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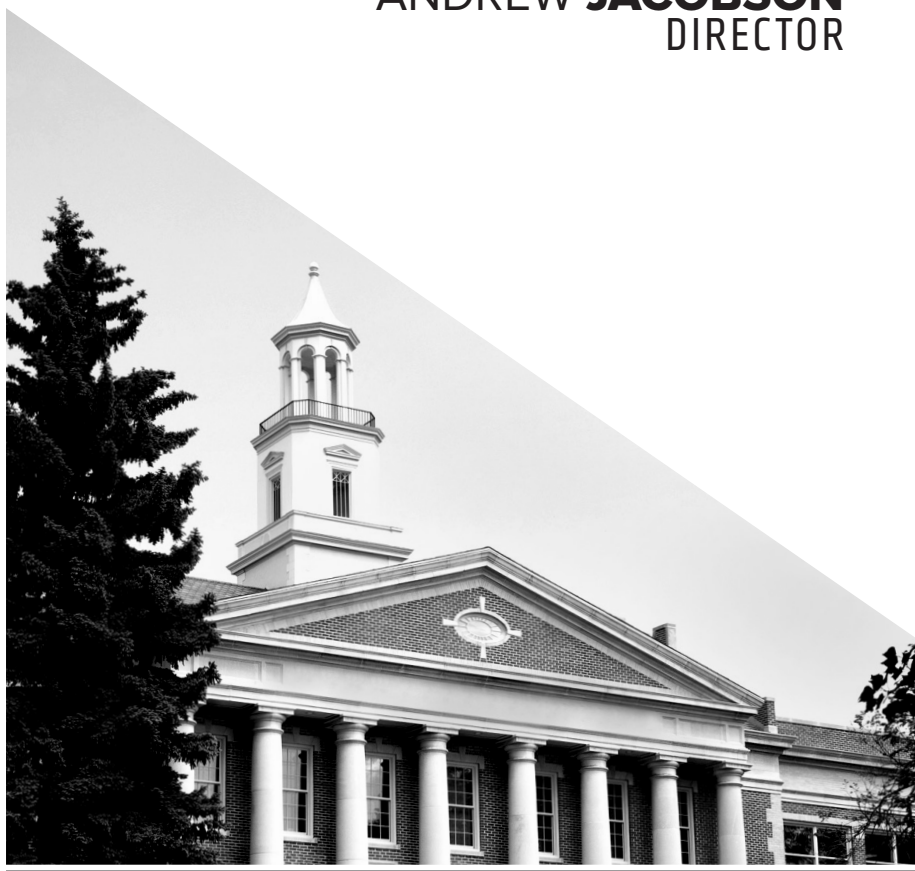
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NOVEMBER 12 / 7:30 P.M.

**NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE**

**IT COULD BE ANYTHING**

ANDREW **JACOBSON**  
DIRECTOR



**Colorado State University**

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE AND DANCE

# TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

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## ***Quatuor pour la fin du temps (Quartet for the End of Time)* / OLIVIER MESSIAEN**

III. Abîme des oiseaux (Abyss of the Birds), for solo clarinet

Lara Mitofsky Neuss, clarinet

## ***Scorching Ore* / THOMAS LACK**

Lara Mitofsky Neuss, E-flat clarinet/bass clarinet

Javier Elizondo, clarinet

Andrew MacRossie, tenor saxophone

Jacob Kilford, baritone saxophone

Eric Lagergren, electronics/laptop

## ***DTMF* / ERIC LAGERGREN**

Andrew MacRossie, alto saxophone soloist

Theresa Soriano, flute

Javier Elizondo, clarinet

Noah Beck, bassoon

## ***Red Vesper* / DAVID BIEDENBENDER**

Courtney Pham, flute

Lara Mitofsky Neuss, clarinet

Jacob Kilford, alto saxophone

David Yarger, piano

Henry Ives, vibraphone

Jeremy Cuebas, violin

Tavon Boaman, cello

Eric Lagergren, electronics/laptop

## ***Dracula* / DAVID DEL TREDICI**

Jeremy Cuebas, conductor

Anya Bradley, soprano soloist

Theresa Soriano, flute/piccolo

Lara Mitofsky Neuss, clarinet/bass clarinet

Andrew Meyers, horn

Thad Alberty, trumpet

Frangel López Ceseña, violin

Paola Zamario, violin

Regan DeRossett, viola

Tavon Boaman, cello

Crystal Pelham, bass

Henry Ives, percussion

Andrew Findley, percussion

Alaina de Bellevue, piano

Kyle Howe, theremin

## PROGRAM NOTES:

Quartet for the End of Time / Abyss of the Birds – Olivier Messiaen (1941)  
Quatuor pour la fin du temps / Abîme des oiseaux

Olivier Messiaen's *Quartet for the End of Time* was written during World War II while the composer was imprisoned in a German prisoner-of-war camp. It is scored for clarinet, violin, cello, and piano and was premiered by Messiaen's fellow prisoners. This movement is for the clarinet alone; about it Messiaen wrote:

The abyss is Time with its sadness, its weariness. The birds are the opposite to Time; they are our desire for light, for stars, for rainbows, and for jubilant songs.

Scorching Ore – Thomas Lack (2016)

*Scorching Ore* was commissioned by the experimentalist mixed-reed quartet, Oxidize, in 2016. Consisting of two clarinetists and two saxophonists, Oxidize sought to explore unusual instrumentation in a chamber setting. *Scorching Ore* has since been performed in Canada, while additional U.S. performances will take place in Fort Collins and Chicago in October 2017. The piece depicts the process of quenching. In quenching, a technique employed by blacksmiths, the craftsman will place extremely hot steel and submerge it in cool water. The process leaves the metal stiffer and stronger. Often, quenching is repeated before the blade is complete. This repetitive practice is reflected in the palindromic nature of the piece. The electronic element of this piece adds a sense of flow and chaos to the music, and evokes imagery of rising steam from a scolding blade.

DTMF – Eric Lagergren (2017)

Eric Lagergren's *DTMF* was written for Colorado State University's "It Could be Anything" new music ensemble. The piece features four instruments: alto saxophone, clarinet, flute, and bassoon, with the alto saxophone being the primary voice. DTMF stands for dual-tone multi-frequency signaling. Also known as the touch-tone system, DTMF refers to the sounds heard when any key on a push-button phone is pressed. The first section of the piece utilizes touch-tones, which represent the area codes of significant locations in the composer's life. Additionally, the highly specified articulations and rhythms found throughout the work explore elements of Morse code and serialism. *DTMF* attempts to depict forms of electronic communication in a creative and engaging manner, and remind listeners of its often overlooked but critical importance in contemporary society.

Red Vesper – David Biedenbender (2014)

David Biedenbender is a leading contemporary American composer. He has written for various world-class ensembles, including the United States Navy Band, Philharmonie Baden-Baden (Germany), the PRISM saxophone quartet, and the Eastman Wind Ensemble. *Red Vesper* was written for the Grand Valley State University New Music Ensemble, and is inspired by the serenity of National Parks in the United States. A vesper is an evening prayer, a meditation and reflection at the end of the day. The title of the piece depicts a quiet moment of private thought before a glowing red horizon and setting sun. Red is also a dominant color in the rock formations in many American National Parks.

David del Tredici – *Dracula* (1999)

(From the composer's website)

David del Tredici's *Dracula* is based on Alfred Corn's poem, "My Neighbor, the Distinguished Count." The text retells the famous gothic tale from the point of view of a woman living next-door to "the distinguished count" In five scenes, the poem chronicles her initial disinterest, gradual seduction, then degradation, rejection and, finally, "vampiristic" transformation. The piece makes enormous demands upon the soprano soloist, who must speak even more than she sings and, when singing, must negotiate over three octaves — from the D below middle-C (when conjuring up the voice of the count) to the E-flat above high-C (when depicting the woman in extremis). The instrumental ensemble is perhaps most notable for the inclusion of the theremin — the exotic, other-worldly-sounding electronic instrument that evoked "horror" and "mystery" in early Hollywood films. Most of the poem is written in the past tense " the woman is telling us what happened. When the narrative reaches the present and Dracula himself comes to her "for the last time," the theremin " with its whooshes and wails " announces itself, personifying the (excitingly) depraved count.

—Program notes by Andrew MacRossie

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My Neighbor, the Distinguished Count  
From Autobiographies  
Alfred Corn

At first thinking it was harmless  
Enough, I told myself I had pints  
To spare, so why refuse a simple favor?  
Hannah could have turned him away at the door,  
But I didn't think that was necessary.  
I'd always liked his mother and father  
(Whom he grew sadly to resemble less  
As the months passed, his condition progressing).  
The visits came bearably seldom,  
And no one could have brought everything  
Off more smoothly. Afterwards I'd feel calmer,  
Drowsy, reconciled. Easy to see why  
People once regularly bled themselves  
For medical reasons, though of course,  
That was a cure normally reserved for men,  
Who labor under greater pressure than we.  
Easy, too, for one to think of donor service  
As the good deed for the day – thy neighbor  
As thyself, no? – a neighbor so visibly  
In need, his pale brow furrowed, an electric-  
Tic active at the corner of the mouth.  
Thoughts less reassuring surfaced later  
When what he meant as compensation arrived,  
The flowers, touring car idling outside,  
Heart-shaped boxes of intricate chocolates,  
Young Burgundies, spring lamb nicely done up.

Why did the visits multiply? No doubt  
There had been other clients beforehand,  
But perhaps they moved or died, who can say?  
Or else he's concluded I was, for the moment,  
A likely vintage and a pleasant temperature.  
One afternoon I brought myself to ask.  
"I come to you dearest, because you think  
Of me. An irresistible summons."  
Manners: how tell an acquaintance serene  
In the conviction of having been your constant  
Preoccupation for how long now that,  
In fact, you hardly ever thought of him?  
Chided jokingly, could he read minds?  
He answered, even better than that, he could read  
Signs. It seemed I'd left them everywhere.  
And true messages always reached their addressee.  
Wasn't it so? From this I knew the mere facts  
Of our erratic situation counted for nothing  
When placed beside his own inner persuasions

He told me he'd been seeing more "signs" than ever,  
And certainly he came to me more and more often,  
Insisting I call him Tony, as his friends did.  
I tactfully refused. When dealing with  
Obsession, as a rule the safest plan  
Is to maintain a strict formality.  
Yet it occurred to me that at some points symptoms  
Might creep up with no warning. You would be  
Quite unaware of new expressive habits  
Connected, he said, to your daydreams – which,  
In this case, were also traps. I must outwit them.  
Have you ever tried not to think of a face  
Or a voice, going over each confused tangle  
On the mental loom to make sure the banned  
Thread of reference doesn't appear in it?  
How often I longed to stay profoundly asleep  
And never be conscious again... Waking,  
I brooded on little but how to stop our meetings,  
A rebellion no doubt proving just how much his  
I was. For what demonstrates more clearly  
The power of a creator than fierce resistance  
From his creature? If alive, it will be free.  
Free, it will insist on its own ideas –  
And so, at last, have to be disciplined.

Lately, there's been another turn of the screw.  
His chauffeur arrives with a silver cover  
Under which lies a rat, spitted and roasted.  
Or his gardener will leave a fistful of poison ivy  
Tied with catgut in the mailbox. And then, the dresses,  
Too small, too large, jaundiced yellow, black violet.  
Now, its hopeless, no hour passes without thoughts  
I've given up trying to sidestep or quench –  
Which he has taken as license to appear  
At all hours, day or night, and send, with thanks,  
More frequent tokens of declining esteem.  
I gather from what he says (we sit, we chat)  
I'm not what I used to be, his visits, indeed,  
A gesture of sentimental gallantry.  
Apparently there's someone else less... shopworn.  
Yesterday I asked, In a voice admittedly weak,  
(The constant drain), why he still bothered to call.  
"Because, my dear, you haven't stopped thinking of me"  
I blushed (faintly), he smiled, and when he left there was –  
Where? Oh yes, the kitchen – a coiled blood sausage,  
Old, wizened, utterly dried out, resting  
On a small hand mirror. I remember this now  
Only because I can't help doing so, aware  
Of the acrid little joke: that, according  
To his iron code of gamesmanship, I had  
Just authorized another curtesy call.

In full knowledge also (hideous necklace of sores  
That no longer heal, veins like blackened vines!)  
That today he will come for the last time.

My quaint request is that the coup de grâce  
Be administered by himself alone and not  
By any of his troop of haggard followers  
Who have begun to congregate outside.  
Thick as autumn leaves ready for the bonfire,  
They throng my doorstep, basset eyes pleading;  
And, without giving their names, pronounce my own,  
A silken cajolery drolly intoned, as if –  
As if they were old friends I'm about to rejoin.  
And then, this driving pain in my eyeteeth,  
This thirst... Well, you see, I want my turn, too  
A country mile off, I saw and felt the change.  
It has the magnetism of all dimly grasped ideals.  
Surely by now no one can say I am not deserving?  
I understand the problems and am willing to work.

Look, he has arrived. Hannah's white cap vanishes  
Down the dark passage and is replaced by his face  
Floating in the gloom like a full moon, eyes lowered,  
His left hand dangling a gold watch on its long chain.  
Never have I seen so much, nor ever felt so deeply –  
Hence the sudden piercing intimation of what I am  
One day to be, this twilight picture of discretion, the set  
Of his features calm as an engraving of one who let's words  
Of gratitude pass in silence as he settles to the task.



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## MUSIC PERFORMANCES

|  |                              |           |
|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| Clarinet Studio Recital / <b>FREE</b>                              | November 13, 7 p.m.          | GCH, UCA  |
| <i>Virtuoso</i> Series Concert / Tiffany Blake, Soprano            | November 13, 7:30 p.m.       | ORH, UCA  |
| Music in the Museum Series / Joel Bacon, Harpsichord / <b>FREE</b> | November 14, noon and 6 p.m. | GAMA, UCA |
| Classical Convergence Concert / Morgenstern Trio                   | November 14, 7:30 p.m.       | ORH, UCA  |
| Brass Area Recital / <b>FREE</b>                                   | November 15, 7:30 p.m.       | ORH, UCA  |
| Jazz Ensembles Concert   | November 16, 7:30 p.m.       | GCH, UCA  |
| Medieval Music Concert   | November 16, 7:30 p.m.       | ORH, UCA  |
| Sinfonia Concert   | November 17, 7:30 p.m.       | GCH, UCA  |
| Guest Artist Concert / Ad Hoc Cello Quartet / <b>FREE</b>          | November 27, 7:30 p.m.       | ORH, UCA  |
| Graduate String Quartet Concert / <b>FREE</b>                      | November 28, 7:30 p.m.       | ORH, UCA  |
| Holiday Spectacular / dress rehearsal open to CSU students         | November 29, 7 p.m.          | GCH, UCA  |

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## DANCE PERFORMANCES

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|-----------------------------|--------------------------|----------|
| Fall Dance Capstone Concert | December 8, 9, 7:30 p.m. | UDT, UCA |
| Fall Dance Capstone Concert | December 9, 2 p.m.       | UDT, UCA |

## THEATRE PERFORMANCES

|   |                     |         |
|---|---------------------|---------|
| Love and Information by Caryl Churchill | November 18, 8 p.m. | UT, UCA |
| Freshman Theatre Project / <b>FREE</b>  | December, TBD       | ST, UCA |

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