TUESDAYS @ MONK SPACE

MIDTERMS:
This Will Hurt Someone

November 3, 2026
8:00 PM

Monk Space

presented by

Brightwork newmusic

The 2026-27 Season of Tuesdays @ Monk Space
is curated by **Shalini Vijayan.**

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STEINWAY & SONS

PROGRAM

By-By Huey Ted HEARNE

Get Rich Quick Ian DICKE

video by Kate Alexandrite

Coś Ania VU

with Abigail Whitman, soprano

This Will Hurt Someone Matt MARKS
(arr. Aron Kallay)

with Mike Jones, tenor
video by Smog

-Intermission-

What Remains (Âncheh Mimânad) Hesam ABEDINI

video by Zahra Ladani

Land of Little Rain Suite Pamela MADSEN

I. Water trails of the Ceriso
II. Sacred Mountain

Coming Together Frederic RZEWSKI

with Tracey Leigh, narrator
video by Yago de Mateo

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PROGRAM NOTES

***By-by Huey* - Ted Hearne**

Robert Arneson's painting "Bye Bye Huey P." is a portrait of 24-year old Tyrone "Double R" Robinson, who murdered Huey P. Newton (co-founder of the Black Panther Party) in 1989. Robinson, a member of the Black Guerrilla Family, is painted with a giant praying mantis superimposed over his face, its wings circling Robinson's bloodshot eyes. When I saw this work at the Frankel Gallery, my guide told me Arneson included the mantis in the portrait because "they eat their own."

Like Arneson's painting, my piece By-By Huey memorializes the (self-)destructive. The piano leads, with aggressive and unhinged music that forces the other instruments to follow or be left behind, but its strings are muted for much of the piece, leaving its voice muzzled and growling.
This piece is a part of Sleeping Giant's evening length collection of works for eighth blackbird, called Hand Eye.

***Get Rich Quick* - Ian Dicke**

Dear Friend,

In less than one year, I've been able to amass a personal net worth of over one million dollars. And I did so using a unique formula that's been proven successful week after week—month after month with no signs of slowing down.

I know this sounds crazy—but it's not.

This formula is not a scheme or a scam…and this has nothing to do with anything you'd be ashamed to be involved in. I'm not misleading you in any way. The claims I'm making are factual and they are all based on my personal experience.

Just pay those bills when it comes in!

***Coś* - Ania Vu**

"Coś" ("Something" in Polish) is the first movement of a Polish song cycle that explores the
meaning of time. It precedes "Tik-Tak" which was written for the TAK Ensemble. I wrote the poem "Coś" as a reaction to a question that I had been grappling with: at what precise
moment does an amorphous entity cross into being a definable Thing? Is its existence fluid or does it remain fixed? Can one ever truly know what this Thing is, given its constant transformation, or is our understanding limited by the labels and definitions of our self-imposed language? The music mirrors these philosophical questions, shifting between evoking the poem's meaning and complementing the vocal sounds. At the opening, the genesis of the word "coś" unfolds as fragmented whispers of "ts" and "sh" that gradually consolidate into the complete word. Noise-based, unpitched textures symbolize amorphousness, while pitched material represents the moment when the elusive Thing takes on definition.

Coś...

coś...
coś się rodzi,
się coś zaczyna
coś znikąd się wyłania,
nie do końca wiadomo jeszcze co.

To coś,
już powoli nabiera formy i...
wypełnia sobą przestrzeń.
I od tej, właśnie chwili,
to Coś zostało już
Czymś!
Jest! Trwa!
A to tak piękne...
A to wystarczy.
To Coś,
Trwające chwilę czy tysiące lat,
Potrafi w mgnieniu oka zniknąć,
A innym razem,
Zamierać jak skały nad oceanem.
Czas przemija.
Tego czegoś już nie ma.

To, co kiedyś trzymaliśmy w naszej szczelnej pięści...

Co to było?

Ludzie myślą, że mają na to odpowiedź,
bo nadali temu jakieś słowo.
Ale co to tak naprawdę było...?
Nieważne,

Bo cokolwiek to było, już nie istnieje.
Pozostanie tylko w niektórych
wspomnieniach, mglistych,

poł-przytomnych snach...

A To już nie będzie to samo.

something...
something is being born,
something is beginning
something is emerging out of nowhere,
it's not quite clear yet what.

That something
is slowly taking shape and...
filling space with itself.
And from this very moment,
That something just became
Some Thing!
It's here! It lasts!
And that is beautiful...
And that is enough.
That Thing,
Lasting a moment or thousands of years,
Can vanish in the blink of an eye,
And other times,
Dissolve like rocks by the ocean.
Time passes.
That Thing is no longer here.
What we once held tightly in our clenched fist...

What was it?

People think they know the answer,
because they gave it some word.
But what was it, really...?
It doesn't matter,

Because whatever it was, it no longer exists.
It will remain only in some hazy memories,
half-conscious dreams...
And it will no longer be the same.

-Ania Vu (2024)

This Will Hurt Someone - Matt Marks

The song is a setting of the last words of R. Budd Dwyer, taken from a press conference in which he pulled out a gun and shot himself on live TV in 1987. Dwyer was the treasurer of Pennsylvania from 1980-1987. He was found guilty in December

1986 on 11 counts of conspiracy, mail fraud, perjury, and interstate transportation in aid of racketeering and was scheduled to be sentenced on January 23, 1987. The day before his sentencing, Dwyer arranged a press conference in his office in the Pennsylvania Finance Building and shot himself in the presence of reporters. His suicide was broadcast to many television viewers throughout Pennsylvania and the Delaware Valley. Dwyer maintained his innocence until his death. His lawyers made posthumous appeals on his behalf, but all were denied, and his convictions were sustained.

***What Remains (Âncheh Mimânad)* - Hesam Abedini**

What Remains (Âncheh Mimânad), commissioned by Brightwork Ensemble for clarinet, violin, cello, and piano, was composed during a period when making music often felt nearly impossible. Over the past year, Iranian and Iranian-American communities have endured war, violent protest suppression, repeated attacks, and prolonged internet shutdowns. I witnessed the beginning of one such crackdown while traveling in Tehran and was forced to shorten my visit and leave the country, uncertain when I would next be able to speak with my family. Returning home, I found myself moving between two seemingly incompatible realities: trying to reach loved ones living through violence and disruption, while continuing to teach, attend meetings, and participate in the ordinary routines of a place where the war appeared to leave no direct trace.

I am grateful to Aron Kallay for asking me to compose at a moment when composing felt difficult to justify or even imagine. The piece emerged from these conflicts: between governments, ideologies, countries, and daily lives; between my life in the United States and my connection to Iran; and between writing for a Western chamber ensemble and thinking through Kereshmeh, a poetic rhythmic pattern from classical Persian music that unfolds within a twelve-beat cycle.

The music is accompanied by a video created by Zahra Ladani, combining footage from her personal archive, recorded in Tehran during the ongoing war, with material drawn from various media

sources. Rather than simply illustrating the music, the video introduces another layer of conflicting perspectives, emotions, and realities. Its juxtaposition with the music reflects the contradictions and uncertainties that war creates: between what is witnessed and what is reported, between personal experience and public narratives, and between the realities of those living through war and those observing it from afar. At times, the images and music seem to speak to one another; at others, they coexist uneasily, without offering a clear or unified interpretation.

The piece asks what remains after a bomb falls: shock, silence, mourning, emptiness, anger, the desire for revenge, hope, and the energy to rebuild. As the music moves through these shifting states, it gradually approaches Kereshmeh. For me, this rhythm carries memory and continuity. In the aftermath of destruction, the piece suggests that two things remain: the past we carry with us and the hope that allows us to continue standing.

This is, after all, a composition performed in a concert hall, with limited reach! Even with the presence of these images, it remains only my poetic response to a reality far harsher than music or video can contain.

Land of Little Rain Suite **- Pam Madsen**

Drawn from my Opera America and National Endowment for the Arts award-winning opera Why Women Went West (2022–2023), The Land of Little Rain Suite is inspired by the life and writing of Mary Hunter Austin—pioneer, mystic, environmental advocate, and activist for Indigenous and water rights. The suite follows Austin's early-twentieth-century journey to California and the desert Southwest as she sought artistic independence and a life shaped by the land.

I. Water Trails of the Ceriso / 57 Buzzards (The Inner Sky)
This movement layers three forces: a flute–cello duo tracing water's fluid motion; a spatialized ensemble of "buzzards" that interrupts and encroaches through a graphic score; and a choral refrain, The Inner Sky(inspired by Rilke), evoking inward vastness and deep listening in the desert.

II. Sacred Mountain
Composed at Sacred Mountain in Taos, New Mexico, during my 2022 Wurlitzer Foundation residency, Sacred Mountain is shaped by my work with the Taos Pueblo, the resonance of the place and by Deep Listening practice. Scored for flute and cello with a spatialized ensemble, it builds a resonant field of tones, overtones, and sustained harmonies colored by the performance space and by sonic memories of the region. A choral version for HEX Vocal Ensemble opens Act III of Why Women Went West.

Originally commissioned and premiered by Jean Ferrandis (flute) and Dominique Williencourt (cello).www.pamelamadsenmusic.com

Coming Together **- Frederic Rzewski**

Frederic Rzewski's minimalist masterpiece, "Coming Together", was composed in response to the 1971 uprising at Attica Prison in upstate New York. Scored for narrator and open ensemble, the work is based on a letter by Sam Melville, one of the leaders of the Attica riots in which he was killed. The text reads:

> I think the combination of age and the greater coming together is responsible for the speed of the passing time. it's six months now and i can tell you truthfully few periods in my life have passed so quickly. i am in excellent physical and emotional health. there are doubtless subtle surprises ahead but i feel secure and ready. As lovers will contrast their emotions in times of crisis, so am i dealing with my environment. in the indifferent brutality, incessant noise, the experimental chemistry of food, the ravings of lost hysterical men, i can act with clarity and meaning. i am deliberate – sometimes even calculating – seldom employing histrionics except as a test of the reactions of others. i read much, exercise, talk to guards and inmates, feeling for the inevitable direction of my life.

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