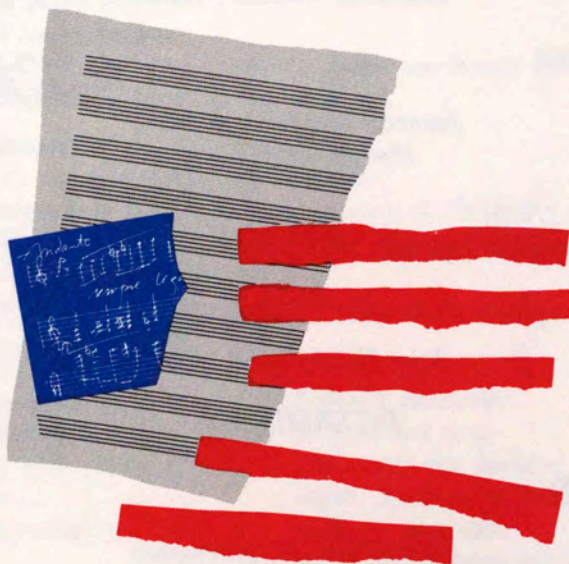


FESTIVAL OF  
AMERICAN CONTEMPORARY MUSIC  
at Rice University

November 1-10, 1988  
celebrating American Music Week

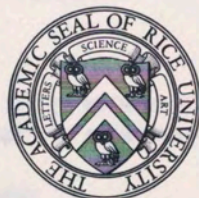


HOUSTON COMPOSERS' ALLIANCE

Tuesday, November 1, 1988  
8:00 p.m. in Hamman Hall

RICE UNIVERSITY

the  
Shepherd  
School  
of Music



## PROGRAM

*Divertimento for violin and viola* (1988)\* David Ashley White  
(b. 1944)  
*Introduction and Dance*  
*Romance (Reflections on the Hymntune "Bourbon")*  
*Burlesque*

*Kenneth Goldsmith, violin*  
*Lawrence Wheeler, viola*

*Little Things* (1986) Mary Carol Warwick  
(Text by Bobbie Kaminis)  
  
*Jeanette Lombard, soprano*  
*Mary Norris, piano*

*Sonata for piano* (1962) Paul Cooper  
(b. 1926)  
*Tranquillo diventando agitato*  
*Grave*  
*Vivace - molto agitato diventando tranquillo*

*John Hendrickson, piano*

### INTERMISSION

*Brainstorm* (1988) Charles Sepos  
(b. 1950)

*Richard Brown, percussion*  
*Richard Skains, percussion*  
*Gabriel Dionne, percussion*  
*David Colson, percussion*

*Three Songs on the Death of an American President* (1963) Michael Horvit  
(b. 1932)  
(Text by Emily Dickinson)

*Heidi Jones, soprano*  
*Mary Carol Warwick, piano*

*Toys in the Audience* (1988) Ellsworth Milburn  
(b. 1938)  
*Hornsong*  
*Simon Says*  
*The Little Engine that Could\*\**

\* Commissioned by Jo Anne Ritacca.

\*\* By permission of Platt & Monk Publishers.



## LITTLE THINGS

From To Leave The World Too Felt © 1968

by Bobbie Kaminis (1942-74)

### I

*I cannot tell the way I love you,  
Nor shall I even try-  
The words would only cloud the beauty treasured, guarded,  
And yet your touch, your presence  
Makes my life a field of budding sprouts-  
Alive to see the sun, to feel the wind, to bloom to loveliness...*

*And if you don't exist,  
I pray I'll never know-  
For though it's hard believing in a thing you barely hold,  
The knowing its delusion would be dying.*

*If it's a dream I live,  
At least it's not with hope, anticipation-  
Maybe resignation that completion is only in the soul  
And that the warmth I've felt in loving you  
Has been so deep, so penetrating  
That my whole self is drenched with joy...*

### II

*At first a void - a nothingness-  
then comes the fear to realize;  
at last acceptance of a part-  
each piece begins ...  
to make the whole complete.*

### IV

*A vast sterile plain  
before her  
A sky gray with  
hazy clouds  
A sticky, breezeless  
air  
A roof on sticks  
without a bed  
Snakes crawling  
roaches linger  
Water, roots both  
raw to eat  
She smiles content - alone-  
lips swollen, shrivelled limbs...*

### III

*I shan't succumb...  
at least not now-  
while still this burning passion  
rages, feeds upon itself  
to force survival-  
while facing gusts my eyes  
must squint but never fail to see  
the life and death of things-  
while being struck by bitter cold  
my body trembles but is strongly firm  
defying not the pain, the misery,  
but the ending of the only breath  
that makes existence real.*

### V

*To see, experience the fullness, limitlessness-  
to realize His plan for us as such;  
how many chains we've wrapped about ourselves!  
how far away are we from His design!  
how we must live entirety of life!  
be true to Him and not to man...*

### VI

*How very many little things  
Make up this great big world-  
Like specks of sand and snails and ants  
And even mustard seeds...*

*THREE SONGS ON THE DEATH OF AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT*  
(Text by Emily Dickinson)

I

*I felt a cleavage in my mind  
As if my brain had split;  
I tried to match it, seam by seam,  
But could not make them fit.  
The thought behind I strove to join  
Unto the thought before,  
But sequence ravelled out of reach  
Like balls upon a floor.*

II

*Ample make this bed.  
Make this bed with awe;  
In it wait till judgment break  
Excellent and fair.  
Be its mattress straight,  
Be its pillow round;  
Let no sunrise' yellow noise  
Interrupt this ground.*

III

*I felt a funeral in my brain,  
And mourners, to and fro,  
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed  
That sense was breaking through.  
And when they all were seated,  
A service like a drum  
Kept beating, beating, till I thought  
My mind was going numb.  
And then I heard them lift a box,  
And creak across my soul  
With those same boots of lead, again.  
Then space began to toll*