

Die wahrnehmung eines Worstes – Wen Liu

This piece explores the relationship between speaking, Sprechgesang, and singing. It's a study on relations and transitions between the melodic contours of Sprechgesang and the corresponding melodic contours of singing. In German, the stress is usually on the first syllable of a word. The word emphasis is used to denote pitch rise or pitch jump.

The Meaning Of Simplicity
by Yannis Ritsos

I hide myself behind simple objects so you may find me,
if you do not find me, you will find the objects,
you will touch those objects my hand has touched
the traces of our hands will mingle.

The August moon gleams like a tin kitchen kettle
It lights the empty table and silence kneeling in the house
Silence is always kneeling.

Every single word is an exodus
for a meeting, cancelled many times,
it is a true word when it insists on the meeting.

German Version:
Die Bedeutung der Einfachheit

Hinter einfachen Dingen verstecke ich mich, damit du mich findest.
Wenn du mich nicht findest, wirst du die Dinge finden,
Du wirst dieselben Dinge berühren, die meine Hände berührten,
die Spuren unserer Hände werden sich kreuzen.

Der Augustmond glänzt in der Küche
wie ein verzinkter Topf,
erhellte das verlassene Haus und das kniende Schweigen des Hauses,
das Schweigen verharrt immer kniend.

Ein jedes Wort ist einer Exodus
zu einem Treffen, viele Male vereitelt,
und dann erst ist es ein wahres Wort, wenn es auf dem Treffen insistiert.

UC San Diego | Division of Arts & Humanities | Department of Music

An Evening of Premieres

Winter Composition Jury Concert

Featuring collaborations between first year composition and performance graduate students

Friday, January 29, 2016 - 7:00 p.m.

Conrad Prebys Concert Hall

pale, pale light – Lydia Winsor Brindamour

Ashley Cutright, soprano
James Beauton, percussion

Yumeiren – Qingqing Wang

Rachel Allen, trumpet – Keir GoGwilt, violin
Kiyoe Wellington, contrabass – James Beauton, percussion
Aleck Karis, conductor

INTERMISSION

Mirrors, reflections, illusions – Andrés Gutiérrez Martínez

Madison Greenstone, clarinets
Kiyoe Wellington, contrabass

Die Wahrnehmung eines Wortes – Wen Liu

Ashley Cutright, soprano – Madison Greenstone, clarinet
Rachel Allen, trumpet – Sean Dowgray, percussion
Aleck Karis, conductor

The discussion session for this concert will begin tomorrow morning:
Saturday, January 30th at 10:00 a.m. in CPMC 231.

***pale, pale light* – Lydia Winsor Brindamour**

And aren't all that way: simply self-containing,
if self-containing means: to transform the world outside
and the wind and the rain and the patience of spring
and guilt and restlessness and muffled fate
and the darkness of the evening earth
and even the changing and flying and fleeing of the clouds
and the vague influence of the distant stars
into a handful of inwardness

from The Bowl of Roses
by Rainer Maria Rilke, *New Poems* (1907)
translated by Edward Snow

About the text: The textual material used in this piece is *derived* from the line “white apples and the taste of stone” from Donald Hall’s poem “White Apples,” published in 1928. The poem, in its entirety, is included below:

White Apples

when my father had been dead a week
I woke
with his voice in my ear
I sat up in bed
and held my breath
and stared at the pale closed door

white apples and the taste of stone

if he called again
I would put on my coat and galoshes

***Yumeiren* – Qingqing Wang**

Yumeiren is inspired by the poem “*Ci*” with the same title. It was written by poet Li Yu, the last emperor of the Chinese dynasty Nantang. This poem is a represent of fuzziness beauty, full of invisible sorrows. Yumeiren has two parts. It corresponds to the two movements of this piece that is duo for violin and contrabass and quartet for trumpet, violin, contrabass and percussion. It explores the relationships between space and movements in music. Besides, the musical descriptions of “*Remain*”, “*Flowing*” and “*Sorrow*” portray poet’s endless sadness, just like the over-brimming river without ends.

To the Tune of Yumeiren

By LiYu

When shall spring flowers and autumn moons end their grace?
How many past memories I have to face.
As warm breeze again rustling my window last night.
How could I bear to recall my homeland in that moonlight?

Carved rails and jade stairs should remain the same,
Only the palace has changed its name.
How much sorrow could one possibly hold?
Just see the over-brimming river flowing east!

Original Version:

李煜 《虞美人·春花秋月何时了》

春花秋月何时了，

往事知多少？

小楼昨夜又东风，

故国不堪回首月明中。

雕栏玉砌应犹在，

只是朱颜改。

问君能有几多愁，

恰似一江春水向东流

***Mirrors, Reflexions, Illusions* – Andrés Gutiérrez Martínez**

for Contrabass Clarinet - and Contrabass

A dialogue; a journey; a distorted echo; a reflection;