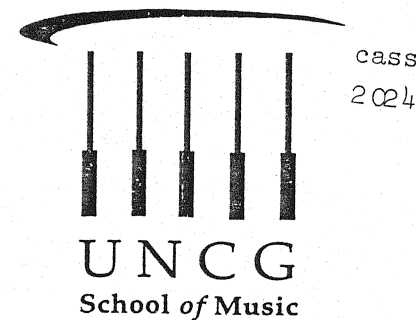


University Women's Choir
Kevin Suiter, Associate Conductor and Rehearsal Accompanist
Ashley Norris, Assistant Conductor

Beatriz Abella
Danica Baker
Ria Bender
Genna Bingochea
Taquisha Coley
Anne Coltrane
Mary K. Deans
Matalya Dickerson
Lisa Marie DiLuigi
Heather Dixon
Heather Elkin
Erin Folk
Emily C. Gilreath
Emily K. Hiscox
Emily Gail Howell
Tosha R. Lanier
Melanie Tania Marsh
Julie Matta
Candice R. McRacken
Christina Mutch
Ashley Norris, Secretary
Kimberly Nusbaum
Rebecca Park
Laurie Pittman
Alyssa M. Saunders
Erin Shepherd
Elizabeth Shoe
Nicole Simcoe
Erin E. Smith
Michelle Yvette Smith
Natalie A. Smith
Kimberly Sweet
Jennifer Venning
Amy Wiggins

Mandy McFarland, President



No. 13

Wade R. Brown Recital Series

1997-98

presents

Music by Members of the UNCG Composition Faculty

Eddie C. Bass
Gregory Carroll
Arthur Hunkins

Monday, February 9, 1998
7:30 p.m.
Hart Recital Hall, Brown Music Building

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

There Was a Naughty Boy (Keats)

Eddie C. Bass

UNCG Women's Choir
Richard Cox, conductor
Adam Ward, Piano

Nocturne

Gregory Carroll

Rebecca Dunnell, alto flute and C flute
Laura Phillips, marimba

Windsongs (after Kenneth Grahame)

Eddie C. Bass

The Piper at the Gates of Dawn
Toad Steals a Car

James Prodan, oboe
Carol Prodan, piano

Luthardt Lieder

Gregory Carroll

Danica Baker, soprano
Gregory Carroll, piano

Brief Intermission

A Reed Shaken by the Wind (ReedKits)

Arthur B. Hunkins

Arthur Hunkins, performer

House Band

Eddie C. Bass

Tea-Time Concert: Overture and Salon Piece
Dinner Dance: Waltz, Fox trot, Ragtime, Dixieland;
Cadeizza in Klezmer Style; Serba

Kelly Burke clarinet
Kirstin Greenaw, violin
John Salmon, piano
Sarah Dorsey, assisting

Program Notes

There Was a Naughty Boy is a setting of a poem by John Keats, which the poet called "A Song About Myself." Keats enclosed the poem in a letter written to amuse his young sister Fanny while he was on a walking trip in 1818, when he was 22.

I
There was a naughty Boy,
And a naughty boy was he,
He would not stop at home,
He would not quiet be—
He took
In his Knapsack
A Book
Full of vowels
And a shirt
With some towels—
A slight cap
For night cap
A hair brush,
Comb ditto,
New Stockings
For old ones
Would split O!
This Knapsack
Tight at's back
He rivetted close
And followed his Nose
To the North,
To the North,
And follow'd his nose
To the North.

II
There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he.
For nothing would he do
But scribble poetry—
He took
An ink stand
In his hand
And a pen
Big as ten
In the other,
And away
In a Pother
He ran
To the mountains
And fountains
And ghosts
And Postes
And witches
And ditches
And wrote
In his coat
When the weather
Was cool,
Fear of gout,
And without
When the weather
Was warm—
Och the charm
When we choose
To follow one's nose
To the north,
To the north,
To follow one's nose
To the north!

III
There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,
He kept little fishes
In washing tubs three
In spite
Of the might
Of the Maid
Nor afraid
Of his Granny-good—
He often would
Hurly burly
Get up early
And go
By hook or crook
To the brook
And bring home
Miller's thumb,
Tittlebat
Not over fat,
Minnows small
As the stall
Of a glove,
Not above
The size
Of a glove,
Not above
The size
Of a nice
Little Baby's
Little fingers—
O he made
Twas his trade
Of Fish a Pretty Kettle
A Kettle—
A Kettle
Of Fish a pretty Kettle
A Kettle!

IV
There was a naughty Boy,
And a naughty Boy was he,
He ran away to Scotland
The people for to see—
Then he found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red—
That lead
Was as weighty,
That fourscore
Was as eighty,
That a door
Was as wooden
As in England—
So he stood in his shoes
And he wonder'd,
He wonder'd,
He stood in his shoes
And he wonder'd.

PROGRAM NOTES

Eddie Bass: There Was a Naughty Boy (Keats)

This work needs no commentary. Please refer to the attached sheet with the text of the poem.

Greg Carroll: Nocturne

Nocturne is constructed around a "drone" in the marimba. Commonly found in various folk cultures (Western and non-European), the drone is a pitch (or set of pitches) that persists in time and serves to provide a sonic architectural support for other musical activities around it. Drones produce a state of relaxation in the listener.

The marimba "rolls" a layer of sound while improvisational thematic material is presented in the flute. The work is shaped like an arch in terms of dynamic levels (soft-loud-soft), textural density (think-thick-thin), rhythmic activity (inactive-active-inactive) and register (low-high-low). Contributing to a dulling effect are the constant repetitions of short melodic fragments in the flute, most of which are articulated by the use of grace notes. The flute material creates points of dissonance and consonance with the background drone. Scalar patterns performed by the flute bring an exotic quality to this treble-dominant work--a kind of Middle Eastern ambiance.

Eddie Bass: Windsongs (after Kenneth Grahame)

Windsongs is a programmatic work, based on two episodes from Kenneth Grahame's famous The Wind in the Willows. In "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn," Mole and Rat are boating at night, searching for the lost porcupine child. As dawn approaches, they hear distant and mysterious piping. This music leads them to an island where they find the great god Pan, who shelters the child safely. They worship Pan, and as they return his music fades from their consciousness.

"Toad Steals a Car": The notorious Mr. Toad, recently escaped from jail, indulges in his favorite sport of fast driving. He hijacks a vehicle and its occupants, accelerates to full speed, and drives it and its occupants straight into a horse pond.

Greg Carroll: Luthardt Lieder (Four Songs on poems by Klaus Luthardt)

Last fall Klaus Luthardt, a family friend, sent me a tome of his poems at my request. Time permitted the setting of only four. I wanted to write accompanying music that would aspire to the beauty of these little treasures. The poems are given on the back of the attached sheet.

Dandelion tries to capture the delicacy and elegance of this little weed-flower in the brightness of spring. The stationary pedal point pitch (D) in the piano accompaniment represents the flower stalk, which only remains as that "singular note" at the very end. **Soliloquy** is a far darker song. Who among us has not experienced the pain and emptiness of a broken relationship? Chord repetitions signal the ticking of time and underscore the agony of the poet. Windy wisps of arpeggios and cold, brittle sonorities in **End of a Season** give way to a consonant acceptance of future possibilities. In **Magical Storm** descending pitches, like snow flakes, gently fall, followed by wind gusts and heavier snow. Pentatonic scales, "perfect fifth" drones, and leisurely pace evoke rustic closeness to Nature.

About the poet: Klaus Luthardt is a native of Vienna, Austria. He was educated in Germany, Canada and the U.S. He currently teaches German language and culture to U.S. diplomats assigned to Austria, Germany and Switzerland. Previously, he developed programs of educational and cultural value for the Smithsonian Associates in Washington, D.C. and, earlier, at the University of Virginia.

He has written poems in German, French and English, and holds a B.A. and M.A. in English from Georgia State University. His poetry and other writings have been published in various sources, including Georgia State's Credo, Old Dominion University's Mace and Crown, the Piedmont Literary Review, Potomac Review, and Commonwealth Magazine. He was the featured poet at the Princemere Poetry Series at Gordon College in Massachusetts, and anticipates the forthcoming publication of his book of poetry, When Love Had a Face, by Linwood Publishers.

Arthur Hunkins: A Reed Shaken by the Wind (ReedKits)

"What did you go out to see? A reed shaken by the wind?
But what did you go out to see? A prophet? Yes, I tell you,
and more than a prophet."

Luke 7:24, 26

A Reed Shaken by the Wind is the most recent in a series of "kits"--sound collections brought together, shaped, and put into a framework for improvisation. There is no traditional score, only setup instructions and general performance guidelines. As with most of my "soundkits," this one is designed for the remarkable (and low-cost) WaveFront synthesizer, found on a number of Turtle Beach soundcards for the PC. Unlike others, this kit contains no new "samples" of my own gathering--only those contained in the WaveFront General MIDI soundset (though "patches" are completely redone, and in one case a sample even relooped). I have appropriated three english horn and 8 (of 11 available) oboe samples, as well as a single "Blown Bottle" (alias wind!)

Origins of the work are many and diverse. Oboes/double reeds have been a frequent companion to my teaching career, as for many years my studio was located close by these distinctive and unavoidable sounds. Indeed my very first year on the job (at Southern Illinois University in 1962-63) was oft-times spent listening to beginning oboists next door trying to coax a decent tone out of the instrument.

I was always struck and astonished by Eddie Bass' love for the raucous (and risky) low oboe C. (Yes, that's "the note"--sometimes approximate--in this piece.) Then, too, as a composer deeply involved in the art of electronics, I have always been an "instrument maker" who tried to bring humanity and "real life" into electronics by capturing and using acoustically interesting "natural" sounds. Double reeds and wind seem particularly "basic," global and integrative--even biblical, as the title and subtext suggest. And so we heard toward the modern "Harmony of the Universe" envisioned by Matthew Fox and Teilhard de Chardin. (Ultimately, my work's spiritual connections and implications are the most important to me.) Many thanks to Bobby Kelly of the Greensboro Music Loft for the loan of sound equipment.

Eddie Bass: House Band

In a resort hotel somewhere, at some time, a house band of clarinet, violin and piano starts once more on its daily routine--an afternoon teatime concert of classical and salon music, followed later by a dinner dance. Guests come and go; no one has really listened to the band for a long time.

Each player is, however, a frustrated soloist, practicing concertos and sonatas in private and dreaming of a concert career. Since no one notices what they play, each slips favorite solo "licks" into the pieces. Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Johann Strauss, Broadway, ragtime, and the Beatles contend in a fierce battle of wills.

So it goes through the afternoon; but towards the end of this one evening the dinner dance is taken over by a group of Israeli tourists who demand more lively fare than usual. For once, the band has a real audience, and they play as they never have before.

There Was a Naughty Boy

There was a naughty boy
A naughty boy was he
He would not stop at home
He could not quiet be--
He took
In his knapsack
A book
Full of vowels
And a shirt
With some towels--
A slight cap
For night cap--
A hair brush
Comb ditto
New stockings
For old ones
Would split O!
This knapsack
Tight at's back
He rivitted close
And followed his nose
To the north
To the north
And followed his nose
To the north--

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he
For nothing would he do
But scribble poetry
He took
An inkstand
In his hand
And a pen
Big as ten
In the other
And away
In a pother
He ran
To the mountains
And fountains
And ghostes
And postes
And witches
And ditches
And wrote
In his coat
When the weather
Was cool
Fear of gout
And without
When the weather
Was warm--
Och the charm
When we choose
To follow one's nose
To the north
To the north
To follow one's nose to the north!

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he
He kept little fishes
In washing tubs three
In spite
Of the might
Of the maid
Nor afraid
Of his granny-good
He often would
Hurly burly
Get up early
And go
By hook or crook
And bring home
Miller's thumb
Tittlebat
Nor over fat
Minnows small
As the stall
Of a glove
Not above
The size
Of a nice
Little baby's
Little finger--
O he made
Twas his trade
Of fish a pretty kettle
A kettle--a kettle
Of fish a pretty kettle
A kettle!

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he
He ran away to Scotland
The people for to see
There he found
That the ground
Was as hard
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red--
That lead
Was as weighty
That fourscore
Was as eighty
That a door
Was as wooden
As in England--
So he stood in
His shoes
And he wonder'd
He wonder'd
He stood in his
Shoes and he wonder'd--

Luthardt Lieder - Four Songs on Poems by Klaus Luthardt

1. Dandelion

Out of the fanfare yellow petals
burst a moment of grace, beamed
until the trumpeting fell away.

Gossamer globe, spiderweb light,
bristling, silver, sphere of white,
trembled, broke, then drifted away,
parachutes in miniature,
until the hollow, solitary stalk
took up the melody,
intoned a singular note.

2. Soliloquy

I sit and listen.
A bird outside my window
calls for its mate.
How plaintive that singular cry
that fills me this morning.
I too would like to speak
but my words will not reach you,
you, who sent me away.
The sounds of our life together
diminish into echo,
spring back from the corridors of memory,
expand among vast and hollow spaces
where the heart should be.

Today I feel a silence
more than I hear
the voices trailing past my door.
I work. I work. I work
until again
all concentration breaks,
melts and eats at me.
A stream that brims with yesterday's truth
carries your voice to me
as if you were here.

3. End of a Season

The flames of fall have scattered.
The wind scrapes tattered leaves across the ice.
No other sound disturbs the hush which
blankets everything this afternoon.
I, too, can feel the quiet and the cold.
The urge, the thrust of this past year
subsides, then fades away.
Welcome winter.
Silence and emptiness are now
the place where next year's dreams can grow and
crystallize.

4. Magical Storm

You walked with me
the day the snow
stopped all routine,
gave us a full
rotation of the Earth
without the sun or stars
to measure time.
The clouds seemed close
enough to touch,
touched us
with a million messengers,
filled our world.
The tree tops on the hill
blended with the grayish white,
disappeared into the snow
that twirled and twisted, tumbled
from the fallow light at noon.
Between us, words formed plumes,
then drifted away.
But your face
has stayed in my memory
like the hush that followed.
All was still.
Snow descended around us
in measures of tranquillity,
settled softly, silently.