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The Beauty Beyond the Trail By Benjamin Pomerance

PERHAPS, in your mind's ear, you have a vision of how contemporary music sounds. If so, there is at least an even money chance that fear lurks behind those thoughts, trepidation earned by too many modern works

that treated melody with the same aversion many small children harbor toward broccoli. For plenty of people, the austere, academic compositions bearing labels like "serialism" and "twelve-tone" are the scaffolding on

which a house of acoustic horrors was built, leading to an all-out shunning of recent compositions.

If you stand in this camp, the musicians of Trillium Ensemble know how you feel. Not so long ago, such



sentiments were keeping Janice Kyle up late at night, digitally combing through the catalog of the Naxos Music Library, trying to track down something that left her sonically fulfilled. Contemporary music was her focus, but not the type that left some listeners befuddled and others nodding with all-too-knowing faraway looks. Something with genuine beauty was her goal, a creation that people could hear and wholly comprehend.

She flipped through several pieces, discarding all of them quickly. Finally, something made her pause. It wasn't anything musical that inspired her to stop, she laughingly concedes today. Instead, it was the title of the compositional listing, two words that initially she thought had to be a misprint: *Off Pist*. Intrigued, she opened the file.

What she heard startled her even more than the title. A soprano saxophonist and a cellist soared through a thrill ride of extended techniques, audacious maneuvers and a range that felt as expansive as the Grand Canyon. Yet there was something else that Kyle noticed while the music rapidly unfolded: a core that stayed solid throughout this risk-taking creation. In a distinctly modern language, the composer had nevertheless authored melodies and established structure, elements too often considered relics of bygone years.

Then, tucked away on the inside cover, Kyle found the composer's notes. "We have something in common," wrote Svante Henryson of himself and saxophonist Anders Paulsson, the artists who premiered Henryson's creation in 1996. "We feel drawn to the limits, in music, as well as in our mutual hobby, alpine skiing. [...] We like to cross the yellow-and-black tape and go off pist."

Suddenly, the meaning was clear. *Off Pist* did not refer to the personality of the town grump. Instead, it was quite the opposite, an expression of exhilarating freedom. Skiers who leave a prepared path to travel into unmarked locations are said to be skiing "off pist." Musicians who depart from a well-trodden road to play the music of the present-day — with all of the risks of leaps to conclusions that such a program entails — can reasonably be analogized to be acting in the same manner.

And when the Trillium Chamber Players performs in the parlor of the Hand House in Elizabethtown on Nov. 6 and 7, the second set of concerts in the Piano By Nature performance season, the program is guaranteed to go off pist. There are no household names on the bill of fare, an array without Bach, Mozart or Beethoven in sight. Instead, there is Henryson, Reena Esmail, Georgiana Sanchez Torres and others of their ilk, each one tantalizing with the potential of hidden treasure.

It isn't as if the musicians of the Trillium Chamber Players are allergic to the stalwarts. Each of them — Kyle on oboe, Janine Scherline on clarinet, Timothy Mount on piano and Brian Donat on cello — has earned their stripes performing the masterworks and performing them well. There is no avoidance of the past here, no desire to intentionally escape this music solely for the sake of presenting something new.

There is also no castor oil. Years ago, the Grammywinning composer Joan Tower chided orchestral conductors for always programming "the new piece" first, as if it were the castor oil that the audience had to drink before getting their reward of a warhorse symphony by Brahms. In many venues, the attitude prevails. The recent New York Philharmonic debut of conductor Dalia Stasevska, for example, received a headline in *The New York Times* that highlighted the age of the music above all other virtues: "At the Philharmonic, Contemporary is King for a Week."

The Trillium program, by contrast, does not place the modernity of the music in neon lights. There is no obligatory new work followed by the sigh of relief of the standards, nor is there any professed desire to do something that is inherently different because it is new. In these traits alone, the four musicians are indeed crossing the yellow-and-black tape that still wraps around many concerts today, skiing past the blazed trail in which contemporary music is either prescribed in a limited dose or trumpeted from the rafters as the dawning of a novel age.

Yet the explorations of this concert seem destined to go even farther. For those with scarred ears, these selections may provide a healing balm. Each of the Trillium musicians' savors beauty and appears weary of those who reject it. "Twelve-tone atonal music gave contemporary music a bad name," Mount states. "It seems that composers now have gotten that out of their system and are moving away from it."

"I'm really glad to hear you say that," Donat interjects. "It shows that people still care about melody."

Esmail's *Jhula Jhule*, for instance, offers the melody of a lullaby. Before she was born, Esmail's grandfather sang this folk song into a homemade recording, a shard of the past that made its way to the granddaughter whom he never met. As a girl, she listened to that recording but forgot it in adulthood until, one day, her grandfather's voice unexpectedly flooded her mind as she worked on an entirely different composition. The fleeting, startling, inexplicable nature of memory weaves its way throughout this piece, emerging in sounds lyrical and dreamy.

Similar concepts of mind-painting find their way into *Cloister of San Isidore* and *Reminiscences of Verbena*, two pieces by cellist, composer and conductor Torres, whose varied dossier includes a celebrated performance before Queen Sofia of Spain. The first brings the listener inside of an ancient church built by the Romans, ruined at present but filled with the speculations of how it might have looked in its heyday. The second, more literal and vivid, paints the scene of a summer festival as Torres remembers it from her childhood.

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"You can tell that this music was written by a cellist," Donat says of these duets that he will play with Scherline. "It lays so nicely in the hands. There are these huge chords that you can just rip out of your instrument and play."

It was Donat known in the North Country for a decade as "The Adirondack Cellist" and now living near Rochester, who also tracked down Matthew Hindson's *Love Serenade* and introduced it to his colleagues, the fruits of time spent studying in Hindson's native Australia. Yet it is Mount, initially unsure whether he liked the piece, who now finds himself humming the work's themes. "I've come to embrace the pop qualities of it," he explains. "The tunes get in your head and stay there."

There is no specific love inspiring *Love Serenade*, according to Hindson's description of his work. Instead, the title is a descriptor, referencing the unmistakably lyrical nature of the composition. Still, the author has provided something far more than a bowl of Valentine's Day mush, for there is a hint of trouble in paradise here. Beneath those romantic melodies that are now lodged in Mount's mind resides moments of turmoil, feeling like an affirmation of the poetic musings about the course of true love never running entirely smoothly.

The sub-surface tensions underlying *Love Serenade* appear to come to a full boil in *Haunted*, the opening movement of a quartet by University of California-Los Angeles professor Mark Carlson. With Scherline demonstrating her skill on the all-too-rarely-heard bass clarinet, *Haunted* gives off an agitated vibe. In his notes about the work, Carlson describes it as "a feeling of being pursued by something at once inviting and troubling," noting that he has lined the music with "mocking whimsy." Scary, possibly, but the kind of fear that can also induce a laugh.

And less scary, for sure, than some of the phrases that Mount and Scherline must tackle in Oscar Navarro's *Lenny*, a tribute to the titanic musical genius Leonard Bernstein that only musical geniuses would seem to be able to play. "I've never had so much fun with rhythms," Mount declares. "There is one passage in particular which took a lot of work to figure out, probably the hardest I've ever played. I've asked several musician friends [to look at it], and they said, 'Huh? You might have to fake it.""

Of course, the longtime director of choral studies at SUNY Stony Brook who kindled a love for playing piano after retiring and moving to the Adirondacks has no intention of faking anything. Nor does one anticipate any shortcuts from the clarinetist who has played with practically every ensemble in the North Country with a need for her instrument, from chamber groups to musical theatre pits to the Adirondack Wind Ensemble. From their labors will come a presentation of the most turbo-charged five minutes of music any crowd could ever hope to hear.

Different forms of funkiness follow with Donat's solo star turn on *The Hipster*, a blend of cello and guitar stylings by Aaron Minsky, a man who plays both instruments and enjoys fusing their elements. Cool and rhythmically heavy, the work would be at home in any underground rock café. "If you could play power chords on the cello, this is the piece where it happens," Donat says. "But at the same time, as the title implies, it's music that struts down the street with its handlebar mustache and skinny jeans."

Lastly, there is *Off Pist*, the work that started it all, calling upon Donat to mute his cello's strings with his left hand and pluck them with his right hand and necessitating that Kyle come up with her finest soprano saxophone impression. "It's so fun," the oboist declares. "Not easy fun, but tough, jazzy fun, and the jazz is not so far 'out there' that it becomes impossible to follow." She giggles. "And there's that title. How can you not enjoy that?"

It is the question that the four musicians seem to pose to

anyone ready to take a chance on modern music by composers whose names they do not recognize: *How can you not enjoy that*? As a group, they have anointed their program "L'attitudes and Hemispheres," a title originally invented by Scherline, pointing to the global diversity of their selections but also to the fact that each of these compositions indeed holds an attitude of its own, a distinct personality that is overt and infectious. Rather than formless dissonance, these are new classics that speak clearly.

"It's sonically accessible in a lot of ways," Scherline states. "There are moments in these pieces that are absolutely gorgeous. There are moments that are funny. There's everything from swaggering, jazzy sections to a lovely lullaby." She pauses. "It's clearly written in a more contemporary language," she notes. "You're not going to hear it and mistake it for Mozart. But when you listen to these pieces, there really is something in here for just about everyone's personal tastes."

"If it sounds good, then it is good," Kyle chimes in, quoting Duke Ellington. "And this is fun music that really does sound good."

And maybe, just maybe, this is the most "off pist" aspect of what these four performers are about to do. For the faithful, and especially for the fearful, this could be a look at the future: contemporary music billed not as some sort of electronic shock therapy because it is new, but instead displayed with the same detail-driven respect that these artists would afford to the old masters simply because it is good. Past the yellow-and-black tape they will go, gliding far beyond the trail into the freshness of the wilds and finding that beauty awaits there, too.

The Trillium Chamber Players will perform on Nov. 6 at 7 p.m. and Nov. 7 at 3 p.m. in the historic Hand House in Elizabethtown. Reservations are required. All attendees must show proof of COVID-19 vaccination and wear masks. For tickets and more information, call 518-962-8899, email pianobynature@gmail.com or visit pianobynature.org.

