

Aki Ásgeirsson (IS) - 294°

294° was composed in ff:37 (2012 CE) for my daughter Jófríður. It is a piece for preparation, gathering, centering, and getting ready — a warm-up exercise. (Aki Ásgeirsson).

Juhani Nuorvala (FI) - Three Flashes from Flash Flash

Three Flashes from Flash Flash

1. You're like someone (E's aria)
2. The closer he comes (C's aria)
3. I don't really like to watch myself (A's aria)

The basic plot of the opera "Flash Flash" is woven around the night Andy Warhol – in 1987, in a New York hospital, after a gall operation but of reasons which have never been fully recovered – dies. While in bed, probably at least half asleep, he has a conversation with a character called "B", who, apparently, is Death Himself. During the last hours of his life Warhol (in the opera called "A") sees himself as a member of an opera audience and his life wander by in "flashes", as scenes from an opera. The characters in this "opera" are acquaintances, friends and colleagues of his, people who have played an important part in his life – loved him /hated him /envied him – so forth.

"E" resembles very much Edie Sedgwick, the young, rich society girl, whom Warhol made one of his most famous "superstars" (non-actors, non-professional performers, drug addicts, hangs-around, fans which he hand-picked to work for him, act in his films, be part of his "entourage"). "C" may – in this scene – be seen as Valerie Solanas, the woman – writer, radical feminist – who was temporarily employed by Warhol's "Factory" and whose relationship with him culminated in her trying to shoot Warhol. In the finale it finally becomes quite obvious to "A" that the opera he seems to be watching is, in fact, his own goodbye to the world. His aria is a sort of astonished, maybe even relieved act of surrender – as if he were watching his own death mask. (Juha Siltanen).

Yuri Umemoto (JPN) - "aug.hocket"

"aug.hocket" consists of melodies generated by computer along with arpeggiated chords on the cello and additional synthesized cello sounds outside of the cello's normal range. The title refers to the *hocket*, a Medieval and Renaissance technique in which melodic lines are broken up between different voices. The melodies here are 'sung' by a vocaloid anthropomorphic mascot known as Hatsune Miku, a virtual idol and shared with the cello. The text is in two parts. The first is a line of poetry written by Umemoto himself, which is then expanded upon by GPT4 open AI. The tradition of composing a poem to which further lines are added by another author is deeply embedded in East Asian culture. It's an ancient and venerable practice with the exception that in this piece, the additional text is by artificial intelligence. We have the merger of an ancient literary practice with cutting edge technology. Not only that, but the use of Hatsune Miku's voice also represents the merger of the traditional human with the cybernetic. (Grant Hamby).

Arash Yazdani (IR/EST) - Instruction Manual of How to Learn Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb in 5 minutes for 4 Japanese toy instruments

"Do you have a bomb but feel slightly uneasy each time? Ever wondered how some people ceased to worry and loved the bomb? Follow this easy to learn step-by-step guideline and you too shall learn to stop worrying and love the bomb. Good luck."

Carola Bauckholt (GER) - Vacuum Lieder

Vakuum Lieder (2017) is Dedicated to Louisa Marxen

This piece was commissioned by Louisa Marxen and it is dedicated to her. It is related to the music theater project The Vacuum Pack, which was developed for the Eunoia Quintet. For some time now, I've been fascinated by sucking sounds such as the bubbling of a spring, the slurping of a drain or the endlessly beautiful babbling of water in grottos that emerges from the interplay of the ebb and flow of the waves. In music, this sonic phenomenon has yet to be thematized. Our conventional instrumentarium is based on the principle of producing sound through friction (strings ...) or exhaling (voice, winds ...). Sucking is not to be found. At the same time, sucking is just as much a part of our life as inhaling and exhaling. In close collaboration, Louisa and I explored the new hybrid instrument made of the mouth and a vacuum cleaner tube in the process of developing the Vakuum Lieder. (Carola Bauckholt).

Raven Chacon (US) - Round

For several players surrounding a turntable Setup:

- several performers - each has an amplified (piezo) sharpened wooden kebob skewer (effects optional)
- one turntable with one vinyl 12" LP
- group pre-determine a total duration Procedure:

- 1.) All performers raise their skewers to the sky
- 2.) One performer activates the spinning of the record (push, place tone-arm, etc) and all performers immediately stab at the spinning record until each finds a groove in which to position their skewer.
- 3.) At a group self-determined cue, the performers each perform a 30-second solo (effects preferred) on the spinning record, beginning with any pre-chosen performer, then rotating around the turntable clockwise, until each performer has completed a solo. The switching between performers can be quick cuts or overlapping transitions.
- 4.) After the final performer has completed their solo, all performers play as a group as they were in Procedure 2, until the determined duration has elapsed. (Raven Chacon).

Sami Klemola (FI) - Umwelt

The word "Umwelt" means the way each organism, animal or being perceives its surroundings. The concept was established by the German biologist **Jakob von Uexküll**, who conducted research in Estonia in the early 20th century. According to him, every organism has its own Umwelt, i.e. perception of its environment and the interaction of the environment with that organism. The same environment may therefore look completely different to, for example, a human or an insect, because their observations and needs differ. The composition reflects the different ways organisms experience their environments. Work was composed with a grant from the Jenny and Antti Wihuri Foundation.

THREE FLASHES FROM FROM FLASH FLASH (Juha Siltanen):

1. E (soprano in the opera):

You're like someone, but you
have no lines,
like a sphinx with no riddle. Truman said that.
(Capote!)
And you know the strangest thing is that
just because you are like that, we all... they all just sorta cringe in front of you and they'd just
kill to show you their
soul, and you, you just say "oh" [laughs], you're like a
priest, how I wanted to have a priest
in my Mercedes, but still you're not
there... and still you are there,
still, and there. I'm so rich but I'm so poor. –Look how I dance
like I know you would if you were me.
How do I look – I'm dancin' like you would if you were here.
We're so alike I could love you, if we could love.
(We're so alike I could love you, if we could love.)
We're so alike I could love you, if we could love.)

2. C (alto in the opera):

The closer he comes, watching, very slowly you
feel it, you feel him
sapping away from you, everyday. You feel it
going. –The habits that he's given you, the thoughts
they've put in your mind, the routines that you have, they are
all that's left. It's so painful, Jesus, I do know.
And yet I'm sitting there screaming and I just can't.
And I'm growing too dependent on him.
I've done my everything for him, he promises this
and he promises that, but the way he looks at me, he's taking away--
[Your life.]
--my death. He loves death and he's
taking mine away from me.
I can't live without my death, without
someone telling me
not to.
He's taking away my
death and taping it all. There's his stardom – never facing the face of his death.
Someone should show it to him!

3. A (tenor in the opera):

I don't really... like to watch myself. I don't like... uh...
to be touched. What is this? Night. The blankets are cold. It's too late.
Uh... I don't like silence. As if they were sneaking around, looking
for someone. There's a shadow
by the door. Someone's trying to see, get a glimpse.
Who are they? I know them all.
There's nothing to be seen.
They don't speak to me.
Like... they were in an empty space.
As if they didn't expect to find anyone.
They act as if I didn't see them.
What do you think?—You guys?
—You know... uh... I, uh... actually I don't like silence.
It's got such long... fingers.
Bony cheeks. It wants... it wants to... it needs people.
I dunno.
Dances the weirdest dances... uh, I dunno.
No connexion. It's... uh... it's like ice.
Huge tower of ice, a humming sound. –Towards the sky.
Skywards. The stars. Oh the stars.
Keep it coming. Any kind of sound. Sing. Speak, please. Hum.
There's nothing to spy. Am I dead? Again?
—As if I'd vanished. As if I'd evaporated.
—Sneaking around the glass tower,
tower of mirrors, mirrors of
desire
in cold, seducing fire
trembling, frozen, and up there the name of
Andy Warhol, up in the air, the American air,
high
above the ground of despair.
Oh I'm dead again. Thank God I've been here before. I feel so alive.