

The Ph.D./D.M.A. Programs in Music

May 5, 2023 6:00 p.m.

Baisley Powell Elebash Recital Hall



Yoshi Weinberg, flute
Daniel Schreiner, piano

Self-Portrait (2023, World Premiere)

Yoshi Weinberg
(b. 1993)

INTERMISSION

Sonate pour flûte et piano (2003)

Lento

Presto

Allegretto

Allegro

Yuko Uebayashi
(b. 1958)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the D.M.A. degree.
Please switch off your cell phones and refrain from taking flash pictures.

Notes on the Program

Self Portrait, like its name suggests, reflects the artist at the time of creation. The process of composing this work is a mix of memory, trauma, abstraction, meditation, and improvisation. Separated into 5 movements, with 2 transitional meditations, the piece begins with a *Prelude on the Absurdity of Suicide*. Spoken texts by Albert Camus are juxtaposed with the purest form of sound [the sine tone] accompanied by pre-recorded harp. The following movement *Awakening* sets the poem *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* by T. S. Eliot. The themes of aging, deterioration, anxiety, and depression are resonated through the spoken text and synthesizers of the electronic track. The sound world is bleak, dark, and brooding, representing my own struggle with depression, anxiety, and chronic pain. Following this movement is a short meditation. The next movement *Violet* is a happy memory from when I was visiting Minnesota and playing with my two-year old niece Violet. Using my iPad, we recorded Violet playing different electronic instruments, accompanied by a simple pentatonic melody. We then recorded her singing along with her improvisations. This track reflects the happiness of youthful energy, creativity, and imagination. After this short song, the next movement *Voicemail* is the most personal track. A repeated dirge-like choral is accompanied by recorded voicemails from my family members. I have always struggled with talking on the phone, and communication. These voicemail snippets reflect my desire to connect while being simultaneously paralyzed with fear. The final recording is the last voicemail that I had received from my father after not speaking for a year. The idea of reconciliation is left in the void that I have created in my relationship with him. The final movement *The Myth of Sisyphus* is preceded by a meditation created with drones from pan flutes, harmonica, and recorder. The last movement uses text from the philosophies of Albert Camus again, bookending the work with the same pure sinewaves and harp accompaniment as the first movement. The text reflects on the absurdity of existence, and our struggle to create meaning in a world that can sometimes seem meaningless. The last line “we must imagine Sisyphus happy” centers the idea of creating our own personal joy in our journey through this wild ride we call life.

Yuko Uebayashi is a Japanese-born composer currently residing in Paris, France. Uebayashi's education is atypical of most traditional composers, not formally studying musical composition until college where she attended the Kyoto City University of the Arts in 1976. Uebayashi's earlier works were reflective of the desires and pressures of the academic music sphere in Japan, where she adopted atonality, extended techniques, and modes of complexity into her compositions. Unsatisfied with this mode of expression, Uebayashi returned to a tonal way of composition. In 1997, Uebayashi took a trip with her family to Paris. It was there that she discovered her love of the city, and the way that Paris seemed to inhabit both the past and present simultaneously preserving historic culture with a bustling modern lifestyle. Soon after her visit she moved to Paris.

The *Flute Sonata* was written in 2003 for the French flutist Jean Ferrandis and was composed with his flute playing in mind. Inspired by landscape paintings, light, and emotion, Uebayashi wrote the *Sonata* in attempt to create an absolute music that conjures emotional states and images. Listening to Uebayashi reminds me of the famous filmmaker Hayao Miyazaki created such films like *My Neighbor Totoro*, *Howl's Moving Castle*, and *Princess Mononoke*. These films were some of my favorites growing up. This sense of nostalgic longing, cloudy mystery, and overwhelming joy is centered in the flute sonata. The impressionistic style of her work is clear in the modal non-functional harmonic structures, motivic melodies, and frequent modulations and transitions. Each movement of the Sonata captures a different mood or atmosphere. She allows us to sit in these moods for extended periods of time, allowing the listener to fully envelop themselves in each sound world. The first movement *Allegro Moderato* is sentimental, nostalgic, and emotionally pure. The second movement *Scherzo* is light, dance-

like, and glittering. The third movement is graceful, calm, and serene. The final movement is a joyous march rondo, ending in celebration. The entire work reflects Yuko Uebayashi's emotional state at the time of composing and is indeed a great compliment to my own *Self Portrait* on this recital.

About the Artists

Yoshi Weinberg (they/them) is a New York City based flutist, harpist, and composer. Lauded for their “sublime tone” and “creative interpretation and technical virtuosity” ([*I Care If You Listen*](#)), Yoshi is a dedicated performer of contemporary and experimental works. Yoshi has performed as a soloist across North American and Europe including Carnegie Hall, Merkin Hall, Roulette Intermedium, National Sawdust (NYC), the Fitzgerald Theater (St. Paul, MN), the Ordway Center (St. Paul, MN), Banff Centre for the Arts (Canada), Mahaiwe Theater (Great Barrington, MA), Orchestra Hall (Minneapolis, MN), Gesellschaftshaus (Magdeburg, Germany), Fondation des États-Unis (Paris, France), among many others. They currently are Artistic Director of InfraSound, and is founding member and flutist for Apply Triangle, InfraSound, and KnoxTrio. An active freelancer, Yoshi has performed with Ensemble Signal, Contemporaneous, the Da Capo Chamber Players, Zeitgeist, and many others. Additionally, Yoshi served as Artistic Director of the Minnesota new music ensemble RenegadeEnsemble for the 2017-2018 season. As a composer, Yoshi's compositions have been described as “a stunning compositional display of polyphony and texture” (ICIYL) and “transcendent, emotional, and intimate” ([*Sparks and Wiry Cries*](#)). Their works have been premiered by InfraSound, e(L)ement duo, the dream songs project, and RenegadeEnsemble, and have been featured on Minnesota Public Radio and at the American Harp Society Summer Institute. Yoshi is currently studying their DMA in Flute Performance at CUNY Graduate Center, studying with Robert Dick. They received their MM in Contemporary Performance from Manhattan School of Music, and their BM in Performance from Saint Olaf College.

A musician and interdisciplinary artist of diverse interests, **Daniel Schreiner** is fashioning a career of experimentation and radical discovery. As a concert pianist, Daniel has performed at NYC's National Sawdust, Rockwood Music Hall, and the DiMenna Center, as well as various venues in France, Italy, New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, Ohio, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Washington, D.C. As an avid chamber musician, Daniel has worked with the JACK Quartet, Alan Pierson of Alarm Will Sound, Contemporaneous Ensemble, Beth Morrison Projects, InfraSound, Kathy Supové, Betsy Jolas, Ensemble Calliopée, LIGAMENT, BlackBox Ensemble, NewMusicMannes, and the Berkshire Symphony. Having also majored in Studio Art while attending Williams College, Daniel is interested in integrating two-dimensional visual art, sound art, and performance art with piano music. His experimental sound art installations have been featured in exhibitions in Sardinia, Italy; Berlin, Germany; and Yonkers, NY. A recipient of the Harriet Hale Woolley Scholarship from the Fondation des États-Unis, Daniel spent the 2019-20 academic year in Paris, France, studying at La Schola Cantorum with Billy Eidi and performing works by Fauré, Debussy, Messiaen, Murail, and contemporary Paris-based composers. Daniel's latest projects include a trilogy of piano works inspired by the water cycle, multi-movement graphic scores written for open instrumentation, and new collaborations spawned from his recent residency with OneBeat. He lives in Brooklyn, NY with his boyfriend and cantankerous shih tzu.

Texts

Albert Camus, *Absurdity of Suicide* from *Absurd Walls*

“And here are trees and I know their gnarled surface, water and I feel its taste. These scents of grass and stars at night, certain evenings when the heart relaxes—how shall I negate this world whose power and strength I feel? Yet all the knowledge on earth will give me nothing to assure me that this world is mine. You describe it to me and you teach me to classify it. You enumerate its laws and in my thirst for knowledge I admit that they are true. You take apart its mechanism and my hope increases. At the final stage you teach me that this wondrous and multicolored universe can be reduced to the atom and that the atom itself can be reduced to the electron. All this is good and I wait for you to continue. But you tell me of an invisible planetary system in which electrons gravitate around a nucleus. You explain this world to me with an image. I realize then that you have been reduced to poetry: I shall never know.”

Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus* from *The Myth of Sisyphus and Other Essays*, translated by Justin O'Brien

“The gods had condemned Sisyphus to ceaselessly rolling a rock to the top of a mountain, whence the stone would fall back of its own weight. They had thought with some reason that there is no more dreadful punishment than futile and hopeless labor.”

“All Sisyphus' silent joy is contained therein. His fate belongs to him. His rock is a thing Likewise, the absurd man, when he contemplates his torment, silences all the idols. In the universe suddenly restored to its silence, the myriad wondering little voices of the earth rise up. Unconscious, secret calls, invitations from all the faces, they are the necessary reverse and price of victory. There is no sun without shadow, and it is essential to know the night. The absurd man says yes and his efforts will henceforth be unceasing. If there is a personal fate, there is no higher destiny, or at least there is, but one which he concludes is inevitable and despicable. For the rest, he knows himself to be the master of his days. At that subtle moment when man glances backward over his life, Sisyphus returning toward his rock, in that slight pivoting he contemplates that series of unrelated actions which become his fate, created by him, combined under his memory's eye and soon sealed by his death. Thus, convinced of the wholly human origin of all that is human, a blind man eager to see who knows that the night has no end, he is still on the go. The rock is still rolling. I leave Sisyphus at the foot of the mountain! One always finds one's burden again. But Sisyphus teaches the higher fidelity that negates the gods and raises rocks. He too concludes that all is well. This universe henceforth without a master seems to him neither sterile nor futile. Each atom of that stone, each mineral flake of that night filled mountain, in itself forms a world. The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy.”

T. S. Eliot, *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*

*S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza più scosse.
Ma perciocché giammai di questo fondo
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.*
Let us go then, you and I,

When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair —
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin —
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")
Do I dare

Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? ...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
I am no prophet — and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,

After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it towards some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—
If one, settling a pillow by her head
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all;
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—
And this, and so much more?—
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old ... I grow old ...
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.