COMPOSITIONS

by

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(School of Music)

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THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

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Department of Music

The University of British Columbia Vancouver, Canada

Date April 26, 2000

ABSTRACT

This paper is a collection of five musical works written between the years 1998 and 2000. A variety of genres are represented which include large and small chamber groups, the orchestra, solo piano and an experimental interdisciplinary theatre piece.

Nectar of the Gods is an abstractly programatic work about mental illness, primarily bipolar disorder. It contrasts both linear structures with vertical ones. Borealis is constructed from a single melodic line. It is slightly programatic as well in a depiction of the Northern Canadian boreal forests. Only certain forces of the orchestra are used such as the clarinets, flutes, vibraphone and the string section. Love Song is a small work for two sopranos and harp. Like with Borealis, it is constructed from two melodic lines, one for the harp and another for the voices. The lines here are used heterophonically and disguise the originals. The text is by Cathy Richards and the work is dedicated to my wife Trisha Unwin. Piano Piece uses a South Indian reductive form as its basis. While the length of the overall musical sections remain the same, the events within the sections become shorter resulting in a formal acceleration. Variations on Gestalt is a work for the theatre. The music is an integral part of the action and was written with an extremely loose form. This facilitates a fluid change that may be needed in different productions. The musicians are used as actors themselves along with the main character and the dancer.

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Nectar of the Gods

for

Chamber Ensemble

Owen Bloomfield









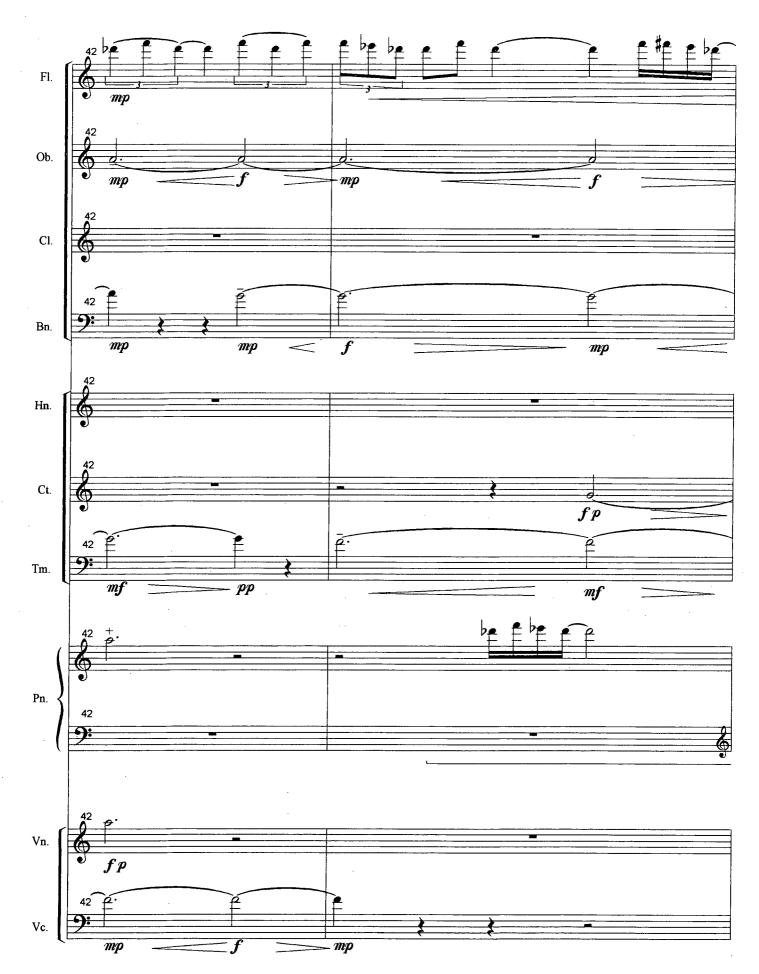




















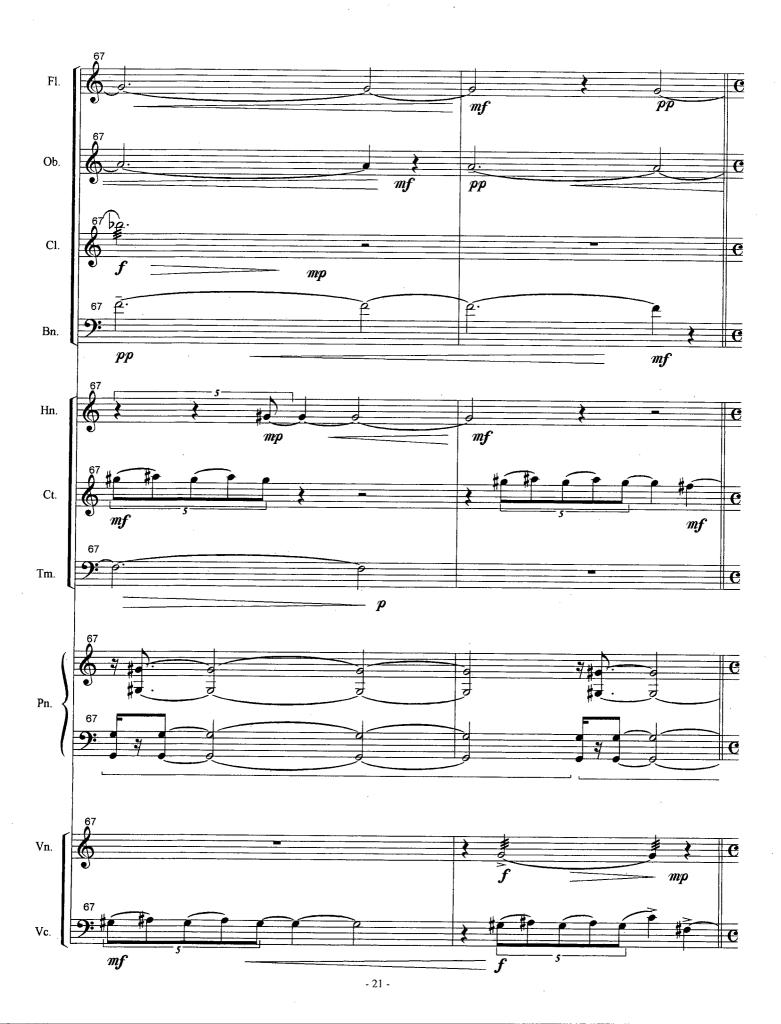












































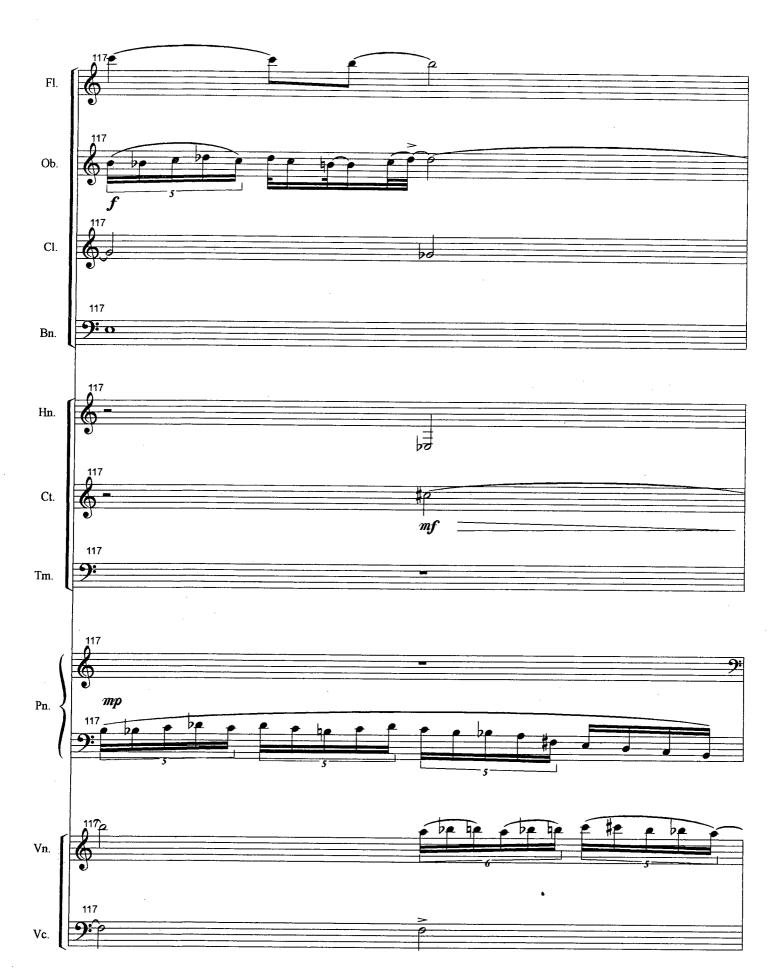










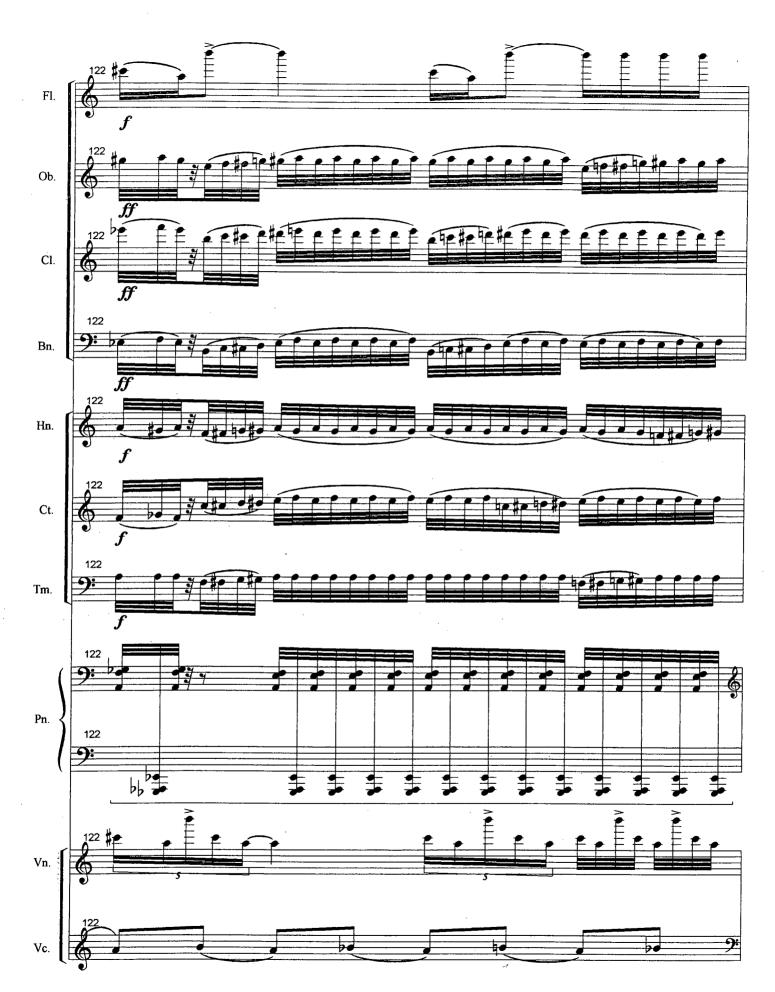






























Borealis

for Orchestra

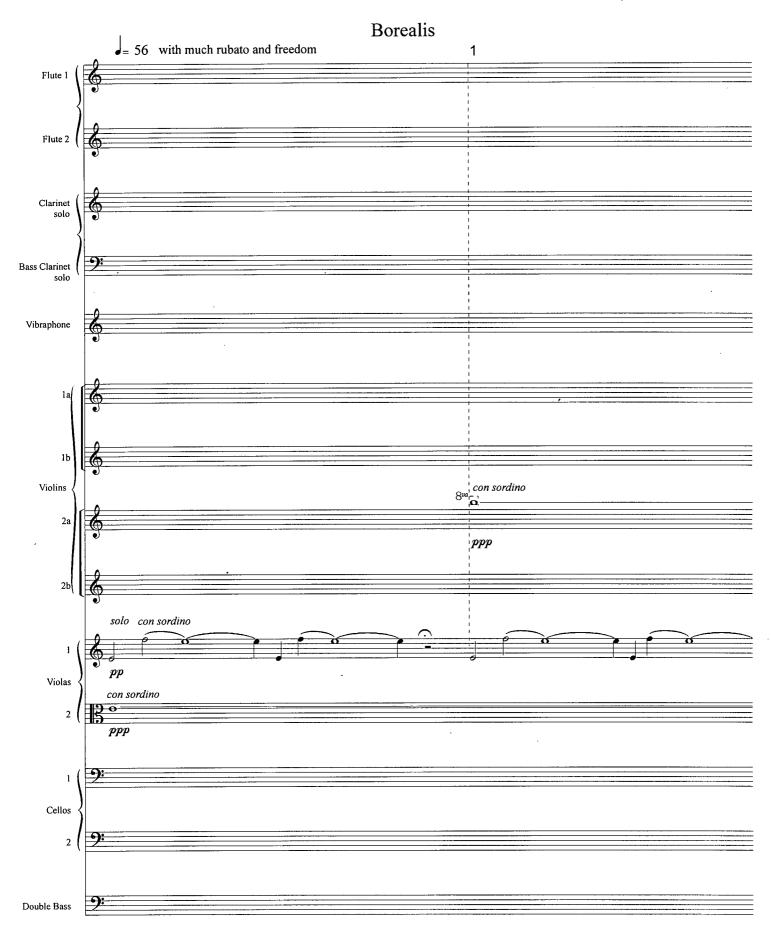
Owen Bloomfield

Performance Notes

Numbers at top of score indicate conductor cues with the vertical dotted lines indicating aligned events.

Horizontal lines signify to continue the figure in the brackets or the single note unbroken until the line ends.

All instruments sound as written except for Double Bass which sounds an octave lower than written.



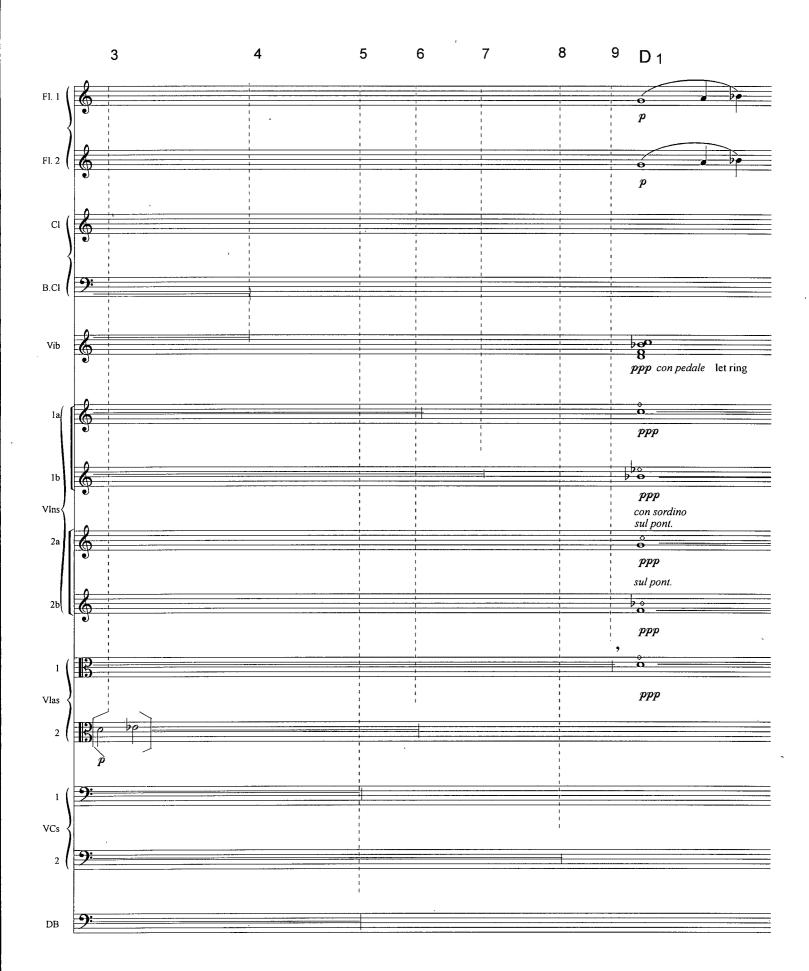








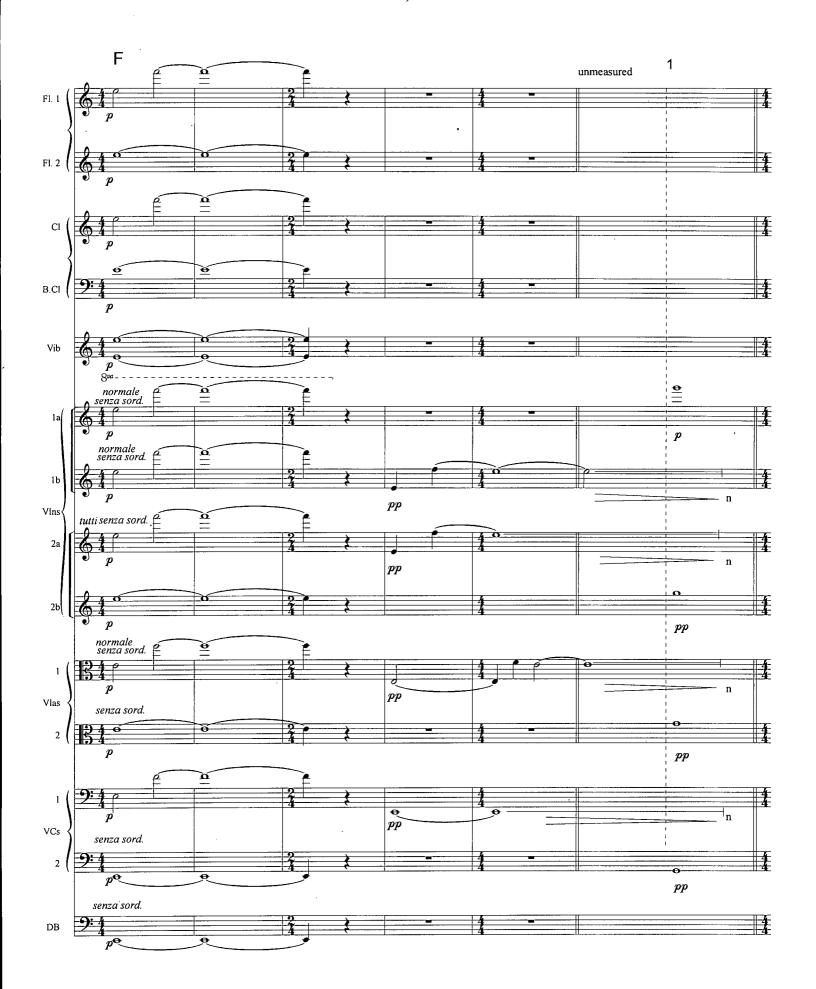




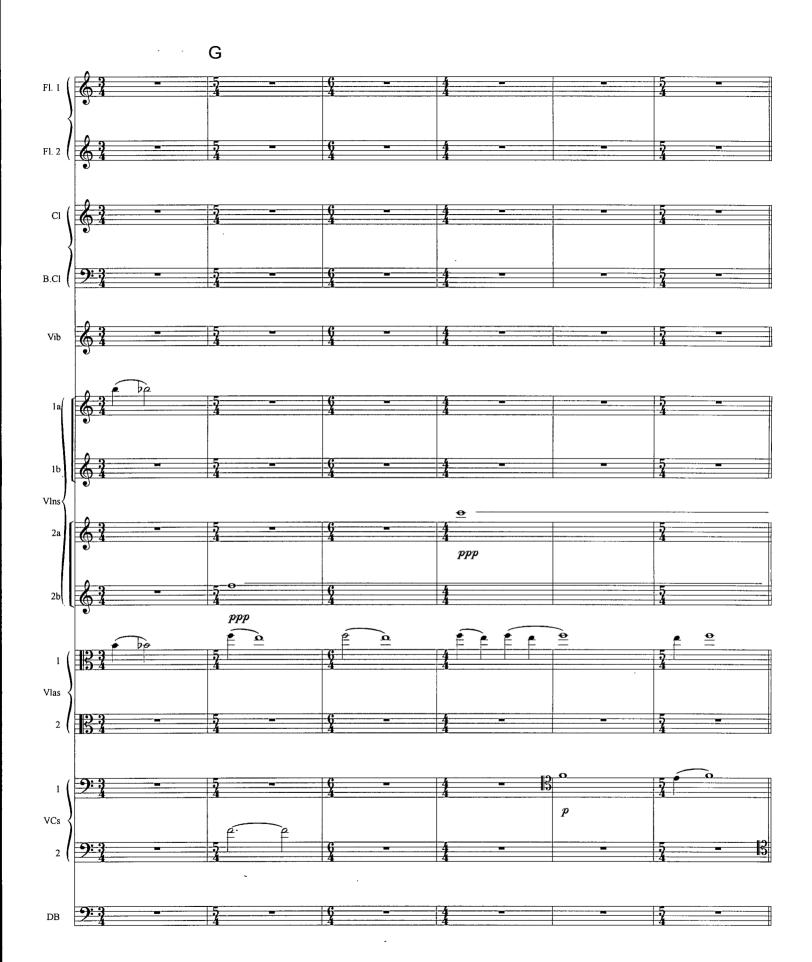


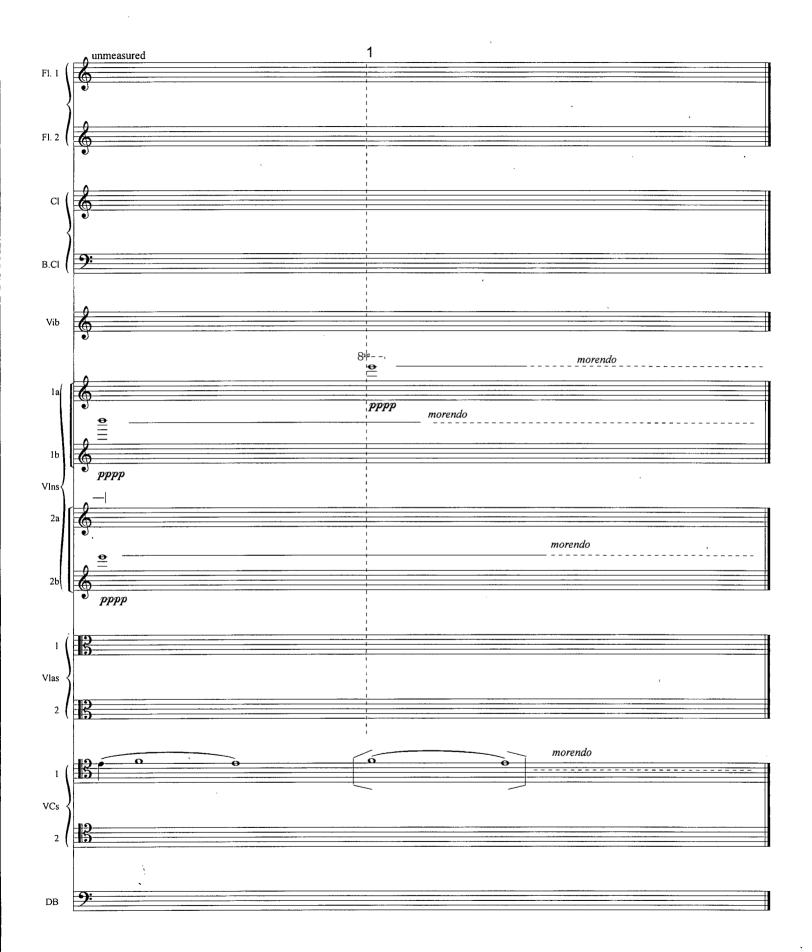












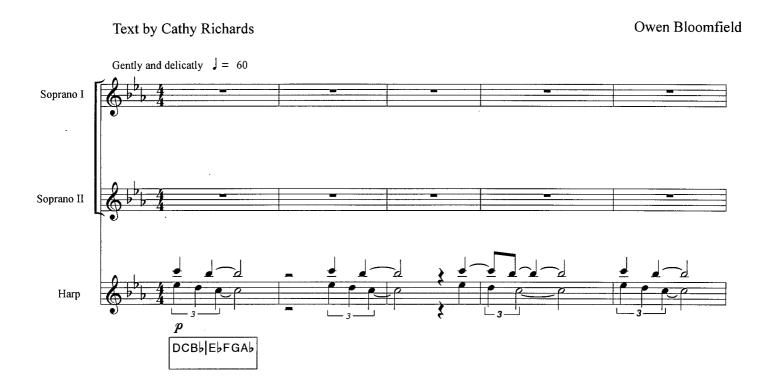
Love Song

Owen Bloomfield

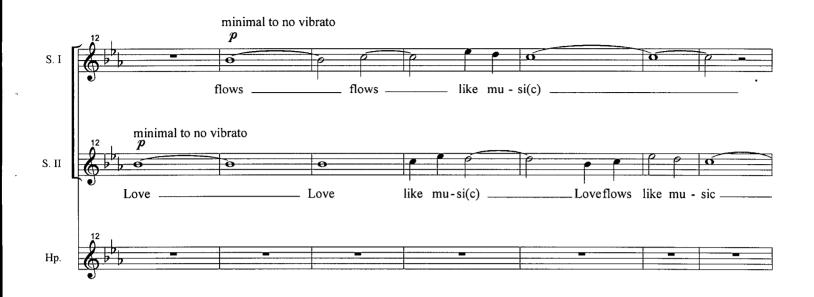
Soprano duet and Harp

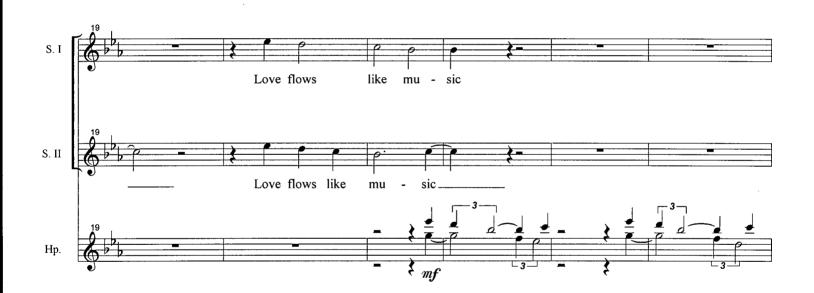
Love Song

soprano duet and harp

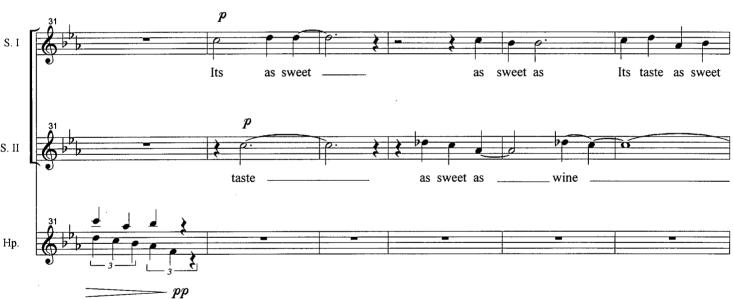






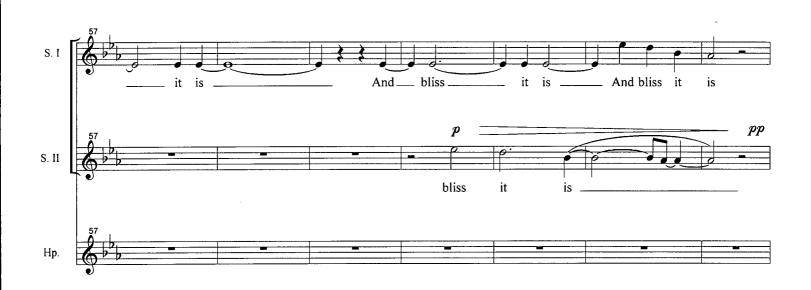


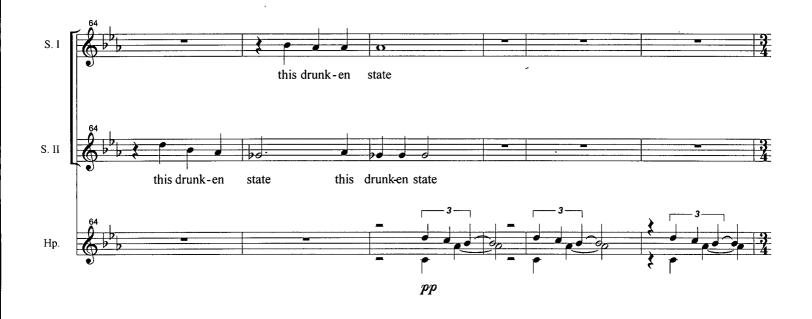


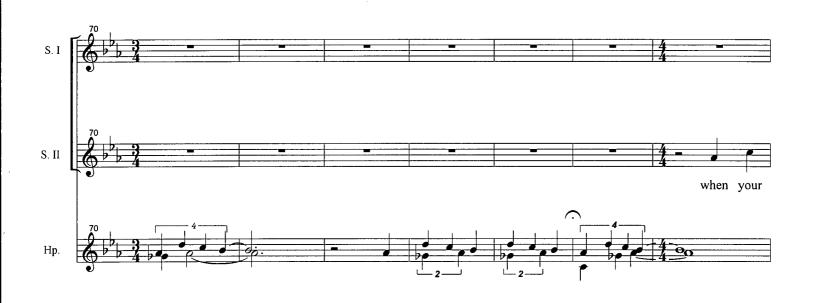


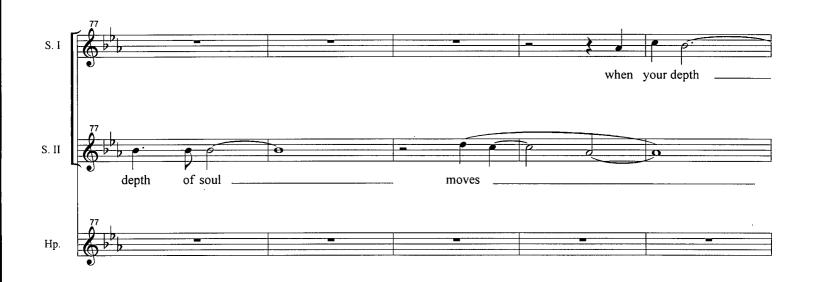


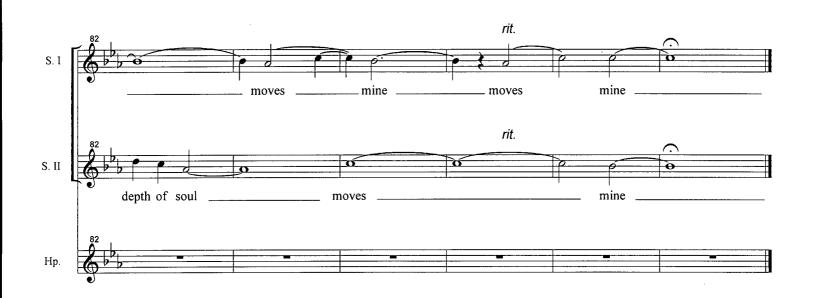












Piano Piece

Owen Bloomfield

Performance Notes:

Accidentals pertain only to the flag grouping that they are in.

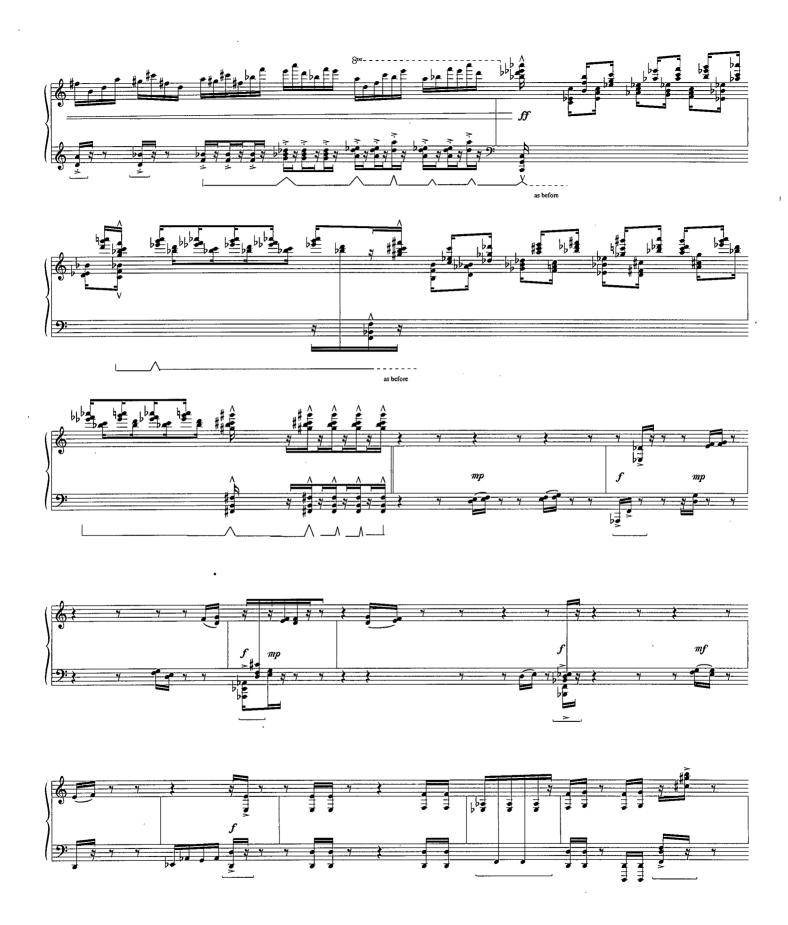
Barlines are only used as a visual aide and do not signify any meter.

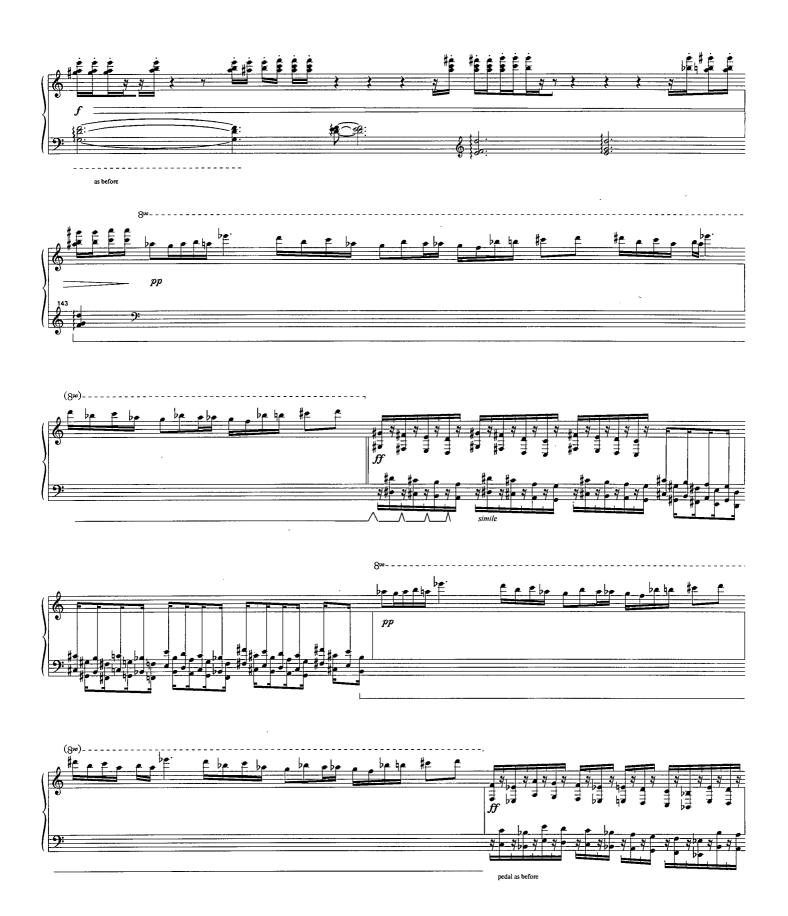
Piano Piece

Owen Bloomfield













Variations on Gestalt

text by Lawrie Crawford music by Owen Bloomfield

Notes on the Score

The score to Variations on Gestalt is designed to be fluid and work within any possible vision for a production of the work. Freedom is given to the musicians to use the music as they see would fit their particular production. The music may be improvised upon as much as desired or left out where not needed.

Cello:

The cello music is divided into sections marked by Roman numerals. These numerals signify musical sections or ideas. These sections are mobile throughout the script.

Singer:

The singer's part is written in a pitchless clef to allow a freedom of movement within the voice. The steps within the clef are to be used only as a rough guide of the contour. Stemless notes are to be read at any rhythm as suits the scene.

Variations on Gestalt

Singer's Score



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you

know

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with

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Loves



Variations on Gestalt

Cello Score Pedantically pizz. Sul Pont. arco · 00 pp $f\!f$ Sul Pont. S.P. arco normal pp pp normal S.P. _ _ _ _ normal mp pp

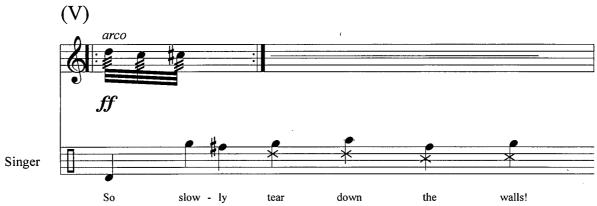


Repeat music at left slowly using irregular rythms. Accent words in speaker's text by playing a cell from the following group. Choose a different cell each time.

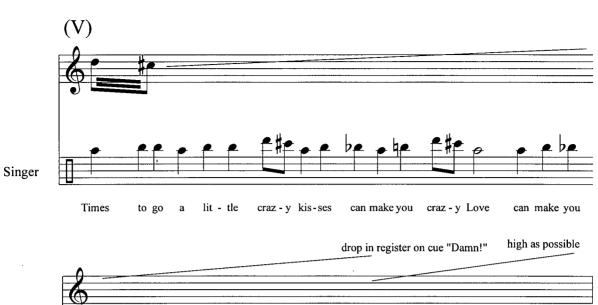


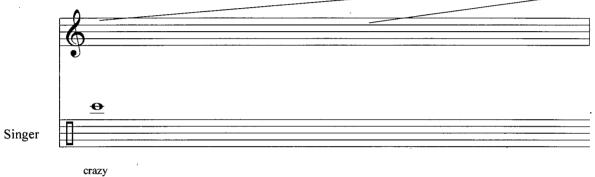


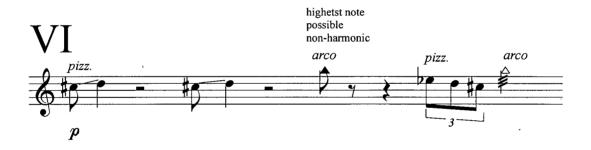


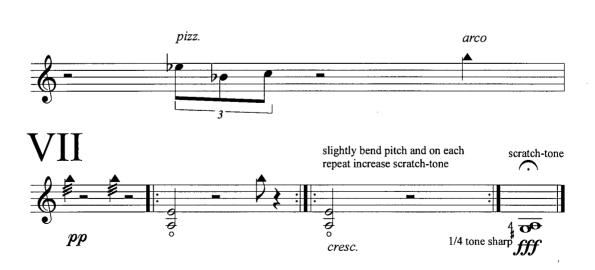












Variations on Gestalt: A Monologue in E

script by Lawrie Crawford

music composed by Owen Bloomfield

Characters

Three female actors

Speaker

Dancer

Singer

Musicians

Male cellist

Setting

The set is extremely minimal. The voice lines are soprano and will be used to echo themes and circles in the text, and sometimes will overlap with the speaker's lines. The singer will wander, sometimes off-stage, or in audience, and in front and behind scrim. She will sometimes sing to characters, echo their words, or just drift off in vocal background to the text and has a somewhat 'otherworld' sense. The dancer has a few lines of a desperate worldly nature, while the female actor is primarily chatty and reflective. The cellist has a few spoken lines for a male voice.

CELLIST:

You don't have any any new e-mail.

SPEAKER:

I hate that message... What if I never hear from you again?

For days and days upon a time. (beat) Oh I know, it's been less than

two weeks since we met, dare I ask? How can I say this?

SINGER:

Crazy (overlapping).

SPEAKER:

"DO YOU ASTRO-TRAVEL?"!!!! Am I crazy?

SINGER:

.. from loves long past

Then again, it has purpose. I have to find out if you were in my bed

last night.

Like was that full-size, full-bodied figment under the covers beside me

your manifestation, or was it just me... making you up.

SINGER:

Kisses can make you crazy you know (overlapping).

SPEAKER:

Just making you up from that kiss.....

After all, kisses can make you crazy you know.

SINGER:

Kisses can make you crazy.

SPEAKER:

Perfectly scaled delusions of a man in my bed, true to the touch, and a

fast-forwarded memory.

It was only a kiss.

SINGER:

... only a kiss.

CELLIST:

Men fantasize.

DANCER:

Women hallucinate.

SPEAKER:

But I really want you to know that I touched you, and felt you present

with me last night.

So astro-travel was all I could think of! Like, what am I supposed to say? "Did you know you were in my bed last night?" After all, we had barely just met. (beat) One kiss—then we drove five hundred

miles in opposite directions.

I must have imagined it.

SINGER:

Kisses can make you crazy

SPEAKER:

But the odd thing was--it wasn't when I wanted you that you showed

up in my bed. I hadn't expected you.

You startled me. That's the strange part. Then, I was

overcome.

SINGER:

It's a strange thing...

SPEAKER:

That used to happen with a man I knew.

DANCER:

A man I knew!

Who am I kidding?

DANCER:

You had to go and marry him.

SPEAKER:

The love of my life, who pulled me inside out and left me an empty

shell.

SINGER:

left me empty...

I could feel his hands when we were thousands of miles apart. But never did I see him like I saw and felt you last night. This was new.

Your body was in my bed.

That is why this...

DANCER:

---this

is

so scary.

SPEAKER:

So, do you astro-travel? I suppose it's a natural question

considering....

Considering that we had just talked. Considering that I was naked under my silk dress and you bent your head down to kiss me gently

with your full, soft lips.

Why do I note them? I assess men by their lips you know.

DANCER:

Never trust a man with thin lips.

CELLIST:

Is the inverse true?

SINGER:

Perhaps.

SPEAKER:

Your lips opened me into trusting you.

SINGER:

...trusting strange kisses...

SPEAKER:

Something that I know I never should do, especially when I know

nothing.

Nothing. I trusted the opening you offered. But I know nothing. I can

hear you now.

CELLIST:

(softly) Bad. Bad girl. Go away. I won't e-mail you any more.

SPEAKER:

I'm so much more fun in person, gently joking away the fears and

anxiety in both of us. That light, early nervousness of possibility.

CELLIST:

Susceptibility can be such a sweet thing.

DANCER:

But you don't know the half of it!

SPEAKER:

I'm at risk in text.

DANCER:

Forced to an honesty that is a bare naked hell.

SPEAKER:

I come off that way in print—without the chuckles and the winks and the hand on your thigh, or ankle against your calf under the table, to

reassure you that you're safe with me.

SINGER:

You are really, very safe with me.

SPEAKER:

If.... you are really with me. (long pause)

I need a response. Even a reaction would do. (takes huge breath simultaneously with dancer, and holds it, then exhales loudly)

Maybe... oh no...maybe....you are not quite, so safe with me.

DANCER:

(whispers) I live without a railing (overlapping)

SINGER:

Loves without a railing you know.. (overlapping)

DANCER:

(louder) I live without a railing (overlapping)

SINGER:

Loves without a railing ... (overlapping)

SPEAKER:

That's why I don't invite many people over.

They're shocked at the narrow ledge I live with. It's only 39 inches

wide, and 15 feet straight down.

It doesn't bother me though.

DANCER:

Hell! I just hang on, and lean out!

SPEAKER:

Let it all hang out. (pause)

One time this single doctor was chatting me up at a potluck, seeming really interested and all that. I told him I eat graham wafer and butter sandwiches for dinner, and he took off before the next sentence was

finished.

See, I think you're a guy who eats cold pizza for breakfast.

SINGER:

Living without a railing ...

SPEAKER:

I think living with this narrow ledge has helped me.

SINGER:

Love knows no railing ...

It used to be splintered and ragged from the teeth of the chainsaw that

fed the rest of the house to a D9 cat, December second, 1992.

I sanded the edge with time.

Down below is where the walls fell on me. (pause)

I had to take down the walls—

SINGER:

Had to take down the walls (overlapping)

SPEAKER:

-there was no rebar in the concrete footings my husband had laid for

the new addition.

Oh, I know he knew better, but he was drinking by then; he didn't care.

I cared, but he was the journeyman carpenter. We poured the concrete

in a day, but the walls went up more slowly.

SINGER:

The walls went up so slowly.

Had to take down the walls (overlapping)

SPEAKER:

Later, all these old guys shook their heads when they looked at the

cracks in the footings...

CELLIST:

You can't build a structure that lasts, without a good foundation.

SINGER:

... so slowly..

SPEAKER:

It wasn't anything that could be fixed.

Once the lies are laid down.

SINGER:

.. tear down the walls

DANCER:

Get rid of the dangerous stuff.

SPEAKER:

Oh, I suppose pry bars, nail pullers and rubber mallets are a sort of mid-range therapy: between splitting wood, when you visualize the face of your lover in the concentric rings and aim for the core; and pounding pillows with plastic bats, coddled by strangers who share

your pain.

Those are usually the same strangers who yearn to become astro-

travellers and sign up for work[shops] on their vacations. I don't want

you to think I'm like them.

It was an incredible amount of work...

I pulled and pried nails from the rafters and joists and walls of the framed-in shell. It took all the strength I had—forcing out those obsessive metal shards that bound him and I so tightly.

I was trying to tear them apart and it happened incredibly fast. Forty-five feet long of spaced 2x6 studs, 15 feet high, sheathed with plywood, crashed towards me.

Everything flattened around me, and I found myself safe in a hole in the wall—in the space planned for a doorway.

I was fine....

but, I couldn't find my dog.

SINGER:

Times to go a little crazy.

Kisses can make you crazy.

Love can make you crazy (overlapping)

SPEAKER:

When I don't know something, like, where my kids are in the middle of the night, or why you haven't written. Damn! I'd get like that before he'd come home with his shirt buttoned up wrong.

I couldn't lift the walls; I was afraid my dog was underneath. Was he hurt and alive?

SINGER:

Hurt and alive.

SPEAKER:

Hurt and alive.

I've left men like that before. They say it's my fault. I used to believe them, but now I think I just... well, I found them that way.

My dog was hiding by the lake. He's more like me, and only barks when people leave. You said—

CELLIST:

—The success of a relationship isn't in its duration.

SPEAKER:

Very 60's and all that, but my dog will look like he's attacking when you try to leave... that is... if you ever come over.

SINGER:

Hurt and alive. (overlapping)

SPEAKER:

But I don't want to make you nervous.

DANCER:

(whispering) Don't want to make you nervous...

SINGER:

Hurt and alive.

I burned the wood if the nails wouldn't come out. Some of the lumber I stacked, some I sold; scavengers and thieves took the rest. I grew tanned and strong doing it, and I rested for a long time after.

I grew to feeling comfortable with the walls gone.

SINGER:

When the walls came down...

SPEAKER:

Safe.

DANCER:

Now I'm exposed!

SPEAKER:

Your kiss tipped some nerve centre somewhere. Created an opening I'm falling into. Openings long to be filled. And I don't want to long

for anything.

Part of me wants nothing of this. The rest of me knows no railing...

SINGER:

....knows no railing...

A kiss to the abyss.

In free fall.

SPEAKER:

(sends e-mail)

DANCER:

(shouts after long pause) Who cares?

SPEAKER:

I know I'll breathe again.

SINGER:

....knows no railing...

A kiss to the abuss.

In free fall.

SPEAKER:

I've learned upon impact...

that lies hurt more.... than any hard truth can ever. (pause)

So... I don't know if you're safe with me.

Or if I'll ever hear from you again.

CELLIST:

(softly) Go away. I won't e-mail you any more.

DANCER:

It's a scary thing.

SINGER:

Is need a burden already?

Willows are growing through the gravel now. A pile of charred nails

still lie in a mound of ashes.

Only the cracked ruin of the unstable foundation rings the space where

the addition was to be.

SINGER:

Was to be.

SPEAKER:

No addition now--just a small space with a narrow ledge.

An edge with a great view.

That's all it ever is,

this love stuff.

THE END