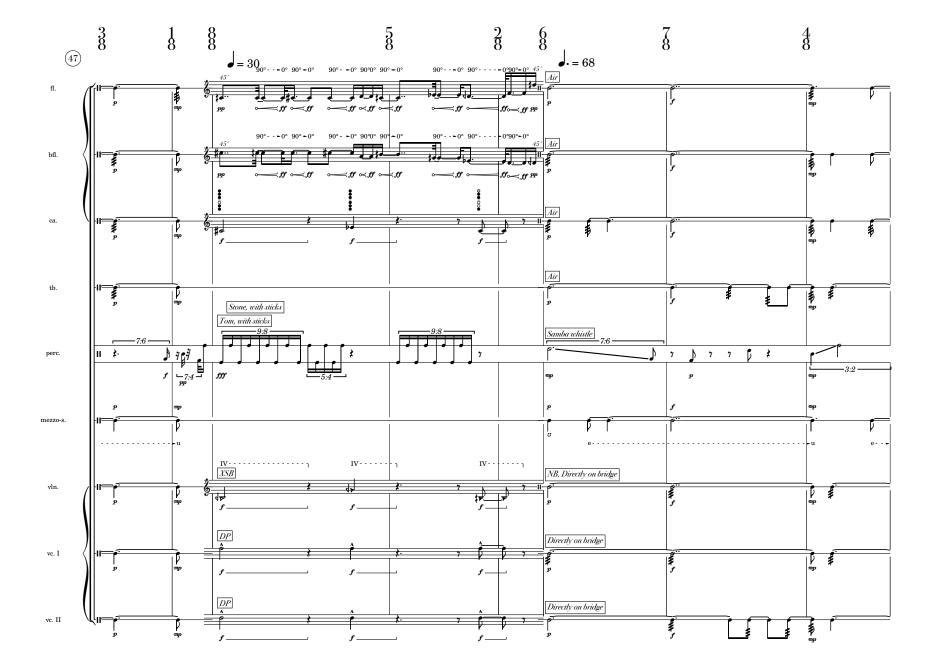




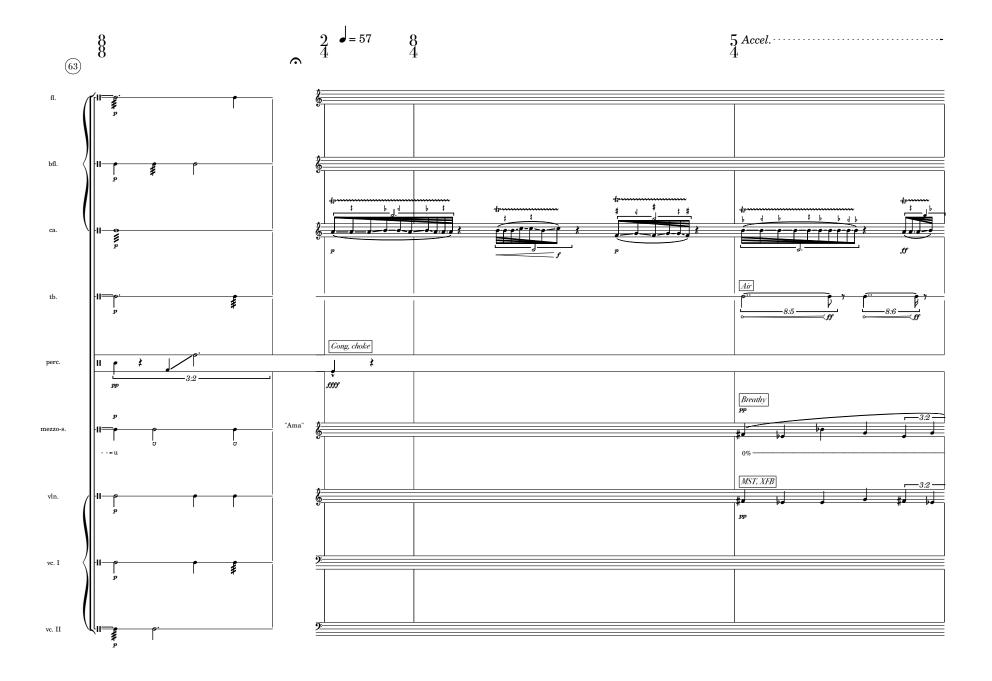


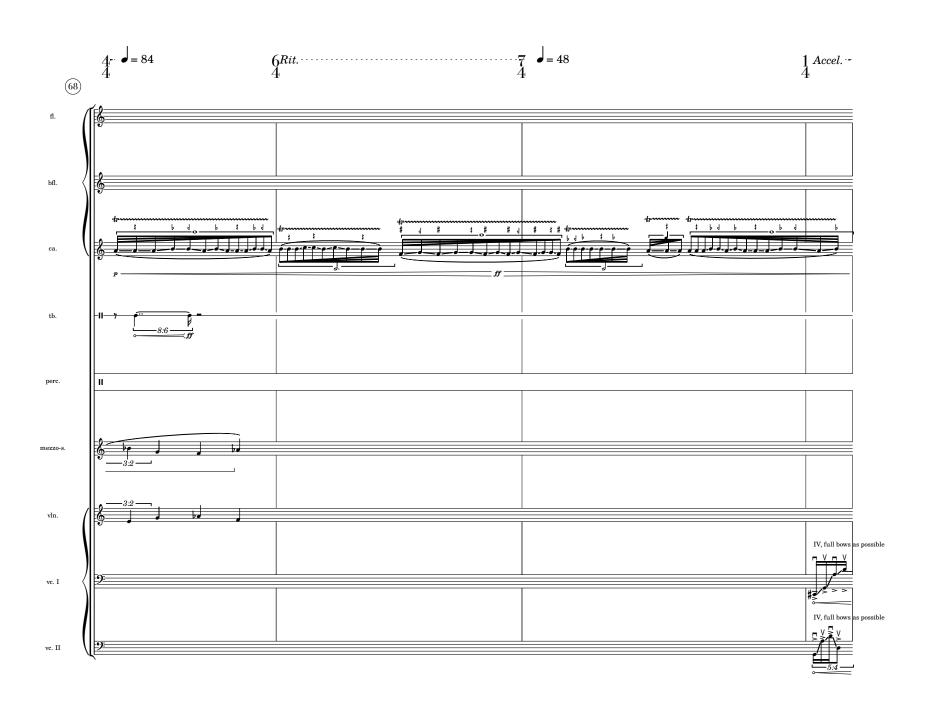


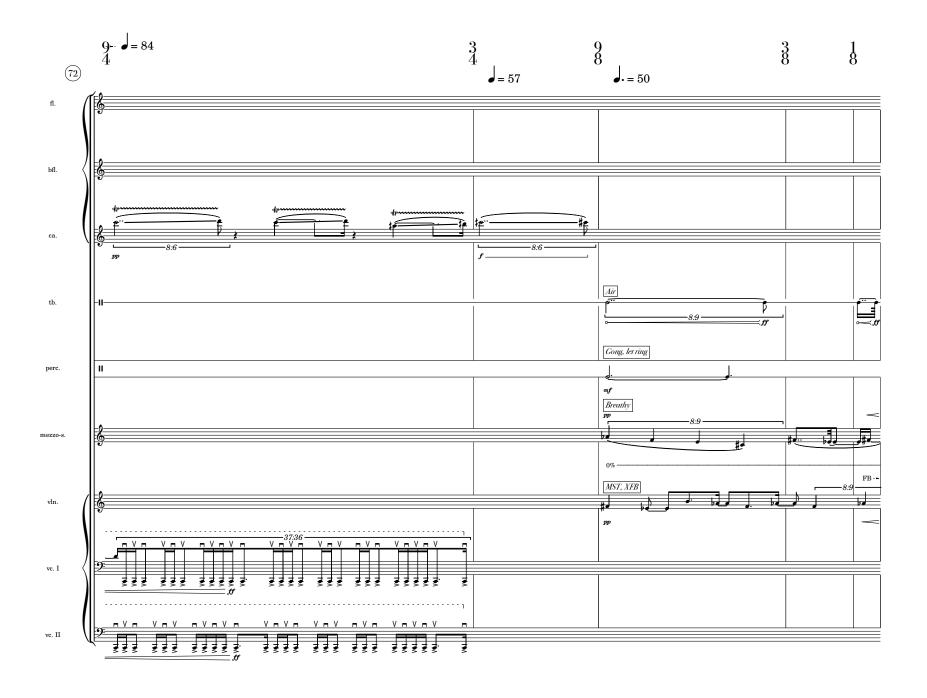
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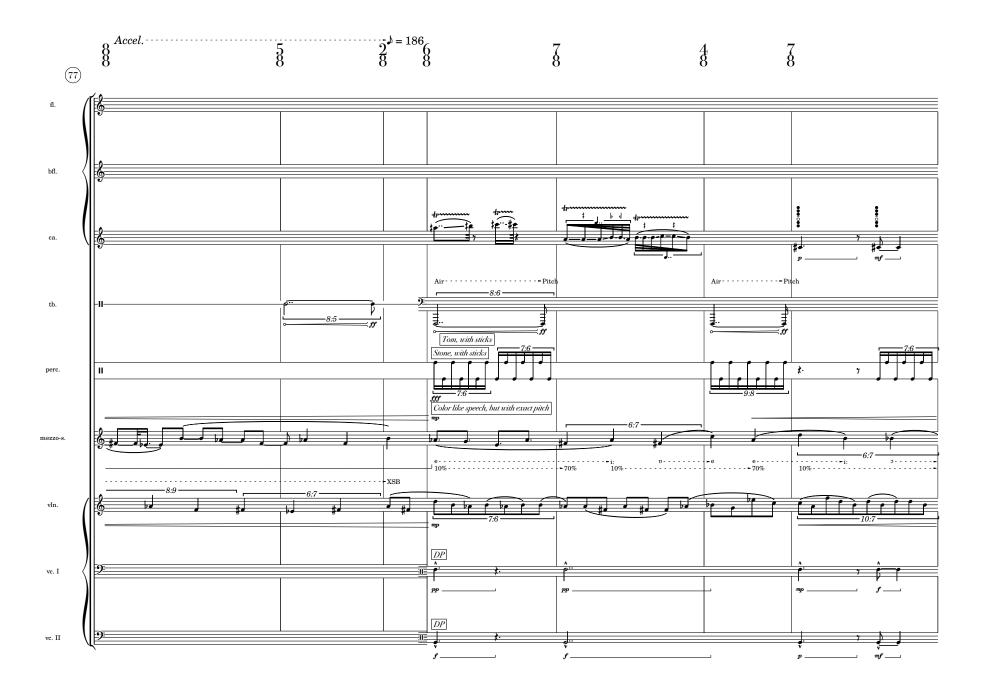




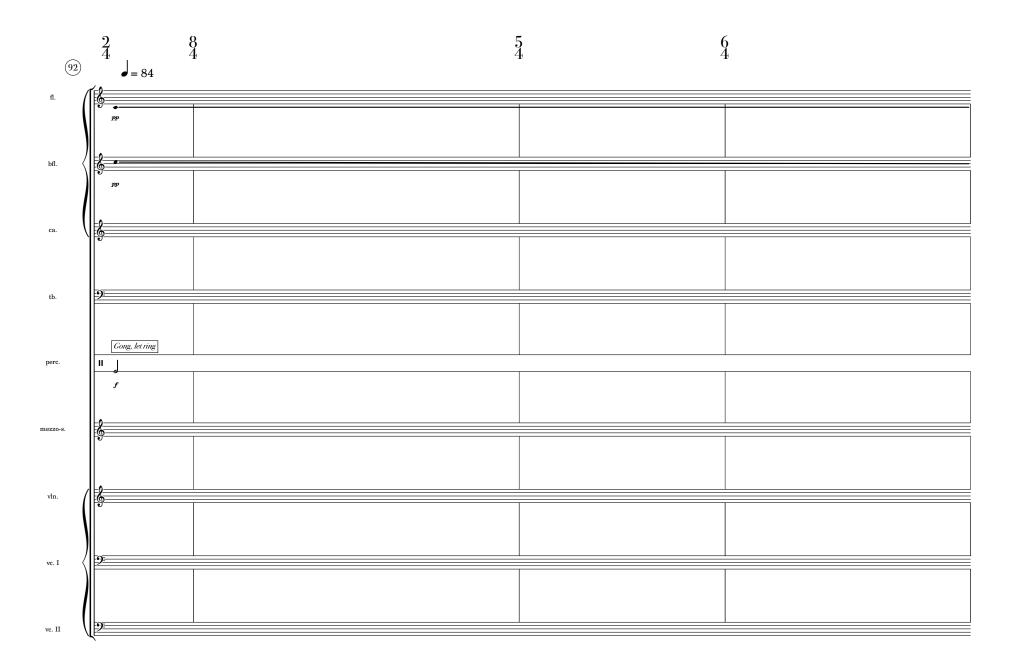


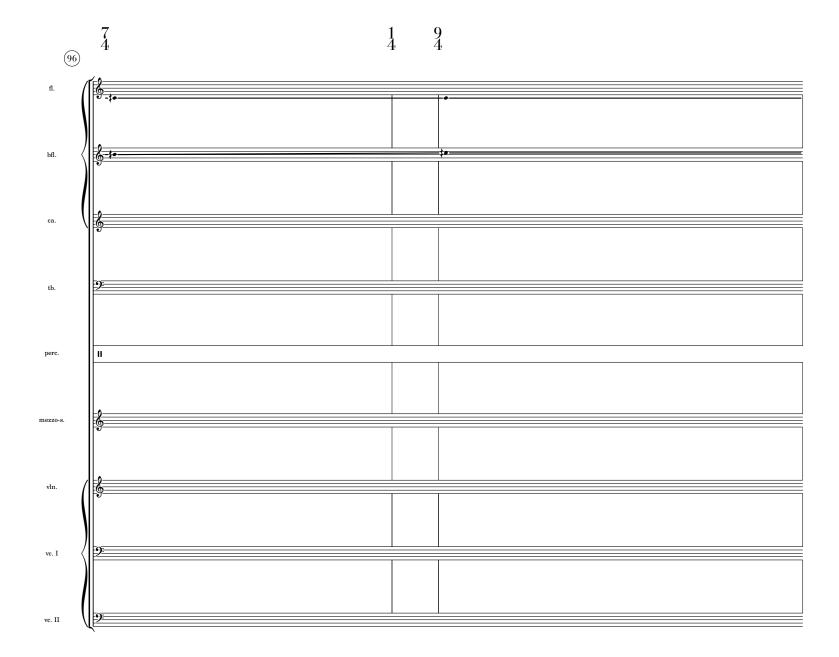


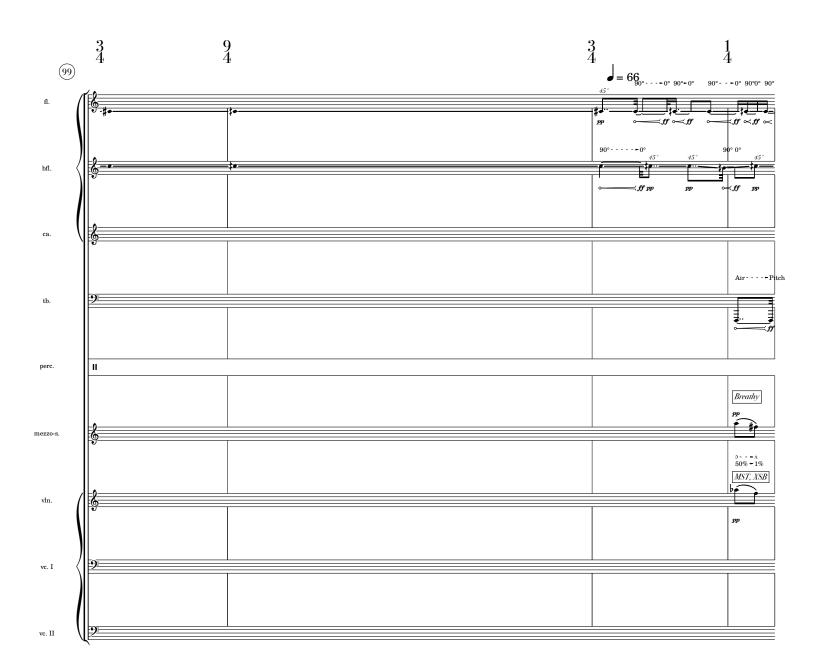


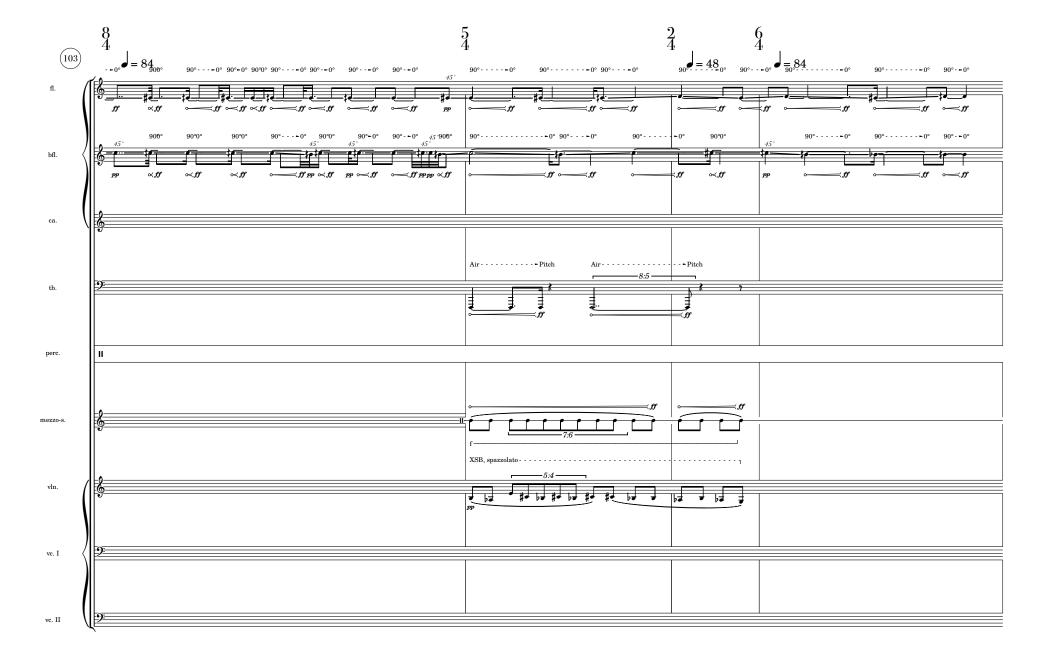


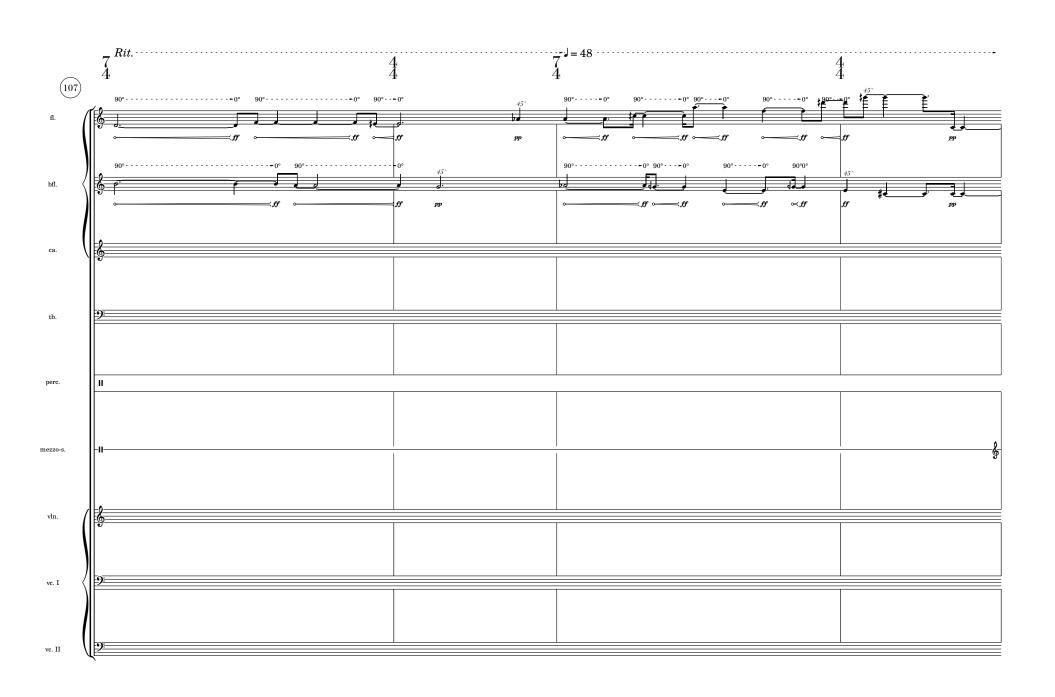


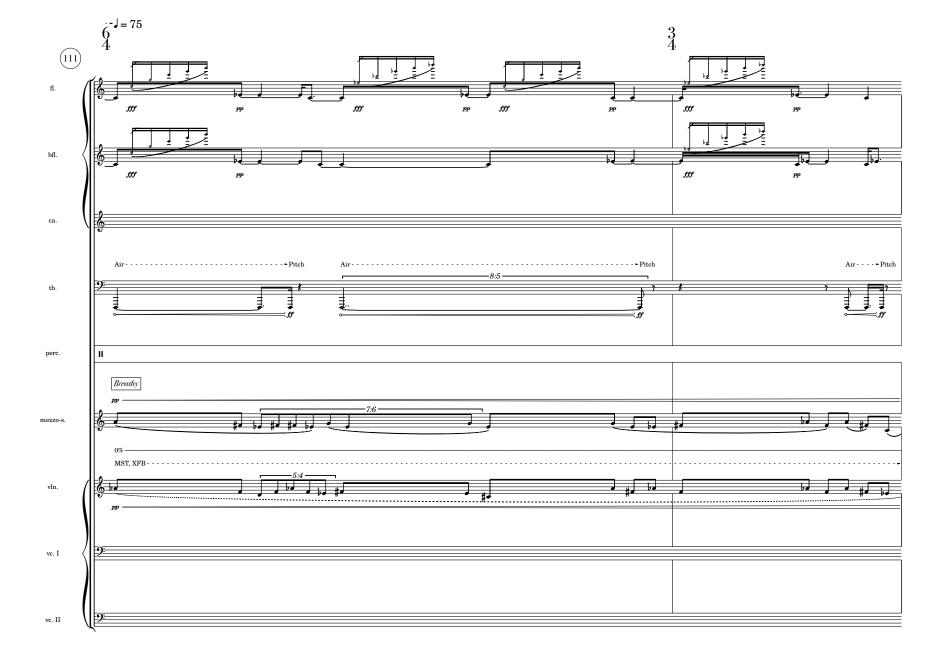


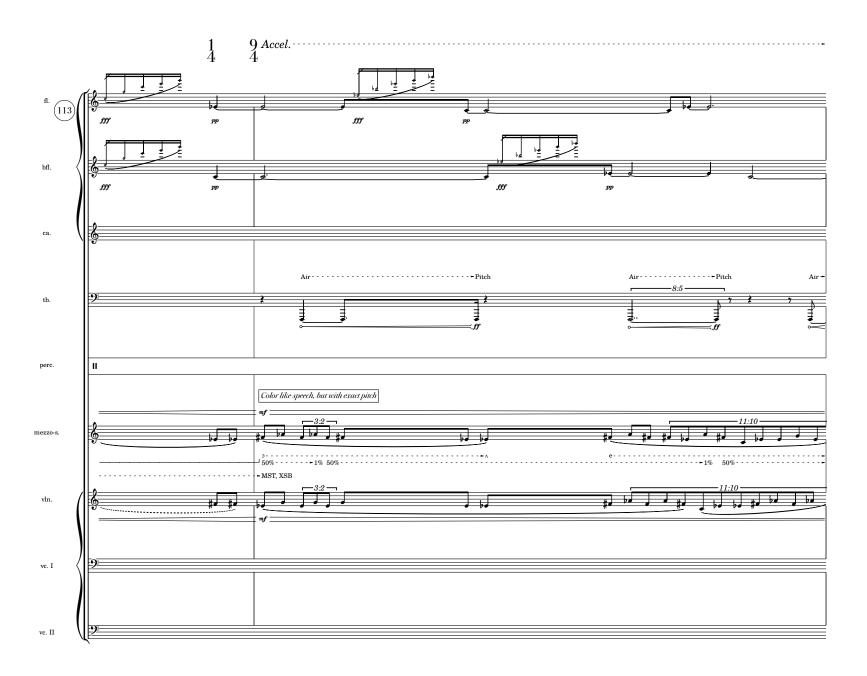




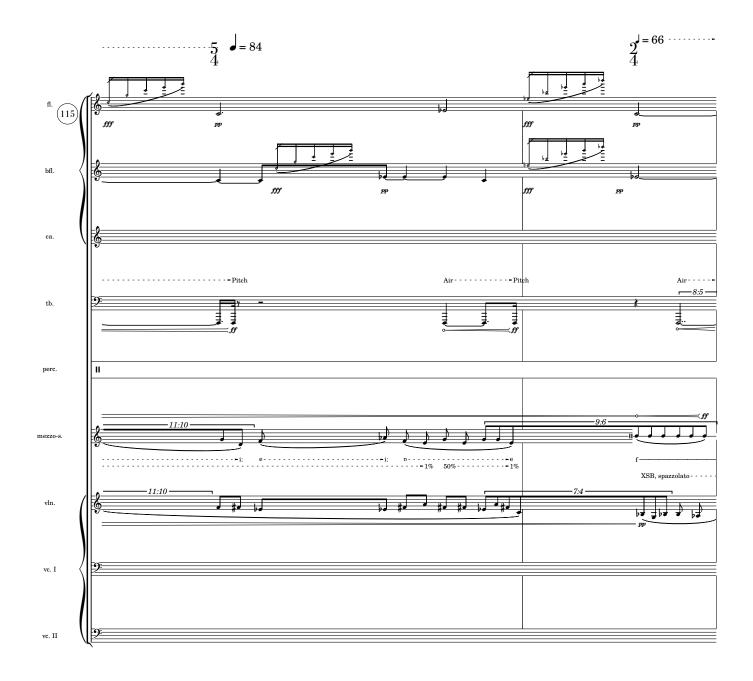


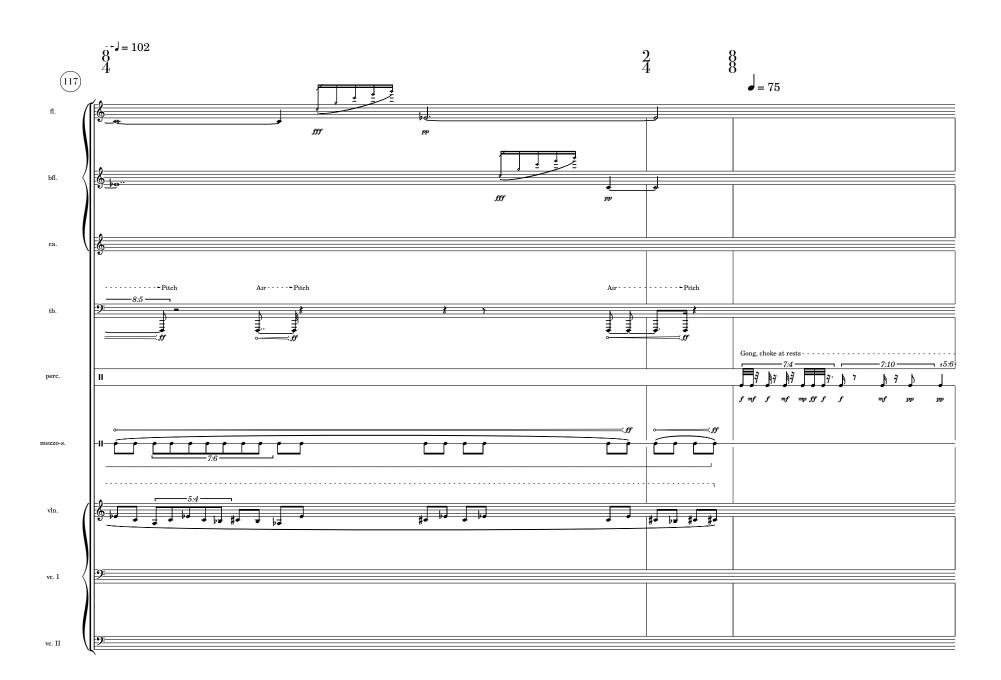


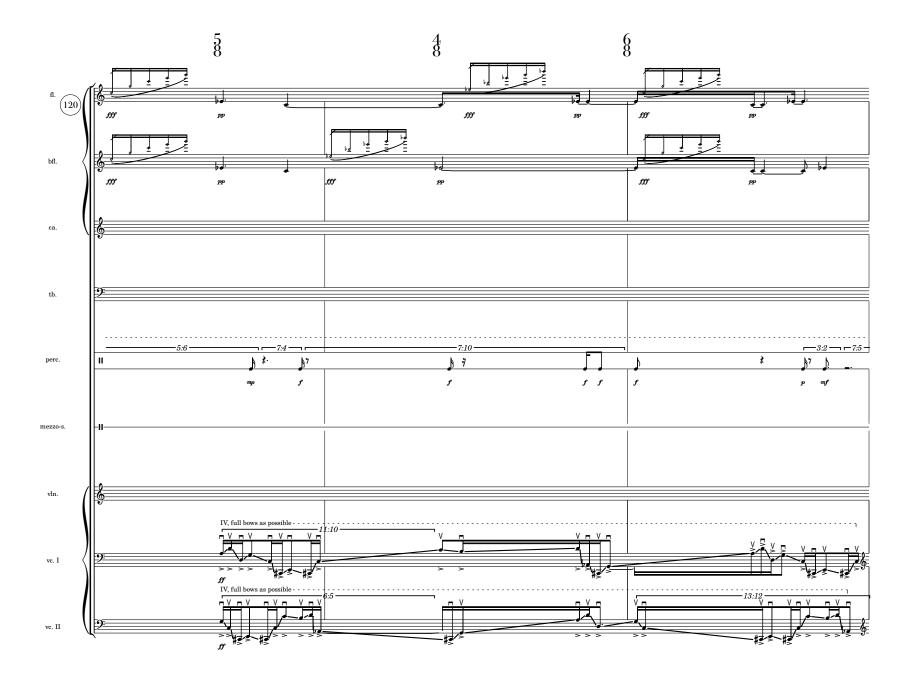




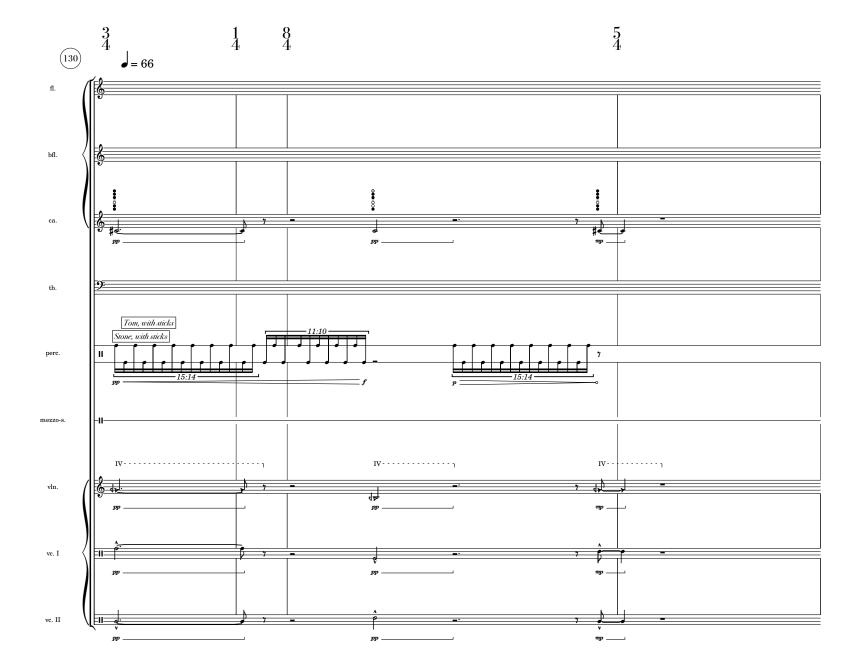
Devenir - Trinton

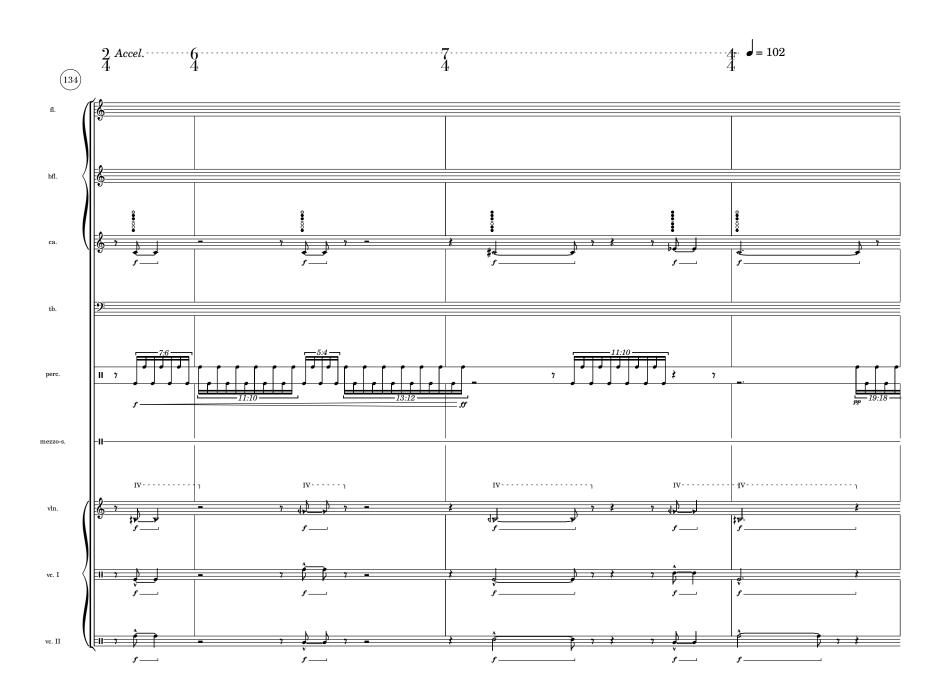


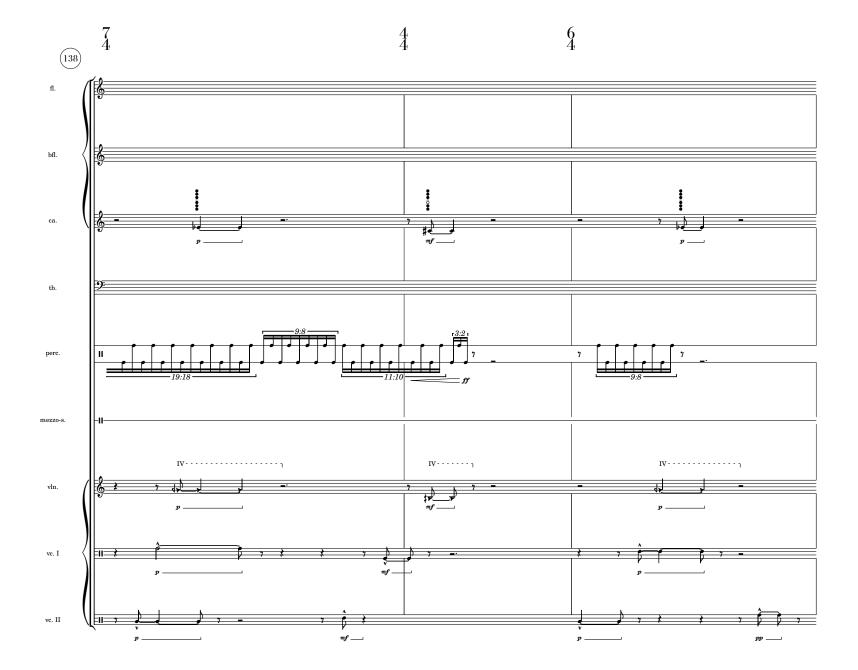


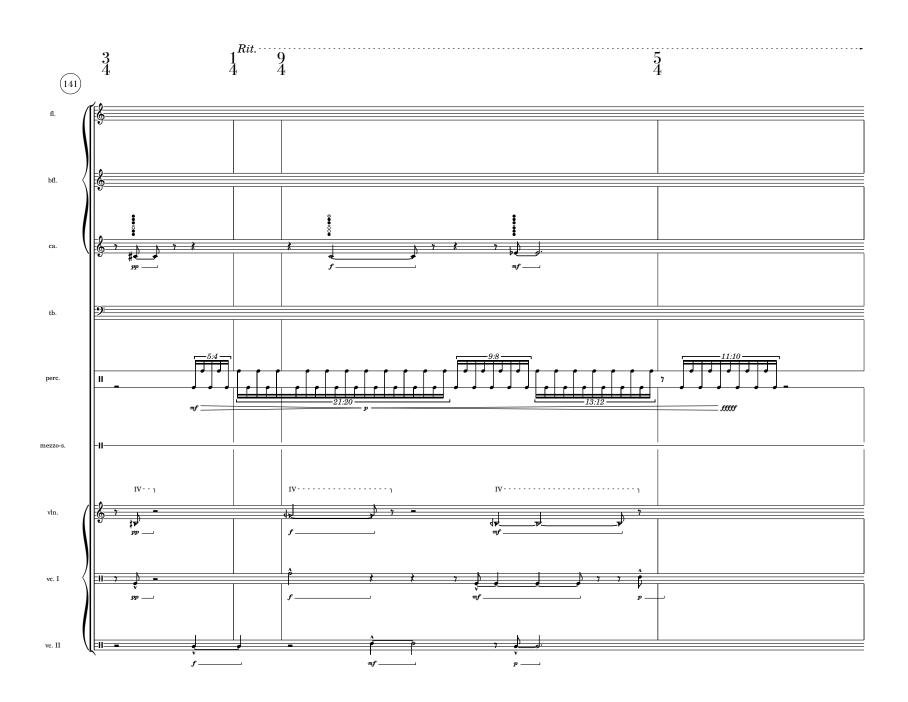


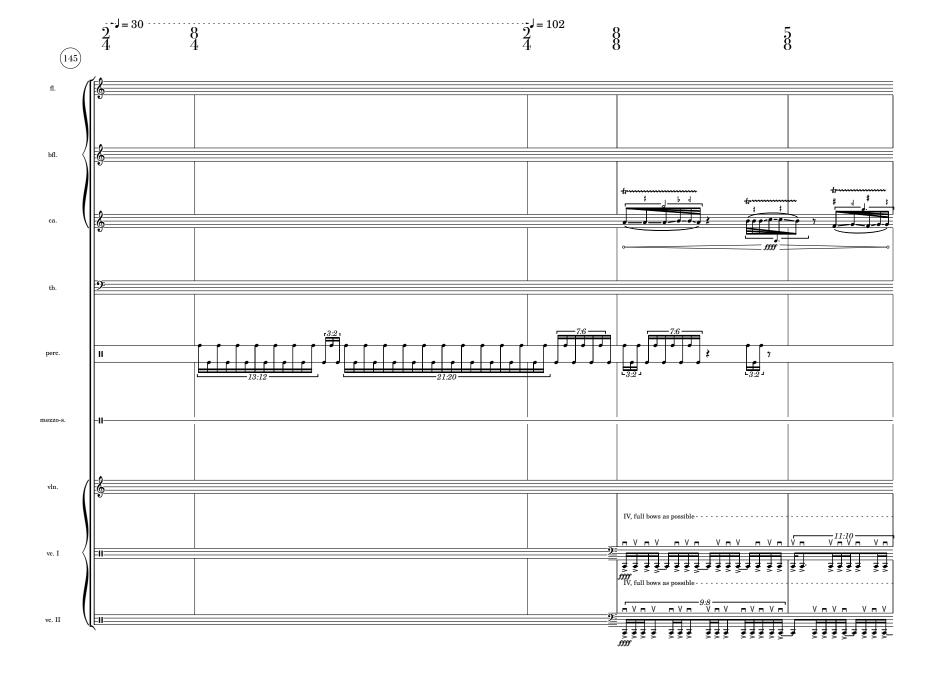


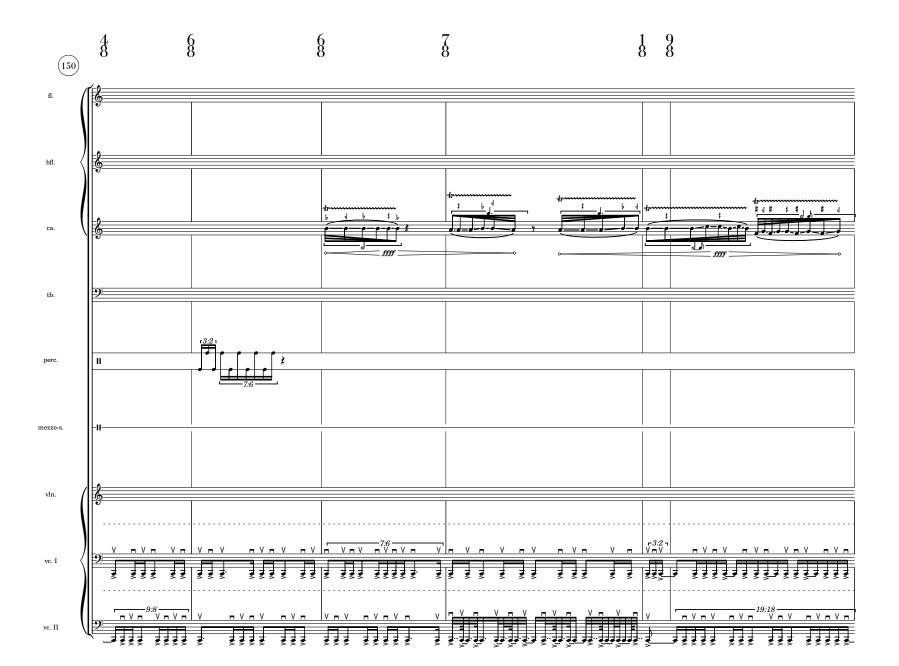


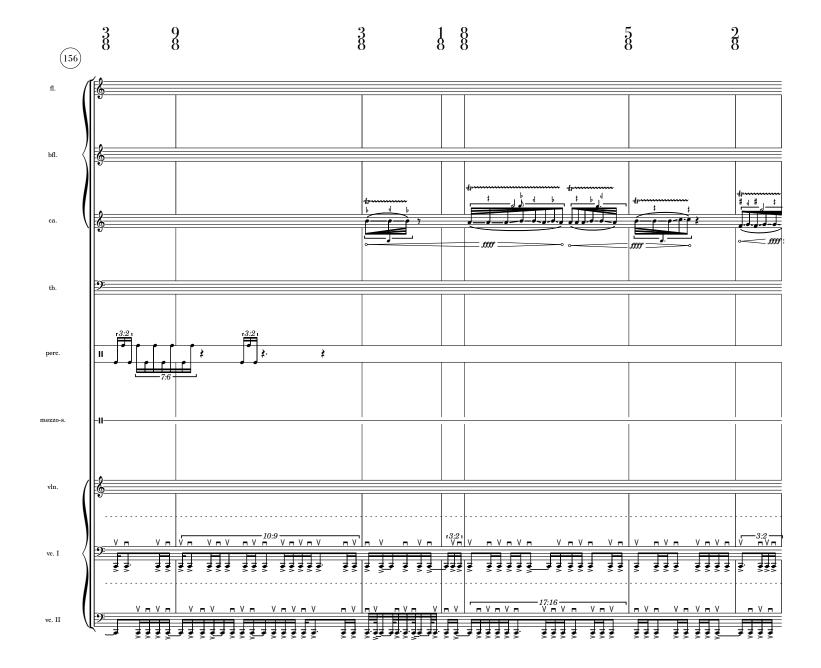


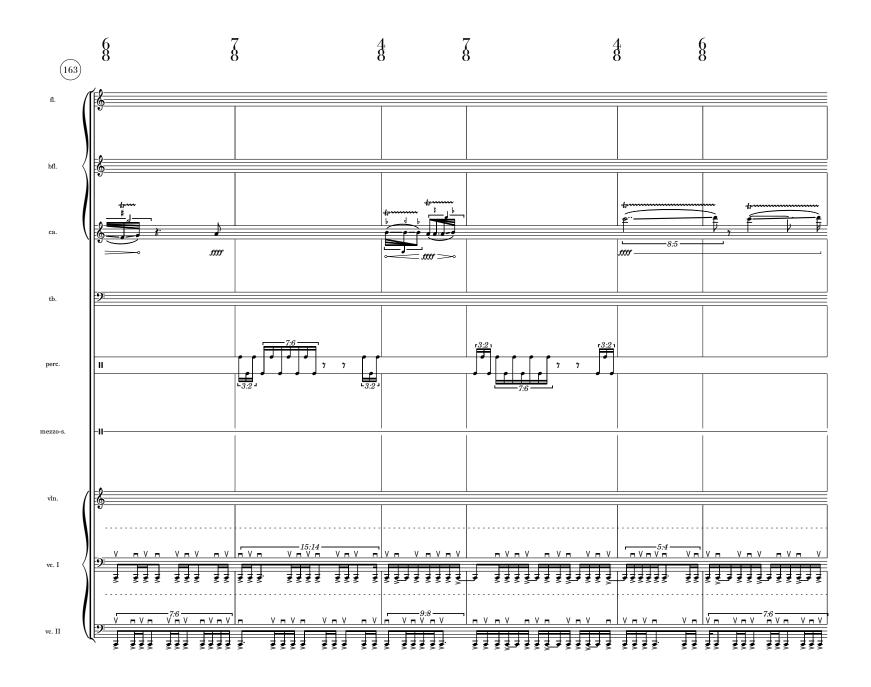


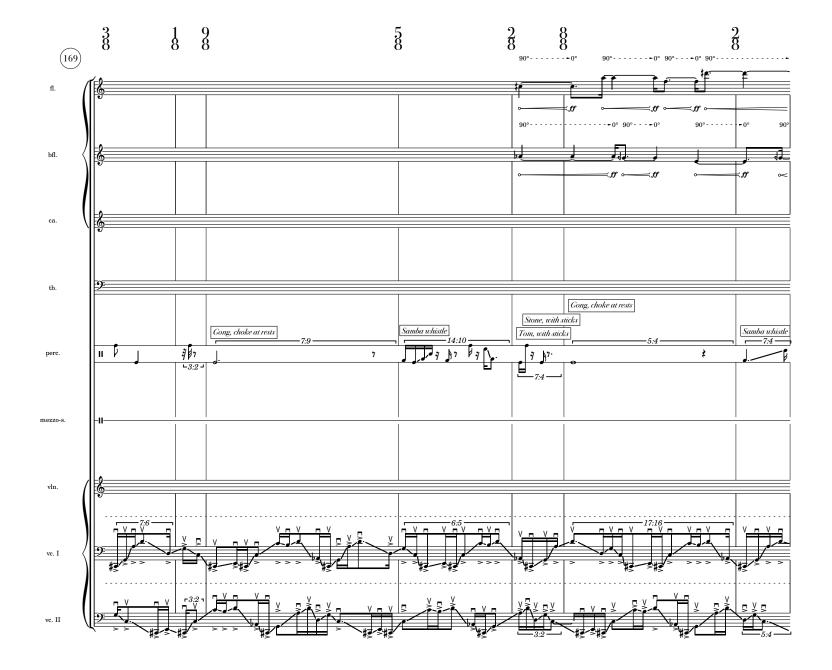


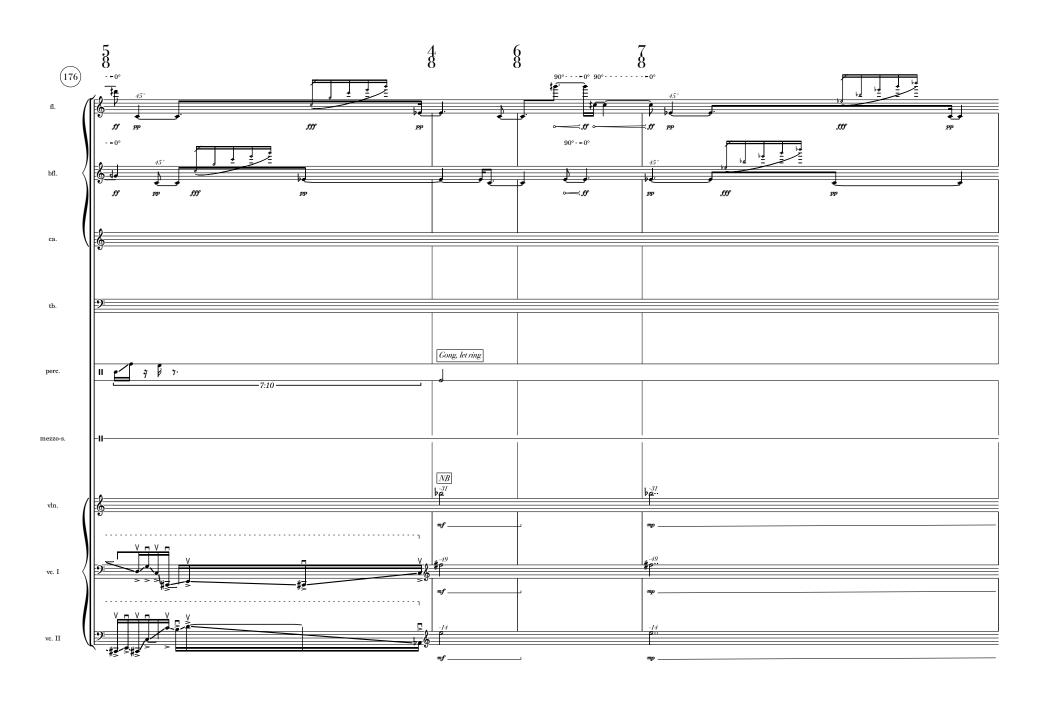


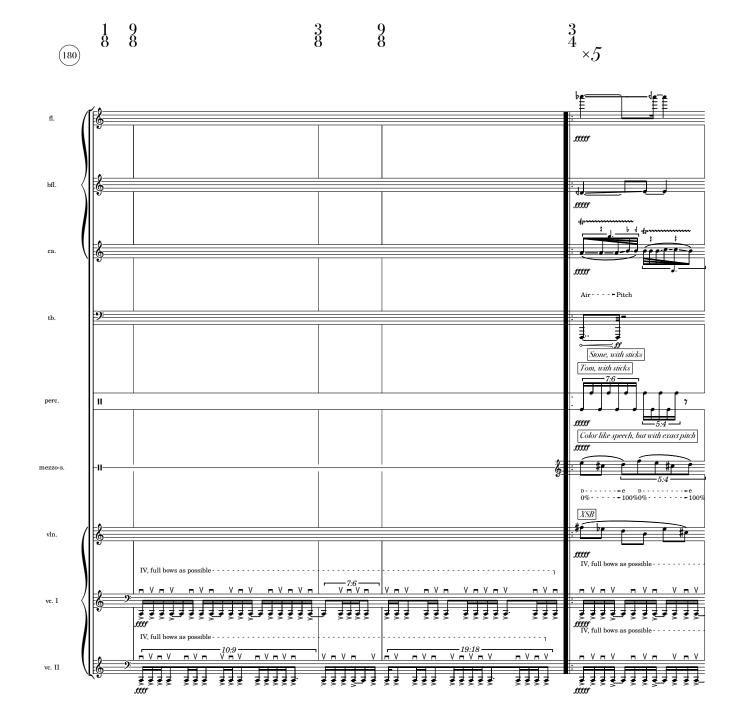


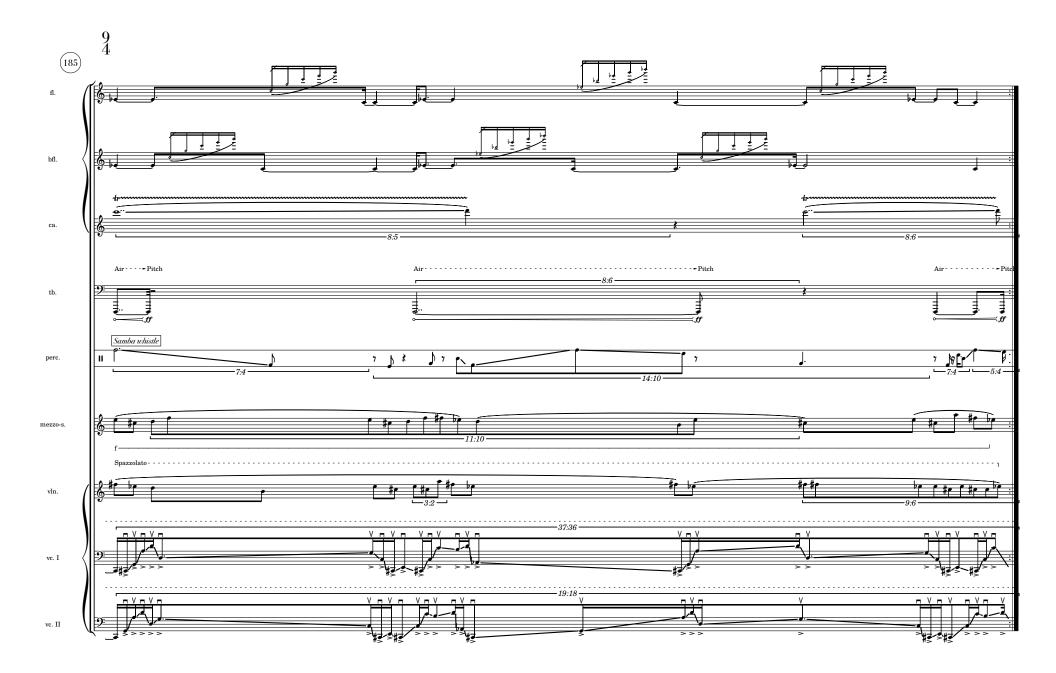


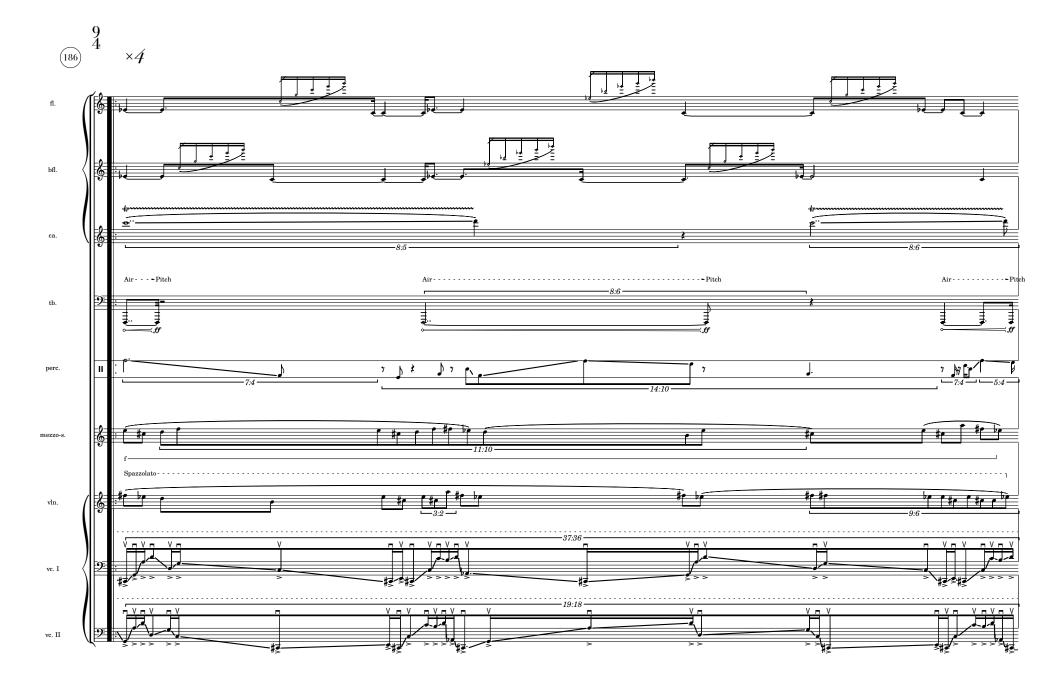




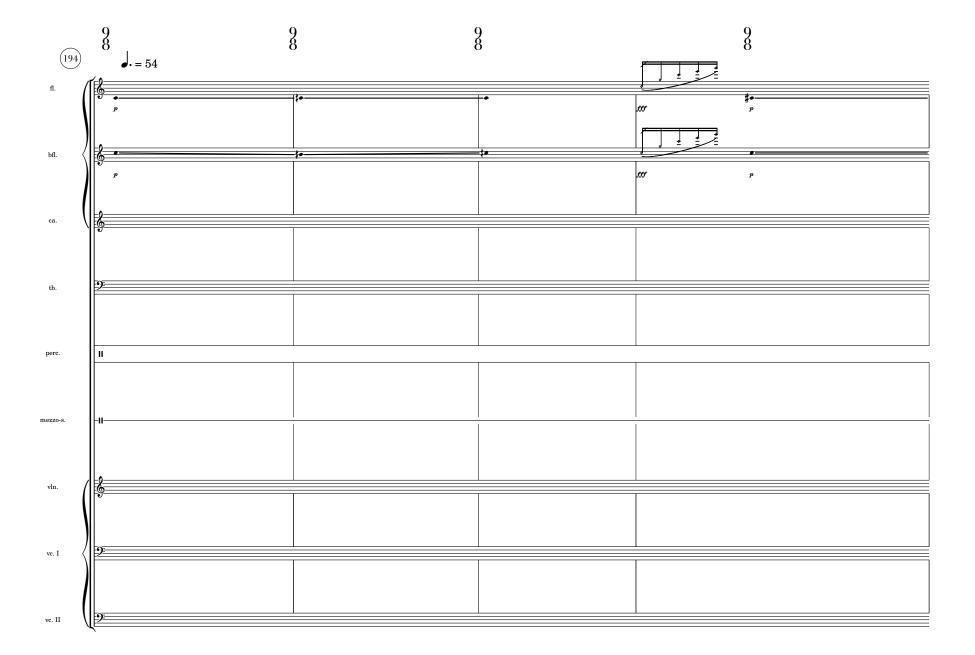


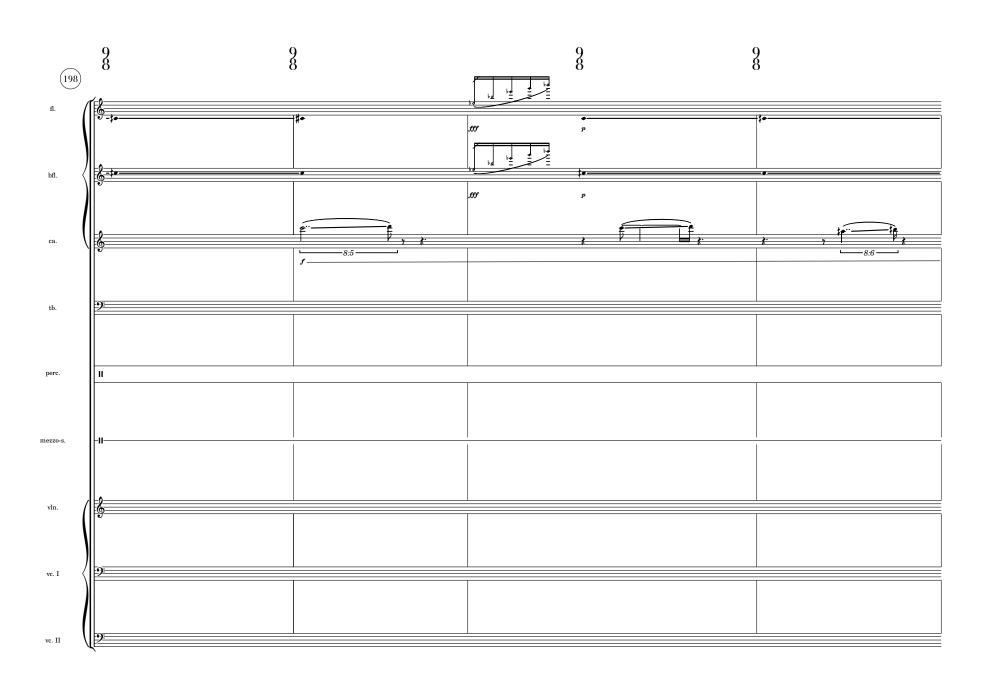


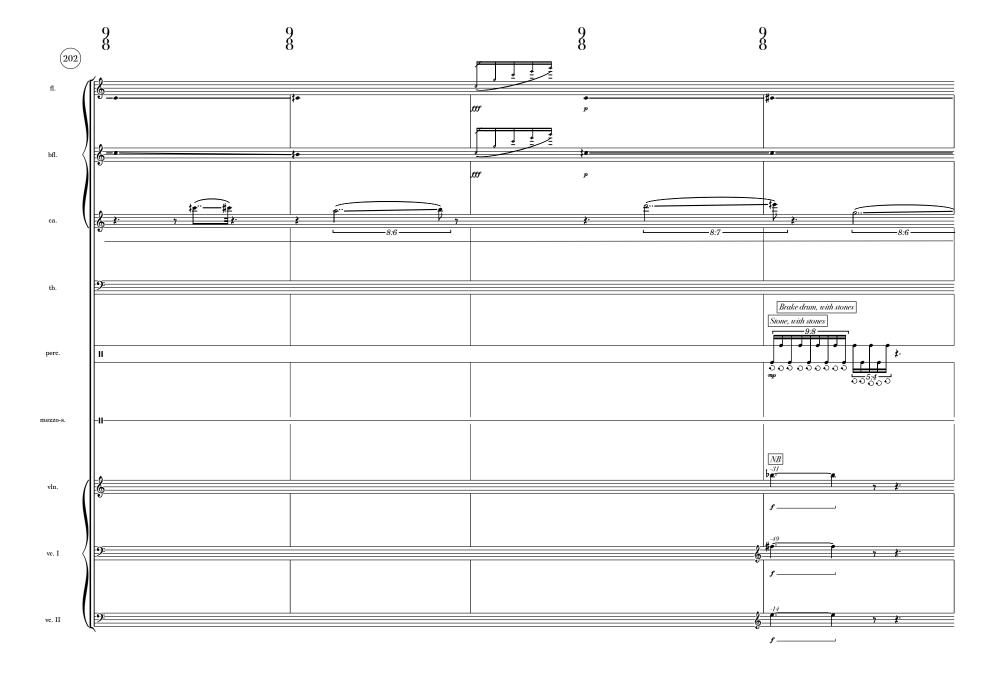


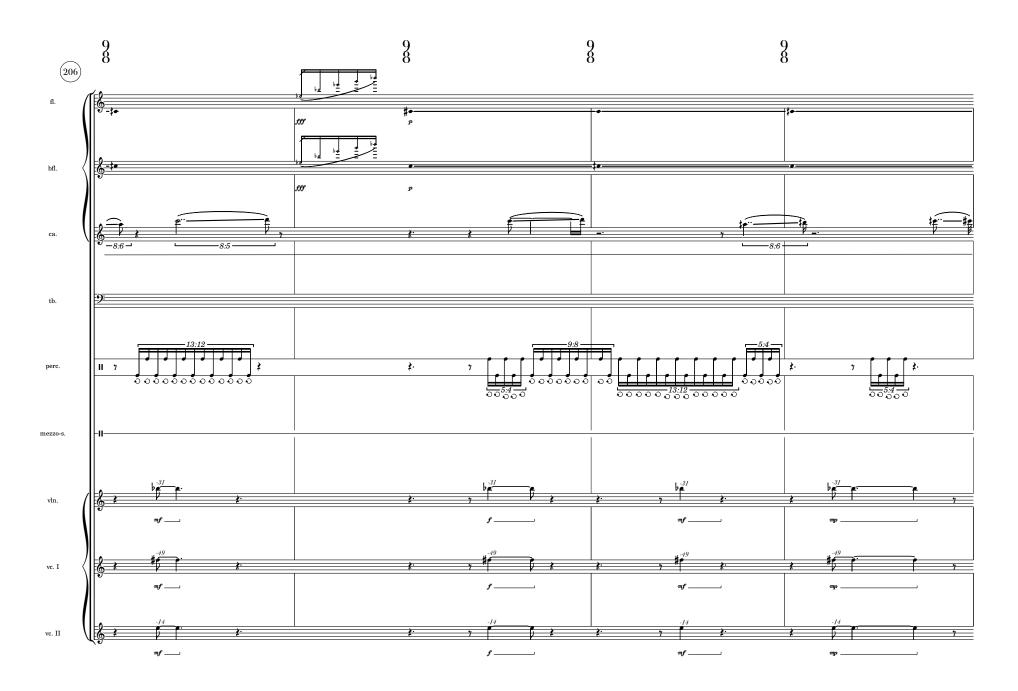


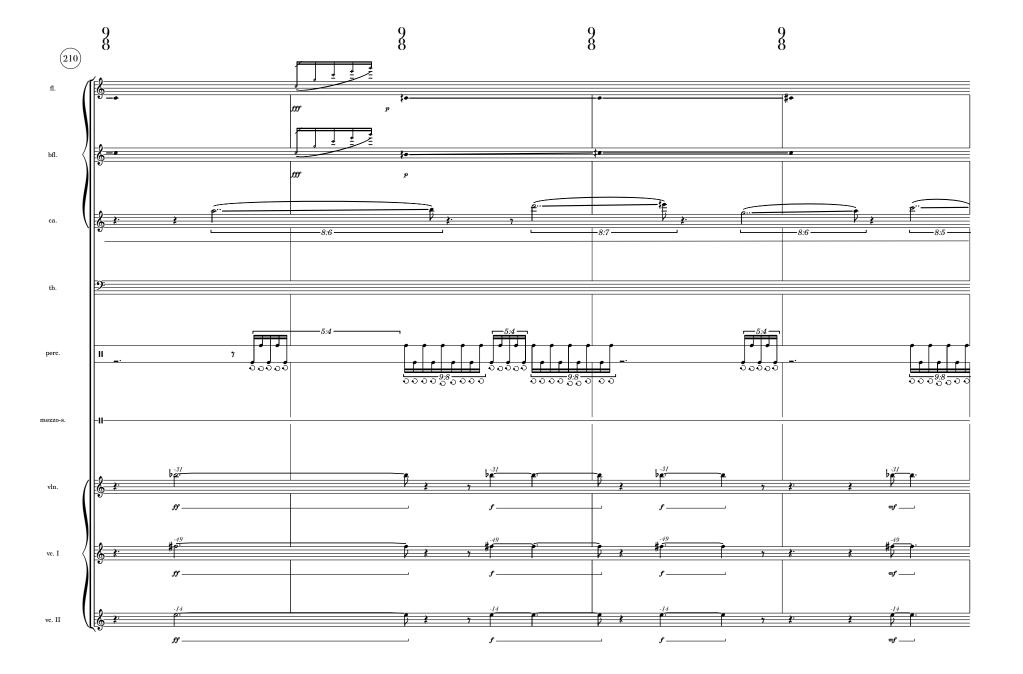


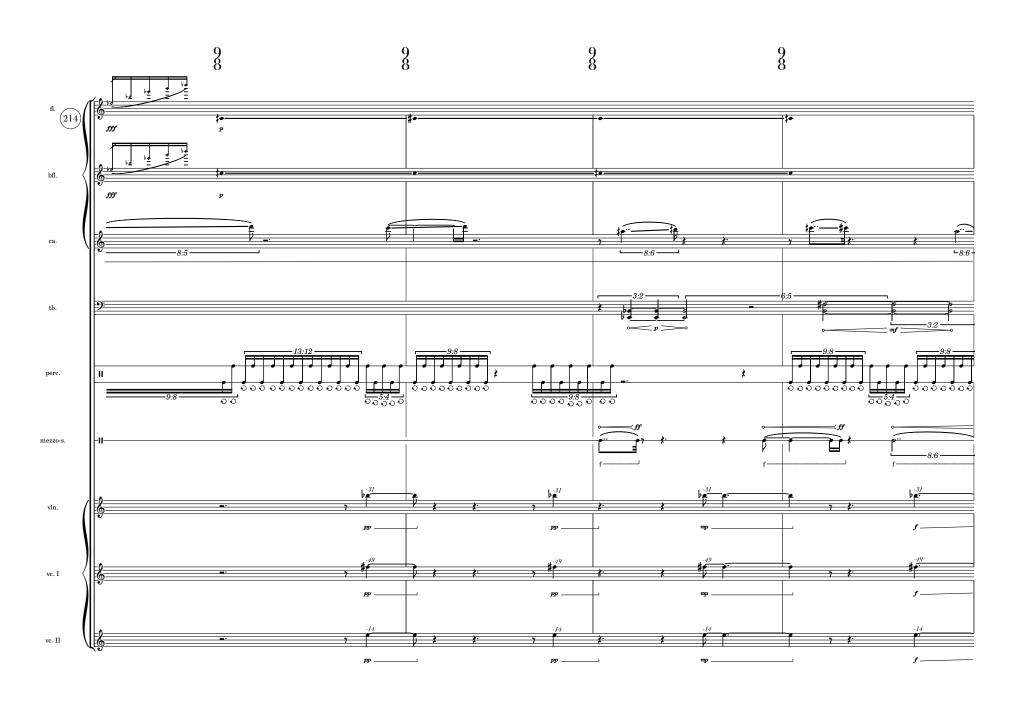


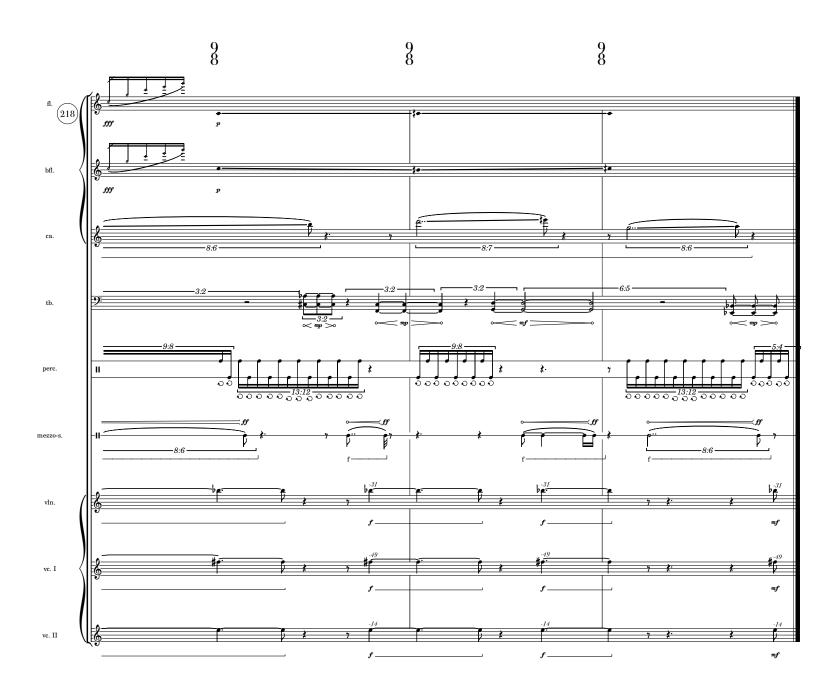












28 Devenir - Trinton

# **AFTERWORD** Cassandra (or, Kassandra) was said to be a Trojan priestess of Apollo. Loved by the god, she promised herself to him in exchange for powers of divination. Once she received the gift, she denied Apollo of her promise, enraging the god. As divine powers are irrevocable, Apollo instead afflicted Cassandra with a punitive curse: that although she would always divine accurately, her prophecies would never be believed. This inscription may serve as the program note for concert performances of the work.