OVERGROWN

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OVERGROWN

by
Tori C Ovel

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree of Master of Music in Composition
in the School of Music, Jordan College of Fine Arts of Butler University

Thesis Defense: April 17, 2018

Committee:
Dr. Michael Schelle, Chair and Advisor
Dr. Frank Felice, Reader
Dr. Jeffrey Gillespie, Reader
Dr. Oliver Worthington, Reader

Date of Final Thesis Approval: May 2018  Advisor:
OVERGROWN for Soprano and Mixed Chamber Ensemble

My compositional goals for OVERGROWN were to create a large, cohesive, multi-movement work that allows for extraction of individual movements. I wanted the ensemble to be easily portable and was interested in exploiting the vocal abilities of the instrumentalists in addition to standard and extended playing techniques for each instrument. Further, I wanted to create a piece generated by a newly written text. I chose to write OVERGROWN for mixed chamber ensemble and soprano in five movements using a text that was written in collaboration with Matthew Raymond Smith.

Instrumentation (Don’t You Know They Can Sing Now, Too?)

The ensemble instrumentation includes flute, bass clarinet, soprano saxophone, baritone saxophone, trumpet, trombone, vibraphone, percussion, cello and double bass. This selection covers a broad scope of timbres and range which allows for a full range of expression of the text. The lower register instruments have sounding boards and resonant chambers, helping to produce audible percussive effects without amplification. The higher register instruments were chosen for their dexterity and timbre at the extremes of their ranges. To address the concern of a multimovement work with extractable movements, I used subsets of the ensemble in the middle movements. This allows for the ensemble wishing to perform the piece to choose the movements which fit their instrumentation if necessary. In order to keep the percussion practical and portable, I decided on a few small instruments: a cymbal, four
pieces of found metal, and a small to medium sized moving box.\(^1\) The largest instruments used are the double bass and a vibraphone, which can be transported via SUV or hatchback.

*Only the Words Themselves Mean What they Say* by Kate Soper was formative to my growth as a composer and directly influenced my desire to use the vocal abilities of the ensemble members. The main vocal techniques I used were speaking, whispering, and occasionally singing. The instrumentalists are instructed to mimic, echo, and repeat phrases of the soprano line throughout the movements. When asked to sing, the parts closely resemble the soprano’s line to make finding the pitch easy for the instrumentalist.

**A New Text**

I first worked with Matthew Raymond Smith for my undergraduate honor’s thesis and recital. I invited artwork from several local artists to display at the event, but Smith sent a book of poetry instead. His command of language and artistic voice inspired me to commission his poetry for three pieces prior to OVERGROWN. I contacted him for this project and we decided upon a central theme of intimacy. We explored ideas of intimacy through the lens of five age-related experiences. In Smith’s words, the text followed “unrequited love, brief relationship then breakup, older more physical relationship, resentful middle age marriage, [and] old age.”\(^2\)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Figure 1: Timeline of Text Composition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First set: April 6, 2016</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second: April 29, 2016</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third: June 23, 2016</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth: July 18, 2016</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifth: much later, November 19, 2016</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\(^1\) The percussion instruments were able to be transported in the moving box.

\(^2\) Sent July 1\(^{st}\), 2016 at 9:48pm, Facebook messenger.
Once the super-structure of the text was decided, the body of text was written over several months (Figure 1). Smith sent me each movement in the following format: a couplet describing the theme for the movement followed by free verse expanding on the couplet. We discussed emotional content frequently during the writing of the text. He was interested in my ideas about the musical elements of each movement but preferred that I maintain complete control and allowed me to manipulate the text as I needed.

Creating Cohesion Through Motivic Development

I decided to invite cohesion over multiple movements by using motives. The first movement is expositionary, introducing the stones motive and the whole tone cluster. Specific melody lines with their harmonies return throughout later movements as well.

The whole tone motive, seen in Figure 2, is comprised of three major seconds sounding at the same time. Often the pitches enter and sustain in succession creating a cluster. At other times, they appear as a triplet anacrusis to a sustained pitch. Elements of the whole tone scale are found throughout the traditionally scored portion of the second movement. The third movement returns to the triplet anacrusis version of the motive used in the first movement after the climax.—Often, the whole tone motive is used to build urgency.
The Stones Motive, also seen in Figure 2, is composed of a grace note slurred into a staccato eighth note. It is meant to suggest the sound of a stone being dropped into a pool of water. First introduced by the flute and soprano saxophone, the stones motive becomes one of the main features of the first movement. Figure 3 shows two rhythmic derivatives of the stones motive used in the third and fourth movements. The tempi for these derivative motives is fast enough that the sixteens convey the same text painting goal as the original grace note motive.

The first and second movements provide several sections of music that are strategically reworked in the following movements to act as underdeveloped leitmotifs. This decision to use material from the first movements in the later ones helps create cohesion throughout the whole piece. Further, because text is thoughtful and reminiscent, it provides musical moments that act as memories. Bringing back these memories in later movements becomes almost like a cinematic flashback.
The movements, First: Stones

As mentioned previously, “First: Stones” carries much of the musical information upon which *Overgrown* is formed, and so utilizes the full instrumentation. It has the largest body of text resulting in the longest movement. As seen in an excerpt of the score in Figure 4, the ensemble members are asked to sing, speak, or mimic the soprano voice. Using free repeats and second designations over rests, the ensemble creates a chaotic sound mass of speaking, singing, and percussive effects. This section has two purposes: to create audience expectation and show solidarity. By using the vocal abilities of the ensemble immediately, the audience is now expecting there to be vocalizations by ensemble members throughout the entire piece. While the loneliness of this stage of a relationship is paramount, the universality of the experience is represented by the ensemble members. All relationships must navigate the vulnerability of being the first and perhaps only person to vocalize emotion.

![Figure 4: First Stones Score Excerpt](image-url)
Other key elements of this movement include the introduction of the whole tone motive and stones motive, frequent mood shifts, and a return of the speaking chorus at the end. The flute premiers the stones motive, shown previously in Figure 2. The first manifestation of the whole tone motive occurs between the trombone, trumpet, and bass clarinet in m. 9. Each rehearsal box contains a unique texture and mood. Box 1 is timid and thin, with the texture made from short fragments similar to the stones motive presented over long held notes. Box 2 grows in confidence, with longer phrases and more interaction between instruments. The mood changes to become more explosive in Box 3, as the instruments react to outbursts from the soprano. Another derivative of the stones motive is seen here: a glissando between octave eighth or quarter notes, slurred by the winds and performed pizzicato by the strings (Figure 5). Similar to the first stones motive, this one spans a considerable distance and has a downward inflection.

Box 3 is brief and leads quickly to Box 4, where the texture is made from long notes and a lush vocal line. The original stones motive returns in this box, a juxtaposition against the long, smooth notes in the accompaniment. The instrumentation thins out as the emotion slows down

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3 Box 1 denotes rehearsal number in score.
and becomes defeated before Box 5 begins with revitalized energy. Box 5 begins a homophonic rhythm as the soprano laments about the unrealistic expectation about recouping the stones she has thrown. The homophony breaks down into independent lines which drive climactically to Box 6. The soprano sings “And down deep is the lesson, the cost of affection is loss,” the most powerful text of the movement. To underscore the importance of this text, the entire ensemble is utilized for the first time to provide the darkest texture.

The ending of “First: Stones” uses a vocalized repetition of the phrase “affection is loss” by the instrumentalists. These repetitions fade into silence before the flute and soprano perform the last phrase of text as an echo. The phrase is completed in unison with the soprano mouthing the words as the flautist speaks, undermining audience expectations for the soprano to continue speaking. The mood shifts in the first movement are frequent, imitating the crippling vulnerability and self-doubt that permeate the beginning of a relationship.

**Second Cups:**

The text for this movement recounts the anger and sting resulting from rejection. The emotional instability in this text seemed to require indeterminate notation. I developed a notation style for this movement using tables in Microsoft Publisher which I tested during a 24-hour concert experience at Butler. The cells allow for effortless text and shape input as well as more spatial control.4

This movement is written for soprano solo, bass clarinet, baritone saxophone,

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4 In order to add melodic information using staves, I first entered the notes into a Sibelius file, then used the “select graphic” tool to export the material as an image file to paste into the Publisher document. Using Publisher made drawing shapes and lines and lining up spoken text much easier than if I was working in Sibelius.
trombone, cello, and double bass. Figure 6 shows a cross section of the score. In this column, the cello reacts to the bass clarinet speaking the text. Whoever has the bulk of the text controls the pacing of the cell, which makes it necessary for the ensemble to read from the whole score. It is extremely important for the ensemble members to be aware of the other parts. The new notation style required a page and a half of instructions, addressing timing indications, notational symbols, and text symbols. In practice, the only ensemble members who had difficulty understanding this format were those who were less familiar with new music notation in general. Both the 24-hour concert test and this movement’s rehearsals and performances were successful using this format.

“Second: Cups” includes a fully scored section referred to as the “second cups chorale.” In this section, the music relates memories of bittersweet bliss. The chorale is interrupted by short, repeated notes throughout, attempting to bring the soprano out of her daydreaming. The score dissolves back into the cell notation as the soprano realizes the hurt from the ended
relationship. The second movement aims to depict the whirlwind of emotions brought on by the betrayal of a lost love with the reactionary quality of the cells moving into scored material, and back into the indeterminate cells. The soprano intones the final phrase without any support from the rest of the ensemble. She is alone, again.

**Third: Change**

When discussing this movement’s text with Smith, I asked if his writing was continuing the theme of a breakup from the previous movement. He responded, “No, they’re together, but the relationship is too fast and fiery to last long.”

I chose to represent the fire and intensity he referenced through an undulating eighth-note line that oscillates between the interval of a major seventh, as seen in Figure 7.

The line is passed around among several of the instrumentalists with constant interruptions to stave off predictability. This movement involves the higher register instruments: soprano solo, flute, soprano saxophone, trumpet, cello, vibraphone, and percussion. These instruments can easily express effortlessness and dexterity without sounding heavy and forced. The peak of the movement arrives after 38 measures of consistent motion. In

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5 sent June 24th, 2016 at 1:18 am.
In order to create a chaotic climax, I utilized box notation. I gave rhythms and contour but left the pitches to the player’s discretion. The soprano is instructed to shout over the chaos.

“Third: Change” is the shortest movement in Overgrown to adhere to Smith's admonition that the relationship is “too fast and fiery to last long.” After the chaos, the soprano sings a melodic line from “First: Stones,” “and so the stones, the stones of myself.” In this movement, the melody returns with the new text “and so the couch, that crouching thing.” After this melody resurfaces, the undulating lines return, passed around in two measure segments instead of the previous six to eight measure segments. The introduction of thirty-second note figures present the last licks of the fire, breaking apart the consistent eighths. This breakdown leaves the soprano alone to sing her final phrase “when burning our couch to the ground” on her lowest Bb. The whirlwind of energy has finally burned out.

**Fourth: Wreath**

The text for “Fourth: Wreath” is the most introspective of the set. In this relationship stage, the soprano is questioning her love for her partner after several years together. She is wondering what would have happened if she chose someone else. For this movement, I selected the smallest set of instruments in Overgrown: soprano solo, bass clarinet, baritone saxophone, and double bass. The movement opens with the soprano talking to herself while playing the cymbal. The use of the cymbal here is meant as an abstract replication of a mindless activity that would allow the soprano to let her thoughts carry her away. She walks from her usual performance location to the cymbal, where she speaks while playing a variety of different stroke and roll techniques.
The rest of the fourth movement highlights memory and anxiety. After the first section, the movement continues with a held note in the double bass, who is instructed to slide in and out of tune in an oscillating motion. This oscillation presents a feeling of tension and instability. The baritone saxophone and soprano play together a melody line that is reminiscent of earlier material to represent memory, invoking nostalgia of her youth. The mood shifts to become skeptical and the ensemble becomes shaky. The text in this section begins questioning choices. The double bass maintains an ostinato-like repetition of a unison pitch with frequent, yet unexpected, shifts from downbeat to upbeat. The bass clarinet and baritone saxophone accompany the voice with longer notes generally spanning a tritone. This uneasy texture remains static through the end of the movement as the focus shifts to the whisper groups.

The whisper groups start in Box 3 with text sourced from the entire body of Overgrown including “Fifth: Stones.” Questions from each movement are extracted and reordered. The tacet ensemble members are divided into three groups and instructed to randomly choose the order of the four phrases assigned to their group. These phrases should be repeated as often as necessary until the end of the movement. The second group enters three measures after the first and the third group enters nine bars after the second. This irregular spacing is intended to disrupt the audience’s expectations about the entrances. The movement ends with approximately ten seconds of fading whisper groups. The whispers perfectly enhance the skeptical questioning of this movement as though they are the voices of doubt in the soprano’s head. Its unexpected nature invites the audience to keenly listen to what is happening on the stage and around them.
Fifth: Lawn

The text for “Fifth: Lawn” horrified me. It broke my heart to think about adjusting to life after the loss of a long-time partner. The realization that the grass in the yard could accidentally grown “long and jungly” as “we forgot you won’t be round to mow” felt so powerful. Truthfully, I avoided writing this movement for a while because I was not sure I could write the music it deserved; I had not experienced a loss of that intensity.

In a bittersweet twist of fate with impeccable timing, my closest grandmother passed away August 30th, 2017. The agony I felt following the news of her passing is unrelatable to anything I had experienced. I was planning to drive to Iowa and visit her over Labor Day weekend, just three days after she passed. It was the first time I was going to be able to see her since we found out she had cancer on August 11th of the same year. To say I was devastated is a complete understatement. I had practically spent more time in her home than my own growing up and even throughout my undergraduate studies. We made my dad’s second wedding cake together. We often talked on the phone when I moved away, and my compositions always brought her nearly to tears. She was one of my biggest supporters; we were so incredibly close.

I chose to garner these intense emotions I was feeling as a way to generate material for the fifth movement. Suddenly, that text was incredibly real to me. I sat at my keyboard, which she had given me when she moved from her house into her apartment, with the blankets she made me when I was born, a jar of skittles like the ones she always had on the counter, and a box of tissues. Armored with these physical pieces of memories, I attempted to translate the emotions into sounds. It was excruciating. I wanted to capture the overwhelming feeling of concern that I might never be able to feel happiness again. The grief was so penetrating that I
truly was concerned that I would never again feel joy. The original chord sketch from this exercise is attached as Appendix B.

The most successful part of this exercise happens in the four measures leading into Box 1. These chords related perfectly the joy I felt in going home for my grandmother’s celebration of life. I was excited to see so many family members, but the reason I was able to go home kept dimming my enthusiasm. The chord progression works as a suspension into a warmly orchestrated Db major chord, shown in Figure 8. This movement was not written with a tonal center. The chords are complex and nonfunctional, but before the soprano enters, the complexity wanes. This allows the chords in Figure 8 to reorient the listener to a brief moment of tonality. The chord progression gives the impression of a suspension with release because of the Eb in the chords preceding the Db. Additionally, because the bass note C is held through the chord change in that measure instead of rearticulated, the Ab to F is heard as motion from scale degree 5 to 3. The release of the tension after the complex chords into a simple major triad felt like “home.” After five beats of the calm, warm Db triad, the soprano enters with the phrase “the lawn has grown long” at the tritone, A natural. Without using microtones, I found
this combination of pitches to perfectly portray the recurring grief that burdened my happiness in travelling home.

The main feature of this movement is the juxtaposition of a major triad over a context which makes it sound unsettling. For example, in m. 25, the vibraphone rolls an inverted F# diminished chords with an added G while the soprano’s melody arpeggiates a Bb major triad. The textures in this movement are much more stable than the movements prior, with only one real texture shift toward the middle of the movement. The climax happens a lot earlier in this movement, before Box 2. This movement is also unique because instead of featuring material from the first movement, it brings back a portion of the second cups chorale.

The choice to bring back material from the second movement instead of the first came from a realization that both texts grieve a loss. The second cups chorale material is bittersweet as the soprano laments the unforgiving feeling of loneliness. When that melody and its harmonic context return in the fifth movement, it is placed right before the final realization of loss. This time, the melody is in the trumpet (mm. 72-75 in “Fifth: Lawn”), and instead of descending for the final gesture, it lifts upward to a concert A5 at a mezzo forte. As seen in Figure 9, the final pitch of the line is the same, but displaced by one octave in the trumpet’s iteration. The sound is almost pinched at that quiet dynamic, a reflection of pain of realizing a loved one can no longer be reached. In both movements, the last pitch of the melody is dissonant against the harmony in the
ensemble. The A natural is a tritone away from the root of the first chord and a half step away from the following. This melody transitions to the final statement of text from the soprano: “so the lawn grows high, while I stay low, we forgot you won’t be round to mow.” The double bass plays a light pizzicato while the flute, bass clarinet, trombone, and cello sustain the final chord. There is no resolution, as the soprano’s last pitch is a B natural against the ensemble’s DbM7 chord. The entire piece ends with a major second between the flute and cello, released with a double bass pizzicato note in the extreme of its range.

**Conclusion**

This piece was composed over the course of about a year and a half, which symbolizes a progression of my compositional growth, as well. Due to my attention to strategically placing whole tone fragments and the stones motive, I feel that the piece works well as a whole. But, because of the individual emotions within each movement, it is my opinion that they can be successfully extracted to be performed as individual movements. The extractable nature of the piece mixed with changing instrumentation gives the piece more opportunity to be played again, as performing just one or two of the movements would not require large ensemble preparation. I consider this piece to completely be a labor of love and loss, and I am so grateful to Matt Smith for writing the text, MaKayla McDonald for performing it, James Plenty for conducting the ensemble, and Judy Ovel for inspiring me. I would also like to thank the ensemble members who dedicated their musicianship to the first performance: Eric Garcia, Julian Orem, Bryan Sanoshy, Coleman Rowlett, Alex Shanafelt, Ashlyn Christensen, Anna Yoder, Jesse Wittman, Mike Ellis, and Andy Krueger.
Appendix A

OVERGROWN text, written by Matthew Raymond Smith

First: Stones

Toward you I throw small stones of myself
they land in tall grass and are lost

Toward you I throw small stones of myself. Toward. To. To who? To whom? To you... and who else? Only you. Yourself. Your endless elemental self. Toward whom I, me, or myself, pelt? No. Throw. Not a lob to break windows in homes, with glass shattering impact, but neither a panetapping toss. And what are these that I throw so softly but stones, not rocks or the polished bones of old cows for how would those fly with conviction through the broad-shouldered sky above yourself and I?

Only stones can be smooth. Rocks cannot. Cannot support the me of myself that these stones will be. Stones made of stone are so commonly, thrown. So a stone of myself. Of course it’d be small. A stone of my soul to pull from my mouth. From my mouth like an ungummed gumball. How far do they fall? Do they land in your ears or your eyes? As much as I try to reach your attention, try to tap your shoulder with sight, it easily shrugs and recedes. A horizon is seen but ever bends below the world. And so the stones, the stones of myself, my soul, so small and smooth, fall across the land, not onto clipped and comb-able lawns, they land in grass grown tall and snide. Unsympathetic to what it hides. And if you or I tried to find these fallen lumps, and criss-crossed the land for days or weeks or months, we’d discover there’s no ground to be found but grass growing endlessly down.

And down deep is the lesson. And down deep is the lesson. And down deep is the lesson. The cost of affection is loss. To lose. To lessen. The stones that I throw to reach your attention must span a space I can’t cross. They land in tall grass and are lost.

Second: Cups

Set loose by your open car window
used cups and I now writhe by the curb

Set loose by your open car window was I. Set. Not a plate with spoons, forks, and knives. Not seated either. Set as in fetch as in go, begone, fly freely from me like a dog. But don’t return bearing bones, dry or otherwise. I’ve lost my leash to you, it doesn’t matter who restrained who now that I’m loose. Loose like lose. I’ve lost you and whoever I imagined you to be.
Set free from orbit, accelerating away at amazing speeds. Newtonian and alone. First pushed from the open window. Did you know windows are the eyes of the soul? You squinted yours at mine then shoved me through that crack between car door and glass, the receptacle of highways. With used cups, cigarette butts, torn up tickets, licked wrappers, flat soda, old ads for oil changes, orange peels made grey, and frayed shoe laces as my flock, I flew from the cushioned interior of your living. And I’d only been inside since November. There are no engines within me to reach you again, no second chance at long glances. I don’t dance with the static buzz of our betweenness. Now my lean-limbed fluttering is fueled by an unused and unusable energy. The pain of a snapped violin string coiling round the scroll. I know no one else might pick or pluck me again. I’m meant for sweeping to the sides of the street, kept from the drivers I could disturb.

The used cups and I now writhe by the curb.

**Third: Change**

*We found spare change the hardest to earn*

*when burning our couch to the ground*

We, meaning you and me and the slim air between, found while floundering about, with antennas of tender neck hair, a difficulty in being we. All the brightest bits, the shimmering coins, minted and marked by preemptive memory, all the value that could be corralled and kept under cushions for cleaning days, we found impossible to earn under the circumstances, under ourselves, under shelves and shelves of irksome birthday cards and dvd’s we’ll never start.

Why?

There’s no lasting rewards of passion. No saving toward retirement, no lazy-day fun that comes from this fire.

All of now is fuel, all of now entirely. And so the couch, that crouching thing, that pedestal of melded souls, like melted crayons in sunlight, is our pyre. Do we stop and savor the blaze? We waste our finite gaze, unblinking and bound, when burning our couch to the ground.

**Fourth: Wreath**

*on our door hangs the tomb of my youth*

*a crumbling wreath next to yours*

On our door, the door the days and nights ignore, the door without evening or morning, there is a space hanging, looming, a place made of absence, a tomb, a grave upon which to lay all the unspent stems of all the lives I might have led, the lives I might have lived without you. For what is youth if not a brief glimpse down infinite avenues? the buds of branching vines before they’re pruned? Have I ruined that map by choosing you? You, who lurks so easily behind our
door, the door I spend my life opening and closing, locking and unlocking--the largest ventricle of my heart.

I could let hate calcify around faucets and form rings of coffee on the table but I scrub it away each day since I did the same to you, laid down the corpse of your youth next to mine, wound them in circles, tied them with twine.

My atrophied trophy greets me each time I approach our unencroachable door. A crumbling wreath next to yours.

**Fifth: Lawn**

*the lawn has grown and grown overgrown*

*forgot you won't be round to mow*

The lawn has grown long, long since you're gone and not growing any longer and I'm not either and neither of us could've gone or stayed here with the other, here with the shelves and with things in jars and things in boxes which don't grow like the lawn, but sit littered about, the litter you left I leave lying around. The lawn has moved on, grown long and jungly, covered up lumps of living dirt and soul stones with green trees. So civilized, it stays alive. It'll cover the house too in time, the litter of our living. Might I find you lost in the lawn, lost in that endless grass? The lawn grows fast. Did you leave a trail of bottle caps or twine or bright coins? You were always one to make spaces, but the space between place and no place can't be walked across or crossed even in thought. So the lawn grows high while I stay low. We forgot you won't be round to mow.
Appendix B

Chord Sketch for “Fifth: Lawn”

Chords

Sop.

Pno.

since you're gone  and not grow-ing  an-y long er  

Pno.

Sop.

and I'm not  eith-er  and nei-ther of us  could have gone or 

Pno.
stayed here with the oth-er__

in jars and things in box-es which don't grow like the lawn.

the litt-er you left I leave ly-ing a round the lawn has moved on grow-ing

spoken text:
covered up lupms of living dirt
and soul stones with green trees.
So civilized... it stays... alive

long and jung-ly
Appendix C

First Performance Program Information

OVER GROWN (a Master’s Thesis)  
Text by M R Smith

Introduction by Matthew Raymond Smith

First: Stones  
Second: Cups  
Third: Change  
Fourth: Wreath  
Fifth: Lawn

Featuring MaKayla M McDonald- Soprano  
Eric Garcia- Flute, Julian Orem- Soprano Saxophone, Bryan Sanoshy- Bass Clarinet,  
Coleman Rowlett- Baritone Saxophone, Alex Shanafelt-Trumpet, Ashlyn Christensen-Horn in F, Anna Yoder- Cello, Jesse Wittman- Double Bass, Mike Ellis- Vibraphone, Andy Krueger- Percussion, conducted by Dr. James Plenty
OVER GROWN

by Tori Ovel

text by M R Smith
Performance Notes

- Boxes with horizontal arrows indicate that material inside the box should be repeated through the duration of the arrow.
- Instrumentalists should leave the stage before movements in which they are tacet.
- Soprano— X note heads are to be intoned, text without notation is to be spoken.

“First: Stones”

- First page— controlled by soprano, all players read from full score for this page only.
- Pg 52— Follow performance instructions between the flute and soprano, speaking together.

“Second: Cups”

General Information

- All players play from full score, so as to properly line up entrances.
- Spoken parts should be declaimed in a natural rhythm, hyphenated words require a slower, methodical recitation.
- The text speaker/singer in each cell controls the duration and flow of the cell.
- Timing indications are meant to serve as a suggestion, with exact lengths left up to the discretion of the soprano, in her absence, the timings are left to the ensemble members working together in the specific cell.
- Both extremes of the given durations are valid; shorter durations create urgency, longer durations create a more reminiscent mood, a mixture of both would be excellent, however the movement should NOT last longer than 7 Minutes.
- Glissandi are not to be played for the entire note duration, rather as a sliding-passage between pitches unless otherwise indicated.

Notation/Symbols

- indicate key clicks when without staff lines, slap tongue when with staff lines or to emphasize consonant sounds or indicate Sprechstimme when with words.
- indicate that the performer is able to play any note within that approximate range.
- indicate “very high” pitch of performer’s choice.
Notation/Symbols Ctd

Indicate player’s choice of pitch, following contour of line as closely as possible

indicates that the note should last the length of one exhale

indicates a repeated idea, number of repetitions and spacing left to performer discretion

indicates specific orders of events within cells

indicates approximate timings, more strict than boxes which give low end to high end approximations

Indicates rehearsal marks

Symbols with Text:

“Text” indicates a spoken part

**Bolded text** indicates score direction

*Italicized text* indicates performance direction and/or dramatic effect, and should NOT be spoken

[Text] indicates stage whisper

Text indicates consonants or syllables should be emphasized or accented.

Text indicates emphasis/elongating of all syllables and consonants

Te-xt indicates emphasis/elongation of syllables only

(Text) indicates cues for approximate placement of a musical idea within a spoken or sung text

“Fourth: Wreath”

Soprano moves to the cymbal for the pg 49, returning to stand during page 50, careful not to obscure sight line between cond. and dbl bass
Percussion Notes/Key

**Vibraphone**

Medium-hard yarn mallets

Pedaling follows slur notation throughout

**Percussion**

Medium sized moving box— preferable one with about 1/4” cardboard thickness, not larger than 2’x2’

Not too boomy, tape/towel dampening may be used if needed

Found Metal— four pieces of player chosen metal objects, nothing which has a long sustain

Arranged low to high, each piece corresponds to the same pitch designation throughout the entire piece (ex: small metal flask, assigned to triangle note head B, with remain triangle note head B throughout the piece)

Metal objects should be placed on thick towels or foam and played by striking the surface with a med-hard rubber mallet

**Suspended Cymbal**— standard suspended cymbal, 16-18”

All percussion instruments to be played with hard rubber mallet, suspended cymbal can be played with yarn mallets if preferred
From the Composer:

I consider this piece to completely be a labor of love and loss, and I am so grateful to Matt Smith for writing the text, MaKayla McDonald for performing it, and James Plenty for conducting the ensemble. I would also like to thank the ensemble members who dedicated their musicianship to the first performance: Eric Garcia, Julian Orem, Bryan Sanoshy, Coleman Rowlett, Alex Shanafelt, Ashlyn Christensen, Anna Yoder, Jesse Wittman, Mike Ellis, and Andy Krueger.

I dedicate the fifth movement to my grandmother, Judy Ovel (1944-2017). Her death inspired its entire direction and tonality (or lack there-of). Her influence on my life has been incredible. I am so grateful to have been exposed to her knowledge and charm and devastated to have lost her catholic choir warble, frighteningly sudden and loud sneezes, and confidence in my ability to attain success.

Love you, G-ma!

A recording of the premier with MaKayla M McDonald can be found online. At the time of this publication, it can be found at toriovel.com
Text by Matthew Raymond Smith

**First: Stones**

Toward you I throw small stones of myself
they land in tall grass and are lost

Toward you I throw small stones of myself. Toward. To. To whom? To whom? To whom? To you... and who else? Only you. Yourself. Your endless elemental self. Toward whom I, me, or myself, pelt? No. Throw. Not a lob to break windows in homes, with glass shattering impact, but neither a pane-tapping toss. And what are these that I throw so softly but stones, not rocks or the polished bones of old cows for how would those fly with conviction through the broad-shouldered sky above yourself and I?

Only stones can be smooth. Rocks cannot. Cannot support the me of myself that these stones will be. Stones made of stone are so commonly, thrown. So a stone of myself. Of course it’d be small. A stone of my soul to pull from my mouth. From my mouth like an ungummed gumball. How far do they fall? Do they land in your ears or your eyes? As much as I try to reach your attention, try to tap your shoulder with sight, it easily shrugs and recedes. A horizon is seen but ever bends below the world. And so the stones, the stones of myself, my soul, so small and smooth, fall across the land, not onto clipped and comb-able lawns, they land in grass grown tall and snide. Unsympathetic to what it hides. And if you or I tried to find these fallen lumps, and criss-crossed the land for days or weeks or months, we’d discover there’s no ground to be found but grass growing endlessly down.

And down deep is the lesson. And down deep is the lesson. And down deep is the lesson. The cost of affection is loss. To lose. To lessen. The stones that I throw to reach your attention must span a space I can’t cross. They land in tall grass and are lost.

**Second: Cups**

Set loose by your open car window
used cups and I now writhe by the curb

Set loose by your open car window was I. Set. Not a plate with spoons, forks, and knives. Not seated either. Set as in fetch as in go, begone, fly freely from me like a dog. But don’t return bearing bones, dry or otherwise. I’ve lost my leash to you, it doesn’t matter who restrained who now that I’m loose. Loose like lose. I’ve lost you and whoever I imagined you to be.

Set free from orbit, accelerating away at amazing speeds. Newtonian and alone. First pushed from the open window. Did you know windows are the eyes of the soul? You squinted yours at mine then shoved me through that crack between car door and glass, the receptacle of highways. With used cups, cigarette butts, torn up tickets, licked wrappers, flat soda, old ads for oil changes, orange peels made grey, and frayed shoe laces as my flock, I flew from the cushioned interior of your living. And I’d only been inside since November. There are no engines within me to reach you again, no second chance at long glances. I don’t dance with the static buzz of our betweenness. Now my lean-limbed fluttering is fueled by an unused and unusable energy. The pain of a snapped violin string coiling round the scroll. I know no one else might pick or pluck me again. I’m meant for sweeping to the sides of the street, kept from the drivers I could disturb.

The used cups and I now writhe by the curb.
**Third: Change**

We found spare change the hardest to earn when burning our couch to the ground

We, meaning you and me and the slim air between, found while floundering about, with antennas of tender neck hair, a difficulty in being we. All the brightest bits, the shimmering coins, minted and marked by preemptive memory, all the value that could be corralled and kept under cushions for cleaning days, we found impossible to earn under the circumstances, under ourselves, under shelves and shelves of irksome birthday cards and dvd’s we’ll never start.

Why?

There’s no lasting rewards of passion. No saving toward retirement, no lazy-day fun that comes from this fire.

All of now is fuel, all of now entirely. And so the couch, that crouching thing, that pedestal of melded souls, like melted crayons in sunlight, is our pyre. Do we stop and savor the blaze? We waste our finite gaze, unblinking and bound, when burning our couch to the ground.

**Fourth: Wreath**

on our door hangs the tomb of my youth
a crumbling wreath next to yours

On our door, the door the days and nights ignore, the door without evening or morning, there is a space hanging, looming, a place made of absence, a tomb, a grave upon which to lay all the unspent stems of all the lives I might have led, the lives I might have lived without you. For what is youth if not a brief glimpse down infinite avenues? the buds of branching vines before they’re pruned? Have I ruined that map by choosing you? You, who lurks so easily behind our door, the door I spend my life opening and closing, locking and unlocking--the largest ventricle of my heart.

I could let hate calcify around faucets and form rings of coffee on the table but I scrub it away each day since I did the same to you, laid down the corpse of your youth next to mine, wound them in circles, tied them with twine.

My atrophied trophy greets me each time I approach our unencroachable door. A crumbling wreath next to yours.

**Fifth: Lawn**

the lawn has grown and grown overgrown
forgot you won’t be round to mow

The lawn has grown long, long since you’re gone and not growing any longer and I’m not either and neither of us could’ve gone or stayed here with the other, here with the shelves and with things in jars and things in boxes which don’t grow like the lawn, but sit littered about, the litter you left I leave lying around. The lawn has moved on, grown long and jungly, covered up lumps of living dirt and soul stones with green trees. So civilized, it stays alive. It’ll cover the house too in time, the litter of our living. Might I find you lost in the lawn, lost in that endless grass? The lawn grows fast. Did you leave a trail of bottle caps or twine or bright coins? You were always one to make spaces, but the space between place and no place can’t be walked across or crossed even in thought. So the lawn grows high while I stay low. We forgot you won’t be round to mow.
Soprano  
Flute  
Bb Bass Clarinet  
Soprano Saxophone  
Baritone Saxophone  
Bb Trumpet  
Trombone  
Vibraphone  
Percussion: moving box, found metal, suspended cymbal  
Cello  
Double Bass

**First: Stones**  
All

**Second: Cups**  
Soprano, Bass Clarinet, Baritone Saxophone, Trombone, Cello, and Double Bass

**Third: Change**  
Soprano, Flute, Soprano Saxophone, Trumpet, Cello, Vibraphone, Percussion

**Fourth: Wreath**  
Soprano, Bass Clarinet, Baritone Saxophone, Double Bass

**Fifth: Lawn**  
All
Soprano
Flute
Bass Clarinet in B
Soprano Saxophone
Baritone Saxophone
Trumpet in B
Trombone
Vibraphone
Percussion
Cello
Double Bass
your self_ your end-less e-l-e-men-tal self

T'ward whom I me
Soprano

Flute

Bass Clarinet in B

Soprano Saxophone

Baritone Saxophone

Trumpet in B

Trombone

Vibraphone

Percussion

Cello

Double Bass

or my-self
pel-t
no. throw
not a lob to break
windows in homes with glass shattering impact but! neither a pane tapping toss

more consonants than pitch
and what are these that I throw so softly but stones not rocks or the polished...
bones of old cows

for how would those fly with conviction through the broad shouldered sky
above yourself and I?

only stones can be smooth
rocks can-not can-not support the me of my-self that these stones
will be. stones made of stone are so commonly thrown

So, a stone_ of my self of

spoken realization
course it'd be small a stone of my soul to pull from my mouth like an
Soprano

Flute

Bass Clarinet in B

Soprano Saxophone

Baritone Saxophone

Trumpet in Bb

Trombone

Vibraphone

Percussion

Cello

Double Bass

un-gummed gum-ball  how far do they fall?  Do they land in your ears....
or your eyes?
As much as I try to reach your attention
try to tap your shoulder with sight
it easily shrugs and recedes
a horizon is seen but ever bends below the world.
And so the stones of my self so small and smooth fall a across the
land not on to clipped and comb - a - ble lawns
they land in grass grown tall and snide
unsympathetic to what it hides. And if you or I tried to find these fallen lumps and
Soprano

Flute

Bass Clarinet in B

Soprano Saxophone

Baritone Saxophone

Trumpet in B

Trombone

Vibraphone

Percussion

Cello

Double Bass

93 cresc.

criss-cross'd the land for days or weeks or months we'd dis cov-er we'd dis cov-er there's
no ground to be found but grass growing endlessly down
angry and hurt

And down deep is the lesson
and down deep is the lesson
Ah the cost of affection is loss.

G.P. Slower, \( \dot{=52} \)

\[ \text{ca 8-10", repeat and fade} \]
As long as is necessary

speaking with flute

mouth but do not speak

to lose... to lessen... the stones that I throw to reach your attention must span a space I can't cross they land in tall grass (beat) and are lost

Flute

somberly echo the soprano's text

Flute

Baritone Saxophone

speak on your own, must line up with soprano's lip sync

As long as is necessary
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Second: Cups Performance Notes

General Information

- All players play from full score, so as to properly line up entrances.
- Spoken parts should be declaimed in a natural rhythm, hyphenated words require a slower, methodical recitation.
- The text speaker/singer in each cell controls the duration and flow of the cell.
- Timing indications are meant to serve as a suggestion, with exact lengths left up to the discretion of the soprano, in her absence, the timings are left to the ensemble members working together in the specific cell.
- Both extremes of the given durations are valid; shorter durations create urgency, longer durations create a more reminiscent mood, a mixture of both would be excellent, however the movement should NOT last longer than 7 Minutes.
- Glissandi are not to be played for the entire note duration, rather as a sliding-passage between pitches unless otherwise indicated.

Notation/Symbols

Notations:

- indicate key clicks when without staff lines, slap tongue when with staff lines or to emphasize consonant sounds or indicate Sprechstimme when with words
- indicate that the performer is able to play any note within that approximate range
- indicate “very high” pitch of performer’s choice
- indicate player’s choice of pitch, following contour of line as closely as possible

Symbols with Text:

“Text” indicates a spoken part
Bolded text indicates score direction
Italicized text indicates performance direction and/or dramatic effect, and should NOT be spoken
[Text] indicates stage whisper
Text indicates consonants or syllables should be emphasized or accented.
Text indicates emphasis/elongating of all syllables and consonants
Te-xt indicates emphasis/elongation of syllables only
(Text) indicates cues for approximate placement of a musical idea within a spoken or sung text
Notations and Symbols Continued

- Indicates that the note should last the length of one exhale
- Indicates a repeated idea, number of repetitions and spacing left to performer discretion
- Indicates specific orders of events within cells
- Indicates approximate timings, more strict than boxes which give low end to high end approximations
- Indicates rehearsal marks

Other Comments:

-CLEFS— listed once per page unless a change occurs for the second cell
-Cells should be performed seamlessly like measures, without pause unless otherwise noted
-Horizontal space in cell is important, players should rest through empty spaces within the cells, approximating the entrances based on the other players' cells or text
-This movement is part of a larger work, but can be excerpted without losing original intent
-Any clarification questions can be sent to tcovel92@gmail.com
Set loose by your open car window, used cups and I now writhe [by the curb].

---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Soprano</th>
<th>“used cups and I now writhe [by the curb].”</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bass Cl</td>
<td>“Set loose by the curb.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bari Sax</td>
<td>“by your window, used cups by the curb.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tromb.</td>
<td>“[your open car window] I now writhe.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cello</td>
<td>“Set used cups and I now writhe by the curb.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bass</td>
<td>“your open car window,”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Instrument</td>
<td>Instruction</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
| Soprano    | **Firmly accusatory**

*Set loose by your open car window was I.*

*Set. Not a plate with forks and knives. Not seated either.*

| Bass Cl    | **Audible deep breath**

| Baritone Sax | **(Set loose by your open)**

| Trombone   | **(Set)**

| Cello      | 3 repetitions placed anywhere in this cell’s duration

| Bass        | **Play 5 pizz pitches somewhere during this cell, as closely spaced or far apart as desired**

**Notes:**
- A - 15-30"
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>10-14”</th>
<th>6-10”</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Soprano</strong></td>
<td><strong>Bass Cl</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Bari Sax</strong></td>
<td><strong>Tromb.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Cello</strong></td>
<td><strong>Bass</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;(fetch)&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Moderate tempo, should last most of this cell&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( mf )</td>
<td>( arco )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( sul pont )</td>
<td>( mf )</td>
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<tr>
<td>( slow gliss )</td>
<td>( mf )</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
I've lost my leash to you, it doesn't matter who restrained who
now that I'm loose. Loose like lose.

Distantly, numb

(to you)
Everyone repeats boxes until soprano line dictates their changing
Changes should be staggered, all parts at piano-mezzo piano dynamic
Soprano Solo

Bass Clarinet in B

Baritone Saxophone

Trombone

Cello

Double Bass

Set free from orbit accelerating at amazing speeds Newtonian and alone

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{mp} \]

\[ \text{p} \]

\[ \text{arco} \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

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\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{p} \]
Did you know windows are the eyes of souls?

repeat 2x and fade

low blat repeat 2x and fade

pizz

sul pont
**Soprano**

- _Wild quickly_
- Fast circular bowing on open strings throughout this cell, starting and stopping as desired
- You squinted yours at mine then shoved me_ between the door and glass the receptacle of highways

**Bass Cl**

- (shoved)
- Continue similar ad lib
- Fade to end

**Bari Sax**

- _Wild_
- _Ff_
- (yours)

**Tromb.**

- You squinted yours at mine then shoved me_ between the door and glass the receptacle of highways

**Cello**

- Moderate tempo, should last most of this cell
- _2 repetitions in this cell, fading out_

**Bass**

- _Moderate tempo, should last most of this cell_
- _Faded out_
"With used cups... cig-a-rette butts... torn up tickets—ads for old oil changes, orange peels made grey and frayed shoe laces as my flock.”

**Soprano**

*Emphasize consonants, still wild*

**Bass Cl**

*Multiphonic of players ability/choice, following the below shape for intensity and dynamic*

**Bari Sax**

*Key clicks following below shape for dynamic, X’s indicate intermittent slap tongued note of player’s choice*

**Tromb**.

*Unpitched articulations in response to the alliteration spoken by the soprano throughout this cell*

**Cello**

*Body knocks, S to indicate side of cello, F to indicate front, dynamic shape up to player’s interpretation*

**Bass**

*Circular bowing on open strings following below shape for both speed and dynamic, diagonal arrows indicate harmonic gliss*
meekly
“I flew from the cushioned interior of your living...”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Instrument</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Soprano</td>
<td>“I flew from the cushioned interior of your living...”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bass Cl</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Bari Sax</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tromb.</td>
<td>solo wide vib</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cello</td>
<td>3 more body knocks in this cell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bass</td>
<td>Two more full circles within this cell</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Continues on next page, no break
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Instrument</th>
<th>Musical Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Soprano      | Defeated, anguish
              “And I’d only been inside since November...”                                  |
| Bass Cl      |                                                                                   |
| Bari Sax     | “There are no engines—
              no second chances”                                                                |
| Tromb.       |                                                                                   |
| Cello        | N.B.                                                                                     |
| Bass         | N.B.     Add pizz at end of every up bow                                               |

- There are no engines within me to reach you again.
- "no second chance at long glances—"
I don’t dance with the static buzz of our betweenness, now my lean limb’d fluttering is fueled by an unused and unusable energy!

6 pizz C# any octave before (unused)
| Soprano  | ~6”
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Very sad</td>
<td>“The pain of a snapped violin string coiling round the scroll”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bass Cl</th>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bari Sax</th>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tromb.</th>
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</table>

| Cello    | ~8”
<table>
<thead>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Quietly intoned on single pitch, scared</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“...I know no one else might pluck me again. “</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bass</th>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Soprano</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>---</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;I'm meant for sweeping to the sides of the street&quot;</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

- **Soprano**: ~8"
- **Bass Cl**: ~6"
- **Bari Sax**: ~6"
- **Tromb.**: ~6"
- **Cello**: ~6"
- **Bass**: ~6"
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Instrument</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Soprano</td>
<td><img src="image1" alt="" /></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bass Cl</td>
<td><img src="image2" alt="" /></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bari Sax</td>
<td><img src="image3" alt="" /></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tromb.</td>
<td><img src="image4" alt="" /></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cello</td>
<td><img src="image5" alt="" /></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bass</td>
<td><img src="image6" alt="" /></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- ~5”
- ~10”

**Score Details:**
- no vibrato/minimized vibrato
- the used cups and I now writhe by the curb.
Third: Change

Slowly, mysteriously \( \dot{\text{j}} = 58 \)

/ Passionately \( \dot{\text{j}} = 132 \)

We meaning you and me and the slim air between found while flounder-ing about with an

driving, intense

Meaning

you and me and the slim air between

of tender neck hair

about a difficulty

biting intensity

Driving, intense

Third: Change
Soprano Solo

Flute

Soprano Saxophone

Trumpet in B

Vibraphone

Percussion

Cello

All

the bright-est bits

the shim-mer-ing coins

mint-ed and marked by

We found im-pos-si-ble to earn

pre-emp-tive mem-ory
Soprano Solo

Flute

Soprano Saxophone

Trumpet in B♭

Vibraphone

Percussion

Cello

under the circumstances

un - der our - selves

under shelves and shelves of irksome birthday cards

and d - v - d's we'll ne - ver start
Out of Time, chaotic

Why? There's no lasting rewards of passion No saving toward retirement!

Out of time

All together, ca. \( \text{\textdaggerleft} = 112 \text{\textdaggerright} 

THAT COMES FROM THIS FIRE!

audibly gasping for air

frozen
Suddenly Slowly ca. \( \text{j} = 50 \)

**defeated**

at any dynamic possible

Soprano Solo

All of now is fuel, entirely!

And so the crouching thing that pedestal of melded souls like

Flute

Whisper-like hush \( \text{j} = 96 \)

Soprano Saxophone

3

Trumpet in B

Do we stop and savor the blaze?

Vibraphone

3

Percussion

43

Cello

melted crayons in sunlight is our pyre

44

Soprano Solo

flutter

45

Flute

mf

46

Soprano Saxophone

mf

47

Trumpet in B

p

48

Vibraphone

p

49

Percussion

p

50

Cello

arco

51

Soprano Solo

\( \text{j} \)
We waste our finite gaze

Freely, out of time

unblinking and bound when burning our couch to the ground
Fourth: Wreath Section 3
In section 3 of Fourth: Wreath various members of the ensemble who are not playing will begin recited text in hushed, barely audible whisper. Inflection should be kept fairly monotonous, with a slight uptalk for questions. It is not necessary that the audience discern what is being said. The entrance of the groups is notated in the score, at which point the individuals of each group whisper the text below, repeating as often as necessary and desired, starting with different phrases. It is acceptable to repeat the same phrase for the entire duration or change phrases within the whisper group’s assigned text, but not to go between groups. If possible, the conductor of the ensemble may join a group.

Whisper Group 1
- Do they land in your ears or your eyes?
- Do we stop and savor the blaze?
- Did you leave a trail of bottle caps or twine or bright coins?
- Have I ruined that map?

Whisper Group 2
- For what is youth if not a brief glimpse down infinite avenues?
- Did you know windows are the eyes of souls?
- to who? to whom? to you and who else?
- Down deep Is the lesson

Whisper Group 3
- How far do they fall?
- I’ve lost you and whoever I imagined you to be.
- How would those fly with conviction through the sky?
- Might I find you lost in that endless grass?
**Fourth: Wreath**

1. **30-40"**

Soprano to declaim text AND play cymbal (Section 1 to be memorized)

- Dramatic reading, speak at/into the cymbal, leaned over*
- The cymbal is the memory of youth

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cymbal</th>
<th>Soprano</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(p)</td>
<td>(mf)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(p)</td>
<td>no cresc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>scrape</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(mp)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

- On our door
- The door the days and nights
- Ignore the door without evening or morning

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- There is a space.
- Hanging...
- Looming
- A place made of absence, a tomb.

<table>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(f)</td>
<td>(mp)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(mf)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(3/4)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- A grave upon which to lay all the uspent stems of all the lives I might have led, the lives I might have lived without you.

*do not move the cymbal to the Soprano, the Soprano moves to the cymbal
Soprano Solo

For what is youth if not a brief glimpse down infinite avenues

Bass Clarinet in Bb

the buds of branching vines before they're pruned?

Baritone Saxophone

Have I ruined that map by choosing you?

Double Bass
You who lurks so easily, easily behind our door
the door I spend opening closing

Arco

whisper: Do we stop?

whisper: Have I ruined that map?

Closing opening unlocking closing locking opening
the largest ventricle of my heart
Soprano Solo

Bass Clarinet in B

Baritone Saxophone

Double Bass

the largest ven- ventricle of my heart

Do we savor the blaze?

I could let hate cal-ci- fy a-round faucet s and form rings of cof- fee on the tab-le but! I scrub it a-way

I've lost you arco +for-é

Do they land in your ears

For what is youth... passionately
each day since I did the same to you,
laid down the corpse of your youth
next to mine

Whisper Group 3—How far do they fall

half whisper: a crumbling wreath next to yours

Whispers fade out approx 15 sec
Fifth: Lawn

restless $\frac{3}{8}=68$

breathe where necessary

Soprano

Flute

Bass Clarinet in B♭

Soprano Saxophone

Baritone Saxophone

Trumpet in B♭

Trombone

Vibraphone

Percussion

Cello

Double Bass

poco rit.
molto rit.  

frozen $\approx 52$

The lawn has grown long long since you're gone and not growing any longer.
and I'm not either
and neither of us could have gone or stayed here
with the other

Here with the shelves and with things in jars an things in boxes which don't grow like the
lawn. the litter you left I leaving around the lawn has moved on growing long and jungly
Spoken

covered up lumps of living dirt and stone souls with green trees so civilized it stays.. alive it'll cover the house too, in time the litter of our living
Might I find you lost in the lawn?
lost in that endless grass?  The lawn grows fast.
Soprano
Did you leave a trail of bottle caps or twine? You were always the one to make spaces. But the space be-tween place and no place can't be walked.
So the lawn grows high while I stay low we for-got you
won't won't be round to mow.