

Teşekkür

Deniz Aslan, BUSEAM assistanı

Ergün Şahin, MSSF Bina Sorumlusu

Murat Kandak, Savaş Çınar, BSO Destek Personel

Prodüksyon Ekibi: Arda Bayram, Arda Saraçoğlu, Doğukan Pahsa, Saim Gülay, Sina Dilek, Egemen Keleşoğlu, Eray Özgünay, Ata Korkusuz, Özkan Umutcan Babacı, Atabak Amjadi, Ada Dinçer, Batuhan Çitil



BILKENT UNIVERSITY STUDIO FOR ELECTROACOUSTIC MUSIC
BIANNUAL CONCERT SERIES

June 4, 2022 Bilkent Theater Hall

Composers

Atabak Amjadi

Deniz Aslan

Özkan Umutcan Babacı

Arda Bayram

Batuhan Çitil

Sina Dilek

Ada Dinçer

Saim Gülay

Egemen Keleşoğlu

Ata Korkusuz

Eray Özgünay

Doğukan Pahsa

Arda Saraçoğlu



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June 4, 2022 Bilkent Theater Hall

CONCERT 1:

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 2022

18:00 / BILKENT CONCERT HALL

Sound & Space

Impulse Impromptu II / *Tolga Yayalar*

kismet / *Arda Bayram*

Redefining an Archaic Memory / *Doğukan Pahsa*

Realize / *Saim Gülay*

moon day / *Arda Saraçoğlu*

How to Listen to Rap Music / *Deniz Aslan*

CONCERT 2:

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 2022

20:00 / BILKENT CONCERT HALL

Musique Acousmatique

Suspendium / *Ata Korkusuz*

Dark Prison / *Batuhan Çitil*

kuyu / *Ada Dinçer*

Power of the Water / *Egemen Keleşoğlu*

a thought process / *Eray Özgünay*

Menu / *Sina Dilek*

Nyogtha / *Özkan Umutcan Babacı*

The Last Man / *Atabak Amjadi*

Özkan Umutcan Babacı: Nyogtha

The piece follows the rise and banishment of Nyogtha, derived from Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos. Upon witnessing the rise and resurfacing of "the Dweller in Darkness"; from the earth down below to the sky up above, the piece is concluded with Nyogtha's banishment, which is enclosed with a hymn, leading listeners back to the ordinary and the nature itself.

Atabak Amjadi: Dark Prison

How would you feel if you were an astronaut in the middle of the space? The piece depicts its journey through narration with sounds. Space has a lot of mysterious for you Be careful!

Although I am so useful, indispensable in life, I have a very kind nature. If you do not take various precautions, I cannot be healthy. I have to be very sensitive so that I can be more efficient and contribute to the country's economy. I must be kept away from foreign matter and all waste. Thinking that I will never run out, I should not be abused too much. I am too precious to be polluted and thrown away unnecessarily. I am not cruel enough to cause global warming, epidemics, mass deaths in my absence.

Eray Özgünay: a thought process

Video art: Tolga Yıldız

The composition is based upon disjunct yet semantically kindred fragments, which arise in a variety of forms built on an instrument called arbane. The first form is the raw one, which introduces the audience to the piece's skeleton; then, the piece continues with demonstrations of electroacoustical techniques such as sampling, waveform adjusting, filtering, reverberating, and sidechaining while, again, abusing the short arbane recording. The composition endeavors to imitate a developed thought process, starting from a raw form, the ideas ascertain themselves sometimes with sorrow, sometimes with jubilation, yet they are in a cyclic kineticism in which they are not in control, they are contingent even if they are not aware of it. The terminus of the thought process is again raw yet it is spatially much more intricate and contains a bunch of other conceptions and voices by other people.

Sina Dilek: menu

In this piece I have gathered different type of recordings such as birds, coins, water, keys, knife. I have used some parts from my old pieces and they have evolved into a different piece. My piece represents a fine dining menu. Effects and filters are decors of sounds. It has different parts like cold starters, soup, main food and dessert. You can understand from transitions. night without looking back, cheerful

Tolga Yayalar: Impulse Impromptu II

This is the second piece of the series: Impulse Impromptu where I take an instrument and virtually "improvise" on it. This particular one is entirely based on the Japanese instrument Koto.

Arda Bayram: kismet

We are the luckiest.

Doğukan Pahsa: Redefining an Archaic Memory

I feel connected to a bigger memory cloud. I feel its fingerprints on all over my existence. This piece is a result of an attempt to unfold that experience.

Saim Gülay: Realize/ part of the RE: SYNC Project

Sound Design by Ada Dinçer

"Realize" is an audio-visual installation created as a part of the re:sync project. It aims to push us to witness how people are condemning themselves to be wasted. How can we live with the awareness that we are wasted and that our will is not strong enough to get us out of it? This project is about realization and exposure. So hi, welcome to your home.

Arda Saraçoğlu: moon day

if the sun sets
owls thrive
with the lack of stimuli
if patterns repeat what happens after every happy ever after
if awareness follows owl would survive
a sudden dive
if you asked
how would I feel after so long well, I would tell it in a song

Deniz Aslan: How to Listen to Rap Music

As one grows older, one becomes softer, no? Am I stepping into my years of slow decline in courage and curiosity? Am I a musician or a sophisticated listener? This is a journey into rap music as I perceive it. Was it the same five years ago?

Ata Korkusuz: Suspendium

The passage of time, despite being in real time, feels chaotic and sped up to the point of being unintelligible at times. The piece, Suspendium, depicts this phenomenon by contrasting it to an unnatural state of stasis. Certain details are revealed through slowing down time to a stop, leading to comprehensibility and clarity.

Batuhan Çitil: Dark Prison

Note: the piece designed to represent the fear and the darkness of any place. While listening, you might want to run away from this and this is the key point of the structure. Please run away from the places that triggers these emotions.

Ada Dinçer: Kuyu

While I was writing this piece, I was in a period where I had to be alone with myself a lot. You know, there are layers in our relationships with people, and we peel those layers off one by one. After being so crowded inside and avoiding being alone for so long, I had to peel my own layers for myself. I regained the communication I had lost with myself because of being too fascinated by observing others. As I dived into myself, I first encountered the trace of my feelings that had lost their source. Even though they didn't come out of their source anymore, I drowned in those feelings that accumulated inside me as they couldn't find a place to flow. Then I faced the wishes that I had unwittingly made and poured into myself. I realized, because of having no faith in them, every wish I made turned into something like a "coin" As they piled up, a huge burden was placed on me. As I plunged through all these emotions, I felt lighter. As they stayed above me, I dived more and more, until the blur of my thoughts cleared. The music ended before I could see the end of the well, but I was aware that everything was going to be well. Eventually.

Egemen Keleşoğlu: Power of the Water

Water is an indispensable resource for human beings and other living things. Living things cannot survive in a place without water. Water is life as long as we use it knowingly.

Water is life, water is love, water is life... Water is the reason for human existence. Even the first civilizations established their living spaces near water. Because there is no living thing that can live without water, and people meet their needs such as cleaning and nutrition with water. Although 70% of the world is covered with water, the amount of clean water that people can drink is very small.

It was like everything was prepared for me. I suddenly filled the streams, lakes, seas. As it became a waterfall and flowed, my voice mingled with the sounds of birds. I was walking day and night without looking back, cheerful and exuberant. How can I not be happy, I will add life to everywhere I reach. I would be a source of life for the seed that fell to the ground, and a source of strength for the bud that was preparing to bloom. I was going to reach the nightingale's rose garden. I would go up to the sky and wander through the clouds. I would go down to the plains with rain, to the mountains with snow. Every place would sprout with me in the first days of spring. I would adorn the plains and vineyards with a thousand and one kinds of fruits and vegetables. All the hills and mountains of my country would be green.

Pieces of earth that fell on my head while walking on treeless roads, a thousand and one kinds of pesticide residues that I don't know the name of, fertilizer types, metal pieces, plastic bottles that have not lost their properties for years, sewage streams, factory wastes, many more. Many substances that I can't even list their names have turned me into. In this case, what am I good for, who will I benefit from? I don't know him either.

Those who cannot find me, those who cannot reach me, wait in despair. Running step by step for a tiny drop, they overcome a thousand and one obstacles for the sake of reunion. I may even be a cause of war between countries in my absence. I don't even want to think for a moment that I'm not flowing while I'm flowing from the Euphrates, the Tigris, and Manavgat. What will happen to the world then?