



Interlochen

ARTS CAMP

Interlochen, Michigan
178th Program of the 96th Season

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FACULTY COMPOSERS RECITAL

Tuesday, August 1, 2023

6:30pm, Music Center 1010

Florere.....Andrew Martin Smith
(b. 1984)

Audrey Henry, flute
Jennifer Parker-Harley, flute
Nave Graham, flute
Ziqing Guan, flute
Jill Heyboer, flute

floreo, florere, florui
verb (Latin)

- flourish, blossom, be prosperous; be in one's prime.

Florere was completed in January of 2018 and written for Dr. Susan Royal and the Fredonia Flute Ensemble. The work opens with a quasi-fanfare that gives way to more lilting, dance-like passages. Culminating in a distorted quotation of Guillaume de Machaut's "Douce Dame Jolie," the music is an expression of the bittersweet jollity that accompanies the news of a friend's retirement. This composition is dedicated to Dr. Royal, celebrating her many years of artistic excellence and service at the State University of New York at Fredonia, as she tackles the new and exciting challenges that await her.

Music for Brokenness.....Akshaya Avril Tucker
(b. 1992)

Evelynn Esquivel, clarinet
Jonathon Nickell, alto saxophone

Music for Brokenness is about rebuilding after abuse. It is about trying to find a way with my dearest friend, both in our brokenness, to attempt a future. The first attempt is speaking, conversation, acknowledgement. These musical phrases trace our conversations, in moments of new honesty and familiar grief. While listening, you can picture two people talking, or sitting in silent understanding—the kind of understanding only someone who’s been through the same experience can provide. The two voices/instruments rely upon one another, build upon one another, and slowly evolve together through uncertainty, urged on by mutual care, each loving the other person, at times, more than themselves. I hope this music soothes, offering a gentle reminder to lean on those who make you feel wholly loved. The original version of this piece (for clarinet and trombone) was commissioned by Andrea Vos-Rochefort and Megan Boutin and completed in 2022.

Darkness Within..... Elyse Kahler
(b. 1988)

Chadwick Thomas, clarinet
Emily Reader, harp

Whether it’s dividing one soul into two bodies and discovering that both sides are needed (Star Trek: “The Enemy Within”), two different souls residing in one body (Yu-Gi-Oh, Animorphs), or a split personality (Gollum, The Lord of the Rings), media is constantly asking what it means to be human. The above examples are merely some of my favorites, but the trope is consistent across many forms of entertainment with Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde being an early instance. Is humanity ultimately good or evil at its core? How do we constantly balance selfish instincts with selflessness? The two personalities can be found throughout this piece in the constant changing of duples versus triples, compound lines with large leaps, runs sporadically changing to long notes, and the trading of melodic material between the two players.

Again a Beginning Akshaya Avril Tucker
(b. 1992)

Sarah Garretson, voice
Noah Steele, double bass

"...For it is not difference which immobilizes us, but silence. And there are so many silences to be broken." —Audre Lorde, *The Transformation of Silence into Language and Action* (1977)

"Don't you see how everything that happens is again and again a beginning [...] since, in itself, starting is always so beautiful?" —Rainer Maria Rilke, *Letters to a Young Poet* (1903)

This piece is about the relief and joy of speaking up, speaking our truth, whether personal or societal. Acknowledging my own queer identity, just as the humid Kansas summer started turning blessedly cool, was my new beginning in 2020. The song captures the tumultuous joy and confusion of that experience. After months without writing, this song was my first step to "get up and dust off" after a deep pandemic funk. Reading these texts by Audre Lorde and Rilke helped me find my ground again.

This piece was commissioned by Annick Odom, bassist & folk/Appalachian vocalist. The piece allows the singer to improvise and at times open their throat to the heavens for some Sacred Harp style singing.

TEXT (by Akshaya Avril Tucker)

Then came the day
unexpected cool

come walk with me
will you come outside?
we can't sit here forever

again a beginning, again again again!
since starting in itself is so beautiful

I opened the door
another silence
I opened the door
to see you waiting
I opened the door

and light fled through
and color too
a room of light, and color too

if only you could see it

the silence the silence the silence is broken!

I opened the door
to see you waiting
I opened the door
to you, my self
to see you waiting
on this cool day

the light came through
a void in my throat
a prism, the light came through

Prelude..... Phil Roberts
(b. 1989)

Dawson Coleman, baritone saxophone

Prelude was written as a commission for saxophonist Carly Hood, who requested the piece as part of her CD project themed around the stages of grief in the wake of a worldwide pandemic, namely, the Coronavirus. Prelude primarily invokes acceptance, though it contains microcosms of the earlier stages in its opening systems. These eventually give way to hope, most of all in its closing passage.

All Things Beautiful..... Carrie Magin
(b. 1981)

Matthew Roitstein, flute
YaoGuang Zhai, clarinet
Erin Bennett, piano

All Things Beautiful was originally a choir piece set to the eloquently reflective poem, "Barter" by Sara Teasdale. The text offers that "life has loveliness to sell," and it recounts many wonders that can be observed. It urges one to "spend all you have for loveliness" without considering the price—to live fully by experiencing and witnessing all life has to offer. In writing this work, I reflected on the world we might live in if we all adopted this grateful view of existence—our connections with one

another, our value of the natural world around us, our appreciation of the arts, and our experience of the divine.

The original choir piece was commissioned by The University of Cincinnati Women's Chorus and was premiered in February of 2020 at an art and music exhibition intended to exemplify the power of the arts to promote inclusion, dialogue, and equality. The composition was adapted for flute, clarinet, and piano in 2023 for premiere at Interlochen Arts Camp by Matthew Roitstein, YaoGuang Zhai, and Erin Bennett.

Barter

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

—Sara Teasdale (from *Love Songs*, 1917)

In the Beginning There Was.... Jamie Leigh Sampson
(b. 1984)

fixed media

In the Beginning there was: is a set of four electronic miniatures written after the poem "Lecture on the History of the House" by Claire Schwartz (published in the Poetry Foundation's January 2021 magazine). This is

the first of two works to use this poem as an inspiration. The other is *the alphabet: ruin of silence* for reed quintet, written for the Paradise Winds quintet, which was premiered at the 2022 International Double Reed Society conference. This poem explores typesetting in the tradition of "House of Leaves," blurring and screeching through the ink, articulating both consonants and silences, and giving the reader multiple choice questions to ponder while exploring the history and the house.

Tuba Sonata.....Amanda Harberg
Fast (b. 1973)
Largo
Exuberant

David Zerkel, tuba
Amanda Harberg, piano

My Tuba Sonata was the result of a conversation at Interlochen with Dave Zerkel on the occasion of a neighborhood barbeque on Diamond Park Road. The piece was composed in fall/winter 2022. In composing it, my goal was to offer tubists a substantial chamber piece that would show off the instrument's remarkable strengths including its virtuosic abilities, its gorgeous singing qualities and its enormous range. The sonata was commissioned by the University of Michigan for David Zerkel. It was premiered by Dave with pianist Liz Ames at the 2023 International Tuba and Euphonium Conference in Tempe, Arizona.

La Tierra No Prometida Victor Marquez-Barrios
I. El Rio (b. 1977)
II. Entre Pitos y Tambores
III. El Valse de los Relojes
IV. Mariposas Amarillas
V. Rio (revuelto)
VI. Amaranta
VII. Vals Enrevesado
VIII. La Parranda
IX. El Rio (reflejo)

Kalina Mrmevska, piano

La Tierra No Prometida (The Not Promised Land) draws inspiration from different moments within the novel "Cien Años de Soledad" (One Hundred Years of Solitude), by Colombian Nobel-prize winning author

Gabriel García Márquez. It was commissioned by pianist Hyejin Cho, who suggested approaching the piece as a 21st-Century response to R. Schumann's Papillon, which is why I decided to structure the work as a sequence of short programmatic movements.

I. El Río (The River) is a recurring reference when the author describes Macondo, the town where the whole story takes place. At the very opening of the novel García Márquez writes: "...Macondo was a village of 20 adobe houses, built on the bank of a river of clear water that ran along a bed of polished stones, which were white and enormous, like prehistoric eggs." Movements V. Troubled River, and IX. River (reflection), are based on the same musical idea, presented in different forms and framing the whole composition.

II. Entre Pitos y Tambores (Amongst Pipes and Kettledrums): "Every year during the month of March a family of ragged gypsies would set up their tents near the village, and with a great uproar of pipes and kettledrums they would display new inventions."

III. El Valse de los Relojes (The Clocks' Waltz): "They were wondrous musical clocks made of carved wood...which José Arcadio Buendía had synchronized with such precision that every half hour the town grew merry with the progressive chords of the same song until it reached the climax of a noontime that was as exact and unanimous as a complete waltz."

IV. Mariposas Amarillas (Yellow Butterflies): "It was then that she realized that the yellow butterflies preceded the appearances of Mauricio Babilonia...she did not have to see him to know that he was there, because the butterflies were always there...She lost her mind over him."

VI. Amaranta: "Macondo woke up in a kind of angelic stupor that was caused by a zither that deserved more than this world and a voice that led one to believe that no other person on earth could feel such love. Piestro Crespi then saw the lights go on in every window in town except that of Amaranta...in the midst of that mad concert his brother found Pietro Crespi at the desk in the rear with his wrists cut by a razor and his hands thrust into a basin of benzoin."

VII. El Vals Enrevesado (The Mixed-up Waltz): "Finally José Arcadio Buendía managed, by mistake, to move a device that was stuck and the music came out, first in a burst and then in a flow of mixed-up notes...But

the stubborn descendants of the 21 intrepid people who plowed through the mountains in search of the sea to the west avoided the reefs of the melodic mixup and the dancing went up until dawn.”

VIII. La Parranda (The Party): “Then the man of the house played the accordion, fireworks were set off, and drums celebrated the event throughout town. At dawn the guests, soaked in champagne, sacrificed six cows and put them in the street at the disposal of the crowd. No one was scandalized.”

You Don't Know What It Is Jennifer Jolley
(b. 1981)

Sergio Ruiz, piano

I saw Bob Dylan in a concert once. He was swinging through Columbus Ohio and a couple friends of mine got our tickets to see the legend himself. Mavis Staples (of The Staple Singers) was opening for him, and in passing, one mentioned that Dylan proposed marriage to Mavis but she turned him down.

“Who would turn down Dylan?” he asked.
My other friend and I shook our heads. “Too much baggage,” she said.

After Ms. Staples was done with her set, the thin man himself stepped on stage. He’s older now; his voice wanes and warbles, but it still carries the same tune—that times are still a-changing and the revolution is still happening. There are some who listen to his teachings, but many who don’t.

Bob Dylan has been prophesying his message since the Vietnam War, merely switching out his harmonica for a piano. His intentions are still the same, yet his forewarnings probably took a toll. This time his message carries a little more pain and a little more weight, in that everything he sings to us now has a little more meaning.

Commissioned by Brianna Matzke for The Response Project

Two Songs Victor Marquez-Barrios
Desierto (b. 1977)
The Pieces of Who I Am
Ian Greenlaw, voice
Johan Botes, piano

The text for the songs in this cycle comes from testimony provided by several Latino immigrants who came to the U.S. at different times and under different circumstances. My conversations with them (sometimes in English, sometimes in Spanish, and most times in Spanglish), took place in the fall of 2022 and the spring of 2023 in Minnesota. I will be forever grateful to them for trusting me with their stories.

This project, made possible thanks to the support of the American Composers Forum and the McKnight Foundation, seeks to amplify the voices of wonderful human beings who came to the U.S. in search of a better life for their families, and to make their communities better through hard work and family values. Sharing their stories is especially important during a time when immigration continues to be a highly divisive issue in the U.S., and when some politicians vilify immigrants to accomplish their political goals.

1. Desierto

Desierto, luego de ocho días en la mar
Infierno, hambre, miedo y frío al navegar!

Dieciséis años y un sueño
Un futuro que buscar
Pa' llorar no tengo tiempo
El pasado quedó atrás!

Despierto, listo para ir a caminar en el
Desierto, luego de ocho días he de llegar.

Se terminó el alimento
Y hasta el agua de tomar
Pero yo no me devuelvo
Yo no vine a fracasar!

Ya de este lado me empeño
Me concentro en trabajar

Pero a veces los recuerdos
Vuelven y me hacen llorar...

Pero mas pueden mis sueños
Y estas ganas de triunfar
Con mi familia yo cuento
Por ellos voy a luchar!

El tiempo, como un río el dolor se ha de llevar
Muy lejos, lejos hasta el fondo de la mar!

1. The Desert

At the desert, after eight days at sea
It was hell; hunger, fear, and cold as we sailed!

I was sixteen and had a dream
A future to pursue
I have no time to cry
The past is behind me!

I wake up, ready to go walk
At the desert, after eight days there I will arrive.

The food is over
Also the drinking water
But I am not going back
I didn't come all the way here to fail!

Already on this side I do my best
I focus on working hard
But sometimes, the memories
Return, and make me cry...

But my dreams are stronger
Also my drive to succeed
My family is by my side
I will fight until the end for them!

Time, like a river will drag the pain away
Very far, as far as the bottom of the sea!

2. The Pieces of Who I Am (Music by Victor Marquez-Barrios; Lyrics by V. Marquez-Barrios and Rodolfo Nieto)

The longer I stay away,
So far away from my land
The more my petals keep falling,
Those pieces of who I am.

Fallen petals will become
Fertile soil for other plants
And my tears will gently water
New flowers born in this land

Where's my home? It's everywhere!
Early on I learned to walk.
I've lived by the Rimac river,
In Damp woods by the Passiac,
And the waterheads of the Mississippi.

I'm a millenary flower
Who has traveled far and wide
Through places brimming with color
With hues that I've pulled inside

I'm a wild resilient flower
Who thrives among sand and stone,
I'm ephemeral, miraculous,
I bloom in the fog and cold!

I like to dream and sing songs
To celebrate my loved ones
To embrace them and to dance
Together we're happy and loud!
Of my roots I'm very proud:
That's the essence of who I am.

As I keep shedding
Those petals born in the past,
It's painful and yet it's needed
For new ones to spread and last

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