

Compact  
Disc  
CG57  
2017  
12-9



**Composition Studio**  
**December, 9<sup>th</sup>, 2017, 7:30 pm**  
**Brechemin Auditorium**

**UW School of Music**

NONCIRC CD #17,955

**Composition Studio**  
**December, 9<sup>th</sup>, 2017, 7:30 pm**  
**Brechemin Auditorium**

CD #17,956

in collaboration with musicians from the **UW Modern Music Ensemble**

- 1 *remarks, Huck Hodge*
- 2 *Maximum Overdrive (2017) WP 5:04* Alex Sanchez  
for mixed quartet
- 3 *Running Low: On Space and Time (2017) WP 4:12* Alex Sanchez  
for computer-realized sound
- 4 *my body's soul has left, it wandered (2017) WP 5:01* Irene Putnam  
for Viola solo
- 5 *The Task of the Translator (2017) WP 11:40* Aidan Gold  
for Clarinet, Cello, and Piano
- 6 *An infinite number of others (2017) 15:37* Daniel Webbon  
for String Quartet

WP (World Premiere)

**UW Composition Studio Concert Program Addendum**

**December 9, 2017 – Brechemin Auditorium – 7:30pm**

“Maximum Overdrive” (2017) – Alex Sanchez

Alex Sanchez, piano  
Brendan McGovern, tenor saxophone  
Anthony Lefavre, bass  
Aidan Gold, percussion

Running Low: On Space and Time (2017) – Alex Sanchez  
(prerecorded playback)

my body's soul has left, it wandered (2017)  
for viola solo – Irene Putnam

Irene Putnam, viola

"The Task of the Translator" (2017) - Aidan Gold

Caitlin Beare, clarinet  
Chris Young, cello  
Hexin Qiao, piano

“An infinite number of others” (2017)  
For string quartet – Daniel Webbon

Emily Acri, first violin  
Janna Webbon, second violin  
Andrew Steifel, viola  
Isabella Kodama, cello

## Program notes:

*Maximum Overdrive* serenely immerses the listener in a minimalistic pool of glistening lights, all the while demanding a reflection on the conscious and subconscious thresholds of musical perception. The piece draws on images of trash and debris glimpsed on the busy Seattle streets during my daily commute to and from campus.

*Running Low: On Space and Time* explores the use of unsettling and disorienting sounds, repetitive structures, and dream-like semantic incoherence to evoke a deep feeling of dread.

The *Task of the Translator* is a piece in which musical material is literally "translated" between the clarinet, cello, and piano with varying degrees of fidelity. Techniques that are easily produced on some instruments, like harmonics on the cello, become increasingly more awkward and cumbersome as they are translated to the other instruments — strained, pinched, airy tones on the clarinet, and otherworldly piano harmonics. These translations necessitate changes in the speed and style of the passages that include them, leading each instrument to its own unique interpretation of them. On top of this, the musicians are placed around the audience and throughout the piece play without staying together. Thus, the various gestures, motives, and techniques can be heard flying from one instrument to the other, some translated literally and simply, and some that become nearly unrecognizable through translation. As the piece continues, the translations become less and less literal, and the music teeters on the edge of chaos, before coming to a dead stop with a distant, plaintive melody that echoes through the clarinet and cello.

*An infinite number of others* is based on recordings of Ollie Gilbert, taken from the Max Hunter Folks Song Collection at Missouri State. Ollie Eva Woody Gilbert (1892–1980) had a storied career as a folk singer but was all but forgotten when Max Hunter asked her to record some of her songs at her home in Stone County, Arkansas, in the late 1960s.

Jacques Derrida posits the idea that we have an infinite number of ourselves and that to write is to give voice to one of these selves and to silence the others. I find it remarkable that one of Ollie Gilbert's selves, the one that was recorded some 50 years ago in a state 1000 miles from my own, can still speak. And the self that speaks is not the melody or lyrics of the folk tunes, but of a woman well into her 70s who brings a lifetime of experience to bare when she sings.

I tried to capture that essence in the quartet. Not the what of the tunes, but the how. The way in which Mrs. Gilbert growls and chirps and moans. The energy or humor or detachment with which she sings these songs.