



DET KONGELIGE
DANSKE
MUSIKKONSERVATORIUM

EA ÅRS KONCERT – KOMPOSITION
UGEDAG D. 11. MAJ 2024 KL. 16.00
NY SAL

- Athanasia Kotronia:** I halsen, nacken och fingrarna (2024)
3D electro-acoustic
- Jingsong Teng:** Satelite Track (2024)
piano, elektronics
- Håkon Guttormsen:** Digital Kantele (2024)
Laptop improvisation
- Haining Dou:** Lost in the forest mist (2024)
Electronics, wooden frogs, bird whistles, percussion
- Albert Laubel:** Artemis - Byen på Månen (2024)
3D hørespil

PAUSE

- Aske Kai Tengberg +
Jonas Wiinblad Schmidt:** NORR (2024)
Video, electronics
- Asli Emre:** Sub thoughts (2024)
Video, electronics, piano
- Dianyi Zhang:** Curious - together (2024)
Amplified chair, voice, electronics, video
- Matin Peymani:** The City of Ants and Sound Walls (2024)
Video, electronics

Medvirkende:

*Kompositions studerende, elektronik, piano,
Yuxuan Wang, Aske, Jonas, Jingsong, Zhuoran, Håkon, Asli, Albert, wooden frogs
Junling Lin, percussion
Hans Peter Stubbe Teglbjærg, underviser, produktion*



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Artemis - The City On The Moon (English Summary to follow along)

STARTING MONOLOGUE:

I often dream of getting out. In many ways, actually. I want out of this shithole that tries to pass itself off as a home. I want to move to a different bubble altogether. But what I want most of all, which will undoubtedly make the other things happen, is to step outside the bubbles. Outside the entire colony and walk in an EVA suit and become an EVA master. To do a real spacewalk like Armstrong and Aldrin and all the other pioneers did. But becoming an EVA master is probably the hardest thing to achieve here in the colony. Not only do you have to be damn smart and pass the entrance exam perfectly, but you also have to be filthy rich. I mean so rich that people can smell it all the way to the other end of the bubbles. And I'm not that. I live in Artemis, the first and so far only city on the Moon. It consists of five large hemispheres called 'bubbles'. They're halfway underground, so Artemis looks exactly like old sci-fi books say a moon city would look: a collection of domes. You just can't see the parts of them that are below the surface. The Armstrong bubble is in the middle surrounded by Aldrin, Conrad, Bean, and Shepard. The bubbles are each connected to their neighbors via tunnels. It's expensive to get here and damn expensive to live here. But a city can't just consist of rich tourists and eccentric billionaires. It also needs workers. One doesn't expect Mr. Stinking Rich III to clean his own toilets, do they? I'm one of the lower folks. I live in Conrad Down 15, a dirty area 15 floors below the surface in the Conrad bubble. If my area were wine, connoisseurs would describe it as "shitty with overtones of failure and bad choices."

FROM THE SHITHOLE, THROUGH CONRAD MARKED, THROUGH ALDRIN, AND TO THE GATE WHERE THE PACKAGES ARRIVES

As I woke up to the irritating buzz of my gizmo, I knew it was time to get moving. In Artemis, the city on the Moon where I reside, every moment counts. Rushing through my morning routine, I left my dingy apartment in Conrad, navigating the familiar smells of sweat and street food mixed with the dreaded gunk that passes for sustenance in our lower-income neighborhood.

Making my way to work, I passed through the bustling streets connecting Conrad to Aldrin, the luxurious bubble reserved for the affluent. The contrast was stark, but my mission remained unchanged: deliver the illicit goods I've become accustomed to trading in this divided society.

As I hopped through Shepard's opulent corridors towards my next delivery destination, I reflected on the complexities of life in Artemis. From the struggle for survival in Conrad to the extravagant lifestyles of the elite in Aldrin, I navigate it all, playing my part in this lunar microcosm where wealth determines one's fate.

And as I approach the lavish residence of Trond Landvik, one of the city's wealthiest inhabitants, I'm reminded once again of the choices I've made and the lines I've crossed to survive in this unforgiving lunar frontier.

IN THE SHEPARD BOUBLE AND IN TROND LANDVIKS HOUSE

Trond Landvik, a wealthy figure in Artemis, confronts me unexpectedly with an opportunity to pursue my dream of becoming an EVA master.

However, his offer comes with a sinister ultimatum: if I don't comply with his demands, my father will lose his livelihood, and I'll face deportation. Reluctantly, I agree to his terms, knowing the risks involved. As I hand over a package to him, I realize the dangerous game I've been pulled into, where every decision could determine my fate in this lunar city.

IN THE BIG KSC-BUILDING (ENCOUNTER WITH JESSICA MAYNFIELD AND A PHONE CALL WITH NAKOSHI)

I found myself standing in Armstrong half an hour later, surrounded by the cacophony of machinery. This used to be the hub of administration, but as the noise grew, they relocated. I entered the KSC main building, a domain reserved for top researchers and high-ranking individuals in Artemis. Despite knowing I wouldn't get past the foyer, I scanned my gizmo, only to be rejected. So, I settled onto a sofa by the entrance, feeling out of place amidst the opulence. Suddenly, a familiar figure emerged carrying a large box - Jessica Maynfield, my college nemesis. Our strained encounter escalated quickly, with Jessica making her disdain for me abundantly clear. Desperate for a solution, I reached out to Nakoshi, a veteran EVA master, for help. Despite initial resistance, he agreed under one condition: a hefty sum of 5000 slugs. Reluctantly, I paid, knowing I had little choice. As Nakoshi handed over the EVA suit in a trash bag, reality sank in - I was diving headfirst into a precarious situation, all for the sake of my father's livelihood.

IN THE AIR LOCK AND ON THE MOONS' SURFACE

A couple of hours later, I found myself in the airlock wearing the EVA suit alongside Bob himself. We timed each other donning the suits - a quintessential EVA master task. Bob, predictably, did it in under 3 minutes, while I... well, let's just say I was closer to twelve. Despite my nerves, I fired up the suit's systems, everything initiating smoothly. As we stepped into the airlock, Bob sealed the door, and the oxygen vanished, preparing us to step onto the lunar surface - uncharted territory for me. Bob quickly reminded me of the plan as we headed out, a checklist of tasks I was determined to execute flawlessly. With each step, I felt a mix of awe and determination, realizing this was the test of a lifetime. But amidst the adrenaline, my gizmo vibrated incessantly with urgent messages I couldn't check in the EVA suit. Suddenly, I spotted a falling object in the distance - the package! Panic set in as I realized it was being delivered prematurely, risking our mission. Desperate to divert Bob's attention, I fabricated a radio disturbance, luring him away from me and towards the base. With Bob distracted, I seized the opportunity to retrieve the package discreetly. But as we reconvened, Bob's suspicions grew, and I found myself scrambling to conceal the package and my deception.

A LEAK IN THE SUIT AND THE WAY BACK TO THE AIR LOCK

So, there I was, in the midst of what could have been a disaster, but oddly enough, it turned into a lifesaver. My suit sprung a leak while I was out with Bob, and it was chaos. With Bob's guidance, I rushed back to the airlock, struggling against the weight of my gear. Despite the frantic pace, I managed to make it back, barely conscious, and stabilize the air pressure. Bob, of course, blamed me for the mishap, but honestly, it was just metal fatigue - nothing I could have prevented. Despite failing my EVA test, I couldn't help but feel relieved to have survived. Plus, I'd managed to snag Trond Landvik's package - here's hoping it's not just a box of cigars.