

# Welcome

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY

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# Tuesday Night New Music

Tuesday, March 14, 2023  
8:00 p.m.  
Brown Hall

## PROGRAM

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**Dohyun Kim**

*Aurora* (2022)

Espressivo

Dolce

Scintillante

Shaylen Joos, harp

**Claire Stephenson**

*To Sappho* (2022)

Chloe Thum, Corinne Luebke-Brown,  
soprano

Shaylen Joos, harp

**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

Thai Johnson, tenor

Mary Letellier, soprano

Lingbo Ma, piano

**Ian Yan**

*An Ancient Idyllic Valley* (2022)

JiaQing Luo, piano

**Jaegone Kim**

*Eclipse* (2023)

Jaegone Kim, harmonicas, hair dryer,  
vacuum cleaner

**Mathew Lanning**

*Three American Quartets* (2022)

Automospheres  
Ghost Tree  
on the outside i'm hootin',  
on the inside i'm hollerin'

Natalie Boberg, Xiaoqing Yu, violin  
Nicolette Sullivan-Cozza, viola  
Jonah Kernis, cello

**Shawn Lian**

*String Quartet No. 1* (2022)

Dorson Chang, Bowen Chen, violin  
Eunha Kwon, viola  
Tianao Pan, cello

**Peter Butler**

*With Expiring Breath* (2022)

Kearston Gonzales, violin

**Yunqi Li**

*The Double* (2023)

Caroline Smoak, violin  
Nicholas Tsang, cello  
Grace Yu, piano

**Brandon Markson**

*Peripatetic* (2022)

Dillon Acey, clarinet  
Eddie Lanois, trumpet  
Noah Korenfeld, trombone  
Jesse Dale, double bass  
Doyeon Kim, percussion  
Jiawei Gong, conductor

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 Minoos Dixon  
and Changjin Ha, under the supervision of composition chair Michael Gandolfi.

### **Upcoming Tuesday Night New Music Concerts**

*Tuesday, April 11, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

*Tuesday, May 2, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

## Kim Aurora

The aurora is a breathtaking natural phenomenon that occurs when charged particles from the sun interact with Earth's magnetic field. The three videos of shimmering light and color aurora have captivated my imagination. The harp's delicate and intricate arpeggios, glissandos and rich chords are ideal for expressing the sense of movement and fluidity that characterizes the dance-like quality of the aurora.

The first movement, "Espressivo," begins with arpeggios that evoke the undulating movement of the aurora. I described the awe-inspiring beauty of the aurora through sweeping, flowing melodies and colorful glissandos.

In the second movement, "Dolce," I expressed a softer and more relaxed feeling, reminiscent of peaceful stillness. The harp's delicate chords and voiced as harmonics create a sense of serenity and calm, imagining the quiet beauty of the night sky.

In the third movement, "Scintillante," I described the twinkling and dancing lights of the aurora. The harp's bright and shimmering tones are used to capture the vivid and colorful movements of the aurora, while its virtuosic passages reflect the dynamic and ever-changing nature of the northern lights.

*Aurora* is about ten minutes in duration, and was written for Shaylen Joos.

– Dohyun Kim

## Stephenson To Sappho (2022)

Historians will call them best friends.

– Claire Stephenson

*Tisseuse de violettes, chaste Psappha au sourire de miel, des paroles me montent aux lèvres, mais une pudeur me retient.*

Weaver of violets, chaste Sappha with a honeyed smile, words rise to my lips, but a modesty holds me back.

*Si tu avais eu le désir des choses nobles ou belles, et si ta langue n'avait proféré une phrase vile, la pudeur n'aurait point fait baisser tes yeux, mais tu aurais parlé selon la justice.*

If you had desired noble or beautiful things, and if your tongue had not uttered a vile phrase, modesty would not have lowered your eyes, but you would have spoken with justice.

*Demeure mon ami, debout et face à face... et dévoile la bienveillance qui est dans tes yeux.*

Remain my friend, upright and face to face... and reveal the benevolence which is in your eyes.

*J'aime la délicatesse, et pour moi l'éclat et la beauté du soleil, c'est l'amour.*

I love delicacy, and for me the radiance and beauty of the sun is love.

*Toi et l'Erôs, mon serviteur...*

You and Eros, my servant...

*Telle une douce pomme rougit à l'extrémité de la branche, à l'extrémité lointaine : les cueilleurs de fruits l'ont oubliée ou, plutôt, ils ne l'ont pas oubliée, mais ils n'ont pu l'atteindre.*

Like a sweet apple blushes at the end of the branch, at the far end: the fruit pickers have forgotten it, or rather they have not forgotten it, but they could not reach it.

*Et toi, ô Dika ! ceins de guirlandes ta chevelure  
aimable, tresse les tiges du fenouil de tes tendres  
mains, car les [vierges] aux belles fleurs sont de  
beaucoup les premières dans la faveur des  
Bienheureuses : celles-ci se détournent des  
jeunes filles qui ne sont point couronnées.*

*De tous les astres le plus beau les grandes chênes*

*L'Erôs a ployé mon âme, comme un vent,  
Des montagnes tord et brise*

*Se souviendra dans l'avenir de nous.*

Renée Vivien

And you, O Dika! gird with garlands your  
lovely hair, braid the fennel stems with your  
tender hands, for the virgins with beautiful  
flowers are by far the first in the favour of the  
Blessed Ones: these turn away from young  
girls who are not crowned.

Of all the stars the evening is the most  
beautiful

Eros has bent my soul, like a wind,  
Mountains twist and break

Someone will remember us. I say even in  
another time

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

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**

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.

(excerpt) *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...

*Emily Dickinson*

(We outgrow love like other things.)

### **Yan    *An Ancient Idyllic Valley***

The title, *An Ancient Chinese Idyllic Valley*, originated from the literary work *Peach Blossom Spring Story* by a famous poet in the Eastern Jin Dynasty. In the original text, a man from Wuling, who earned his living by fishing, happened to encounter a peach blossom forest while rowing, but after passing through he sees an isolated world of great beauty. In that world, there is vast land, filled with fertile fields and beautiful ponds. The field roads extend in all directions, and one hears relentless sounds of chickens and dogs. People work and cultivate in the fields, and men, women and children are happy. Finally, the fisherman leaves this world, tells people about the existence of such a paradise, but those who seek it can no longer see this mysterious and peaceful world.

I was inspired by this literary work and used music to interpret the essence of the story from different dimensions. I not only express the whole storyline in a narrative manner but also use music to invoke imagination, and depict the mountains, forests, and beasts, and all the sounds of this peaceful and dynamic world. The harmonic language consists of a combination of Chinese pentatonic scale and western scales. As a work for piano, the composition contains some unconventional motives, and tries to present the beautiful mood and unique aesthetic value of the far-east.

– Ian Yan

### **Lanning    *Three American Quartets* (2022)**

*Three American Quartets* is a musical exploration of the myths and realities of the American West.

Automospheres is a string quartet that explores the theme of internal struggle and the wide, expansive palette of opportunity that awaits the motivated individual. Like the word 'Automospheres' itself, the piece is a sort of 'portmanteau' of the fiddle and the classical traditions.

Ghost Tree is a song about an old western legend about the spirit of an old outlaw kickin' ranger whose soul lives on inside a twisted old tree in the desert expanse.

on the outside i'm hootin,' on the inside i'm hollerin,' or Hoedown, explores the duality of the American dream and the external chaos of the life it so often finds itself bound to. Do we find comfort in that which is old, tried and true, or do we look forward to the new and the bold?

– Mathew Lanning

### **Lian    *String Quartet No. 1* (2022)**

String Quartet features several progressive textural unfurlings and contractions. Beginning with a sustained and dissonant sound, the note D is heard at the center of

the whole movement. The set class [0123] appears throughout the movement in important spots. A slow fugue follows the opening section. It is a four-part fugue with a slow and unchanged path. A complex texture and a very dense sound results. The theme, pitch classes (03018), is used throughout the movement in different forms. After that, the [0123] reappears as the viola and cello accompany the violins. It is the same theme from the slow fugue, but in a faster tempo. After that the music becomes fast and aggressive but still employs the same fugal theme. The set class [0123] reappears in heavy chords in the following section. This leads into a slow section that recalls the texture of the beginning, but in a different transposition. It has a light and melodic character. The recapitulation repeats the theme of the slow fugue. It starts from the first note of the theme and then goes backward after reaching the midpoint. Finally, the opening texture is once more recalled as the movement fades away.

– Shawn Lian

### **Butler    *With Expiring Breath***

Written for Kearston Gonzales, *With Expiring Breath* is scored for solo violin. Delicate yet haunting in tone, the work draws its name from William Faulkner's seminal novel, *As I Lay Dying*. Beginning with a series of sharp pizzicato notes punctuated by long, shuddering breaths of phrases, the piece evokes a disconcerting scene in *As I Lay Dying* in which a mother lies in her deathbed listening to her son, just outside her window, chopping away, building something that is eventually revealed to be a coffin. The piece slowly expands and contracts before eventually reaching a sort of death rattle in which a final breath is cut short.

– Peter Butler

### **Li    *The Double***

Dark or Light,  
Black or white,  
With my choice.

– Yunqi Li

### **Markson    *Peripatetic***

The idea for this piece arose during the summer of 2022 at the Atlantic Music Festival. While my friends and I were discussing different music theory concepts, the idea crossed my mind of creating a piece using some form of note restriction (ie. serialism). After experimenting with different note collections, I came upon the collection of 013589 (for example, this could be E F G A C and Db). This restricts the collection of notes at any given time to six notes, until the collection shifts. The process created a fun and creative way to explore melodic contour and harmonies. As I began composing, the ideas formulated vibrant imagery of a caravan crossing the desert at sunrise and battling the harsh attributes of nature, as they wandered from one town to the next. To me, this created a narrative of a nomadic group traversing a multitude of ecosystems, all representative of the different musical motifs created and their flow from one idea to the next. *Peripatetic* describes one who travels from place to place – this fits the character of the narrative and the music itself, thus the name feels like a perfect fit.

– Brandon Markson

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