



# TERRA NOVA

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ORACLE HYSTERICAL



HUB NEW MUSIC

# TERRA NOVA

Commissioned by Hub New Music and Five Boroughs Music Festival

by

## Oracle Hysterical

BRAD BALLIETT › bassoons

DOUG BALLIETT › double bass, viola da gamba

ELLIOT COOPER COLE › vocals, guitars, keyboards

MAJEL CONNERY › vocals, keyboards

JOE BERGEN › percussion

and

## Hub New Music

MICHAEL AVITABLE › flutes

NICHOLAS BROWN › clarinets

ALYSSA WANG › violin

JESSE CHRISTESON › cello

**New York City Premiere**

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*A collection of songs inspired by new lands, and the people who ventured into them*

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# PROGRAM NOTES AND TEXTS

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## 1. All the way down

1937: Howland Island, Atlantic Ocean

“All the way down” imagines the final, fatal descent of pilot Amelia Earhart, who disappeared along with her plane somewhere over the Pacific Ocean in 1937. Earhart’s own writings reveal an almost mystical appreciation of the aesthetics of flying. The song depicts her last flight as a gentle, hallucinatory downward drift, focused not on death but on moonlight and tree shadows. — **MAJEL CONNERY**

## All the way down

*inspired by quotes from Amelia Earhart*

I will tell you quite clearly

It was the moon

All the way down toward the ocean

The midnight moon was in my eyes

After midnight look off the right side

The trees -- you have never seen the trees

Until you see them from the sky

Flyers fly

No new lands, no milk and honey

This side of the moon

This waste and wild

Won't you wreck me?

Adrift, adrift this waste and wild,

All the way down.

## 2. Wood Warblers

1838: Feliciana Parish, Louisiana

The artist, explorer, and ornithologist John James Audubon spent his life delving into the far reaches of the North American wilderness, leaving behind a set of fantastically detailed and poetic journals, in addition to his crowning artistic achievement, *The Birds of America*. This piece presents excerpts from his writing on perhaps the most beautiful of his subjects - the Wood Warblers - accompanied by original videos of these tiny birds as they migrate through the northeast. — **BRAD BALLIETT**

from *Birds of America* by John James Audubon

### 1. Black-throated Blue Warbler

The Black-throated Blue Warbler is an expert catcher of flies. It keeps in the deep woods, where it may be seen passing amongst the boughs or residing in the swampy thickets. I have never heard its love-song, but its common note is a rather melancholy cheep.

### 2. Palm Warbler

It approaches the gardens and groves and flies off again to the willows along the margins of the ponds and lagoons and tunes his pipe.

### 3. Ovenbird

Along the margins of the shady woods, where woods are watered by the creeks and rivulets, it settles for the season, and attunes its pipe to a simply lay. This informs her that her lover is at hand, as watchful as he is affectionate.

### 4. Common Yellowthroat

### 5. American Redstart

Te-te whee, te-te whee, wizz, wizz, wizz, flirting its tail from side to side, allowing the transparent beauty of the feathers to be seen.

### 6. Black-and-white Warbler

It climbs and creeps along the trunks, the branches, and even the twigs of the trees without intermission. It always prefers the most uncultivated tracts.



Yellow Warbler print by John James Audubon



Black and White Warbler photo by Brad Balliett

### 3. When China Discovered the World

1421: New York City

Drawing on inspiration from Dawn of Midi's "Dysnomia" and research from *1421: The Year China Discovered the World* by Gavin Menzies, this work reflects on the expeditions of Zheng He. His expeditions were made during the rise of the Ming Dynasty and the construction of the Forbidden City which lasted for a matter of months before burning down. Suddenly, as the Yongle Emperor Zhu di died and was superseded by the Zuande Emperor Zhu Zhanji, the economy tanked, and thus the political landscape of the era flipped. The new government burned all documentation of China's age of exploration and thus buried the historical documents that might have proved that China was the first country to make a map of the world by way of trade and diplomacy rather than colonization. — **DYLAN GREENE**

### 4. The Spanish Requirement of 1513

1514: Santa Marta, Columbia

After the Reconquest of Granada, a whole generation of violent young Spanish men were left with no more war to fight. Many of them looked to the New World, and the lucrative business of colonization. Criticized for their brutal genocides by the Spanish aristocracy, King Fernando and his daughter Doña Juana released a "Requirement", a kind of thumbnail explanation of papal Christianity, which, after it was read to the inhabitants of wherever the sailors happened to be, legally permitted Spain to take over in the name of Christ and the Pope. In practice, this Requirement was read to crowds of uncomprehending natives who had never heard Spanish before, or, lacking even this audience, to the trees along the coast. — **DOUG BALLIETT**

On behalf of the King, Don Fernando, and of Doña Juana I, his daughter, Queen of Castille and León, subduers of the barbarous nations, we their servants notify and make known to you, as best we can, that the Lord our God, Living and Eternal, created the Heaven and the Earth, and one man and one woman, of whom you and we, all the men of the world at the time, were and are descendants, and all those who came after and before us. But, on account of the multitude which has sprung from this man and woman in the five thousand years since the world was created, it was necessary that some men should go one way and some another, and that they should be divided into many kingdoms and provinces, for in one alone they could not be sustained.



Of all these nations God our Lord gave charge to one man, called St. Peter, that he should be Lord and Superior of all the men in the world, that all should obey him, and that he should be the head of the whole Human Race, wherever men should live, and under whatever law, sect, or belief they should be; and he gave him the world for his kingdom and jurisdiction.

And he commanded him to place his seat in Rome, as the spot most fitting to rule the world from; but also he permitted him to have his seat in any other part of the world, and to judge and govern all Christians, Moors, Jews, Gentiles, and all other Sects. This man was called Pope, as if to say, Admirable

Great Father and Governor of men. The men who lived in that time obeyed that St. Peter, and took him for Lord, King, and Superior of the universe; so also they have regarded the others who after him have been elected to the pontificate, and so has it been continued even till now, and will continue till the end of the world.



One of these Pontiffs, who succeeded that St. Peter as Lord of the world, in the dignity and seat which I have before mentioned, made donation of these isles and Tierra-firme to the aforesaid King and Queen and to their successors, our lords, with all that there are in these territories, as is contained in certain writings which passed upon the subject as aforesaid, which you can see if you wish.

So their Highnesses are kings and lords of these islands and land of Tierra-firme by virtue of this donation: and some islands, and indeed almost all those to whom this has been notified, have received and served their

Highnesses, as lords and kings, in the way that subjects ought to do, with good will, without any resistance, immediately, without delay, when they were informed of the aforesaid facts. And also they received and obeyed the priests whom their Highnesses sent to preach to them and to teach them our Holy Faith; and all these, of their own free will, without any reward or condition, have become Christians, and are so, and their Highnesses have joyfully and benignantly received them, and also have commanded them to be treated as their subjects and vassals; and you too are held and obliged to do the same. Wherefore, as best we can, we ask and require you that you consider what we have said to you, and that you take the time that shall be necessary to understand and deliberate upon it, and that you acknowledge the Church as the Ruler and Superior of the whole world, and the high priest called Pope, and in his name the King and Queen Doña Juana our lords, in his place, as superiors and lords and kings of these islands and this Tierra-firme by virtue of the said donation, and that you consent and give place that these religious fathers should declare and preach to you the aforesaid.

If you do so, you will do well, and that which you are obliged to do to their Highnesses, and we in their name shall receive you in all love and charity, and shall leave you, your wives, and your children, and your lands, free without servitude, that you may do with them and with yourselves freely that which you like and think best, and they shall not compel you to turn Christians, unless you yourselves, when informed of the truth, should wish to be converted to our Holy Catholic Faith, as almost all the inhabitants of the rest of the islands have done. And, besides this, their Highnesses will award you many privileges and exemptions and will grant you many benefits.



But, if you do not do this, and maliciously make delay in it, I certify to you that, with the help of God, we shall powerfully enter into your country, and shall make war against you in all ways and manners that we can, and shall subject you to the yoke and obedience of the Church and of their Highnesses; we shall take you and your wives and your children, and shall make slaves of them, and as such shall sell and dispose of them as their Highnesses may command; and we shall take away your goods, and shall do you all the mischief and damage that we can, as to vassals who do not obey, and refuse to receive their lord, and resist and contradict him; and we protest that the deaths and losses which shall accrue from this are your fault, and not that of their Highnesses, or ours, nor of these cavaliers who come with us. And that we have said this to you and made this Requisition, we request the notary here present to give us his testimony in writing, and we ask the rest who are present that they should be witnesses of this Requisition.

## 5. Fallen Angel

1667: Hell

At the beginning of John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Lucifer is cast out of heaven along with his army of bad angels. "Fallen Angel" captures the initial moment of shock as Lucifer sizes up his new surroundings. The air is heavier here, the ground underfoot is hotter. But with an aptitude for focusing on the positive, Lucifer concludes that what's done is done, and turns his attention to precipitating another fall — the fall of man.

— MAJEL CONNERY

### Fallen Angel

adapted from *Paradise Lost* by John Milton

I am home in this place  
I don't need the lights on  
But I feel you  
You make it hard to breathe

Give me pain  
Give me fire  
I'll lead one thousand armies  
Tiny people with consequential lifetimes  
Prepare to pick your tribe

Give me gold underground  
That I will raise as castles  
Show me thunder  
I can be your nightmare

Throw me down  
Set me free  
I'll haunt you from the inside  
All these monsters surround me like an empire

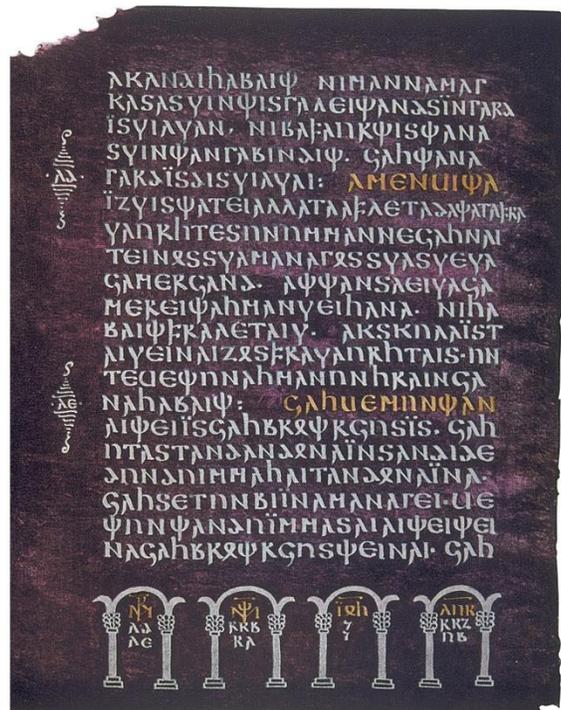
O, it burns  
You're the cannibal  
A suicidal fall can't break my bones  
My company is wasted  
With this band of fallen angels  
We'll show you you're the tyrant

## 6. The Gothic Pater Noster

390: Nicopolis ad Istrum (Bulgaria)

Ulfilas was a Greek Cappadocian, from Asia Minor (modern Turkey), whose ancestors had been captured and enslaved by Gothic raiders from beyond the Danube in the late 3rd century. Most likely born into this captivity and raised by a culturally Greek Christian community, Ulfilas became a missionary to his Gothic masters, teaching them his Arian brand of Christianity and even developing a Gothic alphabet, allowing him to translate the Bible into their native language. — **DOUG BALLIETT**

atta unsar þu in himinam,  
weihnai namo þein.  
qimai þiudinassus þeins.  
wairpai wilja þeins,  
swe in himina jah ana airpai.  
hlaif unsarana þana sinteinan gif uns himma daga.  
jah aflet uns þatei skulans sijaima,  
swaswe jah weis afletam þaim skulam unsaraim.  
jah ni briggais uns in fraistubnjai,  
ak lausei uns af þamma ubilin;  
unte þeina ist þiudangardi jah mahts jah wulþus in aiwins.  
amen.



## 7. Agamemnon Crosses the Line

1184 B.C.E.: Argos

In order to accomplish his sacking of Troy, Agamemnon had sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia at Aulis, to propitiate Artemis and obtain favorable winds. Ten years later, with the Trojan War behind him, Agamemnon is back in Argos--but his wife Clytemnestra has forgotten nothing. She welcomes him home by laying out a red carpet of inestimable worth. By walking on it, Agamemnon will not only cross the frontier back into Argos, but he will also cross the line. — **DOUG BALLIETT**

*(in front of Agamemnon's palace.  
Agamemnon arrives in a chariot)*

AGAMEMNON

First of all, honor to the gods.  
They didn't make it easy.  
They couldn't make up their mind if it was us or them  
But the ashes that were Troy can tell you how it all turned out.  
You can still smell the money burning. God it smells like luxury.

So praised be the Gods.  
One woman cheated on her husband. But that man was my brother.  
And we showed them what can happen when a Tantalid is cheated,  
By the offspring of the Horse, he was defeated:  
We raped their city! Oh, yes, they paid.  
With their fathers and their brothers, their sons and wives and daughters.  
It's universal slaughter, in its fury, its reflexive.  
My God, I'm tired.

Let's convene the council.  
I want to look directly into every man's eye.  
Lift every muddy rock to see what's scurrying beneath it.  
Examine and discuss, till we find justice.  
And what has served well will be rewarded.  
And what needs healing we will heal,  
But what we find diseased  
we will probe, burn, cauterize, amputate, chop off.  
We'll cut out the corruption. I'm a king.

I'm going inside now, to take a bath.  
I've got Trojan blood under my fingernails, and it stinks.  
Victory, you've always stood beside me.  
Please never leave me.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Burghers of Argos, I'm not ashamed to say it:  
I love my husband.



10 years I've been sitting here  
Watching seasons succeed  
With my husband and our King off in Ilium.  
And it's a terrifying thing, the loneliness and isolation  
That the wife has to endure,  
while jackals gather nightly at her door.  
And rumors fly, they migrate in numberless multitudes,  
Minute...like snowflakes, like butterflies.  
One messenger arrives to say that Agamemnon's dead,  
He's interrupted by another saying,  
No he wasn't, but NOW he's dead.  
And every new arrival makes the jackals smile.  
And if Agamemnon had half the wounds I've heard he had,  
He'd be a fishing net.  
And if Agamemnon died even a fraction of the times I  
heard he died,  
The cemeteries would stretch beyond the sea.  
This is what I heard when I was trying to rest!  
How many times did I attempt suicide?  
Thwarted by the servants!

And this is why our child isn't here,

The child we reared because we loved each other,  
And if all were right in the universe, our child would be  
here:

Orestes. But don't look so amazed.  
He's safe, with Strophios of Phocis,  
Who warned me that some unscrupulous usurper  
Could claim the kingdom, kill the sitting prince,  
And take possession of our queen, our helpless queen.  
I wanted to protect our child.  
And that's why he isn't here to greet you.

I've cried till my tear ducts ran dry.  
I don't have any tears left.  
I stared into the starlight all night,  
And cried beside the beacon that was meant to burn for  
you,  
My nights were a melange of nightmares and insomnia,  
sleep that could be broken by a pin drop.  
And when I slept I saw him pierced with spears.

But now Agamemnon's returned!  
Now all the dark days are over,  
No more of these troubles and suffering,  
Cause Agamemnon is:  
He's the watchdog of the flock,  
He's the warship well equipped,  
He's the oak, a mighty beam,  
The pillar that supports the roof,  
He is the son, the one true son,  
The land that desperate sailors sight,  
The sunny dawn after a stormy night,  
And water to the parched desert traveler,  
O, it's so sweet to escape from pain!

And wouldn't it be sweet to escape our Fate!  
And this is how Agamemnon should be greeted.  
These are the praises that his name requires,  
May Fortune give him everything that he deserves,  
And Envy let me be despite my blessings.

Oh, I've been counting down the days.  
Come into your castle.  
But wait!  
The godlike foot that ground Troy into dust  
Mustn't touch our humble Argive soil.  
Countless shellfish leached into this linen.  
Each crushed to yield a single drop of dye.  
Arthritic knuckles knit into the night.  
The wealth of Greece is weaved into this fabric  
a sacrifice to your victorious feet;  
May it cushion every step of your return  
To a house you didn't expect to ever see again.

AGAMEMNON

I don't know what was longer—  
the Trojan War, or that speech.  
Let others make their panegyrics;  
you're my wife, that's not your job.  
And what's this? Red Carpet?  
Are you trying to get me killed?  
I'm a man, not a god.  
How much did this cost?  
And walk on it?  
With my muddy feet?  
Are you crazy?  
And anyway my actions make their own speech  
And they don't need embellishment from tapestries like  
these,  
And in the process invoke the gods' jealousy.  
No. Don't call a man happy till he's dead.  
Till then, don't tempt fate.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Master, please, it's nothing. Walk on the red carpet.

AGAMEMNON

Nothing? That's not nothing,  
it's worth millions!  
I can't walk on that.



CLYTEMNESTRA

Maybe it's a promise that you made when things were desperate.  
Or a prophet told you this is what the Gods demanded.  
Wouldn't you do it then?

AGAMEMNON

Well...if I heard it from a prophet...

CLYTEMNESTRA

So walk the red carpet.  
And if Priam won the battle, and it was you that laid unburied,  
How do you think the king would celebrate?

AGAMEMNON

He'd walk on red carpets.

CLYTEMNESTRA

He'd walk on red carpets.  
But he didn't win. You did.  
So walk the red carpet

AGAMEMNON

I can't. What would my subjects say?

CLYTEMNESTRA

They'll babble to themselves and you'll ignore it.

AGAMEMNON

They'll mumble and grumble and murmur.  
And their voice is power.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Their voice is envy. And if they don't envy you,  
then you're unenviable  
Walk the red carpet.

AGAMEMNON

Is it right for you to tell me what to do?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Be a gracious winner.  
Just give in to this one little wish of mine.

AGAMEMNON

But—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Shh. Walk the red carpet.

AGAMEMNON

Well, if that's the way you want it, fine.  
Someone take my sandals off.  
I will crush these rich embroideries,  
Stained with purple treasure from the sea,  
With my muddy feet.  
Let any God watching take no offense.  
Shameful—to soil such extravagance.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Look, the sea is there. And who will drain it?  
Inexhaustible, self-renewing.  
We need not ask, the sea anticipates.  
Tidal waves of purple, for us to use.  
The gods have smiled on us. We can afford it.  
And now everything is complete,  
everything is ready:  
Agamemnon's home.  
He who makes our winters warm,  
And when summer comes, he's cool and leafy shade,  
And then when winter comes again he's fire's heat,  
And then when summer comes again, he's fresh  
refreshing wine.

*(Agamemnon enters the palace. She lingers a moment outside)*

Zeus, great executive, execute my prayers  
Give my arm strength to be your instrument on earth.

## 8. Terra Nova

1912: South Pole

In 1912, British explorer Robert Falcon Scott reached the South Pole. Accidents and storms mired the return trek, and he and his four companions died just 13 miles from safety. This letter to his wife was found among his belongings, along with the first Antarctic fossils ever discovered, which proved it was once connected to other continents, and covered in trees. — **ELLIOT COLE**



Photo by Robert Falcon Scott

To My Widow,

Dearest darling—we are in a very tight corner and I have doubts of pulling through. In our short lunch hours I take advantage of a very small measure of warmth to write letters preparatory to a possible end—the first is naturally to you on whom my thought mostly dwells, waking or sleeping—if anything happens to me I shall like you to know how much you have meant to me and that pleasant recollections are with me as I depart.

I should like you to take what comfort you can from these facts also—I shall not have suffered any pain but leave the world fresh from harness and full of good health and vigor. Therefore you must not imagine a great tragedy—we are very anxious, of course, and have been for weeks, but in splendid physical condition, and our appetites compensate for all discomfort. The cold is biting and sometimes angering, but here again the hot food which drives it forth is so wonderfully enjoyable that we would scarcely be without it.

We have gone downhill a good deal since I wrote the above. Poor Titus Oates has gone—he was in a bad state—the rest of us keep going and imagine we have a chance to get through, but the cold weather doesn't let up at all—we are now only twenty miles from a depot, but we have very little food or fuel.

Well dear heart, I want you to take the whole thing very sensibly, as I am sure you will—the boy will be your comfort. I had looked forward to helping you to bring him up, but it is a satisfaction to feel that he is safe with you. I think both he and you ought to be specially looked after by the country for which after all we have given our lives with something of spirit which makes for example.

I must write a little letter for the boy if time can be found to be read when he grows up—dearest, that you know I cherish no sentimental rubbish about remarriage—when the right man comes to help you in life, you ought to be your happy self again.

I hope I shall be a good memory. Certainly the end is nothing for you to be ashamed of, and I like to think that the boy will have a good start in parentage of which he may be proud. Dear it is not easy to write because of the cold—70 degrees below zero and nothing but the shelter of our tent.

You know I have loved you—you know my thoughts must have constantly dwelled on you, and, oh dear me, you must know that quite the worst aspect of this situation is the thought that I shall not see you again. The inevitable must be faced—you urged me to be leader of this party and I know you felt it would be dangerous—I've taken my place throughout, haven't I?

Since writing the above we have got to within eleven miles of our depot, with one hot meal and two days' cold food, and we should have got through but have been held for four days by a frightful storm—I think the best chance has gone. We have decided not to kill ourselves but to fight it to the last for that depot, but in the fighting there is a painless end, so don't worry.

I have written letters on odd pages of this book—will you manage to get them sent? You see I am anxious for you and the boy's future—make the boy interested in natural history if you can, it is better than games—they encourage it at some schools—I know you will keep him out in the open air—try and make him believe in a God, it is comforting.

Oh my dear, my dear, what dreams I have had of his future, and yet, oh my girl, I know you will face it stoically—your portrait and the boy's will be found in my breast and the one in the little red morocco case given by Lady Baxter. There is a piece of the Union flag I put up at the South Pole in my private kit bag together with Amundsen's black flag and other trifles—give a small piece of the Union flag to the king and a small piece to Queen Alexandra and keep the rest a poor trophy for you!

What lots and lots I could tell you of this journey. How much better it has been than lounging in comfort at home—what tales you would have for the boy, but oh what a price to pay—to forfeit the sight of your dear, dear face.

## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

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**ORACLE HYSTERICAL** is twin brothers Doug Balliett (double bass, viola da gamba) and Brad Balliett (bassoons), Majel Connery (vocals, keyboards), Elliot Cole (vocals, guitars, keyboards), and Dylan Greene (percussion). Part band, part book club, Oracle Hysterical combines eclectic musical influences with literary breadth. All members of the group perform and compose, with each project developed collectively. Oracle's works occupy the fluid space between classically-inclined song-cycle and art-rock concept album. The group's songwriting illuminates fragments of great literary works like a child in a dark forest with a flashlight. Text sources have ranged from Grimms' Fairy Tales to Greek tragedy, and falsely-attributed Shakespeare, all in collections of songs that distill centuries-old writing through a unique contemporary lens.



The group's recent past projects include *Hecuba*, released on the National Sawdust Tracks label in May 2018, a lush and experimental rock-leaning album based on Euripides' 424 BCE tragedy of the same name that tells the story of the disgraced queen of Troy, her city razed and children murdered, as she descends from nobility to primal violence. In 2017, Oracle Hysterical collaborated with period-instrument ensemble New Vintage Baroque on *Passionate Pilgrim*, released on Naxos/Vision into Art, called "music that is unstuck in time" by the Wall Street Journal, and what it would sound like if "Belle and Sebastian were to cut a record of Baroque-inspired folk songs," by the New Yorker. And in 2016 *The Sea*, a collaboration with the Grammy-nominated orchestra A Far Cry, premiered at the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum; a song-cycle weaving together texts by history's greatest seafarers, explorers, and aquatic fabulists, from Shakespeare to Homer, and John Donne to the Book of Jonah.

Oracle Hysterical has appeared at the MATA Festival, the Berkshire Fringe Festival, The Stone (NYC), The Hideout (Chicago), (Le) Poisson Rouge (NYC), National Sawdust (NYC), the Toledo Museum of Art, and at the Lucerne Festival Academy, where they were Spotlight Artists in 2011.

Called “contemporary chamber trailblazers” by the Boston Globe, [HUB NEW MUSIC](#) — comprised of flute, clarinet, violin, and cello — is forging new pathways in 21st-century repertoire. Through creative programming and ambitious commissioning projects, the quartet of “intrepids” (WQXR) celebrates the fluidity and diversity of today’s classical music landscape. Its performances have been described as “gobsmacking” (Cleveland Classical) and “innovative” (WBUR), and HNM was named one of WQXR’s “10 Cutting-Edge Artists that Have Captured the Imagination” in 2016.



Highlights for the 2020-21 concert season include performances presented by Arizona Friends of Chamber Music, Williams Center for the Arts at Lafayette College, Texas Performing Arts, Celebrity Series of Boston, Sacramento State Festival of New American Music, and a European debut at the Alba Music Festival (Italy). The season features premieres of new works by Christopher Cerrone and Eric Nathan; and multiple performances of recent commissions by Hannah Lash, Kati Agócs, Takuma Itoh, and Michael Ippolito.

Hub’s debut album, *Soul House*, released on New Amsterdam Records in 2020 was called “ingenious and unequivocally gorgeous” by *the Boston Globe*. The ensemble’s upcoming recording with Silkroad’s Kojiro Umezaki (shakuhachi) and Asia-America New Music Institute (AANMI) will be released on Tōrō Records.

Hub New Music brings its passion for adventurous and relevant programming to global audiences as both a quartet and as collaborative artists. Recent projects include *The Nature of Breaking*, a 30-minute collaborative work with composer/harpist Hannah Lash; and a choreographed production of Robert Honstein’s *Soul House* with Boston’s Urbanity Dance. Upcoming projects include *Requiem for the Enslaved*, an evening length mass by Carlos Simon supported by Georgetown University’s GU272 Project that honors the lives of 272 African American slaves and their descendants; a new ‘modular’ work by Sō Percussion’s Jason Treuting; and new works by composers Nina C. Young, Nathalie Joachim, and Laura Kaminsky.

## ABOUT THE PRESENTERS

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Since 2007, [FIVE BOROUGHES MUSIC FESTIVAL \(5BMF\)](#) has brought virtuosic chamber music performances of the highest caliber to every borough of NYC, cultivating new audiences for the genre and encouraging music lovers to look beyond Manhattan for outstanding performances. Lauded as “imaginative” by *The New York Times*, “enterprising” by *The New Yorker*, and “vital” by WQXR’s *Operavore* blog, 5BMF’s commitment to musical outreach and diverse programming has distinguished it as a standout presence in the New York City arts community from its earliest days.

5BMF’s artist roster of over 300 individual performers and ensembles is comprised of talented emerging artists and distinguished musicians alike, representing an incredibly diverse range of musical genres and styles. Its venues are just as eclectic, and have included performing arts spaces, cultural centers, and historic New York City landmarks such as Federal Hall, Pregones Theater, Flushing Town Hall, King Manor Museum, Brooklyn Historical Society, the Alice Austen House, and the Staten Island Museum, to name merely a few.

As champions of new music, 5BMF has commissioned over 50 composers and presented world premieres of their works all across New York City, most notably the two borough-wide tours of its *Five Borough Songbook* Volumes I and II. 5BMF’s outreach initiatives continue to expand every year, and have included program-related interactive lectures and discussions, public masterclasses with world renowned performing artists, and free public programming.

[BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY](#) is one of the nation’s largest library systems and among New York City’s most democratic institutions. As a leader in developing modern 21st-century libraries, we provide resources to support personal advancement, foster civic literacy, and strengthen the fabric of community among the more than 2.7 million individuals who call Brooklyn home. We provide nearly 65,000 free programs a year with writers, thinkers, artists, and educators from around the corner and around the world. And we give patrons millions of opportunities to enjoy one of life’s greatest satisfactions: the joy of a good book.

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