Libby Larsen

SCOTT JOPLIN

A Nosegay for Bill Bolcom

Baritone and Piano from Songs from the Intergalactic Nightclub

on the poetry of Bill Holm

KENWOOD EDITIONS

Libby Larsen

SCOTT JOPLIN

from Songs from the Intergalactic Nightclub for Baritone and Piano

Commissioned for SongFest 2018 and celebrating William Bolcom with support from the Sorel Organization.

Premiered by Ian Walker, baritone and Lucas Wong, piano at the Colburn School on May 25, 2018.

Duration: 2 and 3/4 minutes

PROGRAM NOTE

Songs from the Intergalactic Nightclub, is an imagined volume of popular songs from the future. Unmoored from the sense of time progressing in a linear fashion, this is a future nostalgic for set clock-time, extinction lore, anchors and defined expectation. Imagine yourself in a nightclub, reminiscent perhaps of Star War's Chalmun's Cantina on the planet Tatooine - outlaw - in between dimensions - suspended in time - improvised. Here are four songs with words by three poets, Bob Kaufman's Battle Report, (how jazz took over the city), Bill Holm's Wolf Song in Los Angeles (how bones survive) and Scott Joplin (how his life drew music through his hands), and Tom McGrath's Jazz at the Intergalactic Nightclub (how the end of time is the beginning of time). You here - in this nightclub - you don't think about the future - you don't think about the past. All you have to do is listen and live in the present.

~Libby Larsen

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SCOTT JOPLIN for Baritone and Piano

He never smiled, his friends said, but looked out at you from those doleful eyes, like turned-down gas lamps set in a coal-black wall.

He did not sing the song of the happy darkie to set toes tapping in St. Louis whorehouses.

The darkness within him was darker and lovelier than the elegant black curve of his nose — than the smooth black hands moving over the ivory keys — blackbirds flying in a fog.

Once he had a daughter whose dying split his heart like a sounding board. He spent ten years bringing back to life a honey-colored baby deserted under a tree in Arkansas On the lines of music paper spread out before him, she sang forgiveness to the crooked and the ignorant, and taught them all together to dance the Real Slow Drag.

[...]

Behind the iron piano strings his leaves and flowers—Maple Leaf, Fig Leaf, Rose Leaf, Palm Leaf, Gladiola and Chrysanthemum, Pineapple and sweet Sugar Cane bloom over and over again, a Heliotrope Bouquet grown in light under the darkness of the stony Missouri ground that he worked into music with those elegant black hands.

-Bill Holm

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SCOTT JOPLIN

BILL HOLM

A Nosegay for Bill Bolcom

LIBBY LARSEN, 2018



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