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...
2) Keep Still
3) Asphalt Glistening After the Rain
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 *rêve*-olution.

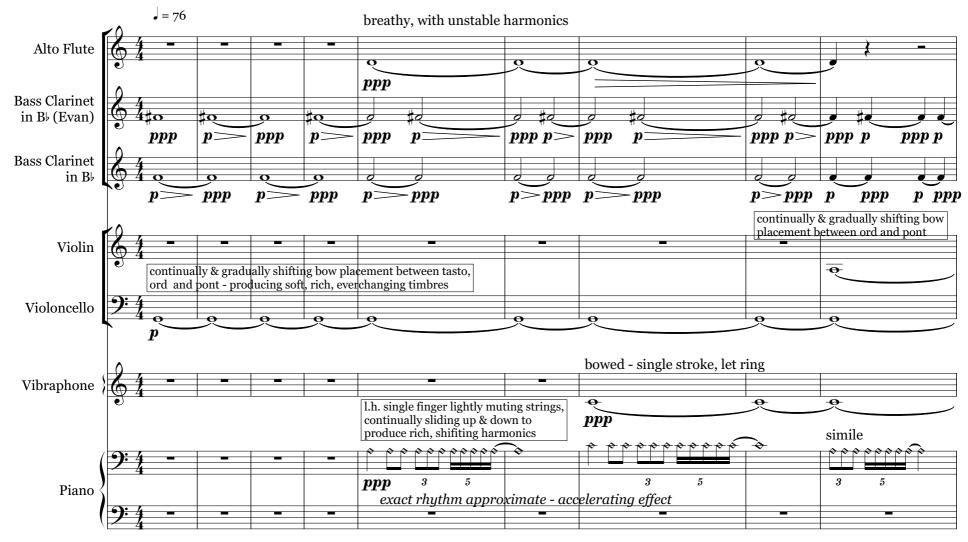
The book itself creates a strange alchemy – a propulsive sentence-by-sentence prose style contrasted with a circular, hall-of-mirrors form, with similar scenes occurring and recurring with different particulars and trajectories. A prism that itself adds momentum to the images it captures.

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...

Evan Ziporyn



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