A Festival of Compositions
March 13–15, 1998

in celebration of
Herbert Brün’s 80th Birthday Year
Cover computer graphic by Herbert Brün
A Festival of Compositions

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80th birthday year


organized by
The Funny Music Group

Arun Chandra
Mark Enslin
Ann Warde
Jim Kilbourne

with many thanks to

Dr. James Scott
Ruth Stoltzfus
Rex Anderson and his crew
The Theory/Composition Division
Prof. Michael Keeley
Marianne Brün
Burt Levy
Concert I

Friday, March 13th, 8 pm
Music Building Auditorium
University of Illinois

Sonatina (1953) (6:00)  Herbert Brün
Charles Lipp, bassoon

Breaking Up Immediately Recognizable Units of Significance is Hard to Do (1990) (4:20)  William DeFotis
tape alone

Selections from The Rocking House (20:00)  Michael Holloway
Michael Holloway, performer

Touch and Go (1967/1995) (15:00)  Herbert Brün/Allen Otte
Allen Otte, performer

Intermission

The Anxiety of Sameness (1998) (9:00)  Susan Parenti
Marie Mellott  text/graphics
Susan Parenti  acoustic tape

Implements of Actuation (1997) (20:00)  Mara Helmuth/Allen Otte
Allen Otte, percussion

for tape alone

Time and Time Again (1997/8) (10:00)  Lisa Fay/Jeff Glassman
Jeff Glassman  actor
Lisa Fay  actor
Program Notes

William DeFotis:  *Breaking Up Immediately Recognizable Units of Significance is Hard to Do* (1990)

*Breaking Up Immediately Recognizable Units of Significance is Hard to Do* is quite literally a “setting” of my text—an attempt to make timbrally and spatially palpable the “musical” sense in which the text unfolds. Each voice (including the first one) enters with a non-sequitur, as they begin shuffling together, they in a sense become more logical. At the same time, the voices separately transform their opening sentences, suddenly becoming halting when these transformations stumble into reminiscences of pop-tune titles. But this halting self-consciousness evaporates into an orgy of boastfulness. It finally distills itself almost to an awareness of an addressee, but not quite. (The recorded voices: Lori Blewett, William Brooks, Herbert Brün, Arun Chandra, William DeFotis, Mark Enslin, Perry Goldstein, Elizabeth Hinkle-Turner, Lucinda Lawrence, Erik Lund, Morgan Powell, Claudia Watson, Steven Whiting, and Scott Wyatt.)

— W.D.


*Touch and Go* is the second of three compositions for solo percussion, the others being *Plot* and *Stalks and Trees and Drops and Clouds*. For each of the three pieces a FORTRAN program was written by the composer and run on the IBM 7094. The output tape contained the instructions for the CALCOMP PLOTTER to draw the score. The notated “language” consists of the distribution, size, and position of symbols on the pages and aims at eliciting from the musician a “musical” response which combines instrumental action and coherent interpretation.

*Touch and Go* is, by the skin of the true, the rarest interpreter’s teeth, an imperative: “Your goal is to transform commonplace contortions on an apparently ill-conditioned time scale, reminding yourself here and there of the sentence: Old favorites one heart-beat ago: Look! Now they are leeches!”

— H.B.


The job, the appointed time, the designated hours of gainful employment.

The marking of numbers on the *clock*, the duration of hands moving on this *circle* of time.

The never ending *circle* marking off linear time.

The *circle* making the line time.

One *circle circling cycles* of numbers, numbing my senses sensing the *anxiety* of doing something just when one *should*.

Shattering my rhythm of biological time based on benefiting natural tendencies, on thinking in streams of flowing rivers, not *circles* of numbers repeating, repeating, repeating. (Marie Mellott)

The acoustic tape was composed in relation to the writing *The Anxiety of Sameness* by my friend and courage-maker, Marie Mellott. The visuals presented tonight are a mere
sample, examples, of the 107 slides that comprise her visual composition. — S.P.


The phrase “implements of actuation” is simply a more elegant and more inclusive way for a percussionist to refer to “beaters”.

However

The “actuation”, making things happen, bringing forth into the real world things of the imagination, is a generating point of this piece. Implements applied to the mbira and bicycle wheel elicited new noises/textures/gestures which then themselves became subjects to be acted upon by more implements: computer applications as compositional tools. The “implements” range from found objects used on the mbira and wheel, through the computer used as both a mixing tool for all of the collected fragments which became the tape part and also as an algorithmic generator or structure for both the tape and the live performance score, to the two collaborators, who acted not only with but upon one another.

an ancient African instrument, a Javanese scale, a Chinese wok brush, red lentils, comb, credit card, the baseball trading card in every kid’s rusty bicycle wheel, a sophisticated computer...

looking for music in places one isn’t yet sure it could easily be found

a music which, though coming from ideas, is not about those ideas nor about the ones who first had or are now producing those ideas

that it not even be about making music, but rather a desire to be near to music, to be with it, inside of it—to be attentive to its needs, to follow each step of the way as the “not yet music” emerges, to watch and listen just to where it—the “what if this were thought to be music”—leads

to come close enough to notice a music which moves itself first, and then me too

literally. — M.H./A.O.
Scott Wyatt: *Private Play* (1997)
designed as a gestural soundscape
with
absence of harmful intent,
with
free and unimpeded motion,
Yet
not generally known.

Although tonight’s performance version is in stereo, *Private Play* was originally designed and realized as a gestural soundscape for an eight-channel sound system using three front channels (left, center, right), two side channels and three back channels (left, center, right). Subwoofer information was recorded within the front channels of the tape in addition to the full audio frequency material and was tapped via aux sends to subwoofers during performance. This was my first effort with our new eight-channel system specifically set up for diffusion work at the University of Illinois Experimental Music Studios (admittedly this is not as effective as my current work with this system). We have been pursuing development of a performance practice and methodology, notation, and pedagogy for a more uniform approach to eight-channel sound projection. I wish to thank University of Illinois graduate students Chin-Chin Chen, Jim Kilbourne, Paul Oehlers, Mike Pounds and Peter Roubal for their ongoing assistance and support.
— S.W.
Late-Night Cabaret

Friday, March 13th, 11 pm
Allen Hall South Rec Room
University of Illinois

Agnes and Winkle: Haunting

The Poet Retracts (1988) (20:00)

Rick Burkhardt actor
Andy Grisevitch actor

Agnes and Winkle: I am not lots of people

Freedom and Democracy

Rick Burkhardt accordion
Andy Grisevitch guitar
Mark Enslin bassoon

Agnes and Winkle: If I pick up a book…

43 Hand-to-Face Gestures (1998) (15:00)

Rishi Zutshi actor
Tony Macaluso actor

Agnes and Winkle: I’m…HUNGRY!

Agnes and Winkle: Falling into it

The Agnes and Winkle scenes are from the play The Politics of the Adjective “Political” by Susan Parenti. They are performed by students from the School for Designing a Society (SDS).
Concert II

Saturday, March 14th, 2 pm
Smith Memorial Room
University of Illinois

*and then, the Mob - foot, . . no: Knife!* (1996) (8:00)
Mark Saric, piano

*Anthemic Variation* (1984) (7:00)
Lesley Olson, flute

*mutatis mutandis* (1968/1997) (7:00)
Sylvia Smith, performer

*on stilts among ducks* (1996) (18:00)
Rudolf Haken, viola

**Intermission**

*Duettino* (1949) (4:00)
Dorothy Martirano violin
Shirley Blankenship piano

*l.v.* (1996) (3:00)
Ray Sasaki, trumpet

*mutatis mutandis 7* (1968/1987) (7:30)
Lesley Olson, flute

*Sonatina* (1948) (5:00)
Dorothy Martirano, violin
Program Notes

Ed Schneider:  *and then, the Mob - foot, . . no: Knife!*  (1996)
— E.S.

Mark Enslin:  *Anthemic Variation*  (1984)
With an elastic rule, this piece measures its depths, leaps, and plunges so that it steps when it should leap, leaps when it should plunge, strides in confidence at the top, and tip-toes in fear of heights at rock bottom.
— M.E.

Herbert Brün/Sylvia Smith:  *mutatis mutandis*  (1968, realization: 1997)

**The Text**  Many sentences can be said about all computer graphics. Will, unfortunately, be said, too. Not here.
Some sentences can be said only about some computer graphics. They are rarely found and could be said loudly. Not, however, by the composer.
All the composer has to say is contained in a few statements indicating how to distinguish the computer graphics which this composer made from all, of which they are some, from some, of which they are, hopefully, a few, so that they be these.

**The Context**  All the different computer programs which generated these graphics are variations on one single theme. The theme is a statement I make about humans and human society, not as they think and act and as it is, but as they could think and act and as it could be. The variations relate to the theme explicitly only by analogy.
The theme, my statement, exists in reality, whether it speaks about a reality or about a possibility. In this sense these graphics are representative art, emphatically an output.
An observer, however, can see any one of the graphics as a theme, and attempt to make statements which reflect, by analogy and *mutatis mutandis*, the theme he sees.
In this sense these graphics are, until the observer will have composed his statements, non-representative art, emphatically an input.

**The Theme**  As long as we do not abandon present society, future society is “anarchy and chaos”.

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In a desirable society which, as we are not it, is a future society, each of us, its members, moves through life along some path composed of steps taken in preference to many equally possible and equally desired steps not taken. The preference is with each of us, each member. It is directed, however, not by each of us contemplating his desired path, but rather by all of us contemplating the contribution of every step of every member to formations of relations. A step is preferred when found, beyond being desired, to also be desirable.

Unless we abandon present society, future society will be anarchy and chaos.

**The Analogy**  These graphics are traces left by a process. Up and down and across the page a few points leapt in small leaps, leaving a mark wherever they alighted. Each point moved according to a set of rules associated exclusively with this point and distinct from all sets of rules associated with any of the other points. The lines do not connect the consecutive marks left by any one leaping point, they do not outline any point’s path. The lines do connect, instead, the new marks left by every point after all points’ latest leap. The traces of this process emphasize the shape created by all points moving, rather than the outlines followed by each point’s leap.

— H.B.

John Fonville:  _l.v._ (1996)


— J.F.

Herbert Brün/Lesley Olson:  _mutatis mutandis 7_  (1968, realization: 1987)

*mutatis mutandis 7* was written in response to two assignments: to compose a piece structurally analogous to one of Herbert Brün’s computer generated graphics, and to “deconstruct” several performance practices of the flute. The second interest led me to develop “accumulations” of minute aspects of instrumental technique, independent of any desired sound, instruction-oriented rather than result-oriented. The first interest led to the musical structure of looping back and weaving together varied repeats, reflected in the visual aspect of “layering” in the notation. Relations between elements in the graphic, arranged and re-arranged as constellation-like figures, are translated, *mutatis mutandis*, into unconventional relations between elements of conventional flute technique.

— L.O.
Concert III

Saturday, March 14th, 8 pm
Smith Recital Hall
University of Illinois

*Autumn Song* (1991/97) (6:40) Ann Warde
Kristin Perks Champa, soprano

*Assonance* (1989) (14:00) Gary Verkade
Gary Verkade, organ

4-channel tape

*Once Mediated Generators: Variable 7* (1998) (8:00) Cleve Scott
Cleve Scott, electronics

*Quotescape Shapechange Rolespace* (1994) (20:00) Mark Enslin
for cello, piano, celesta, percussion, contrabassoon, and six players
Grace Lee Sarah Wiseman
Mei-Fang Lin Mark Enslin
Mark Saric J.C. Kilbourne
Arun Chandra

Intermission

*Lingua Mortis* (1998) (13:00) Mark Saric

Trumpets Mike Allen
Gus Bolanos
Joey Bonanotte
David Craignhead
Mark Donovan
Lief Hall

Trombones Tom Maddin
Nathan Soh

Percussion Karl Engmann
Owen Rockwell
Rick Warzin
Alan Wong

*Antiphony X (Winded)* (1988-91) (34:00) Kenneth Gaburo
Gary Verkade, organ
Program Notes

Ann Warde:  *Autumn Song*  (1991/97)

katydid katydid katydidn’t katydid katydidn’t katydid

— A.W.


*Assonance* for organ is played on 3 manuals and pedals. When occasionally the same pitch or the same interval on 2 or even 3 different manuals is played, one notices that the same pitch is not quite the same pitch, the same interval is not quite the same interval, even though the 3 manuals and the pedals are registered as much like each other as possible. Neither pitches nor intervals are identical, but only half rhyme as it were—partial correspondencies take place. The lengths of the pauses, too, do not correspond; they are all different.

— G.V.


This piece was composed in the occasion of Herbert Brün’s 80th birthday. It is dedicated to Mr. Brün, whom I regard as one of the world’s most important composers of the last 40 years.

There are four short sections, each ending with a voice speaking a short fragment from Wynstan Auden’s *The Mirror and the Sea* (Shakespeare’s Ariel to monster Caliban: “only as I am can I love you as you are”). This reference to Auden’s “commentary” on Shakespeare’s *The Tempest* comes from “Intermittence” being a part—an Intermezzo—from my *Sound & Fury* project, where I use more fragments from the two writers. *Sound & Fury* is a kind of *theatre of noise* whose performance requires two speakers, one or more percussion players, interactive computer music installation, and multiple slide projections.

Of the four sections, one (section 2) is an instance of thoroughly automated composition. Both the sounds and the overall musical structure were created using one very simple nonlinear recursive process, of a kind that models phenomena of intermittence (technically speaking: an iterated map onto a given interval, my implementation on the Kyma system). As such, section 2 may be considered “pure” machine music, a contextless manifestation of the compositional algorithm. Sections 1 and 3, instead, are the outcome of the live interaction with the compositional algorithm, therefore it can be heard as a contextual manifestation, the context to the machine being a human being. Finally, section 4 is the outcome of the automated process interacting with itself through ambience feedback: microphones lead back the sound to the machine, and the fed back signal (its volume and spectral properties) is made to change the machine parameters. This is a different contextual manifestation, the context this time being the real, physical environment (the room, walls, etc., including electroacoustic set-up and the machine by-products) where the machine is actually placed.
**Intermittence** is presented on tape, here, but it could be played live, thus yielding different manifestations (except section 2) for the same constructive principle. Required for the tape performance are two CD players played either in normal (“continue” button) or random access (“shuffle” button) mode. Hence, it may not be the case that the 4 sections are heard 1 through 4.

My algorithmic approach to composition ultimately bears on creating a music of timbres, of noisy gestures and sound textures. The different shapes of sound are as a phenomena emerging from a hidden, generative process starting from the level of the digital samples (non-standard sound synthesis). The work of Herbert Brün, in this field, was a high inspiration for me.

Thanks are due to Silvia Schiavoni for lending her voice.

— A. di S. 2/25/98


*Once Mediated Generators* is a subset of my larger composition environment TransActional Composition. TransActional Composition (TAC) is a programmed environment for the generation and modification of music information in real-time. It is currently structured to handle a small acoustic ensemble, the Buchla Hyper-instrument and a composer/conductor mediated program entitled TransAct.

TransActional Composition balances a composed structure of formal features with the improvisation on composed gestural features that are transformed by constrained random operations. The formal structure relies on canonic principles where voices are introduced and then combined canonically with subtle variation.

*Once Mediated Generators* uses the Buchla Hyper-instrument and a subset of the TransAct program, this time under the control of the performer. The Buchla Hyperinstrument is the Buchla Thunder MIDI instrument (a programmable MIDI controller), The Korg Wavestation A/D (a multi-timbral synthesizer), and a set of MIDI process and control devices that communicate with the transAct program. OMG begins with the introduction of four instruments, each generating melodic gestures that are recorded during performance. These recordings are then recombined and commented on during the last half of the piece.

*Once Mediated Generators* therefore uses TransAct in a one-pass implementation and provides for the generation of music information, the recording, the transposition, duration modification, instrumentation and combination of music components. This “instance” or performance of OMG is called a variable, in this case, Variable 7.

— C.L.S.
Mark Enslin: *Quotescape Shapechange Rolespace* (1994)
for cello, piano, celesta, percussion, contrabassoon and six players
after a computer graphic by Herbert Brün

*Quotescape Shapechange Rolespace* began as part of a project with Patrick Daugherty in 1976 wherein each would compose an analog to one of the graphics by Herbert Brün then on display in the University of Illinois music library over the title “Competition vs. Cooperation”. We chose *ensemble analog six*, moved it to the foyer of the experimental music studios, and visited it daily for a month to look at it, find things in it, and discuss it and analogies and structures.

Reading the state of the community by surveying its quotescape—the lie of available, sayable shapes (“roles”), players assemble, parse, unquote, disperse, jostle shapes in shared (“scarce”) space.

— M.E.

Mark Saric: *Lingua Mortis* (1998)

*lingua mortis* (1998) based on *mutatis mutandis 355* by Herbert Brün.

— M.S.

Kenneth Gaburo: *Antiphony X (Winded)* (1988-91)

For solo organist, assistants, and 8-channel tape

My first ANTIPHONY was made in 1957. There are ten (with #11 in process). Each consists of a unique interaction between electro-acoustic sound and live performers. *Antiphony X* was commissioned by Gary Verkade.

Imagine a church setting with soloist and organ at one end of the space, and eight acoustic speakers in parallel array at the other end. The audience is situated in between,—caught up in a duel (for life) between them.

Essentially, the metaphor, (Winded), is about my (our) recognition that I (we) am (are) a part of history, and come from it. I acknowledge it, but have no reverence for it,—nor am I sustained by it. Given the continual noise, –(violence)—, about us, it is clear to me that Aristotle, (et alia), can no longer help resolve our problems for us. History has to be deconstructed; —sup-planted by new voices in, from, and for our time. *Antiphony X* puts forth one such “voice”.

— K.G.
Late Night Cabaret

Saturday, March 14th 11 pm
Allen Hall South Rec Room
University of Illinois

Poetry
Rick Burkhardt/Andy Grisevitch
Rick Burkhardt and Andy Grisevitch

Mahagonny (40:00) Bertold Brecht/Kurt Weill

Jimmy Mahoney Ryan Pratt
Jenny Audrey Stiner
Keokadia Bigbeck Amy Ward
Fatty the Procurer James Johnson
Trinity Moses Michael Mascari
Jakob Schmidt Dan Phol
Pennyback Billy Brandon Bowersox
Alaskawolf Joe Robert Reinhart
Speaker Mark Enslin
The Girls Andrea Anderson
Erica Lock
Erica Mueller
Pari Zutshi

The Boys Aleksandr Krassavin
Thomas Kapper
John O’Brien
Ed Schneider

Mark Saric conductor

adapted and arranged by Mark Saric
Concert IV

Sunday, March 15th, 1 pm
Smith Memorial Room
University of Illinois

Sonatina (1949) (7:00)  Herbert Brün
Lisa Goethe, flute

Two-Part Invention Number 5 (1997) (5:00)  Kirk Corey
tape alone

Hot Air (1980) (13:00)  Michael Kowalski
Mark Sullivan, speaker

The Laughing Third (1995) (4:00)  Herbert Brün
William Heiles, piano

Intermission

“...yet with a heart of gold” (1997) (6:00)  Herbert Brün
Michael Cameron, double bass

two-face frictions (1982) (4:10)  Mark Sullivan
tape alone

piece for flute with tape accompaniments (1980)  William DeFotis
Lesley Olson, flute

In an information economy... ideal. (1998) (15:00)  Chris Mann
Chris Mann, performer
Program Notes

Kirk Corey: Two-Part Invention Number 5 (1997)
A landscape in 18 dimensions, composed using csound, Mathematica and Excel.
— K.C.

Michael Kowalski: Hot Air (1980)
Hot Air starts off in one sentence and moves into another, and into another, and so on, commenting as it moves on its own meanings and on those of the sentences it moves through. This movement is surrounded by the variation of phrases, or their partial repetition and by the counting of lengths. Long term and short term connections are made possible. Eventually, for all three voices, the fit is hit but not quite right, and so...? Back to scratch? Or on?
— M. S.

Herbert Brün: The Laughing Third (1995)
WHEN (not IF)
A meets B
THEN
  EITHER:
  B is compatible with A,
  supports A,
  adds no alternatives for A;
  OR:
  B is compatible with A,
  opposes A,
  adds alternatives for A;
  OR:
  B is incompatible with A,
  supports A,
  adds alternatives for B;
  OR:
  B is incompatible with A,
  opposes A,
  turns A and B into alternatives for C,
  the laughing third.
— H.B.
Herbert Brün: “... yet with a heart of gold” (1997)
“When is one?”
“When it’s done!”
When you ask it:
“You again?” and it answers: “Thanks! That’s when
I am one
For you by me
For me by you
For both of us
By both of us
I’m one! —
When it’s done!”

— H.B.

Mark Sullivan: two-face frictions (1982)
The work presents situations in which something goes with something else one time, and against it, another time. It presents an analogy of the behavior of that friend who takes the premise: no friction, no friendship.

— M.S.

Chris Mann: In an information economy... ideal. 1998
risk: In an information economy money is no more mere data but conjugates value relative to the economic status of it’s immediate host. As an instrument of distributive justice any transaction is therefore ideal.
Contradiction is the first explanation. An immanence.
price, the pathology of description (a hypnotic)
Use remains the dilettante’s hypocrisy - four is the profit of two plus two.
transcendence, the possibility of sense and
Apropos so (on selling the self righteous to the self (the kitsch of opportunity)) (irony is the condition of possibility) and the parody of subversion (too fails to be a victim):
the opportunist (a do-it-yourself neurosis)
Facts is co-dependent. I know these things. (On the hysteria of a priori (me) and the thens (context sublimates (sure, but context sublimates what?!))
To obsess, to blackmail narrative (‘now’ as perversion). Like a masochist
’xistence a symptom. Pink. Vanity a proof. Echo itchy. A qua la. The queasily thing so innuendo it’d drop didn that.
Context is decorative. In this sense is it portable, a grammar of accessories after the fact. But a fascist would of course agree. or, But it’s only not something else. A mongrel prag. Off pat. Agreement is a slogan of the vicious.
paranoia, the alibi of the ambiguous (inertia exaggerates (the fit is psychotic))
price, the pre-emptive bureaucratic of credit. Plot. A tic. In cynicals. The rationalisation of therapy, a thing in its
it wants (the subject is overheard (bugs the object)) the wants (the parasite) to wants
(Being both necessary and transparent the voyeur wants to be seen at the work site. The work’s indifference is a measure of it’s redundancy and this it’s value. The souvenired excuse. Only the same is sentimental. But to claim the boss as tax-deductible on grounds it’s art is one of the four noble routes to universal health care.)
Use, the self-similar fetish (it’s impossibility is it’s proof)
I don’t think so
a fact, a failed virus, a phobic looks (the ideal, the pluperfect of agreement) (the crutched reductionist with privileged tooo) (’it’ is a hidden metaphor (words the test of envy - they’ve no fixed sense))
Meaning is experience. And defensive. A private modelling of listening for the ’onymous. Playing ing with chasey. Explanation the ornament. Pragmatically ’stract
The past is an ideal present, narrative the alternative to portability (context a hole in the wall) (I the cute form of censorship) - mind is just the other word for more
Knowledge, the limmerick of logic (the picture remains jealous of the excuse) (logic the mistake in manners), (the proper business of the eye is weep)
time, the quasi colour of sight, a slighly (words have the advantage of meaning something else)
pair-off the narcy narcissist on a roll
To run is not an experience. To have is an experience. The hey-you hero
Reason and the fact effect: ’puter ’s a battery, sentimental (logic the assumption one knows all one needs to know), history - fascism by other means.
On making a fetish of existence: a thing has the distinct advantage of becoming that it’s not.
Need is some sort of other. Cheap.
Narrative - the selling of knowledge as complicity.
’And’ is always a noun. ’Cept of course in common sense.
Capital is not a fact. Credit is a fact.
Reason is that which requires an example. In this sense is it the same.
Knowledge is that form left after the event. (A preposition is that punctuation that quotes.)
’No’ being an ambiguous part of speech, transgression is the minimal requirement of representation (fictional contexts (shit is the first sign of any system (west is cause both and effect))), silence a reasonable form of address.
amonous. An example is not anonymous. It’s too much like currency. An example is bad news. It is that it is not. A decorative negation. Complacent. I need a clone to take me home and make my bed.
form filters. Knowledge is that makes the world unknowable. Stupidity without the grace. Thought, an adverb (the parody apostrophe puts on (Silence, what the audient calls cognition, what the ’crat calls form (Form? I’ll give you form: Shut the fuck up!))) of the self (On listening to the extent that it is my silence that is required:) (Excuse my french)
Knowledge is the name justification plays under on the weekend, though it denies it is event based. How many contexts can you fit into a round number? And the ad hoc proxies? Double guess and the gussets
1 Agreement is idolatry. 1 Description is the explanation of logic. Therefore 2. English is anyway proof, Like possible? An excuse? On legs? Piety pat? Pseudo use? And the look? We’s thus quasies up to willy dear with such a rules tht proof (an a la the) fails too to be a proposition. Shame. Really.
analogy, pink punctuation (truth a 2D question (though it be to scale)), is not yet an hypothesis (like the xample riginal sin
Intuits want does us, proud of (nouns IOUs, greement jus th way posing th right question) an thr capricious betters

leisure, bougeois despair, the tautological fact of art, fails of course to represent. Being both the sense and the truth of it (the is one of the accessories of language (the logic of doubt), a symptom of privacy lists 'to forget' as twin ideals

A picture is a lousy cure - logic a form of news therefore. (The image need only know to stop.)

Ignorance is that radical form of knowledge that justifies a self for which any substitute will do. Particularly description but. It is something of a hymn. Regress in three four. Grammarian seeks society of politicians. Ring after hours.

It anyway goes without saying (vocabulary as piety): we know you are

A truth is that for which the opposite is also true. A fetish of humility

Facts are simultaneously thus logical, though self evidence is hardly what you’d call a good idea.

Use is not a software. Advertising is a software. It describes the principle of sufficient reason (understanding is an exclusive form of abuse) - sense is a fact: 'and' is transparent. It is only not otherwise. An example is not a fact.

Music is not a language - it is without ethics. Necessity only recognises examples. Psychology is a form of grace.

The subject is the edge of the universe. It is metaphorically given. Description is the guarantee. Grammar is something that happens to somebody else.

What defines the market is it’s failure to be a context. Boring is rational. It is also incoherent. Boredom a pretty obligation. (Five is not the failed repetition of four, they is always that high.)

Being a second language, english is self conscious. Flirts. Conjugates by rhyme. Repetition begging the question. (Circular reasoning substitutes for thick description. Knowledge is a factor predicate. It functions as the criteria for style.)

Show me

— C.M.
Concert V
Sunday, March 15th, 7 pm
Smith Recital Hall
University of Illinois

_Crocker_ (1997) (8:00) Arun Chandra
Percussion Group Cincinnati
Allen Otte, James Culley, Russell Burge

_**hiatus pitch**_ (1994) (12:00) Keith Moore
Taimur Sullivan, alto sax

_Trio_ (1994) (ca. 11:00) Chin-Chin Chen
   Loba Chudak flute
   Ben Hayek cello
   Joshua Manchester percussion
   Arun Chandra conductor

_Infradibles with percussion_ (1968–1984) (10:30) Herbert Brün
Percussion Group Cincinnati

_**Intermission**_

_Just seven for drum_ (1987) (10:00) Herbert Brün
James Culley, snare drum

tape alone

_POEMPIECE I: whitegold blue_ (1967) (7:00-12:00) William Brooks
   Camilla Hoitenga, flute

_Non Sequitur VI_ (1966) (13:30) Herbert Brün
   Carolyn Ho flute
   Sarah Wiseman cello
   Shirley Blankenship harp
   Ann Warde piano
   J.C. Kilbourne marimba I
   Jeff Magby marimba II
   David Madden percussion I
   Ian Ding percussion II
   Arun Chandra conductor
Program Notes

Arun Chandra: Crocker (1997)

After a poem by Chris Mann.

(The reason that something is an example, a fold (how many does it take to define a problem? (, a predicate)), an economy of virtual knowns, interrupts the idea of proof (those names of actions and events) that does a shy redundancy, a wave. Looks like a subject, but. I mean, is is-an-emergent-property-of-any-system-the-increasing-probability-of-asking-a-right-question a question (a parasite that adapts) or no, a science of quantity, a legal? And the additions? A function. Of represents. Information after all is that failure of description, an immune system a la consciousnessed, a parody (a typical number (probability is a product of real numbers), a base maybe parity in bags) that dags as some inductive random, a negative it, sit. Like a tautology is a square of the propensity to explain any point-function as (random is just like absence) a factor (D) of phantom flickers, a sort of they-type time (it disappoints (dusts) description) of non-linear possibilities, an avvy quit. Shit. The pragmatics of ignorance - something (decorative) you do on my time (my reduction is smaller than your reduction coz I is a large number)—an abstract that, an example of itself, a me-too no-risk of refers picks up a difference on a stick (difference, the first good) and licks (self-evident (a judgement is a perfect rule)): dear sames, a limbo (game) replica in drag, as names (deduction is the administration of violence (credit is the history (interest) of words without history)): claims it (the altruist) I’s about. Conspires. In (surrogate) two’s. No doubt it queues.)

Thanks to Chris Mann for allowing me to use his poem, and to Al Otte, for inviting me to write a piece for the Percussion Group.

— A.C.

Chin-Chin Chen: Trio (1994)

Trio for flute, cello, and percussion is based on a computer graphic of the same name by emeritus professor Herbert Brün. His exquisite graphic provided a secure structure for Trio, and compositional thoughts and ideas were inspired by the graphic as well. Trio is the first attempt of the composer in music composition.

— C-C.C.

Herbert Brün: Infraudibles with percussion (1968–1984)

In the Sixties I taught a computer at the University of Illinois to assist me in composing a piece of music and then to actually perform it.

The piece I called Infraudibles, for computer to play from tape through the loudspeakers.

Later, I added, by hand and without computer, parts for five instrumentalists.

In Infraudibles with Percussion, the instrumentalists play a musical analogy to the music on the tape. Whereas in Infraudibles with Quintet, the five instrumentalists play a musical response to the music on the tape.

In the analogy, the tape plays one music and the percussion another music. The two musics speak two languages about one content.

In the response, however, tape and quintet play one music, speaking one language about two contents.

— H.B.
Sever Tipei:  
*HB with G & E*  (1998)

Celebrating Herbert Brün’s 80th birthday. Gilles and Erzsébet are in the background ruining patterns.

— S.T.

William Brooks:  
*POEMPIECE I: whitegold blue*  (1967)

In *POEMPIECE I* short fragments of fully composed music alternate with improvisations based upon even shorter fragments of text drawn from a wide variety of sources. The sequence is regulated by a chart which admits many, but not all, possible orderings. At the time of writing it seemed to me that I was experimenting with open forms and with ways of fusing the acts of composition and performance. Now, thirty years later, the piece appears to be the start of a lifelong preoccupation with the relations between sound and language, and especially the ways in which the latter suggests, constrains, enlarges, and confounds the former. That preoccupation has been given voice by a succession of remarkable flutists over the years: Thomas Howell, John Fonville, Maggi Payne, Lesley Olson, Camilla Hoitenga, and on and on. I am grateful to them all.

— W.B.

Herbert Brün:  
*Non Sequitur VI*  (1966)

For the “instrumental” parts, a program written by the composer in SCATRE, calling on MUSICOMP, was executed by the computer IBM 7094, resulting in a print-out, which was recoded into a score and parts for musicians to read. The “tape” sections, however, were programmed by the composer to the then new D/A sound synthesis system. The resulting sound was used without modification just as the composer and converter system had synthesized it.

The programming of this work mainly reflects the continuous search for answers to the following: (1) What is the minimal number and power of restrictive rules that will select from random-generated sequences of elements that particular variety of element-concatenations satisfying the conditions for either recognizable or stipulated “musical” forms and events? (2) Could a combination of stochastic choice rules with heuristic, multivalent, decision-taking procedures contribute an apparent “musical” coherence to a chain of changes of state in a structured system?

— H.B.
Texts for Herbert

Lieber Herbert:

Was war es, eigentlich, was uns damals, 1977, als wir dich erstmals erlebten, so aufstörte (und die Jahre danach kaum minder)? Die Bestimmtheit deiner Stäze, mit denen du die unsern als (allzu) unbestimmt uns in den Hals zürckschobst? und andere dir erbatetst? und gleich dezidiert endgültige Versionen dafür bereitstelltest? und charmant dabei die Fallstricke der Finalität zum Seiltanzen nutztest? War es die Gewissheit (deiner selbst), mit der du mitteiltest, du seiest gekommen, um laut und vernehmlich Ich zu sagen, woraufhin uns schlagartig und siedendheiss klar war, wie wenig wir uns derlei erlauben dürften? Deine Sicherheit—die setzten wir voraus—: wir kämen wieder, wenn wir dir, erst mal vielleicht, davonliefen?

Fühlten wir uns, eigentlich, als du dann weg warst, wie verlassene Schönberg-Schüler, die dir am liebsten Webern-Briefe geschrieben hätten: Schimpf uns nur recht wieder zusammen? Überrascht, das waren wir, als wir endlich deine Musik hörten; da stellte Unsicherheit sich erst ein, als wir nach und nach merkten, dass wir sie doch nicht auf Anhieb begriffen hatten.


Dear Herbert:

What was it, actually, at the time, 1977, when we first experienced you, that so disturbed us (and in the years since then no less)? The precision of the statements with which you shoved our’s, for being (all too) imprecise, back down our throats? and “requested” other ones? and resolutely specified final versions right away yourself? and, at the same time, charmingly danced on the rope with which you unyieldingly snared us? Was it the (self) assuredness with which you informed us that you had come to say “I” loudly and clearly; whereupon we, suddenly and seething hot, realized how little we could afford to do likewise? Your confidence—it we assumed—: we would return, even if, at first, we ran away?

Did we, actually, feel like foresaken Schönberg students then, who would have liked to write you Webern letters: “Go ahead and scold us”? Startled, we surely were, when we finally heard your music; then uncertainty really set in, as, little by little, we noticed that we had not immediately grasped it after all.

And now? You are turning eighty? Give us and yourself time.

—Paul Fiebig and Elvira Seiwert
Baden-Baden, Germany, 22 February 1998
Translated from German by Manni
To Herbert Brün his 80th(?)

Just a little while ago—it must have been around ’58 when both of us had dared a trial return to (West) Germany and had found refuge at WDR’s politically uninfested, although serially warped electronic music studio in Cologne—I met you for the first time because—being a highly critical encyclopaedist—you were in possession of an ancient edition of Meyer’s Great Encyclopaedia. Being in the process of refining Fa:m’ Ahniesgwow I desperately needed to look up some historical issue, and according to Wolf Rosenberg and Gottfried Michael Koenig you were the person on whose door to knock and ask for information which you provided magnanimously with the aid of one of the 25 volumes of the Meyer.

After you had produced one of the few illuminating electronic or electric music pieces you fled Cologne and the country again and settled at a place where you have grown an entire forest of fledgling musicians who have learned from you to be suspicious of aesthetical, musical, and computational formulas. Some of them I met and enjoyed when—several years later—you and Manni enticed me to come to Champaign/Urbana.

From those of your own compositions which I had a chance to listen to and our talks I got the impression that your obsession with critical analysis has not abated in the least. Please, allow me to be just as suspicious of your claim to have enchanted this world since eighty years. It cannot be true because I vividly remember our first rencontre several months ago when both of us were this side of middle age. Let’s continue our discussion of what to do about this excruciating and soon to be extinct capitalist world and of the function of music in it the next time we get together. If we can trust the Gypsy fortuneteller who studied my palm lovingly in front of Praha’s Alte Synagoge, that should happen prior to 2012. Until then, please, remain as politically and aesthetically incorrect as you always have been.

—Hans G Helms
Köln, Germany
4 February 1998

Footnote: As usual Helms is mistaken: it was for Webster’s International Dictionary of the English Language—second edition (unabridged) that he found his way to the Brün apartment daily for many weeks in a row. (Helms requested that I add this correction, not just leave the mistake or correct the text. He wanted me to write “As always Helms is mistaken”. There again he is mistaken; he is often right.) — Manni
FOR HERBERT: With Love

How can one help somebody who has caught him or herself in one of the many semantic traps. Helping to change! One way could be to let it be seen that things that appear to be different may be the same, may be fused. To help then is to con-fuse.

How to do that? Throwing sand between the gears in the clockwork of the mind. “Between” in Greek is Dia and “to throw” bolein, that is, Diabolein. Who can do that? Diabolos, of course!

There are things that appear to be stuck together, but can be seen as being different.

How to undo them? Bring some light: Enlighten! “Light” in Latin is Lux and “to bring” is ferre, that is, Luciferre. Who can do that? Luciferus, of course!

When I think of “Enlightening Confusion”, Herbert Brün comes to my mind.

—Heinz von Foerster
Pescadero, California
15 February 1998

Hello:

My name is Noa Eshkol. I claim the honour of having compelled Herbert to make me his first student—not as a musician, but in composing questions and answers. Thus he became a “midwife” of EW Movement Notation, for which I owe him both gratitude and resentment. — But I taught him Hebrew.

And besides all that, I love him. “Give it to me in writing” he used to say—long ago and in another place—and I do.

John Harries asks to hitch a lift on this salutation.

—Noa Eshkol
Holon, Israel
10 February 1998

Dear Herbert: This small birthday tribute is to thank you for all that you have taught us over the years with your precise words and thoughts. You have taught us to question authoritarian or conformist statements, and not to tolerate the “self-appointed moron... who knows better than to know better.” But more importantly, you have taught us to remain open to the music—and your premise was always that there be music—that we have not yet learned to like, music that conjures up “the analogy to a reality we are not yet caught up in”, and that it is “on desires that aesthetics thrive and not on fulfilments.” For all of this, and so much more, I thank you and wish you well.

—Barry Truax
Vancouver, B.C.
7 February 1998
The day grew dark and stormy. Some boys and girls strolled down the street together. They were kids. They knew that rain was coming. They hoped that rain was coming. A change of pace, although they did not WANT to get wet. Kids.

This group, this gaggle, this coalition of kids approached the house. The house—the one with the grass unmowed, the one that bent their heads when they rode by on their bikes. The windows framed the light inside. Shadows loomed. They knew who lived there. All the neighborhood kids knew who lived there. They called him the Herbster, not the Hampster, not the Herbivore, not the Hermaphrodite—the Herbster.

The Herbster presented a puzzle. The kids did not know to laugh, to joke, to fear...to stay, to play, to run...to speak. Who was this man who once told a neighborhood: “Things is what is said about them, OR ELSE”? (The hood dropped his spray paint and ran, so the story goes.) Word spread among the kids. They filled themselves with awe, struck by their own curiosity. They WANTED to avoid the house, this man. They would not, could not...should not. Kids.

On this day, as they approached the house, the kids felt raindrops falling on their shoulders. The sound. Distant...coming from the house. Not raindrops. The opposite of raindrops. They all heard it. One kid said, “What is that sound? This is not Halloween.”

Another, “I think I should feel pain, but I don’t.”

“No, it is NOT like fingernails scratching a blackboard.”

“Nor knuckles cracking.”

“I’ve never heard anything like it before.”

They looked at each other. They all WANTED to leave. They could not, should not.

A figure appeared in a window. It was the Herbster. He smiled. He waved. The assemblage, the flock, the ensemble of kids looked at each other again. Some giggled, some smiled, some waved. And then, as if on cue from whence knows who, they departed their momentary stasis in front of the house. They picked up their gait and strutted as if they had not seen anything, not heard anything. The sky was still dark and stormy. Raindrops were still falling. Yet, things were not the same, something had changed.

They could not get that sound out of their heads. None of them. And, they could not get the words out of their heads: “Things is what is said about them.”

“Oh else.”

—Larry Richards
Bridgewater, Massachussetts
25 February 1998
My Beginning Brün

Most memorable was my time as Herbert’s student. The journey began with *The Monadology* of Gottfried Leibnitz. The scenario, repeated almost weekly for 2 years, always placed me in a comfortable brown barrel chair facing Herbert with a fresh pack of cigarettes between us on a coffee table. The task: to learn to know the proper considerations for useful acts of composition in one’s time—in spite of the contretemps of society—without misplaced hankerings for the past. Mechanics were left for official channels, nor was pleasant musical chit chat ever permitted. My reward: aesthetic life itself.

—Burt Levy
Oxford, Mississippi
22 January 1998

In the late 1960s, I studied with composer Herbert Brün who cautioned me against making music a competitive activity. He taught my ensemble to play Schönberg’s *Wind Quintet*. We rehearsed, not with the goal of public performance, but to explore the piece. Insisting on a clear performance of each phrase, he let the music become our teacher. He urged us to create long phrases by just playing each note like building sentences by saying each word. When our concentration would falter, he would show where we neglected individual notes. He led us away from the cults of cerebral inquiry and concert-driven preparation. He simplified performance.

—Charles Lipp
Chicago, Illinois
14 January 1998

Congratulations on your 80th birthday. Many happy returns! I had known your music before I met you and I remember well the fright I had when realizing *A Piece of Prose* back in 1972. It was an unforgettable time of fascinating work on account of both the music itself and your unique personality. I was glad you liked my work and proud I could realize your musical visions on simple analog equipment. However, while you liked your work, I was not fully satisfied. For the young musician I was at the time, your music seemed too ascetic. It was only after some years that I came to appreciate your greatness. Your music already then belonged to the 21st century.

STO LAT!!! May you live a 100 years!!! as the Poles say. I hope we can count on more *Pieces of Prose* from you.

—Bohdan Mazurek
Warsaw, Poland
23 February 1998
almost everybody
who knows those of us who know Herbert
know about the care and intensity
with which we have paid attention to his work

many people understand
that it is both the work
and its presentation
which have elicited that response

some people know
what it is we’re talking about
when we now,
in his words or ours, refer to
gesture under stress and
retarded decay and
contradictions and links and
what is lost when what is gained and
the happiness to be in error and

that things which are funny
are not necessarily laughing matters

few people know
that in the midst of all of this
it was Herbert who gave permission
to love Tchaikovsky

Capriccio Italien...

and also Escales
and Schöne Müllerin
and what the forest tells me and
what love tells me...

Herbert knows
exactly what
I mean

—Allen Otte
Cincinnati, Ohio
27 February 1998
When I first met Herbert it was at Ben and Betty Johnston’s in the fall of 1963. I had just finished my first year as a doctorate student with Jerry Hiller, and he had been invited to spend a year or so as a visiting research associate at UIUC, to work in the Experimental Music Studio. He was there with Manni, and I remember the day was punctuated with Betty and Ben’s little boy jumping about giving us razzberries. They had just arrived from Germany, and Herbert said to speak slowly, as his English was coming up to speed, but that, on the other hand, he was very interested in acquiring as much new vocabulary as possible.

This was the same year that Sal Martirano joined the faculty, and Ken Gaburo was already here, so it was an exciting time for electronic music. We were also blessed by graduate student composers such as Art Maddox, Burt Levy, and David Barron, who were totally involved in new music.

Herbert and I shared an office in Stiven House next to the EMS, and we soon became good friends. Early on, I gave him a tour of the EMS equipment, including the Harmonic Tone Generator, which I was in the process of building. He was impressed, but he was equally amused by my showing him all the things that didn’t work right. If I’m not mistaken, the first piece Herbert created at Illinois was *Futility 1964*, premiered at the 2nd Round House Concert, held at Martirano’s home on February 14th, 1964. This was an electronic piece done in the EMS that included Manni’s voice narrating a text by Herbert,

If you were  
not yet to understand  
the meaning which was conveyed  
to these events of sound  
it would be understandable . . .

It soon became evident that in addition to being a unique craftsman of sound, Herbert was equally a crafter of words, with his own sometimes perplexing poetic/philosophical style, which might have been shaped from his German background, but probably was more self-formulated than culturally learned.

Where were you when Kennedy was assassinated? I was at Herbert and Manni’s when the fateful words “The President is dead” came across the airways. In 1963–64 I spent many an hour at their place talking to Herbert and even trying to learn German—the latter to no avail. Also, at Stiven House I gave a free math seminar attended by various EMS composers, and Herbert was a regular attender.

The idea of using a computer to produce “sonic events” was attractive to him, but I was mystified by his assertion that he could make statements about society (read: politics) with the computer. The opportunity to use a computer to produce music came early with the availability of the CSXI computer with synthesizer, built by J. D. Divibiss at UIUC’s Coordinated Science Lab. Using Robert Baker’s MUSICOMP IBM 7094 program for note choices and Divibiss’s synthesis program, Herbert composed *Sonoriferous Loops*, which premiered March 19th, 1965 at Smith Hall. However, Divibiss’s synthesizer was rather limited, and we all anticipated the next step, which was totally

Gary Grossman was an undergraduate composition student with a strong bent toward computers, and he soon undertook the problem of programming the Illiac II. He and Herbert worked closely on a program to generate complex waveforms they called “PGP” (Provisional Generating Program). Herbert’s first piece using PGP was *Infraaudibles*, premiered in London in August, 1968. (Gary had preceded that with his own *Four Studies for the Illiac II* in 1966.) Herbert explained that *Infraudibles* had a double meaning: “Infra-audible” for “beneath audibility” and “In-fraudible” for “incapable of being frauded”. The piece could be performed either tape-alone or with instruments, but in either case the parts were composed with the aid of a computer.

In the meantime, Heinz von Foerster and David Freedman of the Biological Computer Lab and I organized a session at the 1966 Fall Joint Computer Conference (in San Francisco) and a subsequent book entitled *Music by Computers*. We invited Herbert to join us, and he submitted a chapter entitled *Infraudibles*, which was, as you can imagine, entirely different than any other chapter in the book, focusing on philosophical considerations rather than technique. A recording of the tape-alone version of *Infraudibles* was included with the book.

The PGP program led to further experiments in the 1970’s. While I was on leave of absence at the Stanford Artificial Intelligence Lab in 1968–69 Herbert visited me there. I don’t think he liked the aesthetics, but I think he was impressed with the interactive character of their computer setup because later he worked to set up such a system at the UIUC Center for Advanced Computation with the help of programmer Jody Kravitz. This is when the *Sawdust* program was developed which Herbert used to compose several pieces in the 1970’s and 1980’s.

During all this time, Herbert had another big interest: computer-generated art. For years he used Calcomp plotters running off of DCL main frame machines to generate beautiful line drawings based on intersecting polynomials. While I was director of the Computer Music Project in the late eighties, we had a large plotter in the lab, and Herbert worked in the studio for a while producing his art. I have one framed on my wall in my home office. Later he also brought a PC into the lab which was running an early version of *Sawdust* ported to the PC by Keith Johnson. I understand this is still in operation.

During the past 30 years Herbert has had many good students, and I’ve been fortunate to share some of them with him. While I taught them some “whats”, he taught them “why”. Herbert and I have worked together on and off since the 60’s. Unfortunately, more off than on, but we couldn’t help bumping into each other from time to time. I am grateful for those bumps.

—James W. Beauchamp
Urbana, Illinois
3 March 1998
Dear Herbert,

Thank you. You have been a teacher, a provocation, and an inspiration to me. Thank you for being the same to attract the others who became my friends as we studied, worked, and lived together. My nine or so years around the Experimental Composition Seminar and the Performers’ Workshop Ensemble formed the best parts of my mind. The thinking I learned in that environment continues to be the core of what I do and think and get passionate about.

Although I don’t compose music, I don’t follow the new music scene, I don’t write computer music programs, I don’t do performance projects . . . still, I know I’m carrying on the work I started with you. Work on perception, on structure, on dramaturgy, on learning, on language. The medium is no longer music, but the work is still composition.

As a teacher and a composer, you are doomed to having a greater influence than you can possibly know. Students and audiences and performers come and go, changed. You don’t get to know what they took away with them. This is a note to let you know that I, at least, know how much I took from you and the friends around you. A lot.

—Keith Johnson
Hillsboro, West Virginia
3 March 1998

Not wanting His words, I
avoid Ed studying with him.
Upon Reflection, finding
my habits dis-
rupt Ed, I dis-
cove R 1
must have.

Ob stinate questions,
wo R ds,
mU sic: today
I waN t them.

—William Brooks
Urbana, Illinois
March 1998
Often,
when showing someone something,
I notice traces left
of what I was shown
(by Herbert):
traces of a thought,
a formulation,
a performance.

Some don’t teach; some do.

Some teach, but not teaching.

Some teach,
and teach teaching too.

He did; he does:
Teach me,
teach the language,
teach composition
and society,
something new
to want,
to see,
to understand,
to hear,
to say,
to do.

—Mark Sullivan
East Lansing, Michigan
March 1998
I am answering the letter you [Burt Levy] wrote to Gottfried Michael Koenig. He is in [the] hospital, recovering from surgery, and hence unable to produce the goods for the program book for the Brünfest. Please convey our fondest wishes to Herbert on this auspicious occasion.

—Ruth Koenig
Utrecht, Netherlands
February 1998

Herbert Brün is one of the most important figures in the composition theory of the modern age. Early on he saw the digital computer for what it was: a system for creating virtual worlds, an ideal testbed for compositional experimentation and invention. He applied this insight to reassess both material as well as method, always in imaginative ways. And he had the courage to examine the composer’s role in society. I was privileged to meet him on a number of occasions, and to marvel at his legendary wit. I wish him all the best.

—Curtis Roads
Santa Barbara, California
18 February 1998

I share with Herbert a similar narrative. At one point in our lives we had to flee Europe (because the deathtrap it had become for Jews) to Israel. And then some years later we landed in this country yearning to become insiders in a hospitable (intellectual and artistic) milieu. Indeed, we did find here great friendships and they are our daily sustenance. Reluctantly or gladly (whatever may be our case) we the “foreign” outsiders joined the “native” outsiders hoping to become someday insiders in a hospitable (intellectual and artistic) milieu.

—Yehuda Yannay
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
2 March 1998

Herbert Brün is one of the most relevant and important musicians in the Western World.

—Stuart Saunders Smith
Baltimore, Maryland
16 February 1998

33
for Herbert Brün

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

There was no fire to put out.

Police were removed from disturbed areas.

Fourteen thousand Americans renounced citizenship
in 1966.

Not a victory, just something natural.

Express checkout lines.

—Sylvia Smith
Baltimore, Maryland
16 February 1998

Having arrived in Champaign-Urbana in 1974, I remember coming out of my first class taught by Professor Brün with my being somewhat dazed, confused and saying to myself “well Toto, we’re not in Kansas anymore!” For some reason I decided to give these encounters, and myself, several more chances to attempt to ascertain their meaning and purpose. Perhaps it was the unusalness of the class and the unusalness of the teacher that finally peaked my interest, patience and inner strength to begin to question that which I had not previously considered or understood. I was struck by not only Professor Brün’s unique language constructions, observations, criticisms and often provocative tactics, but also his enticing and genuine “dear Dad” qualities that guided me through the moments of conflict and discovery. Initially, the investigations of definitions, distinctions, intent, the unintended and critical discourse were at times uncomfortable, yet I believe these awakenings became the spark that maintains much of the energy in our lives today.

For many of us, Professor Brün’s discourse was a language not yet experienced and understood. Composition of an idea, text, context and/or conditions with, not only full awareness of intent, but also with an awareness and avoidance of that which is not intended, and to construct systems wherein deliberately stipulated premises and statements of desires, become true—became a non-trivial language found—with much yet to be experienced and understood.

These encounters, continuing questions and constructs, and for me, our ensuing wonderful collaborations over many years both in and out of the Studio, remain fresh to this day.

A Mere Ripple? …No! You are much, much more. Thank you for the consequences I have experienced through your being my teacher, my colleague and my friend!

—Scott Wyatt
Urbana, Illinois
2 March 1998
When he found out that I got a job at the University of Illinois, Aurel Stroe (with whom I studied composition in Romania) warned me that there is a highly intelligent man by the name of Herbert Brün at this university. I always heeded my teacher’s advice but, at first, Herbert did not like me. Our relationship warmed up only after arguing a number of times...

There are plenty of topics we could still disagree on today but one of the many things I admire Herbert for is the fact that he treats composing as an act of consequence. Something rare in times when most fellow artists choose to become, in his words, “self-appointed morons” and pretend to avoid issues of substance: intellectual, social, or ethical—and I am not talking about petty conventional morality. Add another memorable saying, “my last piece which I did not learn how to like yet”, and you have another component, the inquisitive, experimental (a word not in favor with those who worship the image of the “masters”) bent which makes Herbert who he is.

The U of I School of Music and its Composition-Theory division are also what they are partly because of Herbert Brün: maybe a little odd for some outsiders, certainly not trendy, trying to preserve an intellectual integrity at the risk of being seen as out of touch with the commonly accepted, practically oriented “reality”.

Herbert has many younger friends—or shall I say followers? Occasionally, I’ve seen some of them getting caught in the web of their own enthusiasm and logic. But never Herbert himself because he is not a fanatic but a person with generous albeit sharp thoughts.

Herbert Brün and my parents are of the same age; however, I often feel he is younger than me.

—Sever Tipei
Urbana, Illinois
3 March 1998

Here is my small thought for Herbert:

Precision driven beyond the boundary of extremity—of perversity, even—to the place where it transmutes into transcendent insight: So, often, has Herbert Brün, in words and sounds and algorithmic imagery, opened and reopened my rational senses by turning their gaze inside out. (In words, Against Plausibility; in sounds, Futility; in graphics, Mutatis Mutandis, and much elsewhere.) Driving rationality beyond the arcane, behind the banal, to the place where it looks, with astonishment, but without pity, upon its own self-delusion... on the very tongue in which it pronounces its own name... and reconstructs a possible world which, possibly, could be habitable...

With love,

—Ben Boretz
Red Hook, New York
3 March 1998
Most artists are diverted from their creative ends by the pressures of the art world, by fads and fashions, by what critics think of as “hot” at any particular time. One of Herbert Brün’s most special qualities has been his indefatigable exploration of the implications of the new technologies with which he’s worked, wherever that exploration may have led him. Even more important, Herbert has made us aware that those explorations might help us to open up new possibilities for enjoying the world, especially when they do not conform to conventional tastes and understandings. As Herbert put it to me on a few occasions, “Music that you do not yet like.” He meant that what’s really important is that we open up to what’s new and interesting in the world. It’s a wonderful message and I’ve always loved him for it.

—Joel Chadabe
Albany, New York
27 February 1998

. . . In the meantime, I no longer teach in Kassel; I teach at the Goethe-University Frankfurt. The College of Classic Philology and Sociology of Arts, at my instigation, has decided to confer on Herbert Brün the Doctor honoris causa. Even if an honorary doctor may seem a rather modest distinction, considering all of Herbert Brün’s achievements, it is the highest honor a university can offer. The honorary promotion should be understood as a token of the esteem in which—beyond the present circle of specialists—the future will hold his compositions and his thoughts. The date for the celebration of this honorary promotion has not yet been determined, it is planned for the third or fourth week in October, i.e., the beginning of the winter semester. The celebration will include a performance of some of Brün’s works, as well as an exhibition (compositions, texts, graphics).

With friendly greetings,
Yours,

—A. Nowak
Frankfurt, Germany
2 March 1998
Translation: Manni

I. on status quo:
“Why do you compose?”
I encounter these questions many times.
The status quo is to simply replace the verb and keep asking.
“Why do you make film?”
“Why do you teach?”
“Why do you care?”
The conventional rule around such questions tends to induce the responses starting from “because”.
“Because I want to see.”
“Because of bread and butter.”
“Because I care.”
The response is sometimes “just because”.
II. on listening:
What leads to this stimulus-response in homo-sapiens’ communication is the syntax that readily frames each other into the search for causality.

III. on becoming a teacher:
I went through periods from that of allergic reactionary to rather sympathetic respondent when encountering such questions. I practiced turning the question around so that the discourse can continue until we wish to rest. When we want to discontinue, that is by our preference, not by the condition we undertook by mistaken syntax.

IV. on the power of the respondent:
“Why do you compose?”
I answer the question.
I fight boredom when I compose.

The preceding four theses have for the most part shielded me.
I was happy and ready to go, and went!

V. on my heel of Achilles’:
Then one day my heel got hit by a truck and the wound was fatal. I had more hits on the same spot over and over, I have blamed A Professor for not shielding me there. So I made up my fifth thesis, on the refusal to survive, with which I live.
When I put this thesis forward
I know the unprotected heel is an essential element for martial art.

_The art of a dreamer requires more than the adaptability for survival. One might have to refuse to survive under certain conditions in order to construct an alternative._

_“Survive!” advised he, who has survived. He could be the dreamer’s nightmare._

- from “On composing a medium”

—Insook Choi

Urbana, Illinois

26 February 1998
The following is an approximate list of dates when some of the performers and composers of BrünF est began working with Herbert. Some worked with him as students, some as colleagues, some as fellow musicians and performers. Responsibility for all errors and omissions is, of course, mine.

—Arun Chandra

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Date</th>
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