CONTEMPORARY MUSIC STUDIO CONCERT
Monday, April 8, 2024
7:30 p.m., von Kuster Hall
Paul Frehner and Patricia Green, directors

Schrödinger’s Cat
Menelaos Menelaou, violin; Neda Samavati, guitar
Poul Ruders (b. 1949)

About a Mountain
Leah Bondy, soprano; Paul Schulz-Courteman, flute and piccolo
Laura Schwendinger (b. 1962)

Mangåta (premiere)
Paul Schulz-Courteman, flute; Amy Dimitrov, bass clarinet; Dani McAfee, soprano sax;
Jacqueline Yu-Xi Huang, violin; Neda Samavati, guitar
Neda Samavati (b. 1993)

I will learn to love a person
Patricia Wrigglesworth, soprano; Dani McAfee, soprano saxophone;
Meagan Foster, percussion; Katie Birt, piano
Christopher Cerrone (b. 1984)

INTERMISSION

Trio III from White on White
Alex Drozd, trumpet; Frank Yong-Wen Su, violin; Tracy Guo, piano
Robert Ashley (1930-2014)

Quintet (premiere)
Patricia Wrigglesworth, soprano; Leah Bondy, soprano; Emma Heaton, soprano;
Iris Leck, double bass; Hayoon Kim, piano; Emmer Montano, conductor
Jimmy Jin (b. 1996)

Pièta
Emma Heaton, soprano; Tasman Tantasawat, viola; Hayoon Kim, piano
Jonas Eckenfels (b. 2001)

All Spring
Jiajing Zhou, soprano; Katie Kirkpatrick, flute; Amy Dimitrov, clarinet;
Jacqueline Yu-Xi Huang, violin; Iris Leck, double bass; Meagan Foster, percussion
Emily Doolittle (b. 1972)
I will learn to love a person, poetry by Tao Lin

seen from a great enough distance i cannot be seen
i feel this as an extremely distinct sensation
of feeling like shit; the effect of small children
is that they use declarative sentences and then look at your face
with an expression that says, 'you will never do enough
for the people you love'; i can feel the universe expanding
and it feels like no one is trying hard enough
the effect of this is an extremely shitty sensation
of being the only person alive; i have been alone for a very long time
it will take an extreme person to make me feel less alone
the effect of being alone for a very long time
is that i have been thinking very hard and learning about existence, mortality
loneliness, people, society, and love; i am afraid
that i am not learning fast enough; i can feel the universe expanding
and it feels like no one has ever tried hard enough; when i cried in your room
it was the effect of an extremely distinct sensation that 'i am the only person
alive,' 'i have not learned enough,' and 'i can feel the universe
expanding and making things further apart
and it feels like a declarative sentence
whose message is that we must try harder'

the distances i have described in my poems
will expand to find me but they will never find me
when my head touches your head your face hits my face at the speed of light holding it a little
I want to cross an enormous distance with you to learn the wisdom
of lonely animals with low I Qs I want to remember you as a river with a flower in it
I’ll be right back.
I don’t think telling someone, “don’t feel sad” will console them.
You need to do whatever you can to make them feel better whenever your actions
Make them feel sad and not stop ’til they feel better
Read my text message and think about it
You just never seem happy with me anymore Even if I make you laugh I think the damage I’ve done
has become irreversible
I’m surrounded by endless shit I can’t move Where are you? I just had a dream where I came to
New York but I didn’t tell you l took the subway to your apartment and waited for your roommate
to come out so I could sneak in
Then I went to your room and crawled under your sheets from the end of your bed then I crawled
to your face and kissed you then pet and hugged you and we fell asleep
happy birthday I drew you an ugly fish face comic will you visit me today I want to hold you and
kiss your cheek I miss walking with you at night.
Pietà

So seh ich, Jesus, deine Füße wieder,
die damals eines Jünglings Füße waren,
da ich sie bang entkleidete und wusch;
wie standen sie verwirrt in meinen Haaren
und wie ein weißes Wild im Dornenbusch.

So seh ich deine niegeliebten Glieder
zum erstenmal in dieser Liebesnacht.
Wir legten uns noch nie zusammen nieder,
und nun wird nur bewundert und gewacht.

Doch, siehe, deine Hände sind zerrissen-:
Geliebter, nicht von mir, von meinen Bissen.
Dein Herz steht offen, und man kann hinein:
das hätte dürfen nur mein Eingang sein.

hat keine Lust zu meinem wehen Munde-.
O Jesus, Jesus, wann war unsre Stunde?
Wie gehn wir beide wunderlich zugrund.

Thus, Jesus, I see your feet again.
They were a sweet stripling’s feet then, when
I nervously undressed them to wash –
How they stood tangled in my hair
like a white deer caught in thorns.

Now I see your never-caressed naked
limbs for the first time; on this night of love.
We never laid down together.
Now I can only admire and watch over you.

But look how your hands are torn –
not, darling, by my love bites. Your
heart is open for anyone to enter.
This entrance should have been mine alone.

Now you’re exhausted, your tired lips
have no use for my sad mouth. Ah Jesus,
Jesus, when was our hour?
Strangely we go together to perish.
(to our doom).

Translation by Paul Vangelisti and Silvia Kofler
All Spring, poetry by Rae Crossman

five o’clock
five o’clock a. m.

a woodpecker knocks a hole
into my sleep

all spring
all spring
I have been watching
a pair of geese
in the flooded hollow

their dance of necks
among the reeds

two at first
now half a dozen

all spring
I have been listening
to them flourish

oh
I had forgotten
how loudly sometimes

life proclaims itself

my love
say it is not too late

to call you back
across the arid fields

my love
say it is not too late

to weave a nest
even from the strands of sorrow

have you ever held a bird
have you ever held a bird
in your hand

wing broken

heart pounding in your palm

and you
the one

who had snapped the fragile bones

have you

I say you have

ruffed grouse
ruffed grouse drumming

wings batter against the ground
flail the bobcat’s jaw

just when
just when
I thought
the aphids
had destroyed
the yellow
beauty
of the daisies

the goldfinches
came
to feed
on the crawling
stems

and death
burst
into bloom