



All works commissioned by **Mutable Music** for **Thomas Buckner**.
Luminescence and **Conceptuality/Life** were recorded at **Systems Two Recording Studios, Brooklyn, NY** by **Joe and Mike Marciano**. Canto was recorded by **Bob Shumaker** at **Bay Records Recording Studio, Berkeley, CA** and produced by **W. A. Mathieu**. **Conceptuality/Life** was edited and mixed by **Joe Marciano**. Luminescence and Canto were edited and mixed by **Tom Hamilton**. CD mastering by **Tom Hamilton**. Cover design by **Carin Fortin**.

Conceptuality/Life Conceptuality/Life was created for Thomas Buckner to be performed at his recital at Merkin Concert Hall on May 22, 2003. The baritone solo has been excerpted from *Explorations in the Geometry of Thinking* (1978-82) for multiple voices on texts by R. Buckminster Fuller from his magnum opus *Synergetics*. The text for **Conceptuality/Life** uses excerpts from the chapter entitled *Conceptuality*, subsection *Life*. The baritone solo is sung simultaneously with instrumental sections excerpted from *Chamber Music* (1982). There is no general score and the superimpositions of individual sections are prearranged during rehearsals. The pulse of the music (one syllable note in the voice part, an eight note in the instrumental parts), unites all simultaneously performed parts into one homogeneous unit. **Petr Kotik**

Canto A song cycle for baritone and mixed ensemble. Rhythmically driven lines orbiting each song around its core. A multi-dimensional checkerboard of harmonic colors. Diaspora of images in words. Poetic voices of Cuban roots at the center of a musical universe. **Tania León**

Luminescence (2004) is a song cycle, commissioned by Thomas Buckner, and based on eight poems from Etel Adnan's "Sea", which evoke the Lebanese coast of the Mediterranean, her birthplace. The Pacific Ocean is also a strong presence in her life as in Thomas Buckner's and mine, and so the piece celebrates our three-way friendship and our shared love of that ocean, which influenced the first song: here, the phrase lengths match the timing of long Pacific waves which I recorded in New Zealand, some years ago. I am most grateful to Etel for the gift of these poems and to Tom for this opportunity to work with him again. **Annea Lockwood**

Luminescence Annea Lockwood

Texts: Etel Adnan, from 'Sea'

1. 7:13
2. 6:59
3. 3:47

Thomas Buckner baritone

S.E.M. Ensemble: Helen Richman - flute; Kyle Resnick - trumpet; Lev Zhurbin - viola; Ariane Lallemand - violoncello; Joseph Kubera - piano; Chris Nappi - percussion; Petr Kotik - conductor.

Canto Tania León (publ. Iroko Music)

4. Cinco (Text by Maya Islas) 2:22
5. Atardecer en el Trópico (Text by José Triana) 3:42
6. Canción de Cuna (Text by Iraidia Iturralde) 2:36
7. Epitalamio (Text by José Kozer) 4:03
8. XXIV (Text by Alina Galliano) 1:34

Thomas Buckner baritone

Continuum®: David Gresham - clarinet; Kristina Reiko Cooper - cello; Tom Kolor - percussion; Cheryl Seltzer - piano; Joel Sachs - conductor.

Conceptuality/Life Petr Kotik

9. **Conceptuality/Life** - from *Explorations in the Geometry of Thinking* (Text by R. Buckminster Fuller) 27:12

Thomas Buckner baritone

S.E.M. Ensemble: Helen Richman, Petr Kotik - flutes; Kyle Resnick - trumpet; Conrad Harris - violin; Lev Zhurbin - viola; Ariane Lallemand - cello; Troy Rinker - double bass; Chris Nappi, Sam Lazzara, Jared Soldiviero - percussion.

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LUMINESCENCE CONCEPTUALITY/LIFE



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thomas buckner

new music
for baritone & chamber ensemble

thomas buckner

s.e.m. ensemble
continuum

luminescence annea lockwood
canto tania león
conceptuality/life petr kotik

moves and shouts, becomes ice in the North, vapor in the tropics.

Salt slips through the fingers of its lover. It lingers on one's face. Tears return, ushering heartbreaks and desire. The sea is familiar with the forbidden games of passion and release. At her rising from the water a young woman is always a bride. The early rays of the day crown her head and her feet lead her to her joy.

There was a wave which lost its way and found a tree. There were questions in the air. These two awkward creatures were not by their education prepared to meet. The one could have drowned in the other. The wave could have had its brow broken. But they fell in love and, since, the sea is green and the forest is blue.

III

Nevertheless, pink flamingoes walk by the edge of men's dreams, who envy the shimmering light that the birds absorb. Further on, there's more light, and a call for a further flight.

And the mirrors are waiting to fill their void, and the remote sea thinks that her tempests will never be heard in that counter-world where happens only that which happens elsewhere. Then, where to go?

Texts: Etel Adnan, from 'Sea'
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Canto Tania León

1

Cinco

Mis ojos comprueban la verdad de lo que siente un pez cuando nada es un río exuberante.

La poeta y el pez duermen junto al miedo que los impulsa a vivir dentro de un árbol; desde ahí observan la luminosidad de las rosas que se entregan cuando el amor comienza.

Poet: Maya Islas

Five

My eyes verify the truth about the feelings of a fish while swimming in an exuberant river.

The poet and the fish are sleeping close to fear which drives them to dwell inside a tree; from there, they observe the luminosity of the roses that are given away when love begins.

Translation: Maya Islas

2

Atardecer en el Trópico

Veo la tarde que se nombra cielo, la ventana en suspenso, la tardía y olvidada peluca y los cien velos que enarbolados siguen todavía.

Veo del cielo la extensión que ardía exponiendo trofeos y ardo celo. Qué rigurosas ondas y armonía fino reparte el cocuyo en su vuelo!

Un momento parece detenido el paisaje o la forma del contenido: la chalupa enigmática y el ruido.

y un poco de ceniza y algún lirio, y el portón arrasado por el viento, y la canción mojada de delirio.

Poet: José Triana

Dusk in the Tropics

I gaze at dusk, disguised as heaven, the suspended window, the belated and forgotten wig, one hundred veils hoisted still.

I gaze at the blazing expanse of sky unveiling its spoils, its ardent zeal. So perfect is the flicker and the harmony of the cunning beetle's flight!

An instant is somehow detained, the landscape and the shape of joy: the mysterious shallop and the noise.

and some ashes and a lily, a gaze razed by the wind, a song drenched in rapture.

Translation: Iraidá Iturralde

3

Canción de Cuna

La niña ya tiene sueño y ha de dormirse. Y sueña con su gran oso dorado y un caballito que vuela.

Cabocá, cabocá mi niña.
Cabocá, cabocá mi amor.

La niña ya tiene sueño y se ha de dormir. Su estela es un cometa de besos que alumbra mi noche en vela.

Cabocá, mi Irina.
Cabocá, mi amor.

Poet: Iraidá Iturralde

Cradle Song

The baby at last is sleepy and she shall sleep and dream of her great golden bear and a flying horse.

Giddyup, giddyup my baby.
Giddyup, giddyup my love.

The baby at last is sleepy and she shall sleep. Her dreams

leave a comet's tail of kisses that lights my night awake.

Giddyup, giddyup, my Irina.
Giddyup, giddyup, my love.

Translation: Iraidá Iturralde

4

Epitalamio

La pareja de ancianos hacía el amor con renovada (furia) fruición

concentrados en sus cuerpos de hace cuarenta años en los portarretratos encima del mueble consola de la sala.

Poet: José Kozer

Epithalamium

The old couple was making love with renewed (fury) enlarged pleasure both concentrating on their own bodies as they were forty years ago in

the framed
photographs
on top of
the console
table in
the livingroom.

Translation: José Kozer

5 XXIV

Soy como un
labio digital
que apenas
reconoce
su piel
o se produce
tan pegado
al vivir
que sólo el gesto
que lo explica
se aquietta
en las paredes,
tengo estancias
que en mí
no se detienen
individuales formas
donde adquiero
diferencias
abiertas melodías
de algo

que en mí se queda
cuando extendo la mano
y me reciben
coyuntura, calor,
que habla el esfuerzo
de una anterior memoria
a toda
vida.

Poet: Alina Galliano

XXIV

I am like
a digital lip
which barely
recognizes
its skin
or produces
the self
so close
to living
that only the gesture
which explains it,
becomes restless
in the walls,
I have rooms
which do not stop
within me,
individual forms
whereby I acquire
differences,

open melodies
of something
which stays with me
when I extend my hand
and I am met
by knuckles, heat,
which speaks the efforts
of a previous memory
far back of that which is
perceived
as living.

Translation: Alina Galliano

“5” by Maya Islas,
“Atardecer en el Trópico”,
by José Triana, “Canción
de Cuna” by Iraidá Iturralde,
“Epithalamium”, by José
Kozer and “XXIV” by Alina
Galliano.

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Conceptuality/Life Petr Kotik

Atoms are inanimate systems. Physically we consist entirely of atoms. When we die, all the atoms are there. Whatever life was, it was not the inanimate atom systems that persist after death. At the virus level of professional concern the scientists say you can identify all the physical substances present as inanimate crystals. Biological science initiated the investigations that successively discovered cells, genes, chromosomes, and other biological design controls. Needing to check their design control theories, they employed the swift succession of generations of the fruit fly and then discovered the even swifter succession of the generations of the tobacco mosaic virus. This brought the scientists into a very new realm of virology where they found nuclear physicists, biologists, and chemists all involved.

Though the virologists have discovered DNA RNA bioprogramming controls, they have found only inanimate atomic constituents. Because their whole series of events started with biology, they have as yet unthinkingly and mistakenly retained the “animate” relationship. Biology began with the whole seemingly living organisms consisting of protoplasm and viruses, but they misidentified the viral substances as

physically “animate,” when life is not physical. The error lies in the fact that humanity long ago misassumed that the organism employed by life is the life itself instead of merely the vehicle as if the telephone was the communication itself instead of merely the instrument.

The now overspecialized scientists seem to have forsaken epistemological significances; they seem to have lost their gift for philosophical thinking. So the focus on the animate aspect of physical things has been continued by the church. Many religious organizations establish their power by maintaining that life is the physical apparatus it employs and by basing their ideals on “living” physical images. If life were the physical, we really could make synthetic men, laboratory animals, and artificial intelligence; we never will. We can make brainy robots, but we cannot make thinking, loving life.

Text by R. Buckminster Fuller,
a short excerpt from Explorations in the
Geometry of Thinking

Luminescence Annea Lockwood

I
Often there’s no discernible shoreline. Air evolves in darkness and sounds keep distant pitch. Primordial chaos yearns to fade away in colloquial invisibility. At times, in fog, in blackness, one dreams of the coming creation.

Chairs listen to sounds they can’t identify. People leave them behind to hurry into the storm: they discover flat lands at their journey’s end. And a thin line of blue.

An uninterrupted series of fallen empires descends nightly on my soul. Birds perform one more flight then turn their attention to the Bay’s luminescence. After a while, the wateriness of the water becomes something of the past.

II
The sea is to be seen. See the sea. Wait. Do not hurry. Do not run to her. Wait, she says. Or I say. See the sea. Look at her using your eyes. Open them, those eyes that will close one day, when you won’t be standing. You will be flat, like her, but she will be alive. Therefore look at her while you can. Let your eyes tire and burn. Let them suffer. Keep them open like one does at midday. Don’t worry. Other eyes within will take over and go on seeing her. They will not search for forms nor seek divine presence. They will rather continue to see water which

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