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# *Devenir*

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or, *flocks*

*for* Nonet

TRINTON

2022

# 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 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,

“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,

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, land-  
ing on our nose, instantly retracting all that we were in one 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 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, 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 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.

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 playing, or the singing.

“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	feel	when	our	circle	closes	
as	strange	runes	form	in	the	lines	we	draw	between	ourselves
around		the	one		you	knew		you	loved	
she,			at			our			center,	
watching		the		movement		of		the	leaves,	
knows		we’re		not		with		her		

He was not with her

Here.

He was

Here.

Knots.

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

It didn't matter which kind.

All he needed was to see it alone at first,

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

Knots.

Here.

“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”

she’s                    here                    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                    retreats,

the                    one                    who                    fails

the                    one                    whose                    skin                    is                    gently                    pressed                    against                    a                    thousand                    jaws

and                    for                    whom                    we                    freeze

for                    whom                    she                    is                    frozen

when                    the

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 her?” “I don’t believe it?” “I don’t believe it?” “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?” “I don’t believe her?” “I don’t believe her?”

Here.

Is.

Not.

“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 it?” “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.”

for Cassandra

# *Devenir*

*or, flocks*

Trinton (\*2000)

9  
4

Flute

Bass Flute

Cor Anglais

Tuba

Percussion

Mezzo-Soprano

Violin

Violoncello I

Violoncello II

*Fermata persists until gong resonance dies.*

9  
4

9  
4

9  
4

③

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

5

94

94

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II



7

94

94

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

94

94

9

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

IV- - - - - 7

XS

DP

DP

ff

ff

ff



94

94

11

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

p

pp

p

pp

13

9  
4

9  
4

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

15

9  
4

9  
4

fl.

fl.

pp

pp

bfl.

bfl.

p

p

ca.

ca.

tb.

tb.

perc.

perc.

mezzo-s.

mezzo-s.

vin.

vin.

vc. I

vc. I

vc. II

vc. II



fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

17

9/4

IV ··· 1

*Orcl.*

*ff*

*pp*

*ff*

*pp*

[illegible][illegible]

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

Samba whistle

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

9  
4

(27)

7  
8

$\text{♩} = 204$   
*Fermata until gong dies.*

4  
8

6  
8

3  
8

fl.  
f

bfl.  
f

ca.  
ff

tb.  
Air ..... Pitch  
8:6 8:6  
ff

perc.  
3:2 7:4 7:4 7:4  
ff

Gong Samba whistle 6:7 7:6 14:12  
fff mp ppp mf mp

mezzo-s.  
8:6 8:6  
f

vln.  
IV .....  
ASB  
ff

NB, Directly on bridge

ve. I  
Directly on bridge

ve. II  
Directly on bridge

[illegible]

This musical score is for the piece "Samba whistle" from the film "The Untouchables". It features a full orchestral arrangement with various instruments and vocal parts.

**Instrumentation:**

- Vocalists:** fl. (flute), bfl. (bass flute), ca. (contralto), tb. (tenor).
- Percussion:** perc. (percussion).
- String Ensemble:** vln. I & II (violins), vc. I & II (violas).

**Key Features:**

- Tempo:** The tempo is marked as 102 beats per minute.
- Musical Style:** The score includes a variety of musical styles, ranging from classical orchestration to more rhythmic, samba-influenced passages.
- Dynamic Range:** The score uses a wide range of dynamics, including *ppp* (pianissimo), *mp* (mezzo-piano), *f* (forte), and *sfz* (sforzando).
- Formal Elements:** The score includes a key signature change from C major to F# major (indicated by two sharps) and a time signature change from 4/8 to 6/8.

The score is presented in a standard musical notation format, with staves for each instrument and vocal part. The music is written in black ink on white paper, with a clear and legible layout.

[illegible][illegible]

63

f.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

2/4 ♩ = 57 8/4

5 Accel. ....

Cong. choke

"Ama"

Breathy

MST, XFB

Air

pp

p

f

ff

0%

3:2

8:5

8:6

68

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

4/4 ♩ = 84

6/4 *Rit.*

7/4 ♩ = 48

1/4 *Accel.*

*p*

*ff*

3:2

3:2

3:2

5:4

IV, full bows as possible

IV, full bows as possible



[illegible]

92

$\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{8}{4}$   $\frac{5}{4}$   $\frac{6}{4}$

$\text{♩} = 84$

fl.

*pp*

bfl.

*pp*

ca.

tb.

*Cong. let ring*

perc.

*f*

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II



96

7  
4

1  
4

9  
4

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

ve. I

ve. II

[illegible]

107

*Rit.*

7/4 4/4 7/4 = 48 4/4

fl.

90° - - - - - 0° 90° - - - - - 0° 90° - - - - - 0° 45° 90° - - - - - 0° 90° - - - - - 0° 90° - - - - - 0° 90° - - - - - 0° 90° - - - - - 0° 45°

ff ff ff pp ff ff ff ff ff ff pp

bfl.

90° - - - - - 0° 90° - - - - - 0° 45° 90° - - - - - 0° 90° - - - - - 0° 90° - - - - - 0° 90° 45°

ff ff pp ff ff ff ff ff pp

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II



117

8/4 = 102

2/4

8/4 = 75

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

8:5

Air

Pitch

ff

pp

7:4

7:10

5:6

Gong, choke at rests

f

mf

f

mf

mp

ff

f

f

mf

pp

pp

5:4

7:6



130

34

14

84

54

♩ = 66

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

Tom, with sticks

Stone, with sticks

15:14

11:10

15:14

pp

f

p

IV

IV

IV

pp

pp

mp

pp

pp

mp

pp

pp

mp



134

24

64

74

44

Accel.

♩ = 102

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

7:6

11:10

5:4

13:12

11:10

19:18

f

ff

pp

IV

IV

IV

IV

IV

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

138

7/4 4/4 6/4

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

*p*

*mf*

*ff*

*p*

*pp*

19:18 9:8 11:10 3:2 9:8

IV

IV

IV

*p*

*mf*

*p*

*p*

*pp*

141

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vin.

vc. I

vc. II

3/4

1/4

9/4

5/4

Rit.

pp

f

mf

mf

p

ffff

IV

pp

f

mf

p

f

mf

p

5:4

9:8

11:10

21:20

13:12

145

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

2/4 = 30

8/4

5/4 = 102

8/8

5/8

13:12

21:20

7:6

7:6

3:2

3:2

3:2

3:2

IV, full bows as possible

IV, full bows as possible

9:8

11:10

150

4/8 6/8 6/8 6/8 1/8 1/8

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II



156

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

163

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

6 7 4 7 4 6

8 8 8 8 8 8

8.5

7.6

3.2

7.6

15:14

5:4

9:8

7:6

169

3

1

9

5

2

8

2

90° - - - - - 0°

90° - - - - - 0°

90° - - - 0°

90° - - - 0°

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

Gong, choke at rests

7:9

Samba whistle

14:10

Tom, with sticks

7:4

Stone, with sticks

Gong, choke at rests

5:4

Samba whistle

7:4

7:6

3:2

6:5

17:16

3:2

5:4

176

5

4

6

7

- - 0°

90° - - - 0°

90° - - - 0°

45°

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

45°

ff

pp

fff

pp

ff

pp

fff

pp

fff

pp

45°

ff

pp

fff

pp

ff

pp

fff

pp

Gong, let ring

7:10

NB

-31

-31

mf

mp

mf

mp

-29

-29

-14

-14

22

Devenir - Trinton

**Figure 1**

185

9  
4

fl.

bfl.

ca.

8.5

8.6

Air - - - - - Pitch

8.6

Air - - - - - Pitch

Air - - - - - Pitch

tb.

ff

ff

ff

Samba whistle

7:4

14:10

7:4

5:4

mezzo-s.

f

11:10

Spazzolato - - - - -

vln.

3:2

9:6

37:36

19:18

vc. I

vc. II

186

9/4

×4

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

Air - - - Pitch

Spazzolato

ff

f

37:36

19:18

8:5

8:6

7:4

14:10

7:4

5:4

11:10

3:2

9:6

187

1 4 8 5 2 6 7 8 37"

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

ve. I

ve. II

Air - - - - - Pitt

Stone, with sticks

Tom, with sticks

Scream

As though scream were continuing beneath the rests

After 15" "Ama"

After 15" "Ama"

194

$\text{♩} = 54$

fl.

ff

p

bfl.

ff

p

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

198

fl.

bfl.

ca.

tb.

perc.

mezzo-s.

vln.

vc. I

vc. II

9 8 9 8 9 8

*fff* *p* *fff* *p*

*f* 8.5 8.6

[illegible][illegible]

[illegible]

This musical score page contains measures 214 through 217. The instrumentation includes Flute (fl.), Bass Flute (bfl.), Clarinet in A (ca.), Trombone (tb.), Percussion (perc.), Mezzo-soprano (mezzo-s.), Violin (vln.), Violoncello I (vc. I), and Violoncello II (vc. II). The score is written for a full orchestra. Measures 214 and 215 show the woodwinds and strings with various dynamics and articulations. Measures 216 and 217 feature a prominent percussion part with complex rhythms and a mezzo-soprano solo. The score is marked with a rehearsal mark at measure 214.

This musical score page contains measures 218, 219, and 220. The instruments and their parts are as follows:

- fl. (Flute):** Measures 218-219 have a melodic line starting on a high note, marked *fff* and *p*. Measure 220 is a whole rest.
- bfl. (Bass Flute):** Similar to the flute, with a melodic line in measures 218-219 and a whole rest in measure 220.
- ca. (Clarinet):** Features a melodic line with slurs and ties across measures 218-220. Rhythmic markings include 8:6, 8:7, and 8:6.
- tb. (Tuba):** Measures 218-219 have a melodic line with slurs and ties. Measure 220 has a melodic line with a slur and tie. Rhythmic markings include 3:2 and 6:5.
- perc. (Percussion):** Measures 218-219 have a melodic line with slurs and ties. Measure 220 has a melodic line with a slur and tie. Rhythmic markings include 9:8, 13:12, and 5:4.
- mezzo-s. (Mezzo-Soprano):** Measures 218-219 have a melodic line with slurs and ties. Measure 220 has a melodic line with a slur and tie. Rhythmic markings include 8:6.
- vln. (Violin):** Measures 218-219 have a melodic line with slurs and ties. Measure 220 has a melodic line with a slur and tie. Rhythmic markings include 3:1.
- vc. I (Violoncello I):** Measures 218-219 have a melodic line with slurs and ties. Measure 220 has a melodic line with a slur and tie. Rhythmic markings include 4:9.
- vc. II (Violoncello II):** Measures 218-219 have a melodic line with slurs and ties. Measure 220 has a melodic line with a slur and tie. Rhythmic markings include 4:4.



## 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.*