

2017 International Trombone Festival: Selected Texts and Program Notes

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28

1:00 PM Michael Mulcahy, Recital, Memorial Chapel

“Heine Lieder” from Schwanengesang D957

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Atlas

Atlas

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! Eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muß ich tragen,
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.
Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

I, wretched Atlas, a world
The whole world of pain I must carry,
I bear the unbearable, and my heart
Is breaking in my body.
You proud heart, you wanted it so!
You wanted to be happy, eternally happy,
Or eternally miserable, proud heart,
And now you are in misery.

Ihr Bild

Her Portrait

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen
und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.
Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.
Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab -
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Daß ich dich verloren hab!

I stood in dark dreams
And stared at her image,
And the beloved visage
Quietly came to life.
Upon her lips appeared
A smile so wonderful,
And as if from tears of sadness
Her eyes sparkled.
And my tears flowed as well
Down from my cheeks—
And oh, I just can't believe,
That I have lost you!

Das Fischermädchen

The Fisher Girl

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.
Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.
Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

You lovely fisher girl,
Row your boat to shore;
Come to me and sit down,
We'll cuddle hand in hand.
Lay your head on my breast
And don't be so afraid;
You trust yourself without care
Daily to the untamed sea.
My heart is like the ocean,
Has storm and ebb and flood,
And many a lovely pearl
Rests in its depths.

Die Stadt

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen,
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.
Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.
Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.

Am Meer

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir saßen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir saßen stumm und alleine.
Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.
Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab von deiner weißen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.
Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

Der Doppelgänger

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.
Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe
Und ringt die Hände vor Schmerzengewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe -
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.
Du Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

The Town

On the distant horizon
Appears like a cloud-image
The town with its spires
Shrouded in the gloom of evening.
A damp breeze ruffles
The green surface of the water;
In a mournful rhythm rows
The boatman in my craft.
The sun rises once again
Glowing above the earth
And shows me that spot
Where I lost my beloved.

At the Seashore

The sea sparkled far and wide
In the last glow of evening;
We sat at the lonely fisherman's hut,
We sat silent and alone.
The fog rose, the water surged.
The gull flew back and forth;
From your lovely eyes
The tears dropped.
I saw them fall upon your hand
And fell on my knees;
And from your white hand
I drank away the tears.
Since that time my body pines
My soul is dying with yearning;
The wretched woman
Poisoned me with her tears.

The Ghostly Double

The night is quiet, the streets are silent,
My beloved lived in this house;
She left the town a long time ago,
But the house still stands in the same place.
A man stands there, too, and stares upward
And wrings his hands with the force of his pain;
I'm horrified when I see his face—
The moon shows me my own likeness.
You ghostly double, you pallid fellow!
Why do you ape my lovesickness,
That tormented me here
So many nights long

8:00 PM Ian Bousfield, Recital, Memorial Chapel

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen from Rückert Lieder

Gustav Mahler

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange [von mir nichts]¹ vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben.

I am lost to the world
with which I used to waste so much time,
It has heard nothing from me for so long
that it may very well believe that I am dead!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

It is of no consequence to me
Whether it thinks me dead;
I cannot deny it,
for I really am dead to the world.

Ich bin gestorben dem [Weltgewimmel]²,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet. Ich leb' allein [in
mir und meinem]³ Himmel,
In meinem Lieben,
in meinem Lied.

I am dead to the world's tumult,
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love and in my song.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29

9:30 AM Stuart Dempster Retrospective Recital, Loewe Theater

All works commissioned and premiered by Stuart Dempster

Ricercare à 5 for Trombones (1966)

Robert Erickson (1917-1997)

Ricercare à 5 for Trombones was composed in such a way that it could be performed either with five players or by having the soloist pre-record four of the parts, then perform with those parts on loudspeakers. The preferred instrumentation is with contrabass and alto trombones in addition to the usual tenor-bass trombones. In the spirit of the Baroque model the *Ricercare à 5* is through-composed and characterized by imitation between the voices. The technical demands made on the trombonist are manifold and include multiphonics (simultaneous singing and playing); whistling, quarreling, and bellowing into the instrument; and the imitation of percussion sounds. Erickson began his formal musical study at the Chicago Conservatory of Music. In 1936 he met Ernst Krenek with whom he studied first privately and then at Hamline University, St. Paul Minnesota. Erickson subsequently taught at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music for several years, after which he became a founding professor at the University of California at San Diego. Before moving to UCSD he became well known in the Bay Area where he taught various composers, such as Pauline Oliveros, Terry Riley, and Loren Rush. He is noted for his innovative examination of sound, as exemplified by his book *Sound Structure in Music* (UC Press 1975).

Sequenza V for Trombone Solo (1966)

Luciano Berio (1925-2003)

Sequenza V was first performed in San Francisco on March 21, 1966. Berio's own program note on the work is characteristically elusive as well as allusive: "Behind *Sequenza III* and *Sequenza V* lurks the memory of Grock, the last great clown. Grock was my neighbor. He lived in a strange and complicated villa with small pagodas, streams, bridges, and willow trees. Many times, with my schoolmates, I climbed a high iron fence to steal oranges and tangerines from his garden. During my childhood the closeness, the excessive familiarity with his name and the indifference of the adults around me, prevented me from realizing his genius. It was only later when I was, perhaps, eleven that I saw him perform on the stage of Teatro Cavour in Porto Maurizio and understood him. Like everyone else in the audience I didn't know whether I should laugh or cry and wanted to do both. After that experience I stole no more oranges from his garden."

Music for Trombone and Piano (1966)

Barney Childs (1926-2000)

Music was written in July 1966 and premiered the following September when Childs was at Deep Springs California. He writes: "It is concerned (as all music, of course) with sound and silence: here each shapes the other, neither is more or less important. The sonority and density of the sound vary constantly, gathering and fading, from austere clangor to tenuous resonance, from long static or slowly-changing steady-level sustained notes to single brief sounds illuminating and giving shape to silence: and all this defines and qualifies the function, the tensions and densities, of the silences in turn."

Five Pieces for Trombone and Piano (op. 168) (1967)

Ernst Krenek (1900-1991)

Krenek writes: "Listening to Stuart Dempster's experimental tapes provided some of the ideas that were incorporated in the loosely knit sequence of these pieces with the intention of giving Dempster an opportunity to exploit some of the new styles and techniques he had invented and developed for playing his instrument. Thus the form of the pieces is somewhat improvisatory rather than strictly constructed, and combine dramatic, lyrical, and whimsical moods and contrasting textures."

General Speech for Solo Trombone (1969)

Robert Erickson (1917-1997)

The composer's wife, Lenore Erik-Alt, designed the staging, lighting and costume.

Erickson provides the following notes on *General Speech*:

"The sounds of one language are often difficult to describe in terms of the categories used for describing another; and the more one looks at the languages of the world, the more one seems to have to increase the number of phonetic categories required for making adequate descriptions. Whether this is so or not depends in part on what one means by making an adequate phonetic description...

"We may now consider the general form of the kind of phonetic description that is being proposed here. It must, like other parts of the description of a language, be capable of being expressed completely in a set of explicit statements or rules, so that we can be sure that no intuitive (possible fallacious) concepts are required for its interpretation. Ultimately, it would be convenient if the rules produced a set of signals which could control a speech synthesizer. Then we could be certain that the entire account of a language was contained in the rules and the theory (which would have to include a specification of the speech synthesizer). Such a description could, in a very literal sense, be part of a generative grammar: the grammar would be very powerful in that it would contain rules which were not merely possible (specifying correct but not necessarily all the phonetic correlates) but necessary and sufficient (containing all and only the information required to generate speech)."

(from "Working Papers in Phonetics VI" - Peter Ladefoged)

From Stuart Dempster:

"I first met Robert "Bob" Erickson at San Francisco State. In 1960 after I returned from Europe where I played in the 7th Army Symphony I met him again. By this time he and I were both teaching at the San Francisco Conservatory. I joined in on various improv sessions and soon we both were thinking about a piece that would feature trombone and thus *Ricercare á 5* came forth. We spent a lot of time together experimenting with new sounds that we both found interesting. He once described me as his "first synthesizer!" By the time I commissioned *General Speech* the "synthesizer" aspect had clearly manifested itself and it is an enormous part of the piece. He also encouraged me to contact other composers and send them demo tapes; it was he who subtly provided the motivation for me to commission pieces. Little did I know how many theater pieces would emerge but if some composers wanted to do that I was game. My bottom line was - and is - for the composers to be themselves. I treasure my time with Bob; in many ways he was like a father to me - certainly a musical father - and I am forever grateful."

11:00 AM Timothy Higgins, Recital, Memorial Chapel

Timothy Higgins, trombone
Yoko Yamada, piano

Hymn to Forgotten Moons for trombone and piano

Anthony Suter (b. 1979)

This is the world premiere of the version for trombone and piano, which is a result of a collaboration with Tim Higgins. The original version of the work was written in 2005 for cello and piano (like lots of people in 2005, I was listening to a ton of Radiohead, and I think the influence is pretty audible). The piece's richly lyrical and melodically-driven unfolding translated very naturally to the trombone, and I am very pleased with the result. I owe a huge thanks to Tim for giving me the idea and intrepidly agreeing to bring it into the world here at the International Trombone Festival at the University of Redlands.

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

I

Wenn mein Schatz fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein dunkles Kämmerlein!
Weine! Wein'! Um meinen lieben Schatz!

When my love's happy wedding day comes,
It will be a sad day for me!
I will go to my dark little room!
Weep, Weep! Over my dear love!

Blümlein blau! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Du singst auf grüner Heide!
Ach! Wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth!
Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk ich an mein Leide!

Little blue flower, do not wither!
Sweet little bird, singing in the green heath!
Ah! How beautiful is the world!
Zikueth!
Do not sing. Do not bloom!
Spring is passed!
All song is now stopped!
At night when I go to sleep,
I think of my sorrow!

II

Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Guten Morgen! Ei, du! Gelt?
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink, Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig guter Ding'
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruss geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling, kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt! Heia!

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles Ton und Farbe gewann im
Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, gross und klein!
"Guten Tag, guten Tag!
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?

Ei, du! Gelt? Ei, du! Gelt?
Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein! Nein! Das ich mein'.
Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!"

As I walked through the field this morning'
Dew still hung on the grass;
A gay finch spoke to me:
"Good morning! Don't you think
The world is going to be beautiful?
Zink! Zink! Pretty and brisk!
How the world pleases me!

Even the bluebell in the field
Tinkled gaily and cheerfully
Its morning greeting to me!
"Isn't it going to be a beautiful world?
Ring, ring! Lovely thing!
How the world pleases me! Heia!

And there the world began to sparkle
In the sunshine
Everything became sound and color in the
sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small!
"Good day, good day!
Isn't it a beautiful world?
Don't you think it is?

Now will my good fortune surely begin too?
No.! No! I believe it can never, never
Bloom for me!

III

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
Oh, weh! O weh! Das schneidt' so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust!
Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast,
Nimmer hält er Ruh', nimmer halt er Rast,
Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht, wenn ich
schlieff!
Oh weh! Oh weh!

Wenn ich in den Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n!
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar im
Winde weh'n!
O weh! O weh!

Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
O weh! O weh!

Ich woltt' ich läg' auf der schwarzen
Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer, nimmer die Augen
aufmachen!

I have a glowing knife,
A knife in my breast,
O woe! It cuts so deeply
Into every joy and pleasure!
Ah, what a wicked guest,
He never keeps peace, never keeps rest,
Neither by day, nor at night when I sleep!
O woe!

When I look up into the heavens,
I see there two blue eyes!
When I walk in the yellow fields,
I see in the distance the blond hair
waving in the wind!
O woe!

When I awake from a dream
And hear the ring of her silver laughter,
O woe!

I would that I were lying on the black bier.
And could never, never open my eyes.

IV

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da musst' ich Abschied nehmen vom aller-
liebsten Platz!

The two blue eyes of my love
Have sent me into the wide world.
I had to say' farewell to the dearest of
places!

O Augen blau! Warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!
Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht,
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.

O blue eyes! Why did you look on me?
Now eternal grief and sorrow are mine!
I walked out into the stillness of the night,
Far out over the dark heath.

Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt:
Mein Gesell war Lieb' und Leide!
Auf der Strasse stand ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf
geruht!

I went out into the quiet night well across the
dark heath. To me no one bade farewell.
Farewell! My companions are love and sorrow!

Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich
geschneit,
Da wusst ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles wieder gut!
Lieb' und Leid! Und Welt und Traum!

On the road there stands a linden tree, and there
for the first time I found rest in sleep! Under the
linden tree that snowed its blossoms onto me -
I did not know how life went on, and all was well
again! All! All, love and sorrow and world and
dream!

1:30 PM The Kenny Cycle I – The Alto, Tenor and Contrabass Sonatas, Loewe Theater

Sonata for Unaccompanied Alto Trombone

John Kenny

Many people don't realize that there is an entire family of trombones: soprano, alto, tenor, bass and contra bass. If the 16th and 17th Centuries were the golden age of writing for the trombone, nonetheless all these voices continued to be used up to the 18th Century (Bach wrote for the soprano trombone), and the alto trombone in particular became an extremely important leading voice. The only surviving late Baroque and early Classical trombone concertos (Leopold Mozart, Michael Haydn, J.G. Albrechtsberger) are for the alto trombone. However, by the late 18th Century the soprano had completely fallen out of use, late 19th Century the alto was going the same way. By the mid-20th Century the trombone section of most European orchestras comprised two tenor trombones and a bass. However, in the last quarter of the 20th century an increased interest in "authenticity", not to mention a reaction of musical taste, has restored the alto to its rightful position the orchestral trombone choir. At the time when I was a student in the mid 70's, the alto was an optional extra which few trombonists gave much thought - now it is absolutely essential for anyone aspiring to play principal trombone in a symphony orchestra to play the alto, and play it well!

I myself took up the alto trombone more to explore its potential as a chamber music and solo instrument - and have consistently used it thus ever since, so it was natural for me to write a solo piece to explore my own notions of its character as a solo voice.

The piece did not start out as a solo recital work, however - the material formed part of a 45-minute dance theatre duo which I wrote in collaboration with the Ghanaian choreographer Rosina Bonsu,

Endless Parabola, and received its premier in that form at the Tron Theatre, Glasgow, as part of the Dance Umbrella Festival of 1994. In its original setting, each of the 3 movements formed a separate, intense “ballet” which emerged as isolated events within a theatrical whole. The relationship of music and physical movement was fundamental in the sonata’s conception. It is dedicated to my mother.

Sonata for Unaccompanied Tenor Trombone

John Kenny

This piece was composed in 1983/4, and was premiered at the Festival de La Rochelle, France, on June 23rd 1984. My original intention had been to write a set of concert studies, to help introduce advanced players to “extended techniques”: however, I found this a rather dry task and the material quickly developed into a three movement recital piece. The didactic intent reveals itself, however, in the deliberate examination of successive techniques: advanced lip flexibilities, multiphonics, doodle-tonguing, inhaled tones, breath effects, and finally a transfer of didgeridoo technique onto the trombone - circular breathing coupled with continually shifting vowel coloration of a single pitch.

Formally the 1st movement treats its material in the manner of a baroque fantasia, based upon a melody in the style of an Irish lilt. The 2nd movement is a moto-perpetuo heavily influenced by jazz techniques, and particularly the playing of Frank Rossolino. Whilst these two movements tie the player strictly to notation, the third movement is deliberately sparse in notation, leaving the player free to explore every conceivable permutation of colour and rhythm obtainable within just one note - a low F#. The melody in multiphonics at the end of this movement is a counter-subject to the melody at the heart of the first movement - intended as an exultant relief from the confines of strict notation, so much so that the player must needs scream!

The piece ends with fragmented chattering and one final tongue slap rocketing air through the instrument without any conventional vibration of the lips. The Sonata was dedicated to the composer Paul Keenan and the choreographer Jane Noonan, as a wedding present.

Sonata for Contrabass Trombone

John Kenny

This is the sixth in my series of unaccompanied sonatas for all members of the trombone family. Starting with the tenor trombone sonata in 1983, the list includes alto trombone in 1994, two sonatas for bass trombone in 1999 (the 2nd titled Bamburgh Beach) and a sonata for specifically female tenor trombonist in 2000 (Secret House) My sixth sonata, for contrabass trombone, was commissioned by David Bobrof with the financial support of both the International Trombone Association and of The Scottish Arts Council. David Bobrof gave the world premier in Glasgow on April 24th 2005, as part of The Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama’s Brass Spectacular Festival.

David Bobrof and I first met at the 1996 International Trombone Festival in Feldkirch, Austria. This was the first time that I, in common with most listeners, had ever *really* heard the contrabass trombone outside the opera pit, and my interest in the instrument was definitely aroused. However, at the ITF 2000, held in Utrecht, Holland, we were treated to an assemblage of the finest contrabass trombonists in the world playing in ensembles and comparing notes. Bobrof and I met again, and started to discuss the possibilities of a serious solo concert work for the instrument. This piece is the result of our discussions, carried on between Scotland and Iceland – but it could never have been written without the generous support of the instrument makers Max and Heinrich Thein, who lent me one of their magnificent contrabass trombones for six months whilst I composed the piece!

In all of my music for solo trombone, a primary concern has been to explore the many relationships and parallels between the trombone and the human voice. At the most conventional level, this concerns the

ability of the instrument to “sing” – this is something all instrumentalists aim for in all cultures, yet the trombone’s simple structure and register render its vocal qualities particularly evident. However, the relationship goes far beyond the production of a singing timbre – it is possible to produce many of the shadings of vowel and consonant inflection contained in spoken language, as well as the amplification of every conceivable sound the human mouth can make with air alone.

In the case of the contrabass trombone, we are dealing with a very little known, and even less understood member of the family – therefore I have felt justified in simplifying my musical language, to search above all for the primary of vocal relationships – to make this gentle giant sing! Each of the three movements of the sonata is centered upon an ancient vocal piece: in the 1st movement the medieval carol Gaudete an anonymous composition that was first published in 1582 in a collection of carols and other religious songs called Piae Cantiones, but is probably far older. The 2nd and 3rd movements both use the magnificent Gregorian chant Benedicamus Domino: in the 2nd movement, I make use of a 12th century trope written down in Scotland, by a monk probably trained at the School of Notre Dame in Paris. In the 3rd movement, I revert to the original plain chant, probably first written down in the 6th century. I do not use this ancient music as material for contemporary variation, but as subjects for reflection, helping to search out the vocal nature of the contrabass trombone.

8:00 PM Jeremy Wilson – Recital, Memorial Chapel

"Redlands Fantasia"

Eric Ewazen

A one movement work depicting the diversity and grandeur of the southwest California setting of Redlands -- with distant towering peaks, broad vistas, palm trees and desert. *world premiere*

FRIDAY, JUNE 30

9:30 AM Abbie Conant and William Osborne – Aletheia, Loewe Theater

Aletheia, for singer/actress/instrumentalist, computer controlled piano, and quadraphonic electronics.

Performer: Abbie Conant

Text: Abbie Conant and William Osborne

Music, set, lighting, and direction: William Osborne

“Aletheia” is written for singer/instrumentalist, computer controlled piano, and quadraphonic electronics. The word “Aletheia” is one of several ancient Greek words for truth and means “creating a space where truth can appear.”

Aletheia is an opera singer who is delighted that she has been asked to perform for an opera gala. She only needs to go down to the courtyard and impress the people with her performance...but she reconsiders, desperate...should she really sing? Why won't her feet move? Does she not know that she lives in a cage, a cage in the form of an iron maiden?

She prepares herself, puts on her makeup, looks out the window and observes the wealthy patrons and comments on what she sees. But in the ruins of Detroit the opera house in the middle of the city has been neglected, everything has completely collapsed, a grand piano lies tipped over on its side like a dead whale... Aletheia asks herself if her heart can survive. She tries to telephone Jeremy...a former lover? No answer. She speaks with him anyway...talk to me... She plays an instrument that stands at the side of her cage... She is alone...or? She hears a women's choir... Madness? Hope? Death? Transcendence? Truth? Hope that her song can revive the rusting city?

Synopsis

Aletheia is excited as she prepares to sing for an opera gala in the courtyard below her window. She feels words are a form of magic, and that if she finds the right ones they will keep her forever young. She sometimes touches the mask above her head and sings fragments of a song about the magic of theater, “Follow me my light as I walk the ways of blood...” There seems to be soft ghost voices in the piano that accompanies her.

She looks out the window to describe the guests in the courtyard below. She tries to reach her lover Jeremy with her cell phone but he does not answer. She feels the breeze from the window and hopes it will raise her song to the sky.

She recalls that the gala below is only for rich people, and wonders if they would even notice if she did not show up.

She sings about how our ballads dream us into being, each word etching a scene. She says dreams fall into other dreams, and tells of one where a shark ripped her body in two, “As I watched fading into death, liquid smoke of my own screams, rusty red garlanding all around me. I see each word sticky and reddish, hemoglobin grammar.”

She wonders why she is having trouble going down to sing. Is it the people, the music, her lack

of courage? "Music it seems has become a bit hard of hearing, it shuffles around like a ghost in an old opera house."

She hopes her trombone might help and begins playing it, "something for opulent patrons with nothing ambiguous in their lives, except of course, their financial transactions." Her frenetic playing is a pastiche of fragments, "but what can we say in a world so completely unhinged." The times are too dangerous, "So I'll continue with something abstract, with nary a word of protest, or they take our funding away."

She puts her trombone away and vows that she will sing unscripted truths, that she will hallow this very room with her song.

She sings about an old woman sitting on the curb who gave her directions to the opera house, the ruin where people used to sing. It looks like a "giant had picked it up to see what treasure might fall out, then replaced in the ruin of mid Detroit to look for better booty. Stage planks rotten, plaster fallen, in the corner lies a crippled chandelier petrified with decades of dust, a bombed church of hopes." Then the old lady sang, "How will my heart live? My voice is full of dust."

Aletheia takes heart and decides to sing about her hero, the red headed Leonardo Da Vinci, and imagines that she is having afternoon tea with him. "Hand him a banjo and hear how he cavorts on the strings." But even he would ask, "Is there a serum against the flower crushers? Can you disarm the grammar, the grammar of the grim rapers?"

She takes her phone and tries again to contact Jeremy who still does not answer. Has he vanished too (like the opera house,) "Into the splashless pool of silent losses, your fine hands. Soundlessly singing, dreaming, heart-strung gestures, keyboard howls." As her thoughts become more fragmented and insecure, she hears a choir of her own voice singing, "Wind, sand, and water wash over me, unmoving in a desert place." The party is ending, but her feet will not move. She tries to take hope, "Singing is transcendence. What will save us if not song?" The choir responds that she "will sing without her robe, no way to shut her eyes, a glistening body in the light." She pleads with Jeremy to speak to her but there is only silence.

She tells of another dream, the opera house long ago, women in hand-worked lace, fat bespatted tycoons, tightly cinched whalebone corsets. She hears the distant, sad aria of an opera diva and sees the ruins of the opera house before her eyes. In a pile of rubble an old wreck of a grand piano plays the sad aria of our last night on earth. When she awoke, "the faint smell of coal smoke and honey suckle lingered in the gone echo of the soprano's high C."

She sings some fragments from her song, "Follow me my light, as I walk the ways of blood..." but she repeatedly breaks off to express her doubts and exhort herself to continue. She becomes more impassioned, "Time to inhale the fetid air and sing, Time to bear my breast to eternity. A lost war with no shots fired. Here downtown in the opera house, paid for by the patricians of rot, the patrons of neglect."

Words can take her no further. She plays a lyrical solo on her trombone.

She forces herself to try one last time, "Sing. Sing away the rusty cities. Fill them with song's edgeless dreams." She tries to find transcendence through her last song, "Breeze blow, fool of my soul. Play me as your cloudless horn. Pull me, sweep me into flight. Fill me with your soft powers. Blow my arms into wings."

Goals

Some of our goals during our 40 years of work in music theater:

1. Establish chamber music theater as part of the mainstream repertoire.
2. Move music theater away from 19th century melodrama to modern theatrical theory, smaller, black box theater, existentialism, more philosophically complex.
3. Through-composed music theater with topics, lengths, and pacing that correspond to the modern world.
4. Music theater with genuine characters and character development combined with dramatic substance that allows for genuine, multidimensional acting.
5. Give music, text, and acting all equal importance.
6. A form of singing that allows the words to be easily understood.
7. Works where the words and music are created by the same person, and where they are so deeply integrated that the authorship of the text is part of the compositional process.
8. Composers and performers versed in theatrical theory, theater history, stage lighting, stage direction, videography, Klangregie, computer music, and writing music theater texts.
9. Multi-disciplinary performers adept at singing, playing an instrument, acting, dance, mask work, clowning, and pantomime.
10. Chamber music theater scores with so much theatrical detail that they function as production books.
11. Music theater adapted to modern economic concepts, and long processes of revision and experimentation.
12. Music theater that uses modern media, such as computers, video, and surround sound.
13. Documentation our theories of chamber music theater with performances and videos.

Keyboard Howls

Many people have heard of the term “orchestral operas,” like those written by Wagner, where the orchestra plays an especially central role. With *Aletheia*, we have tried to explore the idea of a “piano opera” -- the idea that the sounds of a piano are so complex and rich that they can narrate a story and bring a character to life. In most of our works, we set the voice clearly above the accompaniment, but with *Aletheia* we have tried to immerse the voice in the piano as if *Aletheia* herself is a ghost that rises out of the hidden sonorities of its strings.

For those with the ears and minds to hear them, the notes of pianos are full of ghosts. Each piano hammer and string is different, as is every tuning and every attack and damper movement. A world of unique overtones and interferences rise out of each note. Each one howls and shimmers and cries in a different way, further amplified by the uniqueness of every sound board. And those ghostly keyboard howls have a dialog with the acoustic ghosts that exist in every room.

Much of this effect is lost on digital pianos, so when I composed *Aletheia* I tried to find those cousin ghosts that exist in the electronic world -- sounds produced by similar overtones, resonances, and interferences. I then occasionally placed them along with some of the piano notes with an almost imperceptible softness so that ghost sounds weave in and out of an underworld between the piano's notes. The ghosts are often almost invisible, but sometimes they become clearly audible. And as the work reaches its climatic points, the ghosts sometimes leave the shadows completely and roar into the forefront of the sonic world.

In the same way, Aletheia's being is also a ghost rising out of the piano. To our minds, and in our musical world, we think of Robert Schumann as one of the spirits behind this work. He was especially adept at writing music for the piano that seemed to derive in part from the ghosts in the strings. We even picture him in his asylum, very sober of mind, playing the piano in a timeless and immaterial world where the being of Aletheia rises out of the strings and hovers above the instrument to tell her story about opera galas and the patrons of neglect in the ruins of Detroit. The ghosts in piano strings become an invocation, a form of magic that brings a world to life, a gentle breeze that she hopes will raise her voice to the sky.

This is, of course, an insane idea, but maybe a little less so for those who hear the ghosts in the notes of pianos, the keyboard howls, the spectral world of the piano's specters, the ephemeral operas in Robert and Clara's ghost minds.

It is in the mysteries of resonance that the space is created where the ghosts of the piano can materialize. Similarly, altheia is one of several ancient Greek words for truth that roughly means "to create a space where truth can appear." Aletheia is in search of that space in a debased society, a world where she hopes there is a space for the ghostly whispers of transcendent truth, a resonance that will bring her freedom.

1:30 PM M. Dee Stewart, Carl Lenthe, Andrew Glendening and Jeremy Wilson - Initiatives, Loewe Recital Hall

"Adventures in Brass" is a series of six brass solos written by Anthony Plog and commissioned by M. Dee Stewart, former Director of CAP Ventures (College Auditions Preparation) at the Jacobs School of Music Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, USA.

You and Me (2015)

Gunther Schuller

→ ←
 ME AND YOU
← →

Me and You: A Duet for Trombone and Flute by Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Gunther Schuller was commissioned October 28, 2013 by Shaun O'L. Higgins and Ann Glendening, and completed by the composer August 29, 2014. Tonight's performance [January 11, 2015] by Dr. Andrew Glendening and Candice Glendening at the Frederick Loewe Performance Hall at the University of Redlands marks its first public performance.

According to Higgins, he and his wife (Andrew Glendening's sister), have known the composer through their patronage of musical events in the Pacific Northwest, particularly the Northwest Bach Festival in Spokane, Washington.

"When Gunther retired as the Bach Festival's artistic director in 2013, I asked him if he'd be interested in working up a trombone-flute duet which we could gift to Andrew and Candy, whom Gunther knew as result of being the first recipient of the Loewe award at Redlands. I

was not aware of any serious, original music for trombone and flute and, to my surprise, neither was Gunther. Despite a heavy schedule of commissions—as I recall, this was one of nearly 20 on his plate last year—Gunther liked the challenge of working with this combination of instruments, as well as doing a commission for a husband-wife duo. He had just completed the first volume of his autobiography, dedicated to his late wife of 49 years, Marjorie Black, of whom he writes lovingly throughout its pages. The result is a piece commissioned by a couple, for a couple, and written by a composer who was part of a great couple.

“Prior to completion of the commission, all we knew about it was its approximate length, and that Gunther wanted it to employ as many contemporary techniques for each instrument as possible. When Gunther got around to entitling the piece, he called it *Me and You*, and he stressed the importance of the two sets of arrows he incorporated into the title. He didn’t tell me why, but I suspect it’s because (as in a good marriage or partnership) the duet is playful, even flirty, sometimes almost bickering, and has its moments of coming together and moving apart. Ideally, the piece will find a home in the repertoire of both trombone and flute, and spur future interest in the unusual possibilities they offer in combination.”

Concerto after Mendelssohn (2017) (premiere)

David DeBoor Canfield (b.1950)

Notes by the composer:

Concerto after Mendelssohn was written between December 10, 2016 and January 26, 2017. Not many people know that Mendelssohn was actually intending to write a concerto for the principal-trombonist of his Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, Carl Traugott Queisser, a project that was however never realized. Canfield thought that it would be fun to attempt to write a trombone concerto that might have borne some similarity to the one that Mendelssohn was planning to compose. Given that Canfield likes to take a differing approach in the works he writes in his "After" series, for this work, he took the short bridge movement that separates the second and third movements of Mendelssohn's famous Violin Concerto, and expanded it into an entire first movement, more or less in the style of the German master. After a near-verbatim quote of this movement, Canfield expands and develops the thematic material along the lines of 19th-century German practice, incorporating the melodic gestures and harmonic sequences normally associated with this great composer, as well as a good bit of counterpoint to pay homage to Mendelssohn's rediscovery of the music of Bach. Thus the first movement is written in modified sonata allegro form, with divergence from that form coming in the development section flowing immediately out of the elaboration of the second theme in the relative major. After a short cadenza, too, there is no coda, but only a reiteration of Mendelssohn's bridge movement.

**3:00 PM The Kenny Cycle II: Sonata for Bass Trombone, Secret House and Nocturne, Loewe
Recital Hall**

From John Kenny:

Nocturne for solo trombonist-narrator with brass quintet was commissioned by Spanish Brass at the Valencia International Trombone Festival 2015. The piece is a setting of poems by the Scottish poet Brian Nisbet, from his final collection "*Now you know*", which was published in April 2015, shortly before his death from a form of motor-neurone disease known as MSA (multiple systems atrophy). Brian was married to trombonist Emily White, who would have been performing with Pandora's Box in Valencia; instead she nursed Brian in the final stages of his illness. Brian knew I was writing this piece – I wish he could have heard it, but at least he knew *someone* would hear it, and the premier at made possible at Valencia through the generosity and intense musical commitment of Spanish Brass was one of the most intense musical experiences of my life. The piece is dedicated to two dear friends, and I am grateful to Andrew Glendening and the 2017 ITF for making it possible to work on the piece again with American colleagues. This is the American debut, and 2nd performance of the piece.

This work originally formed the central part of a 90-minute multi-media music theatre piece called *The Secret House* involving dance, puppetry, live film manipulation, ambisonic sound projection, theatre and music, commissioned by Duff House at Banff in Scotland, and premiered there on November 16th 2000. The piece was conceived, composed and directed by myself, choreographed by Eric Tessier-Lavigne, and filmed by John McGeoch. Eight performers led an itinerant audience throughout the entire space of Duff House, an imposing baroque mansion commissioned by William Duff, Lord Braco, from the brilliant Scottish architect William Adam in 1735. Making use of stairwells, corridors, chambers, and eventually focussing on extended ballets performed in two great drawing rooms, our attempt was to examine the complex relation of human to house, as shell, shelter, prison, projection of ego - as well as exploring the huge variety of acoustics and atmospheres presented by such a magnificent structure. These two dance theatre pieces were scored respectively for male bass trombonist with two dancers and a duo for female trombonist with female dancer. At the premier, Emily White played trombone, with ballerina Patricia Hines.

Secret House is my fifth sonata for solo trombone. I decided to score it specifically for a female performer for several reasons: firstly, there are an increasing number of girls taking up the trombone, and consequently of top class professional female trombonist players world-wide. Secondly, much of the existing contemporary repertoire which makes use of vocal multiphonics has been conceived for the male voice - it can be transposed, but the resultant tone colour is very different. However, this problem is also a wonderful opportunity: the female voice used within the trombone is essentially a different instrument, with a range of pitch and timbre unavailable to the male player. This piece could be transposed by a man, but the effect would be much altered. Thirdly, the theatrical concept of this piece requires a female performer to achieve the desired psychological and emotional impact.

The music is intimately bound to the spoken word. My three poems are a response to the task of reflecting concepts of "house" as shelter, womb, and icon. The first two are integrated into the music, the third narrated unaltered - the music which follows is a reflection on the poem just as the poem is an historic and personal reflection. The trombonist must speak, sing, play various percussion instruments, and make dramatic use of space and physical gesture - a considerable challenge. It should also be remembered that whilst *Secret House* was always intended to stand as a recital solo, it was originally conceived as a duo with dancer. The choreography of Eric Tessier-Lavigne transported the piece onto a different plane. The sonata is dedicated to Emily White.

Secret House Poems:

1. Frost tang gags,
reek of backed-up fires;
soot falls silently,
a black snow.

Towering brick buttress,
winter whitened elder and honeysuckle
entwined squeak and whisper.

Face cold ... snuggle deeper
into this warm nest ... soft
breathing of another, sleeping:
.... Sister

Unable to turn,
stare out, up - endlessly,
..... steely blue points
....glittering firmament

Now
through the tunnel of years
I grope, and long to see,
to touch again
my childish eternity
Night - winter 1958
- John Kenny

2. Blood warm citadel, perfected over aeons
wrought of parts minute, invisible,
coalesced to form this whole, yet divisible
continuum of infinite variety:
precious walls conceal the crucible.

A box without hinges, key or lid
Yet golden treasure inside is hid

Invading deluge, thrust, squirm and die

..... all but one.....

Tenacious alien, consumed and consummated

In comes I, welcome not or welcome be,
to lodge and feed at your expense;
my right ordained 'fore your march of time began:
Succubus or incubus, you are my promised land

Paradox: the end of "I" the start of "We"
Yet this hallowed chamber is still only "Me".

For Klaus and Susanne, July 2000

3. Dark House, Donegal.

Stones shaped by wind and ice,
Loaded creels on aching sturdy backs
Stumped weary miles

Patient eyes, gnarled hands,
Laid each one to rest, no cutting tool or mortar.
Roof ribs of blackened bog-oak
Reed thatch a yellow living skin

One small window and a door
set in wall a man's arm deep
....Dark House...

Soot Blackened kettle and cauldron

Straddle turf fire, lit by long dead hand
Re-kindled from the dying embers
Each day, a dawn-red kiss

Passed down through generations
This flame's flicker, life breath
To croft.....

House home to man, beast and vermin
Crawler, spinner, winged
And singer at the hearth

Love, birth and death revolving
Never plenty, one time famine,
Endless toil yet always laughter
Pipes and fiddle hid on rafter.

.....
Life patterns knit by seasons' passing
Myth, faith and family formed a fabric
Rich and self sustaining -
Unravelling at the flick of a switch,
Irresistible images of a new world
Flood and overpower the old, which
Poverty held at bay.

So, now the whitewashed walls bulge out
Thatch fallen in, growing tufts and moss.
Hearth cold, peeling door ajar
Since the day the last of old ones left, feet first.

Stones rain-washed, sliding, settling slowly
Back to ground - a house no more,
Gentle mound to cover memory,
The passing of a time and of a people

Having previously written sonatas for unaccompanied tenor and alto trombones, it was a logical progression to write one for the bass trombone. Many of the finest professional trombonists I have known have been bass players, and as a teacher I am continually meeting highly talented young exponents of the instrument - yet, sadly, whilst the solo repertoire for tenor trombone has expanded enormously over the past 30 years, there is still very little challenging solo material which is truly idiomatic for the bass trombone. There are wonderful players who need music to interpret: a new generation of bass trombonists should have the opportunity to explore their potential as concert soloists and composers need to be encouraged to write for this exciting medium. The available palette of sounds and techniques specific to the bass trombone need to be more widely explored: this piece, and its sister piece *On Bamburgh Beach*, are my own first contributions to that effort.

The *Sonata* is in three movements; the 1st begins with a sequence of notes derived from the shape of the trombone itself - that is, by moving the slide at a slow, regular pace from fully closed to full extension and back, and allowing the embouchure to fall onto notes in a comfortable relaxation/tension cycle. This 22-note pattern is used at first with great freedom, becoming increasingly structured into a melodic theme, with a series of commentaries. The availability of two independently operated valves offers the possibility of a multiplicity of glissandi, breath effects, and multiphonics far beyond those of the tenor or alto trombones, and there is a preliminary exploration of these sounds before the opening sequence returns, leading to a brief coda.

The 2nd movement begins and ends with a gentle, dreamy melody, followed by a first dip into the world of lip multiphonics, before a bolero of sorts takes over. The player moves in and out of a derby hat mute on a stand, trying to achieve the effect of a split personality: bass vamp and lead voice. The upper voice becomes increasingly wild, with its partner plodding steadily on beneath, until a point of exhaustion demands a change of direction - achieved by a more complex exploration of lip multiphonics over different valve combinations. The opening theme returns, this time distorted both by continual valve trills of microtonal intervals, and by moving in and out of the hat mute in waves.

The 3rd movement makes considerable use of breath sounds, both in vowel and consonant forms. Elegiac in intent, it seems to be harking back to something, but exactly what is hazy: is there a longing for the conventional sound of the trombone, for the meaning behind the wordless speech-sounds, or for the musical styles of a bygone era? There are references to all three ideas, interrupted by a brief but violent jazz based episode; but the movement closes with a gentle falling melody projected backwards through the empty tuning slide of one section of valve tubing, rather than forward through the bell.

The piece was begun on August 11 1999, the day on which southern England experienced a total solar eclipse, and completed on September 22nd. It was commissioned jointly by the British Trombone Society, International Trombone Association, and Warwick Music. I dedicated it to the memory of Raymond Premru.

SATURDAY, JULY 1

3:30 PM Jen Baker and Jim Miller – Surround Sound and Resonance Pieces, Loewe Recital Hall

Jen Baker *Silo Songs* - sound world with live performer and video (by Justin Andert)- is the culmination of a long sonic journey, connecting many seemingly disparate parts of my identity: growing up on a dairy farm, witnessing the farm go out of business (due to Big farming), pursuing a music career as a trombonist, a love for natural acoustics and overtones, an obsession with combination tones (as with multiphonics), and a fascination with site specific works. Scored for trombone, silo (yes, the silo is played!), harmonica, voice, and tromboon (bassoon reed + trombone), an overarching theme of combination tones is heard on each of these instruments.

Composed entirely within a concrete grain silo on the farm I knew as home, this 40-minute work blends sounds of the silo with several small pieces written for its resonant frequencies and natural decay. Each piece with its own character and instrumentation serves as a reminder of the many identities this farm (and countless others in our country) has had - a symbol of sustenance, a childhood home, a business, livestock coming and going, closure, emptiness, decomposition. The audience is surrounded by 4 speakers which play the pieces written inside the silo as one seamless whole. Accompanied by live performance and video, *Silo Songs* marks the longest and most in depth work I have made.

Animus: A Brainstorm for trombone and live electronics (1996)

Luca Francesconi

Dreaming is also a relevant state for Francesconi's *Animus* (1995). That word, he notes, means "soul" in the sense of wit, humor, and character, and is both subject and source of dreams. A student of Stockhausen and Berio, Francesconi has composed widely in all media – the Los Angeles Philharmonic gave the U.S. premiere of his orchestral score *Cobalt, Scarlet: Two Colors of Dawn* in 2003 – including radio operas in which he has attempted to realize his ideal of a "theater of the imagination."

Animus is certainly theatrical, and its non-narrative struggle between the breath of animate spirit and the remorseless processing of instrumental metal and digital code plays out on the stage of imagination. (Francesconi created the interactive electronics at IRCAM in Paris, and the *tour de force* trombone techniques for Benny Sluchin. The work has become the first in a series, with *Animus II* for viola and electronics, and *Animus III* for tuba and electronics.)

Francesconi is also a jazz musician, and *Animus* has the wild urges of improvisation and free exploration even as it becomes increasingly defined and fixed. Breath is the tie that binds human and metal, and the computer mediates and formalizes the often uneasy relationship, hinting at some future hybrid with its own mix of explicit comedy and implied philosophy.

5:00 PM 2017 Cramer Choir, Memorial Chapel

Foundry (premiere)

Suter, Anthony

Foundry was written for the 2017 International Trombone Festival at the University of Redlands, and is scored for twelve trombones (ten tenor trombones and two bass trombones). When I began thinking about the piece and the potential sounds, colors, and general sonic mayhem one could coax out of twelve trombones, I was struck by the visual image of so many trombones on the stage of Memorial Chapel here at the University of Redlands. That image triggered an interest in playing around with the spatial outlay

of the work-- the performers are all very specifically ordered on stage so that several different kinds of spatial effects that have been composed into the piece can be realized.

Of course, brass instruments have a long history of interacting with physical space, from military signals to the Venetian polychoral repertoire, so using the ensemble in this way seemed a natural extension of tradition. A great deal of this work utilizes this idea of the movement of sound across the ensemble-- one can hear a number of moments in the work where the sound whips around the semi-circle in some direction and back again, sometimes two lines crossing one another, among other spatial and timbral effects. These effects, the colors from various mutes and extended techniques, and the mostly fast tempo create (at least for me) a sense of an almost mechanical, rigid beauty. That is something of where the title, Foundry, comes from-- a lot of metal on the stage, loud sounds, and intense, seldom unrelenting, driving energy.

Beethoven's Funeral
Miserere
Amplius
Beethoven's Grabe

Beethoven, Ludwig van
Arr. Seyfried, Ignaz Joseph von
Trans. Andrew Glendening

The *Miserere* and *Amplius* were performed by a trombone quartet in alternation with a male chorus during the funeral procession. *Beethoven's Grabe* was sung one year later at the graveside to mark the setting of the headstone. This edition is based on the 1837 edition of J.G. Albrechtsberger's *sämtliche Schriften über Generalbass, Harmonie-Lehre, und Tonsetzkunst*, edited by Ignaz von Seyfried located in the Harvard University Loeb Music Library's Rare Book Collection.

It is assumed that the trombones performed the same version as the chorus and that the keyboard parts are for rehearsal purposes. It is suggested that the work be performed with trombone quartet and a small male chorus alternating the *Miserere* (trombones)-*Miserere* (chorus) *Amplius* (trombones) – *Amplius* (chorus) followed by *Beethoven's Grabe* sung by the chorus. Placing the chorus in a balcony provides a striking contrast. Ambitious group might consider stage the procession. A visual account of the procession can be found in Franz Stober's 1827 painting "Beethoven's funeral."

8:00 PM Premiere Performances with Ian Bousfield, Jacques Mauger, Isabelle Lavoie, Brandt Attema, John Kenny, Stuart Dempster, Michael Mulcahy and the US Air Force Band of the Golden West

RedBoneLands (premiere)

Stuart Dempster (b. 1936)

RedBoneLands (2017)
for large (20 to 200+) trombone ensemble and audience

Composed for the International Trombone Festival at the University of Redlands.

To be premiered in University of Redlands Memorial Chapel on 1 July 2017. Performers surround audience in a large circle, or circles depending upon number of players. Further, depending upon number of players, a balcony contingent may be included as well. Leader leads from center of the Chapel.

The piece emerges in real time. Pitches received from leader are held until leader faces them again with different information (pitches, louder/softer, longer/shorter, etc.). Audience mostly holds one pitch (at a time if there are changes) in multiple octaves. If performers feel "abandoned" they have a choice to

change octave or lay out as long as these changes can be made discretely. This also can include playing another pitch that a performer may want to hear, but it is important that this be done sparingly.

Multiplex, for trombone, UPIC generated sound score, live electronics and DVD

Music by John Kenny
Film by Kenneth McQueenie

From John Kenny:

In September 2008 I was invited to be composer in residence at the Xenakis Institut, based at the iconic architectural world heritage site, the Couvent de La Tourette, designed by Le Corbusier, which stands in the forests of the Monts Lyonnais, France. The composer Iannis Xenakis worked as Le Corbusier's architectural engineer on La Tourette, and I was able to use one of the few remaining examples of his revolutionary UPIC system, a digitising tablet developed to enable the drawing and mapping of sound – to let the composer literally draw sound.

My inspiration was drawn from the angles, shapes and continually shifting patterns of light and shadow in that vast, empty echoing structure during the month I spent there with only one companion, the sound designer Stefan Tiedje. The quiet was punctuated by the rustle of leaves, bird cries, the distant shutting of a door – by night, moonlight filtering through the slit like windows into long corridors, owls and bats. Often we improvised from the early hours until dawn, combining instrumental sounds with the creaking and cracking of the vast, empty structure.

The sound score of Multiplex is a stand-alone piece in its own right, and it has always been my intention to make multiple versions of the piece for various instruments and ensembles. The trombone version was premiered with Paul Coleman as sound designer at the 2014 International Trombone Festival, Rochester NY. Following conversations with Andrew Glendening, I commissioned the Scottish artist Kenneth McQueenie to create the film which has become the third element of tonight's performance. This version received its premier at the Arona International Arts Festival, on the Island of Tenerife, in February 2017.

Tbon and Jacques (US Premiere)

Ferrer Ferrán

- I. Tricks and Jokes
- II. The Love between Tbon and Jacques
- III. They chase each other

Jacques Mauger, trombone
Michael Mulcahy, conductor

Tom and Jerry are two animated characters, a cat "Tom" and a mouse "Jerry", who staged a large number of short films, created, written and directed by W. Hanna and J. Barbera. The series were produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios of Hollywood. The Hanna-Barbera's shorts are significant because they won seven Oscars for Animated Short Film.

The plot of each short film principally centers on Tom's numerous attempts to capture Jerry and the mayhem and destruction that follows. Tom rarely succeeds in catching Jerry, mainly because of Jerry's cleverness and cunning abilities, but sometimes also because of Tom's own stupidity.

However, there is this complicity among them, this impossible love, because they could never exist without one another.

“Tbon” is that instrument, the trombone, that describes the stupid cat “Tom” and the mouse “Jerry”. Here “Jerry” is symbolized by “Jacques” the soloist who always gets round the difficulty that offers him the trombone, even though it resists him.

“Tbon and Jacques” is a concertino in three movements (1st Tricks and Jokes, 2nd The Love between Tbon and Jacques, 3rd They chase each other) that describes these friendly characters and let us imagine all the adventures and jugglings offered us by these wonderful cartoons.

Commissioned by the trombonist Jacques Mauger, an international soloist, as a mandatory piece for the “1er Concours International de Trombone d’Alsace” which was held from 11th to 14th May 2017, in Kingersheim (France).

Dedicated to the trombonist Jacques Mauger, for his whole successful career as a pedagogue and trombone soloist with all my appreciation, admiration and affection.

Kirkfeld (world premiere)

Grant Kirkhope

Ian Bousfield, trombone
Michael Mulcahy, conductor

Kirkfeld is available from the composer at info@grantkirkhope.com

From Grant Kirkhope:

Ian and I first met when we were around 15 years old. We both played in our county orchestra, the North Yorkshire Schools Symphony Orchestra (I was a trumpet player). I think we hit it off straight away as we were definitely a couple of cheeky kids, if you know what I mean! We both ended up playing in Rowntree Mackintosh Brass Band for a while too and Ian’s Dad, Trevor, conducted for a while.

We bumped into each other again when we both went for the Shell/LSO Scholarship. I got to the area finals in Manchester so I was pretty pleased with myself but then I saw Ian and I knew it was all over! Of course Ian went on to win and the rest is history.

I saw him again when I was attending the Royal Northern College of Music around 1983 (ish?) I think Ian had just got the principal chair at the Halle Orchestra.

Then I guess 30 something years went by as we both went about our lives and lost touch. We re-kindled our friendship due to his wife really. She mailed me to say it was Ian’s 50th birthday and she was collecting “stories” from his friends over the years for a book for him as a gift.

After that we got back in touch and then one day on Facebook I got a message from him in typical dry Yorkshire fashion “now then Grant, I had a listen to your music and I think it’s good, how about writing a piece for me”.

I was a little bit unsure at first as even though I'd written a lot of big orchestral music I'd never written a concert piece before and never for a solo instrument either. But of course I loved Ian's playing and of course I said yes.

We had a Skype call sometime in 2016 and he asked me what I thought I'd write. I had a think about it and I said since I live in LA I'd like to write a "Hollywood" trombone piece. Imagine if John Williams had written a piece for trombone, that's what I'd like to writewell I'd certainly try! I think I might have said Star Wars for the Trombone ... ha!! Anyways he seemed happy enough and I got on with it!

It's been an absolute pleasure writing this piece for Ian. I've sent him MP3 files with MIDI mock ups of where I'm up to over the course of the last few months and I can't wait to hear him play it live. I hope you all like it!