

Dorota Czerner

(the texts between quotation marks are freely based on an oral report from an eight year old Kinshasa boy accused of witchcraft..... another substance/energy felt in the moment)

“a friend came to our house with a gift of a mango fruit...”

a bird caged inside the globe crushed pulp gave off a sweet heart pounding against the soft fire like a yellow bird set free, skin cut, stone out

an opening inside opening not like something else an incision not like itself not like hearing not hearing like being pierced only always mine yours but other too

“...the following evening he returned demanding my body and soul to pay off the debt...”

*nobody can get past himself
without listening to their own
a place a dream, you think
what you think before moving
forward time perched on the
sound, grammar years undone*

*“....I am a green locust in charge of our ship an outlaw a fugitive,
gliding from roof to roof, carrying messages and light....”*

*past himself un-noticed, dressed in language to go ashore, woven
untraveled then put back in the shiny pod, to be called again only
to save nomadic images traversed by rivers of memory, dotted with
oases, a blue waterfall flowing up*

*and the music, emptying the reality of miracle, against the
unwillingness, I can hear*

four steps below myself

*singing, “now by night my body turns into an insect, and we fly
together on a vessel made from the bark of a mango tree”*

*(The foregoing text was composed as I attempted to write a note for the orchestral version of UN(-). Seemingly unprepared to hold the music as a matter of discourse I turned to a contrary possibility of entering the music as a space, a specific locus from which to hear my own language un-picked of its rational habits, infused with images, dreams, perceptual stains emerging over repeated listenings to Ben's composition-----
thus UN(poem) is a sliver of a parallel micro-universe with a vocabulary of correspondences or links called up by the music, aware of musiclanguage yet articulated in another voice, construed from within the space it co-inhabits, yet highlighting the resonances of its own unique scope, a scion responding to/reflecting/furthering*
—Dorota Czerner, September 2004)

UN(-)

UN(-) arises at the convergence of two biographical vectors: a year of absorbing the sound and sensibility of a little band (Woodstock Chamber Orchestra) led by my longtime friend and Bard College colleague Luis Garcia-Renart; and the reverberations of two just previously composed pieces, one a discourse called *Music as Anti-Theater*, the other a 'multitext' (*Black /Noise III* for computer-processed sound, video images, vocalized words), whose convergence induced an energy for making radically un-discursive, un-metaphorical, un-referential music. Neither UN(-) nor its title are metaphors for each other or anything; but there are, looming somewhere within them, never explicitly referenced, the spectres of ancient Korean court orchestras and ancient French polyvocal church music.

—Benjamin Boretz
October 2004