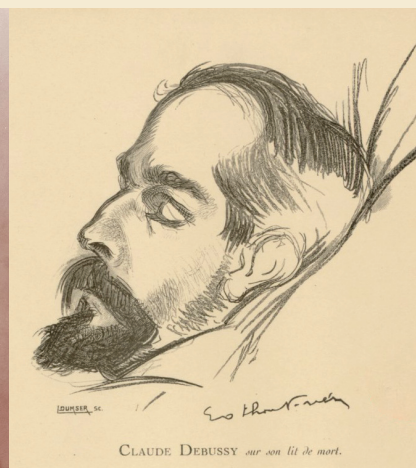


MARCH MUSIC MODERNE presents



Tombeau de Claude Debussy à Travers la Mer

(Memorial for Claude Debussy
Across the Sea)

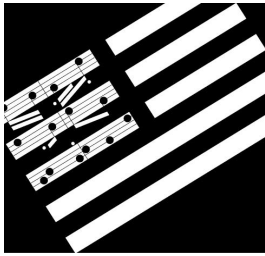
Sunday, March 25th,
2018, 7:30 PM

100 years to the day "Claude of France" died, come hear ten Cascadia Composers pay musical tribute, emulating the ten renowned composers in his 1921 memorial concert "Tombeau de Claude Debussy."

Tombeau de Claude Debussy à Travers la Mer is part of
March Music Moderne VI: Tombeau de Claude Debussy (3 – 25 March 2018)



MarchMusicModerne.org



National
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Cascadia Composers

Mission Statement

Cascadia Composers engages our community through the creation, performance, and promotion of contemporary musical art, while providing resources and opportunities to Cascadia composers.

Cascadia Composers serves northern Oregon and southern Washington and was founded in 2008.

Website: www.CascadiaComposers.org

Governing Board

Ted Clifford, President

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Cascadia Composers is a chapter of the National Association of Composers/USA (NACUSA). NACUSA is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. Founded by Henry Hadley in 1933, it is one of the oldest organizations devoted to the promotion and performance of American concert hall music. Many of America's most distinguished composers have been among its members.

These concerts and presentations are made possible by dues from NACUSA (National Association of Composers/USA), other grants and donors, and fundraisers sponsored by Cascadia. Special thanks to our media sponsor, Oregon ArtsWatch. Cascadia Composers receives support from the Oregon Arts Commission, a state agency funded by the State of Oregon and the National Endowment for the Arts.



Program cover design by Kim Still

MARCH MUSIC MODERNE

presents

Cascadia Chapter of the National Association of Composers/USA in

Tombeau de Claude Debussy à Travers la Mer

(Memorial for Claude Debussy across the Sea)

Sunday, March 25th @ 7:30 pm

Community Music Center, 3350 SE Francis St., Portland, OR

Program

300+ MICROVARIATIONS ON A BACH THEME (2015) Texu Kim

Asya Gulua, piano

A SEA SONATA, Op 334 (movements 3 and 2) (2010) Christopher Wicks

Stephen Lewis, piano

SONNET TO ORPHEUS (2017) Theresa Koon

Hannah Penn, mezzo soprano; Stephen Lewis, piano

ACROSS FROM 24 SQUARE DE L'AVENUE FOCH (2018) Jeff Winslow

Hannah Penn, mezzo soprano; Jeff Winslow, piano

HOMMAGE À CLAUDE DEBUSSY (2014) Denis Floyd

Con Grazia Wind Quintet

Rebecca Olson, flute; Victoria Racz, oboe; Jill Coykendall, clarinet;

Wendy Peebles, French horn; Danielle Goldman, bassoon;

EQUINOX (2017) Elizabeth Blachy-Dyson

Con Grazia Wind Quintet

Intermission

"Hope" IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS (2017) Matthew Neil Andrews

Corrin Coffey, soprano; Matthew Neil Andrews, piano

EN HOMMAGE À DEBUSSY (2017) William Toutant

Tatiana Kolchanova, violin; Colleen Adent, piano

"UNTITLED" (2015) Stephen Lewis

Stephen Lewis, piano

FLUX ET REFLUX (2017)

David Bernstein

Asya Gulua, *piano*

CHANSONS DE BILITIS (1897) (translations on back cover)

Claude Debussy

Hannah Penn, *mezzo soprano*; Stephen Lewis, *piano*

Please stay after the concert, chat with your friends and fellow concert-goers, and sample delicious wine, punch and French-inspired food from Exuberance Catering!

Program Notes

300+ MICROVARIATIONS ON A BACH THEME (2015) by Texu Kim

While not achieving their initial goal, countless experiments by alchemists paved the way for modern chemistry. One of the beliefs that the alchemists had is that they could obtain noble metals like gold and silver through chemical operations of natural elements. After centuries, it turned out to be true, but not really. Everything on Earth, theoretically, is known to be comprised of subatomic particles such as protons, electrons, and neutrons (or even smaller ones like quarks, leptons, and bosons). One might decompose something into the particles and reassemble them to create something totally new, through impractically demanding and costing processes.

Here is a composer, who pays attention to the similarity between two concepts: musical motive and molecule. It is random that the page of J.S.Bach's famous C Major Prelude from the Well-Tempered Clavier is open on the table in front of the composer. From the first eight notes of the piece, the musical alchemist creates a wide variety of products: patterns that are very similar to the original motive, gestures that are somewhat far from the original, and even some quotations of other composers including Debussy (which is why I submitted this piece to the call), Grisey, and so on (it may add extra fun to find which pieces are quoted). Enjoy!!

A SEA SONATA, Op 334 (movements 3 and 2) (2010) by Christopher Wicks

I composed my *Sea Sonata* at my favorite hotel in Newport, Oregon, where I visit almost yearly, and where the sea air has not yet failed to stimulate my creative process. I did not have any specific Debussy-themed concert in mind when I composed it, but the subtitles of the movements are inspired by Debussy's symphonic poem *La Mer* to an extent which is probably fairly obvious: "Expanse of the Sea," "Raindrops on the Sea," "Flight over the Water" and "Sunlight on the Sea." Debussy's influence on the piece's musical language is less direct, but will not evade the perceptive listener, although there is no quotation. This piece does not use traditional sonata formal designs, despite the title.

SONNET TO ORPHEUS (2017) by Theresa Koon

Rainer Maria Rilke wrote two cycles of poetry dedicated to the Greek musician-god Orpheus. The poem in the setting you will hear is the third in Rilke's first cycle, borrowing its title from the entire collection: *The Sonnets to Orpheus*. The poem has been set for Mezzo-Soprano and piano, with a few non-traditional uses of the piano strings as a harp--alluding to Orpheus' instrument, the lyre. In the final phrase, the singer's voice is intended to vibrate the strings, invoking the breath of the gods.

ACROSS FROM 24 SQUARE DE L'AVENUE FOCH (2018) by Jeff Winslow

This song is in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the passing of Claude Debussy, one of my musical heroes and arguably the first modernist composer. He died in an upstairs bedroom of his house at the title (current) address on March 25th, 1918 after a long illness, too weak to be carried to the relative safety of the basement, as shells from the German long-range guns of World War I exploded in the streets of Paris around him. The house survived and still stands today, and the rains are much gentler now.

The poem was originally written some 30 years ago with the title "Waiting at First, and Sunset" even though it was conceived while waiting (for a TriMet bus) at Thirteenth and Jefferson. Despite lack of specific historical focus, the mood was much the same as presented here: a mournful vigil is eventually relieved by something akin to redemption. I would like to think that Debussy would appreciate the imagery, as a lifelong resident of Paris – a city where, like Portland, snow is rare and fleeting enough that residents generally regard it with far more wonder than dismay.

HOMMAGE À CLAUDE DEBUSSY (2014) by Denis Floyd

This andante could serve as the slow movement of a sonata for a wind quintet. The form is ABA', where each of A and B have subsections. A' is an abbreviated form of A. There is a short introduction, which returns at the end. The return of the introduction is followed by a short coda.

EQUINOX (2017) by Elizabeth Blachy-Dyson

Anticipation -- Debussy's *Prélude à après-midi d'un faune* is a prelude, an anticipation -- of love and desire. Likewise, *Equinox* is an anticipation—a prelude to a new season and anticipation of a fruitful harvest. Like Debussy's *Prelude*, *Equinox* leads the listener through a landscape where humans interact with nature and myth. After a brief fanfare, the season approaches with quiet chromatic lines, growing increasingly insistent, with admixture of whole-tone melodies. A flock of birds fill the air with their twittering and geese call out as they pass overhead. A wistful recollection of past summers is interrupted by a lively peasant dance before the initial theme returns, culminating in a brief but wild dance. The post-industrial landscape of *Equinox* is starker than the landscape of Mallarmé's faun, more closely resembling T. S. Eliot's *Wasteland*, yet birds still sing and fauns still dream.

"Hope" IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS (2017) by Matthew Neil Andrews

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 hilliest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.

Emily Dickinson

Because I was something of a melancholy weirdo child, I was drawn to fellow melancholy weirdo Emily Dickinson, both for her exquisite poetry and her fascinating character. In this song I pay homage to two other eccentrics: the Rosicrucian eremite Erik Satie and the woodsy polymath Lou Harrison. Much gratitude to my teacher, the incomparable Crazy Jane composer Bonnie Miksch.

EN HOMMAGE À DEBUSSY (2017) by William Toutant

En homage à Debussy was written to honor the composer on the 100th anniversary of his death. In addition to mixing some of Debussy's compositional techniques with my own, I used a musical representation of his full name: Claude Achille Debussy. It appears very clearly at the beginning, middle and end of the piece. Every letter of his name can be represented musically using letter names of pitches or sol-fa syllables. For example, "u" is represented by the pitch C, which in Guido D'Arezzo's solfège system is "ut." For "y" I chose F# or "fi."

"UNTITLED" (2015) by Stephen Lewis

Five Piano Pieces (2010-2014) marks my return to the piano, my own instrument, as a composer. My years of experience studying and working as a pianist had inhibited me from writing a solo piano work for many years; everything I thought to write reminded me precedents in older music. For a long time this was a barrier for me. It wasn't until I rethought the idea of originality, abandoning the belief that only the new is valuable in music, that I felt ready to compose piano music again. To do so, I engaged not only with sounds and pitches, but also with deliberate referentiality, even if such references might amount to a secret that I alone would know. I also allowed my own improvisations to lead the way in dreaming up these pieces, even though I typically compose away from the piano. As an added source of outside help, each of the five pieces was composed in response to 20th-century paintings to which I had strong reactions.

The fourth piece—"*Untitled*"—based on a painting I have chosen to keep secret, was, for me at the time, a strikingly lyrical work. Essentially a set of variations, the melody heard at the beginning is repeated exactly several times, with only the first note changing each time. The texture around the melody grows thicker and thinner, following harmonic progressions or contrapuntal strategies at times intuitive, at times arbitrary. References to Bach, Debussy, and Scelsi are readily apparent; to Brahms and Bartók, these are somewhat more veiled. I later used this piece as the groundwork for the final aria in my opera, *Noon at Dusk*.

FLUX ET REFLUX (2017) by David Bernstein

Flux et Reflux (ebb and flow) is a work dedicated to the memory and music of composer Claude Debussy. The advent of the 20th century would be very different if not for his contribution and influence on so many that followed. In this work there may be features that resemble certain characteristics of Debussy's style, but it does not in any real way resemble him in sound.

One distinct feature of this composition is the use of a theme quoted in full from Debussy's *La Mer*. This four-bar melody will be found in at least five areas of the piece; some are obvious, most are used in an abstract manner where transformation of its rhythm is key but the pitch series of the tune is kept intact.

Like Debussy in many works, short fragments - motivic like - will be found throughout. Many of the fragments are intensely chromatic and these are contrasted with the use of two very diatonic C major chorales interspersed between and around them...chorales with "added" tones, as it were. It was a pleasure for me to contribute this work in honor of this special occasion. Debussy is certainly one of the giants of Western musical composition from his century... or any century before or after his time.

(Please see back page for text of Debussy's *Chansons de Bilitis*.)

For short bios of the composers and performers on tonight's program, please visit the CAST page on the March Music Moderne website: <http://www.marchmusicmoderne.org/wp/cast-2018/>

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Special Thanks to

First and foremost, Bob Priest, director of March Music Moderne, for making this wonderful festival happen in the first place

Chris Leck, MMM webmaster, for his beautiful work and patience with wayward composers.

Daniel Brugh, for many services rendered including stage management and rehearsal management

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Kim Still for the lovely artwork

Jeff Winslow (overall coordinator for tonight's concert) and David Bernstein for driving all around Portland putting up posters

All the good folks at the Community Music Center for their generous help and calm, positive attitude

In addition to our government and foundation supporters, the following individuals have made recent and generous cash contributions to Cascadia Composers:

Anonymous

Daniel Brugh

Antonio Celaya

Margaret Gontrum

Alan Niven

William & Ligia Toutant

Linda Woody

CASCADIA UPCOMING EVENTS

New Date, Time, Venue:

Music Masters Past and Present (Big Horn Brass)

Saturday, April 21 @ 7:00 pm | St. Matthew Lutheran Church, 10390 SW Canyon Rd.,
Beaverton, OR

Our Waters: Big River to the Pacific

Saturday, May 12 @ 7:30 pm | The Native American Student & Community Center at PSU,
710 SW Jackson St., Portland, OR

In Good Hands

Saturday, June 16 @ 7:30 pm | Lincoln Hall, Room 75, PSU, 1620 SW Park Ave., Portland, OR

Songs of Bilitis, poems by Pierre Louÿs

I. The Pan-Pipes

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,
il m'a donné une syrinx faite
de roseaux bien taillés,
unis avec la blanche cire
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.
Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
mais je suis un peu tremblante.
Il en joue après moi,
si doucement que je l'entends à peine.
Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,
tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre;
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,
et tour à tour nos bouches
s'unissent sur la flûte.
Il est tard,
voici le chant des grenouilles vertes
qui commence avec la nuit.
Ma mère ne croira jamais
que je suis restée si longtemps
à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

II. The Tresses

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir
autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.
"Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens;
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.
"Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,
tant nos membres étaient confondus,
que je devenais toi-même,
ou que tu entras en moi comme mon songe."
Quand il eut achevé,
il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,
et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

III. The Tomb of the Naiads

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;
mes cheveux devant ma bouche
se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,
et mes sandales étaient lourdes
de neige fangeuse et tassée.
Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?"
Je suis la trace du satyre.
Ses petits pas fourchus alternent
comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.
Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.
les satyres et les nymphes aussi.
Depuis trente ans, il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible.
La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."
Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace
de la source où jadis riaient les naïades.
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,
et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,
il regardait au travers.

For the holiday of Hyacinthus
he gave me a set of pipes made
from well-cut reeds,
joined together with white wax
that is sweet to my lips like honey.
He's teaching me to play, while I sit on his knees;
but I'm trembling a little.
He plays it after me,
so softly that I can hardly hear it.
We have nothing to say,
so close are we to each other;
but our songs want to harmonize,
and by turns our lips
unite on the pipes.
It's late:
here's the chant of the green frogs
that begins at dusk.
My mother will never believe
I stayed out so long
searching for my lost belt.

He told me: "Last night I had a dream.
Your tresses were around my neck.
I wore your hair like a black necklace
around my nape and on my chest.
"I caressed them, and they were my own;
and so we were forever united,
by the same tresses, lips upon lips,
as two laurels often have only one root.
"And gradually, it seemed to me,
that our limbs were so entwined,
that I was becoming you
or you entered into me like my dream."
When he'd finished,
he gently put his hands on my shoulders,
and gazed at me so tenderly,
that I lowered my eyes, trembling.

I walked along the frost-covered woods;
my hair, blowing before my lips,
bloomed with tiny icicles,
and my sandals were heavy,
caked with muddy snow.
He asked me: "What are you looking for?"
I'm following the tracks of a satyr –
his little cloven hoofprints alternate
like holes in a white cloak.
He said: "The satyrs are dead.
the satyrs and the nymphs too.
In thirty years, there hasn't been such a terrible winter.
The tracks you see are those of a goat.
But let's pause here, on the site of their tomb."
And with the iron of his hoe he broke up the ice
of the spring where the naiads used to laugh.
He picked up big frozen chunks,
and, lifting them toward the pale sky,
he peered through them.