

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE, AND DANCE PRESENTS

VIRTUOSO SERIES CONCERT



FACULTY CHAMBER MUSIC

NOVEMBER 11, 2024 • 7:30 P.M.

ORGAN RECITAL HALL



COLORADO STATE
UNIVERSITY

SEASON SPONSOR:



FACULTY CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 2024 | 7:30 P.M. | ORGAN RECITAL HALL

Romance for Viola and Piano

Ralph Vaughn Williams

Margaret Miller, viola
Tim Burns, piano

Ariel: Five Poems of Sylvia Plath

Ned Rorem (1923-2022)

- I. Words
- II. Poppies in July
- III. The hanging man
- IV. Poppies in October
- V. Lady Lazarus

Tiffany Blake, soprano
Copper Ferreira, clarinet
Tim Burns, piano

INTERMISSION

Textures (2018) -

Paul Lansky (b. 1944)

- Mvt. I – Striations
- Mvt. II – Loose Ends
- Mvt. III – Soft Substrates
- Mvt. IV – Slither
- Mvt. VIII – Round-Wound

Piano – Tim Burns, Bryan Wallick
Percussion – Eric Hollenbeck, Shilo Stroman

Landscape in Light (2024)

Jim David (b. 1978)

Trumpet - Stanley Curtis
Trombone - Drew Leslie
Piano- Tim Burns
Percussion – Eric Hollenbeck, Quinn Harlow, Ellis Byrd

Ariel: Five Poems of Sylvia Plath

Words

Axes

After whose stroke the wood rings,
And the echoes!
Echoes traveling
Off from the center like horses.

The sap
Wells like tears, like the
Water striving
To re-establish its mirror
Over the rock

That drops and turns,
A white skull,
Eaten by weedy greens.
Years later I
Encounter them on the road----

Words dry and riderless,
The indefatigable hoof-taps.
While
From the bottom of the pool, fixed stars
Govern a life.

Poppies in July

Little poppies, little hell flames,
Do you do no harm?

You flicker. I cannot touch you.
I put my hands among the flames. Nothing burns

And it exhausts me to watch you
Flickering like that, wrinkly and clear red, like the skin of a mouth.

A mouth just bloodied.
Little bloody skirts!

There are fumes I cannot touch.
Where are your opiates, your nauseous capsules?

If I could bleed, or sleep!
If my mouth could marry a hurt like that!

Or your liquors seep to me, in this glass capsule,
Dulling and stilling.

But colorless. Colorless.

The hanging man

By the roots of my hair some god got hold of me.
I sizzled in his blue volts like a desert prophet.

The nights snapped out of sight like a lizard's eyelid:
A world of bald white days in a shadeless socket.

A vulturous boredom pinned me in this tree.
If he were I, he would do what I did.

Poppies in October

Even the sun-clouds this morning cannot manage such skirts.
Nor the woman in the ambulance
Whose red heart blooms through her coat so astoundingly ----

A gift, a love gift
Utterly unasked for
By a sky

Palely and flamily
Igniting its carbon monoxides, by eyes
Dulled to a halt under bowlers.

O my God, what am I
That these late mouths should cry open
In a forest of frost, in a dawn of cornflowers.

Lady Lazarus

I have done it again.
One year in every ten
I manage it----

A sort of walking miracle, my skin
Bright as a Nazi lampshade,
My right foot

A paperweight,
My face a featureless, fine
Jew linen.

Peel off the napkin
O my enemy.
Do I terrify?----

The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth?
The sour breath
Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the flesh
The grave cave ate will be
At home on me

And I a smiling woman.
I am only thirty.
And like the cat I have nine times to die.

This is Number Three.
What a trash
To annihilate each decade.

What a million filaments.
The peanut-crunching crowd
Shoves in to see

Them unwrap me hand and foot
The big strip tease.
Gentlemen, ladies

These are my hands
My knees.
I may be skin and bone,

Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman.
The first time it happened I was ten.
It was an accident.

The second time I meant
To last it out and not come back at all.
I rocked shut

As a seashell.
They had to call and call
And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying
Is an art, like everything else,
I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell.
It's easy enough to do it and stay put.
It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day
To the same place, the same face, the same brute
Amused shout:

'A miracle!'
That knocks me out.
There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge
For the hearing of my heart----
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge
For a word or a touch
Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes.
So, so, Herr Doktor.
So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus,
I am your valuable,
The pure gold baby

That melts to a shriek.
I turn and burn.
Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

Ash, ash ---
You poke and stir.
Flesh, bone, there is nothing there----

A cake of soap,
A wedding ring,
A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer
Beware
Beware.

Out of the ash
I rise with my red hair
And I eat men like air.

Landscape in Light (2024) is a tone poem for trumpet, trombone, piano, and percussion inspired by the remarkable Hartwell Memorial Window held at the Art Institute of Chicago. These stunning stained-glass panels were designed by Agnes Northrop for the Tiffany Studios in 1917. At 25 feet in height and originally installed at a Rhode Island church, the primary composition is an autumnal view of Mount Chocorua in New Hampshire with a dramatic waterfall in the center. Crimson foliage, dappled mountainsides, and sparkling streams seem to spring to life with remarkably intricate detail. My work depicts the five largest panels in a broad arch form, moving from the brooding forest, to the playful rivers, and finally the dramatic summit. The soaring timbres of trumpet and trombone are contrasted with both metallic and wooden timbres from piano and percussion in an attempt to capture the rich light interplay. Finally, we return to the tranquil forest as light ebbs into evening. This work was commissioned by Dr. Eric Hollenbeck, professor of percussion, Colorado State University.

— Program notes by the composer, October 2024

Dr. James M. David (b. 1978) is an American composer who currently serves as professor of music at Colorado State University. His works have been performed at over sixty national and international music conferences in North and South America, Asia, Europe, and Australia. He has received national and international awards from ASCAP, the National Band Association, the Music Teachers National Association, and the National Association of Composers, USA among others. Previous commissions and collaborations include works for the Des Moines Symphony, the US Air Force Band, the US Army Band, the Dallas Winds, the Fort Collins Symphony, Joseph Alessi (NY Philharmonic), John Bruce Yeh (Chicago Symphony), James Markey (Boston Symphony), and hundreds of university music faculty and ensembles. His works are represented on over twenty commercially released recordings on the Naxos, Summit, Mark, Albany, Parma, MSR Classics, GIA Windworks, and Luminescence labels and are published by Murphy Music Press, C. Alan Publications, Potenza Publishing, and Excelsia Music. A native of southern Georgia (USA), his music is influenced by jazz and other southern traditional music combined with contemporary idioms. More information at www.jamesmdavid.com.

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