

**Paul Riker and Dr. Faustus**

Present:

***Intersections***

An Evening of New Music

For Tenor, Violin, Cello and Piano

November 14<sup>th</sup>, 2008

Tenri Cultural Institute, NY

This concert is made possible by the generous contribution of our sponsor

Joe Vellano

Fliers, postcards, website designed by Darrell Frank.

[www.intersectionsconcert.com](http://www.intersectionsconcert.com)

## Tonight's Program ...

\_\_\_\_\_ Paul Riker's ...

### *The Young Man Who Flew Past*

For Tenor, Violin, Cello and Piano

Introduction

Scene I

Scene II

### *B.C.*

For Violin and Cello

Movement II

### *Mutagenesis*

For Tenor, Violin, Cello and Piano

### *Cubicle Revisited*

Video by Anthony Angelicola

\_\_\_\_\_ Inés Thiebaut's ...

### *Sound Imagery No.1*

For Cello

### *Forget nothing and Forgive me anyway*

For Tenor and Violin

\_\_\_\_\_ Takuma Tanikawa's ...

### *Orange*

For Tenor, Violin, Cello and Piano

Tanner Knight, Tenor  
Keats Dieffenbach, Violin  
Claire Bryant, Cello  
Alexandra Kocheva, Piano

---

**Paul Riker**

Paul Riker was born in Las Vegas and raised in upstate New York. His early musical experiences were through the world of rock, heavy metal, and jazz. He earned a B.M. from the Crane School of Music, SUNY Potsdam, where he studied electronic music with Paul Steinberg and composition with Paul Siskind. Paul earned his M.A. in composition from Queens College, CUNY, where he studied with Jeff Nichols, Bruce Saylor, and Hubert Howe. While enrolled at ACSM, Paul earned the Herbert Sukoff award in composition and the George Perle award in composition. He also enjoyed a number of performances, including the New York premiere of his song cycle "Prophecies" at the Flea Theatre in Manhattan.

Currently, Paul is pursuing a PhD in composition from the CUNY Graduate Center, where he has been awarded a Chancellor's Fellowship. Paul has also received funding from the Graduate Center's New Media Lab, where he works primarily with Max/MSP/Jitter. Most recently, Paul has studied with David Olan, David Del Tredici, and Hubert Howe. Paul's compositional interests include computer-aided studies in timbre, overtones, and sounds of the real world; finding ways of incorporating additional media and interactivity into music; and developing new approaches to the composition of tonal music.

Recently, Paul's works have been featured at SEAMUS, Lincoln Center (NYC), the Florida Electroacoustic Music Festival (Gainesville, FL), The SCI Region II conferences (Queens, NY and Hamilton, NY), the Syracuse Society for New Music (Syracuse, NY), Uncle Ming's (NYC), Coney Island, Chicago International REEL Shorts Festival, FOLDOVER (WOBC 91.5FM - Oberlin, OH), [todayscomposers.com](http://todayscomposers.com), Coney Island, The New York City Downtown Film Festival, and at the American Composer's Alliance Festival (Flea Theatre, NYC), with performances by a variety of performing ensembles including Cygnus and ICE. Paul has received support from CUNY's New Media Lab and from ASCAP.

Paul is the co-founder of the InterMedia Arts Group (IMAG) in New York City. Their events feature new works involving interactive multimedia and have involved artists such as This Spartan Life, David Grubs, Amnon Wolman, and Morton Subotnick. Paul is co-founder and co-director of the New York City Electroacoustic Music Festival (NYCEMF). More information is available at [nycemf.org](http://nycemf.org).

For more information, please visit [www.paulriker.com](http://www.paulriker.com)

***The Young Man Who Flew Past***

Tonight you will hear only an excerpt of the full work, which is in progress.

Action, suspense, comedy and high drama coexist in this tale of epiphany and death. I attempted to capture the schizophrenic nature of the protagonist through a hyperdramatic musical setting. The full text of the story is provided, but please note that this performance will only tell a portion of the story.

The Young Man Who Flew Past  
by Arcadii Averchenko

This sad and tragic occurrence began thus:

Three persons, in three different poses, were carrying on an animated conversation on the sixth floor of a large apartment building.

The woman, with plump beautiful arms, was clutching a bed sheet to her breast, forgetting that a bed sheet could not do double duty and cover her shapely bare knees at the same time. The woman was crying, and in the intervals between sobs she was saying:

"Oh John! I swear to you I'm not guilty! He set my head in a whirl, he seduced me—and, I assure you, all against my will, I resisted—"

One of the men, still in his hat and overcoat, was gesticulating wildly and upbraiding the third person in the room:

"Scoundrel! I'm going to show you right now that you will perish like a cur and the law will be on my side! You shall pay for this meek victim! You reptile! You base seducer!"

The third in this room was a young man who, although not dressed with the greatest meticulousness at the present moment, bore himself, nevertheless, with great dignity.

"I? Why, I haven't done anything! I—" he protested, gazing sadly into an empty corner of the room.

"You haven't? Take this, then, you scoundrel!"

The powerful man in the overcoat flung open the window giving out upon the street, gathered the young man who was none too meticulously dressed in his arms, and heaved him out.

Finding himself flying through the air the young man bashfully buttoned his vest, and whispered to himself in consolation:

"Never mind! Our failures merely serve to harden us!"

And he kept on flying downward.

He had not yet had time to reach the next floor (the fifth) in his flight, when a deep sigh issued from his breast.

A recollection of the woman whom he had just left poisoned with its bitterness all the delight in the sensation of flying.

"My God!" thought the young man. "Why, I loved her! And she could not find the courage even to confess everything to her husband! God be with her! Now I can feel that she is distant, and indifferent to me."

With this last thought he had already reached the fifth floor and, as he flew past a window he peeked in, prompted by curiosity.

A young student was sitting reading a book at a lopsided table, his head propped up in his hands.

Seeing him, the young man who was flying past recalled his life; recalled that heretofore he had passed all his days in worldly distractions, forgetful of learning and books; and he felt drawn to the light of knowledge, to the discovery of nature's mysteries with a searching mind, drawn to admiration before the genius of the great masters of words.

"Dear, beloved student!" he wanted to cry out to the man reading, "you have awakened within me all my dormant aspirations and cured me of the empty infatuation with the vanities of life, which have led me to such grievous disenchantment on the sixth floor—"

But, not wishing to distract the student from his studies, the young man refrained from calling out, flying down to the fourth floor instead, and here his thoughts took a different turn.

His heart contracted with a strange sweet pain, while his head grew dizzy—from delight and admiration.

A young woman was sitting at the window of the fourth floor and, with a sewing machine before her, was at work upon something.

But her beautiful white hands had forgotten about work at that moment, and her eyes—blue as cornflowers—were looking into the distance, pensive and dreamy.

The young man could not take his eyes off this vision, and some new feeling, great and mighty, spread and grew within his heart.

And he understood that all his former encounters with women had been no more than empty infatuations, and that only now he understood that strange mysterious word—Love.

And he was attracted to the quiet domestic life; to the endearments of a being beloved beyond words; to a smiling existence, joyous and peaceful.

The next story, past which he was flying just then, confirmed him still more in his inclination.

In the window of the third floor he saw a mother who, singing a soft lullaby and laughing, was bouncing a plump smiling baby; love, and a kind maternal pride were sparkling in her eyes.

"I, too, want to marry the girl on the fourth floor, and have just such rosy plump children as the one on the third floor," mused the young man, "and I would devote myself entirely to my family and find my happiness in this self-sacrifice."

But the second floor was now approaching. And the picture which the young man saw in a window of this floor forced his heart to contract again.

A man with disheveled hair and wandering gaze was seated at a luxurious writing table. He was gazing at a framed photograph before him; at the same time he was writing with his right hand and, holding a revolver in his left, was pressing its muzzle to his temple.

"Stop, madman!" the young man wanted to call out. "Life is so beautiful!" But some instinctive feeling restrained him.

The luxurious appointments of the room, its richness and comfort, led the young man to reflect that there was something else in life which could disrupt even all this comfort and contentment, as well as a whole family; something of the utmost force—mighty, terrific. . . .

"What can it be?" he wondered with a heavy heart. And, as if on purpose, Life gave him a harsh unceremonious answer in a window of the first floor, which he had reached by now.

Nearly concealed by the draperies, a young man was sitting at the window, sans coat and vest; a half-dressed woman was sitting on his knees, lovingly entwining the head of her beloved with her round rosy arms and passionately hugging him to her magnificent bosom. . . .

The young man who was flying past recalled that he had seen this woman (well-dressed) out walking with her husband—but this man was decidedly not her husband. Her husband was older, with curly black hair, half-gray, while this man had beautiful fair hair.

And the young man recalled his former plans: of studying, after the student's example; of marrying the girl on the fourth floor; of a peaceful, domestic life, à la the third—and once more his heart was heavily oppressed.

He perceived all the ephemerality, all the uncertainty of the happiness of which he had dreamed; beheld, in the near future, a whole procession of young men with beautiful fair hair about his wife and himself; remembered the torments of the man on the second floor and the measures

which that man was taking to free himself from these torments—and he understood.

"After all I have witnessed living is not worthwhile! It is both foolish and tormenting," thought the young man, with a sickly, sardonic smile; and, contracting his eyebrows, he determinedly finished his flight to the very sidewalk.

Nor did his heart tremble when he touched the flagstones of the pavement with his hands and, breaking those now useless members, he dashed out his brains against the hard indifferent stone.

And, when the curious gathered around his motionless body, it never occurred to any of them what a complex drama the young man had lived through just a few moments before.

### ***B.C.***

This sonata for cello and violin was commissioned by Bill and Christina Willis, two Long Island musicians whom I feel lucky to call my friends. I introduce them not only to qualify the title (B-Bill, C Christina), but because much of the musical material is a reflection on their relationship as husband and wife. Please note that only movements II will be played in tonight's performance.

The first movement (premiered at SUNY Potsdam in 2001) is an argument incited by the violin's outbursts. The cello makes several attempts toward complacency, which only spark further tumult in both instruments. The argumentative nature of the movement continues until a final discordant frenzy reduces both parties to a tense near-silence.

The second movement is a patient working-out of themes from movement I, namely that of a repeated "C". Both players work together calmly as new ideas are established and elaborated. Before any final resolution can be attained, a new argument (Movement III) ensues. Throughout this final bickering festival, the repeated "C" is recycled in many guises while a later hymn-like repose reveals the true nature of the relationship.

### ***Mutagenesis***

A process by which the genetic information of an organism is changed in a stable manner, either in nature or experimentally by the use of chemicals or radiation.

### ***Cubicle Revisited***

"Cubicle," in its original audio version, is the second in a series of pieces that deals with the transformation of real-world soundscapes into abstract musical environments. In this work, the listener is inserted into a vividly portrayed office environment. Certain sounds begin to take on unrealistic characteristics before the entire scene is transformed into a more abstract musical place. All sounds are derived from office sounds or playground sounds.

In *Cubicle Revisited*, video artist Anthony Angelicola offers his own visual realization of the sonic landscape.

In 2008, "Cubicle" was featured at the SEAMUS National Conference in Salt Lake City, at the Florida Electroacoustic Music Festival in Gainesville, at the SCI Regional Conference in NYC, and has been implemented in the classroom by instructors of electronic music including Micheal Pounds and Miller Puckette.

Tonight's performance is dedicated to the memory of Harris Wulfson.

---

## Inés Thiebaut

Inés Thiebaut was born and raised in Madrid, Spain. She graduated from the Professional Conservatory of Music in 2002 and moved to Boston a year later to pursue her Bachelor of Music in the double specialty of composition and film scoring at Berklee College of Music. She graduated in 2006 and moved to New York, where she has recently started her second year of M.A. in Composition at the Aaron Copland School of Music, Queens College. In Spain, Inés studied composition with composer and conductor Fabián Panisello. In Boston, she studied with composer Dennis LeClaire, and is currently studying with composer Hubert Howe.

Her music has been performed by the Second instrumental Unit, The New Music Singers (Cynthia Powell, Director) and the Trofeo String Quartet in New York City. Her solo Cello Piece "Sound Imagery No.1" will be performed in Mexico City in the Spring 2009 and she has recently been commissioned by the Contemporary Youth Orchestra in Cleveland to compose an opener orchestral work for December 2009. She is the current recipient of the Lawrence Eisman Center for Preparatory Studies in Music Graduate Fellowship, in collaboration with the Aaron Copland School of Music. Inés also currently holds an Adjunct Lecture position at the ACSM. Within her other activities at the ACSM, she is the current president of the Queen College New Music Group (QCNMG) the graduate student composer-run association that helps promote and expand the new music scene in the Queens College community.

She has been awarded with several scholarships during her studies, including the A.I.E. Scholarship granted by the Spanish National Association of Artist and Performers, the Youth Concerts at Symphony Hall Award in Boston, and the Aaron Copland School of Music Luigi Dallapiccola Award in Composition.

For more information, please visit [www.inesthiebaut.com](http://www.inesthiebaut.com)

**Sound Imagery No.1** was composed for cellist Zsaz Rutkowski, who premiered the piece last May at the Aaron Copland School of Music, QC. The piece is organized in a AA'BC form, in which certain pitches are "saved", marking the structural landmarks of the work. A' is announced by the use of pitch 2 (d), The slow section B is marked by the very first pitch 9 (a) of the piece, while pitch 11 (b) is only heard once: in the last chord. Mixed with these pitch games, which I am very fond of, are flamenco rhythmic ideas and timbre explorations.

### **Forget nothing and Forgive me anyway**

Text by Molly Bain Frounfelter

This is the second major collaboration with poet and dear friend Molly Bain. She wrote this poem on commission, and my only instructions to her were: "just make it abstract, don't tell a story..." But Molly always writes stories, for she is a storyteller, even when they are not linear. Her words are the sole inspiration for the music, which is just a sound representation of them. In conversation, the voice and the violin follow each other while narrating the sense of aloneness, the notions of past and future, and how sometimes the simple things in life are not that simple...

One townhouse.  
One new husband.  
Two step-children.  
Five ceramic bowls you have to wash by hand.  
When was the last time you snapped your fingers at  
that thing you couldn't remember, there at the tip of  
your tongue, hoping to call it back, hoping to call it  
home, hoping...  
it would call you... home.

Sometimes your mouth and palms are at odds.  
Each has counted all the ways you've lied.  
Each has come up with a different number.  
Each has a different definition of deceit.  
But no matter, no matter,  
We all learn how to cry, anyway, somehow...  
Belly-up,

Belly-up,  
elbows akimbo,  
bellow,  
bellow.  
Six doors down.  
Two windows looking the other way.  
Seven plants in four clay pots on a fire escape.  
Three empty bookshelves,  
And a dirty kitchen sink.  
Dust jacket to dust jacket, I've read everything on  
disappearance.  
I've trained myself to only remember the good parts.  
I learned that from my mother.  
So much is so intolerable, she said, so why tolerate  
it?  
She was obsessed with cleaning and cigarettes.  
After she died, I couldn't stand to look at my wife.

I left her to find a new life.  
 One disappearance to another.  
 Dust jacket to dust jacket.  
 And then there she was:  
 One townhouse/ One new husband/ Belly-up / Two  
 step-children/  
 Elbows Akimbo/  
 Five ceramic bowls you have to wash by hand/  
 Bellow.  
 You are a slice of watermelon.  
 No seeds.  
 5.99 freak of nature in the grocery store,  
 Everybody wants you.  
 Wince.  
 Laugh.  
 Pause.  
 Watermelon just isn't watermelon anymore.  
 Not that I believe in Nostalgia.  
 Laugh!  
 Nostalgia is a generalized fiction without definition,  
 an all-encompassing glossy loss.  
 Smile. Laugh.  
 Pause.  
 Still, I liked you better with seeds.  
 I told my mother once when she gave me that look,  
 The look of I don't tolerate the intolerable,  
 I said, Look, Mom.  
 So I'm not easy to read.  
 I don't want to be easy to read,

I want to be likeable.  
 Laugh.  
 Everything is funny if you try hard enough.  
 What doesn't kill you doesn't kill you.  
 That's funny.  
 But sometimes it makes you disappear.  
 Fine.  
 Six doors down.  
 One New Townhouse.  
 Two Windows looking the other way.  
 Fine.  
 Three empty bookshelves.  
 Dust jacket to dust jacket and disappear.  
 Laugh.  
 An old wife, one new husband.  
 Smile.  
 Seven plants in four clay pots on a fire escape.  
 Smile.  
 Clothes lines in cities are a thing of the past.  
 Nostalgia, glossy loss.  
 Pause.  
 Laugh.  
 What doesn't kill you kills you.  
 Laugh. Wince.  
 Pause.  
 Two windows looking the other way.  
  
 Tear. Tear. Tear.

---

**Takuma Tanikawa**

Composer Takuma Tanikawa has worked with such artists as International Contemporary Ensemble, Second Instrumental Unit, conductor Marc Williams, violinist David Fulmer and pianist Aleksandra Kocheva. He is currently working on a composition for clarinetist Michael J. Maccaffarri of Eighth Blackbird, and Pacifica Quartet. A New York premiere of the piece is planned with clarinetist Asuka Yamamoto.

Takuma's Golders Hill for pierrot ensemble and Orange 2 for piano trio won the George Perle and Luigi Dallapiccola Awards in composition. In 2007 he earned his MA summa cum laude at Aaron Copland School of Music. He currently works with Shulamit Ran and Howard Sandroff as a doctoral fellow at the University of Chicago.

**Orange for piano trio and tenor voice**

1. *February 2003*
2. *March 2006*
3. *November 2008*

*Orange* is a series of short fragments for piano trio written two to three years apart, each meant as a snapshot of life under Orange Alert.

The first fragment was written in February of 2003 when the first Orange Alert was issued nationwide and the terrorist attacks of 2001 remained vivid in everybody's mind.

The second fragment was written in March of 2006 when the anti-war populist stance began to take hold in America and one could sense a shift taking place in the public discourse surrounding the nation's geopolitical concerns.

The third fragment, written for tonight's concert, is a setting of a Japanese poem by Emperor Jomei (593–641). The poem could be interpreted simply as an expression of the emperor's love for his land, but there can also be found echoes of war and conquest in the language. My translation provided here emphasizes this aspect normally not discussed in analyses of the poem, perhaps partly due to the link between poems such as these and the rise of nationalism in Japan which led to its involvement in World War II.

### Orange 3

Emperor Jomei  
From *Manyoshu*

Translated by Takuma Tanikawa

Yamato ni wa  
murayama aredo  
toriyorou  
ameno Kaguyama  
noboritachi

In Yamato  
though there are many mountains  
an armored  
reigning Kaguyama  
arises

kunimi o sureba  
kunihara wa  
keburi tachitatsu  
unahara wa  
kamame tachitatsu

Looking across the land  
the land-field is  
arisen with smoke  
the ocean-field is  
arisen with seagulls

umashi kunizo  
Akitsushima  
Yamato no kuni wa

A flavorful land!  
Akitsushima  
land of Yamato is

### Tonight's Performers ...

**Tanner Knight**, from Keeseville, NY specializes in the early Bel Canto repertoire of Rossini and Donizetti. He negotiates the tricky tessitura in roles such as Rossini's Don Ramiro, Almaviva, Lindoro, and Donizetti's Tonio and Ernesto with ease and grace. As a Studio Artist with the Utah Opera, Tanner has recently performed the role of Spoletta in Puccini's *Tosca*, and will cover Don Ramiro in Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, the tenor solo in Orff's *Carmina Burana*, and Don Ottavio in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Tanner has been a Young Artist with the Central City Opera for three summers, performing roles in *The Ballade of Baby Doe*, by Moore, *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* by Monteverdi, *The Face on the Barroom Floor* by Mollicone, and Don Ottavio in a family performance of *Don Giovanni*. Other recent engagements include Giuseppe in Loesser's *The Most Happy Fella* and A-rab in Bernstein's *West Side Story*.

A native of Bulgaria, **Aleksandra Kocheva** started playing the piano at the age of five. Before coming to New York to continue her study she was participating in the music life of Bulgaria and beyond. In 1998 she graduated from the International school of music in Sofia and in 2002 she received her bachelor degree from the Academy of music in Sofia, Bulgaria. In 2002 Aleksandra Kocheva won the prestigious Erasmus award and scholarship and went to continue her study in Performance at the Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst in Stuttgart, Germany. In the same year, her last recording "Ad Libitum" has been released under "Soros Center for the Arts" and "Pro-Helvetia". In 2004 she was a member of the jury at the "International Stradivarius Competition" in Malta where she was special guest holding numerous of concerts during the Summer Festival in Malta. Since 2004 she was a master student in Performance at



Aaron Copland School of Music in New York as a student of Prof. Morey Ritt. Her teachers were Teodora Nestorova, Michael Seewann, Marialena Fernandes, Katherine Wickers, Bojidar Noev. Aleksandra Kocheva has joined the faculty of the Piano School of NYC in 2006

Cellist **Claire Bryant** has appeared as a soloist with orchestra including the Kuopion Symphony Orchestra of Finland, the National Symphony of Honduras in Tegucigalpa, the San Francisco Conservatory Orchestra, and the South Carolina Philharmonic Orchestra. An active chamber musician, she has collaborated with Donald Weilerstein, Anthony Marwood, the Peabody Trio, Roger Tapping, Maria Lambros, Peter Frankl, Boris Berman and members of the St. Lawrence, Orion, Mendelssohn, and Pacifica string quartets. Claire is the founding cellist selected by The Academy: A Program of Carnegie Hall, The Juilliard School, and the Weill Music Institute, a two-year fellowship program encompassing performance, teaching, and community engagement. Through the Academy, she is a member of Ensemble ACJW, the resident ensemble at Weill Hall, and a teaching artist at PS157X in the South Bronx. She is the founder, producer, and artistic director of the acclaimed chamber music series With Strings Attached, which has raised over \$10,000 for arts education in her native state of South Carolina. Claire received her degrees from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and The Juilliard School, and is currently Assistant Faculty to Bonnie Hampton in the pre-college and college divisions of The Juilliard School.

Since making her concerto debut at the age of eight with the Wilmington Symphony Orchestra, **Keats Dieffenbach** has made her mark as a unique artist with infinitely varied interests and abilities. She was recently described as “a poet-musician performing. . . with deep expression and technical mastery” (Classical Voice of North Carolina) and has been soloist with the North Carolina Symphony, Winston-Salem Symphony, North Carolina School of the Arts Symphony Orchestra, and Lake Placid Sinfonietta.

In demand as an interpreter of contemporary music, Ms. Dieffenbach is a founding member of Tetras Quartet, with whom she recently appeared at Carnegie Hall’s Steve Reich at 70 Series performing Reich’s Triple Quartet under the guidance of the composer. With Tetras she gave the world premiere of Donald Martino’s revised String Quartet No. 5 in a performance dedicated to the composer’s memory and completed the world-premiere recording of David Fulmer’s String Quartet No. 2 for Neuma Records. She is also a member of the Second Instrumental Unit and the American Contemporary Music Ensemble with whom she has premiered numerous works by both emerging and established composers.

\*\*\*

Created in 2008 by André Brégère and Inés Thiebaut, **Dr. Faustus** is an organization dedicated to the promotion of new, creative music, and to provide a public outlet to emerging composers of the New York City area through the organization of performances in the city. For more information about Dr. Faustus, please contact (617) 447-6303 or [contact.drfaustus@gmail.com](mailto:contact.drfaustus@gmail.com). Also, you can visit our new website at [www.drfaustus.org](http://www.drfaustus.org).

This concert is made possible by the generous contribution of Joe Vellano, the detail organization and coordination of André Brégère and Paul Riker’s diligence and vision, all with the creative design of Darrel Frank. Thank you very much for your support!