



NEW WORKS

*1st Year
Graduate
Composers
and
Performers*

*directed by
Philippe Manoury
and
Aleck Karis*

*1.22.10
8 pm
Conrad
Prebys
Music
Center*

uc san diego department of music

NEW WORKS: 1st Year Graduate Composers and Performers

January 22, 2010

Directed by Philippe Manoury and Aleck Karis

Shooting Rats at the Bibb County Dump

Andrew Allen

Tiffany Du Mouchelle, soprano
Scott Worthington, double bass
Stephen Solook, percussion

Andromeda (2009)

Joshua Spitsbergen

Curt Miller, clarinet
Ariana Lamon-Anderson, bass clarinet

To unnamed things

Yiheng Yvonne Wu

Tiffany Du Mouchelle, soprano
Scott Worthington, double bass
Bonnie Whiting Smith, percussion

intermission

Smith-Beams: Part III

Robert Pierzak

Tiffany Du Mouchelle, soprano
Leslie Ann Leytham, mezzo-soprano
Meghann Welsh, soprano

Erwartung und Traumverlust (2009)

Martin Hiendl

Leslie Ann Leytham, mezzo-soprano

Passion (2009)

Paul Hembree

Text by Georg Trakl (1887-1914)
Meghann Welsh, soprano
Ariana Lamon-Anderson, clarinet
Mark Dresser, bass
Dustin Donahue, percussion
Aleck Karis, conductor

please turn off cell phones

Program Notes

Andrew Allen

Shooting Rats at the Bibb County Dump

Being raised in a small southern town, I've always been intrigued by Southern literature, especially Realist/New-South works (Faulknerian and post-Faulknerian). Recently, I came across the work of David Bottoms, a poet from Georgia whom I felt a great affinity for. This is first piece of a song cycle that will set several of Bottoms' poems. In this piece, *Shooting Rats at the Bibb County Dump*, I wanted to convey an immediate inert response to the lines of David Bottoms' poem. As if with ink brush calligraphy, I wanted to produce musical gestures that reflected my state of mind at the precise moment of experiencing Bottoms' work. To this end, I created pen calligraphy and using computer software, was able to "trace" and transliterate my reflexive calligraphy into notated musical gestures. The piece is completely permeated by heterophonic counterpoint, which gives the piece the same sense of being that I interpreted from Bottoms' poem, that is a sense of clear direction but not clear definition.

Shooting Rats at the Bibb County Dump

by David Bottoms

Loaded on beer and whiskey, we ride
to the dump in carloads
to turn out headlights across the wasted field,
freeze the startled eyes of rats against mounds of rubbish.

Shot in the head, they jump only once, lie still
like dead beer cans.

Shot in the gut or rump, they writhe and try to burrow
into garbage, hide in old truck tires,
rusty oil drums, cardboard boxes scattered across the mounds,
or else drag themselves on forelegs across our beams of light
toward the darkness at the edge of the dump.

It's the light they believe kills.
We drink and load again, let them crawl
for all they're worth in the darkness we're headed for.

Yiheng Yvonne Wu

To unnamed things

To unmeasured phenomena, to undiscovered species, to unknown places: may you remain nameless.

a portrait of human effort, often frantic; a glimpse into something that possibly came before; a slightly more distant view

Robert Pierzak

Smith-Beams: Part III

Smith-Beams is the working title of the last song from an unfinished album which I collaborated on with Scott.

Smith-Beams: Part II is a set of five temporarily abandoned songs for three singers which derive some text from *Smith-Beams*. They are written for Scott.

Smith-Beams: Part III is a piece that was forced into existence by circumstance. Its text, too, derives from *Smith-Beams*. All three of the *Smith-Beams* pieces explore the theme of loss. *Smith-Beams: Part III* is written for Scott as well, and its objective is the same as that of *Smith-Beams: Part II* - closure.

Brooklyn's dark night(

my ring fringe
your city binge
and the good mouth

,dry

)seemingly see me now
here before you
(let's meet the endless)
only a second hand outstretched.
a second hand-
a trophy, a reminder, a warning

i died far from Ra

in years, all this will track its end
sending only your eyes,
but your eyes don't shine anymore
when they meet mine

Text by Robert Pierzak and Scott Petersen

Martin Hiendl

Erwartung und Traumverlust (2009)

Erwartung und Traumverlust is part an opera, which I'm writing as part of a project with the Frankfurt University of Music and Performing Arts and which will be premiered in October 2010. For this project, four short operas which are all based upon the same novel by Ryunosuke Akutagawa ("Kesa and Morito") are being played in one evening. The novel is a ruthless psychological story about the fatalistic relationship between Kesa and Morito, which cannot live out their love, leading them to perversity and extreme violation and humiliation.

This piece is the core of the second and third scene, around which small instrumental combinations will be placed in different tempos and spread out in space. It is also the core of the theatrical development, where the violation occurs.

No text is being used. Rather, vowels and consonants are organized by the trajectory from sounds from the front of the mouth (the lips) to sounds from the far back of the mouth (the glottis).

Still there is a text underlying each one of the six movements: fragments of the last poem of the "Canti" by the Italian poet Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837). It is not used as a structural aid or as material for the sounds, but rather as a musical space, into which I composed each movement.

1. Bocca chiusa

Quale in notte solinga,
...
Là've zefiro aleggia

2. Bilabial

Infra l'onde tranquille

3. Labiodental

E cantando, con mesta melodia,
...
Saluta il carrettier dalla sua via

4. Dental/Alveolar/Postalveolar

... . In fuga
Van l'ombre e le sembianze

5. Finale!

Le lontane speranze

6. Velar/Uvular/Pharyngeal/Glottal

Cerca il confuso viatore ...

...

... il cielo

Imbiancar novamente ...

...

... oscura

Resta la vita.

Paul Hembree

Passion (2009)

“Passion,” from *The Bequest* (1909)

by Georg Trakl (1887 - 1914)

I.

Wenn silbern Orpheus die Laute rührt,
Beklagend ein Totes im Abendgarten -
Wer bist du Ruhendes unter hohen Bäumen?
Es rauscht die Klage das herbstliche Rohr,
Der blaue Teich.

Weh, der schmalen Gestalt des Knaben,
Die purpurn erglüht,
Schmerzlicher Mutter, in blauem Mantel
Verhüllend ihre heilige Schmach.

Weh, des Geborenen, daß er stürbe,
Eh er die glühende Frucht,
Die bittere der Schuld genossen.

Wen weinst du unter dämmernden Bäumen?
Die Schwester, dunkle Liebe
Eines wilden Geschlechts,
Dem auf goldenen Rädern der Tag davonrauscht.

O, daß frömmer die Nacht käme,
Kristus.

Ein Leichnam suchest du unter grünenden Bäumen
Deine Braut,
Die silberne Rose
Schwebend über dem nächtlichen Hügel.

II.

Wandelnd an den schwarzen Ufern
Des Todes,
Purpurn erblüht im Herzen die Höllenblume.

Über seufzende Wasser geneigt
Sieh dein Gemahl: Antlitz starrend von Aussatz
Und ihr Haar flattert wild in der Nacht.

Zwei Wölfe im finsternen Wald
Mischten wir unser Blut in steinerner Umarmung
Und die Sterne unseres Geschlechts fielen auf uns.

O, der Stachel des Todes.
Verblichene schauen wir uns am Kreuzweg
Und in silbernen Augen
Spiegeln sich die schwarzen Schatten unserer Wildnis,
Gräßliches Lachen, das unsere Münder zerbrach.

Dornige Stufen sinken ins Dunkel,
Daß röter von kühlen Füßen
Das Blut hinströme auf den steinigen Acker.

Auf purpurner Flut
Schaukelt wachend die silberne Schläferin.

III.

Jener aber ward ein schneeiger Baum
Am Beinerhügel,
Ein Wild äugend aus eiternder Wunde,
Wieder ein schweigender Stein.
O, die sanfte Sternenstunde
Dieser kristallinen Ruh,
Da in dorniger Kammer
Das aussätzige Antlitz von dir fiel.

Nächtlich tönt der Seele einsames Saitenspiel
Dunkler Verzückung

Voll zu den silbernen Füßen der Büßerin.
In der blauen Stille
Und Versöhnung des Ölbaums.

English Translation, by Petra Watzke

I.

When Orpheus silvery stirs the lyre,
Mourning a dead one in the evening garden -
Who are you, resting one beneath high trees?
The lament rustles, the autumnal reed,
The blue pond.

Woe the slender shape of the boy,
That glows purple
Sorrowful Mother, in blue cloak
Shrouding her holy shame.

Woe the born one, that he would die
Before enjoying the glowing fruit of guilt,
The bitter one.

Who are you mourning beneath dusking trees?
The sister, dark love
Of a wild race,
Whom the day flees on golden wheels.

Oh that the night came more piously,
Kristus.

A corpse you seek beneath greening trees
Your bride,
The silver rose
Floating over the nocturnal hill.

II.

Meandering along the black banks
Of death,
The flower of hell blossoms purple in the heart.

Bent over sighing waters
See your spouse: Countenance caked with leprosy
And her hair flutters wildly in the night.

Two wolves in the sinister forest
We mixed our blood in stony embrace
And the stars of our race fell upon us.

Oh, the sting of death.
Deceased ones we seek ourselves at the path of the cross
And in silver eyes
are mirrored the black shadows of our wildness,
Ghastly laughter that broke our mouths.

Thorny steps descend into the dark,
So that from cold feet
The blood streams more red onto the stony field.

On purple flood
In her sleep the silver woman sways waking.

III.

But that one became a snowy tree
On the hill of bones,
A deer eying out of a festering wound,
Again a mute stone.

Oh the soft star-hour
Of this crystal serenity,
When in a thorny chamber
The leprous countenance fell from you.

At night the soul's lonely string-play sounds
Full of dark ecstasy
At the silver feet of the penitent woman.
In the blue stillness
And atonement of the olive tree.

