Chris Kincaid

Full Sunlight for trio and electronics (4:30)

Poem by Conyer Clayton

Dedicated to

Mothership Ensemble

Instrumentation

Two-Channel Live Electronics

Bass Flute

Viola

Cello

Performance Notes

Duration: 4:30

General

Accidentals are used traditionally, affecting reoccuring notes in the same bar. All lines from one note to another are glissandos and they begin immediately.

Electronics

The electronics incorporated in this piece consist of two parts. The first is the timed playback of the poem 'Full Sunlight' by Conyer Clayton. It is to be separated into small sections and played when notated in the score. The second part is the augmentation of the text playback through electonic means. A filter consisting of multiple delays is set to a variety of subdivisions of the beat . These subdivisions are in relation to the tempo of the piece (ie. half, quarter, eighth, and several tuplets) The delay is chosen by an aleatoric switching system that switches between delays in multiple subdivisions of the beat.

A Max/MSP patch or Ableton Live (with Max4Live) patch can be requested from the composer, although anyone is welcome to create a similar patch on their own.

Program Note

Full Sunlight is a work for mixed trio and two-channel electronics. The title comes from a poem of the same name written by a friend, Conyer Clayton. The poem is filled with vivid imagery. I was particularly interested in how much of the poem is portrayed as a still shot, a moment in time that is filled with so much. The music is not exactly frozen in time, but instead takes place in time that has slowed almost to a standstill.

This piece is dedicated to the Mothership Ensemble, a Louisville Kentucky based performance group focusing on contemporary works by living composers. Their goal of connecting with audiences in nontraditional listening spaces is crucial to the health of contemporary music.

*Whenever possible, include program notes with poem text in printed program.

Full Sunlight by Conyer Clayton

Two men came and brought down the ivy mammoth with cables and whirling blades, slung over the topmost branches like some military operation taking down the enemy being (only a wizened tree, two hundred years old.)

Dry rotting from the inside out.

Strangled by living vines.

Woodchips fill the air as the family next door sits on their porch at their mother's wake.

She died last night in her sleep, obese and unexpected. And the man we suspect of having a meth lab is crying in the street. Crying with sawdust on his face. As they struggle to remove her from the house, more pieces hit the ground and tear the earth apart.

I stand engulfed by a hollow stump, full sunlight streaming through my windows.

*Used by permission of the author

Full Sunlight

Text by Conyer Clayton

Music by Chris Kincaid













