The Electronic Music Studios
and
The Center for New Performing Arts
present

PERPETUSA
A 4-Channel Tape Presentation in Five Movements

by

Peter Tod Lewis

with Visuals by
Eugene Anderson

December 11, 1976 - 8 p.m.
Hancher Auditorium Lobby

The University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa
PERPERTUSA

I. Opening: The Call 18:00

II. Farben with Text 6:00

   text: the composer
   translation: Jacqueline Amiot
   reader: Francoise Barriere

III. "Le vent siffle" (The wind whistles) 9:00

IV. Perpertusa 24:00

V. Closing 5:00

Performance Assistants: Peter Elsea, Thomas Mintner,
Matthew Crowe, Richard McCandless, David Olive,
Ohanes Salibian, Mark Schubert

Note to the Audience:

The four speakers on the mezzanine are arrayed in complementary
order to those on the ground floor so as to fill the entire
lobby space with cross-currents of sound. The speakers are not of
fended by the sight of your backs, the deeply-carpeted lobby
minimizes sounds of moving bodies, projection areas are visible
from most locations; therefore, it is seemly in this presentation
for the audience to quietly, and in a meditative frame of mind,
mill about, each person threading his own secret labyrinth, up-
stairs and down.

If the doors of perception were cleansed
every thing would appear to man as it is,
infinite.

For man has closed himself up, till he sees
all things through narrow chinks of his
cavern.

   - William Blake

Perpertusa is a medieval fortress in the Languedoc region in
the South of France which Pipina and I visited on August 3, 1975.
The name of the place means "pierced stone/wall".
Movements I, III, and IV were realized at the Instituut voor Sonologie in Utrecht, Holland. Movement II was realized in Studio Charybde of the Groupe de musique experimentale de Bourges (GMEB) in Bourges, France. Movement V was realized in the EMS at the University of Iowa.

Following is a program note for this work which is read in French at the conclusion of the second movement:

"The spiny ridge of mountain becomes, on approaching, a vast ruin, one of the largest chateaux known, we are told. A perilous climb, treacherous cliffs, the sky descends. The ruin towers above us, around us, larger in area, they say, than La Cite of Carcassonne. The wind whistles. It is one of several fierce sentinels erected on the border with Spain. During the 13th century it was one of the final refuges of the Cathares, massacred heretics, fanatics, who believed it better to die by fire or sword than to deny their faith. They believed Satan the equal of God: evidence of the latter's beneficence and commandments and the former's continuous presence and power could not be reconciled otherwise. They aspired to the virtues of the man, Jesus. Little else is known; they were effaced from the earth. The ruin remains, vast broken mass. The wind whistles, spirits swirl. At the topmost point we are in a ruined chapel and observe distant mountains in the mist and the valley far below. Our hair stands on end."
\[ \boxed{\text{Mac}} \quad \boxed{12} \quad \boxed{34} \quad \text{Downstairs} \]

\[ \boxed{\text{Crown}} \quad \boxed{12} \quad \boxed{34} \quad \text{Upstairs} \]

Some handwritten notes are present, but the content is not legible.