

Kory Reeder

Snow, 1964

For Orchestra

(2020)

General Considerations:

Always very, very quiet.

Perhaps unheard.

Start anywhere, on any page, but always move adjacently: vertically, horizontally, or diagonally.

Follow page order; sometime on each, but do not return.

In any octave.

Engage in the silence; engage in listening; feel the spaces.

Perhaps in many colors.

For 10 minutes.

Performance Practice and Pedagogy

Due to the delicate and quiet nature of this music, pinpoint precision is necessary.

Don't let your entrances get shaky or waver, commit.

This is YOUR note. Who cares if it's a little flat? This is where color starts to get really interesting, but you must be committed to the initiation of the sound.

Here, we're exploring the virtuosity of fundamental musical building blocks. How clear is your attack? How deliberate can you be? Is your crescendo smooth, or is it shaky?

For strings, is your bow control really smooth?

For brass, can you really pull a note from thin air?

For winds, can you really make a single note sing as a phrase?

These things are easy to forget when one is shredding, but becoming increasingly vulnerable and exposing when focused on.

Winds

Very long tones

Very long pauses

Patience

Alternate fingerings: many hues: many colors

Brass

With mute

Breathe, rest

Patience

Perhaps only air

Breath: very long tones

Rest

Percussion

Metallic

Resonant

An aura

Washed

Alternatively

Surfaces

Rustling

The warm foundation

Strings

One tone at a time, always very long

With discretion, deliberate, expressive

Very warm, and gentle

Perhaps in gentle hills

Very smooth and connected

Always sounding

Perhaps harmonics

Perhaps only the sound of the bow

Perhaps unpitched

Thoughts on the piece:

With this piece, I'm more interested in creating a space, or a *place* for us to be together rather than providing a strict hierarchical relationship. On some level, I have attempted to give a general direction to this space. "It's over there," the details are left for you. This is a very strange time to be writing music intended for an orchestra, but it's very exciting to have been given the opportunity. With this music, I hope that we can have some sense of togetherness, in whatever form that may take.

There is no new "normal," yet. We'll get there eventually, but for now, we can still try to find these places and things to do in order to initiate some new dynamic into the situations we find ourselves. We're certainly not together, and the score/parts of this piece certainly don't give you much indication of the final results.

Written especially for the Bowling Green Philharmonia at Bowling Green State University.

*Written in quarantine.
www.koryreeder.com*

In this strange place, I'm reminded of Agnes Martin, whom this piece is named after.

"Agnes had a tiny little garden of roses in front of her door. I remember once there was a very beautiful rose in a bud vase and my granddaughter Isabel was looking at it. Agnes took the rose out of the vase and she said to Isabel, 'Is this rose beautiful?' And then Agnes put the rose behind her back and said, 'Is the rose still beautiful?'"

So the beauty is not the rose, the beauty is within you and the rose just makes you recognize that beauty. She was a great philosopher, but not a mystic as people like to say. There was nothing mystical about the work; it was, in its own way, practical." - Arne Glimcher

"Of the genesis of her paintings, Martin said, "When I first made a grid I happened to be thinking of the innocence of trees and then this grid came into my mind and I thought it represented innocence, and I still do." Martin rendered fine vertical lines and lightly shaded horizontal bands in oil and pencil, softening the geometric grid, which in this case seems to expand beyond the confines of the canvas. For Martin the grid evoked not a human measure but an ethereal one—the boundless order or transcendent reality." - MOMA

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