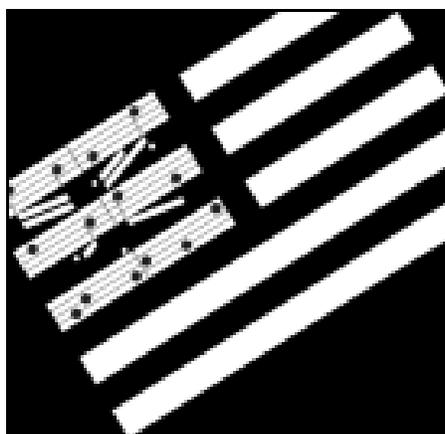


National Association of Composers/USA

2018 Conference



March 16-18, 2018

Greetings from Dr. Brad Cutcliffe, president of the Great Plains chapter of NACUSA, and from each of its members. We welcome you to this momentous occasion as we celebrate the 85th anniversary of the organization.

The Great Plains chapter was expanded in 2015 to include nine states within that region: Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota, North Dakota, and Minnesota. Our goal is to increase composer cooperation and performance opportunities in a vast area that is musically rich and diverse but underrepresented nationally.

We would like to thank the staff and faculty of William Jewell College and the National World War I Museum and Memorial. Fellow NACUSA and KcEMA members John Chittum, Dr. Ian Coleman, Daniel Morel, and Greg Steinke deserve special appreciation. Without your combined efforts this conference would not have been possible.

We hope that the next three days will give you much to reflect upon and celebrate. Your enthusiasm, participation, and creativity is vital not only to the organization but to new American art music. We look forward to thought-provoking discussions and amazing new music. Thank you for attending.

National Conference Schedule

Friday, March 16th

7:00pm Concert #1, J.C. Nichols Auditorium

Saturday, March 17th

Papers/Presentations, William Jewell College, Gano Chapel

9:00am Greg A Steinke: Music and the Poetry of Lawson Fusao Inada

9:45am NACUSA Business Meeting

10:30am Tetsuya Takeno: cheating, lying, stealing by David Lang -Musical effect of permutation construction and its rhythmic structure

2:00pm Concert #2, Gano Chapel on William Jewell campus

7:00pm Concert #3, Gano Chapel
With KcEMA; Kansas City Electronic Music and Arts Alliance

Sunday, March 18th

Papers/presentations; William Jewell College, Gano Chapel

9:00am Richard Derby: Jan Karlin: What's Next? Creativity in the Age of Entertainment

10:30am Jeff Morris: Intermedia techniques for acoustic composition

2:00pm Concert #4, YCC Competition Winners, Gano Chapel

Concert #1
Friday, March 16 - 7:00pm
J.C. Nichols Auditorium, WWI Museum

Kelly Birch, *mezzo-soprano*
Dorothy Glick Maglione, *flute*
Madelyn Moore, *clarinet*
Josh Draves-Kellerman, *bassoon*
Jen Oliverio, *trumpet*
Esther Seitz, *cello*
TBD, *violin*

The Second Coming

William Hooper

Yeats was an Irish poet who had lived through tough times during World War 1. He had seen unprecedented slaughter, such as several Irish Nationalists had been executed in the struggle for freedom and the upheaval of the Russian revolution. This poem is a picture of Yeats struggling with the horror and cruelty of World War I.

Things might fall apart, systems collapse and spiritual refreshment can only be achieved through the second coming: a Christian concept involving the return of Jesus Christ on Earth. Except that this second coming would be no holy birth of an infant Christ in a lowly manger. Something far sinister is in prospect; an antithetical creature, sphinx-like in nature, a rough beast, slouching its way, about to be born en route to a symbolic Bethlehem. Yeats poetically predicted the rise of a rough beast that manifested chaos and upheaval in the form of Nazism and Fascism, bringing Europe to its knees.

This piece was originally written for flute, piano, and voice and has been orchestrated. It utilizes some non-traditional notation and a 12-note harmonic base. The form is dictated by the text. The soloist sings, shouts, and song-speaks. At some points the soloist has only indications of approximate pitches to be sung, leaving it to him or her to sing what pitches seem appropriate at the time. The rhythm is both periodic and free.

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Source: The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats (1989)

Via Nocturna

Ben Stevenson

The Latin title of this piece can broadly be translated in a number of ways—as either “the way of the night” or “by night” or most broadly as “night road.” The piece was partially inspired by the fifth movement of Benjamin Britten’s “Nocturnal” for solo guitar, which is marked “march-like.” In the Britten, as well as in this piece, a rhythmic motive is almost obsessively repeated while the other musical material attempts to break away. The image I most returned to as I was writing “via nocturna” was one of soldiers marching down a road in the dark, towards an uncertain future. In the last third of the piece the mood changes; lyrical melodic material appears—including a veiled reference to Edward Elgar’s Cello Concerto, a piece written in the aftermath of the First World War—but, finally, the martial material returns, and the music trudges toward oblivion.

1914

Richard Montalto

Composed in November 2017, *1914* is a setting of a sonnet by Wilfred Owen. As one of the major English poets of the First World War, Owen's works reflect his first-hand experiences of the conflict. Owen was tragically killed by gunfire one week before the end of the war. Owen scholar Dorothy Mountford states, "In the octet the tone is one of despair and horror at the destruction wrought by the war. In the sestet Owen moves away from the present against which he raves to become reflective and celebratory of past times. The final couplet however returns to the cold despair of present winter and the horror of the blood/seed which will have to be spilt to ensure a future." In this setting, the voice does not dominate the texture, but is treated as an equal part of the ensemble.

War broke: and now the Winter of the world
With perishing great darkness closes in.
The foul tornado, centred at Berlin,
Is over all the width of Europe whirled,
Rending the sails of progress. Rent or furled
Are all Art's ensigns. Verse wails. Now begin
Famines of thought and feeling. Love's wine's thin.
The grain of human Autumn rots, down-hurled.

For after Spring had bloomed in early Greece,
And Summer blazed her glory out with Rome,
An Autumn softly fell, a harvest home,
A slow grand age, and rich with all increase.
But now, for us, wild Winter, and the need
Of sowings for new Spring, and blood for seed.

A Memorial

Greg Steinke

Dedication: In Memoriam: To those who died and suffered in World War I

Prologue: A Prelude to War
Of Home and War: Send Off
Remembering Home
War Comes and Goes
Epilogue: Remembrances

~ Intermission ~

Ich habe geschwiegen

Daniel Morel

Martin Niemöller was a Lutheran pastor whose pacifism and anti-war efforts have touched people throughout the 20th century. Imprisoned by the Nazi regime, his body of writings and speeches reflected on the inevitability and disenfranchisement of those who did not speak out against atrocities. These speeches were eventually distilled into his famous poem "First they Came for the Jews."

The threat of oppression is not unique to any time or place. Nor is the humanist reaction to defend friends, families, and even strangers, against such encroachment. This dramatic work for solo soprano touches on just a few of the many reactions to oppression, from Europe to Latin America and the Middle East.

Ich habe geschwiegen weaves together texts from multiple languages. An original speech by Martin Niemöller forms the core of the text, woven together with chants from the Arab Spring uprisings and Latin American resistance songs.

When the Nazis

When the Nazis came for the communists,
I remained silent;
I was not a communist.
When they locked up the social democrats,
I remained silent;
I was not a social democrat.
When they came for the trade unionists,
I did not speak out;
I was not a trade unionist.

When they came for the Jews,
I remained silent;
I wasn't a Jew.
When they came for me,
There was no one left to speak out.

El pueblo unido jamás será vencido...
(The people united will never be defeated...)
Ash-shab yurid isqat an-nizam
(The people want to bring down the regime)

Eulogy

Roger Briggs

Eulogy is a ritual for the living that acknowledges the importance of lives that have been lived. It reminds us of their memories, their love, their contributions, sacrifices, and their legacies. The work begins with a simple Robin mourning the loss of a loved one. Eventually, the entire world of nature seems to join the grieving process. A time of reflection emerges followed by acceptance, admiration, thankfulness, and memories.

Hearts

Paul Lombardi

“Hearts” is a poem written by John Witte from his 2005 collection *The Hurting*. Witte’s father was Jewish and emigrated with his family to America in the turmoil immediately following World War I, part of a huge diaspora. Like many of the poems in the collection, “Hearts” conveys the sense of being helplessly swept along by the sometimes heartbreaking events in our lives. Witte notes how we also, collectively, hurtle into events such as World War I, in which a generation of England’s finest poets, including Edward Thomas, Isaac Rosenberg, and Wilfred Owen, perished. Today, as in 1914, we are once again propelled into senseless wars, and surprised by their tragic consequences.

In the music, the text “his heart” is always set on the beat, while the text “her heart” is always set off the beat. This indicates that the perspective of the two hearts is not synchronized. The song is constructed on a symmetrical pattern of intervals centric around B-flat. The reflected intervals likewise represent the dichotomy between “his heart” and “her heart.” The first and third parts of the song focus on the intervals below B-flat, while the middle part focuses on the intervals above B-flat. After an emotional journey, the voice settles on a B-flat pedal. Here, the piano plays open fifths on G-flat from one end of the interval pattern as the voice sings “they kept on trying.” The major triad made with the voice’s pedal is somewhat hopeful. Then, the piano plays open fifths on G from opposite end of the interval pattern as the voice sings “they couldn’t help ourselves.” With the continued B-flat pedal in the voice, the hopeful major triad gives way to a despairing minor triad as the two hearts remain trapped in their inability to communicate.

Hearts

His heart
turned a sleeping dog her heart
seemed to be bleeding and yet they were drawn to one another

someone heard
a voice speaking in his chest
she thought she felt someone trapped in her heart his heart

was burned
he left a sooty smudge on everything
he touched her heart raged it raced here and there someone’s

heart swelled
a river tearing at its banks her heart
locked tight a room full of velvety furniture her heart gave

a slippery thrash
his heart said foment pronounce
propound her heart said expand include elapse the auricles

and ventricles
the radio playing a love song
the snug heart bunched a clump of rope she felt her heart

about to open
and release something it cramped
it broke they kept on trying they couldn’t help themselves.

—John Witte *The Hurting* (2005)

Restoration

Ian David Coleman

This piece was actually commissioned for a conference that was held at the National World War I museum in Kansas City. The poet, a colleague of mine at William Jewell College, was asked to write a poem for the conference that centered around perspectives on art and religion. The phrase ‘terrible beauty’ was a phrase that emerged during the preliminary discussions about the conference and came in part from the visual art of the Japanese-American artist Makoto Fujimura. Ruth took this idea and combined it with striking image of the poppy field that is a feature of the entrance to the WWI museum. Her poem reflects the human cost of war in lines like ‘red dots like someone blotting blood on paper’ and the mechanical nature of the First World War in the technical description of the workings of the eye. Finally, the text draws on the fact that poppies can lie dormant for years to suggest the possibility of rebirth.

Musically, I tried to reflect some of these concepts – the opening is a flowing duet for flute and clarinet that, in my mind, painted a scene of a loan butterfly coming to rest on a poppy in Flanders. The first lines of the poem are set lyrically while the music for the ‘mechanical’ descriptions is more angular and stark and the music for the references to ‘constellations’ is broad and open. The last section brings back the music from the beginning as we are left pondering the rebirth of the dormant flowers.

At the WWI museum,
under a bridge of glass
a blush of color
blooms at your feet

a field of Flanders poppies,
scattering of red dots
like someone blotting
blood on paper.

But, if you could
reach to touch
you'd find,
nothing wet,

only soft petals
that peel back
to reveal the black
ring at the heart.

Inside your eye,
the rods and cones invert
shadow to light
and back

to make of this natural art
an image. In your brain,
dendrites fire, memory's
red flares

a constellation
that blurs, spreads
a shared vision, one eye
to the next,

a field of radiance
pulled through the crowd.
As you cross the bridge, enter
the frame of war's action,

remember: poppies,
dormant for years, can revive,
the field—yours—flourishing
a sweet, terrible beauty.

- Ruth Williams

NACUSA would like to thank the National WWI Museum and Memorial for the use of J.C. Nichols Auditorium.

Concert #2
Saturday, March 17 - 2:00pm
Gano Chapel, William Jewell College

Dorothy Glick Maglione, *flute*
Madelyn Moore, *clarinet*
Esther Seitz, *cello*
Tony Demarco, *violin*
Dan Immel, *piano*

The Garden of Forking Paths

Jeff Morris

In his short story, “The Garden of Forking Paths” (1941), Jorge Luis Borges imagines a labyrinthine book in which paths of time fork off from one another in a multiverse of possibilities. Ultimately, the story invites us to wonder about the role of fate in the paths we choose—could we have chosen another path and ended up anywhere different after all?

The music peers down a number of paths, each trailing off in a different direction, each landing at the new junction. It repeatedly grasps for stable, constant pitches, and they tumble off into sequences.

Shuckin’ Reels

Nathan Kelly

No program notes provided.

Eat Your Vegetables

Jonathan Russ

Eat Your Vegetables is my first piece for solo melodic instrument. As such, it represents a new approach for me: the goal is to make texture out of melody. My primary tool in doing so is rhythm, and each section of the piece has its own rhythmic language. The large-scale form emerges from strange juxtapositions between material, much of which flirts with crassness. This piece was composed for Stanley Drucker, longtime principal clarinetist of the New York Philharmonic-- its bright cheekiness is in honor of him and his inimitable playing. I knew when composing the piece that he would make it his own, and he certainly has.

Music for Toys & Dreams

Greg Bartholomew

Music for Toys & Dreams was commissioned by the Farrelly Ensemble for their performance at the 2016 Unbound Flute Festival in Brisbane, Australia. With a childlike simplicity, the piece evokes music heard while napping, as we drift in and out of dreams, with melodies interrupted and fragments of distant stories interwoven. Each instrument becomes the child’s voice for a toy, sometimes telling its own story, sometimes reacting to another toy’s story, and sometimes enacting a story jointly with the other toys. It starts with the toys waking up, or with a child picking up different toys and introducing them to us. Initially the child is animating the toys, and then the toys begin to animate themselves within the child’s dreams.

Exordium et Infra Furorem

Martin Blessinger

Exorium et Infra Furorem (roughly “Introduction and In a State of Fury”) is a virtuosic two-movement work for solo violin. The first movement, Exordium, began its life as a flute etude. As my concept of the piece developed, it became clear that the musical material was not appropriate for the etude project, and so I decided to adapt it for solo violin. The title of this movement is Latin for “beginning” or “introduction” to capture the prelude-like atmosphere of the music. The second movement, Infra Furorem, is fast-moving and aggressive, featuring tempestuously shifting emotions. I wrote this movement as a counterbalance to the stoicism and reserved stateliness of the first.

Song of Normality

Tianyi Wang

Song of Normality explores the potentiality of utilizing the flute as a companion and extension of the human voice. Through the pitch fluctuations of air noises amplified by the flute, the various spoken syllables that articulate musical notes, and the most primitive form of human singing/shouting... The work becomes a song with unconventional elements.

Winter Quartet

Daniel Morel

Winter winds and snow can envelop the outdoors in a loneliness that cuts through sound with silence. A gentle snowfall muffles the rustle of pines. Animals cease activity in deference to storming blizzards. Winter Quartet is an evocation of these pristine landscapes through musical gesture. Four brief movements explore shimmering timbres and spectral interplay between flute, clarinet, violin, and cello.

Winter Quartet was commissioned by the Colorado State Music Teachers Association for its June 2013 conference. It's been an honor to write this quartet that represents familiar vistas. Quiet, agitated whispers and impressive surges of white, stormy noise harken to fond memories of wandering the woods and meadows in winter.

~ Intermission ~

For I Have Come to Know Your Soul

Daniel McIntosh

For I Have Come to Know Your Soul is a musical portrait in six movements of two souls coming together. The first movement depicts the initial stages of a relationship where everything is new and magical. The second movement represents the period of getting to know each other. The third movement is a pastiche of music that was in my head around the time of my own wedding, and is indicative of a promise to stay together forever. The eponymous fourth movement represents the point at which two people have truly come to know each other to the depths of their souls. The fifth movement portrays the feelings of loss when those two souls have become separated. The final movement represents the realization that although someone may be physically gone, if they have touched your soul, a part of them will always be with you.

Tribute

Richard Derby

"Tribute" for cello solo was written in May 2013 in memory of my friend and mentor Elliott Carter, who died on November 5, 2012 at the age of 103 years and 11 months.

Carter often made extensive use of the so-called "all-trichord hexachord", the only six-note chord in music that happens to contain all twelve of the three-note chords as sub-chords. "Tribute" is therefore based on the all-trichord hexachord. Carter was known for emphasizing intervals as the basic building blocks of his music, sometimes assigning specific intervals to specific instruments or movements as part of that instrument's or movement's identifying musical character. In the closing, sad melodic line of my "tribute" to Carter, all eleven intervals are extracted from the all-trichord hexachord and presented successively in ascending order, from minor second to major seventh. Finally, the pitches E and C recur from time to time (usually as quiet harmonics but also as hushed pizzicato notes at the very end) to represent his first and last names.

Salonika Fantasy

Joe L. Alexander

Salonika Fantasy was composed for my very good friend, and former colleague, Dan Immel. Dr. Immel premiered the piece on April 27, 2017 at the University of Macedonia in Thessaloniki, Greece. The name of the piece, Salonika, is another name for Thessaloniki. The city is the second-largest city in Greece and the capital of Greek Macedonia.

Don't We

Greg Steinke

Etude based on the following poetic image:

DON'T WE

They say there are
No such things as
Indian devil spirits.
But we know differently,
Don't we

They say there are
No such things as
Good Indian spirits.
But we know differently,
Don't we

K'os Naahaabii (Don Jordan)

from NOTES FROM THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, © 1974, Blue Oak Press

This is a short unaccompanied work originally written for inclusion in the clarinet anthology, ETUDES for the TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY CLARINETIST Project, (A Festschrift for the 64th Birthday of Barney Childs) commissioned by Phillip Rehfeldt. The listener should just enjoy contemplating "... there are no such things as...."

Gen'ei no mai

John G. Bilotta

A duo in five movements for flute and clarinet, Gen'ei no mai started with a friend's suggestion that I write a piece for two clarinets, something players could pull out for casual performance. I liked the idea but decided instead to make it a duo for flute and clarinet, a light-hearted, colorful, and virtuosic twelve-tone work — too difficult perhaps for casual performance, but very suitable for a chamber concert. In the Japanese phrase gen'ei no mai "mai" is an ancient word for a stylized or ceremonial dance. The word "gen'ei" refer to vague or transitory images. The closest English equivalent might be "dances of illusions and fleeting visions."

Concert #3

Saturday, March 17 - 7:00pm

Gano Chapel, William Jewell College

5 More Irrelevant Facts

Cody Kauh

What better way to keep us from meaningful, focused work than with “5 More Irrelevant Facts That Will [insert exaggerated emotional response here]”? This composition acts as a metaphor for all topical Internet content presented as a list of random, nonsensical bullet points designed to hold fleeting attentions. Coincidentally, most content from these Internet posts and feeds are also transient in cultural relevance. These heart-felt stories, memes, or pop culture references fade into irrelevance within weeks of their inception as new topics vie for significance. Fortunately, the popularity of numbered lists may soon grow tiresome and the purpose of this composition will become as transitory as the subject it examines.

Aurum

Cody Kauh

Aurum is a sonic miniature that compresses all personal semantic associations of "gold" into five short sections or syllables, with its central section being the longest and most introspective.

Salvo

Cody Kauh

The fixed media video “Salvo” was produced and composed at The Volland Store in Volland, KS as part of the Tallgrass Artist Residency in August 2017. The composition features macrovideography of balsamic vinegar droplets bursting within olive oil. These rapid, visual explosions thus inspired the sonic pairing of larger detonations.

The Letter

Tianyi Wang

Initial inspiration for The Letter occurred during the time I was scoring a short film about the important, unimportant, serious, casual signatures in people’s everyday life, the weight these signatures carry, which could influence our lives in dramatic ways. The idea of constructing an electro-acoustic piece using sampled sound of various daily writing stationery, including ball pens, mechanical pencils, markers, and highlighters interacting with the surface of paper intrigued me. A few imperative controlled parameters of these recorded samples are speed, pressure, and orientation, which are expressed by making slow circles, random doodles, fast scratches back and forth, and etc. Later, recorded sound extended to rolling stationery at various speeds, dropping them from various heights, and even the spinning of a pencil sharpener. It is to my fascination how these samples are transformed and reborn as distinctively new materials so oddly different from their origins, which in turn shape the textural and gestural approach of the piece.

Sipsey Sweet

Joe L. Alexander

According to Wikipedia, the Sipsey River is a 145-mile-long swampy low-lying river in west central Alabama. The Sipsey is surrounded by some exceptional wetland habitat, and originates near Glen Allen, and discharges into the Tombigbee River near Vienna. For me, I know it as a swamp located between my home in Tuscaloosa and where I work, Columbus, MS. I wrote *Sipsey Sweet* for my dear friend, Alan Goldspiel, in the summer and fall of 2017 as my commission piece for the 2017 Mississippi Music Teachers Association conference meeting.

- I. Moderato/Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Allegro

Alan Goldspiel, *guitar*

Consumption

Brad Robin

What initially began as ticking hopefully invokes the image of scurrying claws. As knives and clanks continue, the object continues to take on a life of its own. The introduction of chewing gives it the semblance of life, thus codifying it into an entity capable of options, mobility, and trajectory. In speaking of mobility, I don't limit this to spatialization, though it certainly includes this. Consumption provides a whimsical commentary on issues of satisfaction, hunger, and drive.

The Magic and the Angst of the Road Not Taken

Jeff Morris

This work explores the complexities of the macro-, micro-, and inner-worlds of a walk in the woods. On the largest scale, many people, animals, machines will cross this path over the centuries although today it seems like a new discovery awaiting you. On the smallest scale, delicate sounds of footsteps are seen as catastrophic disruptions of nature's *mise en place*. On the inside, such a peaceful environment can allow the wildest range of thoughts to occur, exposing new opportunities, some exhilarating, some terrifying. It is composed using only sounds from walking in the woods near the Avenue of Beehives in Vila Dum Santo from the Viseu Rural archive.

The accompanying video is an immersive exploration of a single photograph I took and edited, which was inspired by (and originally made to accompany) the music. It serves the music by emphasizing dualities between persistence and emergence in the face of eroding forces, and between natural imagery and digital artifacts (and in turn, some organic-seeming phenomena that emerge from the digital artifacts), and self-similarities between the micro- and the macro-worlds. The video element is not meant as a film with musical accompaniment, but rather a work in three channels that take turns, supporting and contrasting each other: left audio, right audio, and video.

~ Intermission ~

Rmbln N My Mnd

Ben Stevenson

“Rmbln N My Mnd” is a piece for 2-channel fixed media that is an abstract exploration of and meditation on “song” form. It began as a deconstruction of a 12-bar blues and ended up in an entirely different form. Ninety-eight percent of the sounds in the piece began from the same source. The piece is dedicated to Paul Rudy, who was a tremendous help in the conception of the piece.

PrAir

Brad Cutcliffe

Combining music and sounds associated with meditation and prayer from several cultures, PrAir highlights the beauty of their diversity and their similarities. The focus is on Gregorian chant and Islamic call to prayer which begin sharply differentiated but gradually merge in both time and sound space into a duet. Like wind and air, music and prayer ignores national boundaries.

Yom HaShoah

Alan Goldspiel

Yom HaShoah, Holocaust Remembrance Day, memorializes those who died in the Shoah, which means catastrophe or utter destruction in Hebrew and refers to the atrocities that were committed against the Jewish people during World War II. Here, the guitar scordatura, rhythmic figures, and melodic motives express the emotions experienced in such memories. For me, it still feels necessary to remember and remind. Jewish tradition requires the lighting of a 24 hour candle during periods of mourning. Burning a specially designed Yellow Candle mourns the Six Million who perished and keeps their memory alive. The music is strongly influenced by the song *Es Brent* (It Burns) by Mordechai Gebirtig. Hear My Prayer musically petitions us to honor and remember all the souls who died in the Holocaust. Woven into this movement is the Sh'main one of its most familiar musical representations. The major/minor mode-shifts juxtapose hope (never again) and sadness in a most fundamental way. The March of the Living brings students from around the world to Poland, where they explore the remnants of the Holocaust in a silent march from Auschwitz to Birkenau, the largest Nazi concentration camp complex built during World War II. Set in 7/8, the music's asymmetry reflects the walking in those steps learning of such things.

- I. Yellow Candle
- II. Hear My Prayer
- III. March of the Living

Alan Goldspiel, *guitar*

Behind the Back

Timothy Roy, *pipa and electronics, 13:00*

The musical inspiration for this piece comes from my fascination with the murals of the Mogao Caves in Dunhuang, China. The artwork famously depicts musicians performing while dancing and flying through the air. One image –that of a woman playing pipa behind her back –is so iconic that many Chinese dancers train in order to recreate her graceful pose. Behind the Back alludes to the ceremonial atmosphere of the Mogao murals while imagining the sort of music provided by the acrobatic women depicted within –a music which incorporates passages suggestive of dance and aerial maneuvers. Also present are oblique references to Jimi Hendrix, a consummate virtuoso who was known to play guitar with the instrument slung behind his back. At all times, the virtuosity and lyricism of the pipa is the focal point of the work.

*With special thanks to KcEMA (Kansas City Electronic Music and Arts Alliance)
for their participation and generous assistance.*

Concert #4
Sunday, March 18 – 2:00pm
Gano Chapel, William Jewell College

Ellen Sommer, *piano*
Mark Cohick, *saxophone*
Langston Hemenway, *saxophone*

Nocturne

Zach Gulaboff Davis

No program notes provided.

Preludes

Yi Yiing Chen

I think of these four pieces of solo piano as being connected musically. Somewhat like a suite.

1. Friction

I wanted to write very pianistic work that could hear the different levels of its attack by dissembling and reassembling the first “aggregation” of notes.

2. 鲁冰花 Lubinghua

The main part of this piece is a palindrome based on the chime sound I heard and twisted from the Riverside Church when I studied at Manhattan School of Music. After the palindrome, a tune which is similar to the twisted chime sound from a late 1980s Taiwanese pop song “Lubinghua” is borrowed, although very possibly, who know the tune would not notice about it.

3. The Internal Struggle

An etude-like piece.

4. Just Beyond The Sunset

A pentatonic scale is used to control the voice leading. The idea came in my mind when I was immersed in the sunset, and coincidentally, a poem with the same title from David Harris suits my state of mind when writing the piece.

Just Beyond The Sunset

Just beyond the sunset
Someone waits for me
Just beyond the sunset
Lies my destiny
Where the purple mountains
Lie in deep tranquility
There I'll find the treasure
Of love eternally
Just beyond the sunset
Waits someone so fair
Just beyond the sunset

All alone they wait there
Their hair is golden
The colour of the sand
Their eyes sparkle in the night
Like diamonds in your hand
Just beyond the sunset
Lies a home for me
Where the world is peaceful
Like a paradise should be
Just beyond the sunset
Someday is where you'll find me

- David Harris (1966)

Blues in Red

Greg Simon

Blues in Red was written for “Nomenclature,” an interactive performance event at the University of Michigan Museum of Art. In fall of 2012, the top floor of the UMMA featured a painting by David Salle, Untitled but subtitled “Dark Red.” The painting shows cool, grey objects, reminiscent of 50's film noir, on a violent red background. I was immediately drawn in by the cool, disaffected panache of the foreground against the vibrant discomfort of the background - and even more fascinated when I came to understand that the artist's primary tool for this schizophrenic duality isn't an object or any tangible signifier, but purely the use of color. No context informs the painting's objects; they exist ripped from their surroundings and placed on a boundless sea of alien red. With Blues in Red, I try to capture this dichotomy between the cool grey and the violent red of Untitled. A cool, noir-esque blues and a frantic, chromatic babbling trade blows; their language and gestures are informed by my background as a jazz musician, but devoid of swing, improvisation, or any other context that would paint them as “jazz” licks. I couldn't resist a few nods to my jazz background, though, and so I decided to write for a pair of musicians playing my favorite instrument: tenor saxophone.