# Camille De Beus

# preludes

for wind quintet and pre-recorded voice

#### Camille De Beus

### preludes

#### INSTRUMENTATION

flute
oboe
clarinet in a
horn in f
bassoon
pre-recorded vocal cues\*

#### PERFORMANCE NOTES

This is a piece that combines music and text outside of a song—writing format. The text has been pre—recorded as separate cues for each "before" phrase by the composer (myself). When this piece is performed, someone needs to be following the score and triggering the pre—recorded voice cues as indicated in the score.

If this piece is to be performed again, I would suggest reaching out to the composer for these pre-recorded cues, or re-recording these cues yourself. It is vital that these cues all be recorded by the same person/voice for a performance of this piece.

\*The text for these pre-recorded vocal cues was written by the composer and can be found on the pages after the score.

Written for the Millenium Wind Quintet Duration: approximately 14.5 minutes

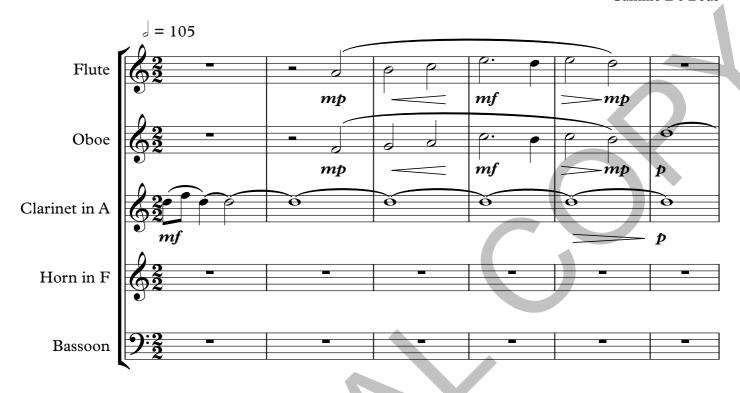
Score in C

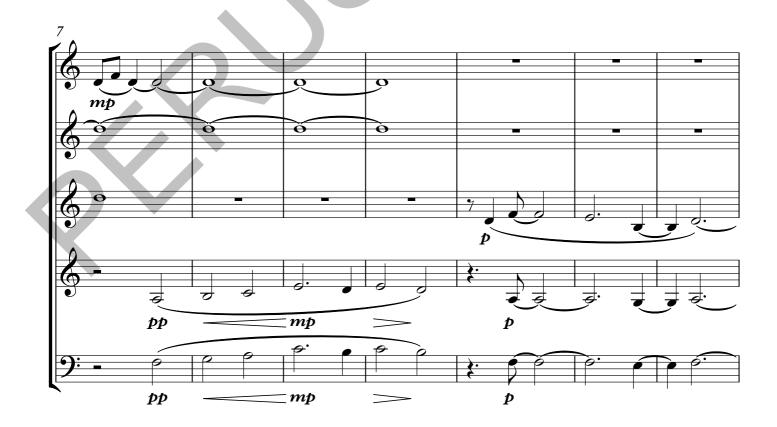
Birmingham, United Kingdom - May & June 2022

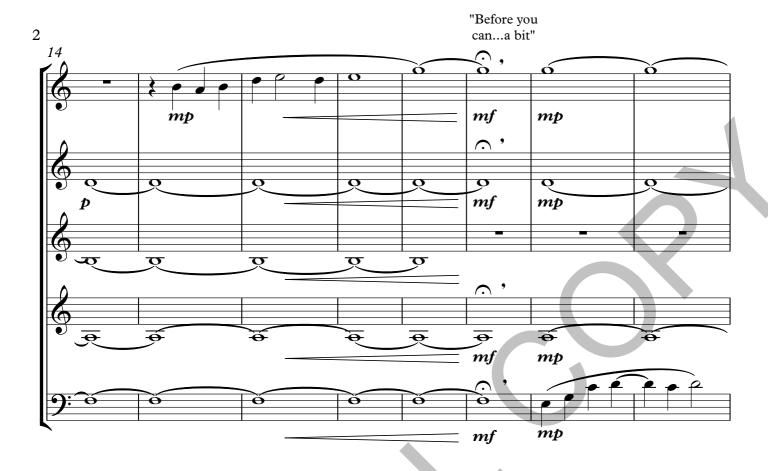
## preludes

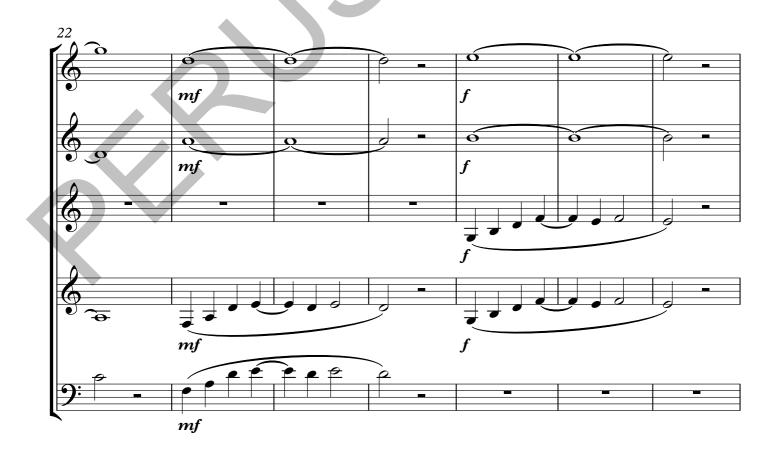
for wind quintet and pre-recorded words

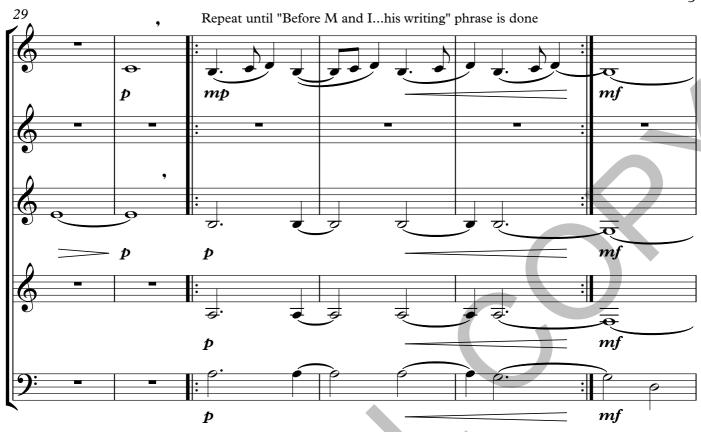
Camille De Beus

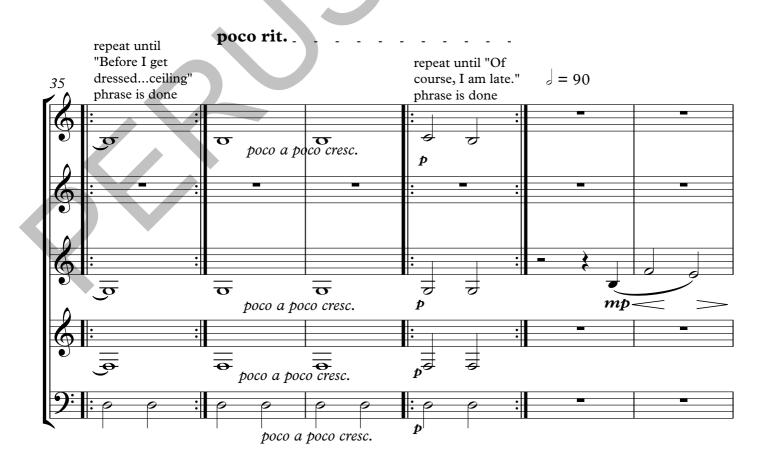




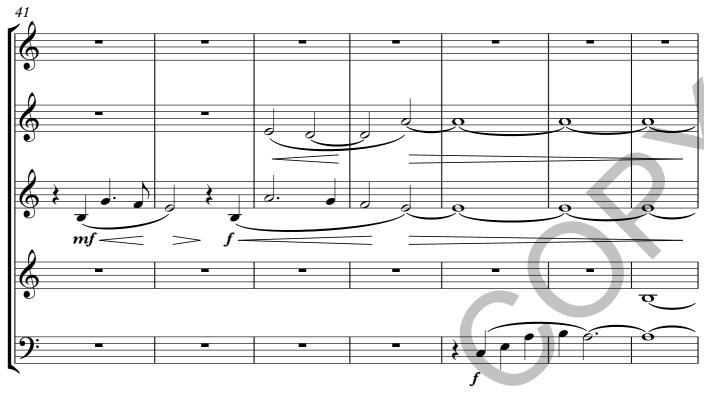






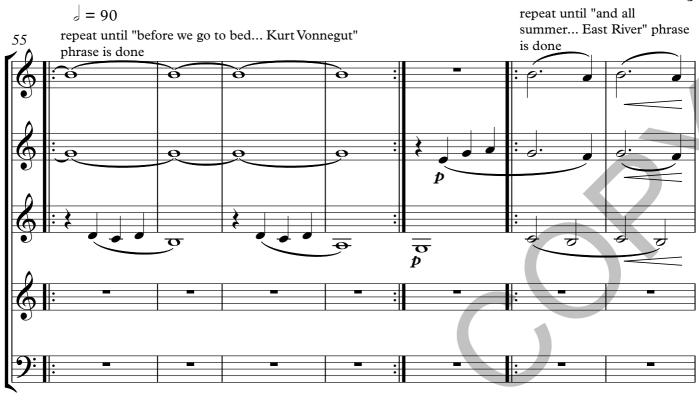


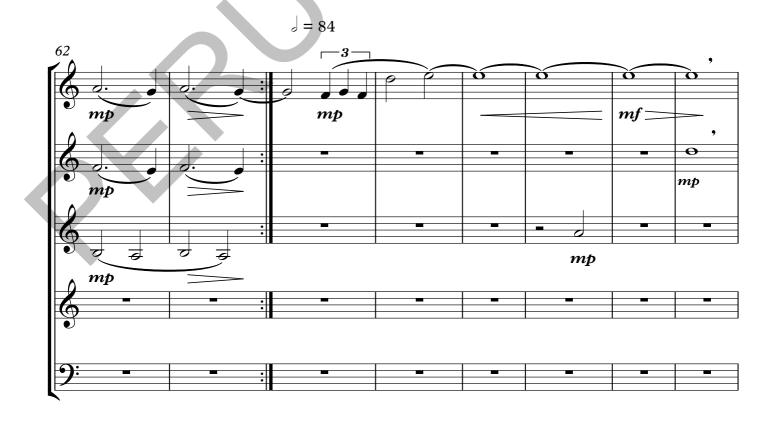








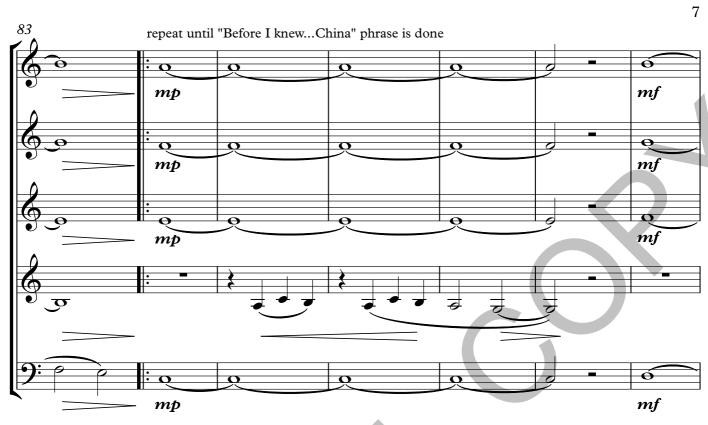






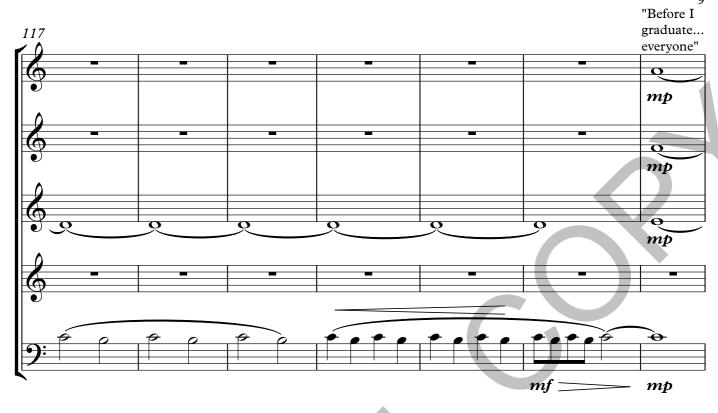


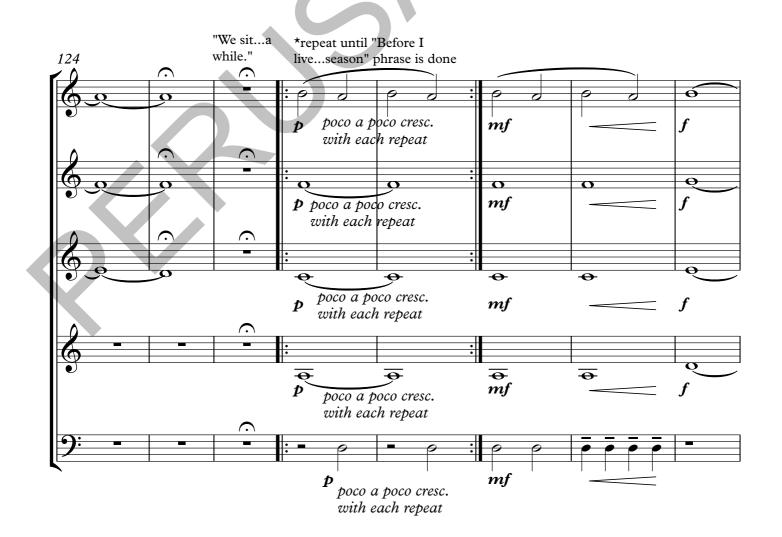




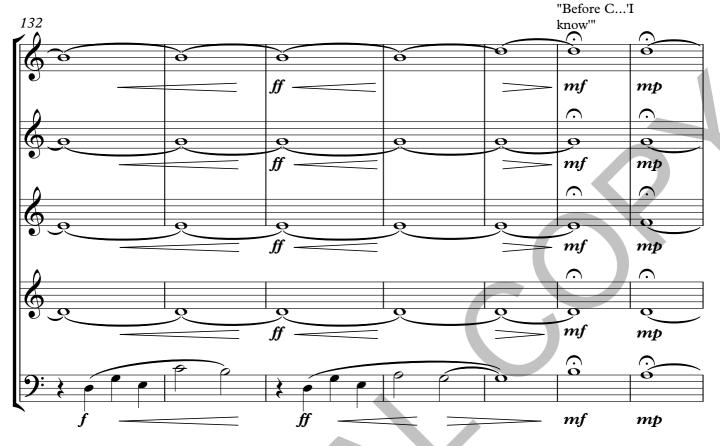


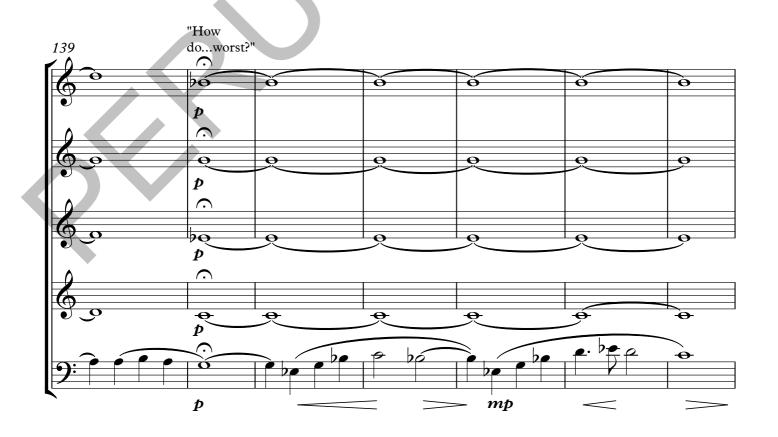


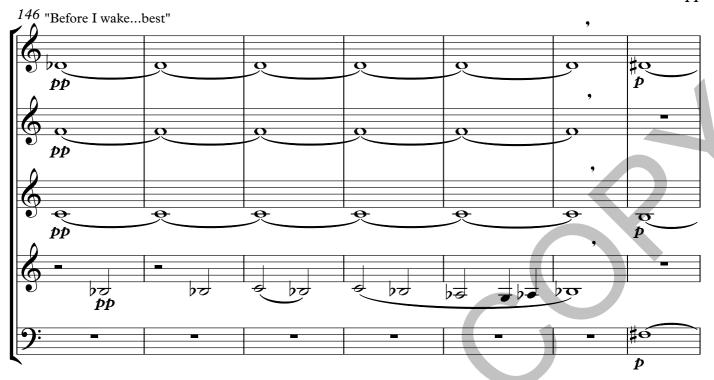


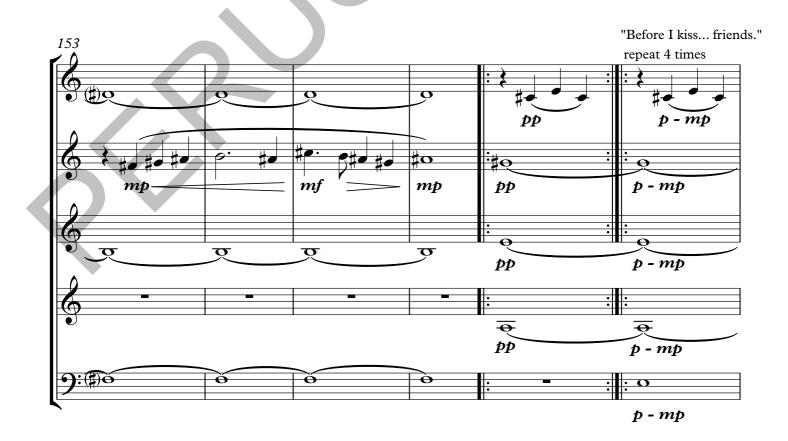


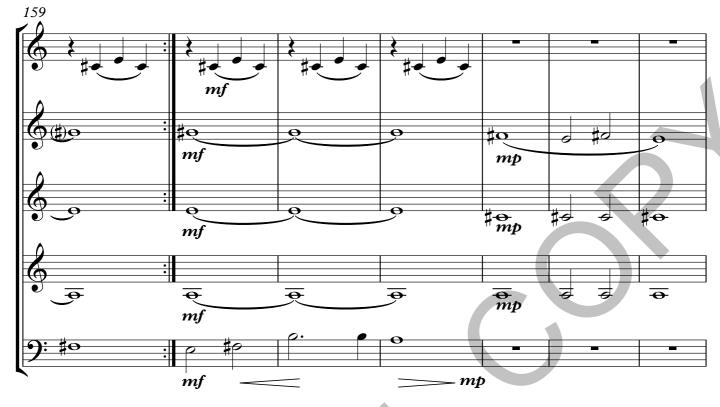
"Then she...alleyway"

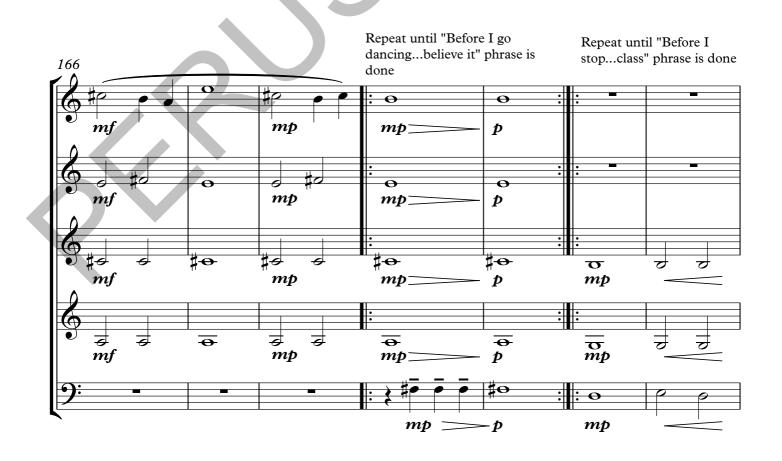


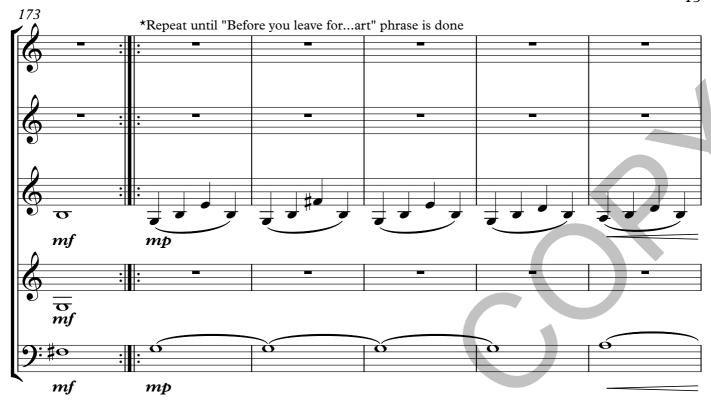


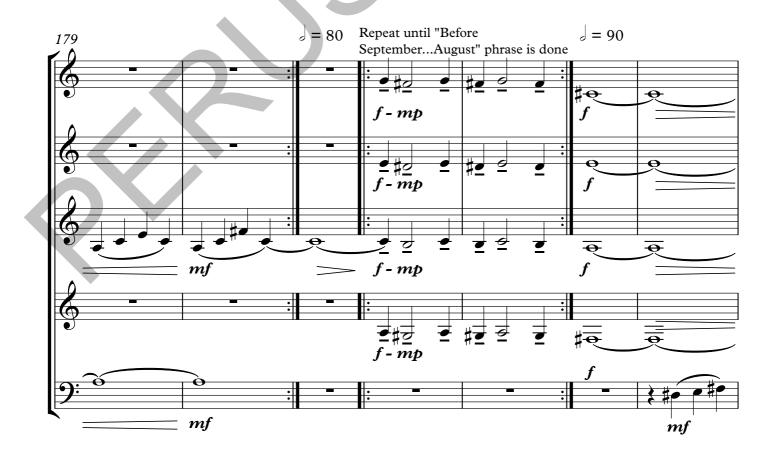


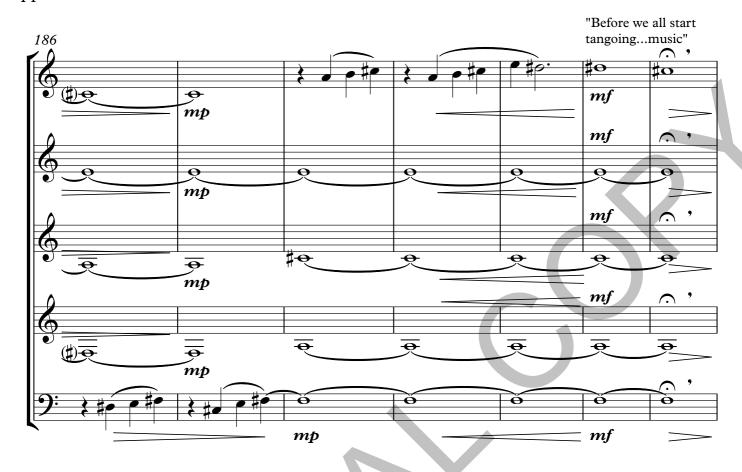






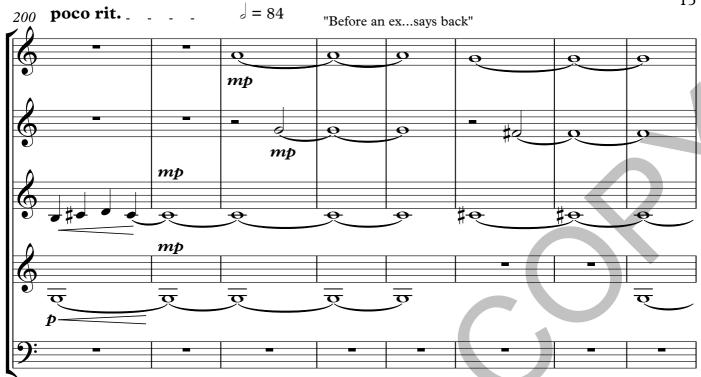


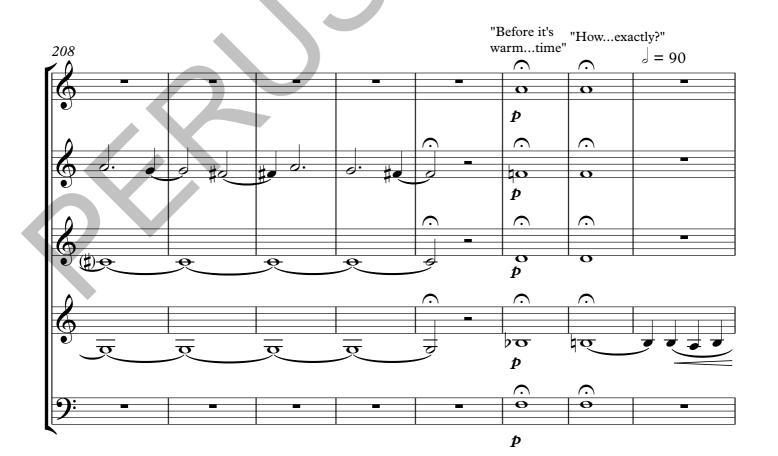


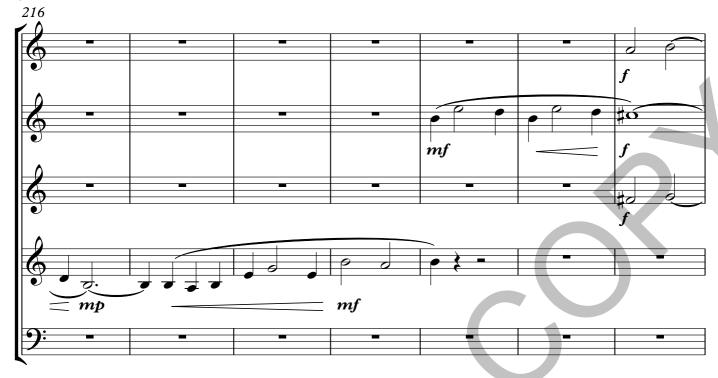


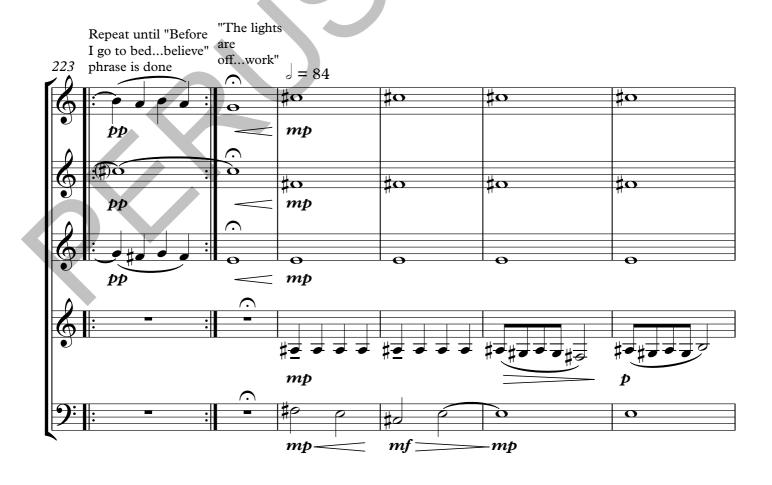




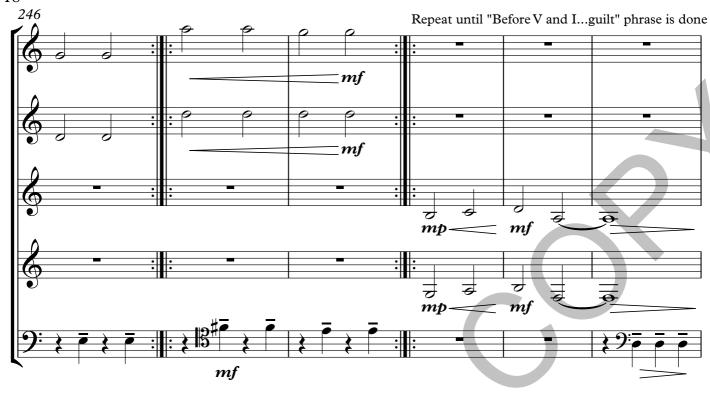


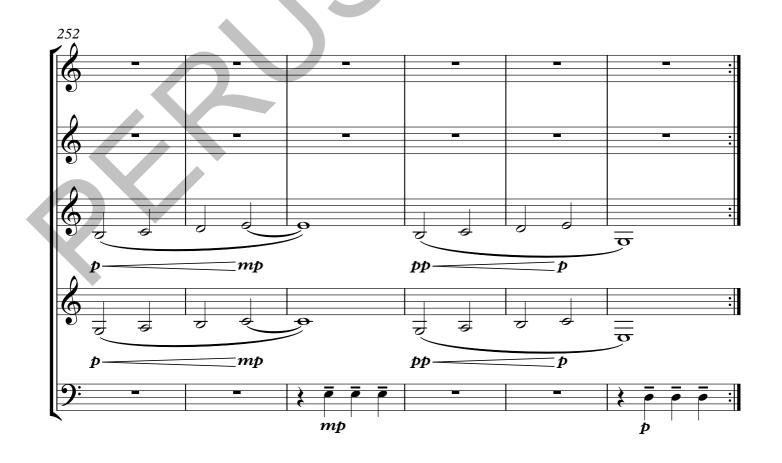




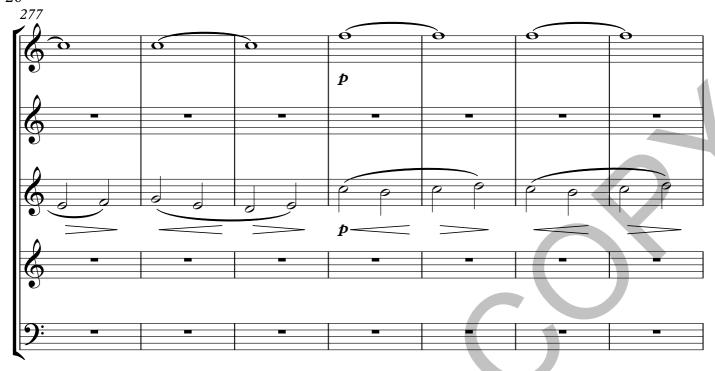






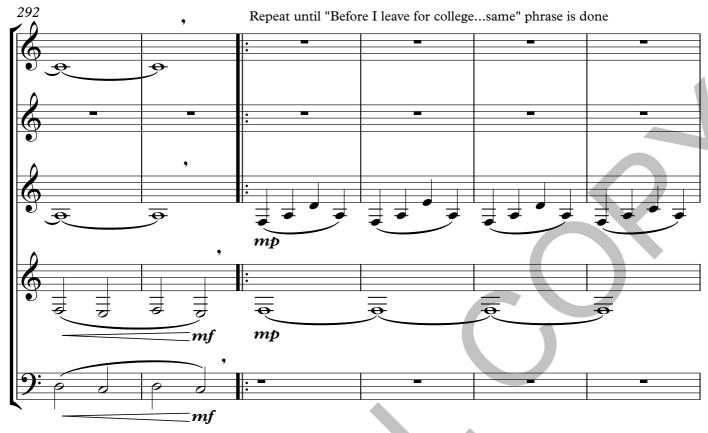


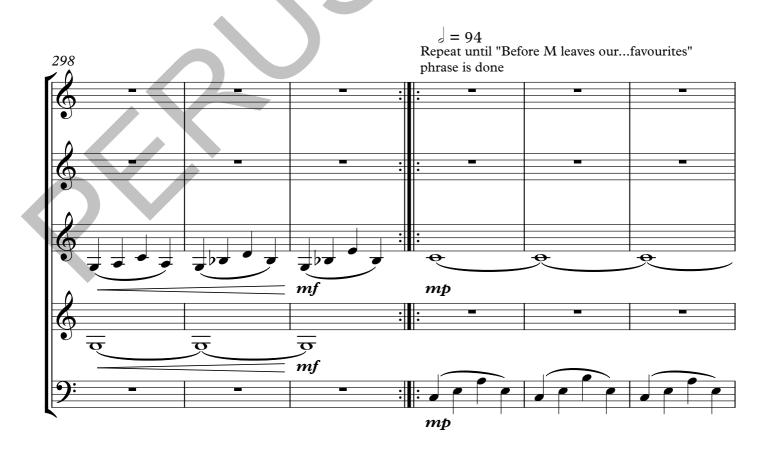


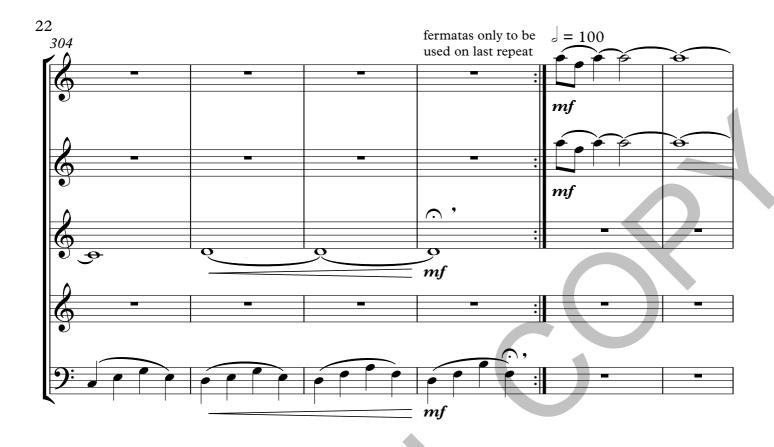


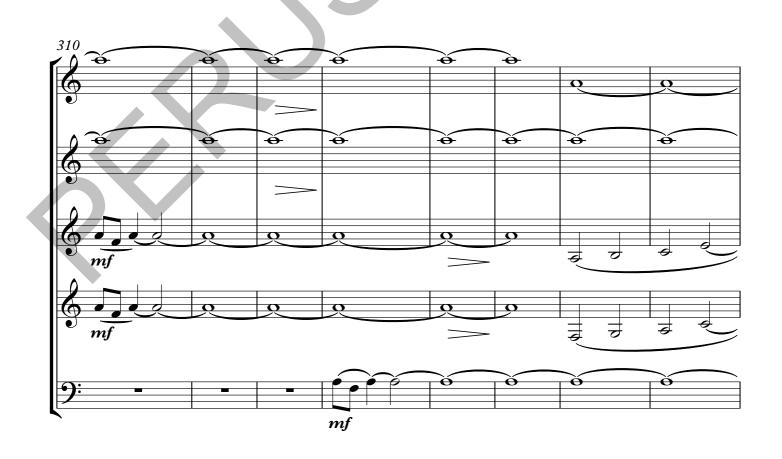


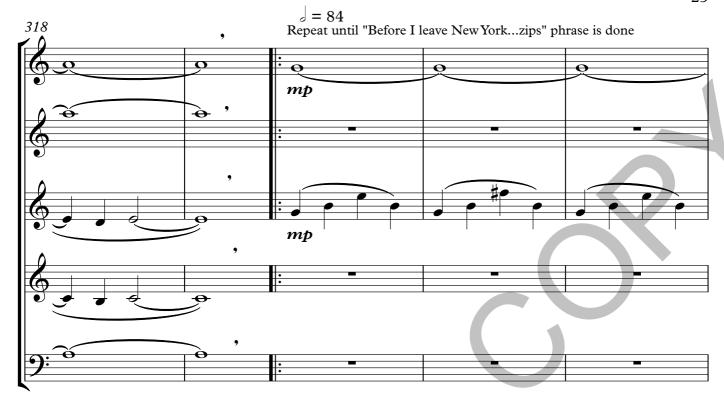


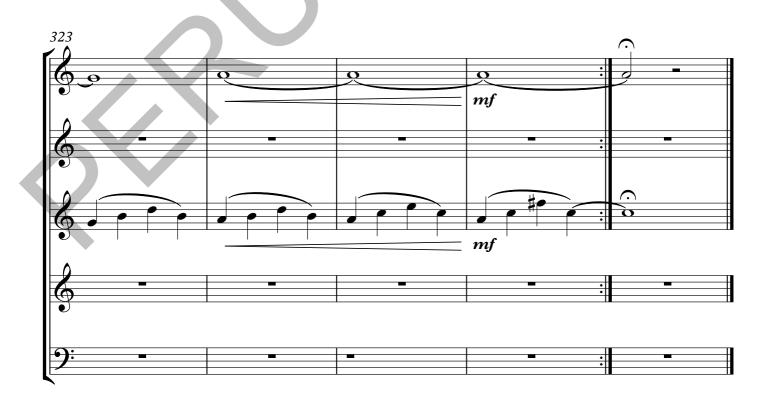












#### Camille De Beus

## preludes

Before you can become friends with someone, you have to get to know them a bit.

\*\*\*\*

Before M and I become friends, I become obsessed with his writing.

\*\*\*\*

Before I get dressed, I lie on the bed for ages, just staring up at the ceiling. Of course I am late.

\*\*\*\*

Before sunrise, there is night.

And before rain, the sky is grey. It always seems to be grey in England.

\*\*\*\*

Before we go to bed, you read to me. Letters from Kurt Vonnegut. And all summer we tell people we're going to go swimming in the East River.

\*\*\*\*

Before you stub your toe, you don't remember how much something so small can hurt.
\*\*\*\*

Before I knew what being in love was like, I read in a book that being in love is like going to China. I tell this to a cousin and she says I don't understand the book or love. Now that I know that being in love is exactly like going to China.

\*\*\*\*

Before the whole city shuts down, it feels like summer and we all dress for it. I sit at a patio bar with my roommates, and have a laugh. I try to find someone to go on a date with before everyone leaves town for a bit.

It's March 2020.

\*\*\*\*

Before I graduate from college, my therapist tells me I should think of how to say goodbye to everyone.

We sit in silence for a while.

\*\*\*\*

Before I live through a few New England winters, winter is my favourite season.

\*\*\*\*

Before C and I part, I try to thank her for everything. I barely choke out the words. She says, "I know," then she disappears into a cab in a Chinatown alleyway.

How do you thank someone for loving you at your worst?

\*\*\*

Before I wake, I dream. And when I wake I try really hard to remember exactly what it was I dreamt. I can never remember all the details about the ones I like best.

\*\*\*\*

Before I kiss you, I kiss all of your friends.

\*\*\*\*

Before I go dancing, I tell K to come along also.

"If you come out tonight, anything could happen. If you stay in, you know exactly what will happen." I believe it.

\*\*\*\*

Before I stop growing, I am the tallest girl in my class. No, the tallest in class.

\*\*\*\*

Before you leave for Puerto Rico, I tell you that you have to say goodbye to me.

You laugh.

You tell me to go make art, get lost and found, find happiness, get my heart broken.

I say that's not very nice, the part about getting my heart broken.

You say it'll help my art.

\*\*\*\*

Before September, there is August. Glorious, sweaty, heavy August.

\*\*\*\*

Before we all start tangoing. Actually I don't remember before. I just remember that the neighbours get upset and tell us to turn down the music.

\*\*\*\*

Before I leave I turn off all the lights, except the stove ones.

\*\*\*\*

Before an ex and I break up for the last time, we argue on the phone outside the Target I just bought ice from.

I'm late to the holiday party. There are drunk Santa's in east village because it's SantaC-on. I tell him, "I'm sorry I'm not my best self right now."

"You're not even trying," he says back.

\*\*\*\*

Before it's warm again, it'll be cold a long time.

How long exactly?

\*\*\*\*

Before I go to bed, my mom asks me to say a prayer. It's hard to feel like you deserve the things you're asking for when you're not sure you fully believe. The lights are off and I lie with my head on the pillow, arms at my sides, eyes on the ceiling, hoping this will work.

\*\*\*\*

Before I go to the beach, I cover my face in sunscreen. Then my chest. Then my legs. Then my back. My face again, for good measure, and finally even my feet.

\*\*\*\*

Before dinner at the french restaurant ends, we talk about love. J says, "I think the person you should marry is the last person you'd want to talk to before you die."

Later in the summer I tell her I can't stop thinking about what she said. And she tells me that I have to because it's too depressing.

\*\*\*\*

Before V and I stop being friends, she invites me to dinners with her mom because she doesn't want to be alone with her. We talk about our asian mothers. How they don't get us. How we sometimes wish we had the fun, carefree American parents that many of our friends do.

After we haven't been friends a while, your mom commits suicide.

I still feel a strange sense of guilt.

\*\*\*\*

Before we learn to swim, we have to trust our body's ability to float on its own.

\*\*\*

Before I take the train, you say "bye love you." Like it's the most natural thing in the world. Like we've been saying it to each other for ages.

I almost want to laugh because it's likely a slip of the tongue and you can't love me in that kind of way, so soon.

We both freeze, and you say, "forget I said that."

\*\*\*\*

Before you stop caring, you care a lot.

\*\*\*\*

Before I leave for college, my dad pulls me aside. Tells me he'll always miss the times we had before, because I'll be different when I'm back. Never quite the same.

\*\*\*\*

Before M leaves our apartment, for what he and I pretended was not the last time, I ask him for an item. Something to remind me of him, while he's away.

He tosses me a button-up shirt, one of his favourites.

\*\*\*\*

Before I leave New York, E rediscovers his lucky lighter.

"It always comes back to me," he says. "It's been following me around for the last 5 or so years."

It's a white lighter with a four-leaf clover and the words "Trébol" and below that "1969." E is superstitious about the 27 club. The one where all the famous people die at 27 who use white lighters.

He takes it from our friend who last had it and just gave it back to him that night, and then later gives it to me.

"You should take it with you to England. Keep it safe for a bit."

I'm always conscious of the amount of lighter fluid in it, not running out.

It's always in my brown leather shoulder bag, in the smallest pocket, the most inner one, the only one that zips.

\*\*\*\*