

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:

ALEXANDER ELLIOTT MILLER

ADRIANA VERDIÉ

JOSEPH STONE

MANUEL CALZADA

ALAN SHOCKLEY

ELLIE CHOATE

RYCHARD COOPER

TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 2019 8:00PM

GERALD R. DANIEL RECITAL HALL

PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC MOBILE DEVICES.

PROGRAM

Dewdrops: Songs for D. Elliott Wilbur (2017) Alexander Elliott Miller

1. Hope is the thing with feathers
2. One bright day in the middle of the night
3. The Lake Isle of Innisfree

Ariel Pisturino—soprano, Alexander Elliott Miller—electric guitar

Never odd or even (2018) Adriana Verdié

Joseph Stone—oboe

The Death of “Capitan Mosquito” (A Drunkard’s Tragedy) (2015) Manuel Calzada

Alexander B. Lee—piano

Eurydike (2018) Alan Shockley

Emily Booth—soprano, Ellie Choate—harp

Synthplex 01 (2019) Rychard Cooper

Rychard Cooper—modular synthesizer

PROGRAM NOTES

DEWDROPS *Dewdrops* is a collection of songs composed in honor of my grandfather, D. Elliott Wilbur. Dually commissioned by soprano Ariel Pisturino, and by my mother, Ginnie Wilbur Miller, in honor of her father, the collection includes settings of three poems with some significance to my grandfather’s life, for voice and electric guitar.

Each of the three settings includes musical motives and melodic shapes composed by my grandfather. He took a music theory class as an elective in college in the 1940s, loved jazz and Bach, and was a talented boogie-woogie pianist, drummer, and member of the church choir. After my grandfather’s passing in 2012, my grandmother found a number of his theory assignments and Baroque-style composition projects. She shared these old documents with me, and from them I then took melodic excerpts and bits to modify and re-harmonize in my own settings.

All three of the settings include these variations and adaptations of my grandfather’s melodies, in fact, most of the soprano part can be related to his melodies in some way or another. It is from this compositional process, and from his initials, that the work gets its title “Dewdrops.”

—Alexander Elliott Miller

NEVER ODD OR EVEN This piece attempts a narration of the chit-chat that goes on in my mind when developing an idea, manipulating it to become a piece of music. Therefore, if you hear the notes on the oboe telling you “I will do THIS” and a second later you hear them as “wait, I could also do THAT” “and for sure THAT too” “and from there, move to here, and reverse tracks, and... go THERE too” . . . then you are interpreting this piece absolutely right. Enjoy.

—Adriana Verdié

THE DEATH OF “CAPITAN MOSQUITO”

is a musical depiction of the life of a colorful character that used to prowl my neighborhood during my childhood years. Capitan Mosquito, of whom we never knew his actual name, was a particularly small homeless man, always happy and energetic but always drunk. In his drunkenness he used to tell me and my friends stories about his life as a sailor. Among the most remarkable stories was the one when his ship was wrecked and he spent a whole night on the open ocean waiting to be rescued. The piece portrays Capitan Mosquito stumbling repeatedly as he walks down the street. Sadly, my sailor friend died when he was hit by a car. I will always remember his funny tales and his, somehow mysterious but charming, personality.

—Manuel Calzada

EURYDIKE

Poet Rainer Maria Rilke retells the Orpheus myth in his “Orpheus. Eurydike. Hermes.” Last spring as I was teaching a seminar on composing art songs, I challenged myself to do the final song project alongside the students in the class, with the same two-week deadline for writing and rehearsing a new song. I settled on a section of Rilke’s poem focused on Eurydice, and discovered Stephen Mitchell’s beautiful English translation (used by permission).

—Alan Shockley

SYNTHPLEX 01

This piece is a live improvisation that I’m preparing to perform at Synthplex: an electronic music conference taking place March 29th-31st, in Burbank. All the sounds, except the drums, are created live.

—Rycharad Cooper

TEXTS

Dewdrops: Songs for D. Elliott Wilbur

“Hope is the thing with feathers”

Text: Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm

I’ve heard it in the chilliest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.

“One bright day in the middle of the night”

Text: Unknown

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Beggars and Tramps,
Cross-eyed mosquitos and bow legged ants,
Pull up a chair and sit on the floor
And I’ll tell you a story you’ve never heard before.

One bright day in the middle of the night
Two dead boys got up to fight
Back to back they faced each other
Drew their swords and shot each other

One was blind and the other couldn’t see
So they chose a dummy for a referee.
A blind man went to see fair play
A dumb man went to shout “hooray!”

A stone-deaf sheriff heard the noise,
And came and save those two dead boys.
The mute psychotic shrieked in fright,
With words of joy at this ghastly sight.

Now if you doubt this lie is true?
Ask the blind man; he saw it, too.

“The Lake Isle of Innisfree”

Text: William Butler Yeats

I arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight’s all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet’s wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart’s core.

“Eurydike” from Orpheus. Eurydike. Hermes.”

Text: Rainer Maria Rilke, trans. Stephen Mitchell, used by permission

She was no longer that woman with blue eyes
who once had echoed through the poet’s songs,
no longer the wide couch’s scent and island,
and that man’s property no longer.

She was already loosened like long hair,
poured out like fallen rain,
shared like a limitless supply.

She was already root.

And when, abruptly,
the god put out his hand to stop her,
saying, with sorrow in his voice:
He has turned around—,
she could not understand, and softly answered:
Who?

PERSONNEL

Manuel Calzada—Lecturer, Composition Studies
Ellie Choate—Applied Faculty, harp
Rycharl Cooper—Lecturer, Sound Technician
Alexander Elliott Miller—Lecturer, Composition Studies
Alan Shockley—Director of Composition Studies
Joseph Stone—Applied Faculty, oboe
Adriana Verdié—Lecturer, Composition Studies

UPCOMING EVENTS

- **Friday, April 12, 2019:**
New Music Ensemble, Alan Shockley, director 6:00pm Daniel Recital Hall Tickets \$10/7
- **Monday, April 22, 2019:**
Composers’ Guild, Alan Shockley, director 8:00pm Daniel Recital Hall Tickets FREE
- **Wednesday, April 24, 2019:**
Guest Artist Recital: Aperture Duo, Adrienne Pope, violin & Linnea Powell, viola 8:00pm
Daniel Recital Hall Tickets \$10/7
- **Wednesday, May 1, 2019:**
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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