**Christie Echols, Double Bass, Electric Bass, and Vocals**

**Friday, June 9, 2023 11:00 AM
Arthur Miller Theatre**

**The Modification of Oneself (2022) Christie Echols**

***for bass, vocals, electronics, and multi-media* (b. 1995)**

1. **As you are**
2. **UNKNOWN PULL & PUSH**
3. **Di$0rG@niz3d**
4. **A HUGE EXPLOSION OF COLOR**
5. **Un beso de despedida**
6. **Agua, tierra, y sol**
7. **Brand New / Slightly Bent**
8. **Who you are**

I. As you are II. UNKNOWN PULL & PUSH

Presenting you at this moment unabashed Innocence or ignorance?

We are who we are having no intention otherwise Have I said more than I’ve done?

Blinded by stubbornness, What would happen if I was not afraid?

no longer perceiving the fire Are you living or existing?

constantly burning at the shell of ourselves What is your truth?

Is this all there is?

Holding our breath Ash beings to fill the lungs

Flames burning at what was once iron skin III. Di$0rG@niz3d

The first layer begins to burn We’re not going anywhere without the keys

uncovering a hidden truth Where’s my wallet?

As you are, is not who you will be Of COURSE it’s you calling me

 I’m running late now, great

Who will be there, at the end of it all?

Aspiring to a new birth of self Yeah, I know, I know I’m late

Opening the eye and mind Have you seen my Bow?

For the first time I lost it!

 I need rosin too

 I don’t know where it is I lost it!

IV. A HUGE EXPLOSION OF COLOR Have you seen my Bow?

A cosmic shift stirring deep within I’m dropping everything!

mortality comes for everyone, I thrive in mania, trust me I’m fine.

my soul accepts this gladly What have I become?

dissolving who I once was Am I fixable?

I let go and fall into the unknown I can’t possibly change its who I am

greeted by a huge explosion of color Don’t question the existence

 Maybe I can change?

Mind-bending iridescent hues What am I doing here?

Melting into obsidian Don’t question the existence

Are you living or just existing? Stay in your lane

 We’re not going anywhere without the keys

Mortality comes for everyone

I let go and fall into the unknown

Greeted by a huge explosion of color

Mind-bending iridescent hues

Melting into obsidian

What is your truth?

V. Un beso de despedida VI. Agua, tierra, y sol

I want to catch that wheel I turn clay soil, mound rocks,

and shove it up death’s ass. squeeze grubs with my fingers.

  My spade, the soil, a rasp.

Brain fire rains buckets A dry northeast heat wave.

of gray and ash

powdering thought. When I was five, Mamá chopped

  my hair. *Niña salvaje, wild child,*

Trees, glass, and wheels *always in a tangle. Holes in your jeans,*

squeal through the sleep *grass stains on your sweaters.*

of the soulless.

Through my hair, wind, dust, twigs.

Tonight, I’ll keep death Impatient bumblebees,

in a jar, let it flare as I bathe you know we’ll have flowers.

in the flame that bleeds

from my nose. I pull quack grass,

  plant deep-rooted cowpeas, mustard,

I’ll press my chest crimson clover.

in bullfighting dance steps.

Singe matchsticks. Watch for the stealth

  of a screech owl in flight.

Death is out there in the yard,

I know it. Trap it. Write a letter

Take its place. to my dead mamá.

How does one awaken

Selections of text taken from this conflicted land?

*Pasodoble a la Muerte*

© 2016 Luisa Caycedo-Kimura Last night— a black bear

Originally published in *Jelly Bucket* in the neighbor’s pool.

 Last night, I almost held berries

for it in my hands.

*Forage* © 2019 Luisa Caycedo-Kimura

 Originally published in *The Cincinnati Review*

VII. Brand New / Slightly Bent VIII. Who you are

Gonna be, Gonna be, a brand new me Presenting you fully formed

Everything’s gonna be alright as the being that you are

Gonna be, Gonna be, a brand new me We are who we are

Mind and soul have aligned knowing that could change

at any moment

Blind all this time Running towards the fire

Towards the beauty that was inside that once constrained me

Too Consumed in a fake reality burns, etched on skin

Now my true self shines We will always heal

Listen to our laughter

Revel in conversations

Bury your sorrow in our tears

“we’ve missed you old friend”

Free up the ego, we’ll put the pieces back together

Persisted through the fall, slightly bent after it all

Wisdom from the journey

has made me who I am today

PROGRAM NOTES:

I. As you are

In preparation for what is to come, this opening song acts as a monologue for the first step in self-change. Based on a repeating chord progression, this movement accentuates the simplicity of double bass and vocals featuring minimal electronic processing. The accompanying video opens with a tinted hue overlooking Lake Dunmore in Leicester, Vermont. The video sways in rhythm to the calm waves of the lake, shot directly from a floating dock.

II. UNKNOWN PULL & PUSH

Heavily processed sound taken during meditation at Lake Dunmore is used as the primary backing sound for this movement. A synth pad quietly sneaks in and out representing the first pull towards a greater understanding of self. It is accompanied by the double bass featuring high false harmonics, chorus, delay, and fuzz. On-screen, a crystal pendulum is shown being held by a person looking for answers to the questions accompanied in the video.

III. Di$0rG@niz3d

An homage to theatrical works such as *Taxi* by Joëlle Leandre and *BB Wolf* by Jon Deak, this movement emulates the chaotic nature of a stressful and packed day where nothing seems to go right. The character on stage is interrupted by noise-polluting sounds that add to the overall anxiousness of a musician trying to get to a rehearsal on time.

VI. A HUGE EXPLOSION OF COLOR

Movement four was created as an homage and intention of reflecting on artists such as Zeds Dead, Dillon Francis, Rusko, and Huxley Anne. This section uses a multi-sampler and a drum rack affectionately named, “Chriti’s Duby Rack”. The main melody used in the introduction expands throughout the movement and during the drops, our character on stage is influenced by a wubby bass line and solo. On-screen we see the tearing of a mind map, splattered paint on a canvas that reads “MORTALITY COMES FOR EVERYONE”, and colored spin art that eventually melts into pure black.

V. Un beso de despedida

Symbolizing the death of self, movement five’s focus is directed toward the screen where selected text from Luisa Caycedo-Kimura’s poem *Pasodoble a la Muerte* is displayed. It is presented in a graphic video score and intended to have audience participation. Followed by a moment of pure silence, the first stanzas appear on screen for the audience to read to themselves and reflect upon. The beginning text fades, and the following stanzas appear with specific timings prompting the audience and character on stage to read the text out loud in a whispered or soft tone. The movement ends as the final text vanishes with quiet drones becoming present in the listener’s ear.

VI. Agua, tierra, y sol

Rising from strife, the sixth movement begins with low bass drones that create a voluptuous and full tone representing the dawn of a new day. Ambient background noise comprised of circular bowing and harmonic bariolage accompanies the solo bass. The voices of three generations of women can be heard at the top of this sound pyramid. Their voices ring together from spoken text. Excerpts from Luisa Caycedo-Kimura’s poem *Forage* are rearranged and weaved through sung vocals over a clave bassline and chords. The video displays a slow sunrise and nature shots from Elizabeth Park and the surrounding West Hartford area.

VII. Brand New / Slightly Bent

The seventh movement is centered around a grooving bassline that celebrates the joy in our newfound selves. A vocal melody rests on top of the bassline. The happiness we feel is backed by a small, yet powerful funk beat that slowly establishes itself into the penultimate movement’s main groove.

VIII. Who you are

A reflection on all that has happened and all that will be. The repeating chord progression from the first movement is revitalized yet arranged differently accenting a triplet movement. Beautiful arpeggiated triplets accompanied by background vocals and main vocals lead us to our final state of being.