

In Remembrance:

a graduate recital exploring musical nostalgia

Julia Lougheed, clarinets

with

Gail Novak, piano

Vientos Dulces Quartet

and

Elizabeth Kennedy Bayer, soprano

April 7, 2018

7:30 p.m.

ASU Recital Hall

Sonate No. 2 in E-Flat Major

Johannes Brahms
(1883-1897)

- I. Allegro amabile
- II. Appassionato, ma non troppo Allegro
- III. Andante con moto

Gail Novak, piano

Two Tangos

Astor Piazzolla
(1921-1992)
arr. Héau and
Armenta

- I. Adios nonino
- II. Libertango

Vientos Dulces
Tyler Clifton-Armenta, clarinets
Julie Park, clarinet
Francisco Javier De Alba, clarinet

Intermission

lost/found/lost/human

Elizabeth Kennedy Bayer
(b. 1984)

- I. Cast Off
- II. Looking for Fireflies
- III. Mother's Day
- IV. To Laugh

Elizabeth Kennedy Bayer, soprano

Grit 'n Grind

Theresa Martin
(b. 1979)

- I. Laying Down Rubber
- II. Mud

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of a Master of Music Degree with a Concentration in Performance.
Julia is a student of Dr. Robert Spring and Dr. Joshua Gardner.*

Sonata No. 2 in E-flat Major

After the premiere of his Second String Quintet in 1890, Johannes Brahms felt satisfied with his musical career and planned to retire from composition. He then found himself captivated by the tone of clarinetist Richard Mühlfeld, and composed four major works featuring the clarinet: the Trio for Clarinet, Cello and Piano (Op. 114) a Quintet for Clarinet and Strings (Op. 115) in 1891, and two Clarinet Sonatas (Op. 120) in 1894.

Written towards the end of his life, the clarinet sonatas are tinged with melancholy effects, and create a sense of pensive reflection or nostalgia. These sonatas hold words left unsaid, opportunities that haven't panned out, and places you would love to return to—if only they still existed....

The second sonata is the lighter of the two works for clarinet and piano. It is the first piece of music I fell in love with, and always serves as a reminder of my reasons for pursuing advanced degrees in music. It is also the only piece of standard repertoire on this program.

Two Tangos

Astor Piazzolla was an Argentine bandoneon player and composer. He was a well-known composer of tango music, composing in the style of "tango nuevo," which combined elements from jazz and classical music with traditional tango gestures.

Adios nonino translates to "Farewell, Granddaddy." Piazzolla composed this piece in 1959, shortly after hearing news that his father had passed away. The sense of yearning and sorrow in this melody Piazzolla wrote in memory of his father were so strong that this piece has become a symbol of the Argentine diaspora.

Libertango is a title combining "libertad," the Spanish word for liberty, with "tango." Composed in 1974, this composition was inspired by Piazzolla's shift in composition style to "tango nuevo" and Piazzolla's move from Argentina to America, where he sought to find freedom and escape from an oppressive Argentine government.

The piece offers performers "libertad" as well with improvisational solo sections.

When presented together, I believe these pieces convey the spectrum of emotions that come with saying "good-bye." Good-byes and endings have never been easy for me--whether that refers to the ending of a degree program, employment situation, relationship, or a cherished relative's life—but recent events have shown me that saying "good-bye" can be as liberating as it is sorrowful.

lost/found/lost/human

Elizabeth Kennedy Bayer is an internationally performed and award-winning composer in the Phoenix area. She also runs Oh My Ears, an organization that ignites the Phoenix music scene with contemporary art music and hosts a new music festival every January.

My paternal grandfather passed away this August. This led me to look through some documents and try to learn more about him and where I fit into that side of my family. I came across three poems, written by my father.

If you ask my father about these texts, he will grimace, look down at his feet, and tell you he doesn't do that anymore...

So, naturally, I asked my mother about these texts. She told me that from 1987-1996, my rational, scientific, electrical engineer father actively pursued being a writer. He wrote poems, short stories, and edited a newsletter for his local beer-brewing club. These three poems all won awards in writing contests, or were published in local periodicals.

In reading these texts, I found a lot of similarities between my father's and my inner voices. I felt compelled to take these poems off the shelf and do more with them, so I commissioned Elizabeth to write this piece. Scored for soprano and clarinet/bass clarinet, this song cycle represents me reading my father's words in my voice.

The text for the final movement comes from a Ralph Waldo Emerson poem read at my grandfather's funeral. It's a poem he quoted to my father and I many times while he was alive.

Grit 'n Grind

Grit 'n Grind was inspired by Facebook status updates from Theresa's friend Ann Watson, who was training for a 5k race at the time. The title can be understood both literally and figuratively—"Grit" represents the determination needed to overcome an obstacle, and "Grind" refers to a task requiring perseverance—whether it be a distance race or a mentally demanding challenge.

I became a distance runner halfway through my undergraduate studies. For me, running has become therapy—a chance to escape, and a way to clear my head. This piece resonates with me as a musical representation of satisfying memories of running long distances, and as a symbolic representation of the determination that is a big part of my personality.

lost/found/lost/human texts:

I. Cast Off

Text by Kirk Lougheed

*I know how to sail my small
boat.
But I drink beer on Tom's boat.
Tom's boat makes me drunk.
Today is different.
Today he is teaching me
How to race.*

*Tom's crew knows sailing's passion
Criss-crossing the Gulf Stream
From Carter Cay to Green Turtle
and back again.*

*So many helpful hints
So many points of view
I'm spinning round
Just like the big compass in the middle of
the cockpit.
Everyone knows something
I don't know anything.
And they tell me.
Listen. Listen. Listen.
come about, fall off, sheet-out, sheet-in.
But not like that.*

*Forget about me when they talk
about pinching
the wind.
I sit aft.
Drinking a cool beer
Feeling on edge.*

II. Looking for Fireflies

Text by Kirk Lougheed

*The thin line between spring and
summer is outside.
Monday's moonlit night purrs a
breeze that rattles the blinds and
carries a jasmine smell that charges
my memory with soft sparks. Jasmine
is like that.*

*The smell can make me crazy;
Hungry for summer, thirsty for
memory*

*I can go back there now. The band is
between sets and my head is buzzing.
Behind the club the night air tastes
like freedom. You are thankful the
breeze carries away the cigarette
smoke. We smell Jasmine. I touch
your arm; move close, forehead to
forehead. My fingers lace around your
salt sticky neck. I slowly lick your
moist ear and pull on the gold hoop
earring with my lips.*

*I try to sleep; with the windows open,
naked between clean creased sheets. I
roll over and touch you. I want to tell
you about the hunger, about the
Jasmine. I want to tell you about a
forgotten crazy, a divine hunger. You
are sleeping and murmur softly when
my hand snakes around your small
waist.*

*The breeze rattles the blinds again
and the soft green light of the clock
radio casts an alien glow. I walk to
the window. I sit and stare for a long
time at the night,
looking for fireflies.*

III. Mother's Day

Text by Kirk Lougheed

*Today she would have had
a birthday.
64 cut short at 50.
13 year boy tears long since
dried.
What's left,
a sentimental longing
to celebrate with her
just for the day.*

*See my wife.
In my house.
Hear my adult sounds.
Touch my thinning hair,
My red beard; same color as
your salon look.*

*I'll make lunch in the kitchen,
tomato soup, baloney and oranges.
Just like that picnic under the backyard
trees.*

*Sit on the Rattan couch.
by the window.
Tell me stories.
Sip iced tea from a napkin-wrapped glass
Fill in those empty blue spaces.
Give voice to the things of the past.*

*And I'd stand next to her
under the big tree out front.
filling up the photo album,
her soft hand on my shoulder.
Both of us smiling.
Squinty-eyed from the
bright sun.*

*And when it's time to go,
holding open the car door
for her.
And waving good-bye.
As she drives away
down the quiet tree-lined street.*

Kirk's mother passed away in 1975. Her name was also Julia.

IV. To Laugh

Text adapted from Ralph Waldo Emerson

*To laugh often and much;
To win the respect of intelligent people
and the affection of children;
to earn the appreciation of honest critics
and endure the betrayal of false friends; to
appreciate beauty; to find the best in
others;
to leave the world a bit better
whether by a healthy child, a garden patch
or a redeemed social condition;
to know even one life has breathed easier
because you have lived.*

This is to have succeeded.

*Gotta laugh,
Gotta win the respect of
the folks that you like.
Be kind to children,
Watch 'em laugh.
Gotta earn the respect
of the folks who are honest.
Try to be just like
all the folks who are honest.*

*There will be some people who
pretend to like you.
There will be some people who
pretend to love you.*

*Appreciate beauty
The beauty in others
The beauty in nature
The beauty in experience
The beauty in laughter*

*You gotta leave this world
a little better
Tend your garden,
Watch it grow.
Be kind to children,
Watch 'em grow.
Tend your friends,
Watch 'em grow.*

*If you try before you die,
You will know !ife!*