



# **MSM Composers' Concert**

**Reiko Fütting** (DMA '00), Coordinator

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 2025 | 7:30 PM  
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 2025 | 7:30 PM  
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# MSM Composers' Concert

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## PROGRAM

JACOB TANTLEFF

*FLOOD* (2025)

**Miles Oppinger**, electric guitar

**Eric Clark**, electric organ

**Aiden Johnson**, electric bass

**Jonathan Gold**, drums

**Giovanna Mercurio**, choir

**Riley Craig**, choir

**Sivan Laniando**, choir

**Louise Jones**, choir

**Julianne Crossland**, choir

**Siobhan Gyulay**, choir

**Evelyn Lehmann**, choir

**Emma Kristin Batchvarov**, choir

**Tessa Chin**, choir

**Aurelia Cai**, choir

**Sage Johnson**, choir

**Eleanor Ilyas**, choir

**AJ Rivera-Johnson**, choir

**Gabriel Legros**, choir

**Adam Underwood**, choir

**Zeke Morgan**, choir

**Matthew Jiang**, choir

**Colin Wong**, choir

**Alexander Moustakerski**, choir

**Henry Mauser**, choir

**Jen Impey**, choir

**Daniel Powers**, choir

**Kevin Cromer**, choir

**Daniel Wallace**, choir

**Saverio Alfieri**, conductor

YU-PIN LAI

*Ever Traverse* (2024, rev. in 2025)

**Mihail Babus**, marimba

VINCENT BOS

*Coffee Quartet* (2025)

I. Bitter

II. Sour

III. Perfect

IV. Saccharine

V. Salty

**Ivan Morozov**, Clarinet

**Chanelle Junio**, Bassoon

**Ryan Crites**, Trumpet

**Aiden Johnson**, Double Bass

**Saverio Alfieri**, Conductor

ELIAS VALLE

*Fresco* (2025)

Poem by Emily Hsu

**Loadbang Ensemble:**

**Ty Bouque**, baritone

**Sam Nester**, trumpet

**William Lang**, trombone

**Adrián Sandí**, bass clarinet

JOSHUA C. DELOZIER

*"...let a tremor through our briefness run..."* (2025)

Poem by Wallace Stevens

**loadbang Ensemble:**

**Ty Bouque**, baritone

**Andy Kozar**, trumpet

**William Lang**, trombone

**Adrián Sandí**, bass clarinet

ISHAY BROKSHTAIN

*A waggle dance manual* (2025)

**loadbang Ensemble:**

**Ty Bouque**, baritone

**Andy Kozar**, trumpet

**William Lang**, trombone

**Adrián Sandí**, bass clarinet

*Intermission*

ANDREA CASTAGNOL

*Trittico Ungarettiano*

**Piper Weldon**, voice

**Ethan Burke**, clarinet

ELI PARRISH

*Six Italian Poetic Miniatures* (2025)

Poems by Annalisa Cima, Salvatore Quasimodo,  
Mario Luzi, and Fillia

1. *La Forma*

2. *Terzo Modo*

3. *Già Vola Il Fiore Margo*

4. *La Notte Lava La Mente*

5. *poesia senza parole per arpa* (poem without  
words for harp)

6. *Lirismo Geometrico*

**Mayu Sierra Tayama**, mezzo-soprano

**Lim Qi Qin**, harp

JEN IMPEY

*Meditation No. 1* (2025)

**Giovanni Martinez**, trumpet in C

**Benjamin Hambro**, trumpet in C

**Ryan Crites**, trumpet in B-flat

**Holden Meier**, trumpet in B-flat

**Amber Dai**, horn in F

**Nick Ochoa**, horn in F

**Leor Arbel**, trombone

**Audrey Hare**, trombone

**Ryan Parichuk**, bass trombone

**Elihu Conant-Haque**, tuba

**Saverio Alfieri**, Conductor

## ABOUT LOADBANG

New York City-based new music chamber group **loadbang** is building a new kind of music for mixed ensemble of trumpet, trombone, bass clarinet, and baritone voice. Since their founding in 2008, they have been praised as ‘cultivated’ by *The New Yorker*, ‘an extra-cool new music group’ and ‘exhilarating’ by *The Baltimore Sun*, ‘inventive’ by the *New York Times* and called a ‘formidable new-music force’ by *TimeOutNY*. Creating ‘a sonic world unlike any other’ (*The Boston Musical Intelligencer*), their unique lung-powered instrumentation has provoked diverse responses from composers, resulting in a repertoire comprising an inclusive picture of composition today.

In New York City, they have been recently presented by and performed at Miller Theater, Symphony Space, MATA, and by the Look and Listen Festival; on American tours at Da Camera of Houston, Rothko Chapel, and the Festival of New American Music at Sacramento State University; and internationally at Ostrava Days (Czech Republic), China-ASEAN Music Week (China), the Xinghai Conservatory of Music (China), Shanghai Symphony Hall (China), Visiones Sonoras Festival (Morelia, Mexico), and the Musikverein (Vienna, Austria). **loadbang** has premiered more than 500 works, written by members of the ensemble, emerging artists, and today’s leading composers. Their repertoire includes works by Pulitzer Prize winners Raven Chacon, David Lang, and Charles Wuorinen; Rome Prize winners Andy Akiho and Paula Matthusen; and Guggenheim Fellows Chaya Czernowin, George Lewis, and Alex Mincek. They were the ensemble-in-residence at Cornell University through the Steven Stucky Memorial Residency for New Music, and through a partnership with the Longy School of Music of Bard College in Boston, they are the ensemble-in-residence at Divergent Studio, a contemporary music festival for young performers and composers held each summer.

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## **FLOOD** (2025)

### **Jacob Tattleff**

5 *Videns autem Deus quod multa malitia  
hominum esset in terra, et cuncta cogitatio  
cordis intenta esset ad malum omni  
tempore,*

6 *poenituit eum quod hominum fecisset in  
terra. Et tactus dolore cordis intrinsecus,*

11 *Corrupta est autem terra coram Deo, et  
repleta est iniquitate.*

12 *Cumque vidisset Deus terram esse  
corruptam; omnis quippe caro corruperat  
viam suam super terram,*

13 *(dixit ad Noe,) Finis universae carnis  
venit coram me: repleta est terra  
iniquitate a facie eorum, et ego disperdam  
eos cum terra.*

5 And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

6 And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.

11 The earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence.

12 And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth.

13 (And God said unto Noah,) The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth.

— *from the Vulgate Latin Bible, 382, Genesis 6*

**Fresco (2025)**

**Elias Valle**

**“The Blush”**

The struggling comedians told us to wreck our roofs.  
Peer into the cosmos more often. Then, I could find this other wish to stay alive,  
Be with mom, run to God; everywhere. Anywhere.

Sometimes, the world doesn't let me experience it.  
I Try. My prime time's at war with Washington's tempos.  
The things I keep in my chest run out—  
Of Touch, suntimes, I only hear their dreams over a light year.  
& all the things I want are taken for granted.  
Neon supernovae number Mama's arteries.  
The blood in her left eye clots, the traffic to school  
is worse, & school is just another graveyard.  
Got dimes, but I sit down in class & I have to deal with  
Damn crimes. Gritting my teeth, wit, & gray matter,  
Conforming our poetry to “send nudes!”

Comedians don't need jackets outside.  
We Are Not Children Anymore.  
We write paradise in paragraphs with pairs of drones.  
Yes, boosters will detach from rockets, chemtrails from weapons,  
Sisters from brothers. I know we're scared but the hot sand  
is barely a pounding. & resurfacing is barely a job for the waters.  
Tell them, “See The World.”

*They'll grow tired of cleaning the blush.*

*All we can do now*

Is all the things we can do.

    & when we laugh I think

        the world has something like you.

—Emily Hsu's “The Blush”

***“...let a tremor through our briefness run...”*** (2025)

**Joshua C. DeLozier**

**“If we are leaves that fall”**

If we are leaves that fall upon the ground  
To lose our greenness in the quiet dust  
Of forest-depths; if we are flowers that must  
Lie torn and creased upon a bitter mound,  
No touch of sweetness in our ruins found;  
If we are weeds whom no one wise can trust  
To live an hour before we feel the gust  
Of Death, and by our side its last, keen sound;

Then let a tremor through our briefness run,  
Wrapping it in with mad, sweet sorcery  
Of love; for in the fern I saw the sun  
Take fire against the dew; the lily white  
Was soft and deep at morn; the rosary  
Streamed forth a wild perfume into the light.

—Sonnet: “If we are leaves that fall” (1899) by Wallace Stevens

***Trittico Ungarettiano***

**Andrea Castagnoli**

I

*Dormire*

*Santa Maria La Longail 26 gennaio 1917*

*Vorrei imitare*

*questo paese*

*adagiato*

*nel suo camice*

*di neve*

II

*Solitudine*

*Santa Maria La Longail 26 gennaio 1917*

*Ma le mie urla*

*feriscono*

*come fulmini*

*la campana fioca*

*del cielo*

*Sprofondano*

*Impaurite*



### III

*Mattina*

*Santa Maria La Longa il 26 gennaio 1917*

*Millumino*

*d'immenso*

## Six Italian Poetic Miniatures (2025)

### *Eli Parrish*

*La forma non ha imperfezioni  
non è partecipazione né parte:  
si compie. La forma che guardi  
ci conosce, si contrappone  
alla disgregazione: già scontata  
prima della fine.*

—“La Forma,” Annalisa Cima

Form has no imperfections  
is neither participation nor part:  
it comes true. The form you consider  
knows us, opposes  
disgregation: already expiated  
before the end

—Translation by Marianna Moore

*Il terzo modo per  
distinguere A con-  
siste nel rapporto tra  
A e se stessi. A  
Si identifica, non si ha  
alternativa, da qui il monoteismo.*

—“Terzo Modo,” Annalisa Cima

The third way to  
distinguish A con-  
sists of the connection between  
A and oneself. A  
identifies itself, there is  
no alternative, hence monotheism

—Translation by Marianne Moore

*Non saprò nulla dell'amia vita,  
  
oscuro monotono sangue.*

I will know nothing of my life but its  
mysteries,  
the dead cycles of the breath and sap.

*Non saprò chi amavo, chi amo,  
ora che qui stretto, ridotto alle mie membra,*

I shall not know whom I loved, or love  
now that in the random winds of March

*nel guasto vento di marzo  
enumero i mali dei giorni decifrati.*

I am nothing but my limbs. I fall  
into myself, and the years numbered in me.

*Già vola il fiore magro  
dai rami. E io attendo  
la pazienza del suo volo irrevocabile  
—“Già Vola Il Fiore Margo,” Salvatore Quasimodo*

The thin blossom is already streaming  
from my boughs.  
I watch the pure calm of its only flight.  
—Translation by Don Paterson

*La notte lava la mente.*

*Poco dopo si è qui come sai bene,  
file d'anime lungo la cornice,  
chi pronto al balzo, chi quasi in catene.*

*Qualcuno sulla pagina del mare  
traccia un segno di vita, figge un punto.  
Raramente qualche gabbiano appare.*

—“La Notte Lava La Mente,” Mario Luzi

*curva di orizzonte che sostiene con colonne  
piramidali di monti il quadrato viola del cielo  
la luna è un circolo Luminoso dove le line  
rette delle stelle si tagliano per misurare i  
diametric ed i raggi  
rettangoli colorati di case pesano sopra  
file interminabili di alberi conici le line  
spezzate delle grondaie  
poligoni di paesaggi lontani suddivisi de  
masse cubiche di luci e di ombre  
dietro cinematografie liquid di luci a  
pendenza geometrica figure in rilievo  
sullo sfondo fotografico cercano con forme  
algebriche di movimento la meraviglia  
elettrica dell'UOMO MECCANICO*

—“Lirismo Geometrico,” Fillia

Night cleanses the mind.

A little later, as you well know,  
we're here, a line of souls along the ledge,  
some ready for the leap, others

as if in chains. On the sea's page,  
someone traces a sign of life, fixes a point.  
Seldom do any gulls appear.

—Translation by Geoffrey Brock

curving horizon whose pyramidal  
mountain columns support the sky's  
violet square  
the moon is a luminous circle intersected  
by the stars' straight lines measuring  
diameters and radiuses  
colored rectangular houses superimpose  
the broken lines of their eaves on  
interminable rows of conical trees  
distant polygonal landscapes interrupted  
by cubical masses of light and shadow  
behind slanting geometric lights  
forming moving pictures background  
figures seek the electric miracle of  
MECHANICAL MAN with algebraic  
expressions of movement

— Translation by Willard Bohn

# PROGRAM NOTES

## ***FLOOD*** (2025)

### **Jacob Tantleff**

*FLOOD* is a dream project I've had for a very long time, and to say it took a small army to produce this would be a huge understatement. There's so many people to thank: Ramon Tenefrancia for being incredibly patient with rehearsal scheduling (and rescheduling!); Eric Miller, Chris Shade, Matthew Stewart, Dash Lea, and every other member of production who helped make this happen; Reiko Fütting and Dr. Stambaugh for being better advocates than I probably deserve; and, of course, the thirty incredible singers, instrumentalists and rockstars who brought my work to life despite their incredibly busy lives. Thank you so much, and please enjoy the world premiere of *FLOOD*.

## ***Ever Traverse*** (2024, rev. in 2025)

### **Yu-Pin Lai**

*Ever Traverse* is the eternal seeking of existence – a journey that never ceases to explore the world and the self.

## ***A waggle dance manual*** (2025)

### **Ishay Brokshtain**

Inspired by Julio Cortázar's *Instructions Manual*, the piece unfolds as a set of "directions" for an imaginary beehive. Communication flows through gesture, texture, and imitation, much like the waggle dance of bees, where movement translates into meaning. Listen for the "leading bee": it might be one instrument, a pair, or a shifting cluster guiding the others.

# ABOUT MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Founded as a community music school by Janet Daniels Schenck in 1918, today MSM is recognized for its more than 1,000 superbly talented undergraduate and graduate students who come from more than 50 countries and nearly all 50 states; its innovative curricula and world-renowned artist-teacher faculty that includes musicians from the New York Philharmonic, the Met Orchestra, and the top ranks of the jazz and Broadway communities; and a distinguished community of accomplished, award-winning alumni working at the highest levels of the musical, educational, cultural, and professional worlds.

The School is dedicated to the personal, artistic, and intellectual development of aspiring musicians, from its Precollege students through those pursuing doctoral studies. Offering classical, jazz, and musical theatre training, MSM grants a range of undergraduate and graduate degrees. True to MSM's origins as a music school for children, the Precollege Division is a professionally oriented Saturday music program dedicated to the musical and personal growth of talented young musicians ages 8 to 18. The School also serves some 2,000 New York City schoolchildren through its Arts-in-Education Program, and another 2,000 students through its critically acclaimed Distance Learning Program.

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## Land Acknowledgment

We want to acknowledge that we gather as Manhattan School of Music on the traditional land of the Lenape and Wappinger past and present, and honor with gratitude the land itself and the people who have stewarded it throughout the generations. This calls us to commit to continuing to learn how to be better stewards of the land we inhabit as well.



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