

SECRET

City

**2023 WHAM Festival: Secret City
by Paracademia**

**Monday, March 20 and
Tuesday, March 21 at 7PM**

**The Bernie Wohl Center
at Goddard Riverside
647 Columbus Ave NYC**

SECRET

City

Gates Open
- (Pe) R (e) ception -



Secret Miolina
– opening act –
Karen Tanaka - *Shibuya Tokyo*

Mioi Takeda
&
Lynn Bechtold
violins; * NYWC *
Miolina is a cutting-edge violin
duo based in
New York City

1) ORLANDO DE LASSUS

BEATUS VIR QUI IN SAPIEN MORABITUR (1577)

2) LYNN BECHTOLD - * NYWC *

AWAY/HOME 1.2 (2010/2012) FOR TWO VIOLINS AND ELECTRONICS

3) MILICA PARANOSIC - * NYWC *

TWIZZ (2019)

4) CAMILLE DE BEUS - * NYWC *

I'M GOING ROUND IN CIRCLES (2022/2023)

**CHOSEN FROM NYWC CALL FOR SCORES / SEED MONEY GRANT*

5) SHRUTHI RAJASEKAR

DAGIAN À DEUX (2016)

Concrete Timbre

Secret Concrete Timbre

- opening act -

Alone

Sylvaine Hinglais, poem

Stephanie Singer, track and voice

Adam Von Housen, violin

Jacob Elkin (bass trombone)
& Adam Von Housen (violin)

Concrete Timbre is a collective of living composers intertwining fascinating stories, movement, visuals and media with original live contemporary music.

Too Hot For Lettuce - Rose Kow Xiu Yi

Echo me (i) - Excerpt - Jinhee Han - * NYWC *

When You Glow at Dusk on Convent Avenue Near a Breezy River of Gardenias - Ann Warren (with looper) * NYWC *

Disconsolate - Stephanie Greig - * NYWC *

Tears, A Lament from Southern Love Songs - Lynn Bechtold
(with fixed media) - * NYWC *

Eight Resilient Confluences - Hector Oltra García

Lucky Eight - Tom Blatt (with fixed media by fixed media by Tom Blatt, w/Michele Smith - percussion)

Passing Ships - Alice Jones



TAKE

A

PICK

Take A Pick/TAP

are

Milica Paranosic and Brian DuFord
guitars, vocals, music
and (selected) lyrics

Secret TAP
- opening act -
Angel

1. American Fever Suite (selection)
based on excerpts from *American Fever:
A Tale of Romance & Pestilence*
by Peter Christian Hall

• Bleak

A • Small Enough

M • American Fever

2. I Love That You Hate Me

3. Not All Apples Are Blue Color
by our esteemed guest poet

Robert C. Ford - *The Wall Street Poet*

4. The Wrong Song

5. We Believe You

SECRET

City

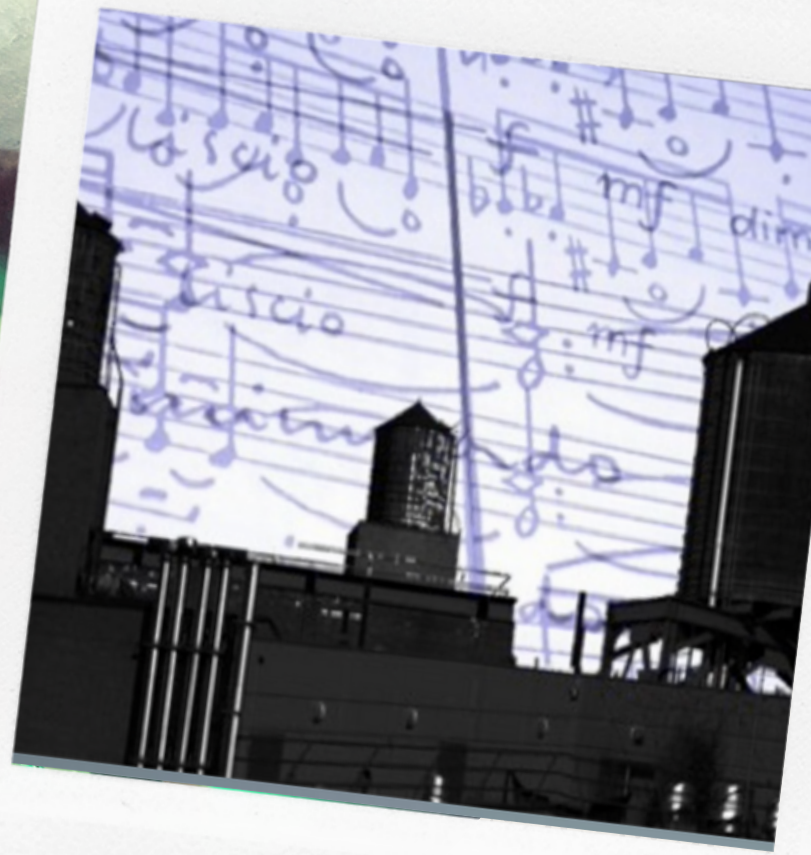
Let's keep this Secret going

- a mingle moment -

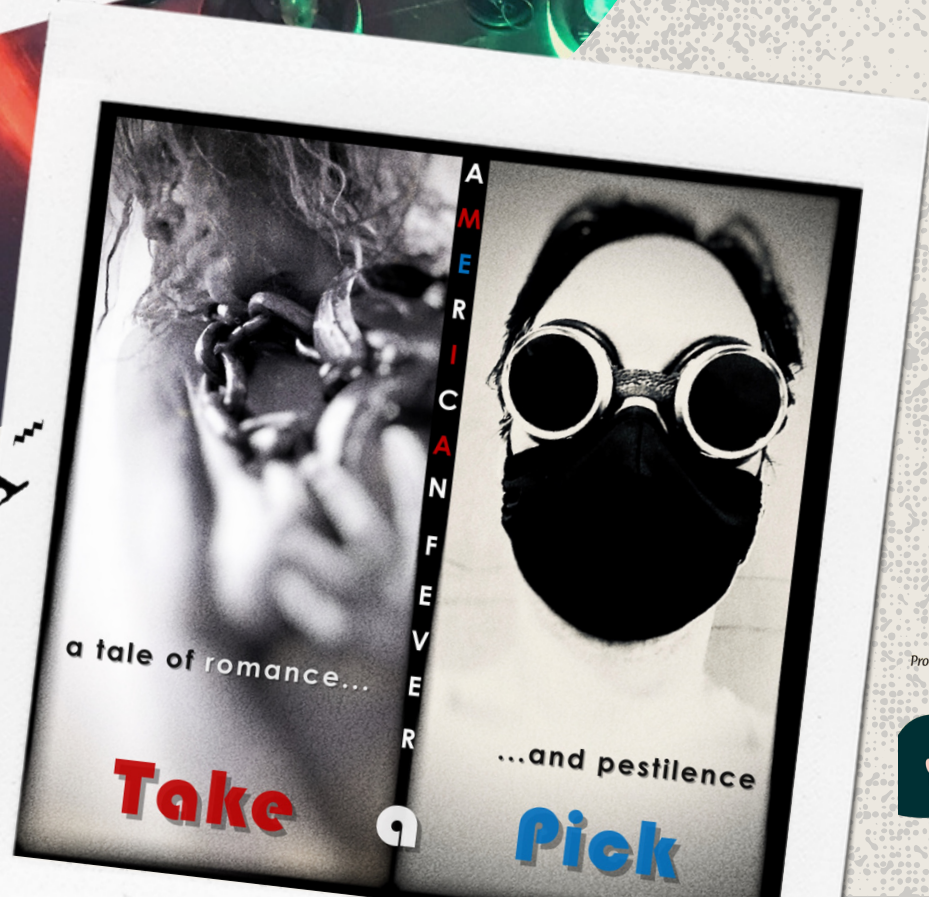
- Post (Re) ception -

EdgeOff

miolina logo by cecilia mandrile



PARACADEMIA
center for music and #collaborative arts



Secret City Administration:

Mayor - Milica Paranosic

Deputy Mayor - Brian DuFord

Ambassador - Kelsey Sullivan

Official Media Liaison - Dejan Kovačević

Master of Illusions - Robert Morton

Mood Minister - Lev Kleman

City Angel - Evelyn

*We thank you for your visit and support
and hope that you will remain
Secret City patrons and future developers.*

Don't be left in the dark - be in on the Secret...

<https://paracademia.org/more-secret-city>

TAP lyrics:

Bleak

Funerals are still permitted
But funerals are now discouraged
Web service became
Standard procedure
As long as the internet holds up

I hope New York has
Enough body bags
I wish I had one
For Lisa

Weddings are officially banned
Homelessness is more vexing than ever
Restaurants, bars and gyms
And most stores remain closed

I have no idea
What everyone is doing for money
I haven't left my apartment
Since March

It feels so hot and sticky
And hopeless tonight
Tomorrow's gonna feel
Stickier still
I pity anyone who's alone in this town
It's so bleak

Here

I hope New York has
Enough body bags
I wish I had one
For Lisa

It feels so hot and sticky
And hopeless tonight
Tomorrow's gonna feel
A hundred times stickier still
I fear everyone who visits this town
It sucks
Either way

Small Enough

Space is
A timeless
Refuge
In a desert breeze

Whatever
Goes on
These days
Takes place secretly

Power is
A mirage
That helps
Others accept what you want

It's easy to feel
Powerful
If your
Reality is small enough

It's easy to feel
Powerful
If your
Reality is small enough

Small enough
Small enough
Small enough
Small enough
Small enough...

Life is
Promising
So far
From reality

American Fever

Fever
American
Fever
American

Anyone with ID
Confirming that they work in
Health care, transportation,
Utilities, food delivery,
Social services or IT and provisions

New York has banned demonstrations

May sample

And imposed a curfew

The darkness...

From dusk till dawn

I don't think it's legal

Fever

But few seem to care

American

The cops are already making

Fever

Pedestrians unwelcomed at night

American

They do that a lot in

Good

Schools shall remain closed

Times

Until further notice

Here...

Precocious kids will

Live off the land

Fever

There are mountains of garbage

American

And brigades of rats

Fever

The sewers are

American

Clogging

Up...

Fever American Fever American Fever American Fever American

I Love That You Hate Me

I love that you hate me 'cuz I know what it means
I love what you do but it is all in my dreams
I love that you hate me
'Cuz you know me and show me
That tragic is magic and that's what you do

You ignite to me
You excite me
You unlock me
Then you mock me
And you give me everything I need

You complete me
Then you beat me
And you diss me
Then you miss me
And you pinch my skin until I bleed

But when I try and run away
All I want is to stay
And every time I just come back for a feed

I love that you hate me 'cuz I know what it means
I love what you do but it is all in my dreams
I love that you hate me
'Cuz you know me and show me
That tragic is magic and that's what you do

I love that you hate me
I love that you hate me
I love that you hate me
I love that you hate me

My desire gives you power
And my pleasure is your treasure
And my pain just keeps you coming for more

My torturous affection
Is what gives you that erection
A perfection that keeps me so sore

But when I try to heal
There's nothing left to feel
And I just want to be alive and awake

Painless love is a bore
Not worth shit anymore
Give me your hate and watch me
Tremble and shake

I love that you hate me
I love that you hate me
I love that you hate me
I love that you hate me

But when I try to heal
There's nothing left to feel
And I just want to be alive and awake

Painless love is a bore
Not worth shit anymore
Give me your hate and watch me
Tremble and shake

I love that you hate me
I love that you hate me
I love that you hate me
I love that you hate me

A
M
E
R
I
C
A
N

F
E
V
E
R

Not All Apples Are Blue Color

poem by Robert C. Ford – The Wall Street Poet

I don't want to be Barbie

I want to be real

Fall off my bicycle

Flaunt my sun kissed freckles

Silver hair bullet scar

Andy painted his own star

Don't copy my wabi-sabi

Spill your own drink

(extra text by TAP)

A duck a lizard and a poodle walk into a bar.

The Lizard says, "Hey, Barbie!"

And the Barbie says, "What?"

And the Duck says, "Hey, Hey! Barbie!"

And the Poodle says,

"Hey, Barbie! Hey! Hey Barbie! Hey Hey!"

And the Barbie says, "What? What is it?"

And the Lizard says, "Hey Barbie! Where is the bartender?"

And the Barbie says, "I am the bartender."

And the Duck says,

"OK, How much for a Penelope, a red and a white?"

And the Barbie says, "Math is hard! Shopping is fun!"

And the Lizard says, "See? You're not a bartender. You're just a Barbie."

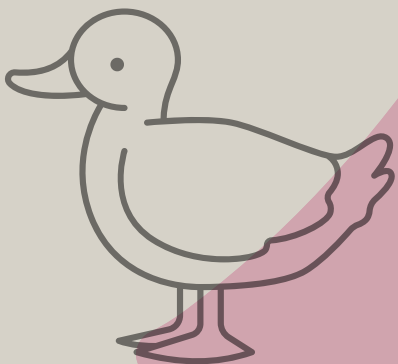
And the Barbie says,

"I don't want to be Barbie,

I want to be real!"

"Tough Luck!", says the Duck.

Not all apples are blue color!



Wrong Song

My neck is so long
My eyes are so bright
My buttocks are tight
It's all wrong

My muscles are strong
My arches are lifted
My clit is gifted

It's wrong
My teeth are so white
My skin is so light

My body is slim
It's so grim
Lets sing along
Let us all chant

This wrong-body song
Lets shame it
This body lament
And name it

Because we don't really
Have a choice
All that it isn't

And fake
And brake it
Lets shake it

In this body song
Let us rejoice
Lets body remorse

This wrong-body song
Lets sing along

My hair is so shiny
Lips are so tiny
It's so bad

My chin lifted proudly
Beauty unmatched
My hips are so widely
Stretched

And can't
And didn't
And wouldn't
All it isn't
And name it
Lets shame it
This body lament
Let us all chant

This wrong-body song
Lets shame it
This body lament
And name it

Because we don't really
Have a choice
All that it isn't

And fake
And brake it
Lets shake it

In this body song
Let us rejoice
Lets body remorse

This wrong-body song
Lets sing along

My hair is so shiny
Lips are so tiny
It's so bad

We Believe You

We Believe You

We support you

Now's the time to speak your story strong and true

We believe you, as we see you

That pain you've hidden away shall now be free

The Man may try to put you down

“Don't you whisper a single sound”

But wounds from past abuse run deep

It's time to take it to the streets

For all to hear above the noise

Of many a dissenting voice

The moment has come for us to stand

Beside you, joining hand in hand

Beside you, joining hand in hand

We believe you

We support you

Now's the time to speak your story strong and true

We believe you, as we see you

That pain you've hidden away shall now be free

Although the world has judged you unfair
A time of change is in the air
No longer will you be alone
The darkness lifted, you are home
With open arms we shall unite
To finally help you win this fight
Turning right what was so wrong
'Cuz, arm in arm we're standing strong
'Cuz, arm in arm we're standing strong

We believe you
We support you
Now's the time to speak your story strong and true
We believe you, as we see you
That pain you've hidden away shall now be free

We believe you
We support you
Now's the time to speak your story strong and true
We believe you, as we see you
That pain you've hidden away shall now be free
Be free
Be free!



Dream

Small