

# Tuesday Night New Music

Tuesday, November 7, 2023  
8:00 p.m.  
Brown Hall

## PROGRAM

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**Samuel Kerr**

***Horizons Yet Unknown* (2021)**

Quiet Inevitabilities

Interlude

Halcyon Days

K. J. McDonald, Ashley Tsai, violin

Cara Pogossian, viola

Annie Hyung, cello

Ariel Mo, piano

Jakob Schoenfeld, Eli Geruschat, Ross Jarrell,

Trygve Lebakken, percussion

**Samuel Mincarelli**

***Le soleil s'est couché* (2023)**

Haijie Du, soprano

August Baik, piano

**Yangfan Xu**

***We Outgrow Love Like Other Things* (2022)**

Roses and Rue

Prelude

Nobody Knows This Little Rose

I Held a Jewel in My Fingers

We Outgrow Love Like Other Things

Mary Letellier, soprano

Thai Johnson, tenor

Lingbo Ma, piano

**Jyun-Rong Ho**

*The Dance of Life (electronic version)* (2023)

Jyun-Rong Ho, fixed media

**Coco Chapman**

*Soulful Suite* (2023)

Lyrical

Dance

Pensive

Struggling

Persistent; Generous

Joanna Peters, violin

**Oluwanimofe Akinyanmi**

*Arachne* (2022)

Honor Hickman, Elizabeth McCormack,  
flute

Thatcher Harrison, guitar

Miruna Eynon, cello

**Frank Sang**

*Typhoon* (2019)

Allegro

Andante

Moderato

William Kinney, Martin Liao, violin

Brian Huang, viola

Thomas Hung, cello

**Zining Wu**

*Shouting in the Drizzle* (2023) for String Quartet

Thompson Wong, Martin Liao, violin

Catherine Chen, viola

Jenny Ga-Yeon Kim, cello

**Monstar Wanying Cao**

*Thring* (2023)

Yeji Lim, Maxwell Fairman, violin  
Philip Rawlinson, viola  
Jonathan Fuller, cello  
Monstar Wanying Cao, electronics

Tuesday Night New Music was founded in the early 90s by Lee Hyla. It is a student-run, faculty-supervised concert series that offers the opportunity to hear music by the next generation of composers: current New England Conservatory composition students. This year, the series is directed by Changjin Ha and Stellan Connelly Bettany, under the supervision of composition chair Michael Gandolfi.

### **Upcoming Tuesday Night New Music concerts – Fall 2023**

December 5, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

#### **Kerr    *Horizons Yet Unknown***

*Horizons Yet Unknown* explores a complex concept; the knowledge of impending, unavoidable loss before it happens. Not necessarily relating to mortality, but the natural cycle of meaningful people passing in and out of our lives. This piece was originally written during a period of intense change in my life through the spring of 2023, and subsequently reworked upon my arrival in Boston from Canada for this premiere.

*Quiet Inevitabilities* opens with an austere and uncertain piano flourish that morphs into the central idea of the entire piece; a 9-bar passacaglia, twisting and turning throughout the ensemble towards an explosive collapse at the end of the movement. This movement portrays the ever-present knowledge of future loss; watching a date on a calendar draw inexorably nearer, dismissing it, fighting it, and eventually coming to some level of acceptance.

Following a brief and reflective interlude, *Halcyon Days* closes the work; in this movement, I tried to capture the feeling of looking around and realizing you're in one of the 'good times' of life – part of this realization is also knowing that these halcyon days will end. While not quite 'bittersweet', it does tinge the memories being made right now; for me, there is almost a sepia glaze to what is happening, as if

current events are being recorded on old film. There is an urge to hold on to current moments with both hands and never let go, to try and preserve the happiness in a bottle forever. The fact that this is impossible is a surprisingly difficult thing to grasp, and something I am currently figuring out myself. But, as I have learned, the very temporality of these moments that makes them bittersweet is what gives them meaning in the first place.

All that to say, *Horizons Yet Unknown* is a highly personal and honest exploration of change through experiencing loss and joy.

– Samuel Kerr

### **Mincarelli    *Le soleil s'est couché***

I composed this piece during my attendance of the 2022 Summer Classical Studies program hosted by the Eastman School of Music. There I learned about phrase structure and microform, ideas I incorporated into my music. The lyrical material is Victor Hugo's "*Le soleil s'est couché*". The poem did not inspire my composition; rather, I knew I wanted to compose a short vocal piece set to a small poem. A French poem about a sunset aesthetically matched the style of my piece, inspiring my choice..

– Samuel Mincarelli

#### ***Le soleil s'est couché***

*Le soleil s'est couché ce soir dans les nuées;*

*Demain viendra l'orage et le soir et la nuit;*

*Puis l'aube, et ses clartés de vapeurs obstruées!*

*Puis les nuits, puis les jours, pas du temps qui  
s'enfuit!*

*Tous ces jours passeront; ils passeront en foule  
Sur la face des mers, sur la face des monts,*

*Sur les fleuves d'argent, sur les forêts, où roule  
Comme un hymne confus des morts que nous  
aimons.*

*Et la face des eaux, et le front des montagnes,*

*Ridés et non vieillis, et les bois toujours verts*

*S'iront rajeunissant; le fleuve des campagnes*

*Prendra sans cesse aux monts le flot qu'il donne  
aux mers.*

*Mais moi, sous chaque jour courbant plus bas ma  
tête,*

#### **The sun has set**

This evening, the sun has set behind high  
clouds.

Tomorrow, the storm will come, and the  
evening, and the night

Then dawn will clear the misty veil;

Then the nights, then the days, the march of  
flying time.

All these days pass on, they pass in crowds  
Over the face of the seas, over the face of the  
mountains,

Over rivers of silver, over the rolling forests  
Like a requiem blending death with what we  
love.

And the face of the waters, and the brow of  
the mountains,

Wrinkled and ageless; and woods forever  
green

Will bring their youth again; whilst rivers will  
not cease

To take their waters from the mountains and  
flow towards the sea.

But, each day, my head bends lower

*Je passe et, refroidi sous ce soleil joyeux,  
Je m'en irai bientôt, au milieu de la fête,  
Sans que rien anqué au monde immense et  
radieux!*

Victor Hugo

As I pass through, chilled beneath that joyful  
sun.  
Soon, I shall depart in the midst of  
celebration,  
Unmissed in the vast and radiant world.!

*Translation: © David Paley from Poems without  
Frontiers*

### **Xu    *We Outgrow Love Like Other Things***

This song cycle selects four poems from Emily Dickinson and two poems from Oscar Wilde to present different views from male and female poets on similar topics - love, death, and memories.

– Yangfan Xu

#### **Roses and Rue**

Could we dig up this long-buried treasure  
Were it worth the pleasure  
We never could learn love's song  
We are parted too long.  
Could the passionate past that is fled  
Call back its dead  
Could we live it all over again  
Were it worth the pain!

I remember we used to meet  
By an ivied seat  
And you warbled each pretty word  
With the air of a bird;  
And your voice had a quaver in it  
Just like a linnet  
And shook, as the blackbird's throat  
With its last big note;  
And your eyes, they were green and grey  
Like an April day  
But lit into amethyst  
When I stooped and kissed;  
And your mouth, it would never smile  
For a long, long while  
Then it rippled all over with laughter  
Five minutes after.

You were always afraid of a shower  
Just like a flower:  
I remember you started and ran  
When the rain began.  
I remember I never could catch you

For no one could match you  
You had wonderful, luminous, fleet  
Little wings to your feet.  
I remember your hair - did I tie it?  
For it always ran riot –  
Like a tangled sunbeam of gold  
These things are old.

I remember so well the room  
And the lilac bloom  
That beat at the dripping pane  
In the warm June rain;  
And the colour of your gown  
It was amber-brown  
And two yellow satin bows  
From your shoulders rose.

And the handkerchief of French lace  
Which you held to your face  
Had a small tear left a stain?  
Or was it the rain? On your hand as it waved adieu  
There were veins of blue  
In your voice as it said good-bye  
Was a petulant cry. 'You have only wasted your life.'  
(Ah, that was the knife!)  
When I rushed through the garden gate  
It was all too late.

Could we live it over again  
Were it worth the pain  
Could the passionate past that is fled  
Call back its dead!

Well, if my heart must break  
Dear love, for your sake  
It will break in music, I know  
Poets' hearts break so.  
But strange that I was not told  
That the brain can hold  
In a tiny ivory cell  
God's heaven and hell.

*Oscar Wilde*

### **Nobody Knows This Little Rose**

Nobody knows this little Rose  
It might a pilgrim be  
Did I not take it from the ways  
And lift it up to thee.  
Only a Bee will miss it  
Only a Butterfly  
Hastening from far journey  
On its breast to lie  
Only a Bird will wonder  
Only a Breeze will sigh  
Ah Little Rose – how easy  
For such as thee to die!

*Emily Dickinson*

### **I Held a Jewel in My Fingers**

I held a Jewel in my fingers  
And went to sleep  
The day was warm, and winds were prosy  
I said "Twill keep'  
I woke—and chid my honest fingers  
The Gem was gone  
And now, an Amethyst remembrance  
Is all I own.

*Emily Dickinson*

### **We Outgrow Love Like Other Things**

We outgrow love like other things  
And put it in the drawer  
Till it an antique fashion shows  
Like costumes grandsires wore.

*Emily Dickinson*

### **Her Voice (excerpt)**

Ah! can it be  
We have lived our lives in a land of dreams!  
How sad it seems.  
Sweet, there is nothing left to say  
But this, that love is never lost



Keen winter stabs the breasts of May  
Whose crimson roses burst his frost  
Ships tempest-tossed  
Will find a harbour in some bay  
And so we may.  
And there is nothing left to do  
But to kiss once again, and part  
Nay, there is nothing we should rue  
I have my beauty; you your Art  
Nay, do not start  
One world was not enough for two  
Like me and you.

*Oscar Wilde*

### **Heart, We Will Forget Him!**

Heart, we will forget him!  
You and I, to-night!  
You may forget the warmth he gave  
I will forget the light.  
When you have done, pray tell me  
That I my thoughts may dim;  
Haste! Lest while you're lagging  
I may remember him!

*Emily Dickinson*

### **With A Flower**

When roses cease to bloom, dear,  
And voices are done  
When bumble-bees in solemn flight  
Have passed beyond the sun...

(We outgrow love like other things.)

*Emily Dickinson*

### **Ho The Dance of Life**

In stillness, the void unveils the unknown,  
Auroras gradually grow, weaving life's steps shown.  
The shimmering twilight adds splendor to decay,  
Dawn's reappearance counts truths that forever stay.

### *Creative Concept:*

The concept behind this composition is to explore the journey of life and the imagination it brings about through music. The sections of the work are arranged in the sequence of death, growth, decay, and rebirth. In the creative process, the versatility and diversity of electronic sound are employed to convey a personal interpretation of life at various stages.

– *Jyun-Rong Ho*

### **Chapman**    *Soulful Suite*

When I found out that my roommate was going to be a violinist, I knew I had to write a piece for her, especially since I was participating in the Bakersfield International Music Festival, a chamber music camp. I hoped that the camp would acquaint me to styles of violin writing so I would know the territory a bit better. Sure enough, on one of the last days of camp, I hummed this suite into my phone. I had originally intended to make this a duet for violin and piano, but when I began notating it, I saw that what few ideas I had composed for the piano part I could just as well integrate into the violin part to add interest to its texture. Overall, I am proud of my work and its modulations at unexpected moments, and I am super grateful that my roommate is bringing this suite to life!

– *Coco Chapman*

### **Akinyanmi**    *Arachne*

*Arachne* is based on a Greek fable. The original myth tells the story of a young weaver, Arachne, from a small Greek village whose weavings catch the eye of the Goddess Athena. Athena comes down from Olympus, disguised as an old lady to speak with the young woman but is met with conceit and disrespect. This angers Athena, and she reveals her true form to Arachne. Arachne still refuses to respect the goddess, so to settle their dispute, they agree to compete in a weaving challenge to determine who is the best weaver. They meet later to compare their tapestries and though Athena's is beautiful, it cannot compare to Arachne's. However, Arachne's tapestry shows an extremely disrespectful depiction of the Gods of Olympus, and this angers Athena even further, to the point that she strikes Arachne. Out of shame, Arachne hangs herself by a thread. Taking pity on the young girl, Athena gives her new life as a spider, and in the Greek tradition, this is the origin story of the spider. In this composition, the instrumentation was inspired by that of traditional Greek instruments. The flutes take the place of the Greek *floghera*, and the guitar takes the place of the lyre. The cello takes the place of the *Barbiton*, a lower variety of lute. The theme that repeats itself during the piece is meant to resemble the process of weaving, and the different stages of the tale present themselves all through.

– *Oluwanimofo Akinyanmi*

### **Sang**    *Typhoon*

This piece has 3 movements. I have tried a new structure in this piece, starting and ending with strong movements and putting the second movement - with lower speed and peaceful dynamics - in the middle. My former pieces all started and ended with quiet sections. The reason I named this piece *Typhoon* is because the second

movement is calm like the eye of a storm and is surrounded by the powerful first and the last movements.

– Frank Sang

### **Wu** *Shouting in the Drizzle*

The inspiration for this piece comes from Yu Hua's novel "shouting in the drizzle." When deciding on the title, I was contemplating how to capture the essence of "drizzle" and "shout" through sound and form. It was easy to get the idea of how to describe fine rain. But as for the shout, the initial impression of it is loud and sharp, a sound that carries from a distance. However, I felt that such a description of a shout would be too ordinary. After sharing with my mother about this novel, she felt that the word "shout" is not only expressed by the loud or releasing volume, but it could also be a quiet, unvoiced, or restrained sound, one that wants to release the emotion but doesn't want others to notice. I suddenly had an epiphany that the word "shout" has a dual nature in different situations, just like how the novel emphasizes the individual loneliness through the "lonely and helpless shout" of a woman at the beginning. It goes on to tell the story of the protagonist being given away at the age of six and experiencing the death of his foster father, and so on. His young heart has never found a place to settle. In the end, there is a solitary image of sobbing softly in the drizzle. So I want to use my composition to try to express it as much as possible.

– Zining Wu

### **Cao** *Thring*

Thring: (verb) to press, throng, crush.

这世界总让我觉得拥挤不堪 · 仿佛窒息。

*Thring* is a musical journey that explores the concept of extreme overcrowding in both physical and societal dimensions. Divided into two sections, this composition encapsulates the tension experienced in crowded spaces and addresses the challenges women face in a noisy, judgmental world.

In the first section, *Thring* immerses us in a crowded but stable acoustic landscape, portraying the intense atmosphere of a densely populated area. Using minimalist techniques and extended string quartet performance, it captures the sensation of navigating through a bustling, noisy crowd.

The second section features a dynamic conversation between the live string quartet and recorded voices challenging societal stereotypes. It highlights the struggle against societal norms, offering a powerful commentary on the battles faced by women in a crowded world filled with prejudice.

– Monstar Wanying Cao

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