

COMPOSERS CONCERT

Featuring works by
School of Music Composition students

With
Students from the violin studio of
Ann Elliot-Goldschmid

Friday, February 28, 2014, 8:00 p.m.

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall
MacLaurin Building, University of Victoria
Admission by donation
www.finearts.uvic.ca/music/events/

PROGRAM

Tohu wa-bohu

Nolan Krell

Jasper Meiklejohn, violin

Espejo >

Nalini Bissoon

Peter Weinkam, violin

Io

Michael Chambers

Brittany Tsui, violin

Prologue of an unfinished story

Maria Eduarda Martins

Thomas Law, flute

INTERMISSION

Birth

Matt Kelly

Jilaine Orton, violin

Close and Far

Liam Gibson

Aliayta Foon-Dancoes, violin

Three Songs

Alexander Simon Mackie

Later (Wassily Kandinsky)

Rakkaus (Tommy Tabermann)

荒城の月 (Bansui Doi)

Kassandra Schantz, mezzo soprano

Zulfikar Nathoo, baritone

Thomas Bauer, alto flute

Paul Joo, cello

Allyssa Haigh, percussion

Ryan Hemphill, percussion

PROGRAM NOTES

Prologue of an Unfinished Story

Maria Eduarda Martins

First Act

The piece begins with the Purple entity waking up. This entity feels cold and, somewhat, painful. It simply exists in that place, having no wishes, having no dreams, having no awareness of what its life meant, being just an alive creature apart from everything around.

The voice is already there, gradually appearing in this very first moment of life, growing stronger and getting more present with the passing time. And once the Purple entity perceives that voice, this entity's body starts to react to it. Its lungs feel the weight, its heart feels the tiredness, its mind feels the whisper of that foreign presence trying to say something unrecognizable.

But the more vividly the Purple entity recognizes its internal voice, the more tired this soft entity gets, always returning to that asleep state again.

Second Act

The Red entity was awake for a long time at that point. Differently from the Purple one, this entity was alive. The words were brutal, the warnings were yelling, the message was insistent. The Red entity apparently needed to say something to someone. And more than this, the Red entity needed, desperately, to be heard by that foreign presence, the same voice, that even the Red entity itself could not understand. Why was it so moveless? Why was it so cold? If this presence was so distant, then why was it still there?

And at the same time that the apathy in the other voice made the Red entity resignedly painful, it made, also, this entity tired of screaming that loud, fading itself away through moans with the passing time and giving up of being heard.

Third Act

The Purple entity had never felt the voice that way before. It was screamingly stunning in Purple entity's interior, but almost invisible for whoever would try to see it. Suddenly, this entity was not only awake, but it was also completely lost among so many feelings happening at the same time inside it. Feelings of sadness, of a frightened cry come, apparently, from nowhere, feelings of anguish, where, suddenly, the Purple entity had to do something to move

on with that life that had been given to it, without really knowing how to do it, echoes of that voice, moving frenetically inside the Purple entity's being, making it feel so...lost.

And the fear of that unknown and old sensation, the fear of that lost path that was being built in front of the Purple entity, was so strong that all it could try to do was to use all the strength in its body, which was so spectral, and try to suppress that voice inside. But as the Purple entity did this, with time, it realized that any effort to erase that internal voice would be useless. The voice would be always there. Everything was just a big cycle, reflected on the Purple entity's breathings.

Fourth Act

And as it would naturally happen in a big cycle, the Red entity appeared once again. This time this entity felt more secure. This time there was more control in what that entity was saying. This time, the Red entity could sense more clearly the life and presence of the voice, the purple entity, inside itself, reproducing the other voice's manifestations of pain and anguish.

Fifth Act

The Red entity was gone, once again, but its imprinting remained in the Purple entity's heart for ever. This time, all that anguish and all that coldness that used to invade the Purple entity's heart was transformed into a deep and endless love. The Purple entity realized that this love has been what it always felt, deep and truly inside. The Purple entity realized that this love was its very essence. And now, the Purple entity would have to find a way to reach its Red relative, because its heart was suddenly demanding to, and because it realized that there would be no other options for what to do with its life. That search was the meaning of that Purple entity's life.

The first movements were slow and few, the Purple entity didn't know how to rise from the ground where it was. The way to find its Red relative was long. It was a stair that the Purple entity would have to build with bricks that were, sometimes, so delicate, almost spectral.

But with time, the Purple entity realized that the key to follow that path remained in the past. It was there all the time. It was natural and spontaneous. The Purple entity just had to know who it really was.