PROJET POUR UNE RÉVOLUTION À NEW YORK
4 scenes from an imaginary opera
by
Evan Ziporyn
2017 Version
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## PROJET POUR UNE RÉVOLUTION À NEW YORK (2013, revised 2017)

## 4 scenes from an imaginary opera

## 1)...I am closing the door behind me.. <br> 2) Keep Still <br> 3) Asphalt Glistening After the Rain <br> 4) Cut

Flute/Alto Flute/Bass Flute
Bass Clarinet in B-flat (with low C extension)
Bass Clarinet in B-flat (with low C extension)/Clarinet in B-flat
Violin
Violoncello
Vibraphone
Piano
Approximate length: 21:30 minutes (7, 7:30, 2:30, 4:30)
for Sentieri Selvaggi, Carlo Boccadoro, Director
First performance of the original version: Teatro Elfo Puccini in Milan, Italy, April 19, 2013.
First performance of the revised version w/video: Radius Ensemble, Cambridge Massachusetts, May 6, 2017

## PROGRAM NOTES BY EVAN ZIPORYN (2017)

2017: I wrote Projet and the following notes in 2013, when the world was very different. At that time I read Alain Robbe-Grillet's book as strange, beautiful, and possibly perverse nostalgia, a remnant of 1960s counterculture. Even last year, when I asked Christine Southworth to make videos for each movement, with images to be shot in New York, it never occurred to me how eerily apt the title - and the images she would shoot and find - would turn out to be. The piece is the same but it also feels very different now.

2013: Projet pour une révolution à New York is inspired by Alain Robbe-Grillet's 1970 novel of the same name. This book was in my mind continually as I wrote the music, but for the moment the subtitle is purely an aspiration. The connection is contained in the title itself, the combination of propulsiveness and dream-like circularity, a 'projection' of a rêveolution.
The book itself creates a strange alchemy - a propulsive sentence-by-sentence prose style contrasted with a circular, hall-of-mirrors form, with similar scenes occurring and recurring with different particulars and trajectories. A prism that itself adds momentum to the images it captures.
The book resides in my mind not as a story, certainly not as a moral lesson, call to action, or philosophy. Rather, it implants itself as a hazy series of moments, themselves drawn from pulp fiction, film noir, and other parts of the collective unconscious. This piece presents my own projections of four of these, shifting tableaux vivants that attempt to evoke some possible ways of apprehending their subjects.

## for Sentieri Selvaggi, Carlo Boccadoro, Director

## Projet pour une révolution à New York

1) ...I am closing the door behind me...


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