Compositions, 2000 - 2002

by

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in

The Faculty of Graduate Studies

School of Music, Composition

We accept this thesis as conforming to the required standard

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Abstract

This thesis contains 6 musical works totalling 50 minutes of music written for various ensembles including chamber groups of various sizes, electronic music, and combinations of electronic music with live performers.

"From the planet of Geoff" is a piece which combines elements of reggae music with rock and roll and contains a section in the style of a broadway musical. It is scored for a mid-sized ensemble (14 instruments and 3 singers) and lasts for about 9 minutes.

"Gweetar Myoozak" is piece scored for solo guitar which explores a less tonal environment than most of the other pieces in this thesis. It is organized into three contrasting movements and lasts for about 7 minutes.

"Shine" is scored for a medium ensemble (16 instruments) and an electronic tape. This song, because of the electronics, is included as track 1 on the CD which accompanies this thesis. "Shine" lasts for approximately 6 minutes.

"Enough" is the only completely electronic piece in this thesis and the music is comprised entirely of sounds heard in everyday life which are organized into various rhythms. The piece is organized into four major sections which represent nature, industry, technology, and war and lasts for a total of 15 minutes.

"Thank You" is a song which was written for my grandmother who helped to put me through the University of Oregon. She was an amazing lady and this song is for her. It is scored for two instruments and voice and lasts for about 8 minutes.

"Anthem for a Time of Strange" is a song in a popular style which is scored for an electronic tape and voice. The lyrics describe the composer's current outlook on life and the world situation. It lasts for about 5 minutes.
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From the Planet of Geoff

Geoffrey Wooden

Fall, 2000
From the Planet of Geoff

For:
Clarinet, E-flat Alto Saxophone, Horn, Trumpet, 2 Tenor Trombones, Tuba, Drum Set
Electric Guitar, Soprano, Alto, Tenor, 2 Violins, Viola, Cello, Bass (Double Bass or Electric)

Lyrics:
I am dreaming of a coconut tree,
Down by the sea,
Where I sit just a sippin' my long island iced tea.
Suddenly it comes to me,
Where I need to be,
Home, where my body is sleeping without me.

I tell myself I'm sorry but my spirit, it needs to fly.
My body's too heavy so I guess I'm going to have to leave it behind.
I hope it doesn't sound like I want to die, all this talk of flying.
It's just that sometimes, I dream that I'm really alive.

I am floating on this could of mine,
On Hawaiian time,
Where the water's so clear it mirrors my mind.
And so what do I find?
Reflected in this dream of mine,
A picture of myself just as clear as this sky.

It may sound crazy but sometimes I cannot tell if I'm awake or asleep.
It's cloudy and hazy and I wonder if my life is really what it seems.
It seems that my dreams are just too real, or could it be,
That in reality, I'm just a part of your dream?

Could we be dreaming now?

We all are sleeping, universally,
Awake in this dream,
Asleep in our beds, so comfortably.
And so what does this mean?
We can continue to sleep,
Or we can wake ourselves up and have a cup of coffee.

Although I may be dreaming, it feels just as real as can be.
And if I wake up, then what in the world would happen to reality?
It seems that these dreams are just too real and so what should I feel?
Well I just ask myself,
Could I be dreaming now?

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Funky and Fruity

\( \text{\( \frac{1}{4} \) \( \text{= \( 110 \)} \)} \)

Eb Alto Sax

Bb Trumpet

Tenor Trombone I

Tenor Trombone II

Tuba

Drum Set

Electric Guitar

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Bass
I am dreaming of a coconut tree.
Down by the sea
Where I sit just a sip-pin' my long is - land iced.
Suddenly it comes to me, Where I need to be...
Home where my bo-dy is sleep-ing with-out me
I tell myself I'm sorry but my spirit it needs to fly. My body's to hea.
I hope it doesn't sound like I want to die.
All this talk of flying

It's just that sometimes I dream I'm really alive.
I am floating
On this cloud of mine
And so what do I find? Re-flec-ted in this.
dream of mine,
A picture of myself just as clear as this sky.
It may sound era-zy but sometimes I cannot tell if I'm awake or asleep. It's cloudy and ha.
zy and I wonder if my life is really what it seems.
It seems that my dreams are just too real.
Could we be dreaming, Could we be dreaming, Could we be dreaming, Now?

Could we be dreaming, Could we be dreaming, Could we be dreaming, Now?

-25-
Could we be dreaming, now?
Could we be dream-ing, now?

Could we be dream-ing, now?

Could we be dream-ing, now?
Could we be dreaming,
Could we be dreaming,
Could we be dreaming.

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Bass
We all are sleeping... Universally.
A-wake in this dream. A-sleep in our beds, so com-fort-ably.
And so what does this mean? We can continue to sleep.
Or we can wake ourselves up and have a cup of coffee.

Although I may be
dreaming, it feels just as real as can be.
And if I wake up then what in the world would
Well I just ask myself. Could I be dreaming now?
Gweetar Myoozak
for solo guitar

Geoffrey Wooden

Winter, 2001

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Expressively Spooky

(\( j = 60 \))

Steel String
Acoustic Guitar

(Let all harmonics ring as long as possible).

\( \text{pp VII} \quad p \text{ XII} \quad mp 2 \quad 1 \)

rit. \( \rightarrow \) a tempo

\( \text{gliss.} \quad \text{slower} \quad \text{feter} \)

-44-
Creepy Crawly

\( \text{j = 75} \)

1 2 3

---

-46-
Sad but Strong
Shine

Geoffrey Wooden

Fall, 2001

(This piece is track 1 on the accompanying CD)
Shine

For:
Flute
Oboe
Clarinet
Alto Saxaphone
Bassoon
Horn
Trumpet
Trombone
Percussion: Rainstick
   Medium Tam Tam
   Suspended Cymbal
   Triangle
   Tubular Bells
Acoustic Guitar
Harp
Electronic Tape
2 Violins
Viola
Cello
Double Bass

Performance Note:
There is a two measure introductory pulse on the electronic tape which is identical to the "bass drum pulse" in the first two measures of the top staff of the electronic tape part. This is to allow the conductor to find the tempo before the piece officially begins.

All sounds on the electronic tape were either created in Geoffrey Wooden’s home studio or were downloaded from the internet and are, to the best of the composer’s knowledge, copyright free.

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Enough

for CD or Electronic Tape

Geoffrey Wooden

Winter, 2002

(This piece is track 2 on the accompanying CD)

All sounds used in "Enough" were either created in Geoffrey Wooden's home studio or were taken from the EMU Sound Library (ESI-32 Production Soundset, vol. 12) which the composer purchased from EMU Systems Inc. and has permission to use.

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Thank You

Geoffrey Wooden

Winter, 2002
Thank You

For:

Voice, Acoustic Guitar, and Cello

Lyrics:
Thank you, thank you, thank you.
Maybe, somehow you can hear me,
Even though you’re a world and a half away.
You were a nightmare, even for the prince of Lebanon,
Not to mention the rest of us.
You were harder than an iron
And your breath was always on fire,
But your words could be so cold,
And your ways, they seemed so old.
So nothing that you did ever made all that much sense to me.
So you seemed like an easy target to hit.
Someone in another world who would put up with all my shit.
But when you slapped me across the face that’s where reality hit.

Maybe, when I’m older I might turn out to be just like you.
And what a scary thought that is.
But it’s not quite as frightening as if I stayed exactly the same.
I was quite a nightmare for you, too.
I stole your cigarettes,
And I put them in my pocket with some other regrets.
And after all the trouble,
I went sifting through the rubble.
I had never understood just what you were trying to say.
Now it’s my turn to say something to you.
I missed my chance and now I am way way overdue.
For all those years of crazy shit that we went through.

Now that your fire has burned itself to the ground,
And your smoke is starting to clear.
I have an image, though there’s still a couple clouds in my eyes.
I can almost see your real shape.
You were smart enough for a scholarship,
But you couldn’t even pay for the airplane ticket,
So you saved that dream and you gave it to me,
And it’s finally become a reality.
And now I can finally say that today,
I see you dancing in a different way.
It seems that colors have replaced those shades of grey.
Your sun may have set already and I could still rain today,
But it’s ok, it’s ok, it’s ok.

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Very Calm

(\( \text{\( \text{\( \text{\( \text{\( j = 70 \)\)}} \)}} \))

Voice

Acoustic Guitar

Cello

Vce.

Gtr.

Vlc.
Thank you.
Thank you Thank you

May-be some-how you can

Ev-en-though you're a world and a half a-way.

You were a night-mare ev-en for the prince of Le-ba-non.

Not to-men-tion the rest of us.
You were
harder than an iron and your breath was always on fire but your words could be so cold, and your
ways they seemed so old. So nothing that you did ever made it to me. So you seemed like an

easy target to hit.
Someone in another world who would put up with all my shit.

But when you slapped me across the face, that's where reality hit. (hmm)
Maybe when I'm older I might turn out to be just like you.
And what a scary thought that is.

But it's not quite as frightening as if I stayed exactly the same.
I was quite a nightmare for you too.

(hmm)
...all the trouble, I've been sitting through the rubble. I had never understood just what you were trying to say. Now it's my turn to say something to you. I missed my chance and now I am... way, way overdue. For all those years of crazy shit that we went through,
Now that your fire has burned itself to the ground, And your smoke is starting to clear,

I have an image though there's still a couple clouds in my eyes. But I can almost see your real shape. (hmm)
You were smart enough for a scholarship but you couldn't even pay for the airplanteet so you

savethatdream and you gave it tome and it's finally become a reality. And now I can finally say that today...
I see you dancing in a different way. It seems that colors have returned.

placed those shades of gray. Your sun may have set already and

I could still rain today. But it's okay. It's okay. It's okay.
Anthem For A Time Of Strange

Geoffrey Wooden

Winter, 2002

(This piece is track 3 on the accompanying CD)
Anthem For A Time Of Strange

For:
Voice accompanied by CD or Electric Tape

Lyrics:

Here, in this funny time of weird, life can be as queer,
As a rhombitruncated isosidodecahedron.
Now you may think that sounds bizarre, but think about where you are,
This place ain't exactly full of reason.
Maybe our train is off the rails, maybe our ship has set its sail,
And there's no one on board.
Now, the light is growing dim and I suggest you learn to swim,
Cause this boat won't float anymore.
You see our horse is going away,
Our collective brains have let go of the reigns.
This may sound completely insane,
But look at how things have changed,
Yes it's getting quite strange.
If your canoe is full of holes and your paddle is broken,
Maybe you should let it go.
But whatever it is you choose,
Just put on a smile and do it in style and you'll almost never loose.

I think our moped's out of fuel and it's hard to fine a mule,
Who'll take you through the snow.
So if the chain falls off your bike, you may just have to hike,
To get to where you want to go.
And so, onward I go, trodding through the snow in my Versace high heels.
And though I may be rather slow, I know that this is faster,
Than a car with no wheels.
Don't let your beer run out of bubbles or your soda go flat,
Then you'll really have some trouble, but it's not quite that bad.
Just keep walking your way,
And if people stare at your purple hair then at least you'll be able to say,
I do it my own way.

And so, onward I go, still pushing through the snow in my Versace Couture,
And even though it gets so cold, I won't do what I'm told,
Because I'm still immature.
Now I no longer ride on the train, I carry my own brain,
And though it may insane,
I think that being normal is just a game, but I don't know how to play,
And so I'm happily strange.

The CD and all the sounds it contains were created in Geoffrey Wooden's home recording studio or were taken from the EMU Sound Library (ESI-32 Production Soundset, vol. 12) which the composer purchased from EMU Systems Inc. and has permission to use.

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In a popular style*

\[ J = \{ \textit{beat} \} \]

Voice

**Introduction: (About 20 seconds)**

(Beat starts) 4

**drums**

**Here in this funny time of weird,**

Life can be as queer as a rhomb-trunc-ta-ted iso-do-deca-hedron.

Now you may think that sounds bizarre, but think about where you are.

This place aint exactly full of reason.

Maybe our train is off the rails. Maybe our ship has set its sail,

And there's no one on board.

* Because this song is written in a popular style, improvisation is encouraged. All melodies and rhythms can be changed as long as they still fit the character of the piece. The words, however, should not be changed.
Now the light is growing dim. And I suggest you learn to swim.  

cause this boat won’t float anymore. You see our  

horse is going away. Our collective  

brains have let go of the reigns.  

This may sound completely insane. But look at how things have  

changed. Yes it's getting quite strange.  

If your canoe is full of holes And your paddle is broken,  

May be you should let it go.
But whatever it is you choose, Just

put on a smile and do it in style and you'll almost never lose...

I think our moped's out of fuel And it's hard to find a mule

who will take you through the snow

So if the chain falls off your bike, You may just have to hike

to get where you want to go

and

so onward I go treading through the snow
in my Versace high heels.

And though I may be rather slow, I know that this is faster than a car with no wheels.

Don't let your beer run out of bubbles, or your soda go flat.

Then you'll really have some trouble, but it's not quite that bad.

Just keep walking your way.

And if people stare at your purple hair then at least you'll be able to say...

I do it my own
(guitar solo) —— (strings return) ———-

way.

And

so, onward I go, still pushing through the snow

in my Versace Couture.

And

even though it gets so cold, I won't do what I'm
told because I'm still immature.

Now

I no longer ride on the train. I carry my own

brain although I may look insane. I think that

being normal is just a game, but I don't know how to play.
And so I'm happily strange.

Outro: (About 20 Seconds)