

UNIVERSITY OF
RRedlands
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Composition Studio presents:

THE GREEN ORANGE CONCERT

Anthony Suter & Andres Luz, directors

Sunday, November 17, 2019 - 8 p.m.

FREDERICK LOEWE PERFORMANCE HALL

Assembly Line
for Guitar, Piano, and Fixed Media

Jonathan Kretchmer
(b. 1999)

Jonathan Kretchmer, piano
Jeremy Napier, guitar

Ήχοι από το Καμπαναριό

Timothy Cunningham
(b. 1999)

Collin Tarr, mallets
Timothy Cunningham, piano

Gymnopedie No. 4

Janay Maisano
(b. 1999)

Janay Maisano, piano

Night Ocean for Solo Piano

Jonathan Kretchmer
(b. 1999)

Jonathan Kretchmer, piano

LightAche

Nicholas Slaughter
(b. 2000)

Jeffrey Boehl, soprano sax
Chris Sacha, alto sax
Mike C. Kalb, tenor sax
Connor Edmundson, bari sax

The Oboe Monstrosity

Bryan Koonce
(b. 2009)

Gilbert Camacho, oboe

Tokaido

Noah Parady
(b. 2000)

Diego Hammond, bassoon

Lullaby in C

Kim Tran
(b. 2000)

Gilbert Camacho, oboe

Four Years in Hell: A Presidential Tragedy

Jonathan Kretchmer
(b. 1999)

1. We Have Made our Bed and Now
We Must Sleep in it.
2. The Absence of a Dystopia Does Not Signify a Utopia.
3. Our Anger is Justified, so Don't Attempt to Discount it.

Timothy Cunningham, baritone
Coco Hu, flute, piccolo, alto flute
Isaiah Solares, clarinet
Megan Susuico-Scott, violin
Francisco Rangel, cello
Jonathan Kretchmer, piano
Abigail Mellado, percussion

PROGRAM NOTES FROM THE COMPOSERS

Assembly Line

Jonathan Kretchmer

I take a huge amount of influence from Hip-Hop, Electronic, and Trap Music. Specifically, the music of Tyler, the Creator and Kendrick Lamar, two artists who use jazz in tandem with their conventional pop sound. When Tyler, the Creator's album *IGOR* released in May of 2019, I was motivated by the lo-fi, almost messy-sounding production to create a work of my own like that. This work is very ethereal while also being very mechanical, almost rigid. The piece builds to its breaking point until it suddenly ends.

Ἦχοι από το Καμπαναριό

Timothy Cunningham

20th century Estonian composer Arvo Pärt was the main source of inspiration for this piece. In his “tintinnabuli” style of composition, Pärt draws from the two-voice chant music he grew up hearing, along with a fascination for bells to create a simple yet deeply profound sound world. Similar to Pärt, *Ἦχοι από το Καμπαναριό* features an exposed, chant-like melody intended to mimic the ringing of bells. Listen for the open fifths and plain rhythmic texture, which suggest “sounds from a bell tower,” as the title asserts. The use of extended technique and the interplay between major and minor modes provide timbral intrigue and evoke a sense of mystic wonder.

Gymnopedie No. 4

Janay Maisano

This piece was inspired by Erik Satie's *Three Gymnopedies*. Written in a similar fashion, the slow, pulling melody and the specific harmony are in the spirit of Satie's beautiful set of pieces. This *Gymnopedie* though is a spookier, more unsettling version of the original.

Night Ocean for Solo Piano

Jonathan Kretchmer

This piece attempts to mimic the subtle disquiet of a dark body of water. Moonlight shines on the ocean yet the water is still perfectly, horribly opaque. An anxious mind wanders and wonders what could be under the surface.

LightAche

Nicholas Slaughter

Migraines are a semi-frequent occurrence in my life—being that I'm so sensitive to bright light—so I feel inclined to express my experience with them musically. The structure of this piece follows the general set of stages I go through when experiencing one of these aching pains. First there is the premonition, where I can tell that something's about to happen but don't know if it's a headache or not. Then comes the flashing aura at the edge of my vision, getting progressively more intense and confirming that a migraine is on the way. Eventually this culminates into the pounding pain which eventually dies away with some lingering afterwards. To convey this sensation that just feels wrong, I utilized varying textures and registers between the different saxophones; each sax has such a vastly different sound in the upper, middle, and lower registers, which can be combined in interesting ways. The headache section in particular has drastic register shifts in each of the saxes, and each chord is voiced in a different vertical order, as opposed to just being SATB.

Tokaido

Noah Parady

Tokaido is an ancient road in Japan that connects the cities of Tokyo and Kyoto. Each year many people from all over the world make an on-foot journey down this road in order to have a spiritual and enlightening experience to connect them with nature and with life. When composing this piece, I started by thinking of ways to take listeners on a similar journey. This piece, depicts five different landscapes from Japan. The first a slow and longing introduction depicting a koi pond, a disjunct, moving section depicting the maple

forests, a quick and light section depicting dancing bamboo, a graceful section which depicts a cherry blossom forest, and a final section which depicts a race to Mount Fuji. I hope that this allows you to experience the breathtaking journey across the beautiful island of Japan.

Four Years in Hell: A Presidential Tragedy Jonathan Kretchmer

Four Years in Hell is my attempt to convey the disgust, anger, and fear I have felt during Donald Trump's presidency.

I began writing this piece in early February of this year, when I took a step back and realized that I had grown numb to our president's actions throughout the last two years. There was no particular remark, tweet, or action of his that sparked this realization. Rather, it was an overload of sensationalist media coverage from both sides, one too many satirizations on television, the tweet that broke the camel's back. Suddenly, every negative feeling I had about this monster came bubbling back to the surface.

Arthur Rimbaud wrote the prose poem *A Season in Hell* in 1873. He wrote this work following his separation from poet Paul Verlaine, who had spells of suicidal behavior. Rimbaud grew increasingly dissatisfied with their relationship, and stated that he would leave Verlaine in July of 1873. In response, Verlaine shot Arthur with a revolver, and continued to threaten violence, earning himself an arrest and subsequent sentence of two years hard labor. Only after all this did Rimbaud write *A Season in Hell*. This poem follows the story of a man who dies and is damned to Hell, where he works on coming to terms with his new environment and eventually reaches self-actualization. I took the text for *Four Years in Hell* from the third part of the poem, A Night in Hell. In this section, the narrator has arrived in Hell and is adjusting to his surroundings. His torture slowly drives him insane, until he has achieved enlightenment regarding the futility of his situation.

The first movement, titled We Have Made our Bed and Now We

Must Sleep in it, is a plea to Trump supporters to reconsider the implications of his policies, to think about what effect his role in government has had on our culture.

Part of the text reads, "I have just swallowed a terrific mouthful of poison. Blessed, blessed, blessed the advice I was given! / My guts are on fire. / The power of the poison twists my arms and legs, cripples me, drives me to the ground." Later, the text reads, "I burn as I ought to." I interpreted this text as self-aware and regretful. The narrator feels he deserves the punishment he receives, as he has provoked it. He has drunk the poison, and now his guts are on fire and his limbs are crippled. But it is his fault, since he has drunk the poison. Later in the text, he describes how he nearly came to salvation. He struggles to describe his vision, as "the air of Hell is too thick for hymns!" I attempt to convey his failed journey towards saving his soul with several sections that are almost triumphant, but are not resolved in a satisfying way. The listener never reaches salvation, as close as it may sometimes seem.

The second movement, titled The Absence of a Utopia Does Not Signify a Utopia, continues the narrative of the first movement, with a triumphant statement of "But I am still alive!" The narrator finds himself alive after the first movement, but he is still very clearly in Hell. Much like the first movement, the listener should expect a resolution that never truly arrives. The next line reads, "Suppose damnation is eternal! / A man who wants to mutilate himself is certainly damned, isn't he?". The narrator has made his bed, and now he must lie in it. I believe that in this line, Rimbaud is referencing Verlaine's suicidal behavior. He later says "I am the slave of my baptism. You, my parents have ruined my life, and your own."

In this movement, I attempted to only use the "white notes" for as long as possible. The piece almost never establishes a key center, as it moves from mode to mode of the C Major scale. Only about halfway into the movement do we see our first accidental. As the movement reaches its climax, the resolution is again disfigured by a melancholic modulation to C# Minor. On this chord, the piece

gradually fades out.

The third movement, Our Anger is Justified, so Don't Attempt to Discount it, begins with an interlude of sorts. This interlude is emotionless and disingenuous, attempting to put on a mask of happiness behind which there is nothing. This is suddenly interrupted by our narrator, who shouts, "Shut up, will you shut up!" The title of the movement comes from the next line, "Satan saying that fire is worthless, that my anger is ridiculous and silly." This is a movement of paradoxes. "My judgement is sound and firm, I am prime for perfection. / ... My scalp begins to tighten. Have mercy! Lord, I am afraid!" When the narrator sings "Satan," the ensemble responds with three sharp F# notes. In set theory, F# is the number 6, so the ensemble is playing the Devil's number, 666. As the narrator discusses "childish music," the tone of the piece drastically switches into a maniacal, almost ridiculous march. This march ends with a plea from the narrator, "Have mercy!" We see a reprise of the maniacal dance, where the narrator lists some of his memories. "Childhood, grass and rain, the puddle on the paving stones, Moonlight when the clock strikes twelve..." This is the most triumphant ending from the three movements, and yet it feels hollow, a singular bass drum hit that rings on.

UNIVERSITY OF REDLANDS SCHOOL OF MUSIC LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We are gathered on the land of the Serrano and Cahuilla peoples, and we acknowledge the important contributions of this community, their elders both past and present, as well as future generations. The University of Redlands School of Music is committed to continuing to learn about the land we inhabit, the people who have been displaced from this land, and building community with its original caretakers.

For a complete calendar of the School of Music Events visit
www.redlands.edu/music