

Harry Stafylakis
Hyperion
Patrick Kearney, guitar

Patricia Giannattasio
Improvisation
Patricia Giannattasio, piano

Austin Shadduck
Eight Again
Austin Shadduck, shakuhachi

Elizabeth Adams
Pulse Timbre Weather Agents
Vita Wallace & Aaron Packard, violins
Kristen McKeon, alto sax
Jen Baker, trombone

INTERMISSION

Polina Nazaykinskaya
A Glimpse of Hope
Christopher Janwong McKiggan, piano

David Bridges
Three Caprices
I. Playful
II. Fickle
III. Jazzy
Lisa Tipton, violin
Miho Zaitso, cello

Hyun-Kyung Lee
Dear Mr. Bokhossi
Carl Patrick Bolleia, piano

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM:

Hyperion (2010) – Harry Stafylakis

As with us mortal men, the laden heart

Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
—Hyperion, Book II, Verses 101-104, John Keats (1795-1821)

John Keats's poem "Hyperion" was his attempt to visit the Miltonic world of epic verse. Set in three 'books', Hyperion deals with the Ancient Greek myth of the Titanomachia – the fall of the Titan race of gods to the Olympians – and particularly with the sun god Hyperion, the last powerful Titan who was to be superseded by Apollo (god of sun, music, and poetry).

The piece is divided into three sections that depict Keats's atmospheric handling of each book. The first is an elegiac and static piece based on alternating tonic-subdominant pedals, depicting Saturn's despair. In book 2, the original theme becomes the basis of a guitaristic riff evocative of contemporary metal music. Book 3 is based on the passacaglia form, wherein an ever-repeating theme serves as the foundation for the music's development.

Keats never completed the poem, and it was published cut off in mid-verse. My piece, likewise, ends unresolved. — www.hstafylakis.com

Guitarist Patrick Kearney is professor of guitar at Concordia University and Vanier College in Montreal. He is the founder and artistic director of the Montreal International Classical Guitar Festival. An unwavering new music advocate, Mr. Kearney has premiered and recorded numerous works by living composers. He can be heard on the ATMA Classique label and curates the Patrick Kearney Collection of contemporary guitar music on Les Productions d'Oz. —www.patrickkearney.ca

Hyperion - poetic excerpts:

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung above his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds

Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

- Hyperion, Book I, Verses 1-14, John Keats (1795-1821)

My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail:---
But thou canst.---Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur.---To the earth!
For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
And of thy seasons be a careful nurse."---
Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceas'd; and still he kept them wide:
And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plung'd all noiseless into the deep night.

-Hyperion, Book I, Verses 341-357, John Keats (1795-1821)

JUST at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings
Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place
Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourn'd.
It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.

-Hyperion, Book II, Verses 1-14, John Keats (1795-1821)

As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
-Hyperion, Book II, Verses 101-104, John Keats (1795-1821)

THUS in alternate uproar and sad peace,
Amazed were those Titans utterly.
O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes;
For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:
A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheing a lonely grief.
Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.
Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute;
For lo! 'tis for the Father of all verse.
-Hyperion, Book III, Verses 1-14, John Keats (1795-1821)

Mute thou remainest---Mute! yet I can read
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.
Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
Creations and destroyings, all at once
Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
And deify me, as if some blithe wine
Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
And so become immortal.
-Hyperion, Book III, Verses 111-120, John Keats (1795-1821)

Patricia Giannattasio
Improvisation

In this piece, Improvisation, I decided to return to basics, a chord progression, and a simple melodic line. The cleanliness, structure (or lack thereof), reflect a fundamental need to do away with unnecessary complications that often times get in the way of telling a story or conveying a message.

Austin Shadduck
Eight Again

laughter shakes the park
as bold as the thunder clap

that made the children squeal

to be eight again
running home through the downpour
savoring every drop

Eight Again is based on a poem written as children played in Central Park during a summer storm. I had been studying haiku at the time and discovered that “thunder clap” is a more appropriate kigo (seasonal reference in Japanese poetry) than, say, “lightning flash”, which is often reserved for fall. In *Haiku World*, William J. Higginson suggests that this distinction is tied to survival: summer storms drove farmers inside where they heard thunder and rain, whereas the sight of lightning was more formidable in a paddy field at fall rice harvest. Unlike the farmers, the children don’t shy away from any aspect of the storm. Their play is part of their survival.

Both "thunder clap" and "downpour" are associated with the warm season and expressed through a shakuhachi technique called korokoro; this and various other trills also signify laughter. Outside of shakuhachi music, korokoro is an onomatopoeic expression that describes a lightweight rolling object, and the term is also related to “plump” or even “cute”. This stands in contrast to gorogoro, which is more like the ominous rumble of thunder. It's fitting that korokoro represents that which the children find delightful.

Traditionally, eight (hachi or 八) is an auspicious number for the way the end, or bottom of its kanji, spreads out (suehirogari) to signify better times, growing prosperity, or potential.

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Elizabeth Adams
Pulse Timbre Weather Agents

I wrote this piece around the time of the climate march, in tandem with co-organizing a Free University on the theme, "Decolonize Climate Justice." I was mulling the dialectics of agency and powerlessness, individual and collective, and capacities for care and indifference, whether human or meteorological. The Free U was a big success, and according to many participants, made the march more meaningful for them. The piece was commissioned by David Wolfson through The Composer's Voice Series, and premiered on October 11th at Jan Hus Presbyterian Church by these same players.

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Polina Nazaykinskaya
A Glimpse of Hope

“A Glimpse of Hope” was written in 2015 for pianist Christopher Janwong McKiggan and is a part of the project “Resonance of Hope”. The piece is inspired by the Polish folk

songs.

The basic idea of Resonance of Hope was created by pianist Christopher Janwong McKiggan, who was awarded a grant from the Presser Foundation in 2013 to begin the project. He used the money to commission pieces of music from six composers coming from countries with a history of conflict. There was one stipulation: each composer was asked to write their piece based on the folk music of a country with which their own nation was in conflict.

Hyun-Kyung Lee
Dear Mr. Bokhossi

I don't recall the last time I was able to enjoy playing the piano with freedom and joy. Drowning in busy schedules and deadlines, I found myself dreading the composition process – there was no happiness to be found in playing the piano. However, as of late, there are a number of instances where I desire nothing more than the freedom to play my piano and compose without constraints. Despite being unable to play the piano as passionately as I once did, I continue to play in the hope of rediscovering my love for the piano. I lift up this song to my (now gone) beloved canine companion Bokho, with the hope that he will hear this piece in the heavens above and enjoy it as he did during life. With his passing came sorrow, pain, and loneliness – however, he has gifted me with a renewed passion for the piano.