

Above all, do not delude yourself
do not say that it is a dream
that your ear is mistaken
Do not condescend to such empty
hopes

Like a man for long prepared
like a brave man
like to the man
who was worthy of such a city

Go to the window
and listen with emotion
Ah, such rapture!

Listen to the notes
to the exquisite instruments
of the mystic choir

and bid farewell to her, to
Alexandria, whom you are losing

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The School of Music
presents the 114th program of the 1989-90 season.

Young Composers

Works By

N49
1990
5-31

Kris Falk
Charles Hiestand
David Hunter
Eduard Resina

Sumiko Sato
Ciro G. Scotti
Robert Tangney
Lynette Westendorf

May 31, 1990
8:00 PM, Brechemin Auditorium

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DAT# 11.673
11.674

CASS# 11.675
11.676

DAT (ID#)

Program

DAT 11673
CASS 11675A
2 **Inflection** (in three movements) (3) SUMIKO SATO

Sumiko Sato, *piano*

3 **Songs for Pierce Invararity** ROBERT TANGNEY

Gretchen Hubbert Bjork, *mezzo soprano*
Brian Fairbanks, *flute*

4 **Five Songs for Tenor and Piano** (1984) CHARLES HIESTAND

Dauphin, Dauphin
The Hoyden
The Viola
Poverty
Alexandria (The God Abandons Anthony)

John Hiestand, *tenor*
Charles Hiestand, *piano*

CASS 11675A
CASS 11.675B

5 **Passacaglia Variations for Solo Viola** CIRO SCOTTO

I ♩ = 120
II ♩ = 60
III ♩ = 120
IV ♩ = 60
V ♩ = 120

(10:35)

WIND RUMBLE

Jonathan Graber, *viola*

Intermission

6 **Three Flutes** (first movement) (2) KRIS FALK

Wendy Wilhelmi, Brian Fairbanks, Twi McDonnell, *flutes*

6 **Basslines** (1990) LYNETTE WESTENDORF

Basslines was written as an exploration of the sound of the bass. It is a single-movement work, comprised of four contrasting sections, which together form a large arch. The role of the piano is as a shadow to the bass — playing with it or around it, sometimes in front, sometimes behind. My earliest ideas for this piece began during a three day downpour in the rainforest.

Todd Gowers, *contrabass*
Anne Marie Scott, *piano*

7 **Sonata for Violoncello and Piano** (1982) EDUARD RESINA

Allegro
Lento
Presto

Joe Bickel, *cello*
Mikiko Yamamoto, *piano*

DAT 11674 CASS 11676A

8 **Illusions of Grandeur: This Turbulent Rainbow Sea** DAVID HUNTER
text by DENNIS YOUNGMAN
MISSED START

The idea behind *Illusions* is that of a tone poem. Each line of the poem "This Turbulent Rainbow Sea" is treated as a small section of music, whose number of syllables, words, and punctuation determine a small amount of mathematical structure in the musical material, and to inspire a mood / gesture / ambience / character. Some of the lines of the poem are interrelated, thus sharing equivalent gestures and musical material.

The result of the treatment of the poem in this manner is of large mood shifts, some moods related to each other, unifying the whole structure. The work is of an atonal nature, but the pitch material is not determined by tone rows, it is a series of chord clusters and polychords.

Steve Heinemann, *soprano saxophone*
Melanie Nalbandian, *piano*
Craig Weston, Gary Don, Christopher MacRae, *bowed piano*

Song texts

Songs for Pierce Ivararity
Poems by Rosanne Conroy (1989)

You stitch with such precision,
Each sound a shining strand.
Needle fingers lead the notes
Embroidered by your hand.
Shouldering the heavy hoop
'Round muslin made of strings,
You intertwine melodic threads
To sew a scene that sings.

Five Songs for Tenor and Piano

As clown patrols parade the Torchlit streets
Of Seafair, pirates spring sparks from scraping swords.
Brass bands bellow and children squeal for treats,
As clown patrols parade the Torchlit streets.
A purse snatcher steals as the churning crowd heats
Up fourth avenue. A woman loses what she can't afford.
As clown patrols parade the Torchlit streets
Of Seafair, pirates spring sparks from scraping swords.

Sequins drip
From the August dipper
Sprinkle Honeymoon Lake
Naiads whisper to ancient sisters
In Galway, Bodega
And Honeymoon Bay

Dew misty moss
Gloss under Phosphor,
Is spun and woven to bunting
Sculpting a lullaby
From timbre of wood winds,

Dryads sway
A fern brushed cradle
Steady and slow
As the wingbeats of a Wood Stork
Through the hum and hush
A Woodland Thrush
Chatters a hymn.

Like daffodils, the voices spring up
Through the soil of sorrowful days.
Stained glass dresses the sun
In its Easter best for church. Parades

Of lilies line the altar. A bouquet
Of hymns is offered plentiful
As daffodils. The voices spring up
Through the soil of sorrowful days.

The bitter wine of the Last Supper
Is sweet as the scent of lilacs today.
In the vestibule a baby's crying fades
At the sight of a white toy bunny.
Bright as a daffodil, her voice springs up.

I chase a chipmunk
Past pitch and blackberry brambles,
Holly bushes and huckleberries
To the top of the trail,

Where Carkeek sunset
Melts nettles, pine needles,
Squirrels and moss,
Earthworms, sky and sea
To watercolor.

Dauphin, Dauphin

Dauphin, Dauphin
prince of peace
your unhard of song reels in my mind
as the shape of things to come

I dream monkey leads to peacock
I sing for last words,
"White hen, One and all"

Dauphin, Dauphin
pretentious one
we are cruel republicans
so for you we wait
For you forever

The Hoyden

By you I dream
the world inside of me
Bells ring
joy forms in the smell of the night
I am bursting

I dream
we would kill you
you and your man
run from the trees
to caves
secret across the lake

I dream
you feed us from
a distance to the north
you hold my hand to your belly
and tell me
the hardest thing is
teaching your friends

The Viola

The viola, you played the viola
And the last time
we argue so you'd not say goodbye
as if I would love you any less
Our rational misunderstandings
as if I would care any less

For all you know
my song is my soul
I will give to you
a song for all you know

Your beautiful mouth
filled with alienation

I am the whole bird
with a bird's eye view
You're righteous, my self-esteem
expensive and spent
But thank you
atleast, atleast I'm empty

For all you know
my soul is my song
that's know to all
yet still a secret
I am, for all you know,
the whole bird with a bird's eye view
whole bird, with a bird's eye view

Poverty

Blessed are the poor
for their's is the kingdom

The people who suffer
sep'rate from God
Who spoke the truth
that weighs on me now

The preacher who hardened
Lost in faith
Sep'rate from God
a hallowed litany
what good is it
No dream, I have waited for this

For laughing birds
who show me the nothing light
I faint at a glance
Rhea, Maria
I am yours

Alexandria

(The God Abandons Anthony)
G. P. Cavafy, trans. by G. Valassopoulou

When at the hour of midnight
an invisible choir is suddenly heard
passing with exquisite music
with voices

Do not lament your fortune
that at last subsides
Your life's work that has failed
your dreams that have proved illusions

But like a man prepared
like a brave man
bid farewell to her, to
Alexandria, who is departing