

PROGRAM

Solitude

Sarah Jordan

Morgan Bates, trumpet

Solitude is the first of a continuous set of advanced etudes for trumpet. It was written under the tutelage of composer Raymond Burkhart in 2016. This piece is meant to challenge the performer with long passages, character and articulation changes, along with intervallic leaps while incorporating programmatic musical ideas. During the composition of this work I imagined the trumpet representing a voice yelling from a mountain top, only to have the sound drift away and be swallowed by the clouds below.

Acid Rain (a.k.a. Ujan Memedi 2.o)

Jared Knight

fixed media

Acid Rain (a.k.a. Ujan Memedi 2.o) (2019) is part of a larger project spearheaded by Insitu Recordings, a record company in Indonesia which specializes in recording Balinese gamelan compositions. Insitu invited me and several other composers and producers to remix these recordings. The original composition I selected, Ujan Memedi by I Putu Arya Deva Suryanegara, reflects on the experience of being in rain showers on a hot, sunny day.

Celestial Fire

Michael Autry

Tina Glausi, violin
Laura Eason, horn
Jared Knight, piano

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Season 118, Program 29



UNIVERSITY OF
OREGON

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

OREGON COMPOSERS FORUM

Beall Concert Hall
Tuesday, February 19, 2019 | 7:30 p.m.



Sky Horse

Daniel Daly

Tina Glausi, violin
 Samuel Kalcheim, violin
 Devin Burgess, viola
 Hendrik Mobley, cello

\Short bursts happen.

\A nihilistic confrontation of sound.

\Nevertheless structured and directed.

\Goals are faint and, at most, existential (why am I here?).

\Direction has no extramusical meaning.

Amid Hills, Beneath Rains

Isaac Smith

Eli Simantel, trumpet
 Jessica Farmer, trumpet
 Sean Brennan, horn
 Daven Tjaarda-Hernandez, trombone
 Derek White, tuba

\Now we confront the screaming primitive brain structures that hate the noise.

\May all our beliefs write.

\And our comforts dissolve.\

(End explanation).

When I moved to Oregon, I was fortunate to find a place near the edge of town, and the view from my front door encompassed the incredible Coburg Hills. This majestic formation is covered with trees, and my proximity let me experience it both in vibrant green spring and glorious fall, when the sturdy pines and firs cling to their needles next to the brilliant hues of their deciduous cousins. Similarly, these hills reveal different shades of their beauty in Oregon's dappled sunlight and misty rain.

From these impressions comes Amid Hills, Beneath Rains. It is at times tender and contemplative, at others energetic and grandiose. It calls upon the iconic wide harmonies of much American folk music and the dynamic impetus of agile contrapuntal lines. This culminates in a grand chorale, and the piece ends with peaceful warmth. Amid Hills, Beneath Rains was commissioned by Teen Angst as part of University of Oregon's Inspiring Innovation grant.

Death \Rot\ (Bach Está Muerto)

JP Lempke

Samuel Kalcheim, organ

(Begin explanation):

\A piece designed around the features of the mechanical organ.

\Timbral variance, glissing, and beating happen.

\Extremes in register happen.

\Long sustained segments happen.

Ocean of Rippled Sheets

Michael Fleming

Tori Calderone, flute
 Samuel Kalcheim, viola
 Hendrik Mobley, cello
 Rhys Gates, bass
 Michael Fleming, conductor



One sunny afternoon after I was meditating under a tree, a beautifully surreal photo came to my mind. I raced home and realized it was a painting by Russian surrealist painter Vladimir Kush titled Ripples on the Ocean. I was so happy to find the exact picture in my mind that I decided to respond to this beautiful image through music. As a native of Southern California, I have always been attracted to the ocean and its diverse characteristics. Chaotic behaviour is characteristic of the ocean — the motion with which everything began. In this way, the undulating ocean resembles our subconsciousness — the source of our creativity. The darkening blueness of the ocean approaching the horizon, a distant sailboat, and a ray slipping through the ripples on the water all intensify the painting's motif of infinity and separation from human existence. The power of white-capped seas captivates. The flight of the soul is so much like the waves! But sooner or later we return to set our feet back on earth.

Ripples on the Ocean, by Vladimir Kush