



UNIVERSITY OF  
OREGON

**SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE**

Oregon  
Composers  
Forum

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**Season 116, Program 37**

**Beall Concert Hall**  
Tuesday, Feb. 21, 2017 | 7:30 p.m.



**Xun** (2016)

LI Tao (1985)

Calvin Yue, clarinet  
 Samuel Lord Kalcheim, violin

My true account, lest he returning chide;  
 “Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”  
 I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need  
 Either man’s work or his own gifts; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state  
 Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed  
 And post o’er Land and Ocean without rest:  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.”

**Amebo** (2017)

Nikolai Andreyevich Valov (1993)

Izabel Austin, electric violin  
 Thomas Wagenet, electric guitar  
 Martin Quiroga, Jr., percussion  
 Michael Fleming, percussion  
 Nikolai Valov, piano  
 Pedram Diba, conductor

**Entomophobia** (2016)

Martin Quiroga Jr. (1987)

Wing-in Crystal Chu, timpani

**Five Pictures for Vibraphone** (2015)

Luke Smith (1994)

Luke Smith and Stephen Medlar, vibraphones

**Songs About a Move** (2016)

Brent Lawrence (1991)

I. Arms  
 II. Boxes

Paul John Rudoj, tenor  
 Brent Lawrence, guitar

Meekly thou did'st resign this earthy load  
 Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.  
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,  
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
 Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best  
 Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
 And spake the truth of thee in glorious Theams  
 Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,  
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XXIII

Methought I saw my late espoused saint  
 Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
 Rescu'd from death by force, though pale and faint.  
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint  
 Purification in the old Law did save,  
 And such as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;  
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
 So clear as in no face with more delight.  
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,  
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

XIX

When I consider how my light is spent,  
 E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one Talent which is death to hide  
 Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present

**Two Lessons for Voice  
and Marimba** (2017)

Paul John Rudoï (1985)

"The Grammar Lesson" (text by Steve Kowitz)  
 "The Student Theme" (text by Roland Wallace)

Paul John Rudoï, tenor  
 Wing-in Crystal Chu, marimba

**Terrarium** (2015)

Stephen Medlar (1984)

Paul John Rudoï, tenor  
 Kevin Wyatt-Stone, bass  
 Nikolai Valov, piano

**Padumasura** (2016)

Michael Fleming (1993)

IV. Padumasura supina

Michelle Brunader, violin  
 Kasey Calebaugh, viola  
 Eric Alterman, cello  
 Nikolai Valov, piano

**Three Milton Sonnets** (2017)

Samuel Lord Kalcheim (1990)

Jessica Rossi, soprano  
 Eduardo Moreira, piano

**Variations for Clarinet,  
Cello, and Piano** (2017)

Joseph Vranas (1992)

Calvin Yue, clarinet  
 Makenna Carricco, cello  
 Stephen Rawson, piano

**Xun** (2016)

LI Tao (1985)

*Xun* in Chinese means searching. The searching in this piece can be the searching between two instruments and it can also be the searching of each instrument their own. What are they searching for and do they find it?

**Amebo** (2017)

Nikolai Andreyevich Valov (1993)

“Ambedo” is a word invented by John Koenig (taken from the Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows) to describe a mental state often associated with various forms of anxiety or depression in which one enters a melancholic trance and becomes involuntarily completely absorbed in vivid sensory details (such as raindrops on a window or the rustling of tree-leaves) which leads to a haunting, salient awareness of the fragility and pointlessness of life and an overall greying of the landscape to match one’s mood. This piece was written as an abstract depiction of that sensation, which the past three years of my life have made me intimately familiar with. It is a microtonal piece, with that aspect of it being informed by a synthetic scale I created by using every third pitch from a one octave 24-tone scale. This is what the space drum and the hammered dulcimer are tuned to.

**Five Pictures for Vibraphone** (2015)

Luke Smith (1994)

*Five Pictures for Vibraphone* was commissioned in the summer of 2015 by my close friend, percussionist Ian Jones. As inspiration for the piece, he sent me six pictures he had taken from around his current home in Ithaca, NY. These pictures were of some of his favorite scenes of the town and the surrounding nature. I took these pictures and ordered them from scenes of indoors and civilization to scenes of outdoors and wilderness. The resulting five short movements, or Pictures, follow this progression, growing more subdued as the music continues. I arranged four of the five movements for vibraphone duet a year after I completed the solo

A new container,  
a new destruction,  
an unknown virus,  
a new recipe,  
a catalyst.

Parasites lay their eggs and leave  
while terror cooks  
like a microwave.

This water will be mine.

It stares.  
My victim has no skin,  
does not sweat;  
has no bones,  
it won’t break.  
Yet it heals.  
It stares.  
There is no mode for flight.  
It stares.

Unwounded, unscarred, marked.  
Momentum has the courage to be a successor,  
They will lay their eggs.

**Three Milton Sonnets** (2017)Samuel Lord Kalcheim (1990)  
Text by John MiltonXIV

*On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson,  
My Christian Friend, Deceased Dec. 16, 1646.*

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,  
Had ripen’d thy just soul to dwell with God,

is present tense. While words like our and us are pronouns - i.e. it is moldy, they are icky brown. A noun's a thing; a verb's the thing it does.

Is is a helping verb. It helps because filled isn't a full verb. Can's what our owns in "Our can of beets is filled with purple fuzz."

See? There's almost nothing to it. Just memorize these rules...or write them down! A noun's a thing, a verb's the thing it does. The can of beets is filled with purple fuzz.

II. "The Student Theme" – Ronald Wallace  
The adjectives all ganged up on the nouns, insistent, loud, demanding, inexact, their Latinate constructions flashing. The pronouns lost their referents: They were dangling, lacked the stamina to follow the prepositions' lead in, on, into, to, toward, for, or from. They were beset by passive voices and dead metaphors, conjunctions shouting But! or And!

The active verbs were all routinely modified by adverbs, that endlessly and colorlessly ran into trouble with the participles sitting on the margins knitting their brows like gerunds (dangling was their problem, too). The author was nowhere to be seen; was off somewhere.

**Terrarium** (2015)

Stephen Medlar (1984)

This water will be mine!

Contained like a bowl of fish,  
Start the soup!

for Ian. In this version, the opening movement has been left as it was in the original and all the rest have been adapted for two vibraphones.

**Two Lessons for Voice and Marimba** (2017)

Paul John Rudoj (1985)

I found Steve Kowitz's "The Grammar Lesson" from *The Writer's Almanac* (can't really ever complain with Garrison Keillor's tastes) and soon after found a counterpart in Ronald Wallace's wonderful poem "The Student Theme". I've written a lot of slow music, and these are an attempt to free myself from those tempi by allowing the text to dictate the melodic and harmonic content entirely. The marimba, ideally, is a musical manifestation of both poems' narratives.

**Terrarium** (2015)

Stephen Medlar (1984)

*Terrarium* is a first person monologue from an entity that sees itself as a pollutant upon an environment. The narrative begins with the being arriving at a new target and proclaiming plans of infiltration and devastation. The entity soon turns inward and comes to the realization that this environment will not be destroyed – it is too substantial, too powerful. With that realization comes an epiphany - nothing is changed directly by only one, but rather is marked for future objects to continue the infection. It should be noted that the two voices are not in a dialogue with each other, but rather combine to create the voice of the one entity.

**Padumasura** (2016)

Michael Fleming (1993)

IV. Padumasura supina

*Padumasara* – (ပဒုမသဒရ) Lotus Pond. Translated from Pali, the multi- thousand year old language of the Buddhist canon.

I was deeply influenced by relationships and patterns found in Lotus Flowers and Mandalas from Buddhism, in addition to the

diverse and beautiful imagery of a rich garden of water flowers. The fourth movement translates to “Lotus Pond Dream” which is the reflection and combination of the images explored in the previous movements. When I was wandering through the bustling city of Shanghai, China, I came across a peaceful pond scattered with beautifully ornate lotuses. I found great peace while admiring dew on lotus petals drip into the water, creating small ripples in the muddy water. While the mud is dirty and uncomfortable, the lotus seed’s journey to growth is to move calmly through the darkness and into the light. The lotus flower blooms purely and clear of mud. In Buddhism, the lotus symbolizes growth, determination, and enlightenment. The beauty of a lotus pond is a reminder to me that perseverance and inner strength results in light and beauty.

**Three Milton Sonnets** (2017) Samuel Lord Kalcheim (1990)

John Milton’s Sonnets seem to have been written on particular occasions, often political, or as encomiums to friends. They are “Petrarchian” or “Italian”—with 8 lines *abbaabba*, followed by 6, *cdecde*, or *cdcdcd*. The three I chose to set, 14, 23 and 29, strike me as his most personal. The first in this set is given the title “On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson, my Christian Friend, Deceased Dec. 16, 1646”. The poem beautifully depicts her death as a soul’s finding freedom from the body “Meekly did’st thou resign this earthly load” and ascent to heaven accompanied by her good works, which speak on her behalf before the judge. The second poem describes the poet’s vision or dream of his late wife, most likely his second, Katherine Woodstock, who died in childbirth. She is likened to the mythical Alcestis, who volunteered to die for her husband, but was rescued from Hades by “Jove’s great son,” Heracles. It is likely that Milton’s blindness prevented him from ever seeing his second wife, giving a special poignancy to “her face was veiled,” and “And such as yet once more I trust to have/Full sight of her in heaven without restraint.” The last line refers to his blindness again—“and day brought back my night” is not simply a

metaphor for his emotional state. The third poem, Milton’s most famous sonnet, is about that blindness itself, prompting a moral question: “Doth God expect day labour, light denied?” The final song has two clear sections corresponding to the question and answer; the first somewhat recalls the musical style of the second song, the second recalls the first.

**Variances for Clarinet,  
Cello, and Piano** (2017) Joseph Vranas (1992)

Variances explores contrasts between many aspects such as tonality, texture, and mood. The work began as a programmatic setting of the frustrations that come with creativity and the conundrum of writing, refuting, and starting again, which is fueled by the concept of variances. By eventually abandoning a strict adherence to the aforementioned program, it seems to have led to music that reflects such a concept on a symbolic level.

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#### PROGRAM TEXT

**Two Lessons for Voice  
and Marimba** (2017) Paul John Rudoi (1985)

I. “The Grammar Lesson” – Steve Kowit  
A noun’s a thing. A verb’s the thing it does.  
An adjective is what describes the noun.  
In “The can of beets is filled with purple fuzz”

of and with are prepositions. The’s  
an article, a can’s a noun,  
a noun’s a thing. A verb’s the thing it does.

A can can roll - or not. What isn’t was  
or might be, might meaning not yet known.  
“Our can of beets is filled with purple fuzz”

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