1993-02-21

Boston University Percussion Ensemble, February 21, 1993

BOSTON UNIVERSITY PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE

Thomas Gauger: Conductor

Concert Hall	8:00 pm	FEBRUARY 21, 1993

DREAMS (In Three Movements) — Ron Delp

Flute: Heather Holden
Clarinet: ~~Melissa McPartland~~ Hay, Tim
Bass: Donald Howey

TIMEPIECE — Murray Houllif

Flute: Amy Mulcahy
Clarinet: Melissa McPartland
Percussion: Michko Naito
Phillip J. Kiamie Jr.

WOODEN MUSIC — RICH O'MERA

Percussion: Joseph Pereira
Pfelton Sutton

Intermission

SALSA OBSERVED (World Premier) — Derek Holbrook

Piano: David Coleman
Bass: Donald Howey

AN IDYLL FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN — George Crumb

Flute: Samantha Adams
Percussion: J. Craig Lilly, Michiko Naito, Joseph Pereira

BLUE RONDO ALLA TURK — Dave Bruebeck

Piano: Jon Folett Drums: Joe Pereira
Vibes: Phillip J. Kiamie Jr.

<u>Ensemble Players</u>

Phillip J Kiamie — Michiko Naito
J. Craig Lilly — Joseph Pereira
Pfelton Sutton

PROGRAM NOTE

I feel that "misbegotten" well describes the fateful and melancholy predicament of the species homo sapiens at the present moment in time. Mankind has become ever more "illegitimate" in the natural world of the plants and animals. The ancient sense of brotherhood with all life-forms (so poignantly expressed in the poetry of St. Francis of Assisi) has gradually and relentlessly eroded, and consequently we find ourselves monarchs of a dying world. We share the fervent hope that humankind will embrace anew nature's "moral imperative."

My little Idyll was inspired by these thoughts. Flute and drum are, to me (perhaps by association with ancient ethnic musics), those instruments which most powerfully evoke the voice of nature. I have suggested that ideally (even if impractically) the music should be "heard from afar, over a lake, on a moonlit evening in August."

There are two quotations in An Idyll for the Misbegotten--the haunting theme of Claude Debussy's Syrinx (for solo flute, 1912), and two lines from the eighth-century Chinese poet Ssŭ-K'ung Shu:

"The moon goes down. There are shivering
birds and withering grasses."

-George Crumb