GRADUATE RECITAL

by

KIRSTEN THERESE CARLSON

B.Mus., Carleton University, 1993

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THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF MUSIC

(COMPOSITION)

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 1995

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School
~~Department~~ of Music

The University of British Columbia
Vancouver, Canada

Date April 28/95

ABSTRACT

This document contains scores for the works performed at a recital of compositions by Kirsten Carlson at 8:00 p.m. April 21, 1995 at the University of British Columbia Recital Hall. **Model-Deviation** is written for solo flute and was composed in 1992. **Those That Follow** is written for two flutes and was composed in 1993. **The Distance** is written for soprano voice, spoken voice, violin and cello and was composed in 1993. The text is by Kirsten Carlson. **For will** is written for flute and trumpet and was originally composed in 1994 and revised in 1995. **This is a photograph of me** is written for soprano, clarinet, bassoon and violin. It was composed in 1995 with text by Margaret Atwood. **The Swimmer** is written for two soprano voices, flute, clarinet, two violins, viola, and cello. It was composed during 1994-95 with text by the composer. **We Are Still One** is written for 10 flutes and was composed in 1994.

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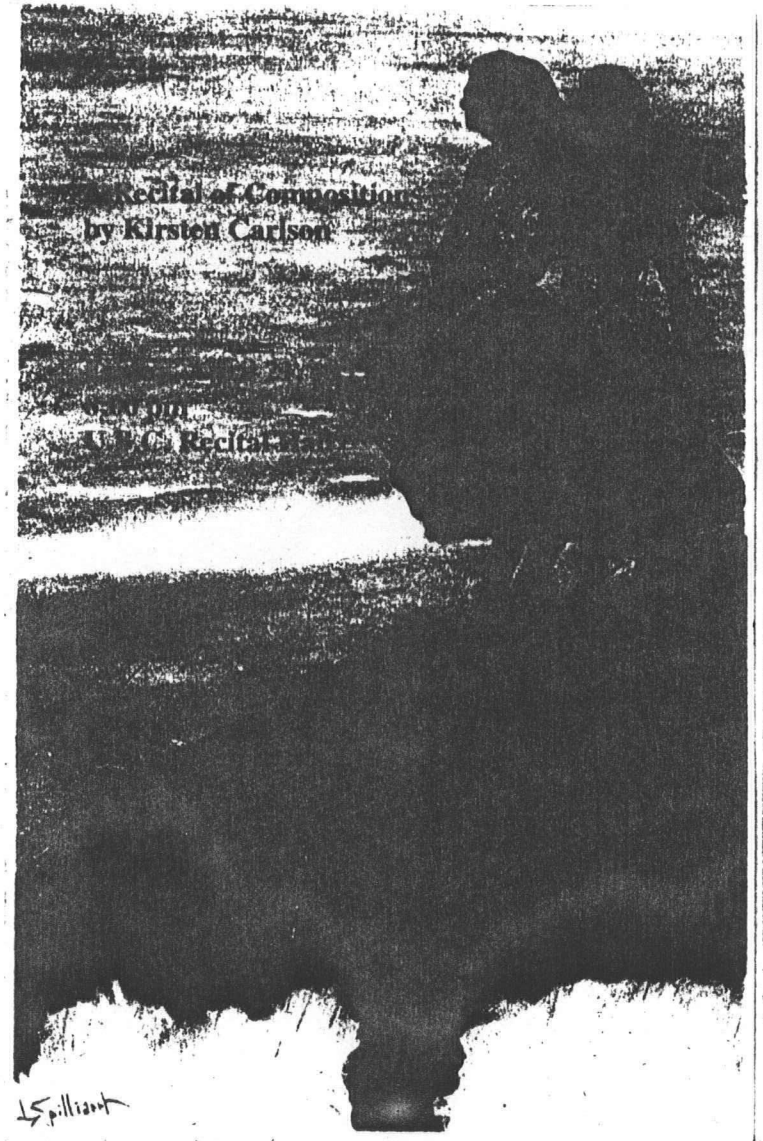


Model-Deviation 1992

Chenoa Anderson, flute

Those That Follow 1993
I. Origin
II. That Which Results
III. A More Distant Relation

Chenoa Anderson, Jennifer Henry, flutes

The Distance 1993
I. She Climbed Up
II. A Complicated Game
III. Waiting

Phoebe MacRae, soprano
Elizabeth Skillings, speaker
Sarah Westwick, violin
Laura McPheeters, cello

For will 1994
Rev. 1995

Mark McGregor, flute
Eartha-Ann Hanson, trumpet

This is a photograph of me 1995

Elizabeth Skillings, soprano
David Byrne, clarinet
Tracie Pybas, bassoon
Sarah Westwick, violin

*** INTERMISSION ***

The Swimmer 1995

Elizabeth Skillings, Phoebe MacRae, sopranos
Christine Yeung, flute
Susan Eugelmi, clarinet
Mary Jane van der Sloot, Tory Meyer, violins
Michael van der Sloot, viola
Natalie Williams, cello
Stephen Chatman, conductor

We Are Still One 1994

Chenoa Anderson, Margaret Ann Brydges,
Miranda Clingwall, Heather Dreger, Catherine Faust,
Jennifer Henry, Heather Logie, Karen Osmond,
Kim Reine, Mary Wing, flutes
David Byrne, conductor

Reception to follow in lobby.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Master of Music degree in Composition at the University of British Columbia.

Thanks to all the performers for all their enthusiasm, effort, encouragement and incredible talent.
Also, thanks to: Stephen Chatman, UBC Contemporary Players, Chris Kovarik, Jocelyn Morlock, Chenoa Anderson, Warren Copeland, Kim Carlson and especially Alan Knight.

Program cover: Leon Spilliaert, "Mädchen auf einer Dune"

The Distance

I. She Climbed Up
She climbed up (never, never)
climbing is how she goes (it's much too far)
She climbs constantly (climbing, climbing)
A sense of space (distance)
Space (distance)
Frightening (darkness)
Open spaces (darkness)
(climbing, climbing)
She continues the climb (climbing, climbing)
Mountains are large (very large)
Hurting, hurting (large) (climbing, climbing)
Where is she (lonely)
She is where she thinks it is (she says so)
She does what she thinks she must (she says so)
She misses it (she always misses it)
It could be there but it's not (she has missed it, again)
Once at a party (it's not)
Laughing, pretending, sharing, but - (she goes much too far)
It's not the same (not the same).

II. A Complicated Game
She's walking past the places where she used to go
Quickly
Walking - past the places, used to go
Walking - hurry past those places
She won't even look back - why would she - she couldn't see anyway
Darkness covers the spaces

That's the mile - the spaces that create the distance
That's the time
It's black and white - white and black
Darkness - the gameboard with light and dark light spaces
Covers
Distance

It's a complicated game - a very complicated game
Take all the pieces - put them in a bag - a bag that's big and blue
Take you hand and put it in the bag - draw out a piece - from there, you line them in rows and rows of colourful pieces - placed in rows and rows - all along the beautiful gameboard waiting till your turn comes
How do you know? How do you know when your turn comes up? How do you know?.
the player on your right will know

And, of course, they will tell you - once they do, you must go to the dark white space - put your piece in its place - the place where you used to go - the place that marks the spaces - the distance

Fields, trees, oceans - water racing along the beach, smoothly flowing
Running away
Running far, running away - she's running past
Where she used to go, she's running far away, along the beach
On the beach, by the sea (the seaside is beautiful)
Water - that's where she runs to
Water flows, races by
Quickly - she's running past
Quickly, quickly - she's running past the places where she used to go
Past - the faces (the knowing faces)

III. Waiting
Watching through the glass - the clear, clear glass
All I can see is her little (enchanted) friend
He's (enchanted) looking and hunting (where is she?)
He's sitting on the porch (the cold cold porch) despite the cold
The trees (red, green, gold) the grass
The wind doesn't bother him
Nor do I (I'm all alone)
I'm sitting in another world (watching through the glass)
If only the things I see - could make me....

Pain (I wouldn't leave my post - this is my post - I'm waiting, waiting)
Time, fog (the fog obscures the rain)
Rain (but we both know it, know it if... if it happened to us)
I'm watching through the glass (the clear clear glass)
It's... it's raining out there (on the cold cold porch... watching... waiting)
All I can see is her little friend (enchanted friend)
(It's too cold for both of us)
It's cold out there (it's much too cold)
(We are both waiting... in the cold... waiting.... waiting)

[Kirsten Carlson, October 1993]

This is a photograph of me

It was taken some time ago.
At first it seems to be
a smeared print:
blurred lines and grey flecks
blended with the paper;

then, as you scan
it, you see in the left-hand corner
a thing that is like a branch: part of a tree
(balsam or spruce) emerging
and, to the right, halfway up
what ought to be a gentle
slope, a small frame house.

In the back ground there is a lake,
and beyond that, some low hills.

(The photograph was taken
the day after I drowned.

I am in the lake, in the center
of the picture, just under the surface.

It is difficult to say where
precisely, or to say
how large or small I am:
the effect of water
on light is a distortion

but if you look long enough,
eventually
you will be able to see me.)

[Margaret Atwood, 1968]

The Swimmer

I am the swimmer
swimming round and round
turning over and under and over and over

The water waits for me
I cannot see its blueness and greatness without a need -
a strong desire to dive, to soar
like my whale friends, like my fish friends

This depth - this blue
inspires me
When everything else frightens me, the depth inspires me
It moves me off my feet

To dive
To soar
(to dive, to soar)

If only I were one of them - the whales that dance in the pool they call their home
Do they know anything else - I want to know what they know
Why can't I live in the water - I'd be safe
Watching them play, I want to join them - to dive, to soar (to know what they know)
Cold waters racing against my body - speeding - soaring - flying in the blue-sky waters
There is nothing else (nothing but this)
I can't be here (nothing but this)
Dryness - this is no home
Freedom comes with movement
Movement is easier in this space
Movement is freedom
they know -
and I long to know what they know

But I am the swimmer
The orange body in the blue-sky waters
that's on the painting - it hangs in front of me
I see the body; two arms, one leg and another (and even parts that do not belong to me)
It's as though the waters are being pushed past me
with each stroke moving me along

Am I swimming now - is this swimming now?
Me, the orange body, as I'm being pushed along the blue-sky waters
to dive
(to soar)

I saw a picture once
of a woman inside an underwater cave
of a fisherman throwing himself over the boat's edge
of a school of tiny, possessed fish
of a flooded town, floating away
of a great ship which serves as a graveyard miles under the ocean
of a group of children playing on the beach - never fearing the racing tides
of a footprint on the shore - alone, isolated (how did it get there?)
of a whale; a big, great, peaceful whale
of a city built on the edge of the waters
of a coral so vast (so vast), so colourful and alive
of a man diving off a cliff, praying not to hit the jagged cliff on his flight down - a pool of water into which no sane soul would dive
of a boat carrying people (their belongings) their children and their cars from one side to the other
of a man floating on a bed of kelp
of a million boats, waiting, side by side (it's true), waiting for the fish that may never get there
of a rowboat, in the middle of the lake, empty, dreaming, dreaming
of a strange array of fish, living on the ocean floor
of a dolphin, so free of a swimmer (longing to swim forever and ever and over and ever) in a small pool full of other people, but only the swimmer ... only the swimmer
of a swimmer, in the middle of the largest ocean, frozen and out of breath, swimming, swimming, smiling, dying

These whales have never been in the largest ocean, where ... do they belong
But they are at home here (is it home here?)
As long as the blue, blue, wet, wet cold races across their faces, their fins, their bellies
it is home here

Their movements are not really freedom (freedom is movement)
You see, they know...
I am ready
I am ready to dive, to soar (to dive, to soar)

Mountains, water, waves
So deep
So wide
So strong
carry me

Swirling, leaping
this is flying
it is painless (painless)
no fins, no tail, no air (no air)

Am I even breathing
I can open my eyes - blue fish, coral reef, grey whales, orange stars...
Black line at the bottom of the pool
Am I even breathing

(why am I safe here)

I am the swimmer (swimming round...)

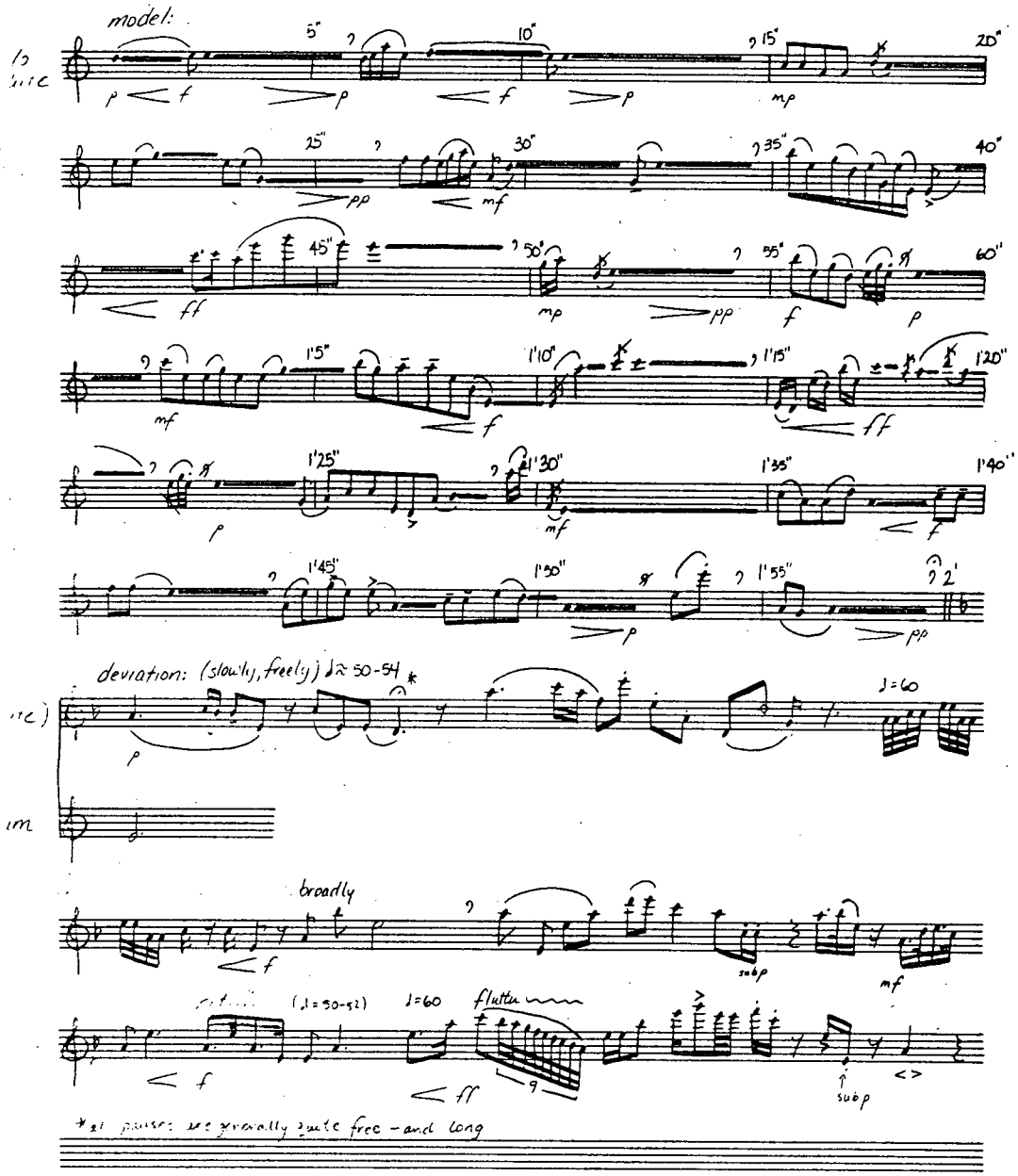
[Kirsten Carlson, August 1994]

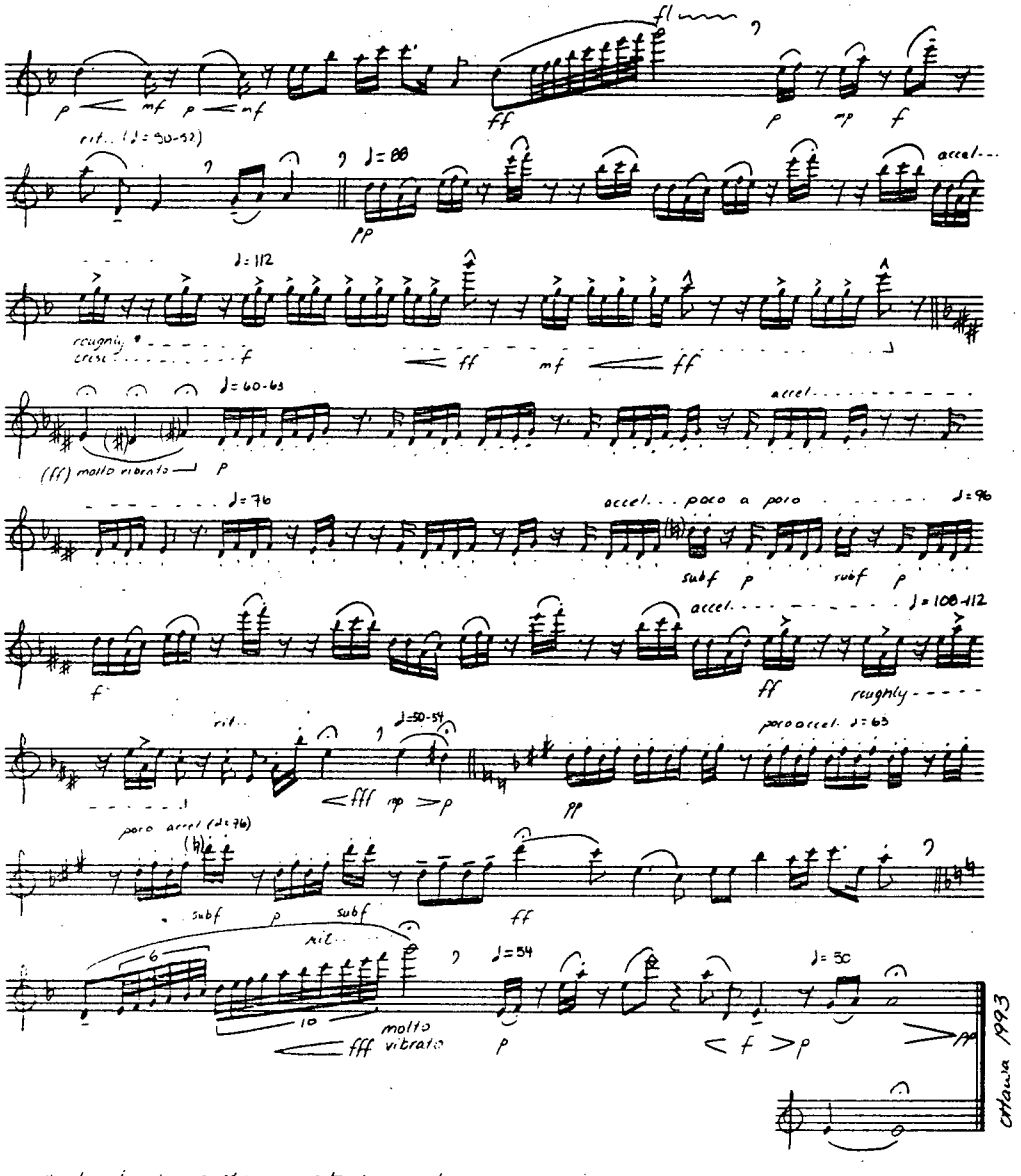
F

Model-Deviation

Kirsten Carlson

(for solo flute)



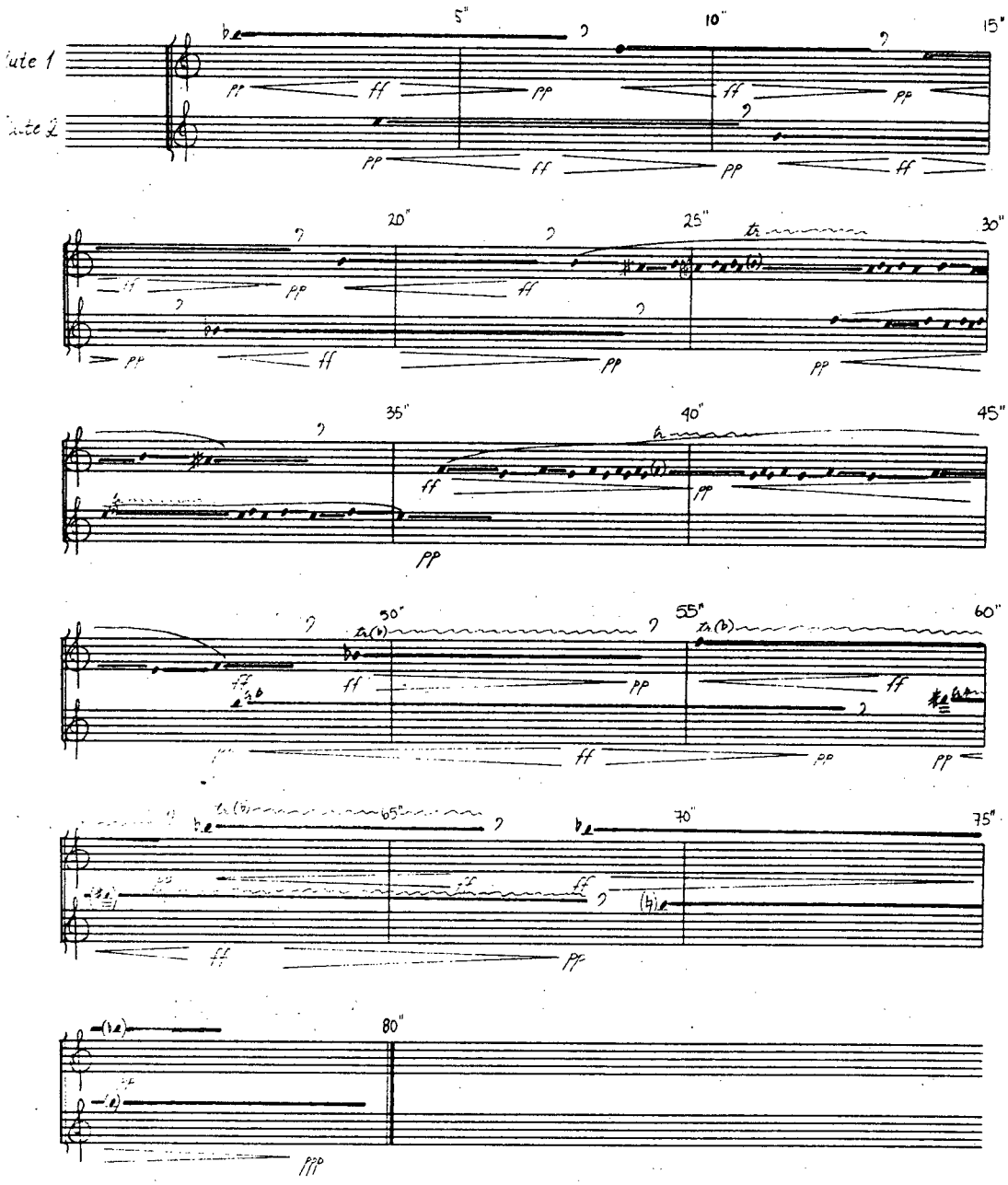


* slap key down hard - exaggerate key sound

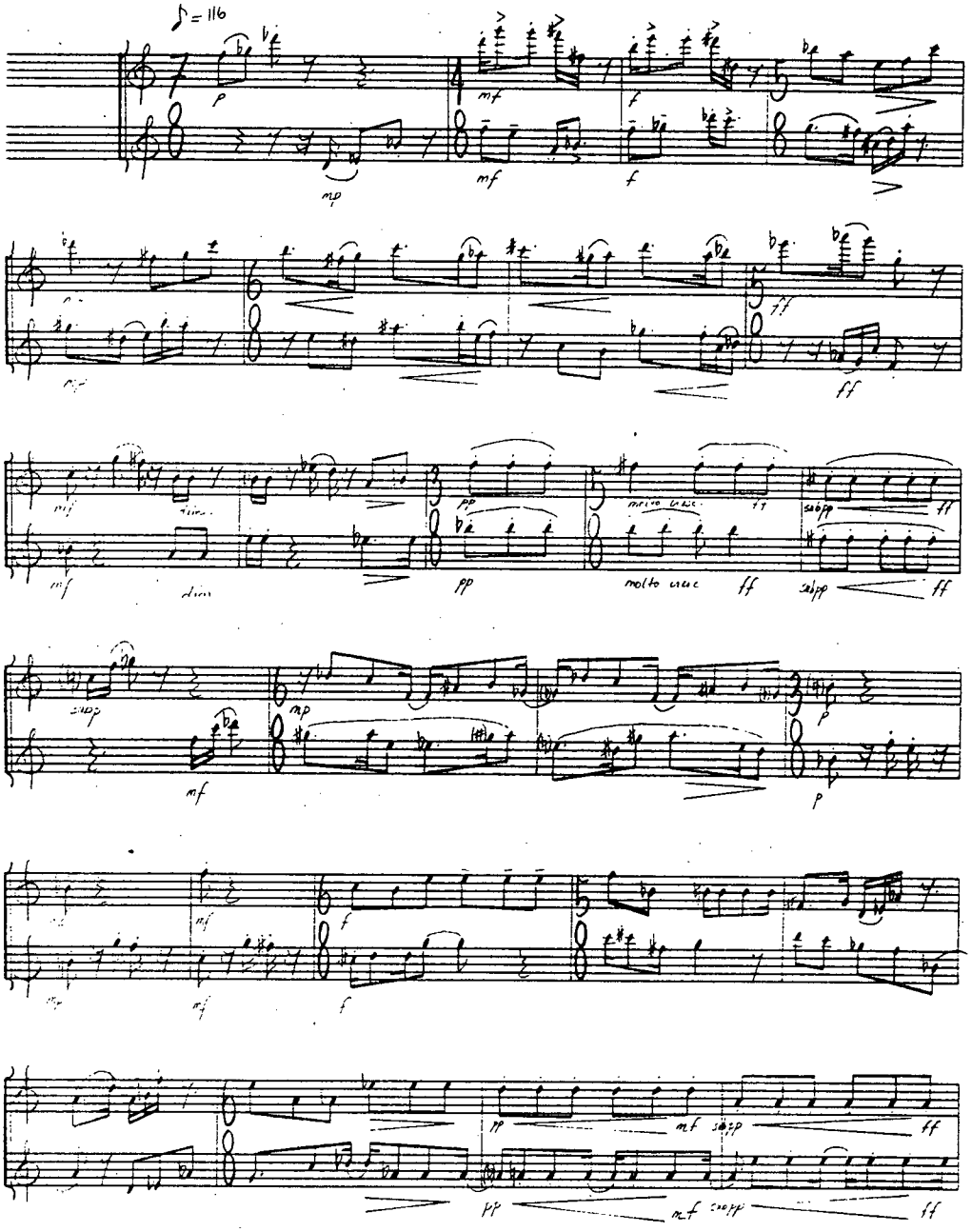
Those That Follow

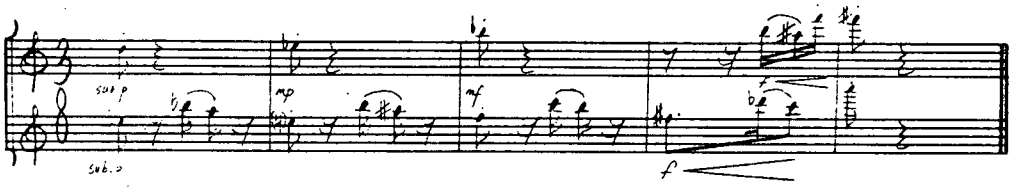
Kirsten Carlson

1. Origin

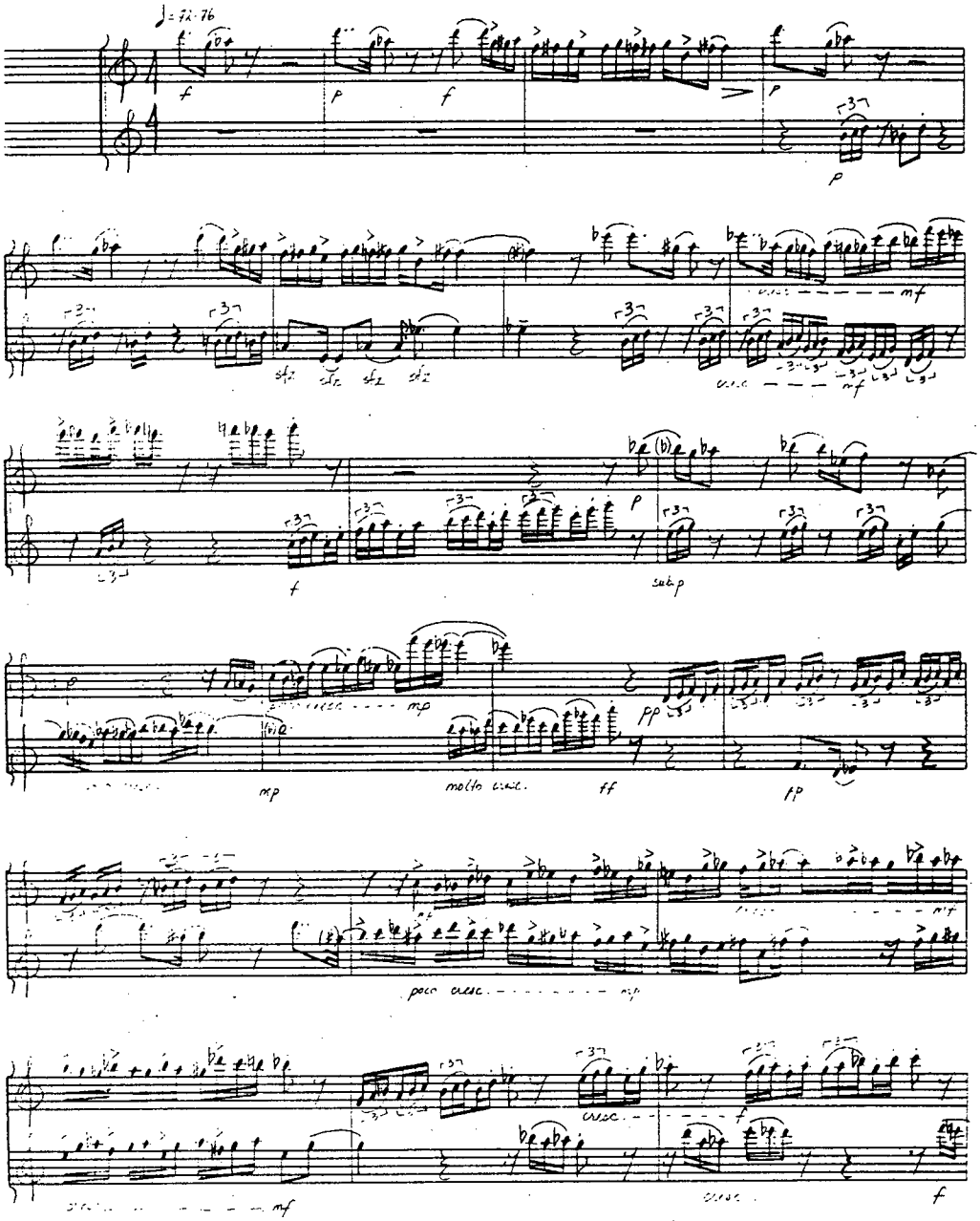


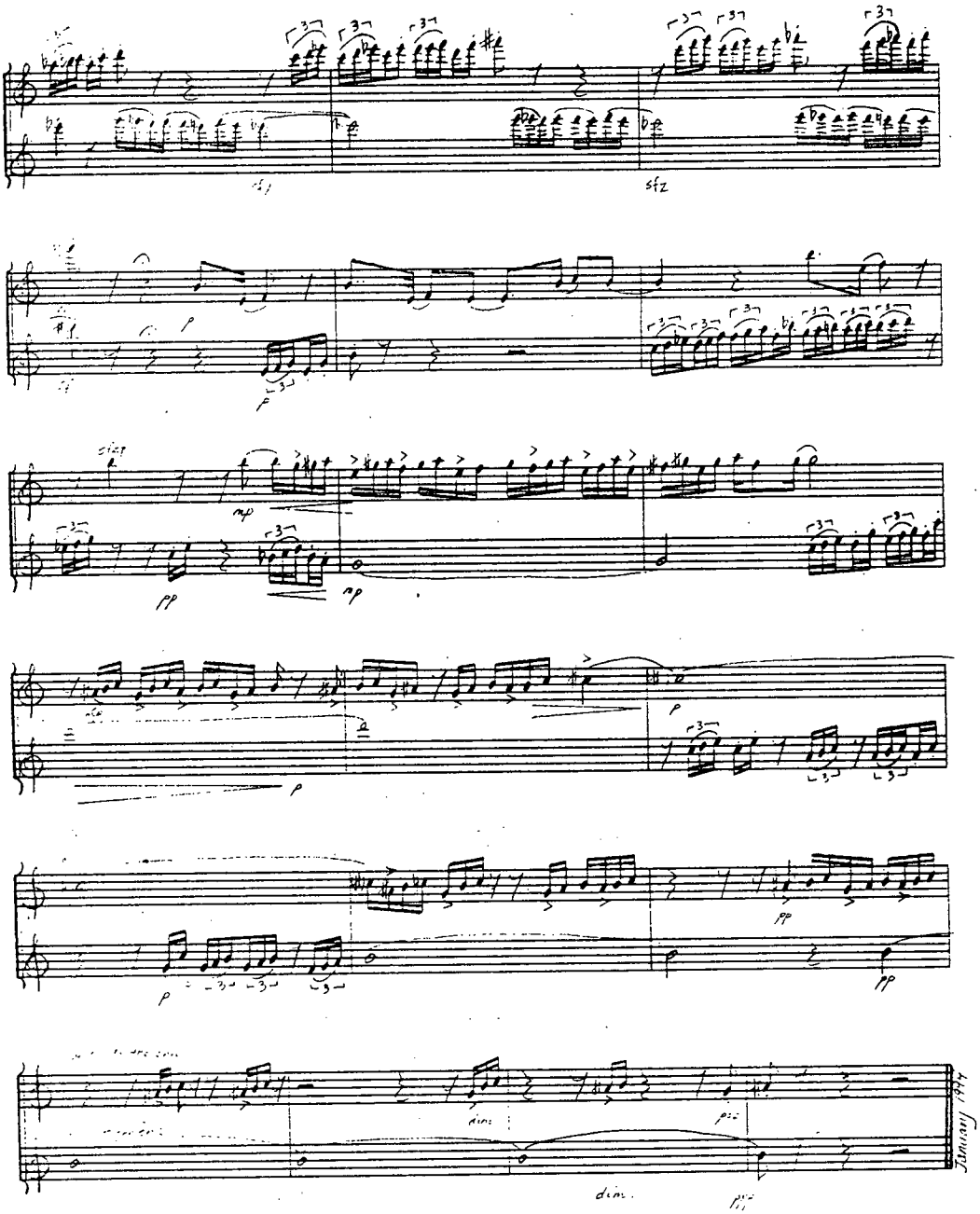
2. That Which Results




sul p
sub. p
mp
mf
f

3. A More Distant Relation





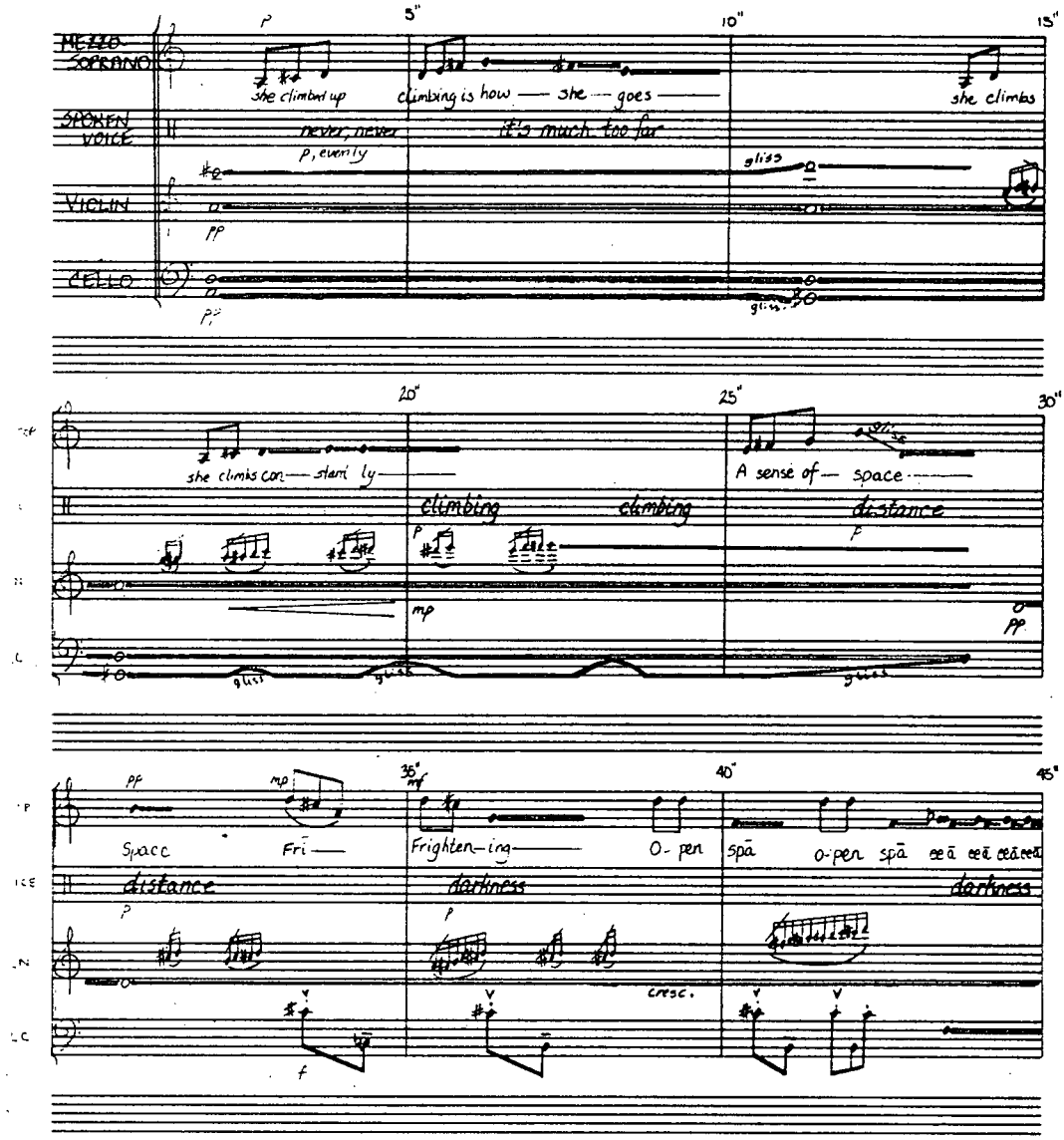
Canadian Music Centre Les Presses Canadiennes

The Distance

Kirsten Carlson

A song cycle for soprano, speaker, violin and cello

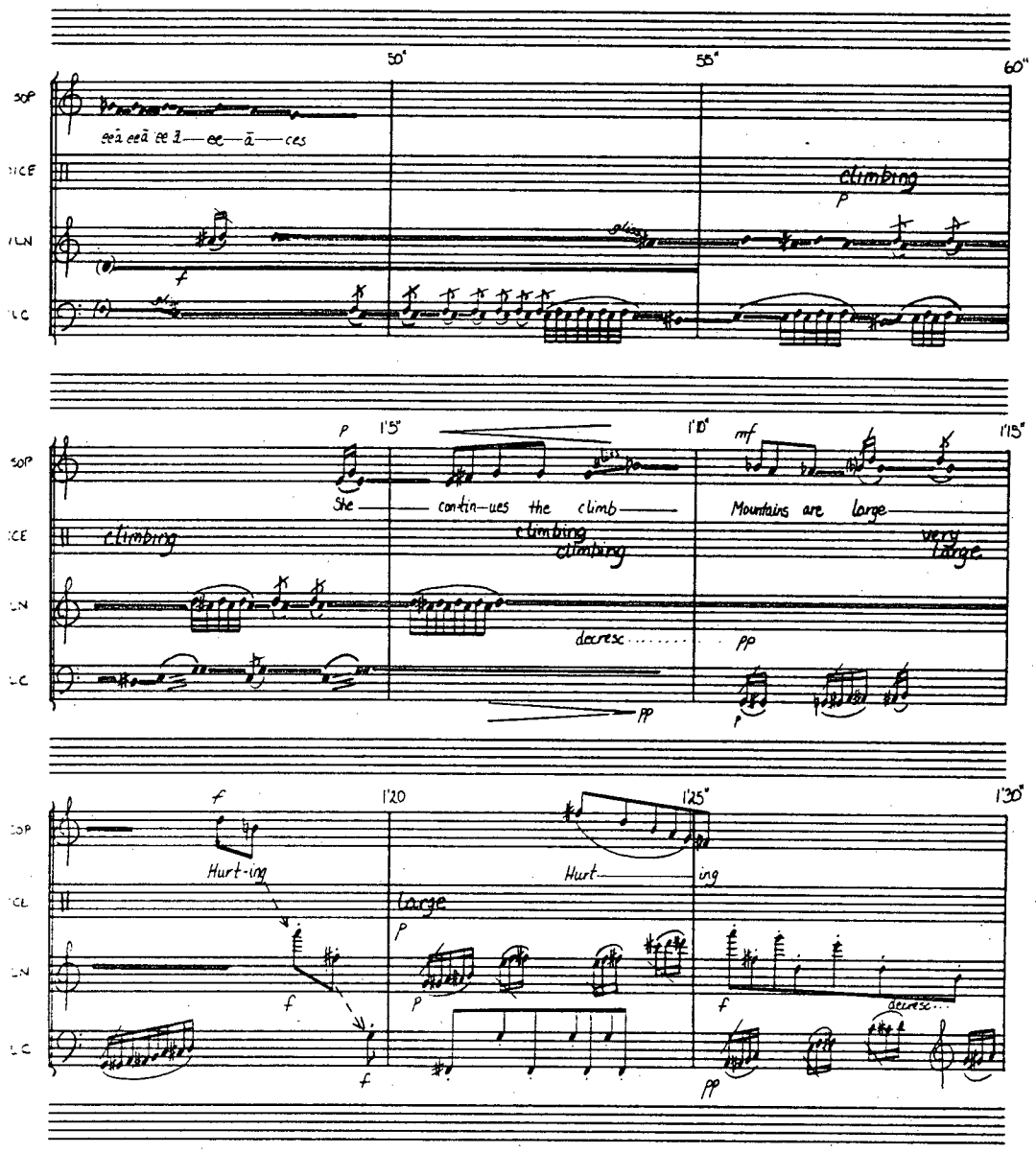
1. She Climbed Up



(3) Accidentals apply for the duration of the 5" measure unless cancelled by another accidental

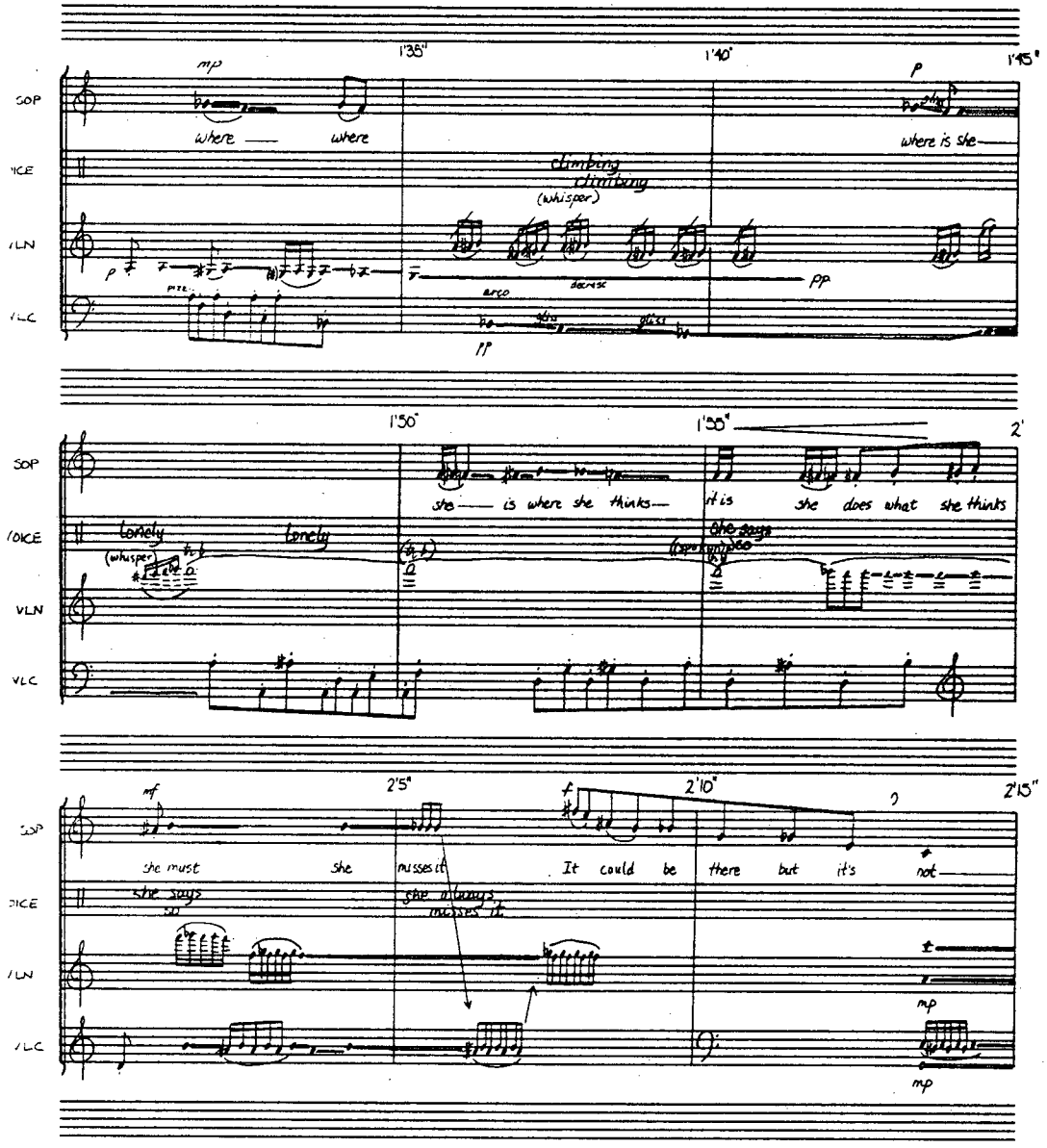
(4) words are to be spoken at a moderate/average speaking tempo. (ie words do not necessarily take up as much time as it looks on the page - the entrance is the more important indication on the page rather than the total time it takes)

2

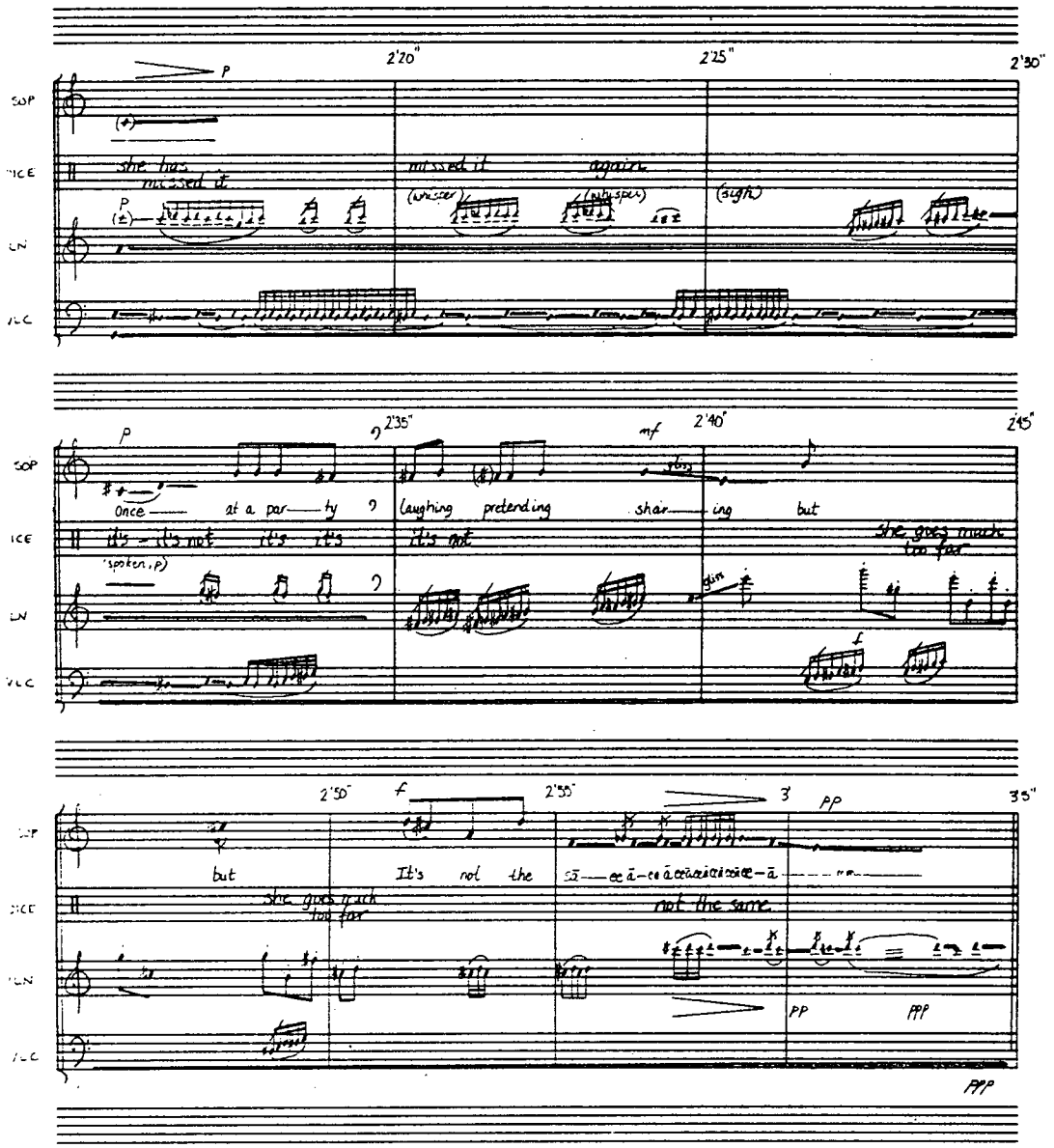

50"
55"
60"
SOP
ICE
LN
LC
eeā eeā ee ā — ee — ā — ces
climbing
p
f
gliss
1'5"
1'10"
1'15"
She — contin-ues the climb —
Mountains are large —
climbing
climbing
climbing
very large
mf
decresc
pp
1'20
1'25"
1'30"
Hurt-ing
Hurt — ing
large
decresc

KTC FALL 93

3

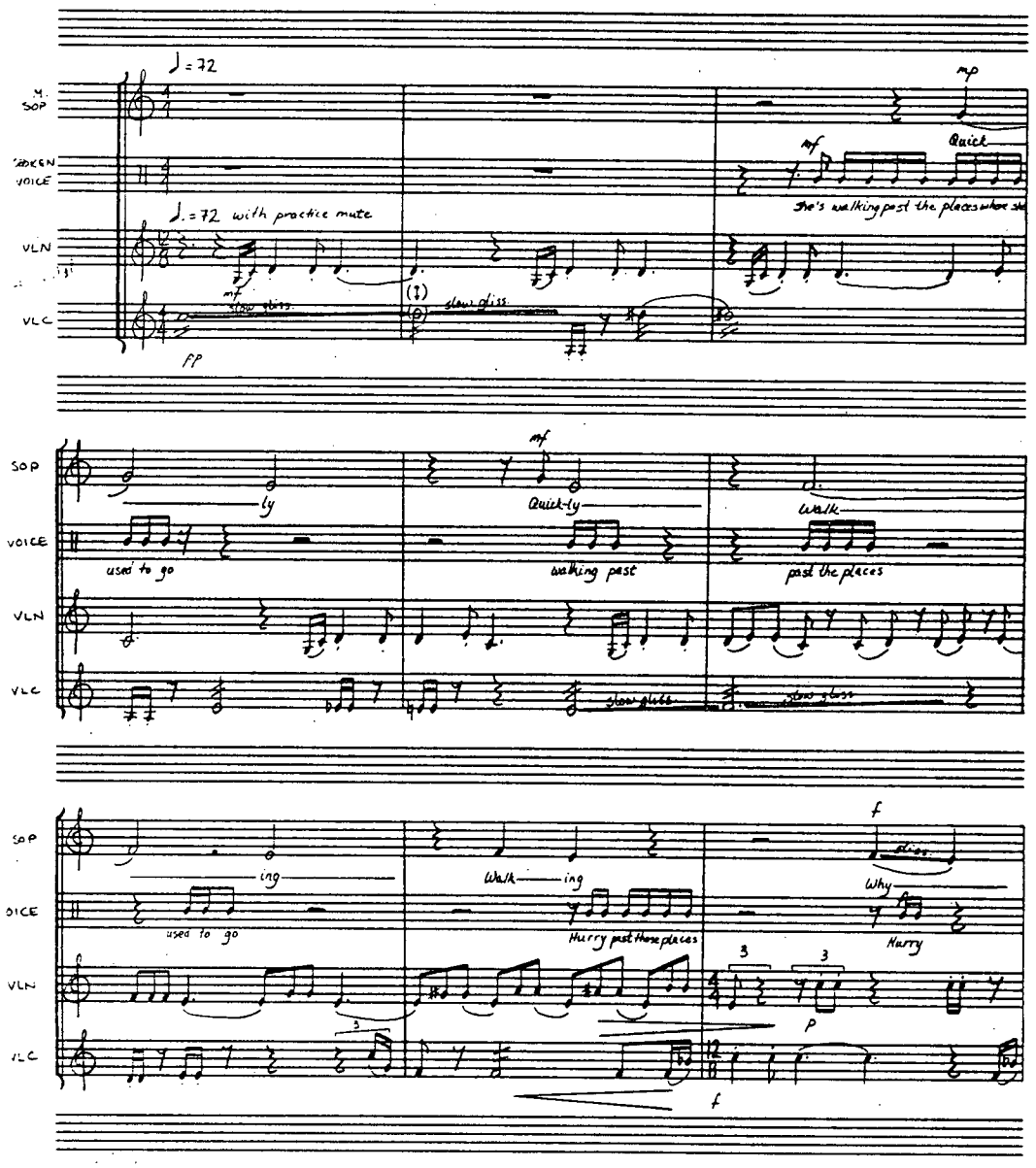

1'35"
1'40"
1'45"
SOP
where — where
where is she —
VOICE
climbing
climbing
(whisper)
VLN
arco
decresc
pp
VLC
1'50"
1'55"
2'
she — is where she thinks —
it is
she does what she thinks
lonely
lonely
(whisper)
she says
2'5"
2'10"
2'15"
she must
she
misses it
It could be
there but it's
not
she says
so
she always
misses it
mp

4

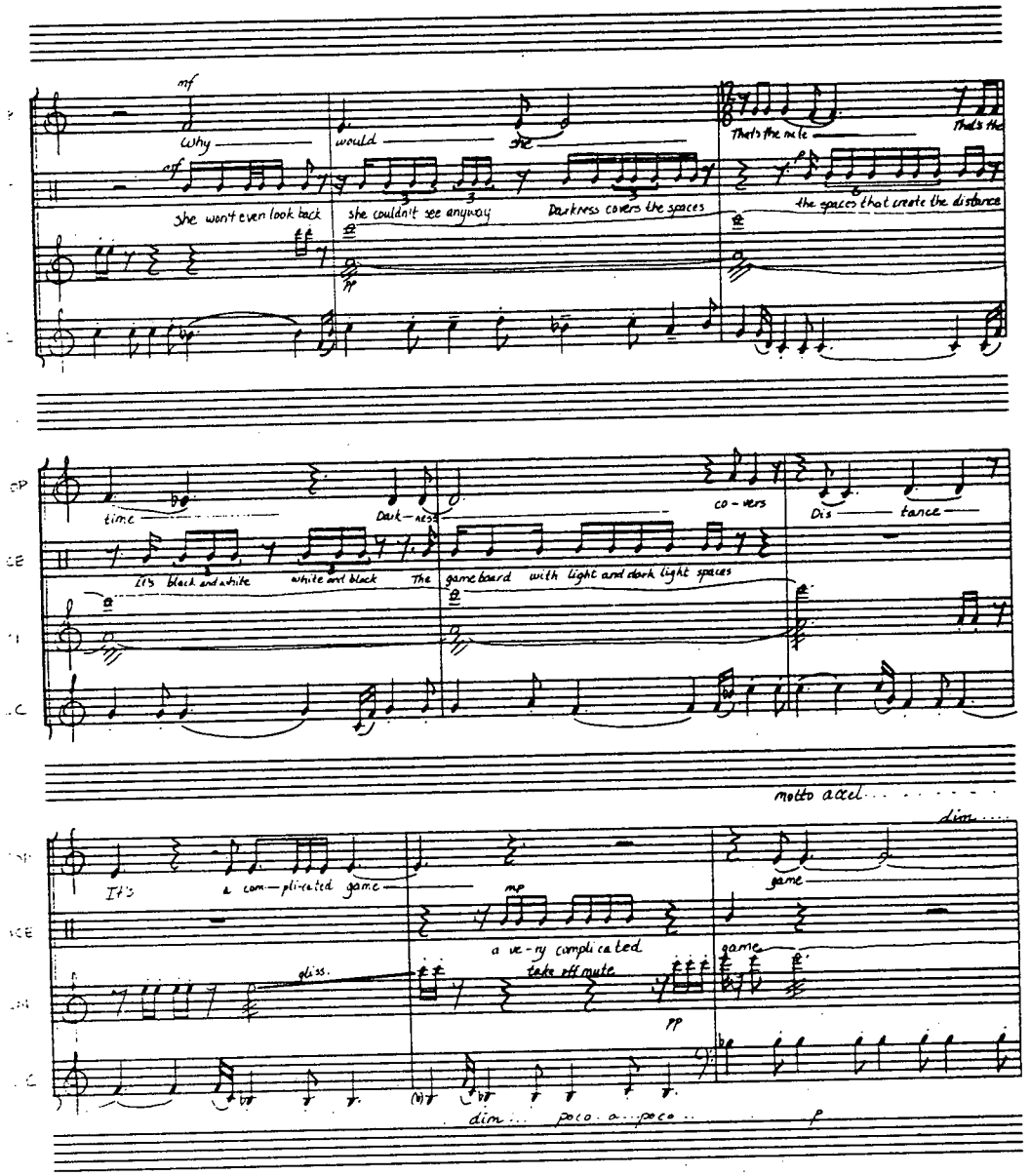

2'20"
2'25"
2'30"
SOP
ICE
LN
VLC
she has missed it
missed it again
(whisper)
(whisper)
(sigh)
2'35"
2'40"
2'45"
Once at a par ty
laughing pretending shar ing but
it's - it's not it's it's
it's not
she goes much too far
(spoken, p)
2'50"
2'55"
3'
3'5"
but
It's not the
she goes much too far
not the same

KTC FALL 93

2. Complicated Game

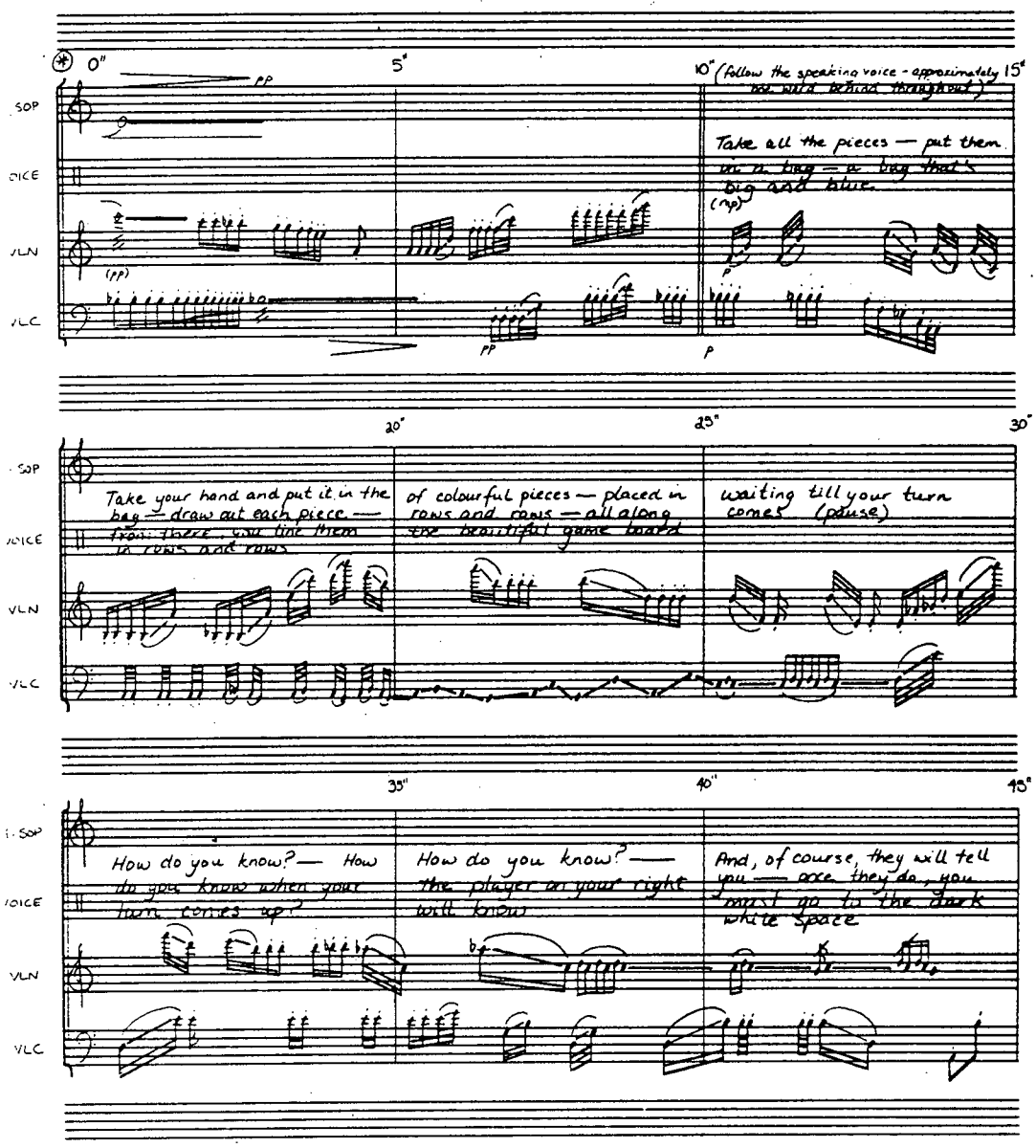


6


mf
Why
would
she
she won't even look back
she couldn't see anyway
Darkness covers the spaces
That's the rule
the spaces that create the distance
time
Dark-ness
co-vers
Dis-tance
It's black and white
white and black
The gameboard with light and dark light spaces
molto accel
dim
It's
a com-pli-cated game
mp
a ve-ry compli-ca-ted
take off mute
game
gliss.
pp
dim. poco a poco
p

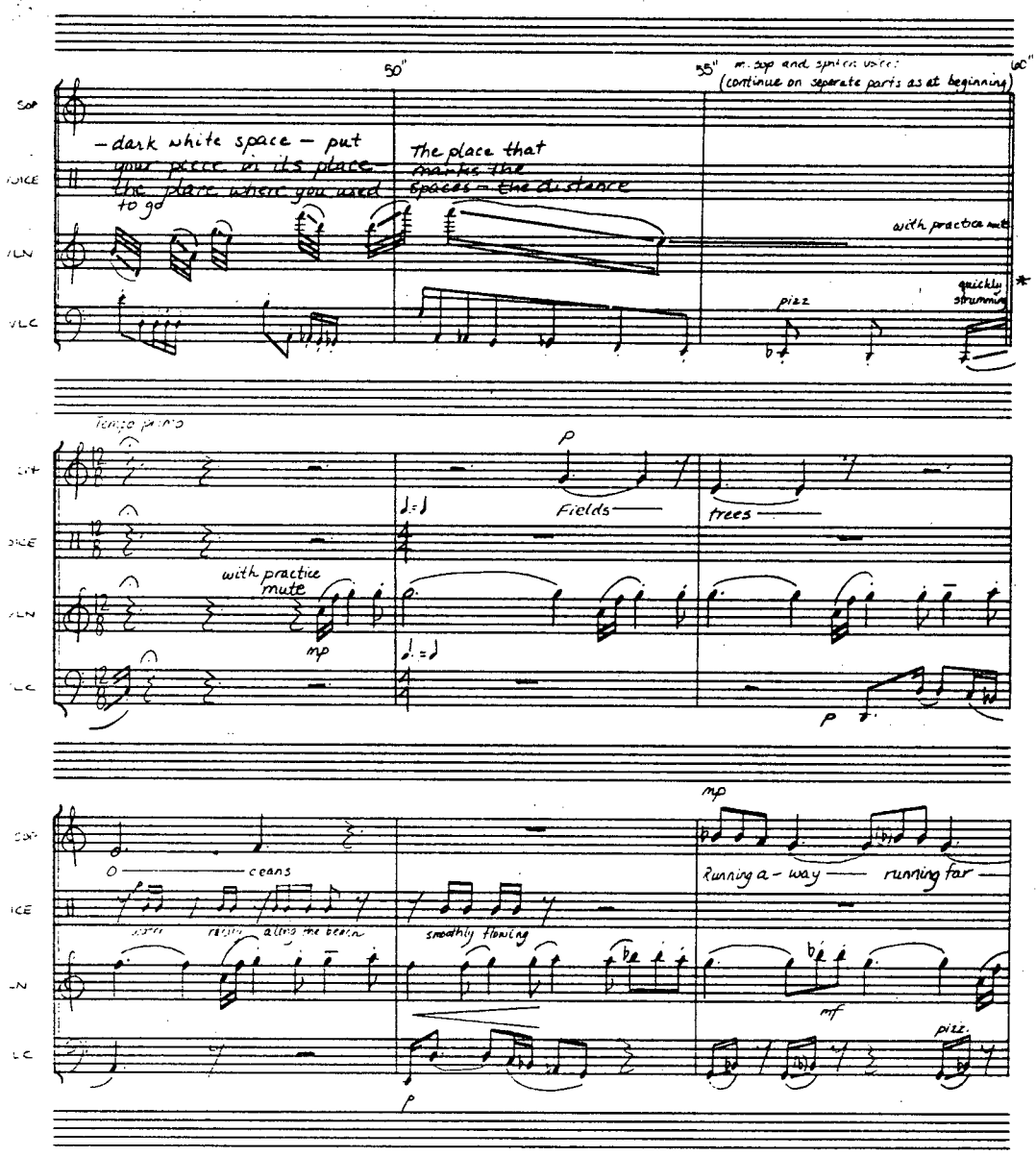
KTC FALL 93

7

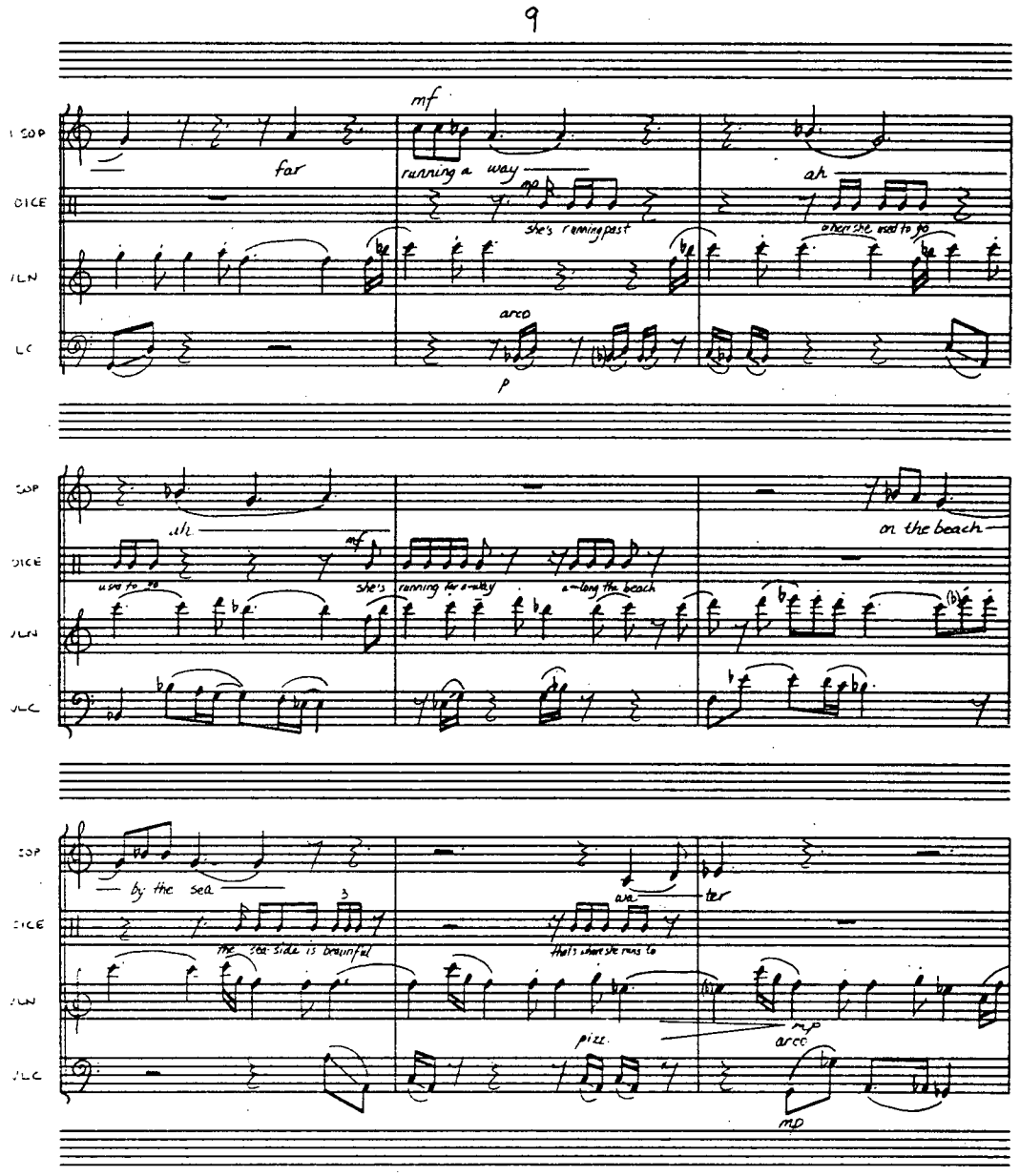


✱ N.B. change from measured time signature to proportional notation

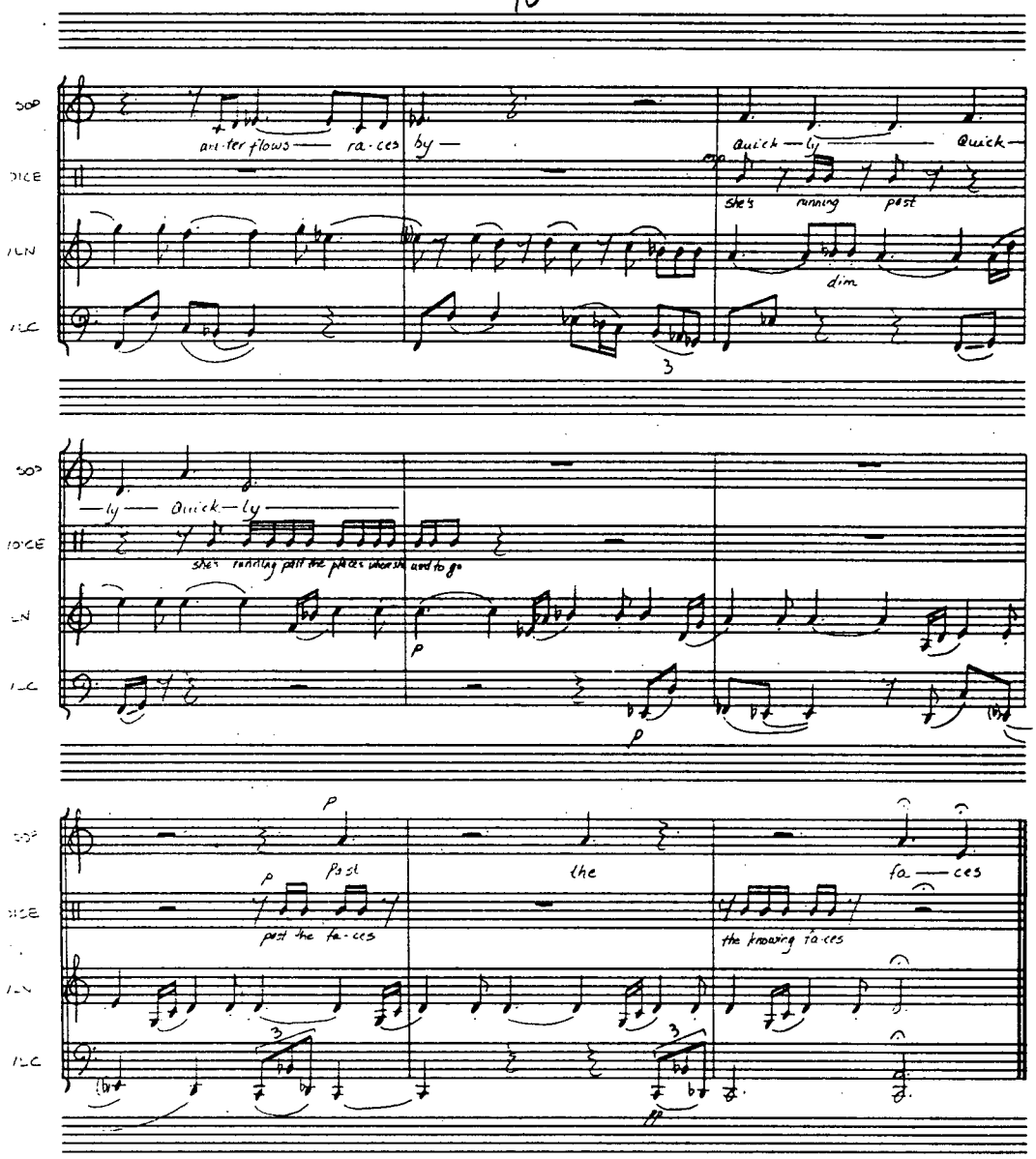
8



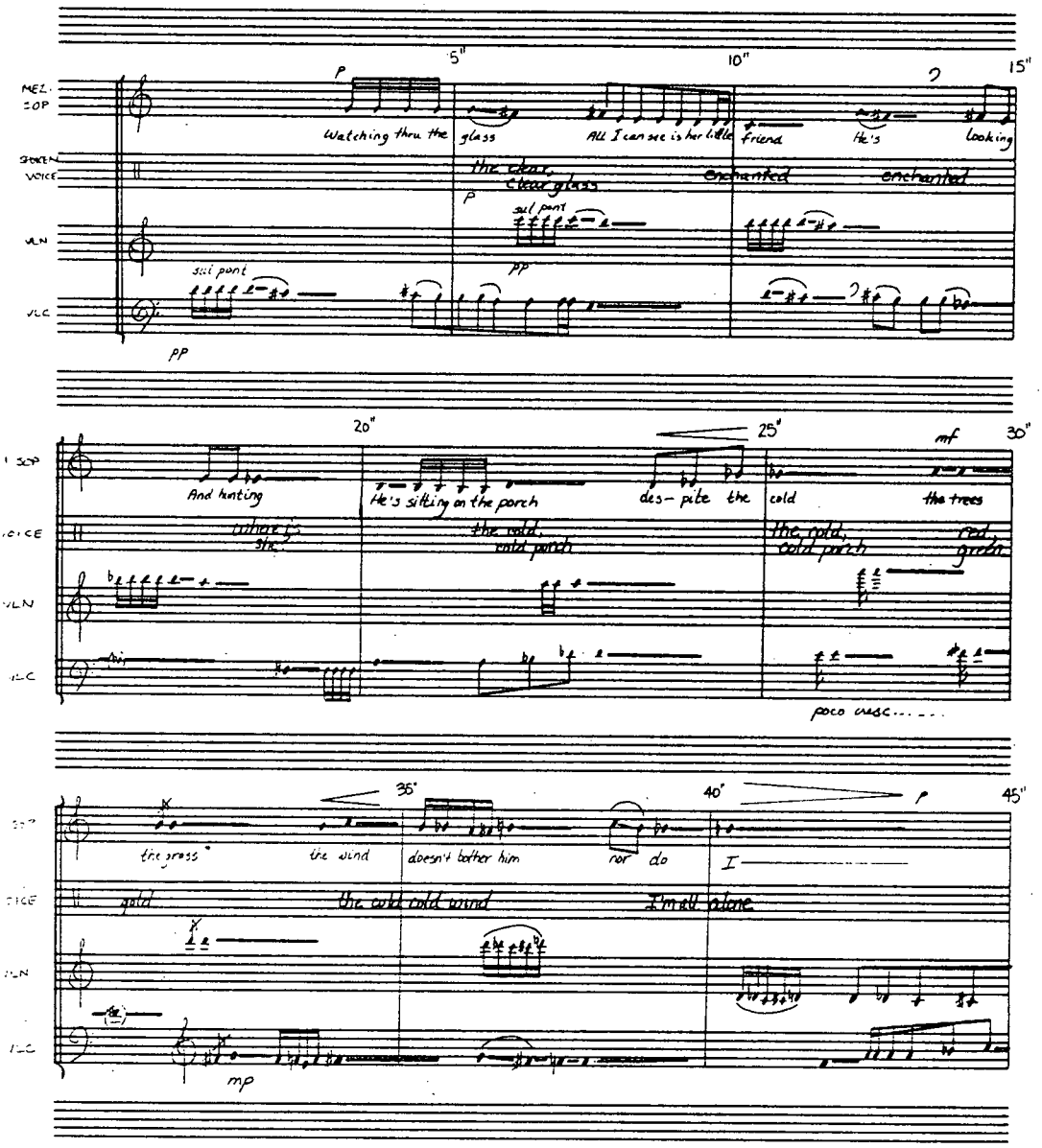
* strumming quickly – alternating with index and middle finger (or 3rd) as if quickly finger-picking on guitar (or bass)


9
mf
far
running a way
she's running past
ah
where she used to go
arco
p
uh
mf
she's
running far a-way
a-long the beach
on the beach
by the sea
the sea-side is beautiful
that's where she runs to
pizz.
mp
arco
mp

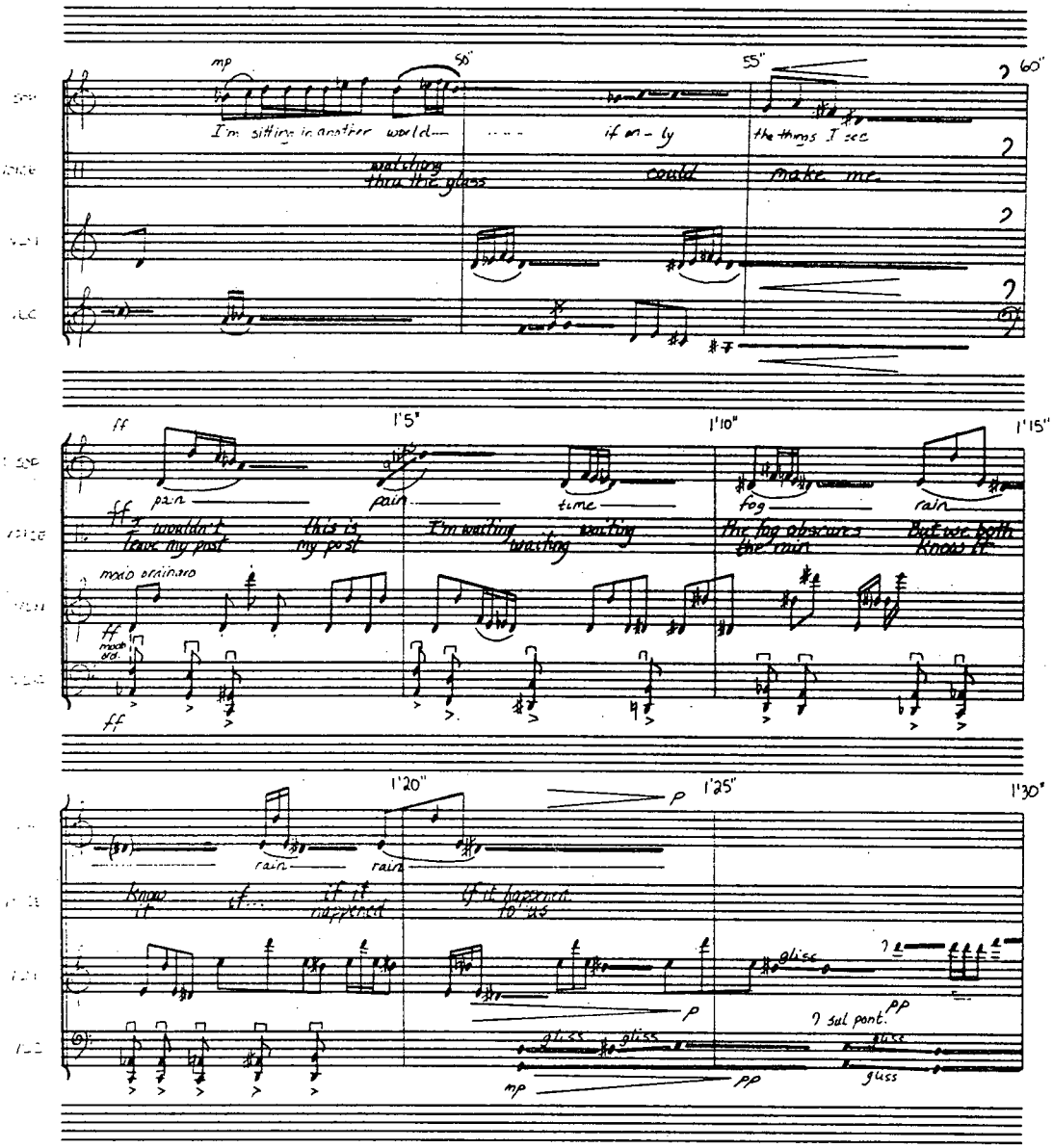
10


SOP
VOICE
VLN
VLC
af-ter flows — ra-ces by —
Quick — ly — Quick —
she's running past
dim
3
— ly — Quick — ly
she's running past the places where she used to go
p
p
p
Past
the
fa — ces
past the fa-ces
the knowing fa-ces
3
3
pp

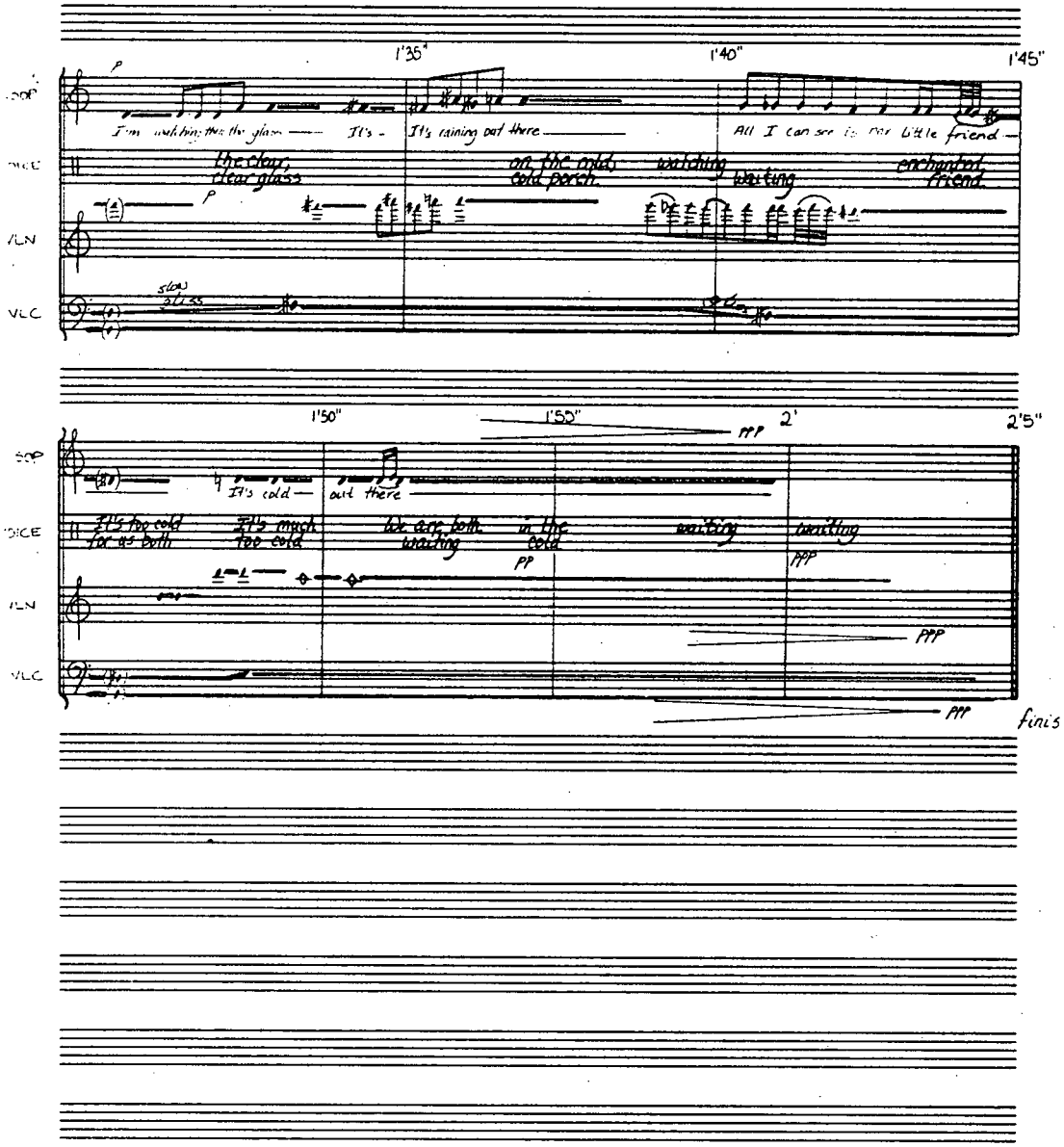
3. Waiting


5"
10"
15"
20"
25"
30"
35"
40"
45"
Watching thru the glass
All I can see is her little friend
He's looking
And hating
He's sitting on the porch
des- pite the cold
the trees
the grass
the wind
doesn't bother him
nor do
I
the clear, clear glass
enchanted
enchanted
the cold, cold porch
the cold, cold porch
the cold cold wind
I'm all alone
sul pont
poco cresc.
pp
mf
mp

12


mp
50"
55"
60"
I'm sitting in another world—
watching thru the glass
if on-ly
could
the things I see
make me
ff
pain
pain
time
fog
rain
I wouldn't leave my post
This is my post
I'm waiting
waiting
waiting
The fog obscures the rain
But we both know it
molto ordinario
1'5"
1'10"
1'15"
1'20"
1'25"
1'30"
rain
rain
know it
if...
if it happened
if it happened to us
p
gliss
sul pont.
pp
mp
gliss
gliss
gliss

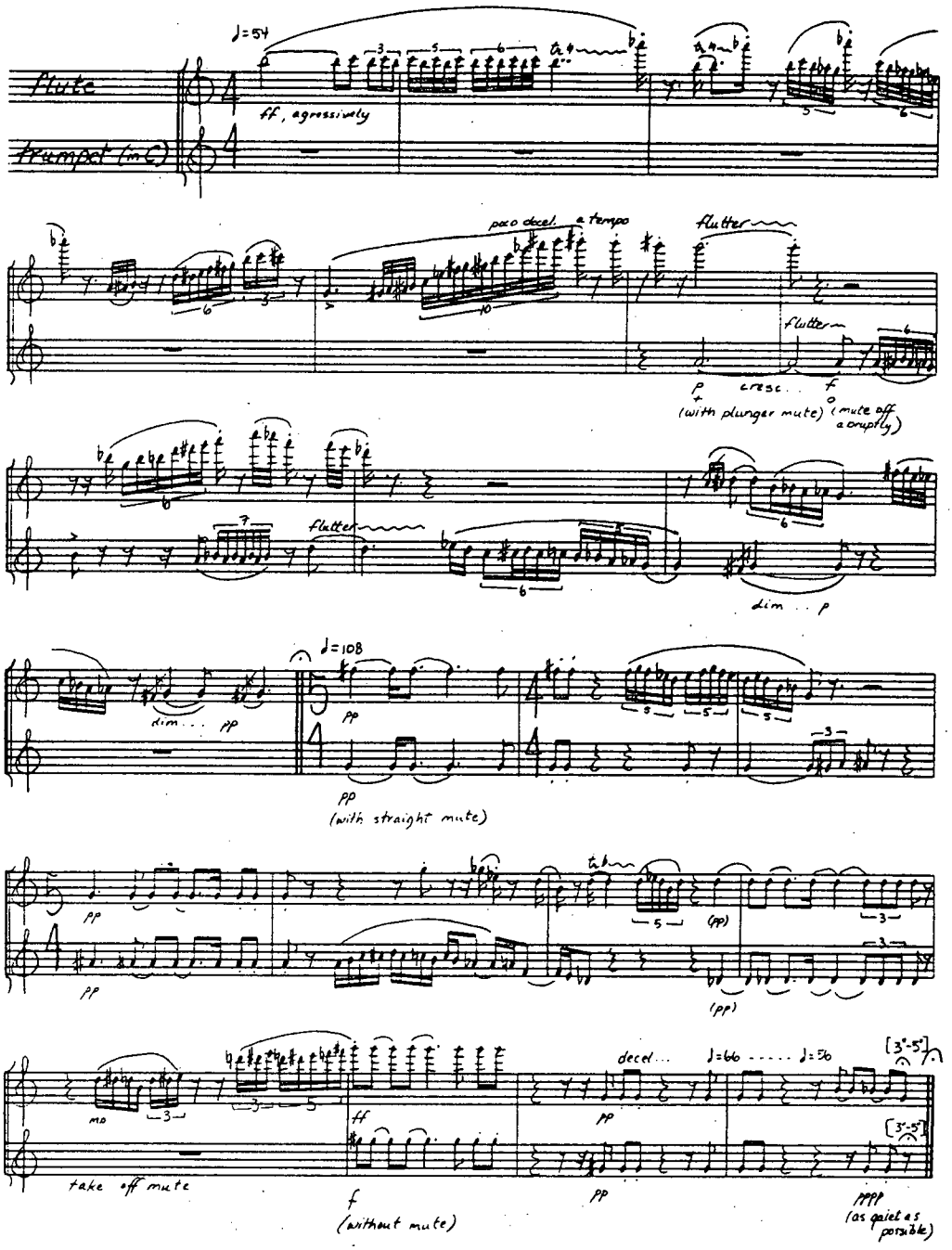
13

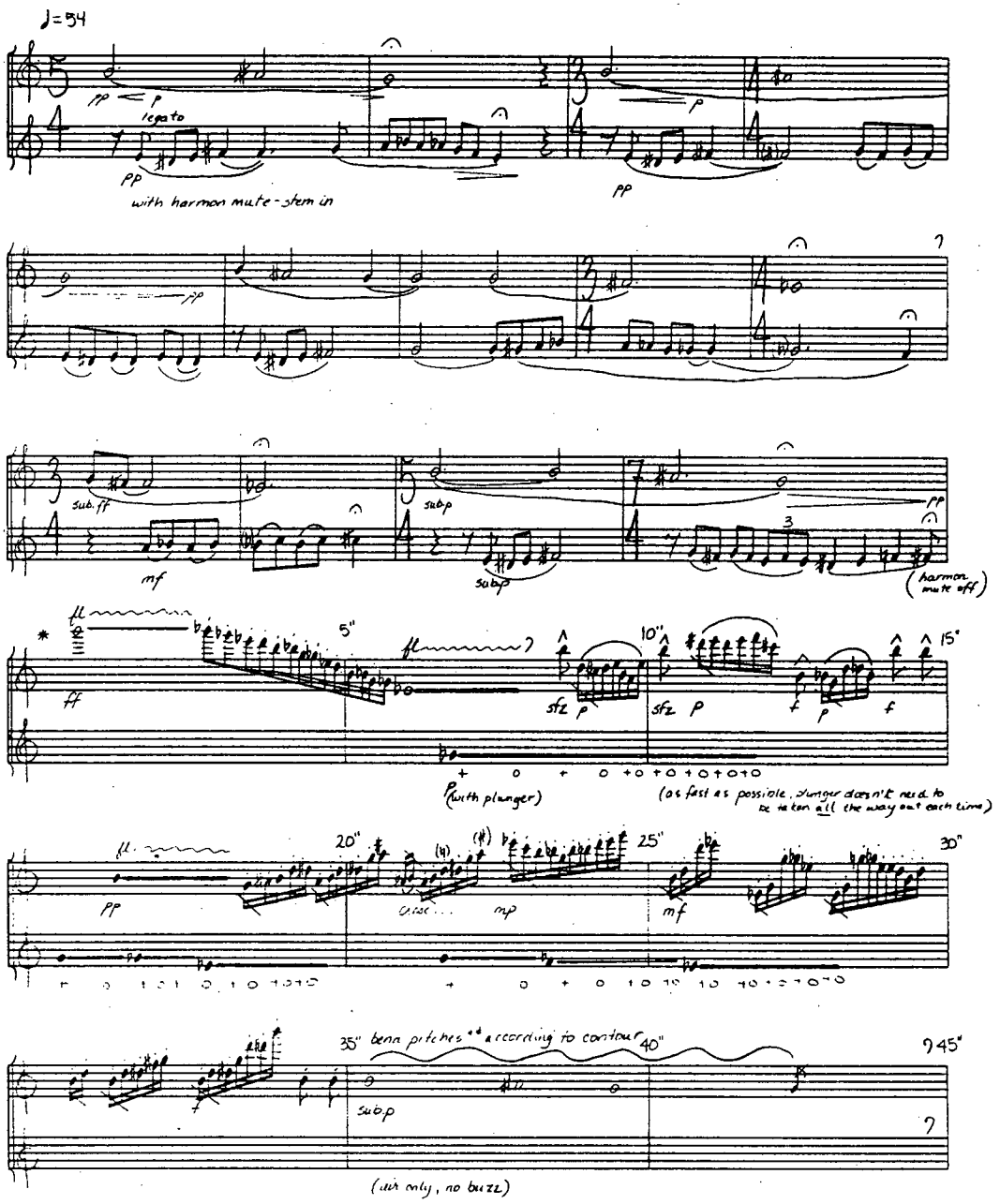

1'35"
1'40"
1'45"
SOP
DICE
VLN
VLC
I'm watching thru the glass
It's -
It's raining out there
All I can see is our little friend
the clear, clear glass
on the cold, cold porch
watching
waiting
enchanted friend
slow glass
1'50"
1'55"
2'
2'5"
It's cold
out there
It's too cold for us both
It's much too cold
We are both waiting
in the cold
waiting
waiting
finis

13

For will

Kirsten Carlson

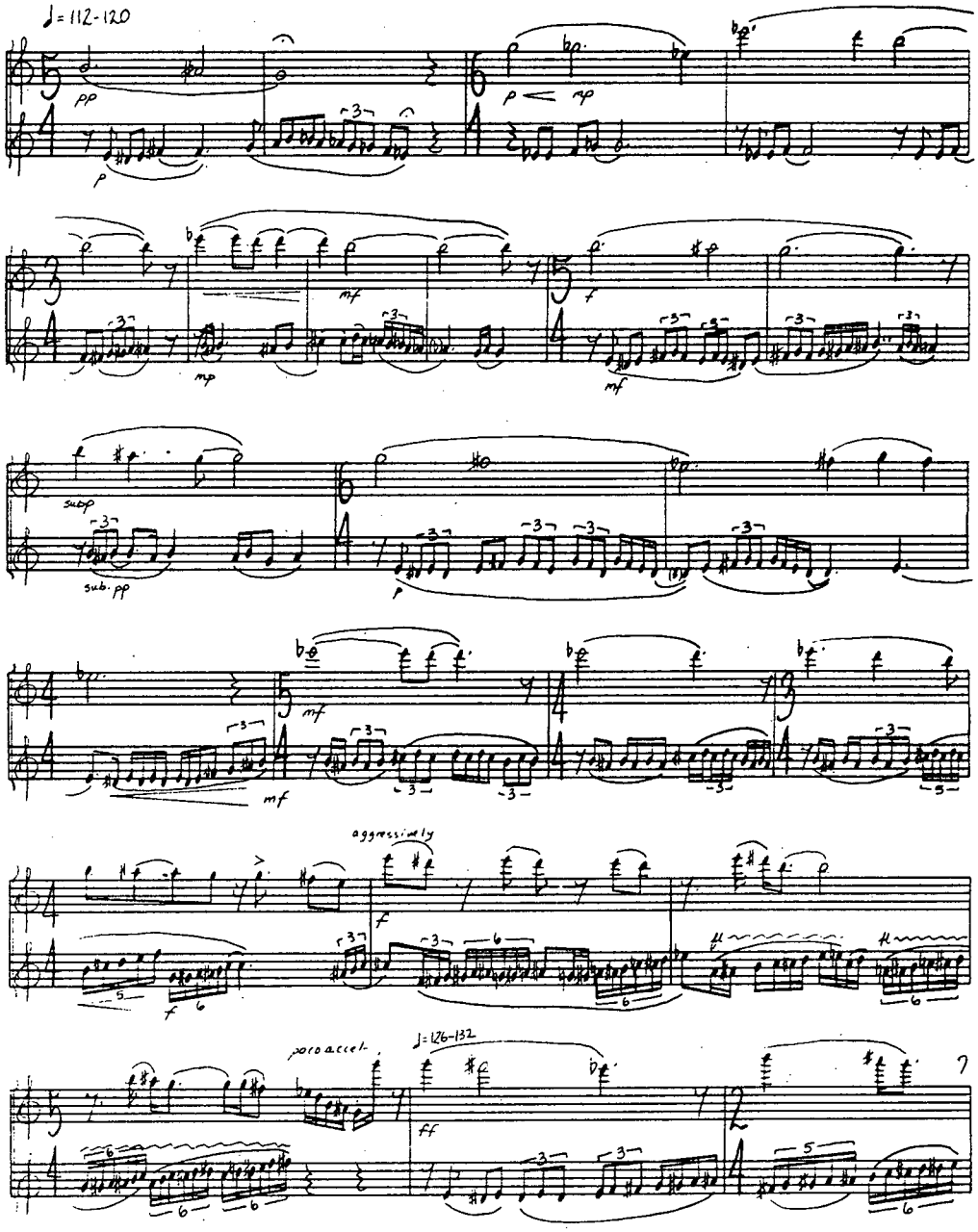


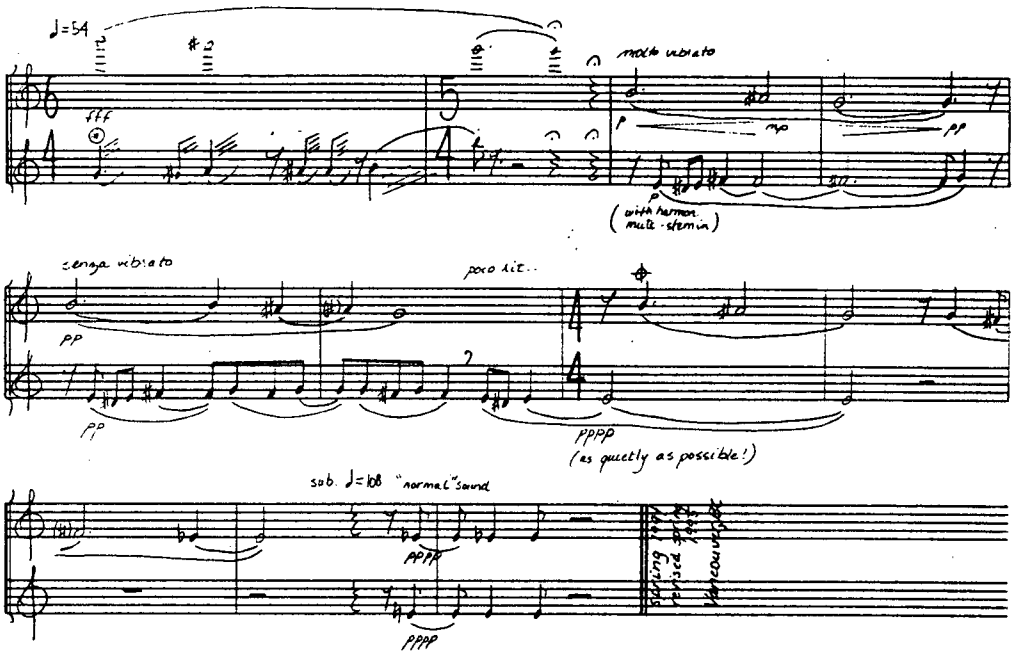


N.B. accidentals apply to the entire 5" measure"

** by moving (rolling) flute

* change from metrical notation to proportional notation


♩= 112-120
pp
p
p < mp
mf
mp
f
mf
subp
sub. pp
p
mf
mf
aggressively
f
f
poco accel.
♩= 126-132
ff



⊛ as many chromatic notes as possible

⊕ wind sound - finger notes as written and blow air through the flute (cover entire hole with mouth)

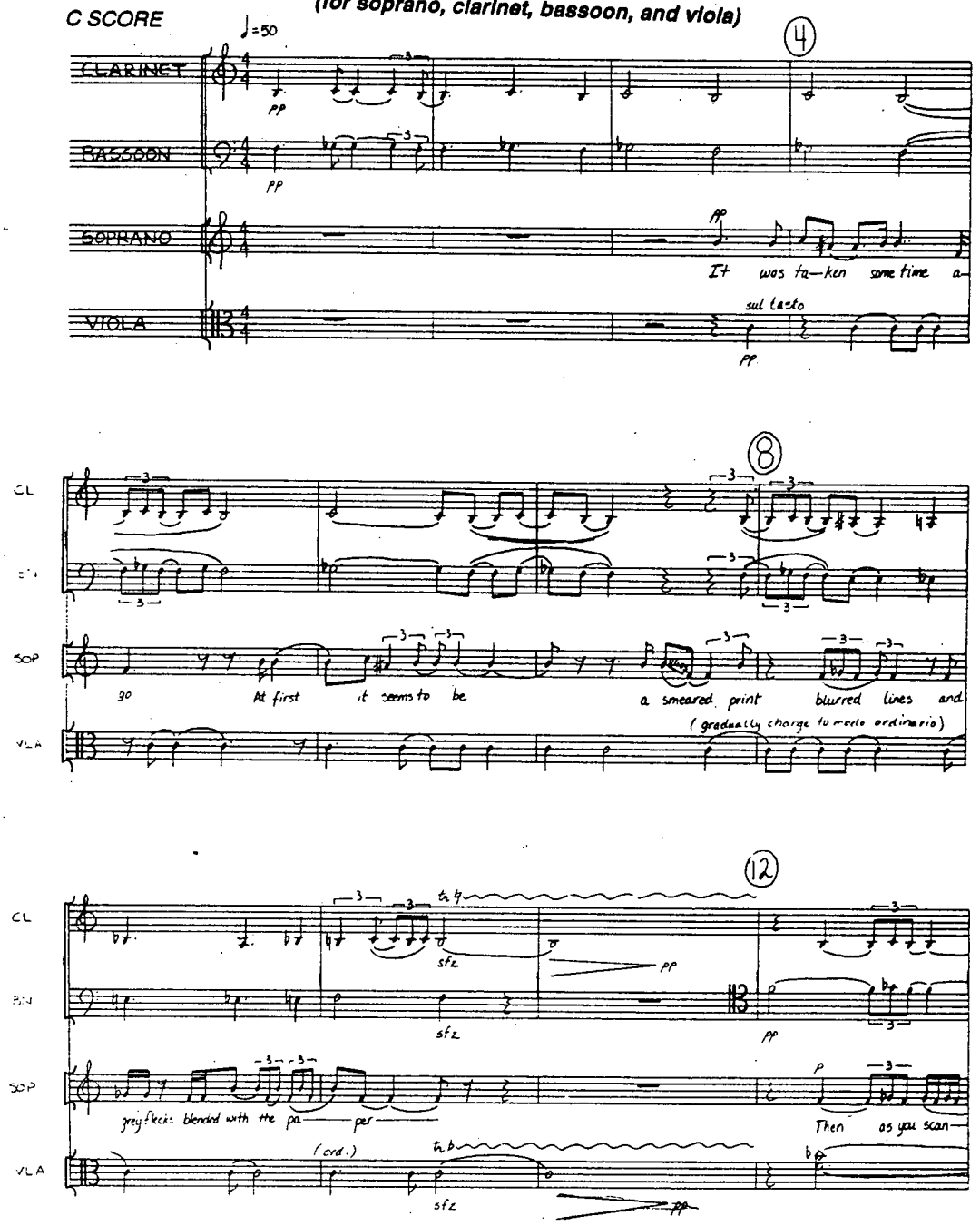
text: Margaret Atwood

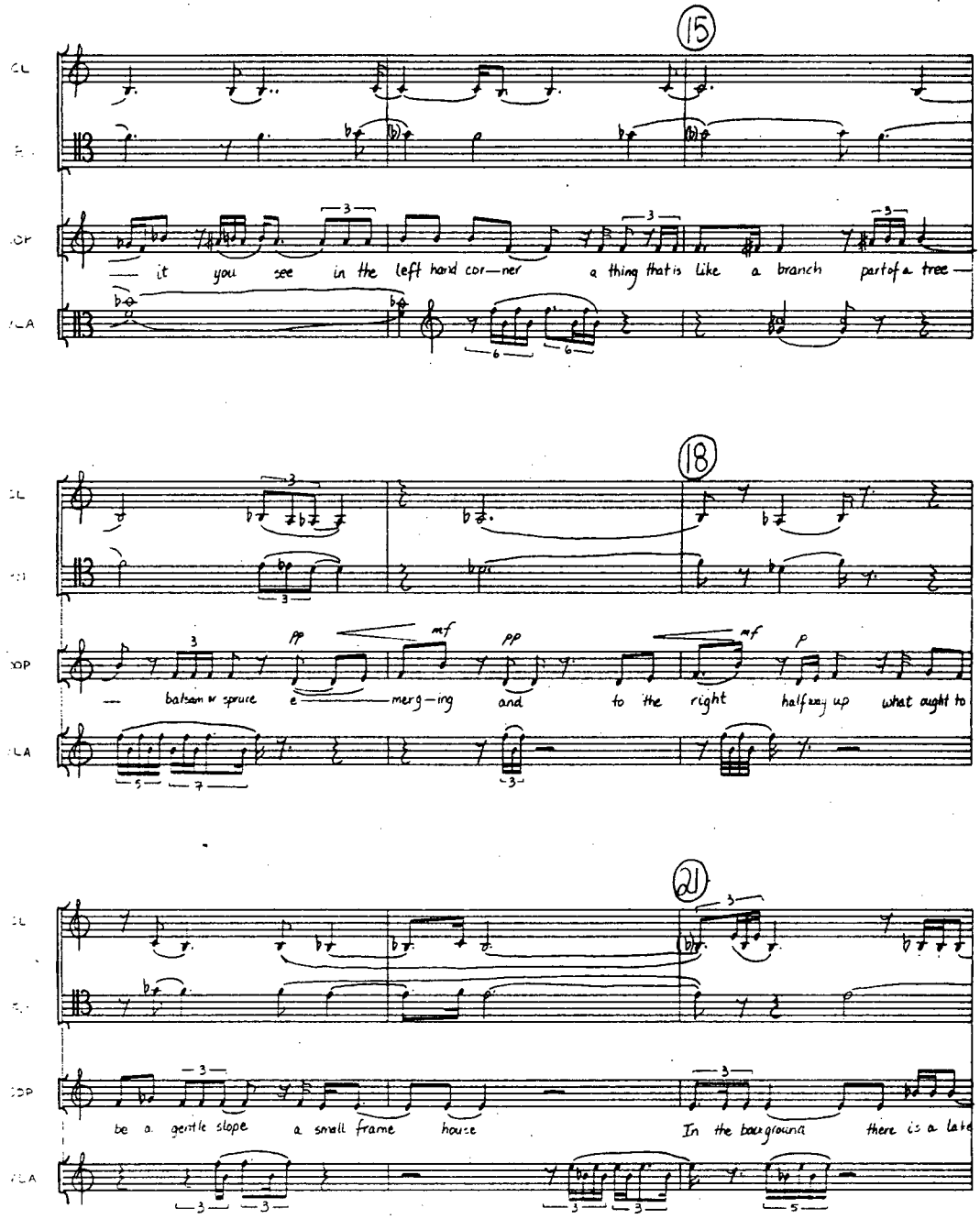
This is a photograph of me

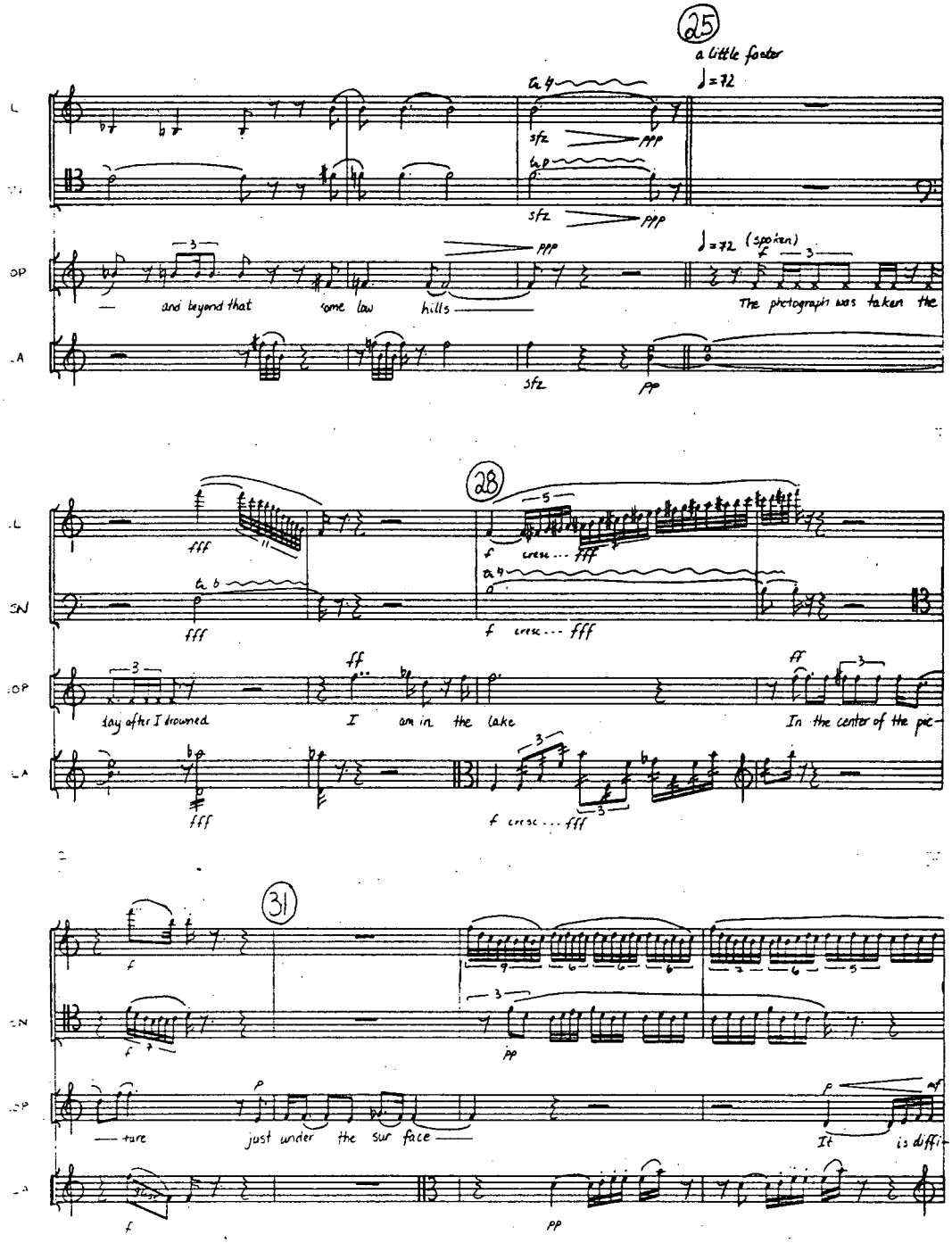
(for soprano, clarinet, bassoon, and viola)

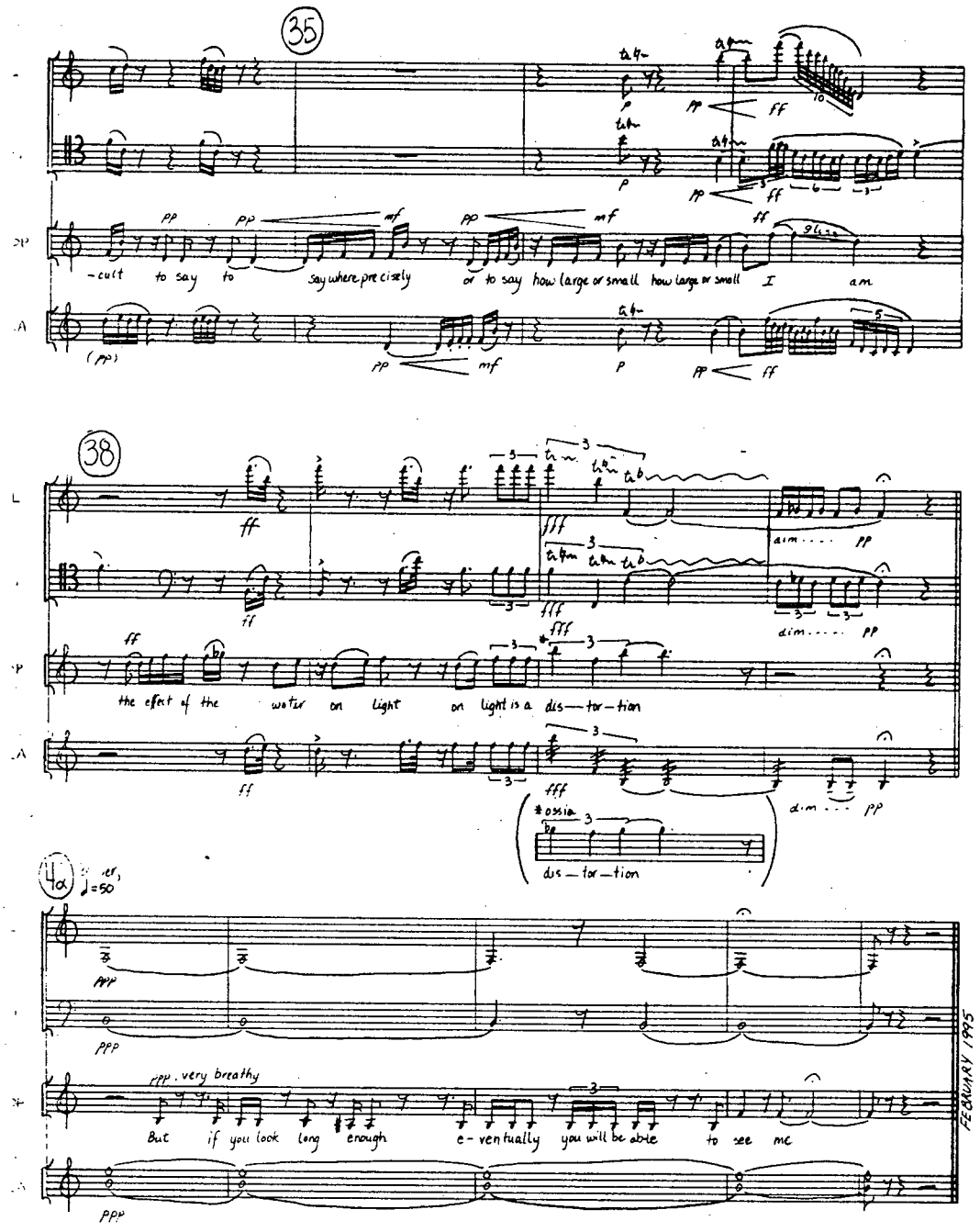
music: Kirsten Carlson

C SCORE




15
it you see in the left hand cor—ner a thing that is like a branch part of a tree—
18
pp mf pp mf p
— balsam w spruce e——merg—ing and to the right halfway up what ought to
21
be a gentle slope a small frame house In the background there is a lake


25
a little faster
♩=72
sfz
ppp
and beyond that some low hills
♩=72 (spoken)
The photograph was taken the
28
fff
f cresc... fff
lay after I drowned
I am in the lake
In the center of the pic-
31
pp
— ture just under the sur face —
It is diffi-


35
38
-cult to say to say where pre cisely or to say how large or small how large or small I am
the effect of the wa tir on light on light is a dis—tor—tion
dis—tor—tion
But if you look long enough e-ventually you will be able to see me
FEBRUARY 1995

The Swimmer

for soprano, mezzo-soprano, flute, clarinet,
two violins, viola, and cello

Kirsten Carlson

PERFORMANCE NOTES

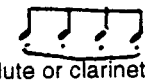
1. Accidentals in front of notes apply for the whole measure (or five second duration) unless otherwise cancelled.

2. The following indication means to repeat the section within the repeat signs for the duration of the arrow.

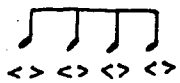
3. The pizzacato indications for the entire piece are for a special type of pizzicato. The players will pluck the string at the point where the string would be divided in half. The pizzicato which results is more resonant than the normal pizzicato.

4. The following indication is to signal the absence of a time signature , i.e., a section of proportional notation:

5. When this:



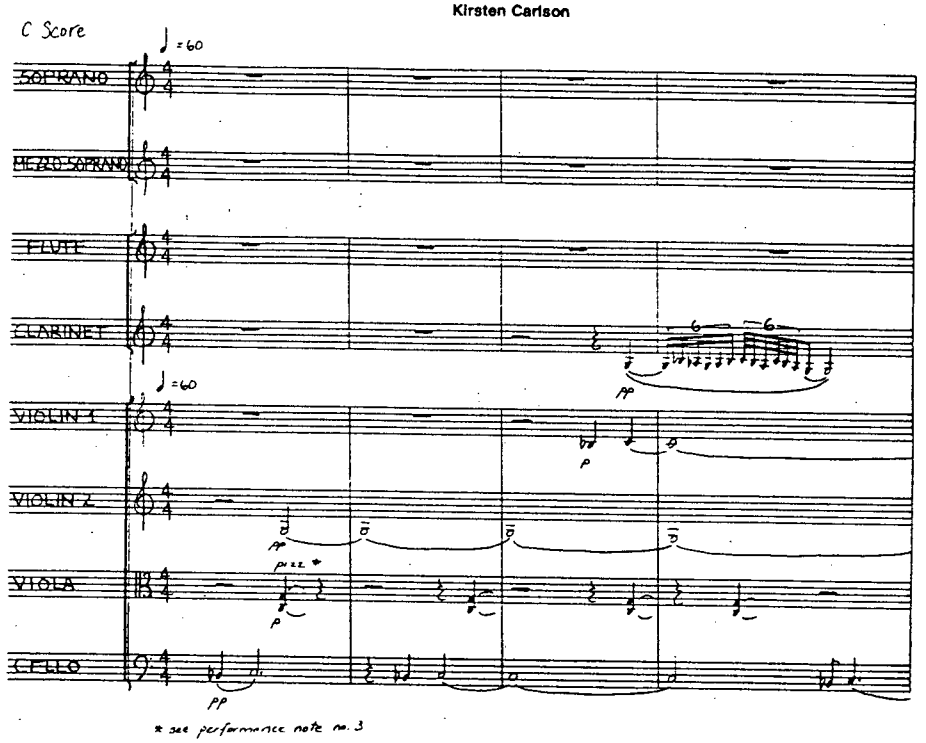
is written in the flute or clarinet part, it implies the following:

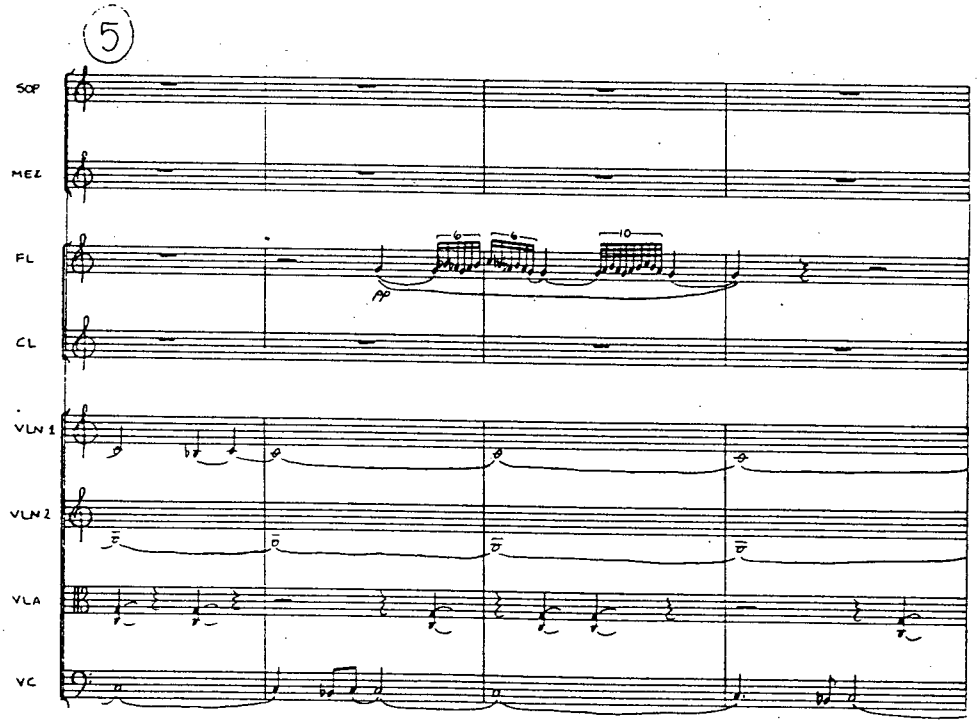


The Swimmer

for soprano, mezzo-soprano, flute, clarinet,
two violins, viola, and cello

Kirsten Carlson





2

9

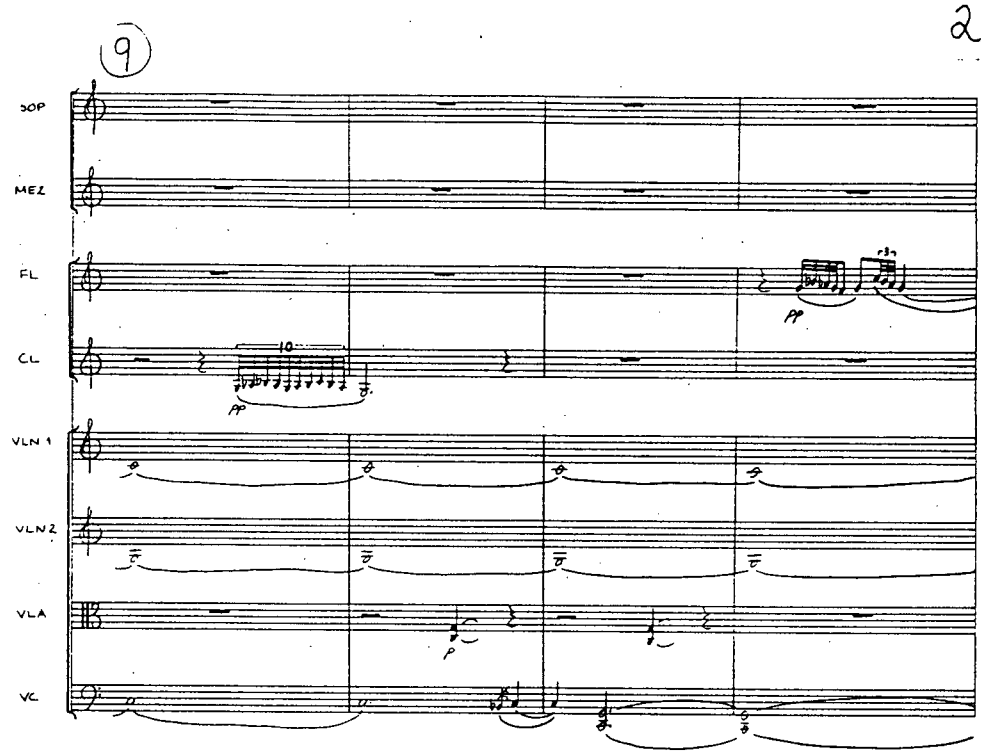
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC

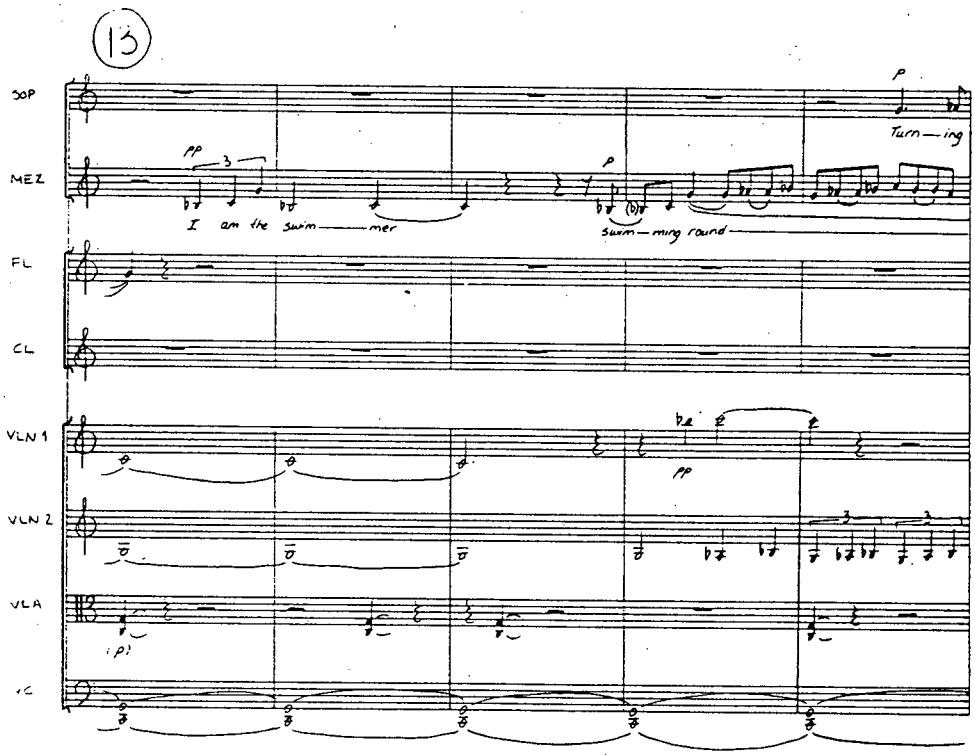
pp
pp
p

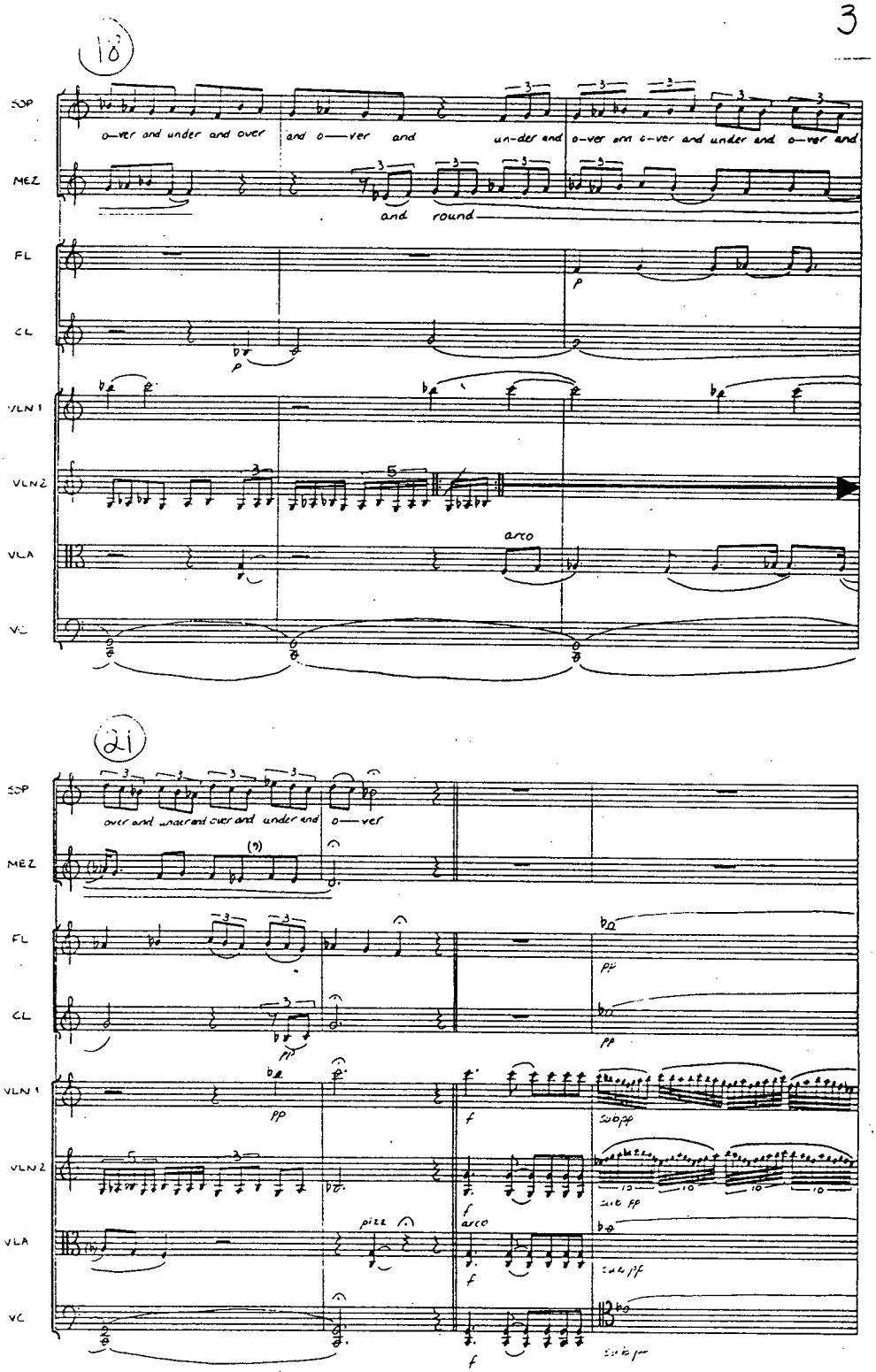
13

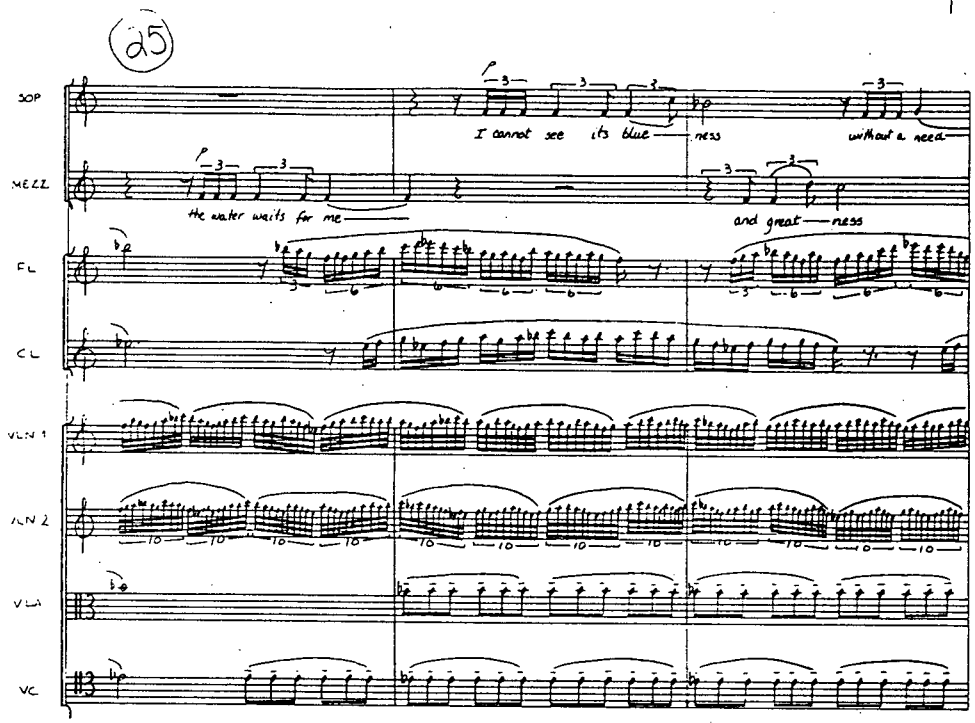
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC

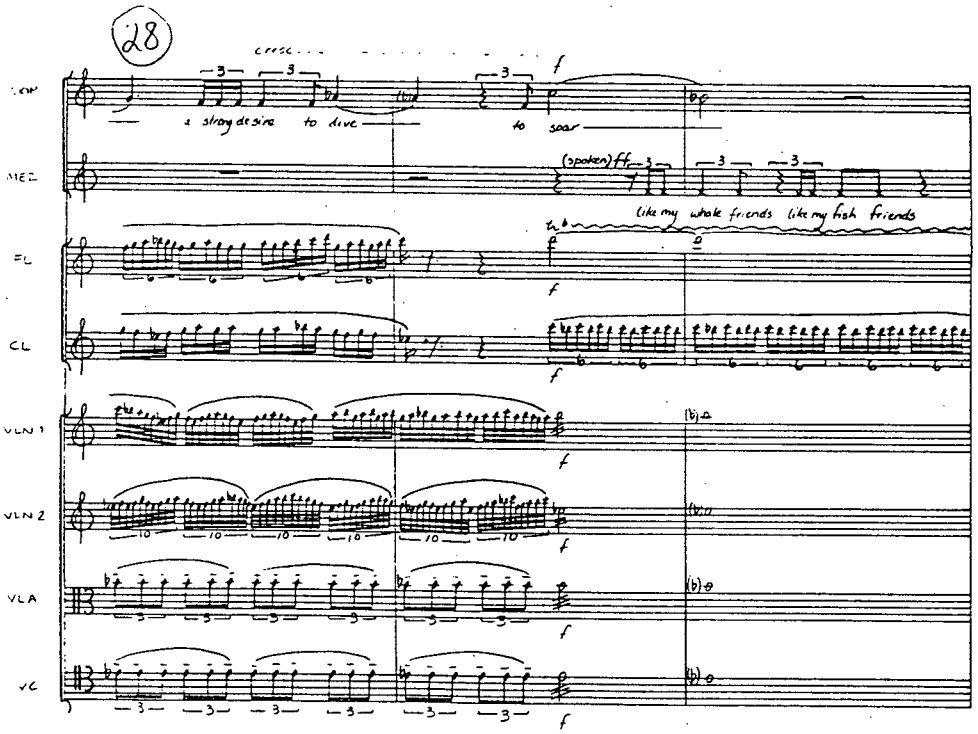
pp
I am the swim — mer
p
swim — ming round
p
Turn — ing
pp
(p)






18
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
over and under and over
and over and
under and
over and over and under and over and
and round
arco
21
over and under and over and under and over
pizz
arco


25
SOP
MEZZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
I cannot see its blue — ness
without a need —
the water waits for me —
and great — ness


28
cresc.
a strong desire to dive —
to soar
(spoken) ff
Like my whale friends like my fish friends
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC

5

(31)

p (loud whisper)

SOP: this blue in spires me — this

MEZ: This depth (loud whisper) when everything else frightens me this depth inspires me

FL: dim . . . . . ppp

CL: dim . . . . . ppp

VLN 1: ppp

VLN 2: ppp

VLA: ppp

VC: pizz * ppp

* see performance note no. 3

(34)

SOP: blue in-spires me (sung) This blue mf it moves me off my feet — to dive — to — soar — cresc ff

MEZ: (sung) this depth in-spires me mf to dive — to dive to ff

FL: cresc . . p mf cresc . . ff

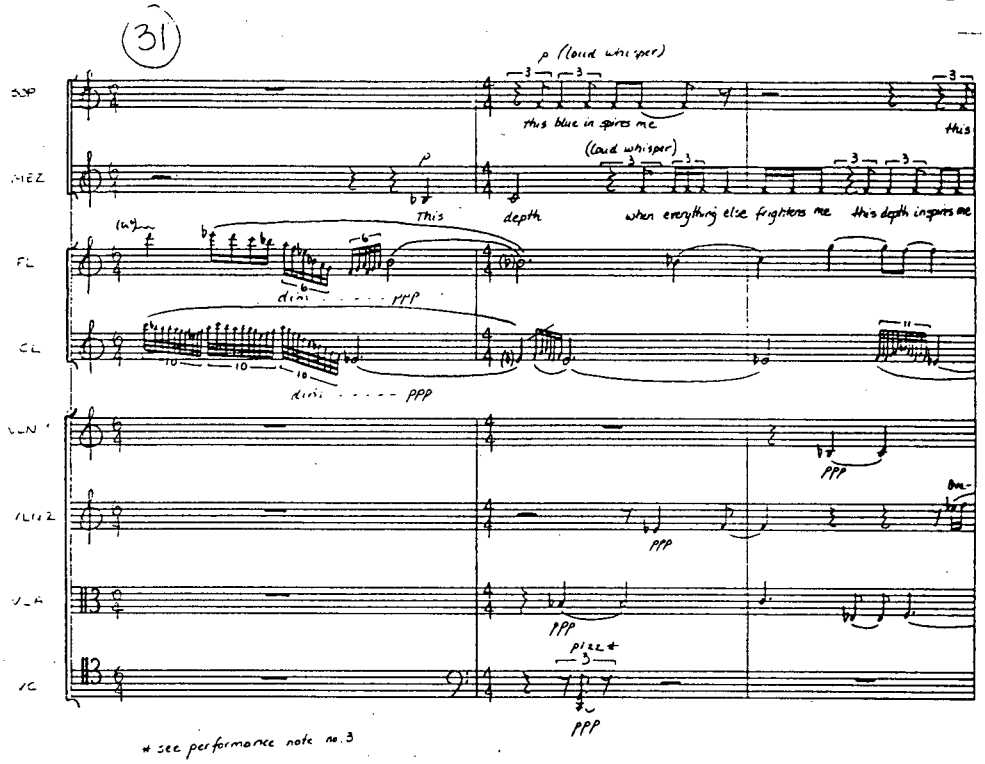
CL: mf cresc . . . . . ff

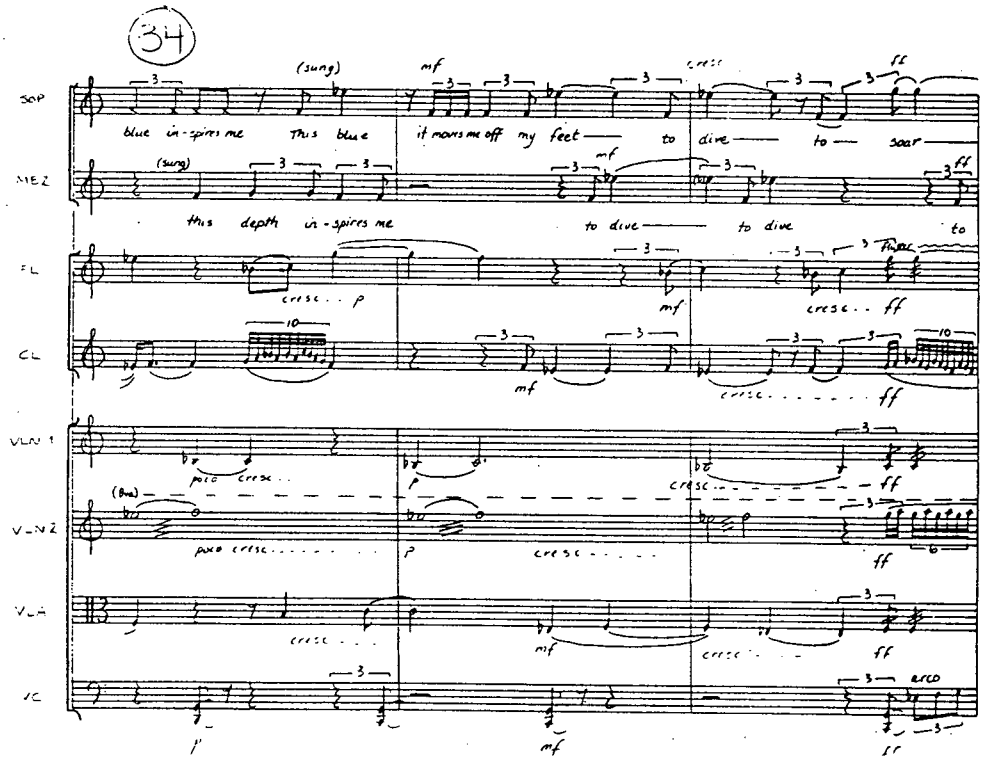
VLN 1: poco cresc . . p cresc . . . . . ff

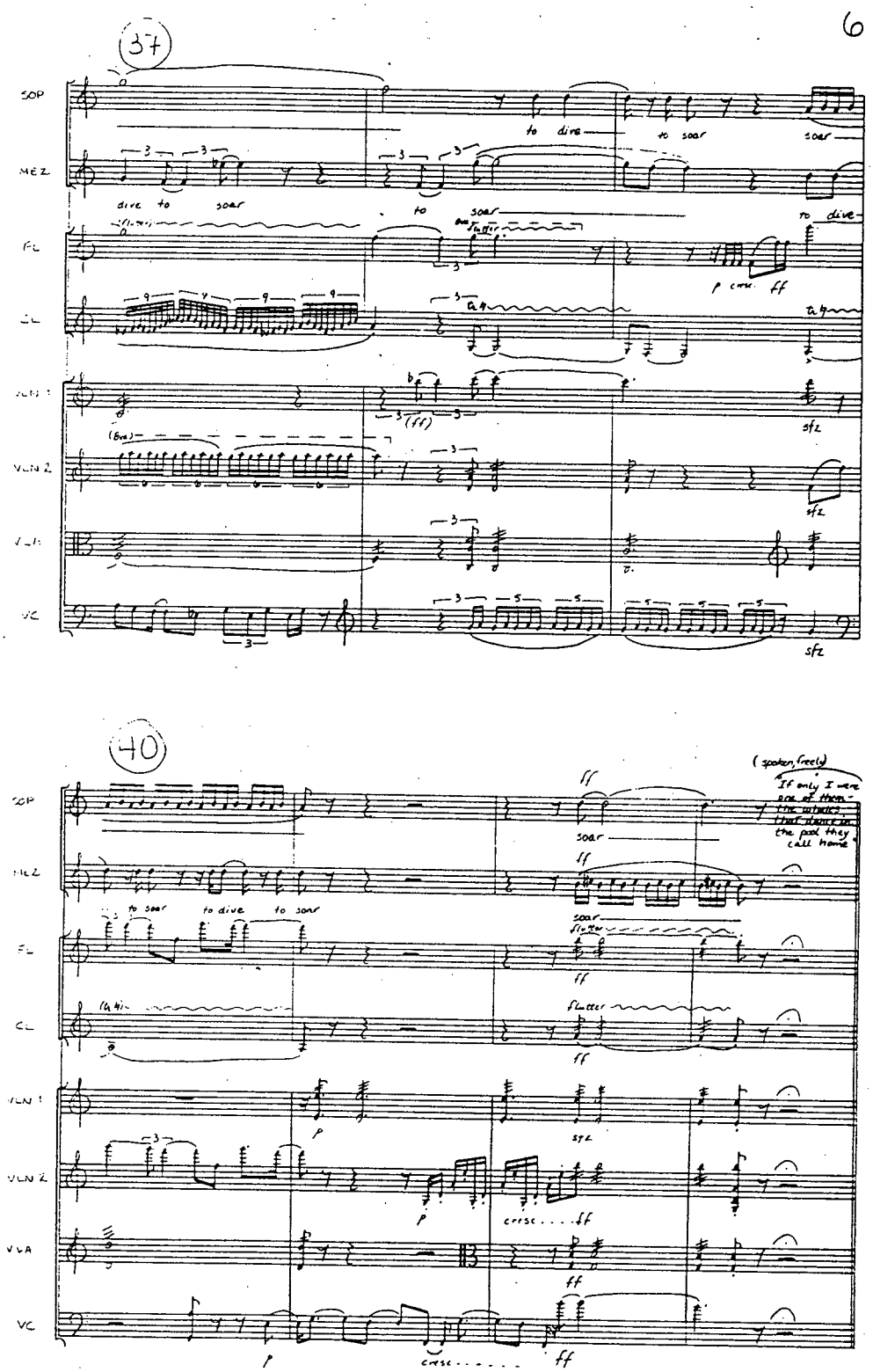
VLN 2: (Bva) poco cresc . . . . . p cresc . . . . . ff

VLA: cresc . . . mf cresc . . . ff

VC: p mf arco ff






6
37
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
to dive
to soar
soar
dive to soar
to soar
to dive
p cresc. ff
sfz
40
(spoken, freely)
If only I were one of them - the whales that dance in the pool they call home
to soar
to dive
to soar
soar
flutter
cresc. . . . ff
p
cresc. . . . . ff

7

44

5" 10" 15"

SOP (spoken freely) Do they know anything else p — I can't be here f

MEZ (spoken freely) I want to know what they know p — there is nothing else mf — nothing but this — nothing but this — nothing but this f

FL (spoken freely) why can't I live in the water f — I'd be safe — I'd be safe

CL (spoken freely) To dive to soar pp — to dive to soar mf — to dive to soar f

VLN 1 (spoken freely) watching them play mp — I want to join them — ppp — movement is easier in this space f

VLN 2 ppp — (spoken, freely) to know what they know — freedom comes with movement

VLA (spoken freely) why can't I live in the water mf — I'd be safe — pp < mf

VC (spoken freely) the whales that dance in the pool they call home mf — to dive to soar — pizz

20" 25" 30"

SOP (deliberately) movement is freedom mf — I see the body f — the orange body in the blue sky waters f

MEZ pp (sung) But I am the swim — mer — two arms f

FL they know p — and I long to know what they know — two arms f

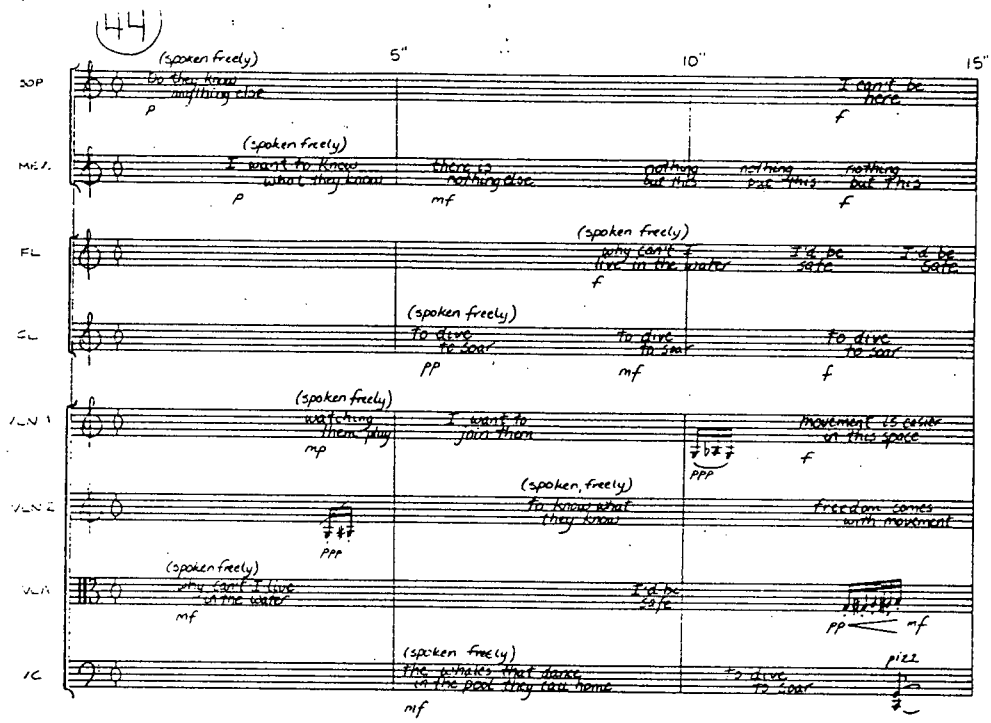
CL (legato) pp — I see the body mf — I see the body

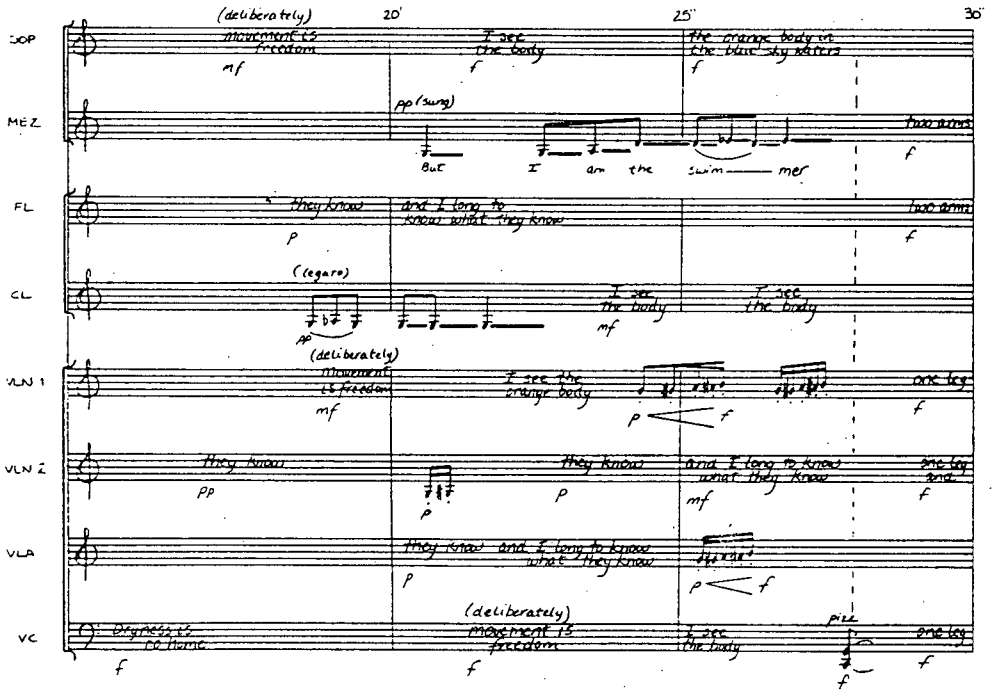
VLN 1 (deliberately) movement is freedom mf — I see the orange body p < f — one leg f

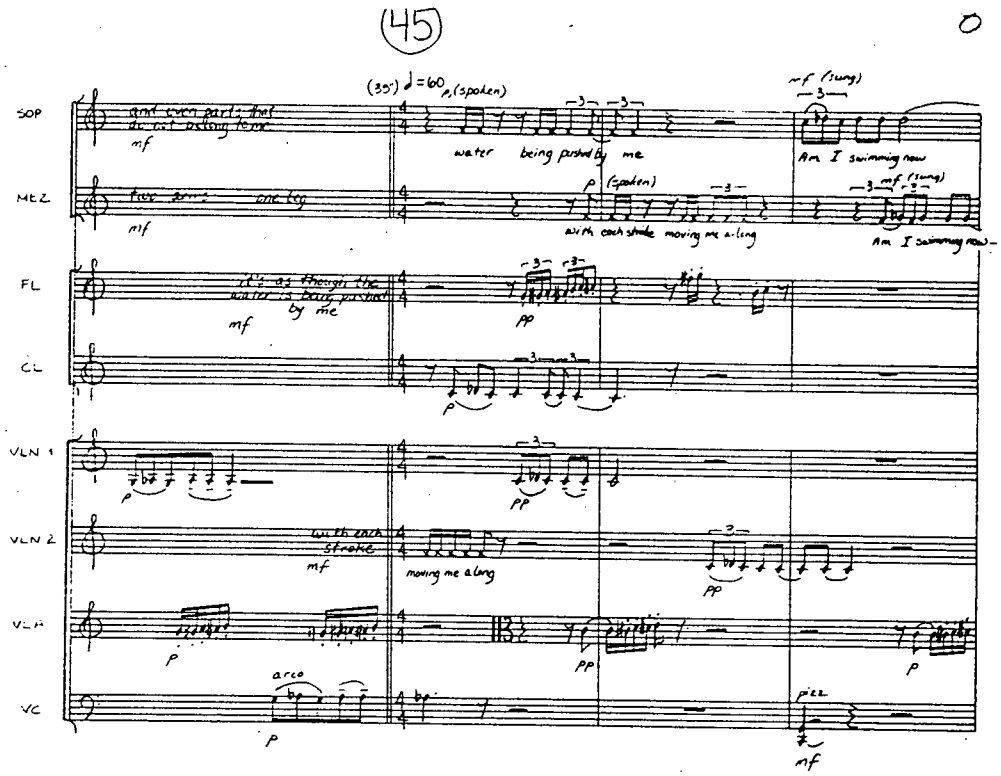
VLN 2 they know pp — p — they know p — and I long to know what they know mf — one leg and f

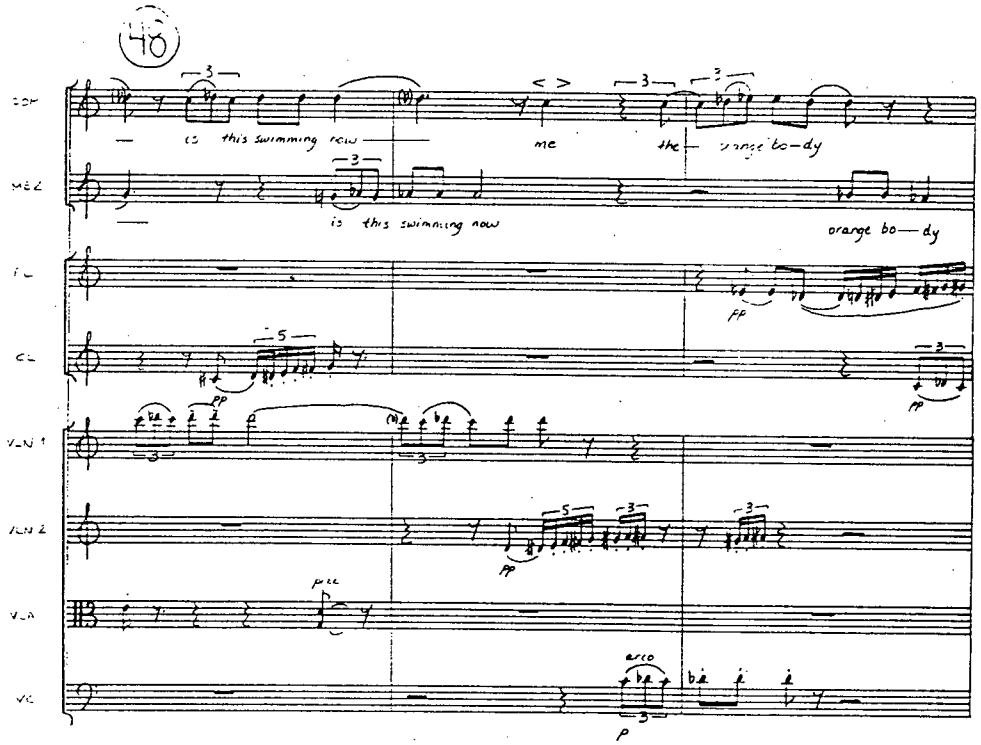
VLA they know and I long to know what they know p — p < f

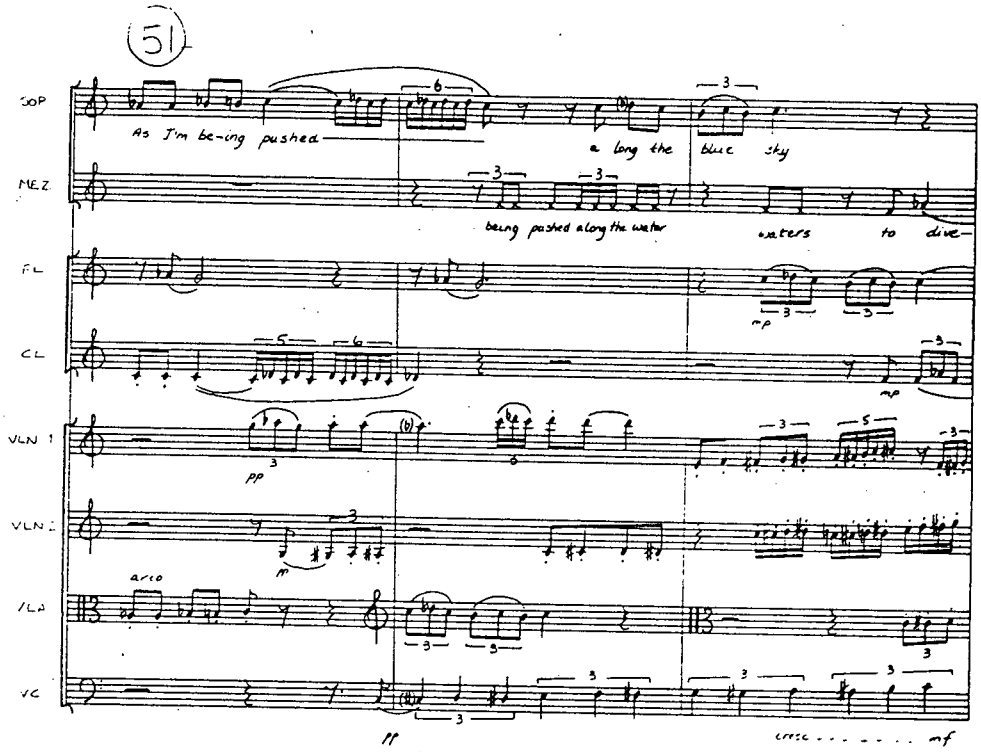
VC Dryness is no home f — (deliberately) movement is freedom f — I see the body — pizz — one leg f

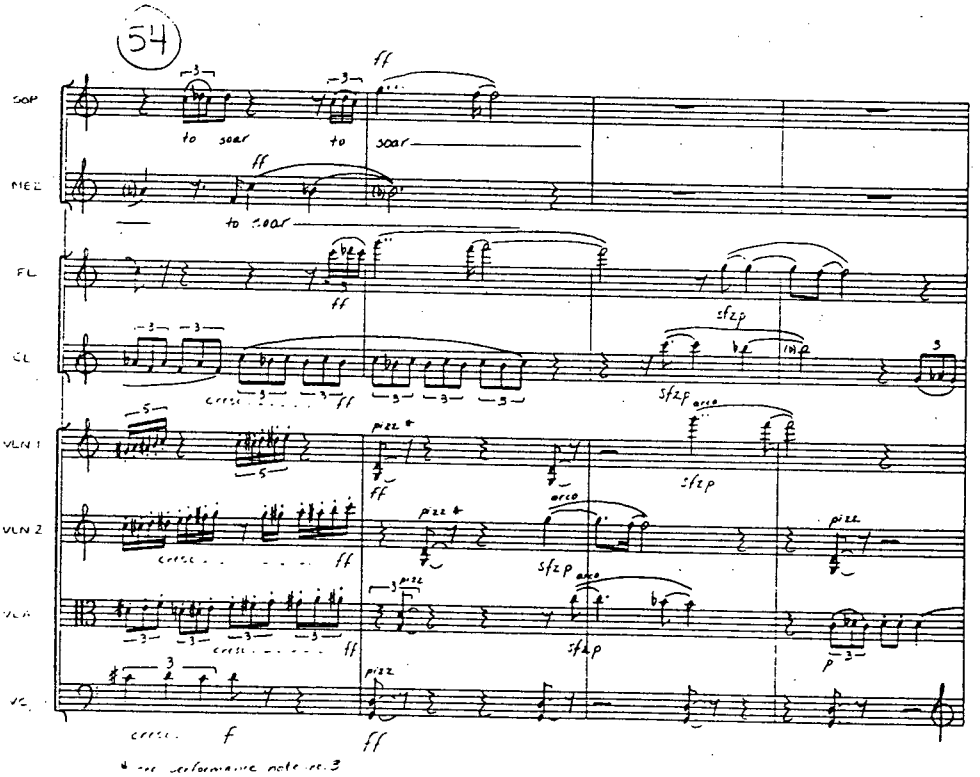





45
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
(35") ♩=60
p (spoken)
water being pushed by me
mf (sung)
Am I swimming now
with each stroke moving me along
Am I swimming now
it's as though the water is being pushed by me
with each stroke
moving me along
arco
pizz


48
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
is this swimming now
me
the orange bo-dy
is this swimming now
orange bo-dy
pizz
arco





* see performance note re. 3

10

58

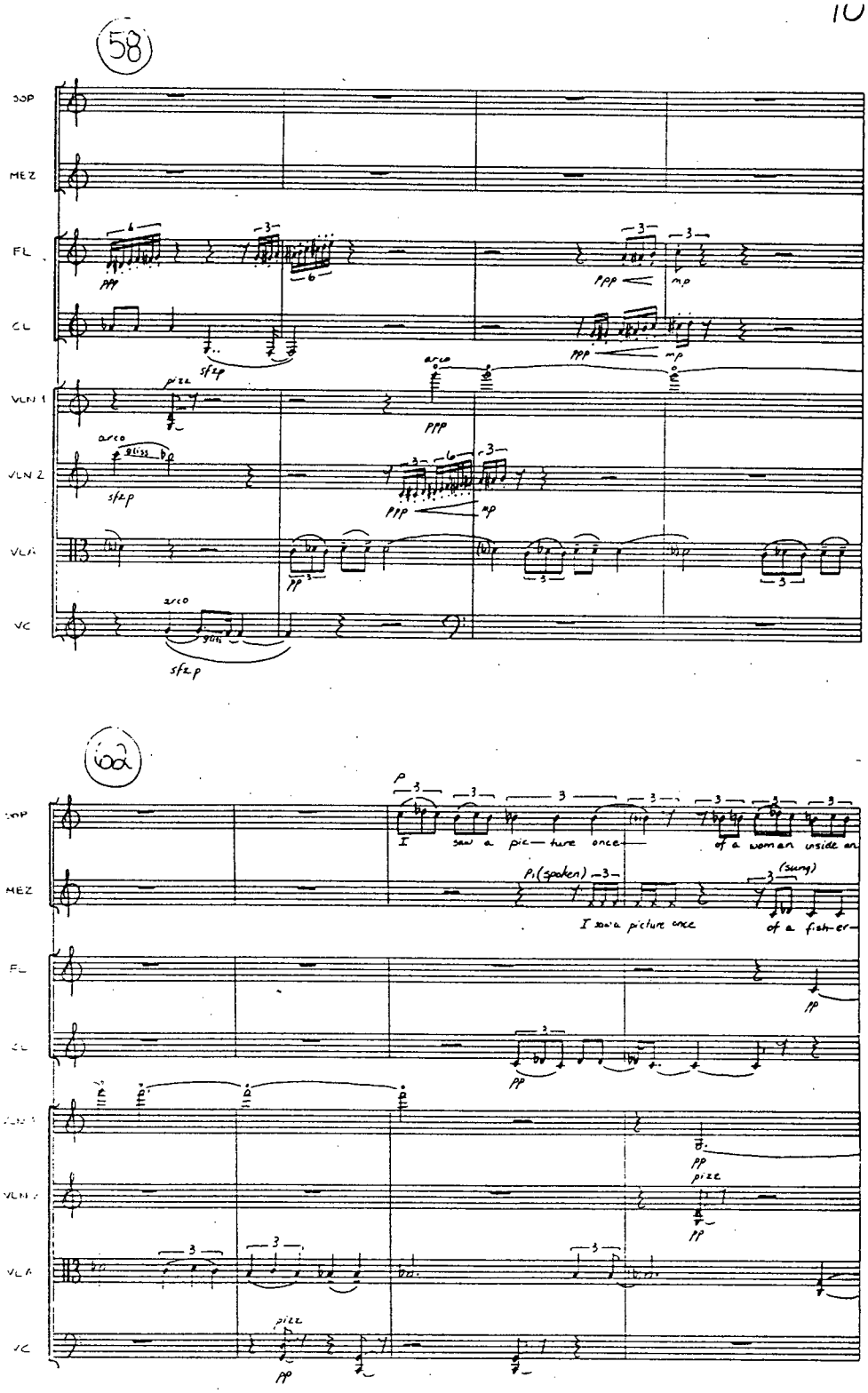
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC

ppp
sfzp
pizz
arco
gliss
ppp
mp
pp

62

SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC

p
I saw a pic— ture once— of a woman inside an
P1 (spoken)
I saw a picture once
(sung)
of a fish-er—
pp
pizz



66

SOP: mf — un-der wa-ter cave of a tiny school of possessed fish of a great ship which

MEZ: man throwing him-self over the boat's edge of a flooded town floating a-way

FL

CL: p — spoken, freely, mf of a million boats waiting, side by

VLN 1: con sord. ppp

VLN 2: pp — arco, con sord. ppp

VLA

VC: solo spoken, freely, mf of a boat carrying people, their belongings, their children and their cars from one side to another — unis. (pizz) — arco

69

SOP: serves as a graveyard un-der the o-cean — mp never

MEZ: (spoken) it's true — p (sung) of a group of children — poco cresc... mp playing on the beach

FL: pp

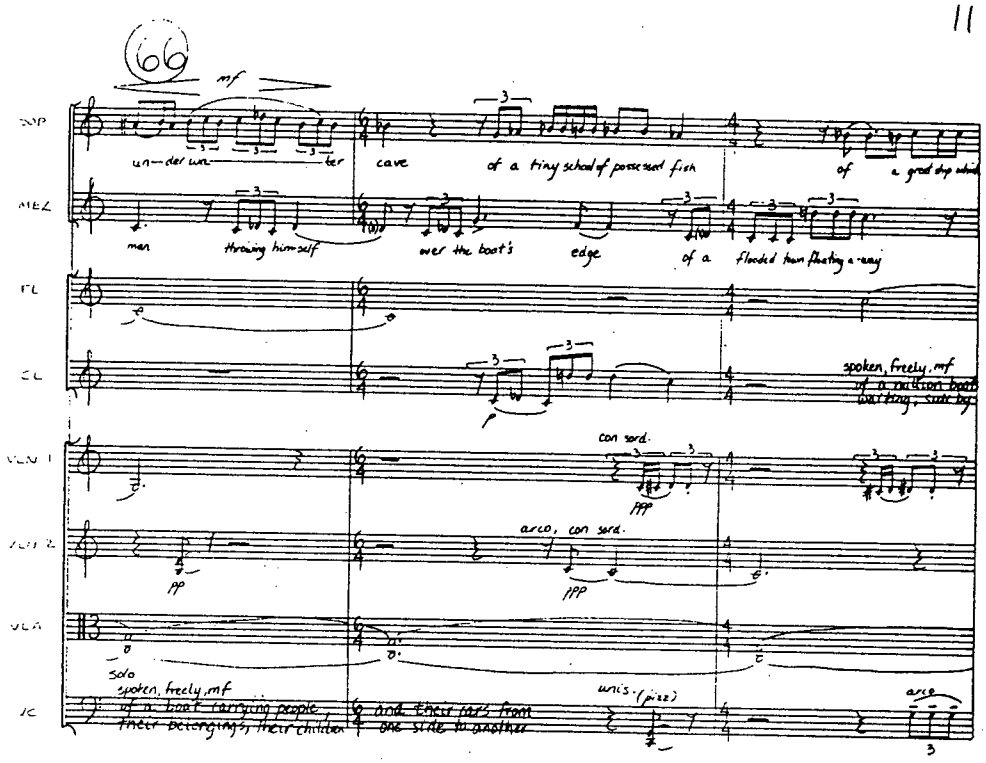
CL: side, waiting for the fish that may never get there — pp

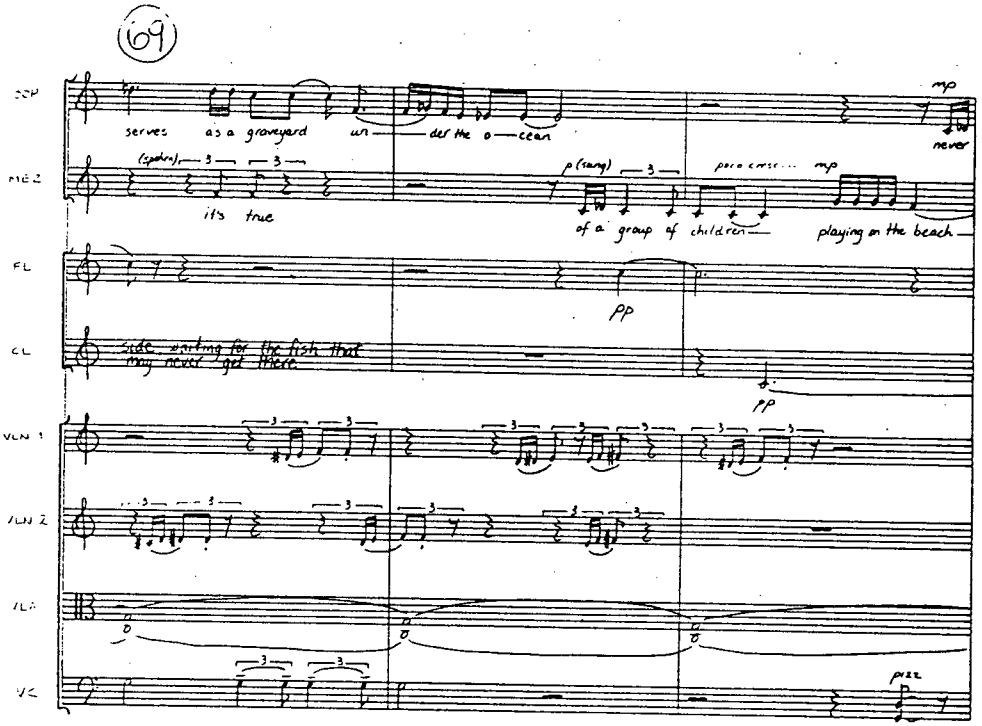
VLN 1

VLN 2

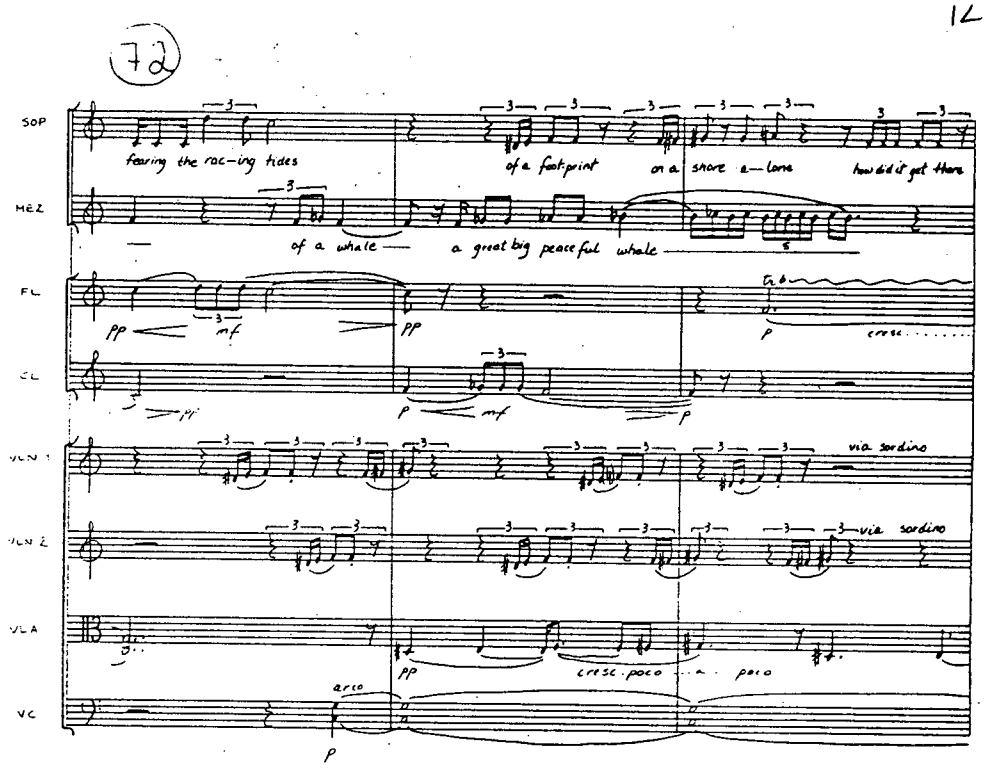
VLA

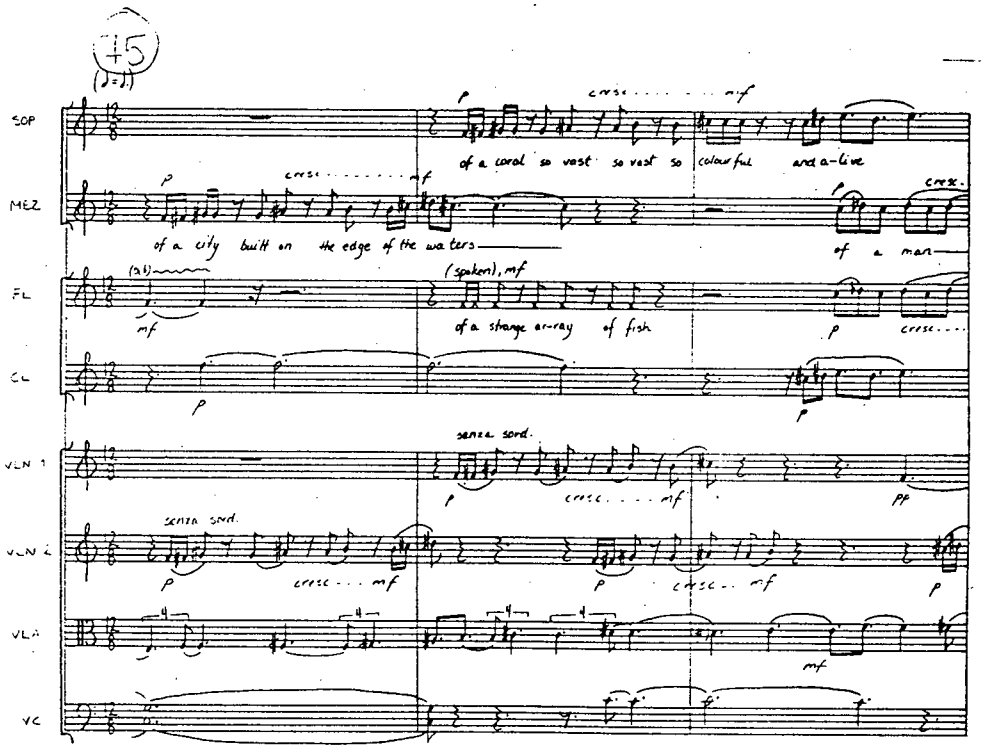
VC: pizz



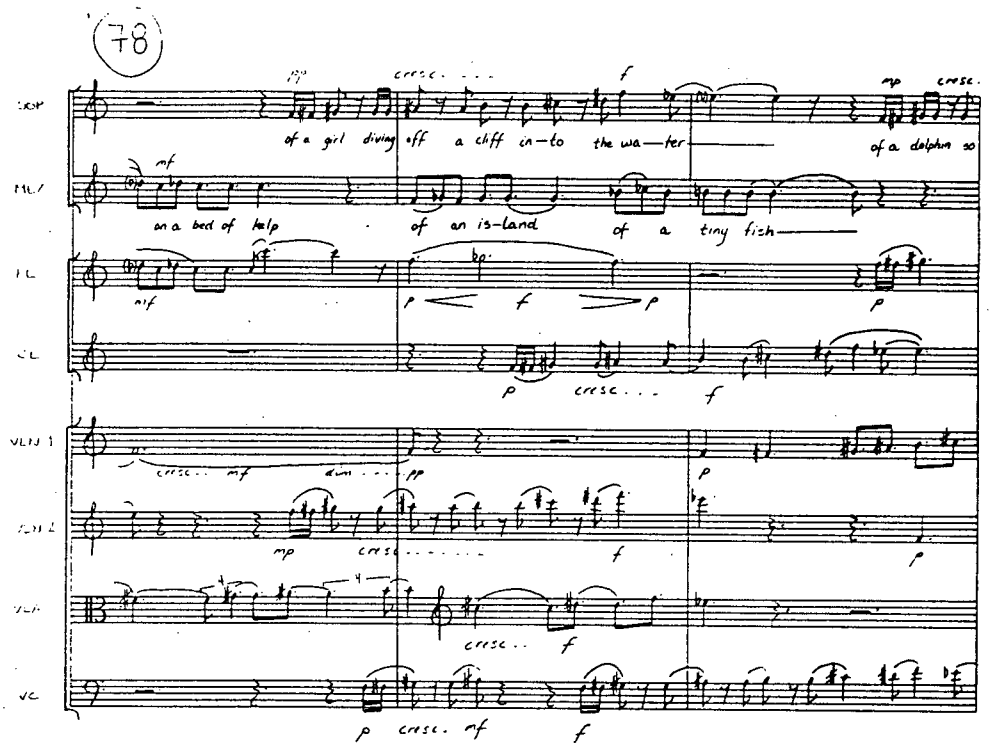


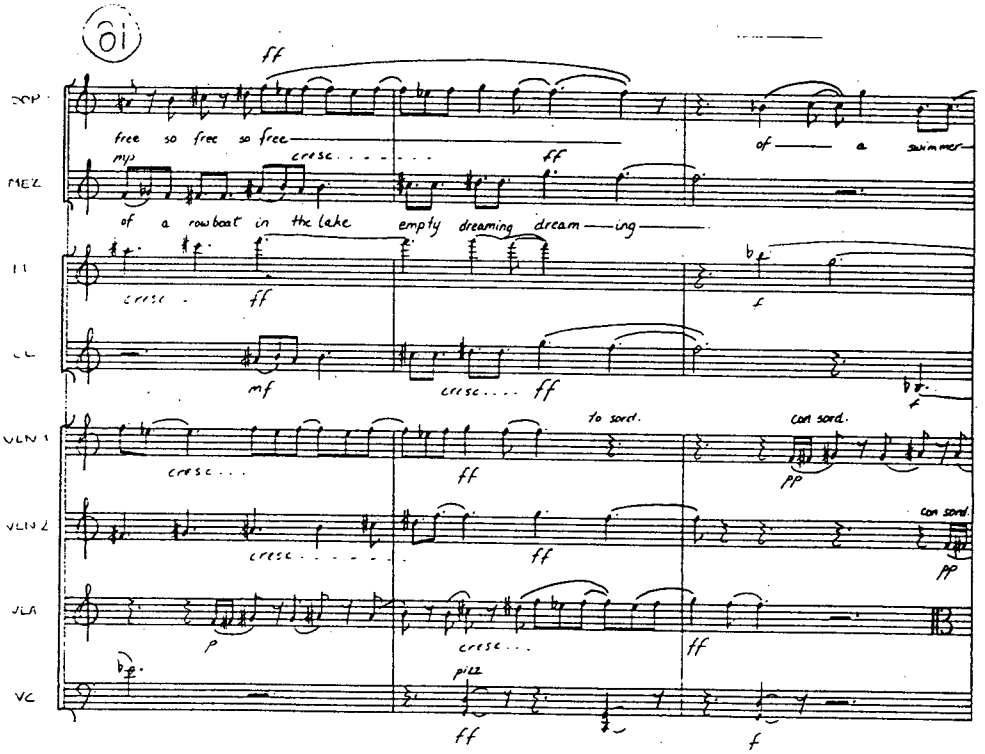
12

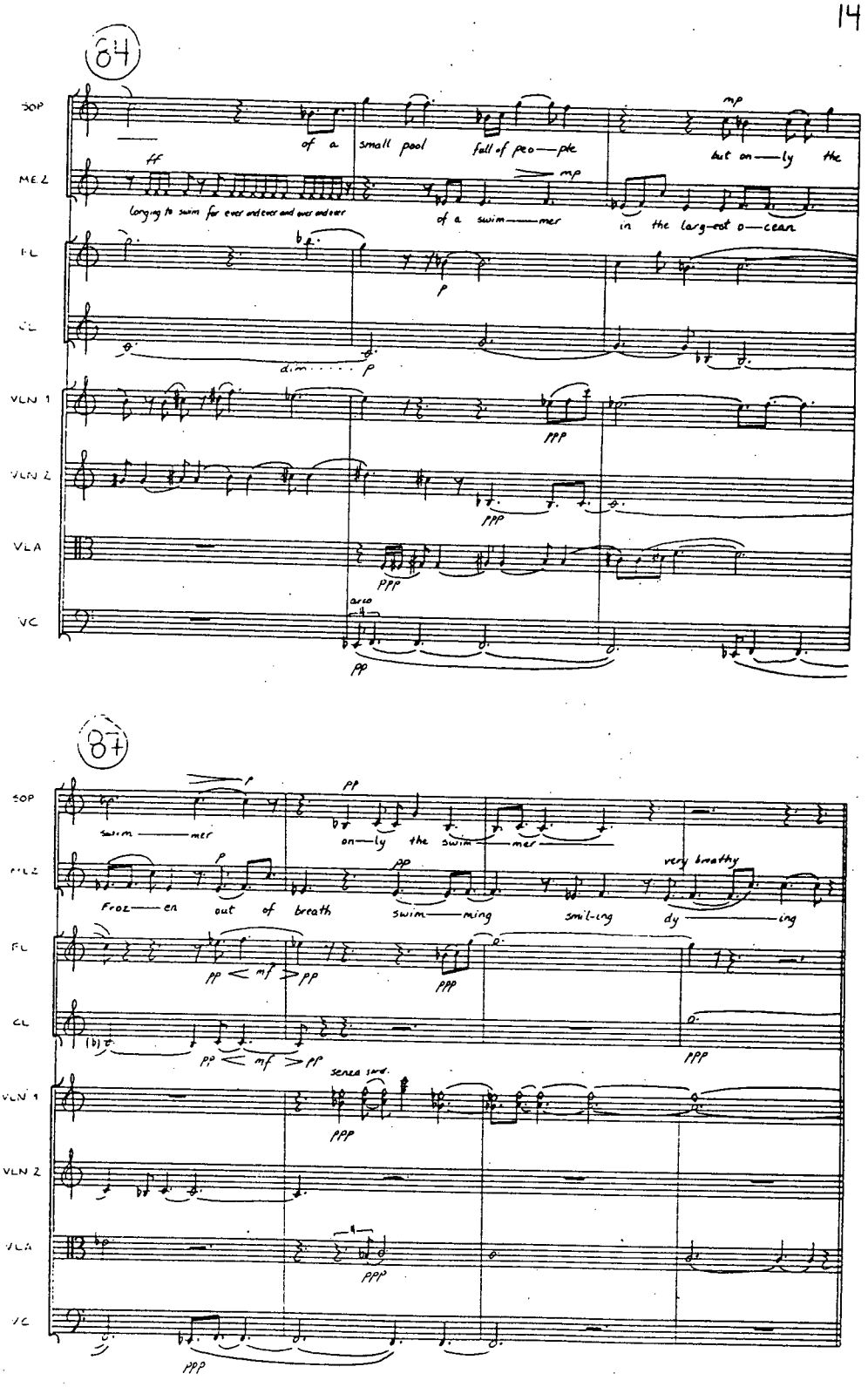

72
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
fearing the rac-ing tides
of a footprint
on a shore a-lone
how did it get there
of a whale
a great big peaceful whale
via sordino
cresc. poco a poco
arco

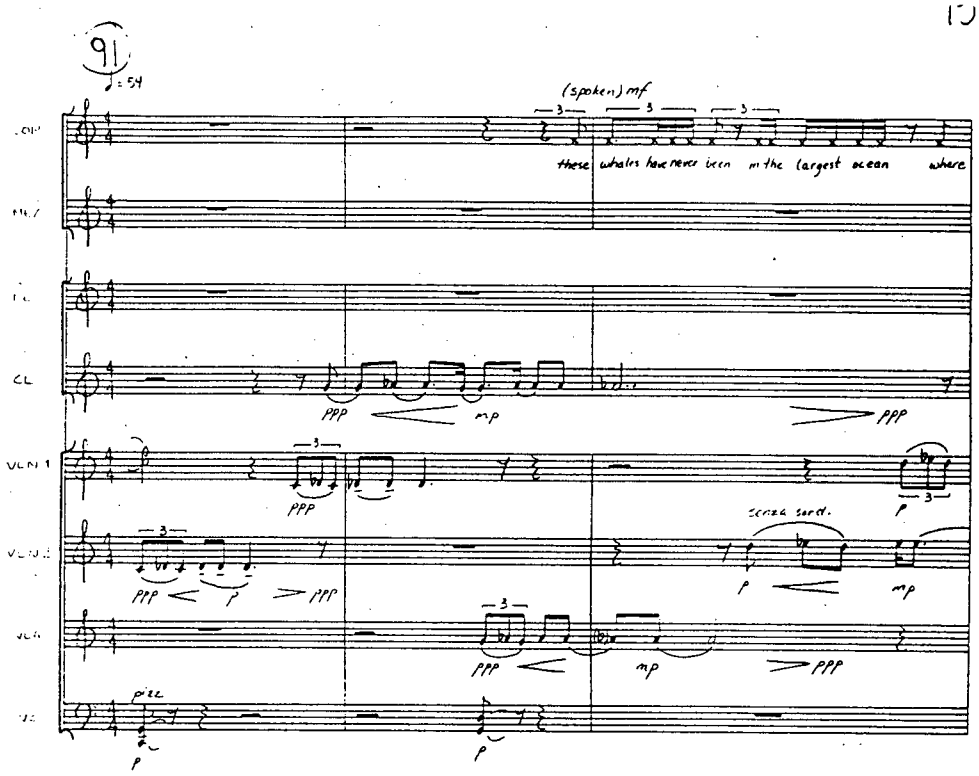

75
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
of a coral so vast so vast so colourful and a-live
of a city built on the edge of the waters
of a man
(spoken), mf
of a strange array of fish
senza sord.

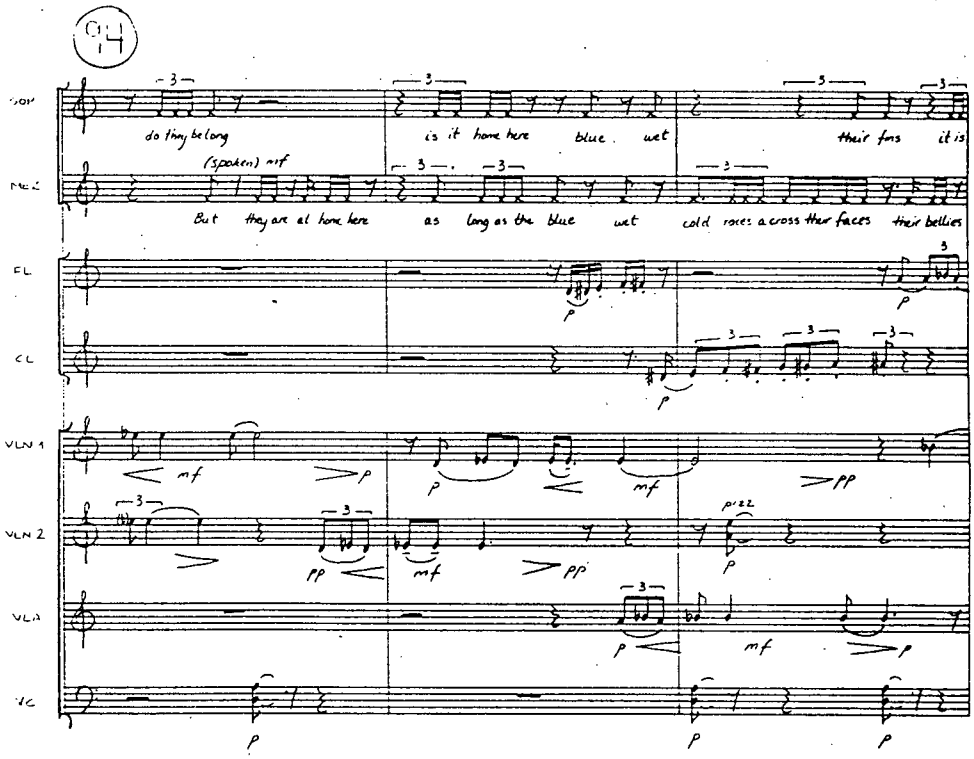
13

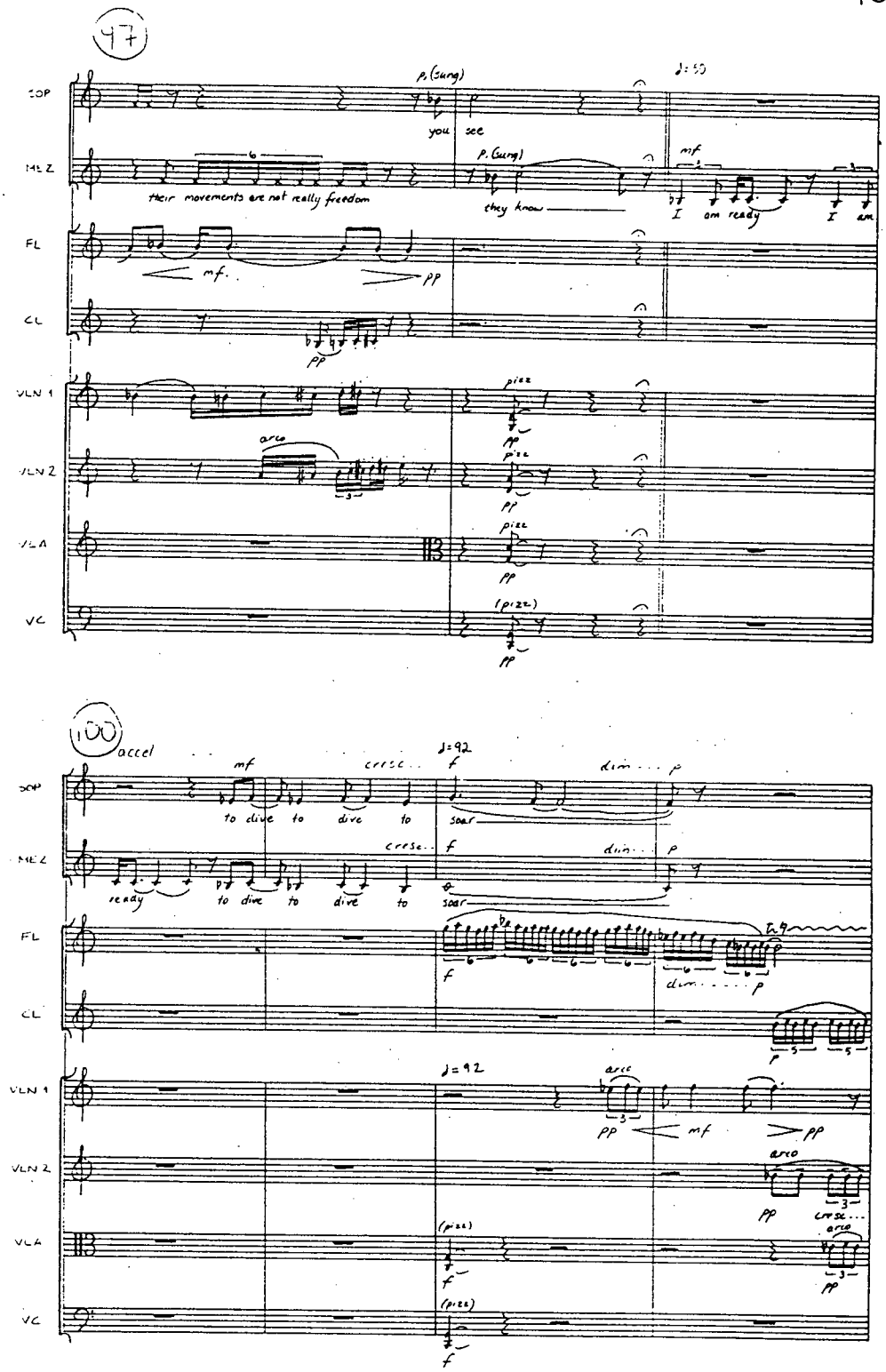

78
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
of a girl diving off a cliff in-to the wa-ter
of a dolphin so
on a bed of kelp
of an is-land
of a tiny fish


81
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
free so free so free
of a swimmer
of a rowboat in the lake
empty dreaming dream-ing
to sord.
con sord.
pizz


84
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
ff
of a small pool full of peo—ple
mp
but on—ly the
longing to swim for ever and ever and ever and ever
mp
of a swim——mer
in the larg—est o—cean
p
dim.
p
ppp
ppp
ppp
arco
pp
87
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
f
pp
swim——mer
on—ly the swim——mer
p
pp
very breathy
Froz——en out of breath
swim——ming
smil-ing
dy——ing
pp < mf > pp
ppp
pp < mf > pp
ppp
senza sord.
ppp
ppp
ppp


91
♩= 54
(spoken) mf
these whales have never been in the largest ocean where
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
senza sord.
pizz


94
do they belong
is it home here blue wet
their fins it is
(spoken) mf
But they are at home here as long as the blue wet cold races across their faces their bellies
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
pizz


97
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
p. (sung)
you see
their movements are not really freedom
they know
I am ready
I am
mf
pp
arco
pizz
(pizz)
100
accel
to dive to dive to soar
ready to dive to dive to soar
cresc.
dim.
♩=92
♩=50

17

(104)

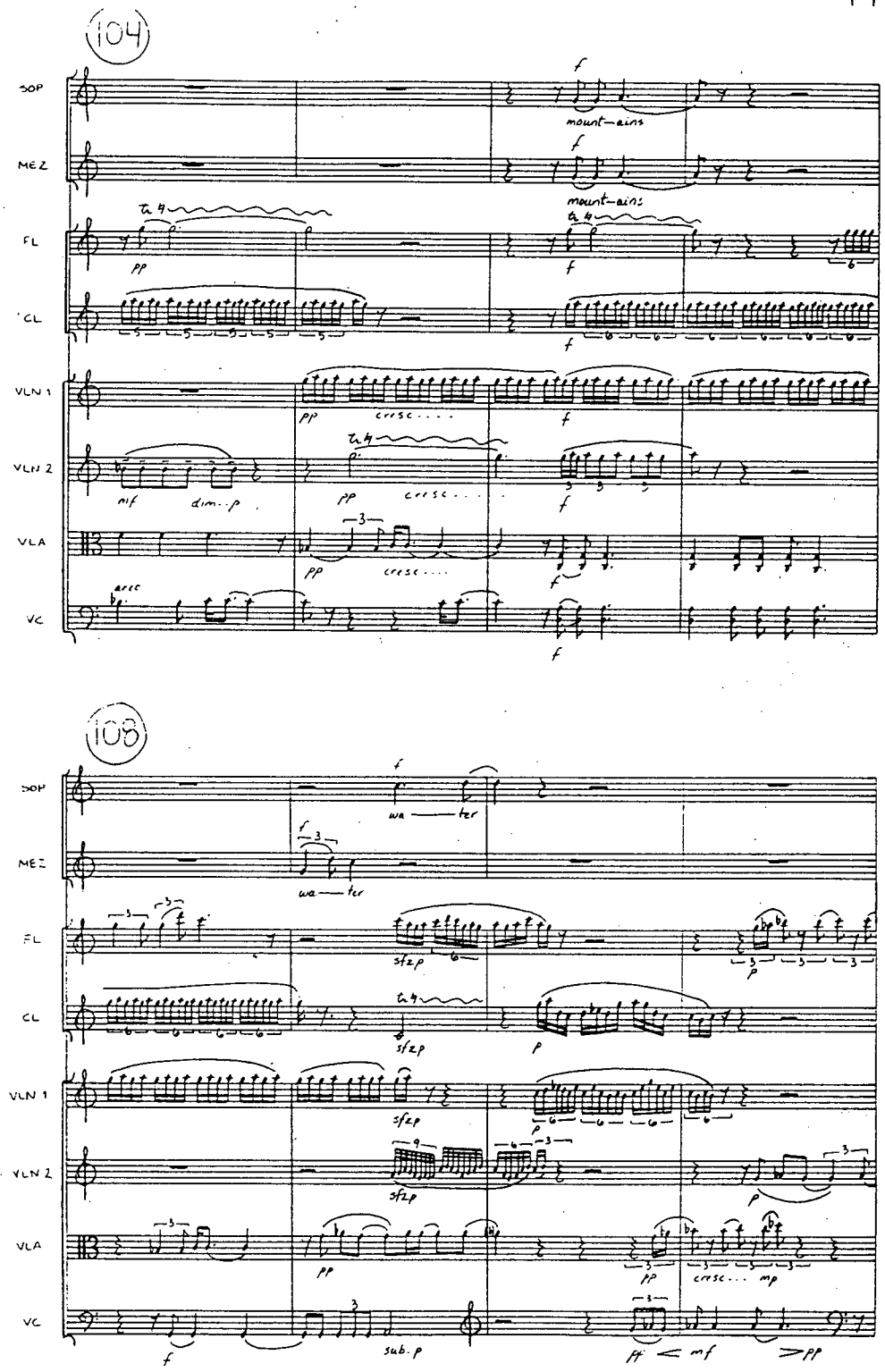
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC

f
mount-ains
f
mount-ains
pp
f
f
pp
cresc....
f
mf
dim..p
pp
cresc....
f
pp
cresc....
f
arco
f

(108)

SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC

f
wa — ter
f
wa — ter
sfzp
p
sfzp
p
sfzp
p
sfzp
p
pp
pp
cresc... mp
f
sub. p
pp < mf > pp



18

112

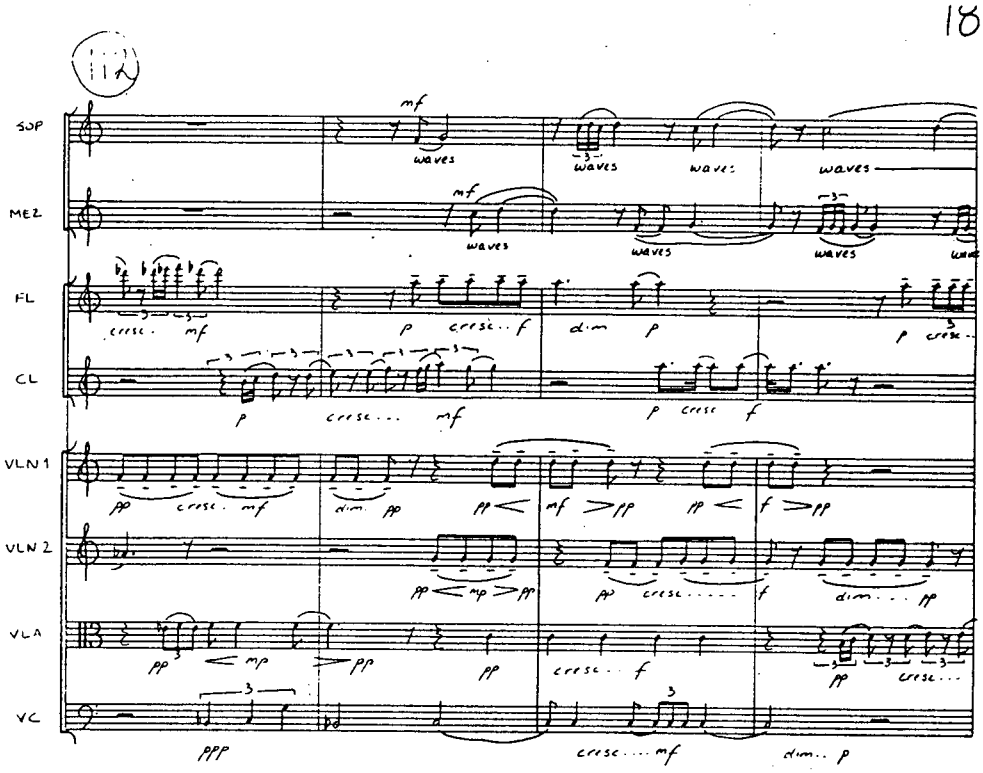
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC

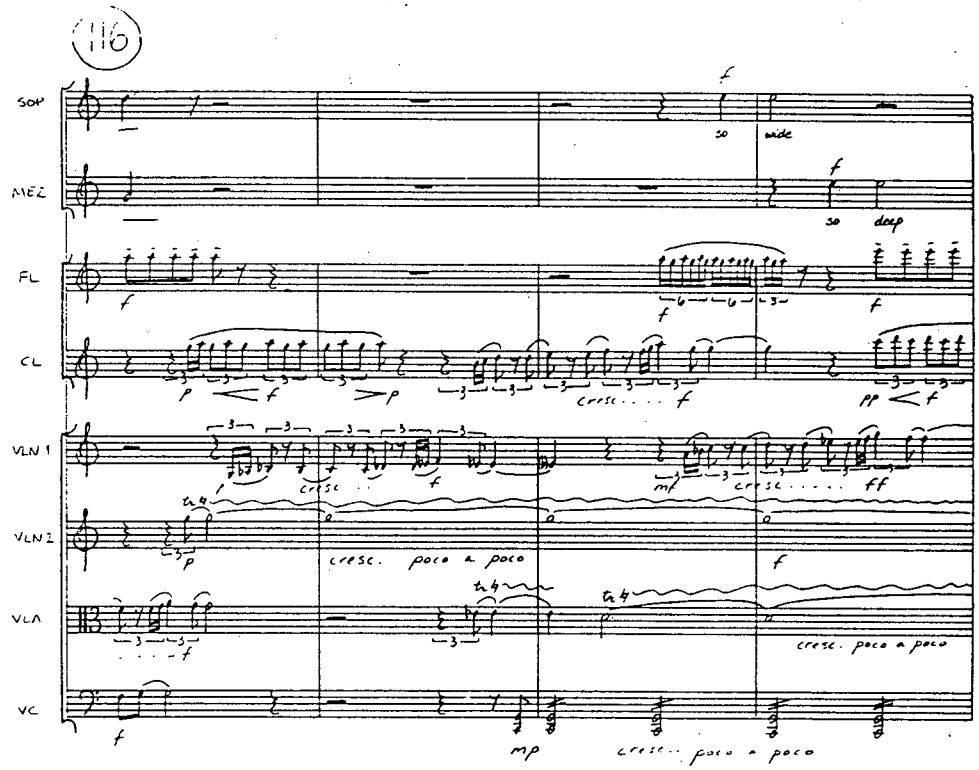
mf waves waves waves waves
mf waves waves waves waves
cresc. mf p cresc.. f dim p p cresc..
p cresc... mf p cresc f
pp cresc. mf dim. pp pp < mf > pp pp < f > pp
pp < mp > pp pp cresc..... f dim... pp
pp < mp > pp pp cresc.. f pp cresc...
ppp cresc.... mf dim.. p

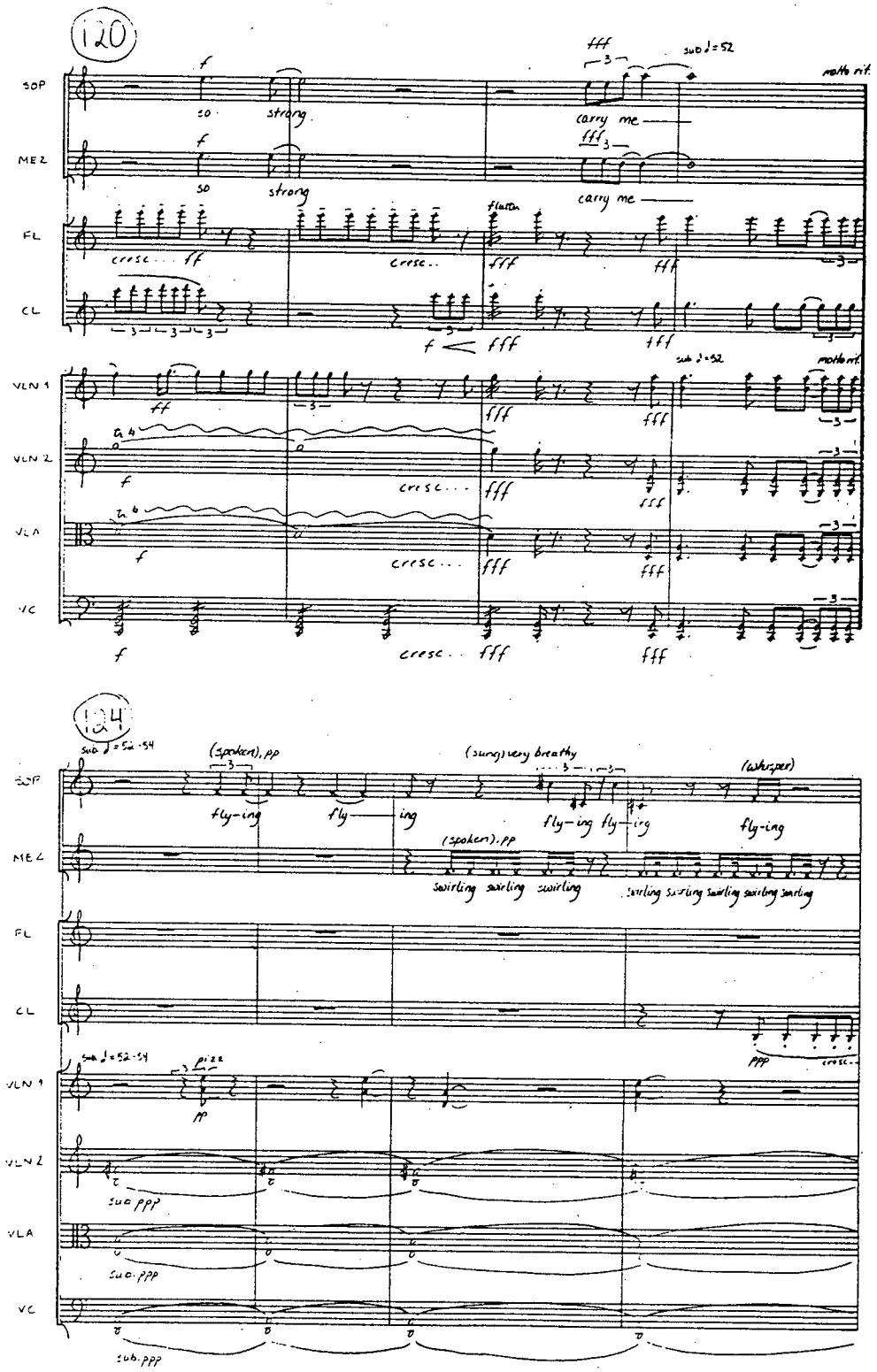
116

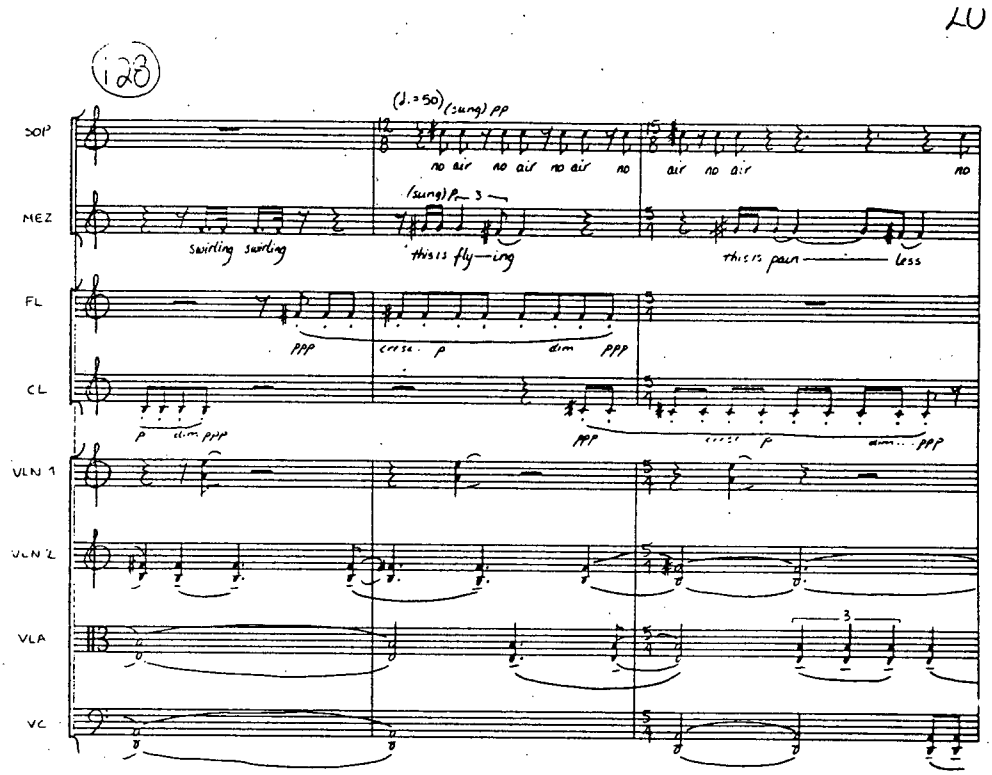
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC

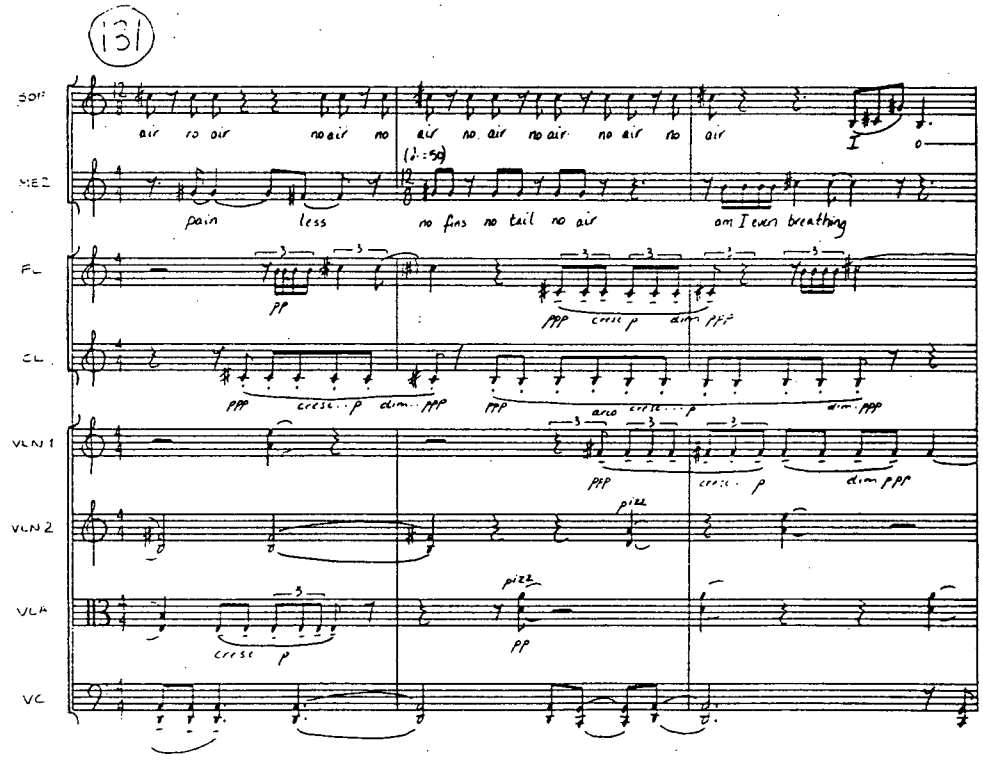
f so wide
f so deep
f f f
p < f > p cresc.... f pp < f
p cresc.. f mf cresc..... ff
p cresc. poco a poco f
f cresc. poco a poco
f mp cresc.. poco a poco



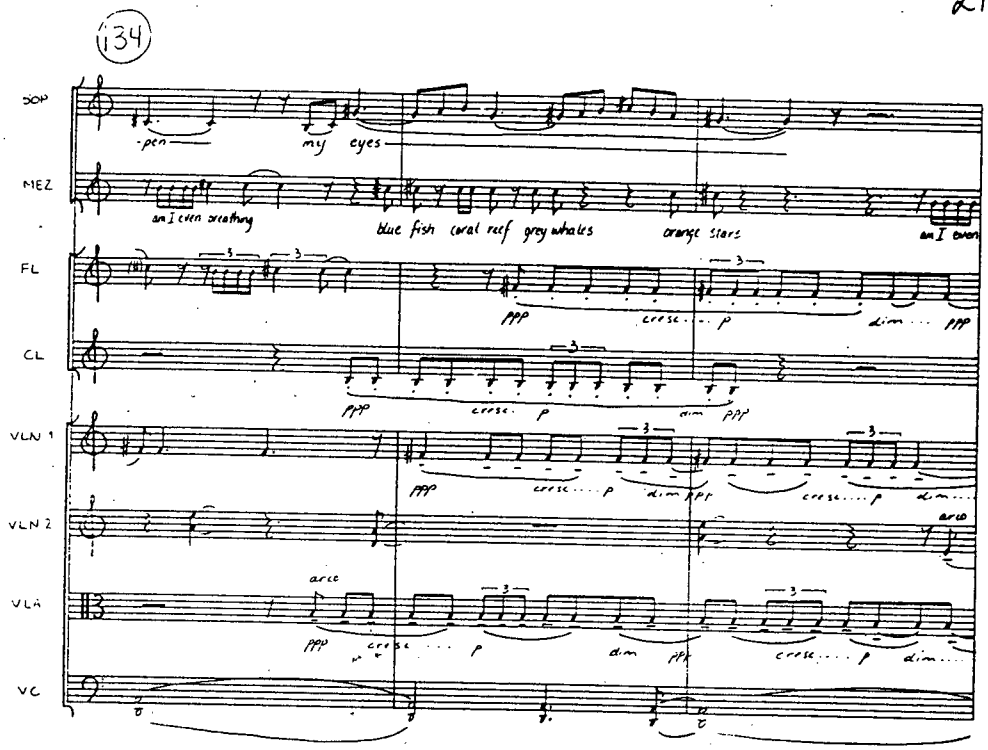


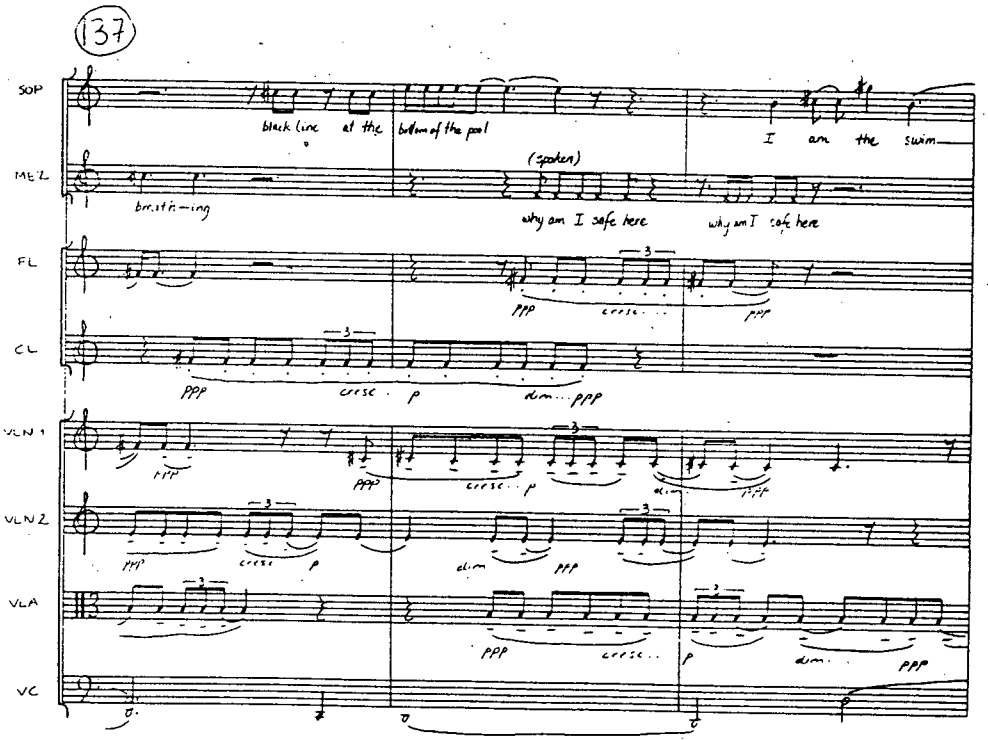

120
SOP
ME 2
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
so
strong
carry me
cresc...
flutter
sub ♩=52
molto rit.
124
sub ♩=52-54
(spoken), pp
(sung) very breathy
(whisper)
fly-ing
swirling
pizz
sub. ppp
ppp
cresc.


128
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
(♩.=50) (sung) pp
no air no air no air no air no air no
(sung) p
swirling swirling
this is fly—ing
this is pain — less
ppp
cresc. p
dim ppp
p dim ppp
ppp cresc p dim ppp

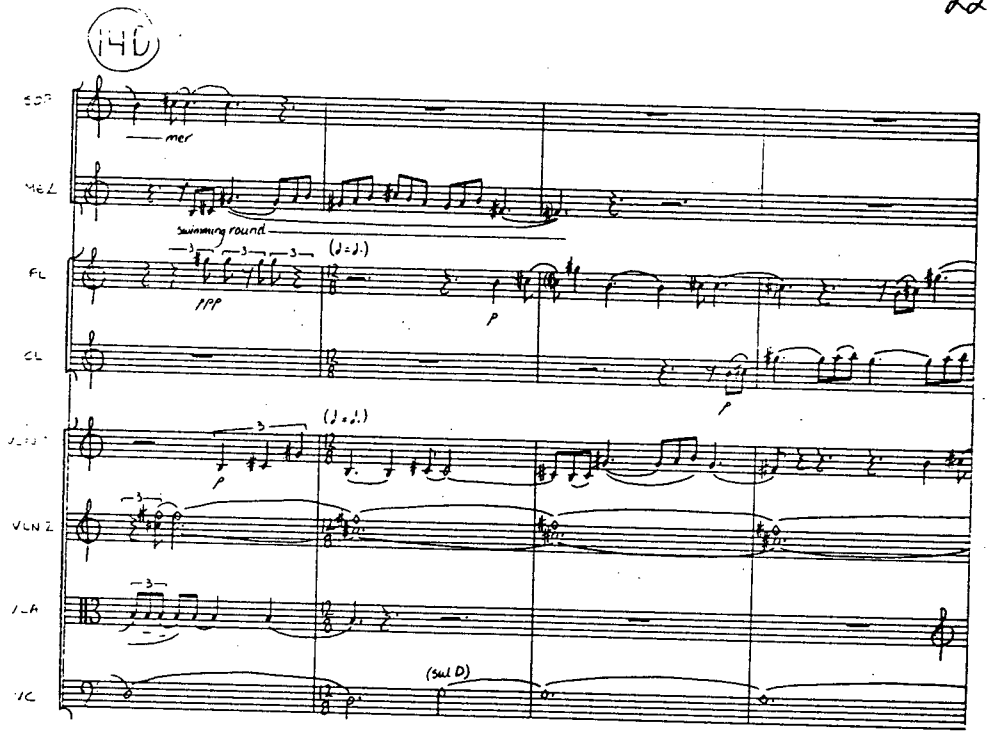

131
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
air no air no air no air no air no air no air
(♩.=50)
pain less no fins no tail no air am I even breathing
pp
ppp cresc p dim ppp
ppp cresc. p dim ppp
ppp arco cresc. p dim ppp
ppp cresc. p dim ppp
pizz
cresc p
pizz
pp

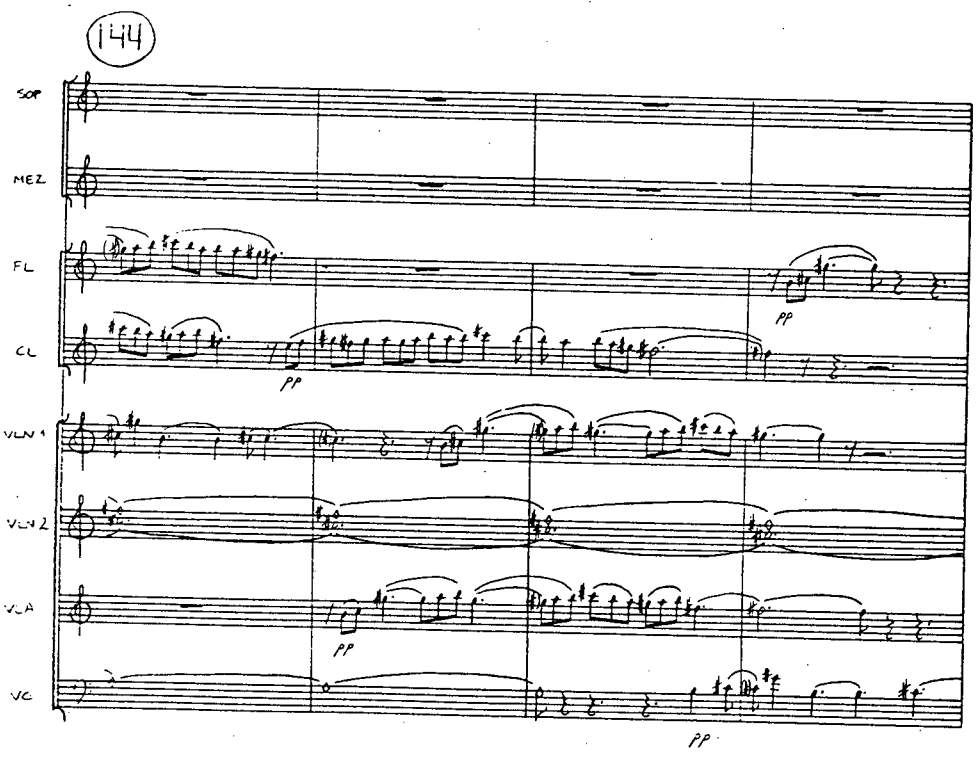
21


134
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
-pen
my eyes
am I even breathing
blue fish coral reef grey whales
orange stars
am I even
ppp
cresc. p
dim. ppp
arco

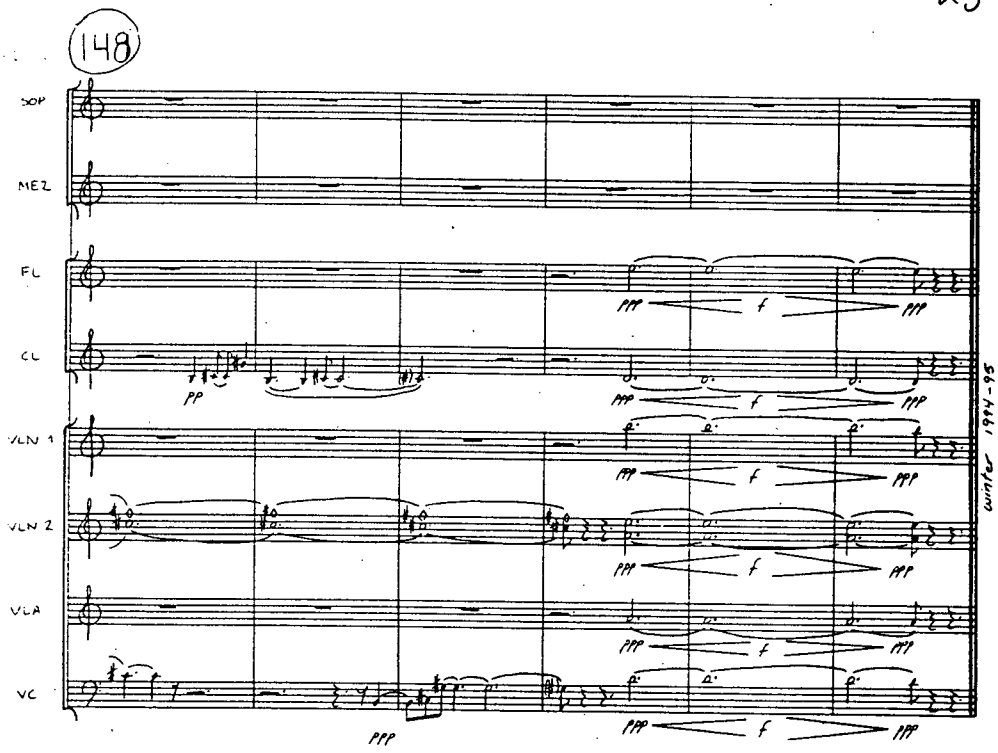

137
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC
black line at the bottom of the pool
I am the swim
(spoken)
breathing
why am I safe here
why am I safe here
ppp
cresc. p
dim. ppp

22


140
SOP
— mer
MEZ
swimming round
FL
CL
VLN 2
VLA
VC
(sul D)

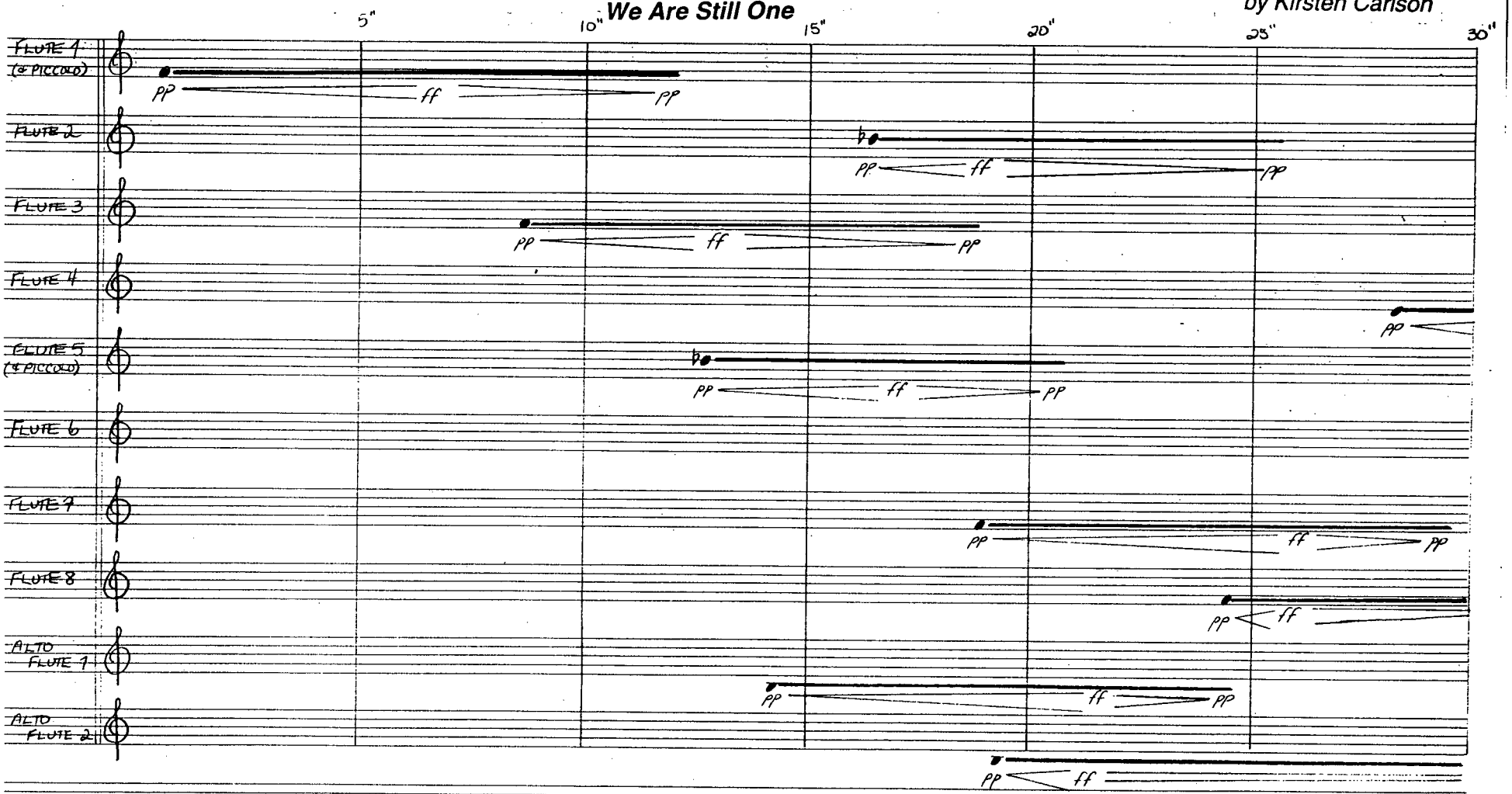

144
SOP
MEZ
FL
CL
VLN 1
VLN 2
VLA
VC

23



We Are Still One

by Kirsten Carlson



* ALTO FLUTES WRITTEN AT SOUNDING PITCH

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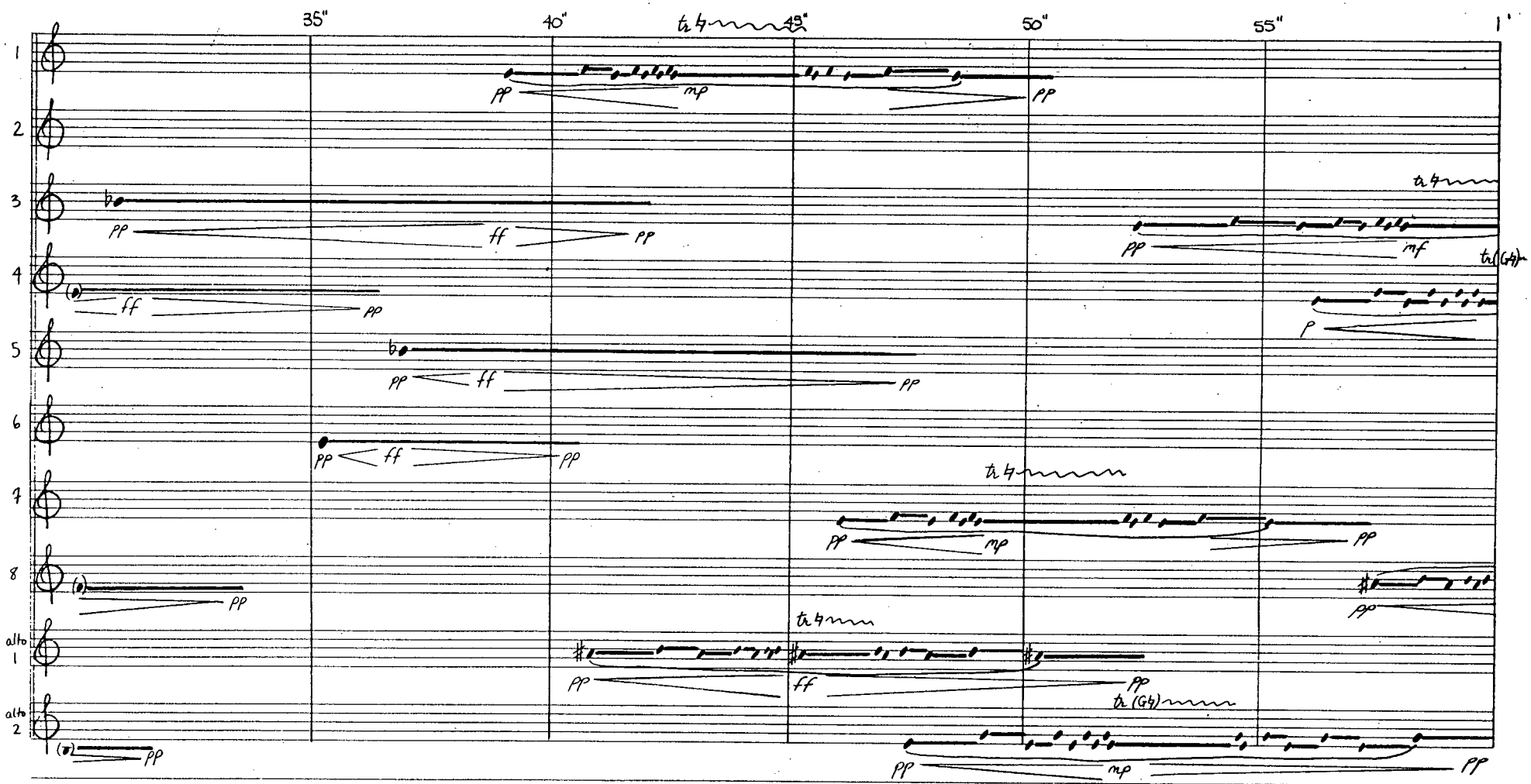

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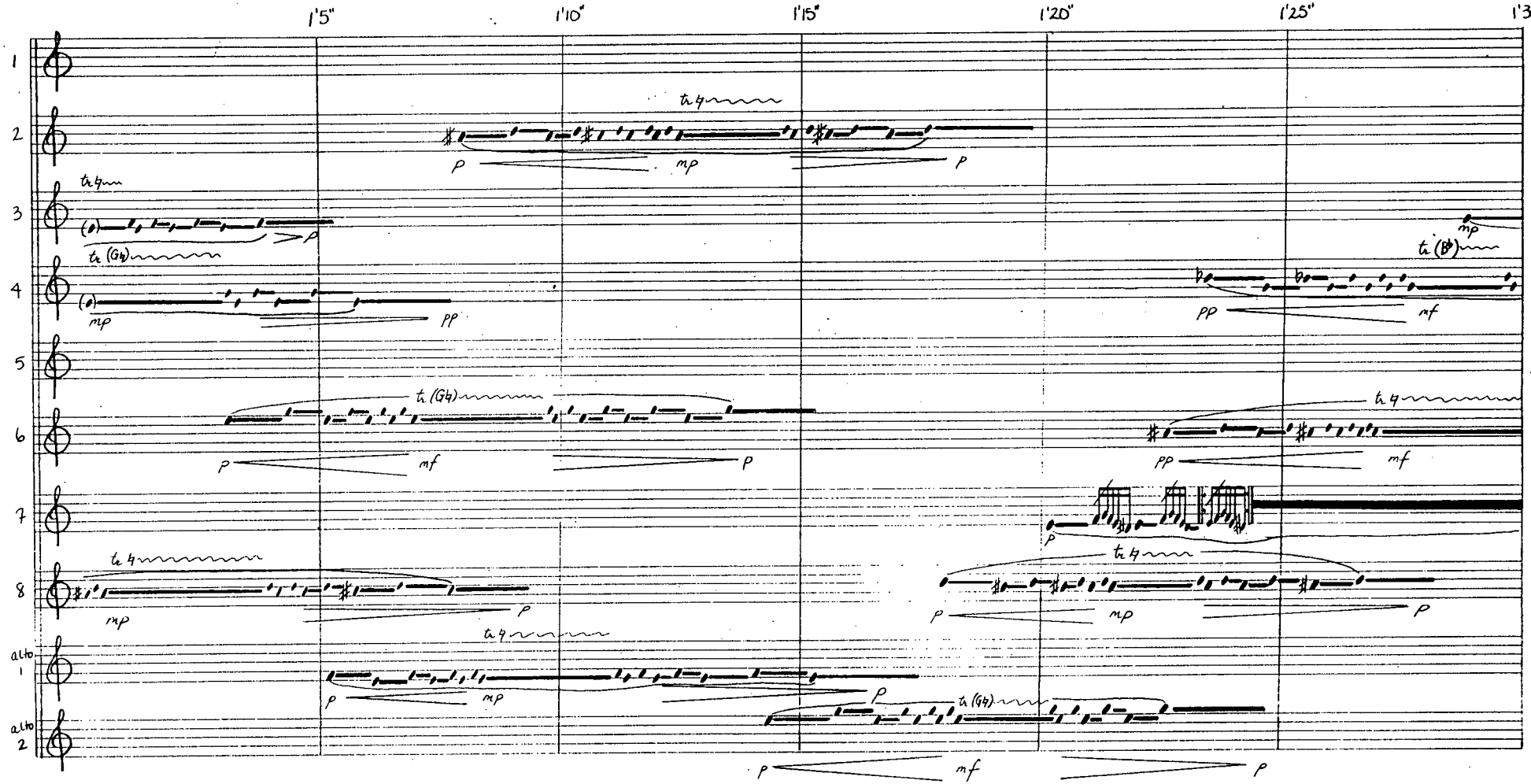

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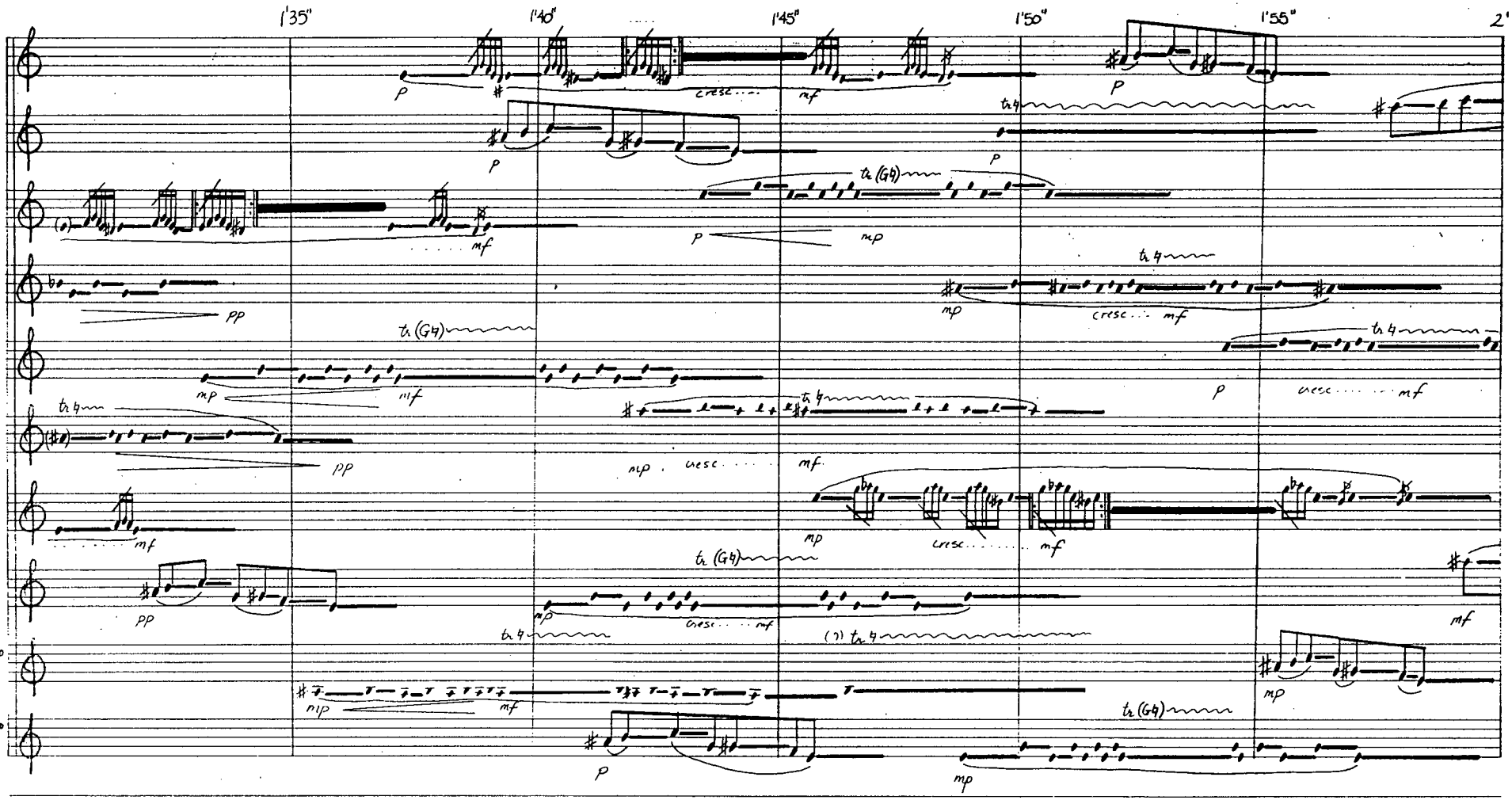

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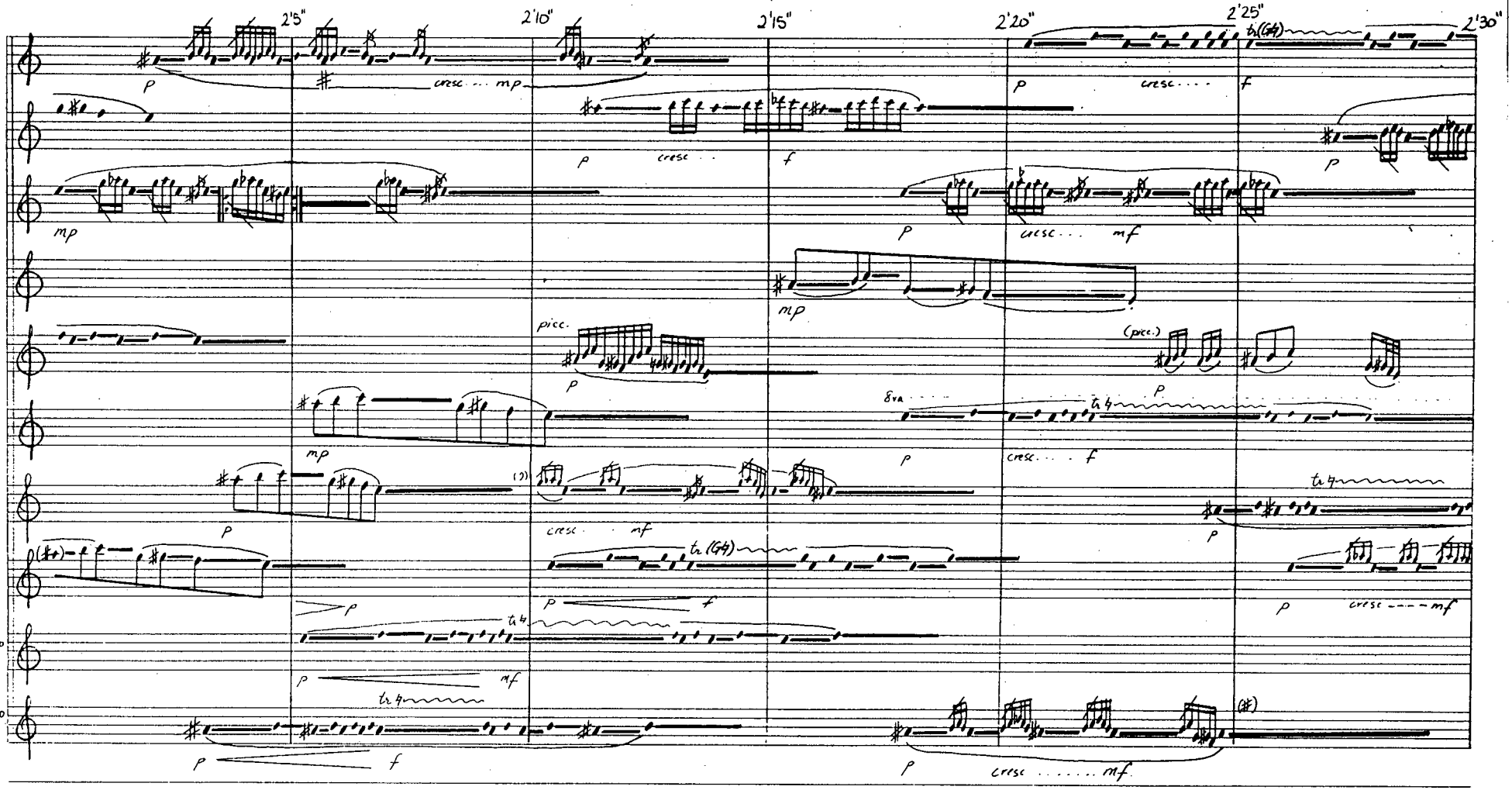

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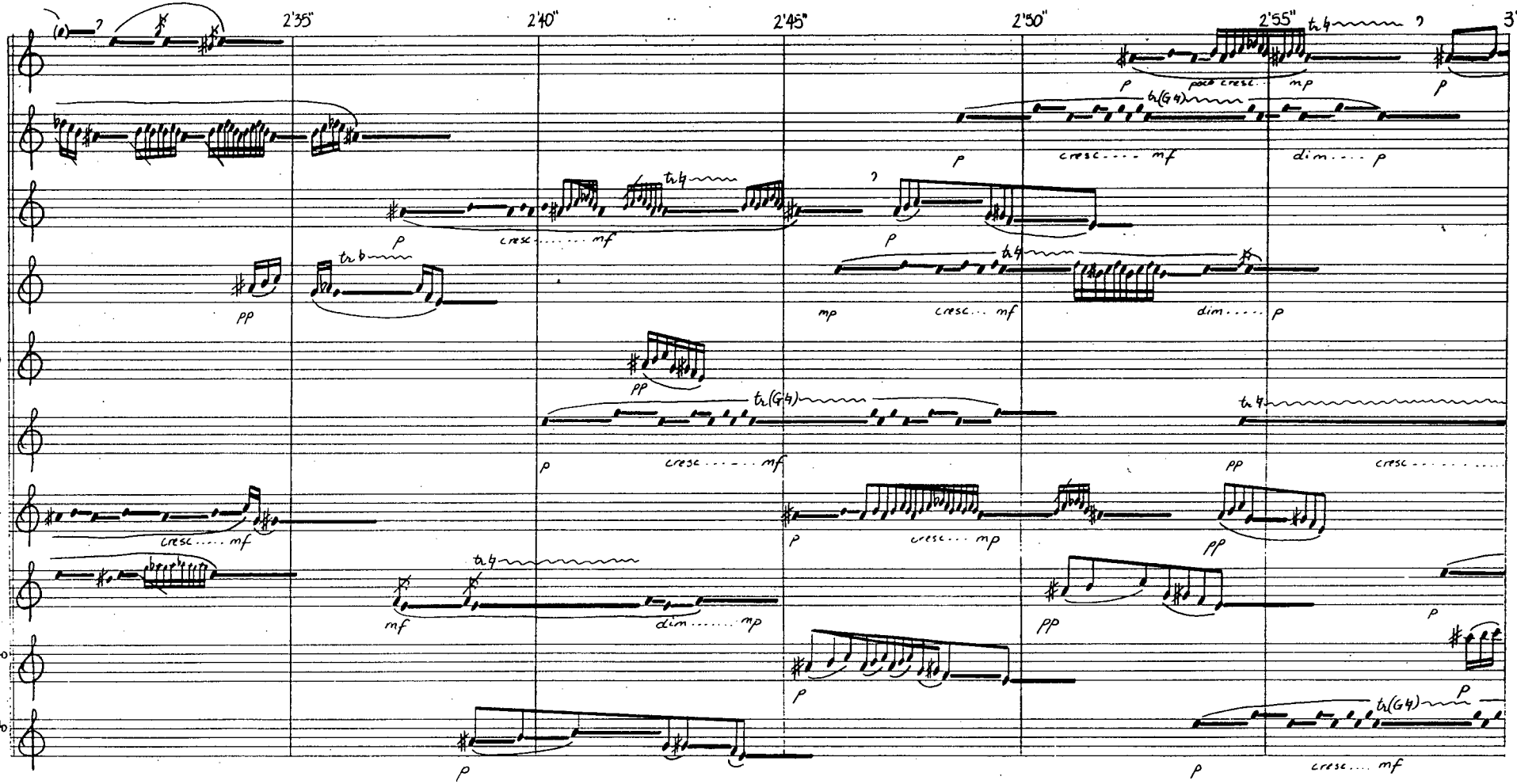

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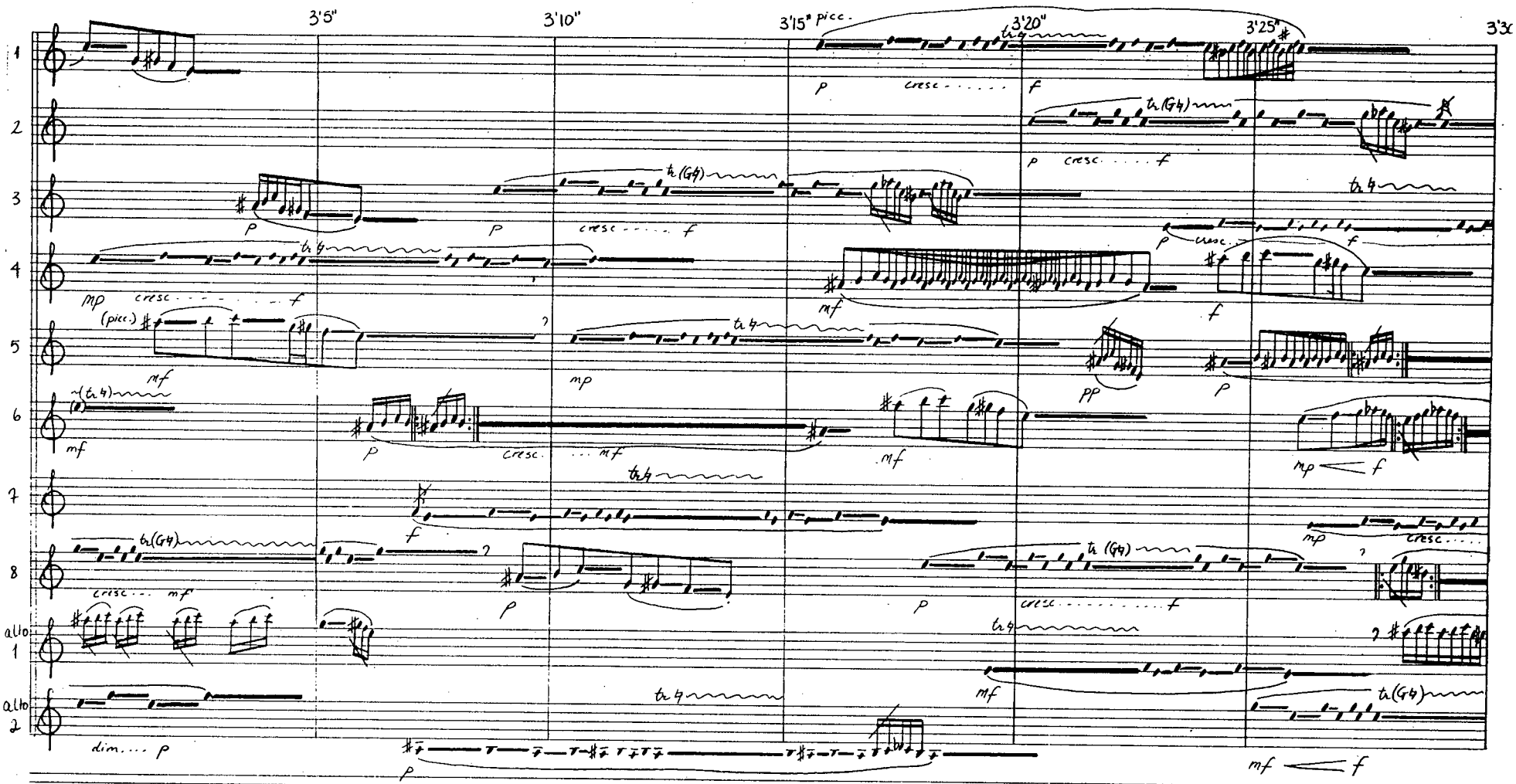

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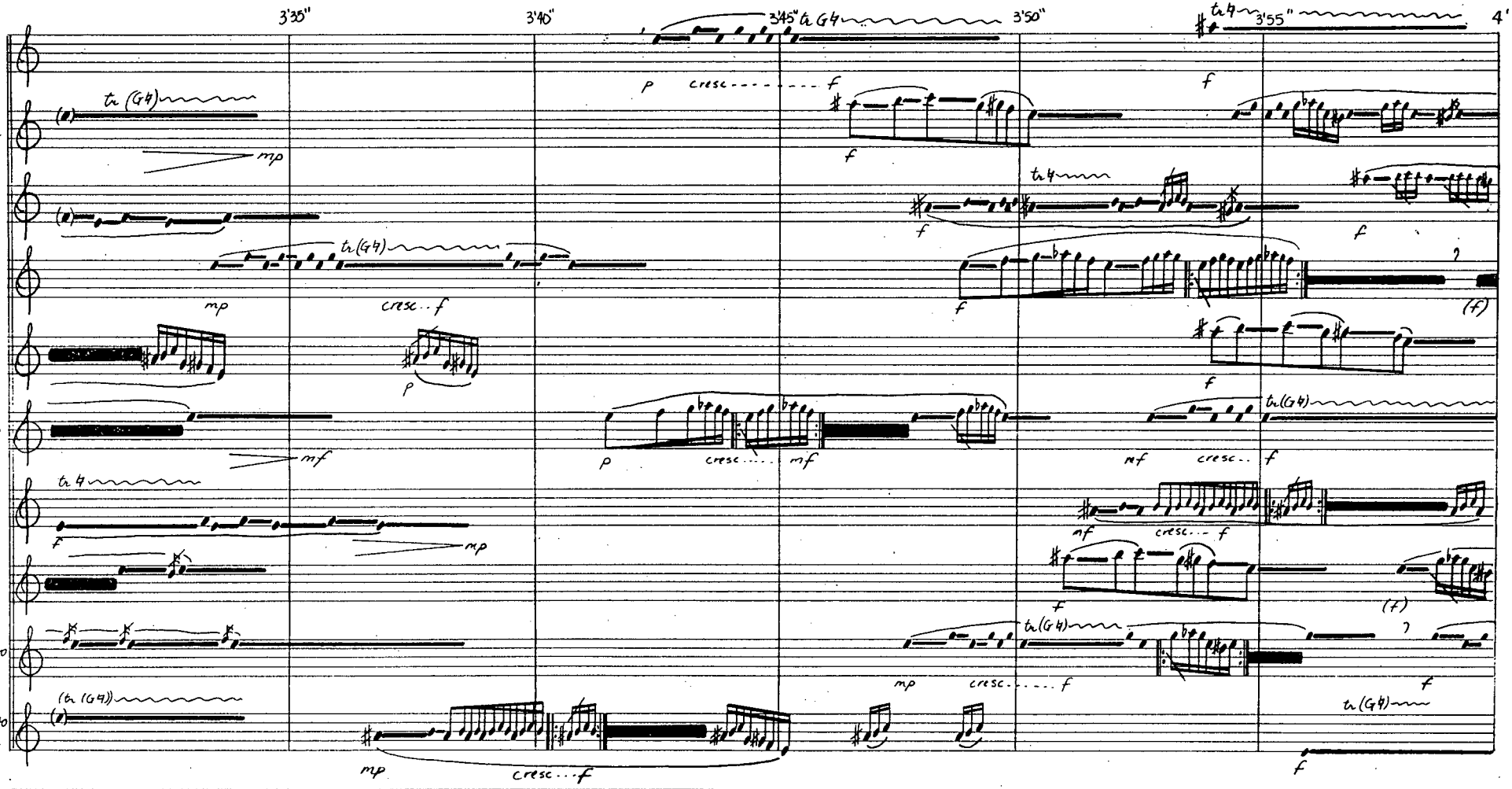

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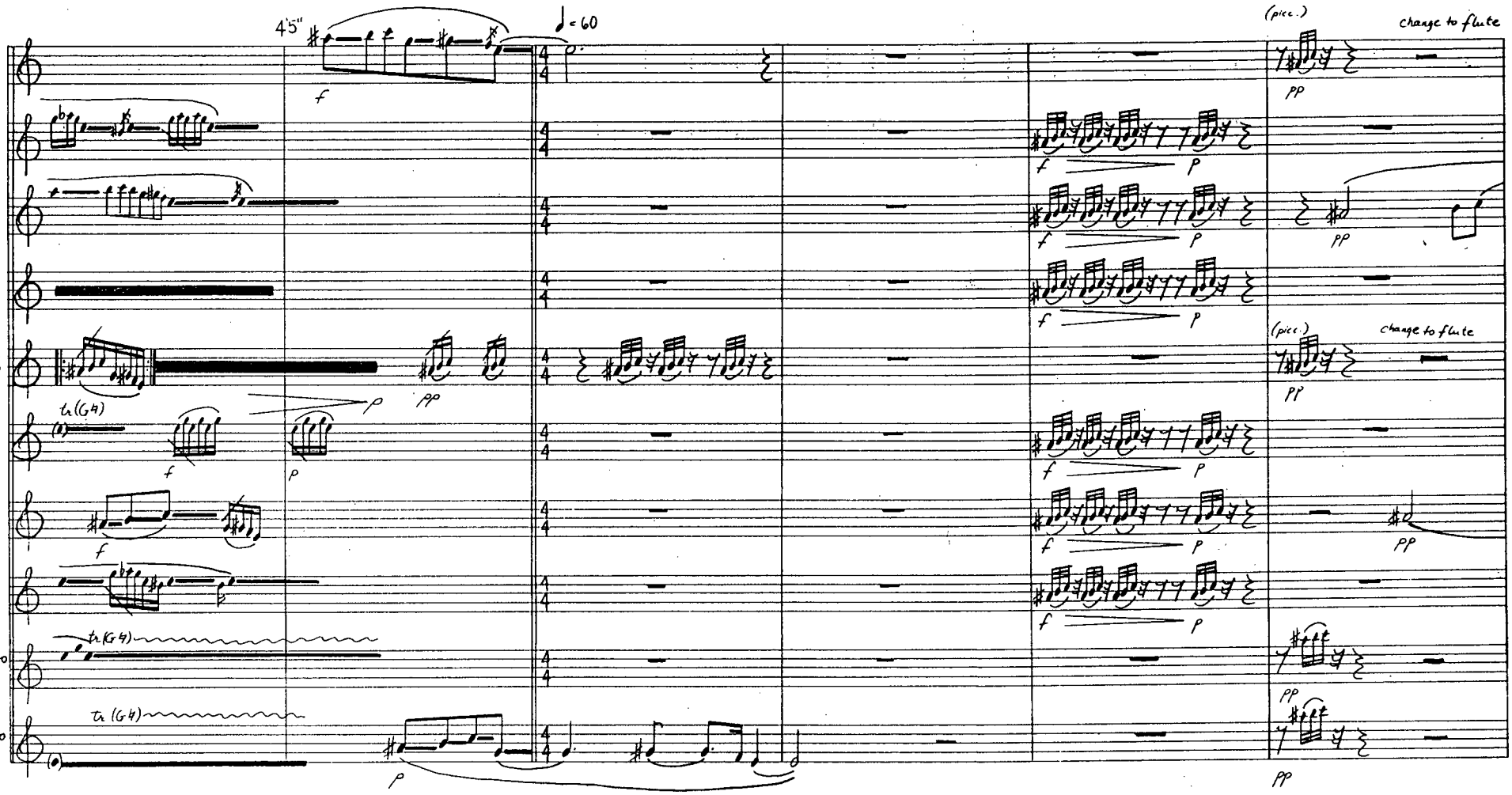

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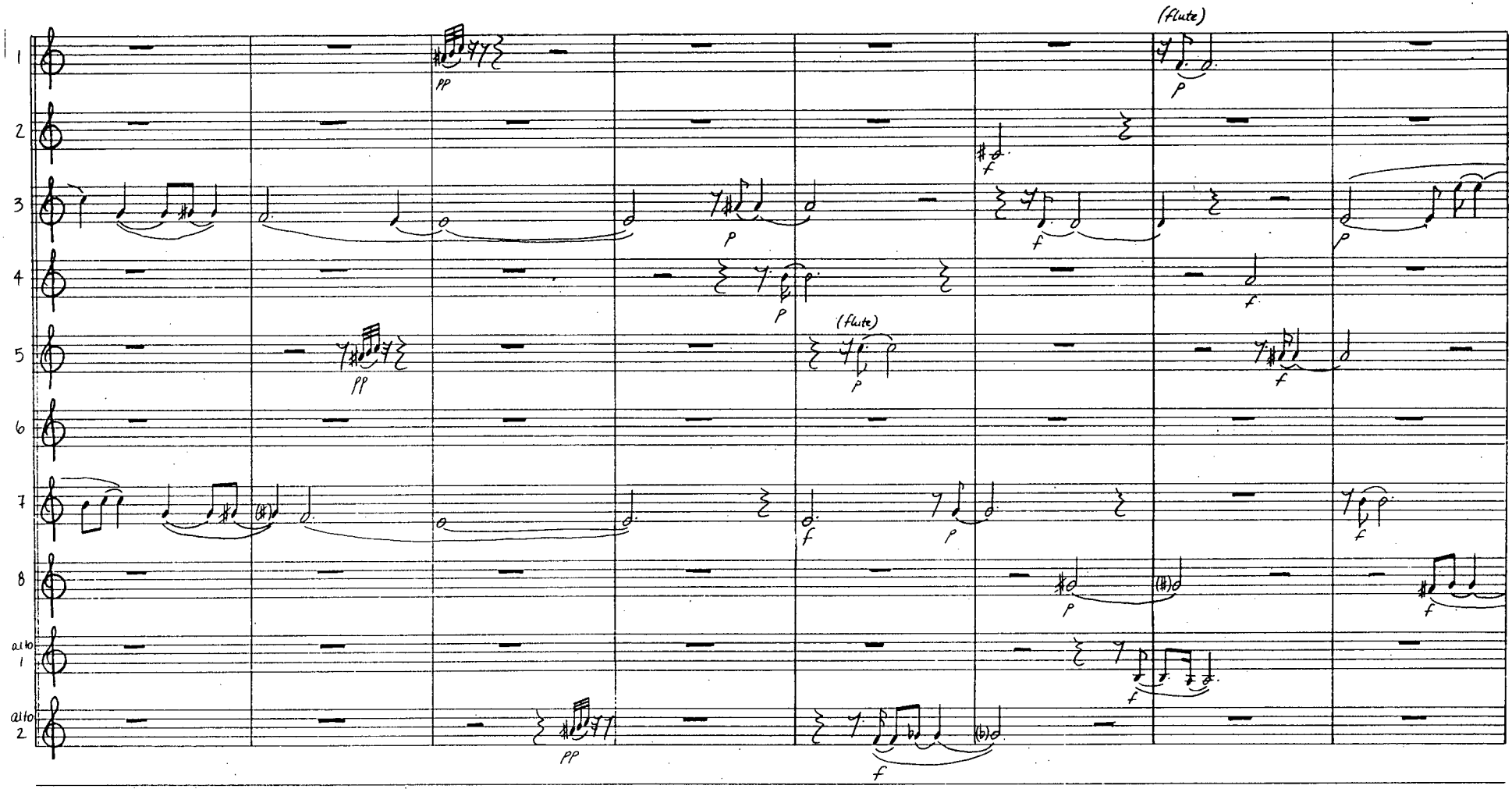

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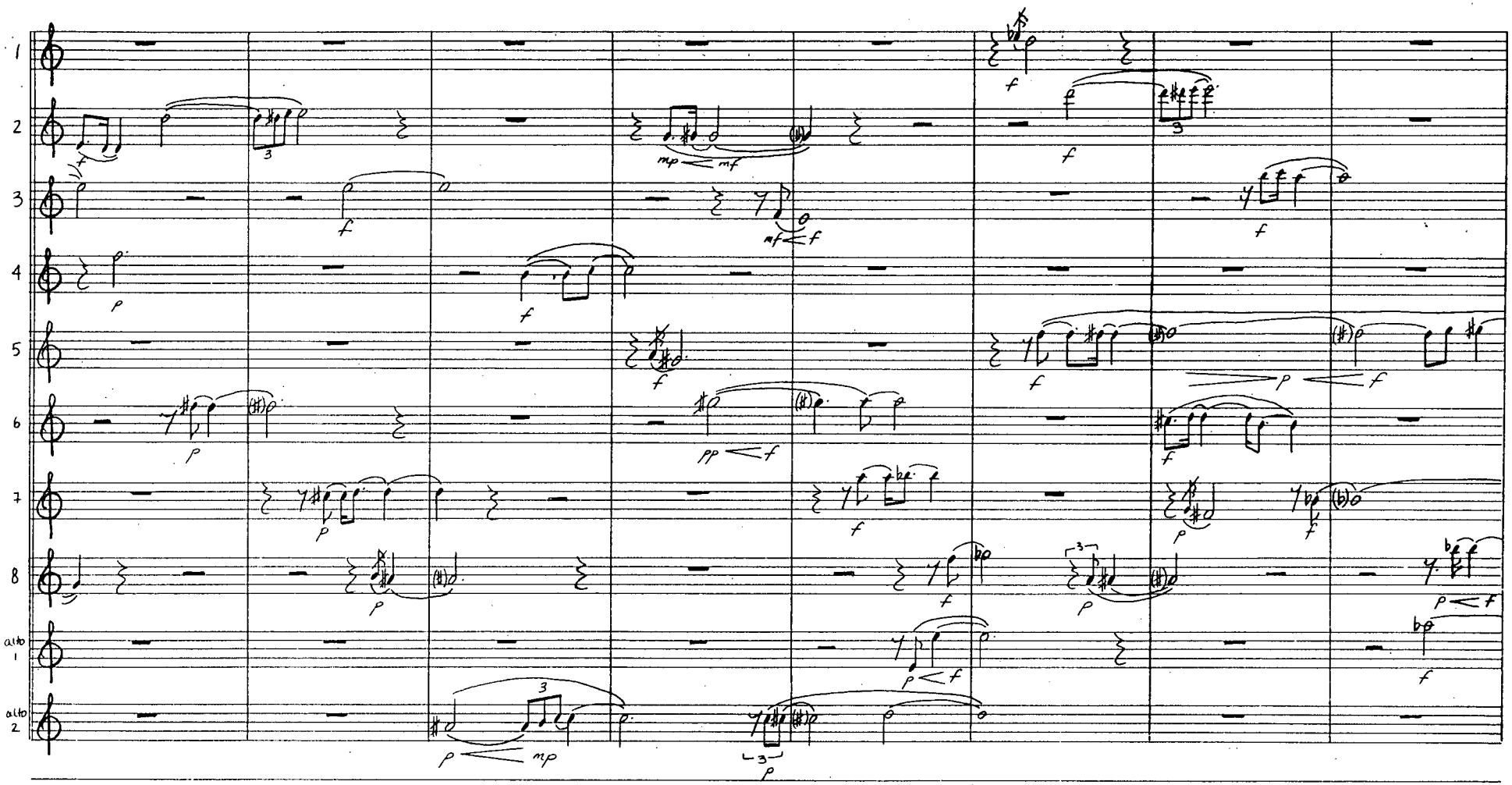

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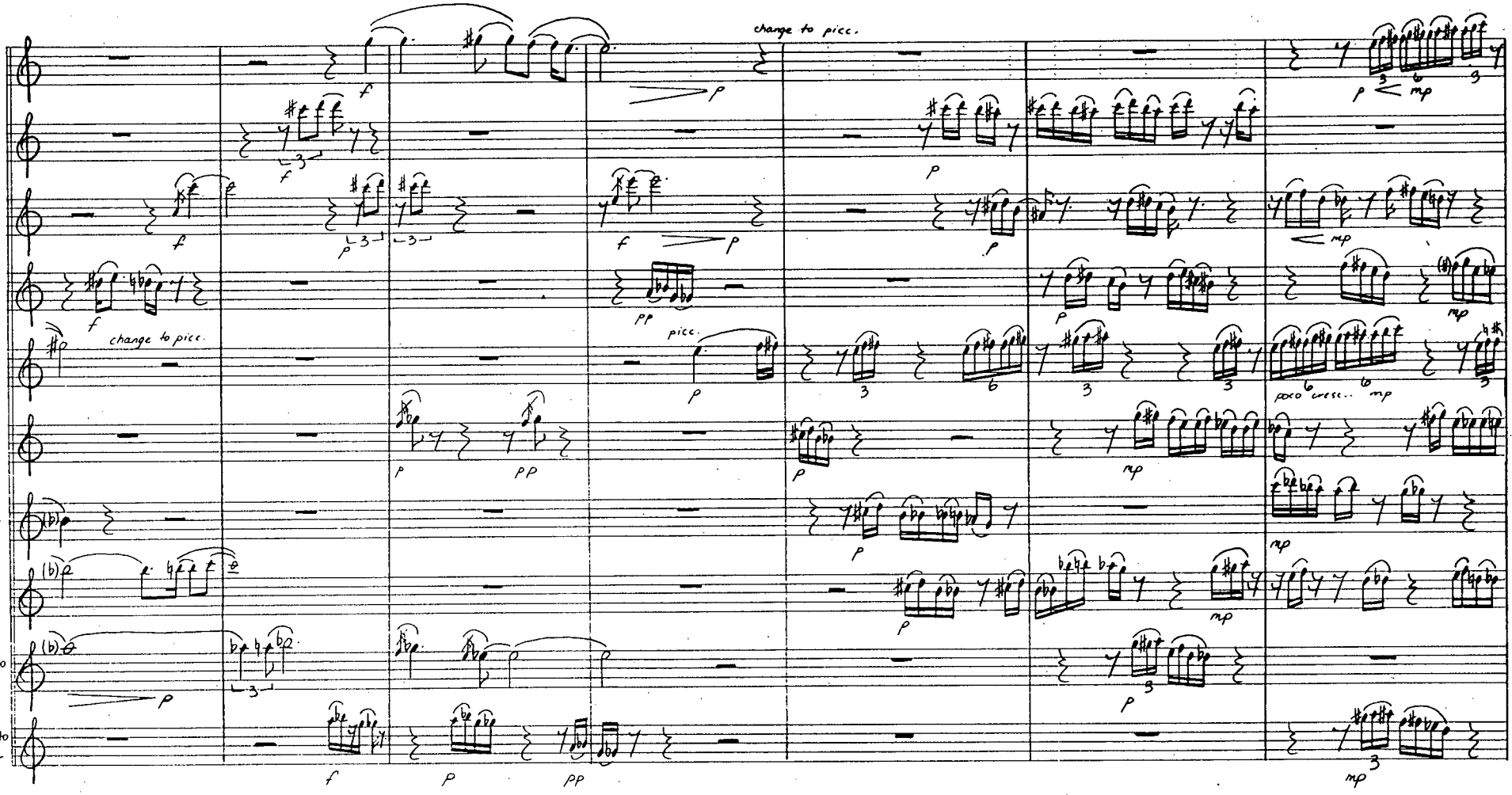

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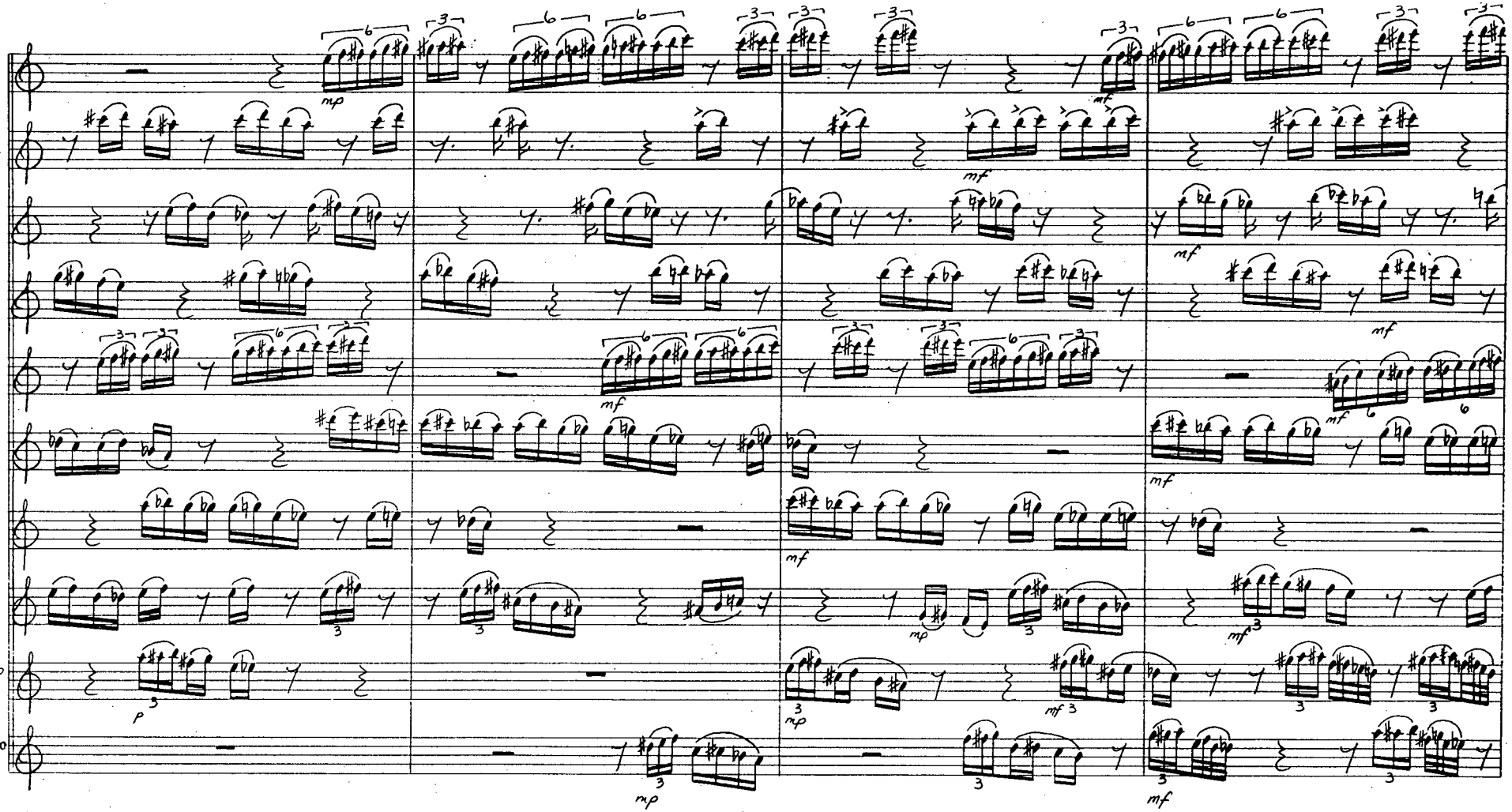

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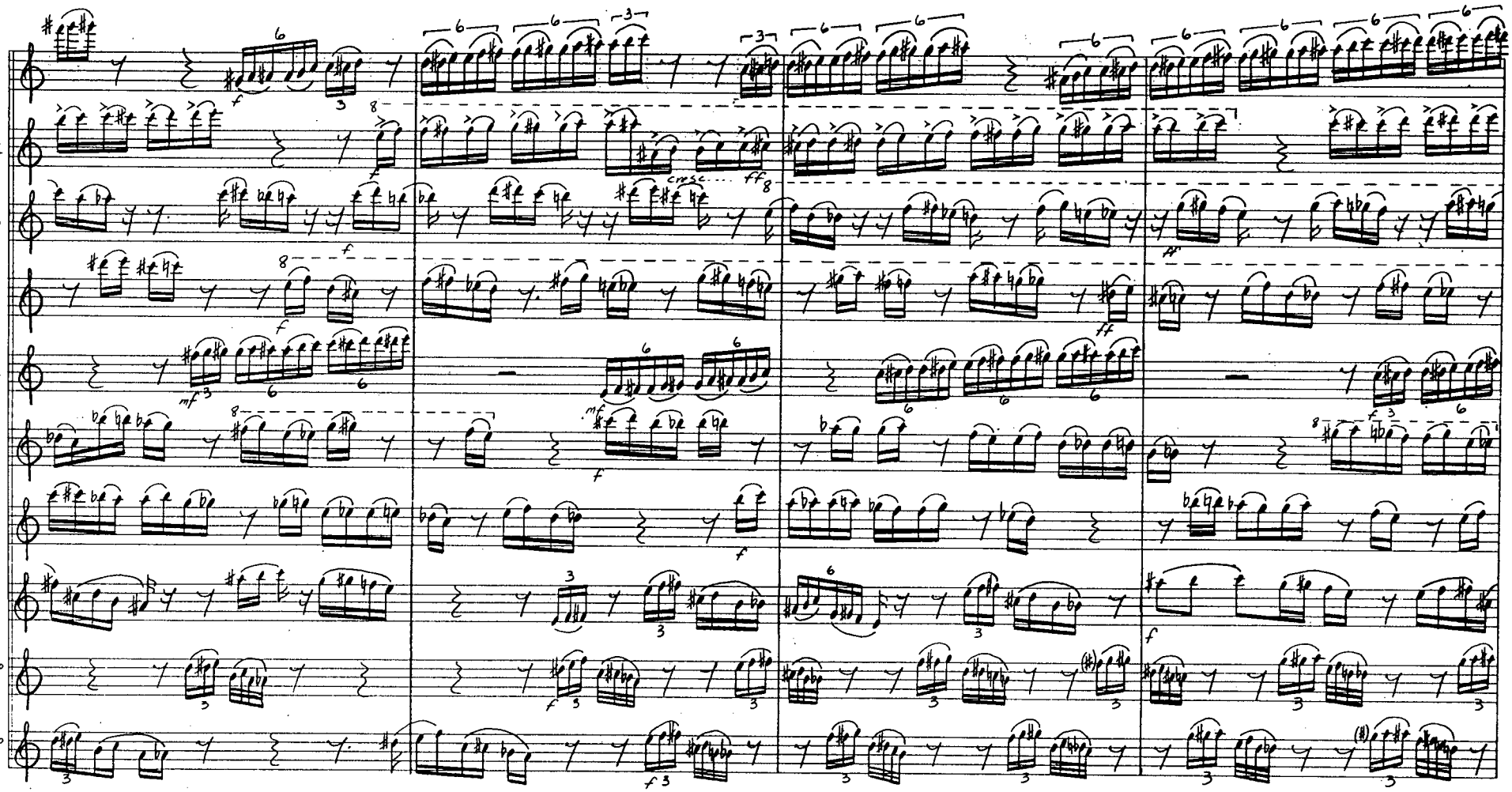

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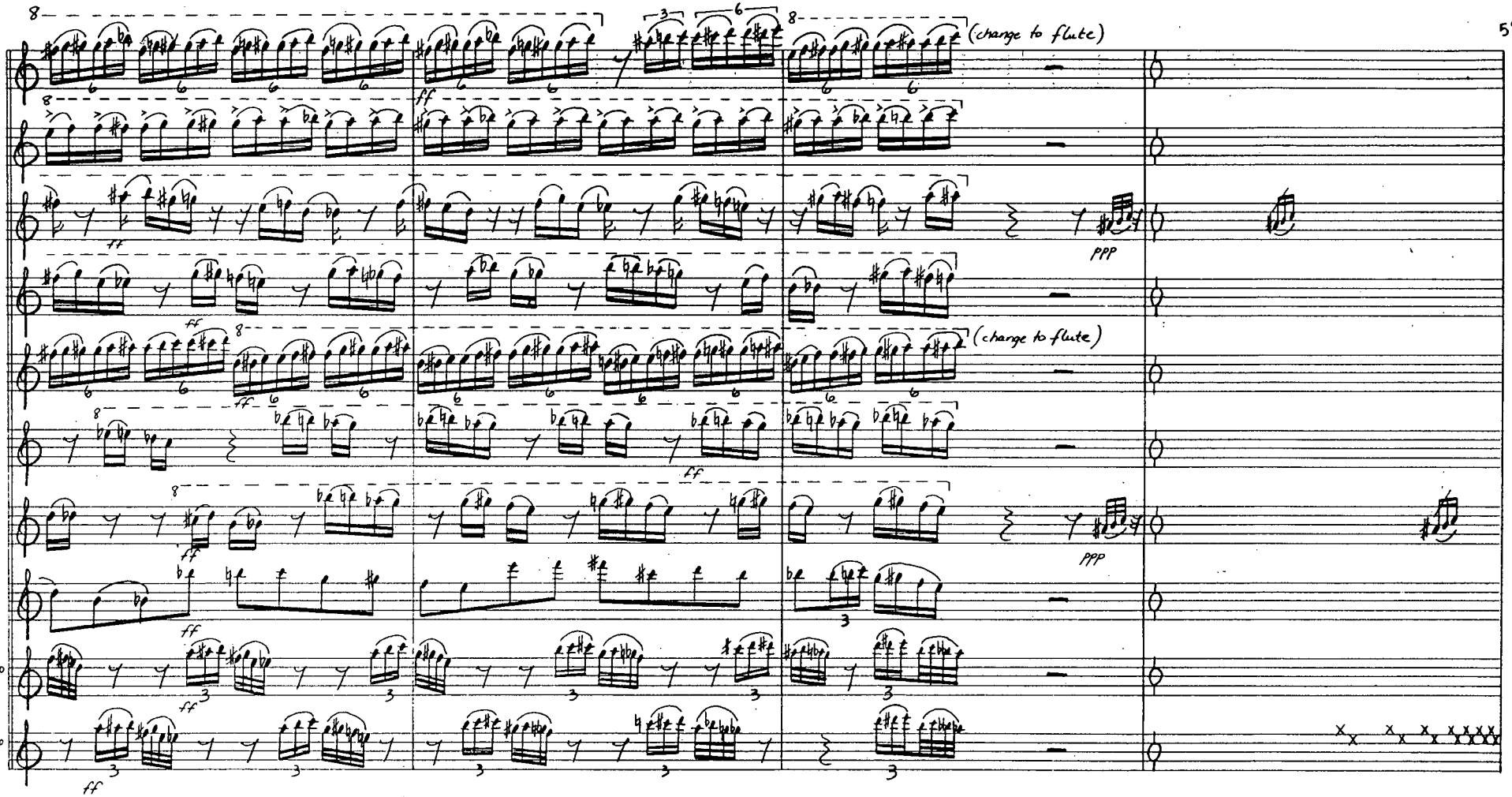

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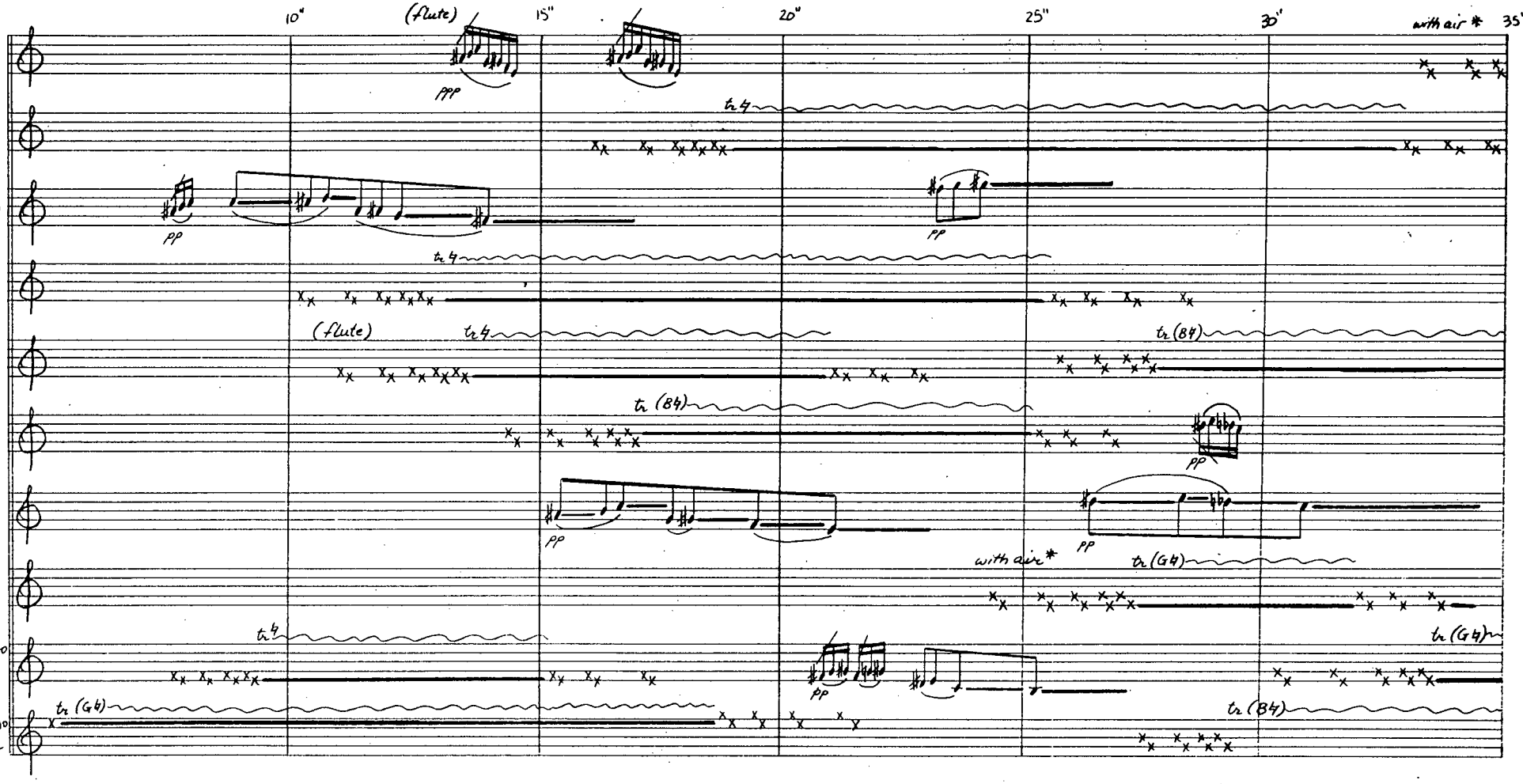

*blow air into the flute, covering the entire aperture, continuing key clicks (to obtain a 'wind' sound)

NOTE: one can keep the air going through the flute by blowing air out and sucking air in (therefore this sound can be produced continuously)

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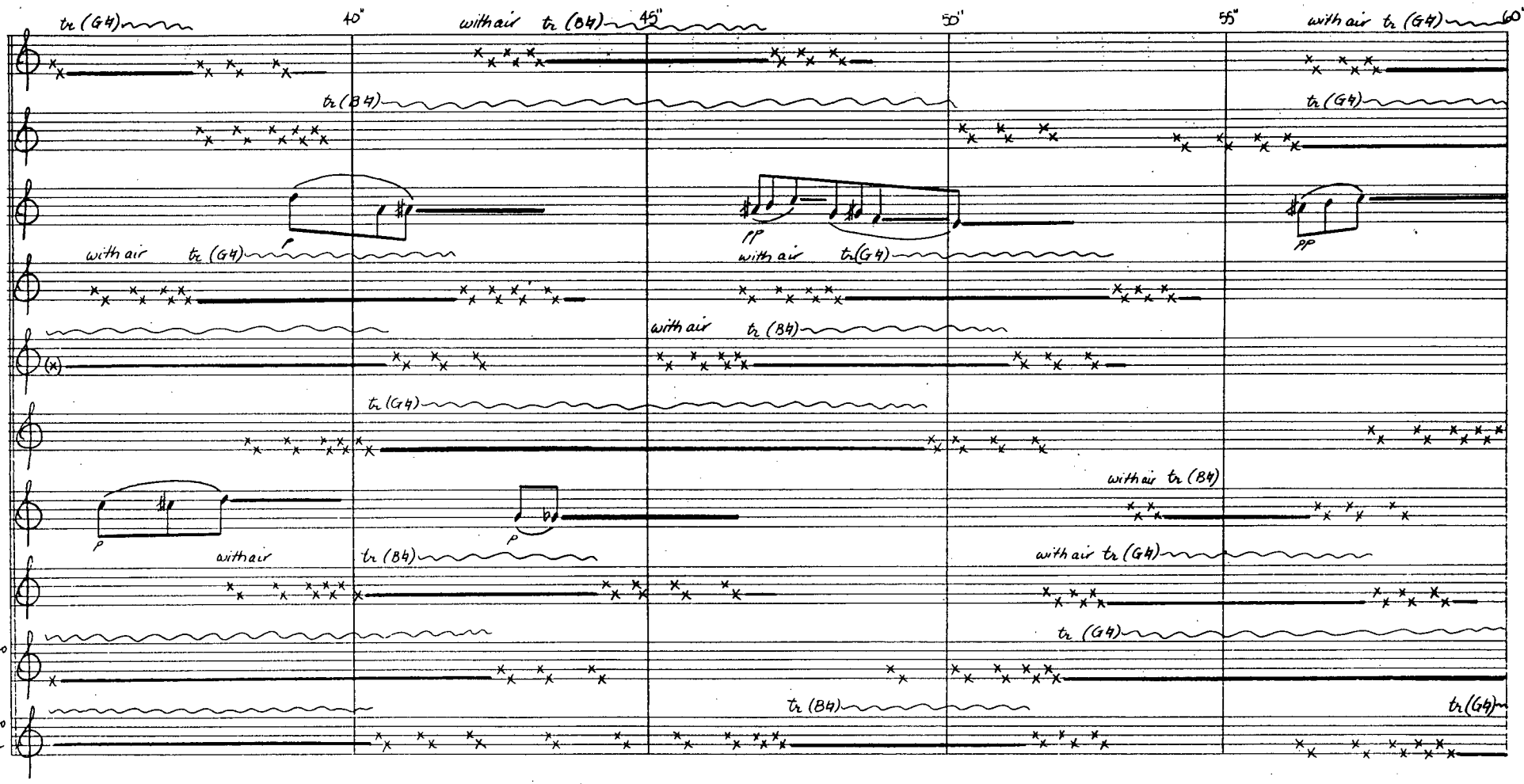

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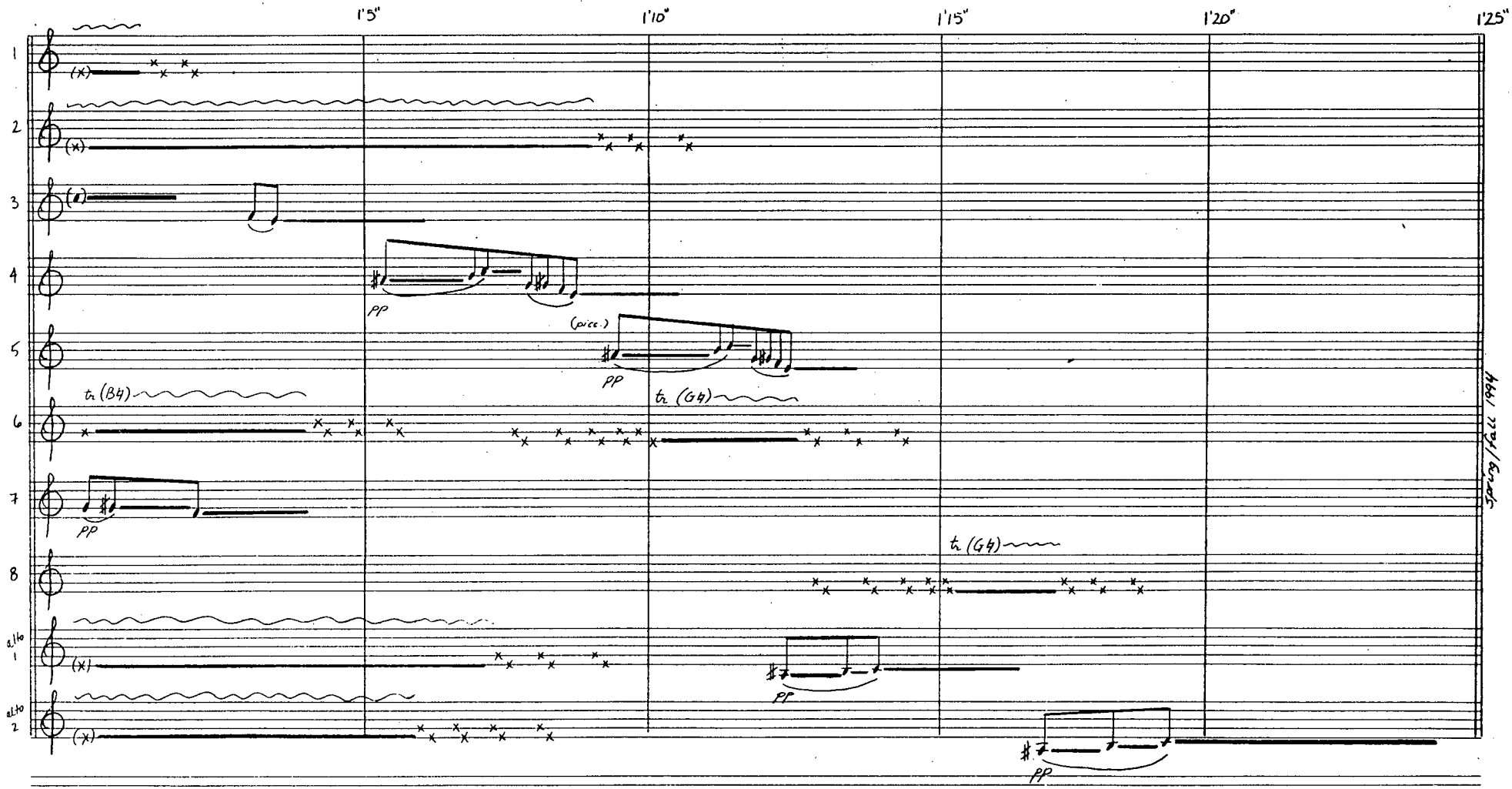

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