

**M** Manhattan  
School of Music

# **MSM Composers' Concert**

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

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 2026 | 7:30 PM  
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL



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## PROGRAM

MARTÍN LA ROTTA NATALE *el águila agoniza por el fuego inmaterial que en esta niebla escucho titilarme como feérica hija de arcabuco (sustratos de la madre primordial para fin del inconsciente sueño que desde el norte enferma)* (2026)

**sonora**, electronics

KERVY DELCY

*Au fil des étoiles = Along the Thread of the Stars* (2025)

For Two Pianos

1. *Éveil à l'émerveillement* = Awakening to wonder
2. *Les larmes du temps* = The tears of time
3. *Joie de vivre* = Joy of Living
4. *Lumière intérieure* = Inner Light

**Daria Podorozhnova and Sumin (Kyla) Jeon**, piano

TIGGER ZHOU

*Burnt* (2025)

- I. Wanting piece to end
- II. Planning a machination

**Hsin-Yuan Wu**, violin

**David Solomon**, piano

BENJAMIN NICHOLAS

*Pupa Song* (2025)

Text by Benjamin Nicholas

**Marit Deanna Granmo**, soprano

**Benjamin Nicholas**, piano

LAURA NOBILI

*Winter Flowers* (2025)

Poem by Minnie Blanche Bishop

**Julianne Crossland**, soprano

**Gina Han**, soprano

**Eleanor Ilyas**, soprano

**Ashley Sallaway**, soprano

**Daisy Dalit Sigal**, soprano

**Audrey Hare**, alto

**Sivan Laniado**, alto

**Evelyn Lehmann**, alto

**Emilia Balaga**, tenor

**Jayla Brenord**, tenor

**Shrish Jawadiwar**, tenor

**Juan Angel Johnston-Chavez**, bass

**Jonathan Lee**, bass

**Christopher Smith**, bass

**Preston Stovall**, bass

**Laura Nobili**, Conductor

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## *Pupa Song* (2025)

### **Benjamin Nicholas**

Lying naked in my alien pod,  
I may seem comatose and clueless  
Bathing in acid-sap amino-rot  
most mysterious in uses...

Beware all men who cast their doubt  
and weigh the grub before it leaves the pouch

I am molten, I am mutant,  
marinating in my juices,  
acid-sap amino-rot, most mysterious in uses

You who reign o'er excrement in fields,  
birthing maggots that will bake beneath  
the sun  
Go out and conquer all the sky your  
wings can carry  
Lay your claim to every boiling pile of dung

Worms, once humble in their cases  
emerge as butterflies, now eating flowers  
out of vases

How vainly they pooh-pooh around the  
garden!

Remember when you rolled in dirt as larvae?

My body's boiling,  
My exoskeleton's bracing  
for the fateful day that I burst out of my  
pulsating casing

Then you'll see, I'll set you straight,  
I will metamorphosisticate  
Lucky you that just for now,  
I pupate

*-Benjamin Nicholas*

## *Winter Flowers* (2025)

### **Laura Nobili**

When tree and bush are comfortless,  
And fields are piteous bare,  
A garden blooms upon my hearth,  
And it is summer there.

From the gray log's quiescent length  
Burst the bright flowers of flame,-  
Like the far flashings of the stars,  
Too rare for earthly name.

Now rosy-hearted, rosy tipt,  
Their petals softly blow;  
Now clear as water in the sun,  
When blue skies lie below.

And daintily they toss and sway  
To the breath of soundless airs,-  
The memories of wooing winds  
That made the forest theirs.

O for the secret that the sun  
Shares with the burning tree!  
Elusive sweet as the witching flow  
Of water to the sea.

In thought I grasp the mystic word,  
And lo! It hath no form.  
I only know 'tis dark without,  
And here 'tis light and warm.

*-Minnie Blanche Bishop*

# PROGRAM NOTES

## *Au fil des étoiles* = *Along the Thread of the Stars* (2025)

### **Kervy Delcy**

*Au fil des étoiles* imagines life as a thin thread suspended in the vastness of the cosmos.

It begins with astonishment, that sacred moment when the world feels newly possible, then passes through time's gentle sorrow, where we learn the cost of being alive.

Joy emerges as a kind of courage, a decision to continue singing despite the weight of memory.

At last, the music settles into the inner light, the place where silence becomes truth, and where, for a moment, the stars and the self are indistinguishable.

And as the final resonance fades, one quiet question remains: if we, too, are made of stars, then what is the true distance between our existence and the infinite that surrounds us?

## *Burnt* (2025)

### **Tigger Zhou**

*Burnt* is a work about exhaustion, destruction, and control — the slow act of burning through one's own limits. Written for violin and piano, the piece is divided into two movements: *Wanting* piece to end and *Planning* a machination. Both unfold like psychological states rather than traditional forms.

In *Wanting* piece to end, repetition becomes compulsion. The violin and piano chase each other through jagged gestures, percussive strikes, and relentless acceleration. Over time, the music grows unstable, collapsing into chaos and noise. The performers, strained by physical intensity, embody the title's quiet irony — the wish for conclusion within endless motion.

*Planning* a machination follows as an aftermath, or perhaps a premonition. Its sound world is sparse, ritualistic, and confrontational. Knuckles, breath, shouts, and the slamming of the piano lid replace traditional phrasing. The performers appear to conspire rather than play — every gesture becomes both violent and deliberate.

Across the two movements, *Burnt* moves from compulsion to calculation, from heat to ash. It is a study in endurance — of body, sound, and will — where the act of performing becomes an act of self-erasure.

## ***Pupa Song*** (2025)

### **Benjamin Nicholas**

*Pupa Song* is a piece written in defense of the underdog, and I am thrilled to collaborate on it with my dear friend and fellow CSU Long Beach alum, Marit Deanna Granmo.

I want to offer my sincerest gratitude and thanks to everyone here tonight for coming out to support the MSM Composition department!

## ***Winter Flowers*** (2025)

### **Laura Nobili**

#### **Poem by Minnie Blanche Bishop**

*Winter Flowers* is a choral setting of Blanche Bishop's poem by the same title. I was drawn to this poem's vivid imagery and evocative language, which informed my use of text painting as a central compositional element. Musically, I was inspired by the Renaissance polyphonic choral tradition and extended harmonies derived from jazz. The poem's unresolved meditation on the hearth's capacity to bring the feelings of summer into the home on a frigid winter day is reflected through suspension chains that are intertwined fluidly between voices. Often, the most beautiful things in life are elusive and mysterious, but there is a special peace in simply absorbing and accepting their unexplainable wonder.

# 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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