

GRADUATE RECITALS

by

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B.Mus., University of British Columbia, 1997

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF

THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF MUSIC

(PIANO)

in

THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES

(School of Music)

We accept this thesis as conforming

to the required standard

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

April 2000

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THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Recital Hall
Sunday, April 9, 2000
8:00 p.m.

MASTER'S GRADUATION RECITAL*
JEEYEON HAN, Piano

Partita I BWV 825

J.S. Bach

Praeludium

(1685-1750)

Allemande

Corrente

Sarabande

Menuet I&II

Gigue

Suite for Piano Op. 25

Arnold Schoenberg

Präludium

(1874-1951)

Gavotte

Musette

Intermezzo

Menuett

Gigue

Fantasy in B minor Op. 28

Skryabin

(1872-1915)

-INTERMISSION-

Kreisleriana Op. 16

Shumann
(1810-1856)

1. Außerst bewegt
2. Sehr innig und night zu rasch-Intermezzo I. Sehr lebhaft- Intermezzo II. Etwas bewegter- Langsamer(erstes Tempo)
3. Sehr aufgereggt
4. Sehr langsam
5. Sehr lebhaft
6. Sehr Langsam
7. Sehr rasch
8. Schnell und spielend

* In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree with a major in Piano Performance

A Reception in the Faculty Lounge will follow the recital.

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Friday, March 27, 1998

8:00 p.m.

MASTER'S STUDENT RECITAL*

JEEYEON HAN, PIANO

Histoires Naturelles

Le Paon
Le Cygne
La Pintade

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Alan Corbishley, *baritone*

Trio No. 1 in B major, Op. 8

Allegro con brio
Scherzo
Adagio
Allegro

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Aaron Au, *violin*
Brian Mix, *cello*

- INTERMISSION -

Suite for Two Pianos, Op. 4b

Serenata
Allegro diabolico
Scena della Puszta
Per finire

Béla Bartók
(1881-1945)

David Maggs, *piano*

* In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree with a major in Piano.

Reception to follow.

I. Le Paon

Il va sûrement se marier aujourd'hui. Ce devait être pour hier. En habit de gala, il était prêt. Il n'attendait que sa fiancée. Elle n'est pas venue. Elle ne peut tarder. Glorieux, il se promène avec une allure de prince indien et porte sur lui les riches présents d'usage. L'amour avive l'éclat de ses couleurs et son aigrette tremble comme une lyre. La fiancée n'arrive pas. Il monte au haut du toit et regarde du côté du soleil. Il jette son cri diabolique: Léon! Léon! C'est ainsi qu'il appelle sa fiancée. Il ne voit rien venir et personne ne répond. Les volailles habituées ne lèvent même point la tête. Elles sont lasses de l'admirer. Il redescend dans la cour, si sûr d'être beau qu'il est incapable de rancune. Son mariage sera pour demain. Et, ne sachant que faire du reste de la journée, il se dirige vers le perron. Il gravit les marches, comme des marches de temple, d'un pas officiel. Il relève sa robe à queue toute lourde des yeux qui n'ont pu se détacher d'elle. Il répète encore une fois la cérémonie.

III. Le Cygne

Il glisse sur le bassin, comme un traîneau blanc, de nuage en nuage. Car il n'a faim que des nuages floconneux qu'il voit naître, bouger, et se perdre dans l'eau. C'est l'un d'eux qu'il désire. Il le vise du bec, et il plonge tout à coup son col vêtu de neige. Puis, tel un bras de femme sort d'une manche, il le retire. Il n'a rien. Il regarde: les nuages effarouchés ont disparu. Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé, car les nuages tardent peu à revenir, et, là-bas, où meurent les ondulations de l'eau, en voici un qui se reforme. Doucement, sur son léger coussin de plumes, le cygne rame et s'approche . . . Il s'épuise à pêcher de vains reflets, et peut-être qu'il mourra, victime de cette illusion, avant d'attraper un seul morceau de nuage. Mais qu'est-ce que je dis? Chaque fois qu'il plonge, il fouille du bec la vase nourrissante et ramène un ver. Il engrasse comme une oie.

V. La Pintade

C'est la bossue de ma cour. Elle ne rêve que plaies à cause de sa bosse. Les poules ne lui disent rien: Brusquement, elle se précipite et les harcèle. Puis elle baisse sa tête, penche le corps, et, de toute la vitesse de ses pattes maigres, elle court frapper, de son bec dur, juste au centre de la roue d'une dinde. Cette poseuse l'agaçait. Ainsi, la tête bleue, ses barbillons à vif, cocardière, elle rage du matin au soir. Elle se bat sans motif, peut-être parce qu'elle s'imagine toujours qu'on se moque de sa taille, de son crâne chauve et de sa queue basse. Et elle ne cesse de jeter un cri discordant qui perce l'air comme une pointe. Parfois elle quitte la cour et disparaît. Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques un moment de répit. Mais elle revient plus turbulente et plus criarde. Et, frénétique, elle se vautre par terre. Qu'a-t-elle donc? La sournoise fait une farce. Elle est allée pondre son œuf à la campagne. Je peux le chercher si ça m'amuse. Et elle se roule dans la poussière comme une bossue.

I. The Peacock

He will surely get married today. It was to have been yesterday. He was in full dress and ready. He was only waiting for his bride. She didn't come. She won't be long now. In his conceit, he struts about with the air of an Indian prince and wears the customary rich presents. Love heightens the brightness of his colors and his aigrette trembles like a lyre. His bride doesn't show up. He ascends to the roof and looks toward the sun. He utters his diabolical cry: "Léon! Léon!" That's what he calls his bride. He sees nothing coming and no one answers. The chickens, who are used to it, don't even raise their heads. They are tired of admiring him. He comes down to the yard again, so sure of being handsome that he is incapable of bearing a grudge. His wedding will take place tomorrow. And, not knowing what to do with the rest of the day, he heads for the stairway to the house. He climbs the steps, as if they were temple steps, with an official gait. He lifts his robe, with its train that is so weighed down with eyes that were unable to tear themselves away from it. He repeats the ceremony once again.

III. The Swan

He glides on the pond, like a white sleigh, from cloud to cloud. For his hunger is only for the fleecy clouds that he sees forming, moving and being lost in the water. It is one of them that he desires. He aims at it with his beak, and suddenly immerses his snow-clad neck. Then, just as a woman's arm emerges from a sleeve, he pulls it back. He has caught nothing. He looks: The startled clouds have disappeared. He remains disillusioned for only a moment, for the clouds return before very long, and, over there, where the ripples on the water are dying away, one cloud is already forming. Softly, on his light feather cushion, the swan paddles and approaches . . . He exhausts himself fishing for empty reflections, and perhaps he will die, a victim to that illusion, before catching a single piece of cloud. But what am I talking about? Every time he dives, he burrows in the nourishing mud with his beak and comes back with a worm. He's fattening up like a goose.

V. The Guinea Fowl

She is the hunchback of my barnyard. She is always ready for a fight because of her hump. She doesn't care for the hens: She suddenly leaps forward and harries them. Then she lowers her head, bends her body, and, with all the speed her skinny legs can muster, dashes over to bite with her hard beak right at the center of a turkey hen's outspread tail. That affected creature got her goat. Thus, her head blued, her wattles raw, blustery, she rages from morning to evening. She fights without a reason, perhaps because she always imagines that someone is making fun of her shape, her bald crown and her low tail. And she incessantly utters a discordant cry that pierces the air like a knife point. Sometimes she leaves the yard and vanishes. She grants the peace-loving fowl a moment of respite. But she returns more unruly and noisy. And, in a frenzy, she wallows on the ground. What's wrong with her? The sneak is playing a trick. She went out into the countryside to lay an egg. I can go look for it if I feel so inclined. And she rolls in the dust like a hunchback.