

THE BOB COLE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AT
CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, LONG BEACH AND THE COLLEGE OF THE ARTS PROUDLY PRESENT:



FACULTY COMPOSERS RECITAL

FEATURING WORKS & PERFORMANCES BY FACULTY:

RAYMOND TORRES-SANTOS
ALAN SHOCKLEY
ADRIANA VERDIÉ
ALEXANDER ELLIOTT MILLER
ROB FREAR, TRUMPET
MARK URANKER, PIANO

MONDAY, MARCH 19, 2018 8:00PM

CARPENTER PERFORMING ARTS CENTER

PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC MOBILE DEVICES.

PROGRAM

Trumpet Etudes (2017)Raymond Torres-Santos

I
III
VI
VII
VIII
XII

Rob Frear—trumpet

study [nightsong] (2016)Alan Shockley

Mark Uranker—piano

World Premiere

...de mujeres y elementos... (of women and elements) (2014)Adriana Verdié
for Mezzo-Soprano and piano texts by Adriana Fontana

1. *mujer agua* (water)—after Sor Juana—(Mexico, 1651-1695)
2. *mujer aire* (air)— after Alfonsina Storni—(Argentina, 1892-1938)
3. *mujer fuego* (fire)— after Gioconda Belli—(Nicaragua, b. 1948)
4. *mujer tierra* (earth)— after Olga Elena Mattei—(Puerto Rico/Colombia, b. 1933)

Natalie Gonzalez—mezzo-soprano, Kei Matsuo—piano

U.S. Premiere

parting song (2018)Alan Shockley

Alexander Elliott Miller—electric guitar, Alan Shockley—melodica
Martin Herman—laptop

World Premiere

To....Oblivion: Historic Landmarks Around Los Angeles..... Alexander Elliott Miller
Part 6: At Sunset (and Horn Ave.)

Alexander Elliott Miller—guitar & electronics

PROGRAM NOTES

TRUMPET ETUDES is a set of twelve etudes for solo trumpet, which presents an opportunity for the performer to showcase his/her dexterity in playing a wide range of melodic gestures, articulations, dynamics, and rhythmic motives as well as the use of multiple mutes. The etudes were composed as studies for writing a trumpet concerto commissioned by the Puerto Rico Symphony for its 2018-19 concert season. The work is inspired by similar trumpet compositions by Maxwell Davies, Henze, Antheil, Hindemith, Stevens and Kennan.

—Raymond Torres-Santos

...DE MUJERES Y ELEMENTOS...

(of women and elements) Tonight marks the U.S. premiere of this song cycle, which is the outcome of a collaboration between Latin-American female artists entitled *Mujeres del Sur*, in celebration of Women's History month 2014, and the advancement of women in the arts. The four songs, penned by Argentinean writer Adriana Fontana, evolve from epigraphs from four Latin-American poets, and their themes refer to womanhood in relation to the four elements

—Adriana Verdié

*Oye la elocuencia muda
que hay en mi dolor, sirviendo
los suspiros, de palabras,
las lágrimas, de conceptos.*

Hear the mute eloquence
embedded in my pain, offering
words for sighs,
concepts for tears.

—Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz

Mujer Agua

*Como lluvia escurridiza en el cristal
que resbala inquieta en su búsqueda fecunda,
así, muda, la elocuencia del dolor
dejó huir, minúscula, tu lágrima iracunda.*

Water Woman

Like elusive rain on the glass
slipping, restless, in its fruitful search,
like that, mute, the eloquence of pain
Let go, feeble, your angered tear.

*Sin consuelo, no halló eco tu clamor.
Fue palabra húmeda en un sórdido desierto..
Se perdió -entre la arena- por el sol.
Debió ser la luna quien custodie tu secreto.*

Without consolation, your clamor didn't resonate.
It was a humid word in a barren desert.
It got lost in the sand, for the sun.
The moon should have been the keeper of your secret.

*¿El silencio del pasado es sumisión, mujer?
¿O es callada rebelión de entendimiento?
¿No decir, es siempre ausencia del saber, mujer?
¿O es mutismo intencional frente a los necios?*

Is the silence of the past a capitulation, woman?
Or a silent rebellion of understanding?
Not to say is always not to know, woman?
Or this silence is intentional facing the ignorant?

*Aprendiste con el tiempo a pronunciar
con rocío lúcido tus claros pensamientos.
Se hizo tinta en tu pluma virginal
aquel llanto prístino, guardián del sentimiento.*

Over time, you've learnt to articulate
your clear thoughts as lucid dew.
Your pristine tears, guardian of all feelings
became ink in your virginal pen.

*Presumido, el albor no percató
que irisado arco refractabas con tus gotas
Y esa lluvia escurridiza en el cristal
encontró la forma de filtrarse entre las sombras.*

Conceited, dawn did not realize
The iridescent arch that your drops refracted
And that elusive rain on the glass
found a way to infiltrate in the shadows.

*¿El silencio del pasado es sumisión, mujer?
¿O es callada rebelión de entendimiento?
¿No decir, es siempre ausencia del saber, mujer?
¿O es mutismo intencional frente a los necios?*

Is the silence of the past a capitulation, woman?
Or a silent rebellion of understanding?
Not to say is always not to know, woman?
Or this silence is intentional facing the ignorant?

—Adriana Fontana

*Ir cruzando la vida con alas en el alma,
con alas en el cuerpo, con alas en la idea
y un ligero cariño a la muerte que llega.*

Traversing life with wings in your soul
with wings in your body, with wings in the ideas
And a faint affection for the approaching death.

—Alfonsina Storni

Mujer Aire

*Pequeña, nimia, imperceptible...
Leve... mujer: irrepetible.
Con tan pocas horas de vuelo al cielo
te animaste a caer... no viste el suelo.*

*Fuiste una vez, abeja;
mil golondrinas...
Paloma que el viento aleja
fuiste, Alfonsina.
Bebiste el dulce elixir
de los vergeles.
Franqueaste la oscuridad
de los placeres.
Comiste migajas tiernas
en manos breves.*

*Quisiste cruzar la vida planeando alto.
El cuerpo te dio dos alas... y se quebraron.
La idea te dio otras dos... y te callaron.
El alma las recobró... y perduraron.*

*Quisiste ser aquel tronco
que reverdece...
Soberbia, alta, romana,
deseaste verte.
Quisiste oír, como un eco,
las dos palabras.
Sentir la tibia caricia
que agita el alma.
Colmarte todas las venas
con sal y agua.*

*Gigante, escueta, impertinente...
Loba... mujer: tan diferente.
Fue mucho el deseo, poca la suerte...
Y el miedo a la herida... vuelo a la muerte.*

*Yo soy el viento desatado en la montaña
y el fulgor concentrado del fuego del ocote.
Yo caliente tus noches
encendiendo volcanes en mis manos,
mojándote los ojos con el humo de mis cráteres.*

Mujer Fuego

*Por ser hija de la entraña de la tierra,
Fluye fuego incandescente por mis venas:
Savia ardiente que transmuta en humareda
Al contacto de tu aliento que lo enreda.*

*La nobleza de mi carne es su madera,
Suave al tacto, resistente al frío extremo.
Mas, me rindo fácilmente ante tus besos
Que me encienden, me destruyen, me envenenan.*

Air Woman

*Small, trivial, imperceptible...
Slight... woman: unrepeatable.
with so little fly time to the sky
You dared to fall... not seeing the ground.*

*You used to be a bee;
a thousand swallows...
a dove that wind pushes away
You were Alfonsina.
You drank the sweet elixir
From the orchard.
Confronted the darkness
Of pleasures.
You ate tender crumbles
From ephemeral hands.*

*You wanted to glide high across life.
Your body gave you two wings... and they broke.
The mind gave you two more... and they shut you down.
Your soul recovered them... and they lasted.*

*You wanted to be that log
that revives...
Arrogant, tall, Roman,
You wished to be seen.
You wanted to hear, like an echo,
The two words.
To feel the warm caress
That unsettles the soul.
Fullfilling all your veins
With salt and water.*

*Gigantic, brief, impertinent...
She-wolf... woman: so different.
It was too much desire, very little fortune...
And fearing the wounds... a flight to death.*

—Adriana Fontana

*I am the wind unraveled in the mountain
And the concentrated brightness of fire in the torch
I warm your nights
lighting volcanoes in my hands,
Dampening your eyes with the smoke of my craters.*

—Gioconda Belli

Fire Woman

*Because I'm the daughter of the heart of the earth,
fire flows, incandescent, in my veins:
Burning blood that transmutes into a cloud of smoke
At the touch of your breath that entangles it.*

*The nobility of my flesh is wood,
Smooth to the touch, resistant to extreme cold.
But I surrender easily to your kisses
Which ignite me, destroy me, poison me.*

*Soy ocote fulgurante, soy leyenda
Soy poción que cura males, poderosa.
Puedo darle a los demás esa respuesta
que no puedo darme a mí... qué paradoja!*

*Son inútiles mis brotes azulinos,
Mil guardianes intentando evitar penas.
Como agujas afiladas, se entreveran
Y no logran lastimar tu amor mezquino.*

*Soy consciente del destino que me espera.
Sé que yo voy a morir, aunque no quiera.
Pero acepto este existir, ¿breve? que sea!!
Si perezco por la llama de tu hoguera.*

Maternidad y Muerte

*Seré como la tierra que se rompe
para dejar paso a los retoños
de la planta.
Seré como la madre tierra
que entrega el jugo de sus venas
para que tengan savia
las raíces amargas que la pueblan.*

Mujer Tierra

*Fructuoso campo, tu cuerpo anhela
la lluvia pródiga que lo humedezca,
que lo haga barro,
que lo apetezca.*

*Dispar relieve: par montañoso,
tu vientre, llano; perfil sinuoso...
la piel de arena,
roca en tus ojos.*

*Ríos de lava llegan a ti,
tu sangre espesan.
Serás volcán y en el bullir
serás su presa.*

*Y serás tierra maternal,
savia secreta.
Se hará profundo el placer de tu dolor
si se abre paso, la vida,
entre tus penas.*

Por la semilla que en ti germina...

*Serás la tierra maternal,
savia secreta.
Se hará profundo el placer de tu dolor
al advertir que la vida
¡vale la pena!*

I'm a bright torch, I am legend.
I'm a potion that cures illness, powerful.
I can give to others the answer
That I cannot give to myself... what a paradox!

My blue sprouts are useless,
Thousand guardians trying to prevent sadness.
They tangle, like sharp needles
But they cannot hurt your mean love.

I am conscious of my impending destiny.
I know I will die, even though I resent it.
But I accept this existence. Brief? I'll take it!!
If I perish in the flame of your stake.

—Adriana Fontana

Maternity and Death

I will be like the earth that breaks
to open the path to the
plant's tendrils.
I will belike Mother Earth
who offers the juice of Her veins
providing sap
for the bitter roots that inhabit Her.

—Olga Elena Mattei

Earth Woman

Fruitful field, your body craves
plentiful rain to get it wet,
to make it mud,
to make it flavorful.

Uneven outline: mountainous duo,
your belly, flat; your profile: sinuous
your skin of sand,
rocks in your eyes.

Rivers of lava reach you,
thickening your blood.
You'll be a volcano and as it boils
You'll be its pray.

You will be maternal earth,
a secret sap.
The pleasure of your pain will deepen
if life opens its path,
between your pains.

For the seed that germinates in you...

You will be maternal earth,
a secret sap.
The pleasure of your pain will deepen
when you realize that life
Is worth living!

—Adriana Fontana

PARTING SONG

My first collaboration with visual artist Brice Brown was in 2007 for our work *Selling the sound of my voice* which we installed in VertexList Gallery in Brooklyn, New York. In 2016, Brice asked me if I would create some electronic music to accompany a video triptych he was making for an installation for a popup gallery in Paris, right around the corner from Notre Dame cathedral. I made three two-channel works to be played simultaneously. For one of those, I subtracted notes from the shape-note hymn "Parting Friends," then massively time-expanded a performance of the remaining few notes of the hymn. Over this 45-minute bed of long tones and silences, I added an outburst of several layers of pitch-shifted and delayed toy piano lines, resulting in a moment that sounded to my ears a bit like the bells ringing at Notre Dame (a source sound which figures heavily in one of the other two-channel pieces I made for the triptych). I have in the back of my mind a plan to turn that whole glacial work into a piece for orchestra, but in the meantime, I have extracted this nine-minute piece from the most active section of that larger slow work.

—Alan Shockley

TO...OBLIVION: HISTORIC LANDMARKS AROUND LOS ANGELES

Tower Records did not begin in Los Angeles. The famed record store began in Sacramento, California in 1960, eventually operating locations around the world, until going out of business in 2006. Yet, its arguably most famous store stood at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Horn Avenue, at the heart of LA's Sunset Strip. Legendary rock clubs, including the Viper Room and Whiskey a Go Go were mere steps away. Celebrity sightings were frequent, concerts occasionally even took place in the parking lot. I chose the Tower Records site as a grand finale for my suite of historic landmarks in Los Angeles for several reasons. It is a symbol of the changes in the music industry over the last decades, it was located in on a street that, for all its excesses, is a cultural focal point for the city, and it is an institution that, in a way, I believe represents a kind of welcoming attitude and celebration of all styles of music. Special thanks to Thomas Kendall Hughes (drums) and Mikey Ferrari (voice, guitar) for improvising their own background recordings for the soundtrack of this piece, and to the California Association of Professional Music Teachers for their commission of this movement.

—Alexander Elliott Miller

FACULTY COMPOSERS AND PERFORMERS

Rob Frear—Director of Brass Studies

Martin Herman— Chair of Design, Director of the Gerald Strang Electronic Music Studio

Alexander Elliott Miller—Lecturer, Composition Studies; Graduate Advisor

Alan Shockley—Director of Composition Studies

Raymond Torres-Santos—Professor, Composition Studies

Mark Uranker—Lecturer, Keyboard Studies

Adriana Verdié—Lecturer, Composition Studies

UPCOMING EVENTS

* Events marked with an asterisk are free with a valid **Music Major Pass**

- **Monday, April 9, 2018:**
New Music Ensemble, Alan Shockley, director 8:00pm Daniel Recital Hall Tickets \$10/7 *
- **Monday, April 23, 2018:**
Composers' Guild, Alan Shockley, director 8:00pm Daniel Recital Hall Tickets FREE
- **Wednesday, May 2, 2018:**
Laptop Ensemble, Martin Herman, director 8:00pm Daniel Recital Hall Tickets \$10/7 *

For concert information and tickets please call 562.985.7000 or visit:

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