

Eraser's Edge.....Ole-Henrik  
Moe

b. 1966

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Prologue.....Gérard Grisey  
1946-1998

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Lullaby.....Leah Asher  
b. 1986

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Dikhthas.....Iannis Xenakis  
1922-2001

Ole-Henrik Moe's **Eraser's Edge**, intense and persistent, with an unchanging rapid rhythm throughout, suggests unescapable barriers. Eraser's Edge could be seen as a self-contained system, always returning to the same place. As in a lot of Surréalistic and Dadaistic art, that often combined nature with industrial waste or trivial everyday objects, the rapid fire bass in the piano can be seen as a machine, the eraser as the trivial object and the organic violin as nature, blending together.

On writing music in this information-ridden world, Grisey wrote:

"Dismembered by the media, drowned in excess information, over-determined in the age of zapping and clips, the time Bataille called 'sacred'—the time of art, love, and creativity, the moment when something unprecedented happens—can only be preserved by artists who completely resist the late twentieth-century environment. Paradoxically, however, these are precisely the rhythms that feed and inspire artists; this is the only world that calls forth their questions. And so the response to this discontinuous flood of information will be a music finding its own unity and continuity. Its wintry slowness will be the reversed echo of a stress-ridden world rushing to an end."

Grisey's **Prologue** for solo viola is a prime example of one of these slow echoes. The music is built up one cell at a time, creating a 'dialectic between delirium and shape'.

Asher's **Lullaby** is a graphically notated score that explores the edge of audibility, some actions from the pianist going unheard. An unlikely melody arises, lullaby to the sound.

Xenakis' **Dikhthas** is described by Xenakis as "like a personage made of two natures...a dual entity". Again, we find ourselves in a situation of desired escape. The violin seems to be constantly trying to escape the confines of the piano by any means necessary. At the far reaches of either instrument, there is no place further to go. Persistent and desperate, but ultimately hopeless... Dikhthas well represents stifling nature of a dystopian landscape.