



Trapani's *Noise Uprising* storyboard

Christopher Trapani Noise Uprising

Sophia Burgos | Sofia Jernberg | Zwerm

THE WORD “RECORD” CARRIES CONNOTATIONS of repetition and memorization “by heart” (from *coeur/cor/core*). Verb forms such as “to fix,” “document,” and “register” reflect the act of inscribing. The noun meaning the object has traveled through many languages in variants of *rekord* containing the heart in its middle. Similarly, music has traversed the globe primarily through the human heart over hundreds of thousands of years of walking, riding, and sailing, remaining a profound mystery of its origins. Simple linguistic connections, like the Persian word *tar* (meaning string) forming the root for both “guitar” and “sitar,” illustrate the persistence of musical technologies across millennia and continents, each a flash of light in the vast, dark room called “Music Is the Universal Language.”

In a musician’s lifetime, their contributions may, for various reasons, remain within “one’s own tradition,” due to any combination of expediency, politics, or access. Like captive songbirds functioning for thousands of years before the gramophone as, to use Dr. Tim Birkhead’s phrase, “medieval radios,” music is learned from tutor to pupil, shaping our bodies and patterns of understanding in the process. How can we, in the age of recording, participate in music on a global scale while searching for the “universal-within-the-specific” and reconciled to Lou Harrison’s directive to “Learn to love hybrids: there is nothing else”? Americans, in particular, have had a robust century of composers striving actively to hear through the mists of style. Since Henry Cowell and Harrison, we’ve seen the earnest, humanist Universalism of Alan Hovhaness, Ornette Coleman’s call to “remove the caste system from sound,” Harry Partch’s expansive, originalist approach to tuning and de-specialization of performer-creators, and the synthesizing of the vernacular and the structural by Anthony Braxton and Sun Ra. Each point toward a socially, politically, and aesthetically “relatively egalitarian” future, to use the sociologist-historian Immanuel Wallerstein’s phrase. The countless narratives of musical encounters, largely the results of

migrations, and their remarkable outcomes in the Americas are a fundamental source of cultural pride.

Over the past couple centuries, instances of a musician being celebrated at the time of their death and then lionized continuously by the generations immediately following (Beethoven, Charlie Parker, John Lennon, Bob Marley, Umm Kulthum, Jimmie Rogers, Abdul Karim Khan, John Coltrane, Fela Kuti, Louis Armstrong, Sayyid Darwish) are vastly exceeded by those who languished in obscurity before being studied and venerated decades later by a retrospectively inclined public (J.S. Bach, Buddy Bolden, Sayat Nova, Carlo Gesualdo, Guahar Jaan, Amy Beach, Erik Satie, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, Nick Drake, Geechie Wiley, Julius Eastman), who are in turn nothing compared to the innumerable names whose legacies flicker out permanently. Whether revival has been part of a cultural project of righting some wrong of the past or simply as new musical resources, it’s been a handful of specialists, often musicians, who kept and then proliferated the memories and documents and created the possibility of a vastly expanded canon. For anyone looking into early 20th-century music in particular, the stormtroopers of memory are the collectors and anthologists of the original discs.

Christopher Trapani’s title for this piece is drawn from social historian and leftist activist Michael Denning’s 2015 book¹, which centers on recordings made in the early days of microphone recording (circa 1926) to the outbreak of World War II. Denning’s exposure to these recordings mainly came through CD compilations primarily released from the early 1990s to the second decade of the 21st century. Those CDs were largely produced by a dedicated demimonde of enthusiast researcher-collectors who drew from the “electrical” era of recording, which benefited from expanded frequency ranges on source discs compared to the “acoustical” (pre-microphone,

¹ Michael Denning. *Noise Uprising*. New York: Verso Books, 2015.

purely mechanical) era of the previous three decades when recordings were limited to a mid-range-only scope of about 100 Hz to 10,000 Hz, a truncated range that has proven challenging to present as listenable (read: marketable) for contemporary audiences for the past seventy years of hi-fi. The discs themselves, despite their reputation for fragility, are composed of over 80% ground stone mixed with binders, carbon, and a protoplasmic insect secretion, shellac. They are stones, vastly more durable than any other audio medium. They survived innumerable cross-ocean voyages, and they could last as well as any marble. Denning describes the electrical recording “Golden Era,” coinciding with newly widespread domestic radio listenership which partially supplanted disc media during the Great Depression, as an example of the capitalist enterprise of the record business as a catalyst at the end of the long 19th century in the Global South, the period of transition from empires to a period of ethnostates.

Trapani himself is a cosmopolitan native of New Orleans, one of America’s most culturally diverse port cities. Having studied and worked in Boston, London, Istanbul, Paris, New York City, and Palermo, Trapani’s professional musical life has taken place in significant ports and gave a personal context to his process of listening through available musical material woven into *Noise Uprising*.

Silk Road-born string instruments became *al oud* of the Arab world and contracted as lute in Europe. So, it is portable plucked or strummed strings, sixteen instruments, that are the groundwork for the sound of *Noise Uprising*. The score also includes eight small percussion instruments, kept to a sparse minimum. The pitches of nearly every instrument fall within the same frequency spectrum as the human voice, overwhelmingly scored in the treble clef. Taken together, the effect is evocative of what one would encounter on 78rpm discs, where the lowest registers were largely unused and percussion was omitted or backgrounded. (Early recording of percussion

was a tricky job; a signal spike from a good whack could cause the stylus to jump out of the groove.) So, Trapani creates a sensitive timbral world of plucking, glissandos, and strummed chords, to which he adds cheap-and-easy reeds and electronics that substitute for the ancient pipes and Industrial Revolution-era squeezeboxes still prevalent in popular music in cosmopolitan ports of the 1920s and ’30s. The two singers largely take turns. When they sing together in the “Havana” section, despite their rhythmic and textual unanimity, the dissonant separation of their autonomous melodic lines creates a feeling that they are each remembering the same song from widely different circumstances. In “Honolulu,” one pre-echoes the other as response-and-call, putting the memory of the words in front of its text, before completing the whole cycle in a brief period of saline-scented harmonic satisfaction before dissolving out of range.

A sense of travel is achieved through shifting rhythms and frequency relationships, particularly through the addition and subtraction of tones between the tempered chromatic scales. In ninety minutes, the effect is of a chamber music epic, fitting for an era of the technological poetry and prose of steamships, picture postcards, typewriters, and monochrome phantasmagoria projection devices (or movies, put simply). Networks of stylistic trade routes, legacies of Portuguese and Ottoman empires, forced migrations, human exploitation, the humble tourist trade, and the secret handshake worlds of inclusion and exclusion among language groups and their subcultures all rise and fade into one another, creating a hyper-elaborated mixtape drawn from a specific moment a century ago—a finger pointing at a moon made of perfect blues-laden songs instead of cheese.

Although evocative of a past, Trapani’s piece is not nostalgic but instead makes nostalgia a subject of observation. The First World War gave nostalgia its medical

definition as the war's causes and effects sent millions searching for new homes and thinking about the old ones. *Noise Uprising's* texts dwell on themes of yearning and memories, and the naming of specific times and places—a particular room, a specific night and its moon, a town, a nest, a grave, a cliff, a harbor, a mountain, a food's flavor and its season. Sad, sad, sad, even when it's happy. Both “I wanna go home” and “baby, come back” are expressions of grief, the strongest emotion, and a near-steady underpinning for humanity caused fundamentally by our constant perception of the beginning-middle-end of life, the sense that time passes and things end. “The blues is something that is hard to get acquainted with just like death,” Lightnin' Hopkins said. “The blues dwell with you every day and everywhere.”

Ultimately, a working musician's mission is to play sounds that resonate deeply with their audience, and if there's a living to be made, to get that audience to pay for it. Convention elevates this endeavor with the term “art,” but as the saying goes, it's 99% perspiration. Unless you check out, by determination or luck, to the remote mountains, forests, and deserts of the world, making music and getting it to an audience involves a lot of travel and will involve ports of entry of various kinds. Preservationists notice the conservation efforts by people in remote regions in villages and among tribes who retained social values and modes of expression of the past. Folklorists have long treasured the idea of an “untouched” quality in the expressions of rural populations. Urban expressions are full of slow fusions and rapid adaptations to avoid obsolescence. So, when, for instance, administrative bodies restrict certain words or discourage particular rhythms, musicians must find ways to reassure their audience that they are still speaking the truth or risk losing their following.

Cities arise on bodies of water, flowing in from various sources and commingling, and their musics also cannot be from any single source. Centuries past, one might have searched for the source of the Nile or the Amazon in the mountains. Beyond the

mountains, the sky, and beyond the sky the birds who swim through it and whose songs we have always loved because they tell us where the water is. And they told us in which direction it might be because our ears were evolved to locate us in space. But your location is a guard against your illusion of safety, the way you notice the moments pass as a beginning-middle-end, faster and slower depending on the feelings flowing through you like weather, and music is a play with how we sense time passing and how that creates changes in the weather inside. The disassociation of a sound from its source on recordings, despite millennia of human expectations that sounds and their makers are essentially one thing, is another layer of play with our capacity for wonder, that we can feel a past time by hearing its professional expressers perform in lived, noticeable time and wonder about the infrared and ultrasonic layers of time outside our perception.

The Scottish singer-songwriter Dick Gaughan joked that in America, 100 years is a long time, and in Europe, 100 miles is a long distance. So, which is greater—100 years or 100 miles?

—Ian Nagoski

Ian Nagoski is a music researcher and reissue record producer in Baltimore, Maryland. He has produced dozens of albums of early-20th-century recordings in languages other than English for labels including the Sound American imprint of DRAM and his own Canary Records.

COMPOSER'S NOTE

I want to offer an alternative account of the origins of our musical world: not in the rock and pop of the American century, but in a world musical revolution that took place almost a century ago. In a few short years between the introduction of electrical recording in 1925 and the onset of the worldwide depression in the 1930s, a noise uprising occurred

in a series of relatively unnoticed recording sessions. In port cities from Havana to Honolulu, Cairo to Jakarta, New Orleans to Rio de Janeiro, commercial recording companies brought hundreds of unknown musicians into makeshift studios to record local musics. Thousands of inexpensive discs made from shellac (a resin secreted by the female lac bug, a colonial product harvested in the forests of South Asia) were released, disseminating musical idioms which have since reverberated around the globe under a riot of new names: son, rumba, samba, tango, jazz, calypso, beguine, fado, flamenco, tzigane, rebetika, tarab, marabi, kroncong, hula.

—Michael Denning, *Noise Uprising*

It started from a standpoint of solidarity: My hometown, New Orleans, the city whose native music arguably changed the global soundscape more than any other in the 20th century. One outpost in a constellation of subjugated, dirty, vibrant ports, with a street-level heritage that outshone the capitals of high art. Horn riffs, backbeats, and changes, etched into shellac and spread across the world.

Noise Uprising presents itself in the familiar mold of an anthology (*The Secret History of Mankind, Excavated Shellac*), a collection of vignettes from all over the map. It is a 90-minute B-side: a people's history of music-making, where the motors of artistic change are not the cultural capitals, but the bustling ports and marketplaces instead—an underground cross-cultural network of liminal, transient zones with greater reach than the concert hall circuit.

From a narrow window of time—at the cusp of the postcolonial era, before mass commodification turned recording expeditions into a codified industry—we have inherited firsthand documentation of an incubator environment that prefigures the boundless reach of today's internet culture, in which availability seems to have again

outpaced the profit motive; after surpassing the time limitations imposed by 78s and jukeboxes in favor of longer-playing media, we have paradoxically returned to a point where we again encounter new work primarily in small snippets, through YouTube videos and shuffled playlists.

There was a long preparation phase: immersing myself in the stylistic vocabulary of far-flung genres, listening to digitized recordings, selecting song texts from primary sources. Like a novelist doing background research for a particular historical era, I wanted a degree of accuracy that I could later challenge and transgress, creating a world that is anchored in a vintage atmosphere, but also tinged with the contemporary, freely interpolating interim developments (à la Thomas Pynchon: “If it is not the world, it is what the world might be with a minor adjustment or two.”). The tracks could sometimes, almost, pass for “stylistically authentic”—until a closer listen reveals a warped dimension—usually some altered microtonal scale, redistributed rhythmic pattern, or updated timbral shading: a Hindustani *Alap* with a quarter-tone *raag* and modulating drone, a Palm-Wine guitar riff in an asymmetric additive *aksak* meter, a *Smyrneitiko* drenched in a shoegaze haze of distortion...

Denning delineates three arcs of influence: “the black Atlantic, the gypsy Mediterranean, and the Polynesian Pacific.” The musical focus shifts accordingly: timeline patterns and tonal harmonies for the transatlantic sounds of West Africa, Atlantic ports, and the Caribbean; modal structures and directed improvisations for North Africa and the Aegean; a focus on stylized gestures in the Indian/Pacific zone: the scoops and slides of *dhrupad* and the Hawaiian guitar, underpinned by drones from the subcontinent or strummed triads dropped off by the Dutch and the Portuguese.

The *Noise Uprising* instrumentarium ranges from nostalgic—parlor guitar, dobro, zither, the one-stringed *Strohviol*—to customized, contemporary updates—a quarter-

tone shruti box, retuned melodicas, a homemade omnichord, a Telecaster fitted with microtonal frets and a bowing device called the Gizmotron—along with a gamut of traditional instruments: *saz bağlama* and *cümbüş* from Turkey, a Vietnamese *dan bau*, a *guembri* from Morocco. I stuck to one self-imposed rule of thumb: No instrument would be brought in purely for a single coloristic effect; at least one reimagined alternate use was compulsory. So the nine-string Algerian mandole, with added microtonal frets, is heard in the role of the Greek bouzouki, the Cuban *tres*, and the Portuguese guitar. An amplified Zimbabwean mbira, with the addition of a few effects, doubles as Balinese gongs. The *dan bau* also buzz drones like a *tanpura*; the aforementioned GizmoTele supplies the gritty timbre of a bowed lyra or a *jaylı tanbur*...

As a nod to a century of electrical recording, the piece aims to incorporate a range of devices for recording and amplification, both vintage and contemporary. The two singers perform with microphones, at times crooning close and at other times with a full-throated distance. All the guitarists play through tube amplifiers, with an arsenal of analog and digital effects. Two speakers amplify processed sound from an onstage computer, which both transforms live signals and plays prerecorded sound files. Some of these have been created using an artificial intelligence-style transfer technique, whereby an incoming signal is matched with a database, in this case a library of digitized 78s from the 1920s. In this way, a composed passage using gamelan samples is transformed into a deepfake Balinese record, the vocal trill that ends the tango becomes a stretched kaleidoscopic glissando, and the singing sustain of the *dan bau* becomes an expressive voice. Other effects are achieved using megaphones, low-powered dictaphones (for a broken-down tape), and a centrally positioned bakelite radiola horn speaker.

The piece opens with the radiola alone, playing an old record with something that sounds like a solo *kemençe* or *sarangi*. Listen more closely and you can hear it is

actually an AI reconstitution. A live voice enters, distorted by a megaphone, triggering a chain of fragments in the radiola: fragments from old recordings that dovetail into one another via a common pitch in the voice. A line sung in Sanskrit, then the strohviol comes in—a third horn, coloring the building sonority that cascades into the release of a Jakartan *kroncong* tune.

Above all, *Noise Uprising* is intended as a celebration of the underdog. Not the “top down” approach of conservatories and concert halls, but a “bottom up” vector, rooted in street-level, waterfront exchange. The guitar is a universal emblem of popular music, along with the cheaply-produced free reeds and improvised percussion—all late entries to the classical circuit. “Pop” vocal stylings still vie for serious consideration with *bel canto*. One way of understanding the priorities of *Noise Uprising* is to note the powerful places that are skipped over (New York, London, Paris, Tokyo, Berlin) in favor of crumbling Clarksdale, chaotic Mumbai, and dear old, defeated New Orleans—a specter in the cycle, an intended but uncompleted stop on the tour...

In a tangible way, the 78 RPM liberated unfamiliar voices by detaching the musician from the sound, allowing a degree of transgression and intermingling that social mores would never tolerate in the flesh. Discs arrived from abroad with no information aside from the label, often indecipherable. No way even to classify according to skin color, the determinate marketing detail of the era. Disembodied voices, divorced from context, travelled farther than the musicians who owned them ever could. That kind of reversal brings to mind Gerhard Kubik’s observation, in *Africa and the Blues*, that “in culture contact situations it often happens that minorities win. Or Denning, again: “There is no question that recordings, organized as a multinational industry, leads to the expropriation and exploitation of musical labors, as well as the isolated, repetitive, and fetishized consumption of its commodities. But it

also makes possible new and unexpected reverberations, new forms of affiliation and solidarity across space and time.”

It’s enormously to our advantage that people are still actively learning about, writing about, translating music across cultural and linguistic boundaries. Nothing detracts from the primacy and reverence for the thing itself: that fortuitous treasure trove of century-old shellac records.

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1. RADIOLA PRELUDE

Sophia Burgos, vocal; Johannes Westendorp, Strohviol

*Mora jiyara laraje
Ka karoon kit javoon*

My heart trembles
What can I do, where can I go?

Miyan ki malhar (traditional)

2. JAKARTA (KRONCONG)

Sophia Burgos, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, ukulele; Toon Callier, banjo guitar; Christopher Trapani, lap steel guitar, omnichord; Johannes Westendorp, Strohviol

*Pasang telinga dengarkan yang terang
Apa yang kukata, di hati dendang
Haii jangan bersedih dan janganlah bimbang
Mendengarkan ini, kembali riang*

Close your ears and listen to the clear
What I said, in my heart
Hey don’t be sad and don’t worry
Listen to this, come back cheerful

*Oooo aii memetik gitar
Senanglah di hati*

*Oooo aii strumming the guitar
Be happy in the heart*

Kroncong Moritsko (traditional)

3. TUNIS

Sofia Jernberg, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, def, tambourine; Toon Callier, banjo guitar; Christopher Trapani, melodica; Johannes Westendorp, microtonal Telecaster

*Kiliini l—shawqin qad alamma bi-muhjatii
wa adh’ananii Hatta inthanaytu bi-laa quuwaa
YaHinnu Haniina-l-jidh’i minnii ilaykumu
Fu’aadun rabiinun fii aSSabaabati w-al-jawaa*

Leave me to yearning that took over my heart
and defeated me until I succumbed without
strength
Like the trunk of palm tree yearned for the
Prophet
My heart is captive of a painful love

*Qul li-lhilaal alladhii qad fatannii
kallimnii yaa riim ya qamar
Qum yaa nadiim nitbaqqaaw suway’a
allaylu ‘aqqab ‘ala-l-‘atbar*

Tell the moon that caused me to be smitten
Talk to me, O gazelle, O moon
Wake up, companion, and let us spend an hour
Night is over

Maqām Mezmūm (trans. Taoufik Ben Amor)

4. BUENOS AIRES (TANGO)

Sophia Burgos, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, parlour guitar; Toon Callier, classical guitar; Christopher Trapani, melodica; Johannes Westendorp, GizmoTele (Microtonal Telecaster with Gizmotron)

*Cuando llegaste al nido, tus ojos soñadores
clavaste en mi muñeca vestida de Pierrot
y alzándola en tus brazos, como una madrecita,
dijiste: "Pobrecita, no tiene corazón".*

*Tus manos diligentes hurgaron todo el cuarto
y con un pedacito muy rojo de papel,
un corazón le hiciste, un corazón pequeño,
que clavaste en su pecho con un lindo alfiler.*

*Muñequita de trapo
vestida de Pierrot,
nunca tendrá tu pecho,
amores ni ilusión,
nunca podrás vivir
nunca podrás querer,
muñequita de trapo,
corazón de papel.*

*Pasaron cuatro meses de sueños y de idilio
y vos, que en ese pecho tenés un corazón,
igual que golondrina volaste hacia otro nido
sin preocuparte nada por lo que atrás quedó.
No importa, pobre cosa de carne pasajera,
te apagarás un día lo mismo que un quinqué
y en cambio mi muñeca será siempre la misma
con su pecho sin alma que hiere un alfiler.*

When you reached the nest, your dreamy eyes
you nailed my doll dressed as Pierrot
and lifting her in your arms, like a little mother,
You said: "Poor thing, she has no heart."

Your diligent hands rummaged around the room
and with a very red little piece of paper,
you made a heart, a small heart,
that you stuck in her chest with a pretty pin.

Rag doll
dressed as Pierrot,
will never have your chest
loves or illusion,
you can never live
you can never love
rag doll,
paper heart.

Four months of dreams and idyll passed
and you, who have a heart in that chest,
Just like a swallow you flew to another nest
without worrying about what was left behind.
It doesn't matter, poor thing of passing meat,
you will go out one day the same as a lamp
and instead my wrist will always be the same
with his soulless chest that hurts a pin.

Corazón de papel (1929)

5. MOMBASA

Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, mbira; Toon Callier, guembri; Christopher Trapani, mandole, shaker, rugalator, tin box; Johannes Westendorp, microtonal Telecaster

6. HAVANA (SON)

Sophia Burgos, vocal; Sofia Jernberg, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, claves, cowbell; Toon Callier, guembri; Christopher Trapani, mandole; Johannes Westendorp, microtonal Telecaster

*Cuando silenciosa
La noche misteriosa
Envuelve con su manto, la ciudad
El eco de tu voz
Lo escucho junto a mí
Y siento que es mayor mi soledad*

*A mi mente acuden
Recuerdos de otros tiempos
Y todo se hace oscuro, para mí
Me falla el corazón
Y pierdo la razón
Sintiendo ya la angustia de morir*

*El pasado me atormenta
Imposible es olvidar
Quiero de mi mente alejar la visión
Pero más la vuelvo a recordar*

Cuando silenciosa...

When silent
The mysterious night
Wraps the city with its mantle
The echo of your voice
I hear it next to me
And I feel that my loneliness is greater

Memories of other times
come to my mind
And everything becomes dark, for me
My heart fails
And I lose my mind
Already feeling the anguish of dying

The past torments me
Impossible to forget
I want to remove the vision from my mind
But I remember it again

When silent...

Noche Triste (Antonio Machín)

7. PIRAEUS I (TAXIM)

Sofia Jernberg, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, saz bağlama; Christopher Trapani, mandole

8. PIRAEUS II (REBETIKA)

Sofia Jernberg, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, saz bağlama; Toon Callier, guitar banjo; Christopher Trapani, mandole; Johannes Westendorp, GizmoTele

*Spasta fos mou gia ta mena
kan' ta ola rimadio
ki ego ta 'cho pliromena
gia ta matia sou ta dyo*

Break everything, I don't care
make everything a ruin
it's worth it
for your two eyes

*Ta lefta mi se skotizoun
kane ta gyalia karfia
oi parades aman ti axizoun
bros stin tosi s' emorfia
oi parades opler ti axizoun
bros stin tosi tsachpinia.*

Don't let money blind you
make the glasses nails
what is all the money worth?
leads to so much beauty
what is all the money worth?
leads to so much fighting

*Gia ton kosmo mi se melei
ti tha pei sti geitonía
chorepse ena aman tsifteteli
gia to peisma tou ntonia
chorepse ena tsifteteli*

Don't care about the world
what will he say in the neighborhood?
dance a tsifteteli
for the stubbornness of the world
dance a tsifteteli

*Tipota allo na min kaneis
glenta fos mou ti zoi*

Nothing else to do
feast on life, my light

Spasta fos mou gia ta mena (Rita Abatzi; translation: Stefanos Roulakis)

9. LISBON (FADO)

Sophia Burgos, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, 12-string electric guitar; Toon Callier, classical guitar; Christopher Trapani, mandole

*Ó Deus por quem rezei as santas orações
Que a mãe que me levaste às vezes me ensinava
Que mal te fiz, ó Deus? Que das tantos perdões
E não soubeste ouvir as preces que eu rezava*

O God for whom I prayed the holy prayers
That the mother you took me to sometimes
taught me
What harm have I done, O God? that you
pardon so much
And you didn't know how to hear the prayers
that I prayed

*Um corpo sem ter alma, é nau sem timoneiro
É dia sem ter sol, é noite sem luar
É sorriso a fingir, é loucura a cantar
É nada ter no mundo, é ter o mundo inteiro*

A body without a soul is a ship without a
helmsman
It's a day without the sun, it's a night without
moonlight
It's a fake smile, it's crazy to sing
It's having nothing in the world, having the
whole world

*É triste a minha sina e franca a rebeldia
Que tu me deste, ó Deus, roubando o meu encanto
Que às vezes quero rir mas não tenho alegria
E quedo-me a chorar, mas já não tenho pranto*

My fate is sad and rebellion is frank
That you gave me, O God, stealing my charm
That sometimes I want to laugh but I'm not
happy
And I stop crying, but I don't cry anymore

Descrença (Lino Teixeira)

10. BOMBAY (ALAP)

Sofia Jernberg, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, quarter-tone shruti box; Toon Callier, dan bau; Christopher Trapani, lap steel guitar; Johannes Westendorp, GizmoTele

11. BALI

Sophia Burgos, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, small thai gong, mbira; Toon Callier, dan bau; Christopher Trapani, lap steel guitar; Johannes Westendorp, Strohviol

*Ngoréng jaja celos-celosan,
Durén matah di suminé,
Timpas puntul jang di sanggah,
Kecemcemé le beng abedik*

Frying cakes down low,
Unripe durian lying on the straw,
The knife in the temple isn't too sharp,
The sour leaves are a bit ripe

Ngoréng jaja (Bali, 1928)

12. HANOI

Sofia Jernberg, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, electric guitar; Toon Callier, dan bau; Christopher Trapani, lap steel guitar, resonator guitar; Johannes Westendorp, wooden sticks

*Non xanh xanh, nước xanh xanh
Sớm tình tình sớm, trưa tình tình trưa
Năm chờ ấy ai tháng đợi năm chờ
Mà người ngày ấy bây giờ là đã*

Green mountains, blue water
It is early, then it becomes late
I have been waiting for years
But now you are here

Mưỡu

13. CLARKSDALE (BLUES)

Sophia Burgos, vocal; Christopher Trapani, resonator guitar; Johannes Westendorp, microtonal Telecaster

Sun goin' down, and you know what your promise means
And the sun goin' down, you know what your promise means
And what's the matter, baby, I can't see

I would rather be dead and six feet in my grave
I would rather be dead and six feet in my grave
Than to be way up here, honey, treated this a-way

When your knee bone's achin' and your body cold
When your knee bone's achin' and your body cold
Means you just gettin' ready, honey, for the cypress grove

And I'm goin' away now, I'm goin' away to stay
And I'm goin' away now, I'm goin' away to stay

Cypress Grove (Skip James)



14. SEVILLE (FLAMENCO)

Sofia Jernberg, vocal; Toon Callier, Spanish guitar

*Ábrase la tierra
que me quiero morir
que pa vivir como yo estoy viviendo
prefiero morir*

Open up the land
for I want to die
I prefer death
to this life of mine

*Yo camelo guillarme
yo me quiero ir
a la sierrecita de Armenia
yo me quiero ir
donde no hubiera moros ni cristianos
que sepan de mi
a la Sierra de Armenia
yo me quiero ir*

I'm getting out of here
I want to go
to the mountains of Armenia
I want to go
where there would be no Moors or Christians
talking about me
to the mountains of Armenia
I want to go

A la sierra de Armenia (Seguiriya) (Niña de los Peines)



amplified Zimbabwean mbira

15. LAFAYETTE (TWO-STEP)

Sophia Burgos, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, parlour guitar

*Oh jeune fille, vient mettre ta meilleure robe,
On va aller prendre après de toi pour s'en aller loin,
On va s'en aller si loin, si loin comme mon cœur,
Rappelle-toi ça je t'ai dit, on va s'en aller si loin*

Oh, young girl, put on your best dress
We're going to head far away
We're going so far way, far like my heart,
Remember what I said, we're going so far away

*C'est pas la peine que toi tu t'ennuies,
On va s'en aller, ouais, à la maison, ouais bébé,
On va s'en aller à la maison pour longtemps,
petite fille*

Don't bother to worry
We're heading out, yeah, going home, yeah babe
We're going home for good, little girl

Frisco (Cleoma Breaux Falcon)

16. ZANZIBAR (TAARAB)

Sofia Jernberg, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, tambourine; Toon Callier, guembri; Christopher Trapani, darbuka, melodica; Johannes Westendorp, cümbüş

*Unguja ni njema daima milele,
Unguja ni njema atakae aje*

Unguja is a great place, ever and ever.
Unguja is a great place, everyone can visit.

Unguja ni njema atakae aje

Unguja is a great place, everyone can visit.

*Usinjgilibu, utanidhulumu
Fanya taratibu nisikulaumu
Na nyingi adabu pendo litasjbu*

Do not punish me, you will injure me.
Do it slowly: I won't blame you.
For a lot of courtesy, love will heal.

Unguja ni njema atakae aje

Unguja is a great place, everyone can visit.

Unguja (Trans. Rajab Suleiman)

17. ACCRA (PALM-WINE)

Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, parlour guitar, claves, hand claps; Toon Callier, baritone guitar; Christopher Trapani, solo electric guitar, hand claps; Johannes Westendorp, glass bottle

18. ISTANBUL (GAZEL)

Sophia Burgos, vocal; Christopher Trapani, GizmoTele; Johannes Westendorp, cümbüş

*Ne yer, ne yâr kaldı,
Gönlüm dolu âh ü zâr kaldı.
Şimdi buradaydı gitti elden,
Gitti ebede gelip ezelden.*

There is no place nor lover left,
My heart is filled with sighs and weeping.
She was just here, now she's gone.
She came from time immemorial and left for
eternity.

*Sen öldün, ölüm güzel demektir,
Ösem yaraşır gamınla her gün.*

You died, so death is beautiful,
It would suit me to die of your grief every day

Hiç bulmamak üzre gâib ettim

I lost you in a way I will never find again.

*Her yer karanlık pür-nûr o mevki? ..
Rüyâ değil bu aynıyle vakî.*

There is darkness everywhere; that place is
very bright.
This is not a dream; it is real.

Makbêr (Trans. Mustafa Yaşar)



19. SMYRNA (MANES)

Sophia Burgos, vocal; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, electric guitar; Toon Callier, baritone guitar; Christopher Trapani, GizmoTele

*Pios êkhi mâvri tin kardiá na yínoume sîntrophi,
na perpatáme erimiés, na µi thoroúme ánthropi.*

Whoever has a blackened heart let us stay together
and wander the wastelands and hide from the
world's gaze.

Houzam Manes (Kostas Nourous)

20. HONOLULU

Sophia Burgos, vocal, dictaphone; Sofia Jernberg, vocal, dictaphone; Kobe Van Cauwenberghe, ukulele; Toon Callier, baritone guitar; Christopher Trapani, lap steel guitar, omnichord, backing vocals; Johannes Westendorp, retuned zither, backing vocals

*Koni au, koni au i ka wai,
Koni au i ka wai hu'ihu'i
I ka wai ali i, 'o ke kini la
'Olu ai ka nohona o ka la'i*

I throb, I throb for liquid
I throb for cool liquid
Royal liquid, gin
To make life cool and peaceful

*Alia 'oe e ka 'ehu kai
E lelehune nei i ke one*

Wait, o sea spray
Misting on the sands

*Akahi ho i au la 'ike
I na la i 'elua
'Elua maua i ka la' i la
Kapipi i ka pali*

Finally I have known
Two-fold peace
We two in peace
Liquid splattering on the cliff

Koni au i ka wai (King David Kalākaua)

Christopher Trapani (b. 1980) earned a Bachelor's degree from Harvard, then spent most of his twenties overseas: a year in London, working on a Master's degree at the Royal College of Music; a year in Istanbul, studying microtonality in Ottoman music on a Fulbright grant; and seven years in Paris, where he studied with Philippe Leroux and worked at IRCAM. He earned a doctorate in 2017 from Columbia University in New York City. He is currently Assistant Professor of Electronic Music and Digital Media at Louisiana State University.

Recent commissions have come from Klangforum Wien, Ensemble Modern, and Radio France, and his works have been heard at Carnegie Hall, Southbank Centre, Wiener Konzerthaus, Ravenna Festival, and Wigmore Hall. Trapani is a Guggenheim Fellow (2019) and a winner of the Rome Prize (2016). He has held fellowships at Akademie Schloss Solitude, Camargo Foundation, and the Bogliasco Foundation. He is the winner of the 2007 Gaudeamus Prize, and has been awarded commissions from the Koussevitzky Foundation, the Fromm Foundation, the Ernst von Siemens Foundation, and Chamber Music America.

Trapani splits his time between New Orleans and his European base in Palermo, Sicily. For more information, please visit: www.christophertrapani.com

Puerto Rican-American soprano **Sophia Burgos** has in recent seasons established herself internationally as a singer of outstanding intelligence, musicality, and stage presence. Over the past few seasons she made several important role and house debuts: as Teresa in *Benvenuto Cellini* (BBC PROMS, Musikfest Berlin, Versailles, BerliozFest La Côte-Saint-André); as Despina in *Così fan tutte* (De Nationale Opera Amsterdam); as Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro* and Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* (La Monnaie); as Fox in *The Cunning Little Vixen*, and Ann Trulove in *The Rake's Progress*. A champion of new works, Ms. Burgos has premiered J.M. Staud's *Once Anything Might Have Happened*,

Michael Gandolfi's Cantata, *Where can I go from your spirit?*, and André Previn's *Two Lyric Songs: The Waking*, among many others.

Sofia Jernberg, born in Ethiopia and brought up in Ethiopia, Vietnam and Sweden, is a singer and composer. Central to her work are unconventional techniques and sounds with a focus on the human acoustic voice, and themes like identity, internationality, origin, and belonging, as well as a strong belief in communion and collaboration. Music theater and contemporary opera play a significant part in her artistic oeuvre. She has received several commissions as a composer and collaborates with choreographers, visual artists, and film makers. She has performed at Wien Modern, Ultima Festival Oslo, Festival d'Automne, Warsaw Autumn, and Lucerne Forward Festival, among many others.

Zwerm is an electric guitar quartet based in Belgium and founded in 2007. Over the years the group has collaborated with various composers, performers and visual artists. Zwerm has never strived for a one-sided artistic profile. Over the past 15 years the quartet dallied between English renaissance music, contemporary composed music and experimental pop/rock, the common denominator being not so much a particular stylistic view but rather a shared curiosity in all kinds of music

They have given concerts at major festivals and venues in the UK, Europe, Mexico, Iran, and the United States. They are currently artist-in-residence at DESINGEL International Arts Center. Over the past years they have collaborated with such musicians, composers, producers, theater makers, choreographers, and visual artists as Fred Frith, Stephen O'Malley, Rudy Trouvé, Benjamin Verdonck, Claire Croizé & ECCE, Walpurgis, Post Uit Hessdalen, Bad Van Marie, Mauro Pawlowski, Joanna Baillie, Heleen Van Haegenborgh, Christopher Trapani, Lucas Van

Haesbroeck, La Muse en Circuit, Serge Verstockt & ChampdAction, Larry Polansky, François Sarhan, and Stefan Prins, among others.

Zwerm is Toon Callier, Johannes Westendorp, Bruno Nelissen and Kobe Van Cauwenberghe. www.zwerm.be

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Christopher Trapani

Horizontal Drift. New Focus Recordings fcr296.

Waterlines. New Focus Recordings fcr200.

Zwerm

Larry Polansky. *The World's Longest Melody*. New World Records 80700.

Underwater Princess Waltz: A Collection of One-page Pieces by Karl Berger, Earle Brown, Alvin Curran, Nick Didkovsky, Joel Ford, Daniel Goode, Clinton McCallum, Larry Polansky and Christian Wolff. New World Records 80748.

Producers: Christopher Trapani & Zwerm

Engineer: Nicolas Rombouts

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CHRISTOPHER TRAPANI (b. 1980)

SOPHIA BURGOS, SOFIA JERNBERG, ZWERM

80843-2 [2 CDs]

NOISE UPRISING (2024) **A Polystylistic Atlas**

DISC 1 [41:44]**SIDE A**

THE POLYPHONY OF COLONIAL PORTS

1. Radiola Prelude 2:08
2. Jakarta (Kroncong) 3:53
3. Tunis 5:34
4. Buenos Aires (Tango) 3:56
5. Mombasa 5:40
6. Havana (Son) 5:12
7. Piraeus I (Taxim) 4:19
8. Piraeus II (Rebetika) 5:37
9. Lisbon (Fado) 5:25

DISC 2 [51:08]**SIDE B**

DECOLONIZING THE EAR

10. Bombay (Alap) 9:35
11. Bali 2:44
12. Hanoi 5:01
13. Clarksdale (Blues) 4:45
14. Seville (Flamenco) 4:38
15. Lafayette (Two-Step) 2:00
16. Zanzibar (Taarab) 2:52
17. Accra (Palm-Wine) 3:43
18. Istanbul (Gazel) 5:41
19. Smyrna (Manes) 3:52
20. Honolulu 6:17

File Under: Classical/Contemporary/Trapani, Christopher

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