

## INCESSANT CONFLUENCES (2014)

For flute and piano

This piece was commissioned in memory of Lianne Krueger Sullivan.

Duration – 9'20"

### **Program notes**

The imagery of confluences here is translated into sounds. The first appearance of two distinctly separate musical entities (rivers) undergoes multiple transformations and eventually unites into one body of sound. The notion of a constant flow of water renewing in a river is reflected in the ceaseless “updating” of gestures and changing textures while unfolding manifold versions of a singular musical idea.

Incessant confluences force upon a metamorphosis or transfiguration where one form becomes another, where a river with a unique waterway loses itself into the vastness of a visibly formless ocean. This unavoidable expansion might obliterate many individual characteristics yet the essential quality remains the same – it is all water. Whatever form it might take, it continues to exist as water. Likewise, the life force travels through various states of existence taking up different forms while retaining its bare essence.

The roots of inspiration for this piece originated from a poem “The Far Field” by Theodore Roethke. Although there are no direct references to it, I would like to include excerpts of the poem here for the performers to deepen their field of associations and perceptions of the piece.

Theodore Roethke "The Far Field"

*Excerpt from part II*

"I learned not to fear infinity,  
 The far field, the windy cliffs of forever,  
 The dying of time in the white light of tomorrow,  
 The wheel turning away from itself,  
 The sprawl of the wave,  
 The on-coming water".

*Excerpt from part III*

"The river turns on itself,  
 The tree retreats into its own shadow.  
 I feel a weightless change, o moving forward  
 As of water quickening before a narrowing channel  
 When banks converge, and the wide river whitens;  
 Or when two rivers combine, the blue glacial torrent  
 And the yellowish-green from the mountainy upland, --  
 At first a swift rippling between rocks,  
 Then a long running over flat stones  
 Before descending to the alluvial plane,  
 To the clay banks, and the wild grapes hanging from the  
 elmtrees.

*Excerpt from part IV*

"All finite things reveal infinitude"