



UNIVERSITY OF
OREGON

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
**SYMPHONIC
BAND**

Dr. Jason Silveira, conductor

Jubilation and Loss

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Season 116, Program 85

Beall Concert Hall
Thursday, June 8 | 7:30 p.m.



PROGRAM**SYMPHONIC BAND PERSONNEL**

A Jubilant Overture (1970) Alfred Reed
(1921–2005)
6'

Evan Harger, conductor

Remember Me (2013) David Maslanka
(b. 1943)
17'

Steven Pologe, cello

Joy Revisited (2005) Frank Ticheli
(1958)
4'

Trevor Thompson, conductor

–Intermission–

Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night (1979) Elliot Del Borgo
(1938–2013)
12'

Golden Jubilee March (1928/1971) John Philip Sousa
(1854-1932)
ed. Frederick Fennell
(1914–2004)
3'

PICCOLO
Alyssa Van Laar

FLUTE
Lauralei Singsank
Serena McCoard
Alexis Henson
Katie Pratt
Alyssa Van Laar

OBOE
Ryan Strong
Julie Schwab
Mia Acree

ENGLISH HORN
Julie Schwab

BASSOON
Marissa Lane-Massee

CLARINET
Michael Rossberg
Xander Van Horn
Mikel Wade
Karrek Pegg

BASS CLARINET
TJ Low

**CONTRABASS
CLARINET**
Logan McClain

ALTO SAXOPHONE
Madeline Krafve
Jesse Natividad

**TENOR
SAXOPHONE**
Shayan Tahmaseb
Patrick Gordon

**BARITONE
SAXOPHONE**
Joshua Kuhl

CORNET/TRUMPET
Jessica Farmer
Bailey Tucker
Abbigail Hepperle
Danny Beckett
Bridget Van Horne

HORN
Spencer Krumpeck
Anna Lau
Sydney McCorkle
Jasmine Kim

TROMBONE
Daven Tjaarda-Hernandez
Kenny Ross
Otmar Borchard
Alan Wood
Trevor Thompson
Cory Francis

EUPHONIUM
Charles DeMonnin
James Garney

TUBA
Derek White
Preston Wysopal

PERCUSSION
Robby Carr
Andy Gheorghiu
Jared Alls
Trevor Dodd
Brandon Pressley
Luke DeDominces

PIANO
Grant Mack

BASS
Andrew Reed

HARP
Rachel Petty

Journal, Research Perspectives in Music Education, and the Oregon Music Educator.

Dr. Silveira has also served as guest lecturer/clinician/conductor throughout Oregon, New York, and New England. Prior to his appointment at the University of Oregon, Dr. Silveira was an assistant professor at Ithaca College where he taught music education classes and also conducted the Ithaca College Concert Band. Dr. Silveira was also a public school music teacher in the state of Rhode Island, and twice received citations from the governor for promoting excellence in music education. While teaching in Rhode Island, his groups frequently performed at state, regional, and national festivals.

Dr. Silveira is a member of the National Association for Music Education (NAfME), the International Society for Music Education (ISME), the College Music Society (CMS), the Society for Music Perception and Cognition (SMPC), the Society for Research in Music Education (SRME), SEMPRE: The Society for Education, Music, and Psychology Research, the College Band Directors' National Association (CBDNA), and is an honorary member of Kappa Kappa Psi, the national honorary band fraternity. He also served as Chair of the Affective Response Special Research Interest Group for the National Association for Music Education. Additionally, Dr. Silveira serves on the editorial board of the *National Band Association Journal*, serves as editor of the *Oregon Music Educator*, and has served as an invited peer reviewer for *Psychology of Music*, *International Journal of Music Education*, *Bulletin of the Council for Research in Music Education*, and the National Association for Music Education.

A Jubilant Overture was dedicated to Fred Baetge and the Sam Rayburn High School Band in Pasadena, TX. While there is no specific “program” or descriptive basis for the composition, its style and title seem to suggest a sense of vitality and energy. The composition is cast in three-part overture form (fast-slow-fast). It begins with a motif that is developed during the course of the piece, and is subsequently repeated several times throughout the composition. A broad and sweeping slower section features a lyrical horn melody that is derived from one of the three opening themes. Following the slower middle section, a short transitional section reintroduces the melody from the beginning of the piece. The final section (the coda) incorporates all of the melodic ideas while juxtaposing it against a brilliant flourish in the woodwinds.

David Maslanka offers the following regarding **Remember Me**:

We see history as over and done with; nothing can be done about it, so just let it go. Yet certain events hang there – Hiroshima, the Holocaust, exterminations the world over – that are not finished, and will not be put aside. In our family relationships, when a parent or other significant person dies, we think, well, that’s the end, further relationship is not possible. But that is not the case. The death is often the beginning of understanding, of softening, loosening, and a realization of love beyond the tangle of personal issues. In finding rest we give rest to the departed.

The journey of transforming personal pain is the journey of transforming the pain of the world. For many years I have experienced an urgent desire to understand the roots of violence. I have read extensively on war – the American Revolution, the Civil War (Lincoln, slavery, and the echoes that continue to the present

day), the wars of the 20th century, especially World War II and the Holocaust. Confronted with the deaths of five million Jews we don't know what to do. Confronted with a single death we can open in compassion and sorrow. I have recently read *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* by William L. Shirer. On page 961 begins the description of a "comparatively minor" mass execution. At the Nuremberg trials a sworn affidavit was read from a witness to the execution at Dubno in Ukraine of the town's 5,000 Jews:

My foreman and I went directly to the pits. I heard rifle shots in quick succession from behind one of the earth mounds. The people who had got off the trucks – men, women and children of all ages – had to undress upon the order of an S.S. man, who carried a riding or dog whip. They had to put down their clothes at fixed places, sorted according to shoes, top clothing and underclothing. I saw a heap of shoes of about 800 to 1,000 pairs, great piles of under-linen and clothing.

Without screaming or weeping these people undressed, stood around in family groups, kissed each other, said farewells and waited for a sign from another S.S. man, who stood near the pit, also with a whip in his hand. During the fifteen minutes that I stood near the pit I heard no complaint or plea for mercy. . . An old woman with snow-white hair was holding a one-year-old child in her arms and singing to it and tickling it. The child was cooing with delight. The parents were looking on with tears in their eyes. The father was holding the hand of a boy of about ten years old and speaking to him softly; the boy was fighting his tears. The father pointed to the sky, stroked his head and seemed to explain something to him.



Jason M. Silveira is assistant professor and area head of music education at the University of Oregon. He received his Bachelor of Music and Master of Music degrees in music education from Ithaca College, and his Ph. D. in music education from Florida State University. Currently, Dr. Silveira teaches a variety of music education classes at the University of Oregon, and is also the conductor of the

University of Oregon Symphonic Band. His research interests include music perception and cognition, psychology of music, teacher effectiveness, and psychophysiological responses to music. He has presented research at several national and international venues, including the International Society for Music Education Conference, the European Association for Music in Schools, the National Association for Music Education Conference, the Society for Music Perception and Cognition Conference, International Symposium on Assessment in Music Education, Oregon Music Education Association Conference, New York State School Music Association Conference, Texas Music Educators Association Conference, the American Music Therapy Association Conference, and the Desert Skies Symposium on Research in Music Education. Dr. Silveira has been published in *Journal of Research in Music Education*, *International Journal of Music Education*, *Psychology of Music*, *Journal of Music Teacher Education*, *Contributions to Music Education*, *Music Educators*

Born in Washington, D.C., **John Philip Sousa** showed musical aptitude at an early age, began his studies of violin and harmony at the age of ten, and soon after studied various wind instruments. Sousa was accepted into the Marine Band at the age of thirteen, and later was appointed the band's leader, a position he held for twelve years before founding his own band. The Sousa Band quickly became the world's most successful business band, reaching world fame by touring the United States, Canada, and Europe. Among many significant performances, the band received the honor to play at the Paris World Exposition in 1900. Besides being recognized for his band leadership, Sousa developed a flair for composition, marches in particular. In *A Descriptive Catalogue of His Works*, Paul Bierly wrote, "If Sousa had a formula for composing successful marches, it was inspired simplicity." Sousa wrote hundreds of pieces, including comic operas and orchestral works. Additionally, he wrote three novels, an excellent method book for teaching instruments, and an autobiography entitled *Marching Along*. Sousa was a man of tremendous energy, and he continued touring until his death.

By the time John Philip Sousa reached his fiftieth year of his career as a conductor, he had conducted all around the world; for many of the people that he met he often left the token of his highest esteem, a march with their name on it. **Golden Jubilee**, written in 1928, was however, his own salute to himself – observing fifty years of conducting that began in the theater pits of Philadelphia and took him around the world and into the hearts of all who saw him lead his famous band. Composers do not usually write pieces for themselves; but then, John Philip Sousa was not the usual composer.

At that moment the S.S. man at the pit shouted something to his comrade. The latter counted off about twenty persons and instructed them to go behind the earth mound...I walked around the mound and found myself confronted by a tremendous grave. People were wedged together and lying on top of each other so that only their heads were visible. Nearly all had blood running over their shoulders from their heads...I looked for the man who did the shooting. He was an S.S. man who sat at the edge of the narrow end of the pit, his feet dangling into the pit. He had a tommy gun on his knees and was smoking a cigarette.

On reading this I was deeply drawn in, without knowing where I was going or why. I knew that something of this had to be spoken through me in musical sound. Musical vibration heals. There was the realization that this music was for the little child. The child's life remembered in this way is that life redeemed; it is evil transformed; it is my own life transformed and redeemed.

Frank Ticheli describes **Joy Revisited** in the following manner:

Above all, *Joy Revisited* is an expression of its namesake: simple, unabashed joy. The main melody and overall mood of the work were inspired by a signal event: the birth of our first child. The intense feelings that any father would likely feel on such a day were, in my case, accompanied by a simple little tune which grabbed hold of me in the hours preceding her birth, and refused to let go throughout the day and many days thereafter. Indeed, until I jotted it down in my sketchbook, it did not release its grip. Seven years and two children later, I stumbled upon that old sketch and discovered (or rediscovered) that it would serve perfectly as the foundation for a joy-filled concert band overture.

Joy Revisited, and its companion piece, *Joy*, are the results of an experiment I have been wanting to try for many years: the creation of two works using the same general melodic, and expressive content. In other words, I endeavored to compose un-identical twins, two sides of the same coin - but with one major distinction: *Joy* was created with young players in mind, while *Joy Revisited* was aimed at more advanced players.

Thus, *Joy Revisited* is somewhat longer, more technically demanding, and develops ideas further than its companion. Where *Joy* sounds a dominant chord, *Joy Revisited* elaborates upon that chord with a flourish of 16th-notes. While *Joy* moves at a bright tempo and is centered around B-flat, *Joy Revisited* moves even faster, and is centered around E-flat, extending the register of the instruments upwards by a perfect fourth. Despite these and many more differences between the two works, both come from the same essential cut of cloth, both were composed more or less simultaneously, and both were born out of the same source of inspiration. In short, *Joy* and *Joy Revisited* serve as two expressions of the feelings experienced by one expectant father (who happens also to be a composer) on one wonderfully anxious and exciting day.

Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night is loosely inspired by the Dylan Thomas poem of the same name. The work was commissioned in 1978 to commemorate two students, Jill Marie Waterland and Mandy Doel, who were killed in a tragic car accident. Both young women were members of the Peninsula High School Band in Gig Harbor, Washington. Elliot Del Borgo writes, "While not a programmatic depiction of the poem, the work attempts to recreate the essence of the poem in sound." The work is not a line-

by-line depiction of Thomas' poetry, but it does seek to embody the "essence" of the poem. Thomas wrote the poem in 1951 near the end of his father's life. The poem was meant to inspire Thomas' father to fight death to the end, rather than meekly submit to his fate.

*Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*