Composition Portfolio: Tales from a Fantastical Time

by

Diana Tayler

A portfolio submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

of

Master of Music in Composition

Department of Music

University of Alberta



Abstract

Tales from a Fantastical Time consists of six original works I created throughout the course of my Master of Music in Composition. Northern Sky at Dawn and Midnight Fables are multi movement pieces written for flute, saxophone, cello and piano.

Transformations is an electronic work created using spectral techniques. And we howled to the sun is an a capella choral work, and Drifting is for choir and harp. Through the Enchanted Forest is an acousmatic piece written for a level of Super Paulino, a video game developed by the University of Alberta's Sound Studies Institute Audio Games

Lab. While these pieces are varied in genre and instrumentation, they share the common theme of using sound to tell a story. The "fantastical time" in the title of this portfolio is a reference to the surreal experience of completing a graduate degree in music composition during a pandemic.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my supervisor Dr. Scott Smallwood as well as Drs. Mark Hannesson, Andriy Talpash, and Tim Shantz for their mentorship during my Master of Music program. I also thank Allison Balcetis, Amy Nicholson, Chenoa Anderson, Mark Segger, Roger Admiral, Viktoria Reiswich-Dapp the University of Alberta Madrigal Singers, and Russ Baker for their support as community members in bringing my music to life, and for interacting with it so thoughtfully.

I acknowledge and am deeply appreciative for the funding I received to complete this degree from the endowment funds of the late Drs. Violet Archer and Francis Winspear, the Social Science and Humanities Research Council, the Walter H Johns Graduate Fellowship, and the Alberta Graduate Excellence Scholarship.

I would also like to thank my family - my husband David Tayler for his support to complete this degree, and my children Jasmine and Alexander Tayler for inspiring me to create art and music with unapologetically childlike abandon. $(Page\ left\ blank)$

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Introduction

While the pandemic raged on during the first two years of my Master of Music program, grinding most activities of society to a halt, I spent my days and nights immersed in the fantastical world of music, fairy tales, art and imagination. I often felt as though I was living in a fairy tale of sorts; the deserted pockets of natural space outside the city that I visited and the fables that I read to my children had a profound effect on my imagination and was expressed in these works I created.

The six pieces that comprise this portfolio are distinct in style and instrumentation, but they all revolve around the idea of using sound to tell a story or to describe something. In each piece I experimented with a technique, software, or notation style that I had not used before: in *Northern Sky at Dawn* I used proportional notation; *Midnight Fables* makes extensive use of extended techniques that create non-standard timbres; *Transformations* was created with the application SPEAR using spectral analyses; *And we howled to the sun* uses extended vocal techniques to evoke a certain soundscape and was remixed using Max / MSP; in *Drifting* I added harp to my choral writing; and *Through the Enchanted Forest* was the first occasion I had to write for video game music. This collection of works serves as a starting point for me to further my exploration of these different approaches as I continue to develop and refine my voice as a composer.

Chapter One

Northern Sky at Dawn

for alto flute, alto saxophone, cello and piano

Northern Sky at Dawn - Composer's Notes

Northern Sky at Dawn, for alto flute, alto saxophone, cello and piano, was written in the fall term of 2020 and premiered by Ultraviolet at New Music Edmonton's Now Hear This! festival at Muttart Hall in June, 2022.

The piece tells the story of the waking and unfolding of an unforgettable dawn sky I observed on one particular morning in Edmonton, Alberta in November, 2019. That morning I was driving across the Walterdale Bridge before 8:00 am, just when the sky was awakening. From there I drove to an open field and watched the sky evolve in a very organic and unpredictable way from a cloak of calm, peaceful darkness into a kaleidoscope of intense colour and energy, and then settle into a rather grey and melancholic space as the day began.

I wrote this piece in a way that expresses my sonic interpretation of the sky on that morning, but at certain moments - particularly in the opening sections of the first and third movements - it gives the performers liberty to create a sonic image of a sky that they envision. At these moments I chose to use proportional notation, giving a selection of pitches (and in the case of the cello, a range of dynamics) to be sounded at the performers' choosing within certain intervals of clock time as a method of invoking the irregular colours and movement of the sky.

Northern Sky at Dawn

by Diana Tayler



Northern Sky at Dawn

There is a certain magic held by a northern sky in the early morning hours that makes one readily bear the cold of the dark night that preceded it. Northern Sky at Dawn is a tone poem for alto flute, alto saxophone, cello and piano depicting the various stages of a November early morning sky around Edmonton, Alberta as it transforms from peaceful darkness to colours and activity. The piece is in three movements:

Movement I: Slumber

Movement II: Clouds of Coral

Movement III: November's Tears

Legend for Saxophone Notation

Slap Tongue



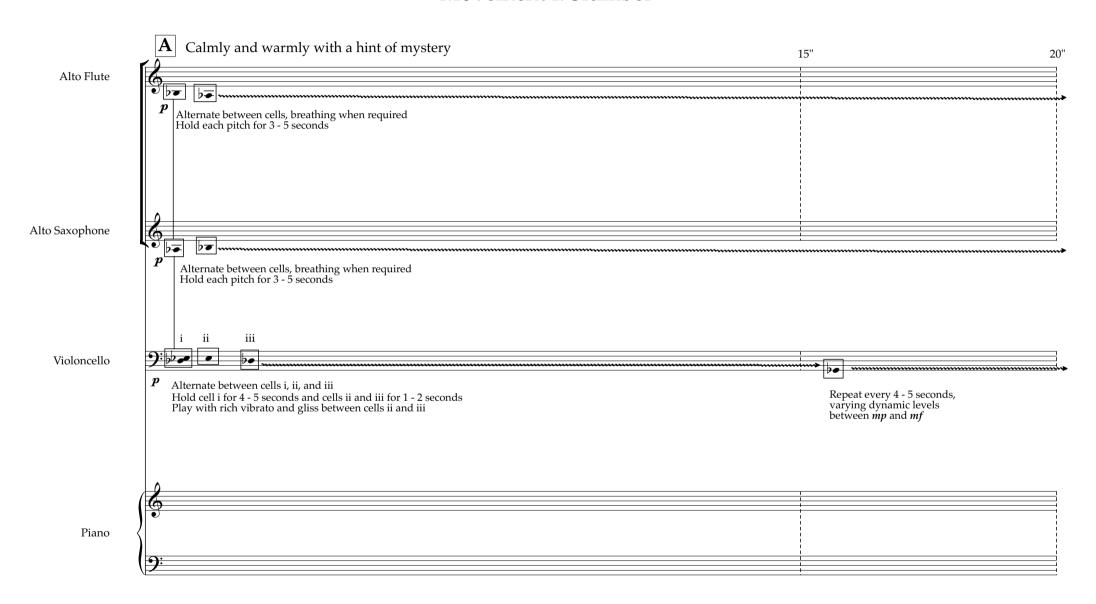
Legend for Cello Notation

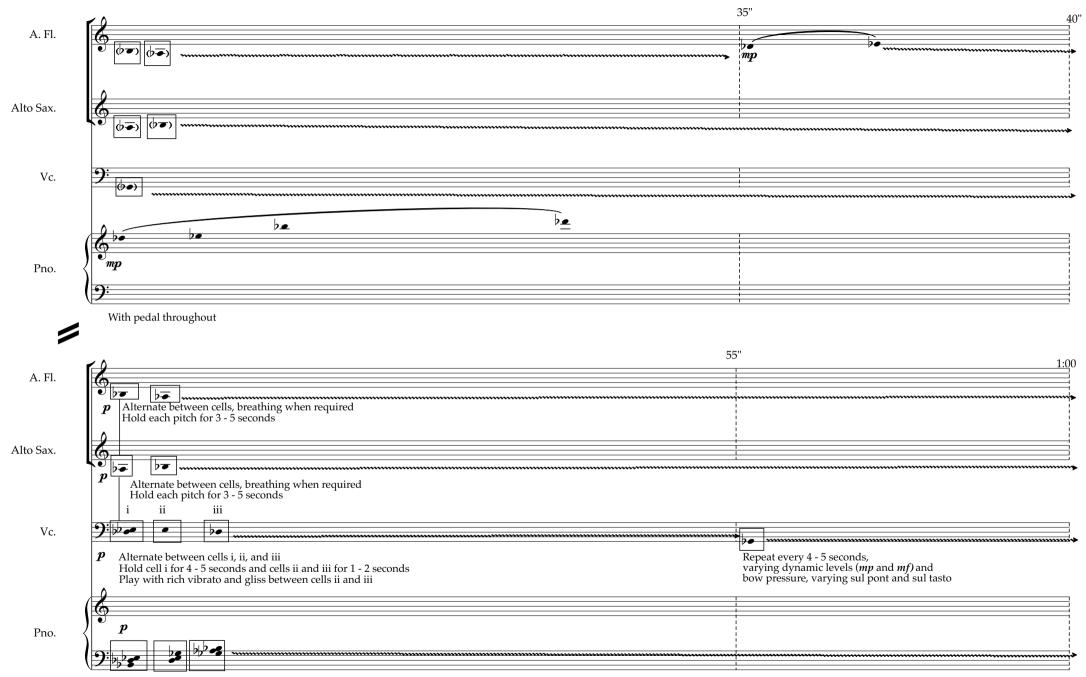
Rauschen (air noise)



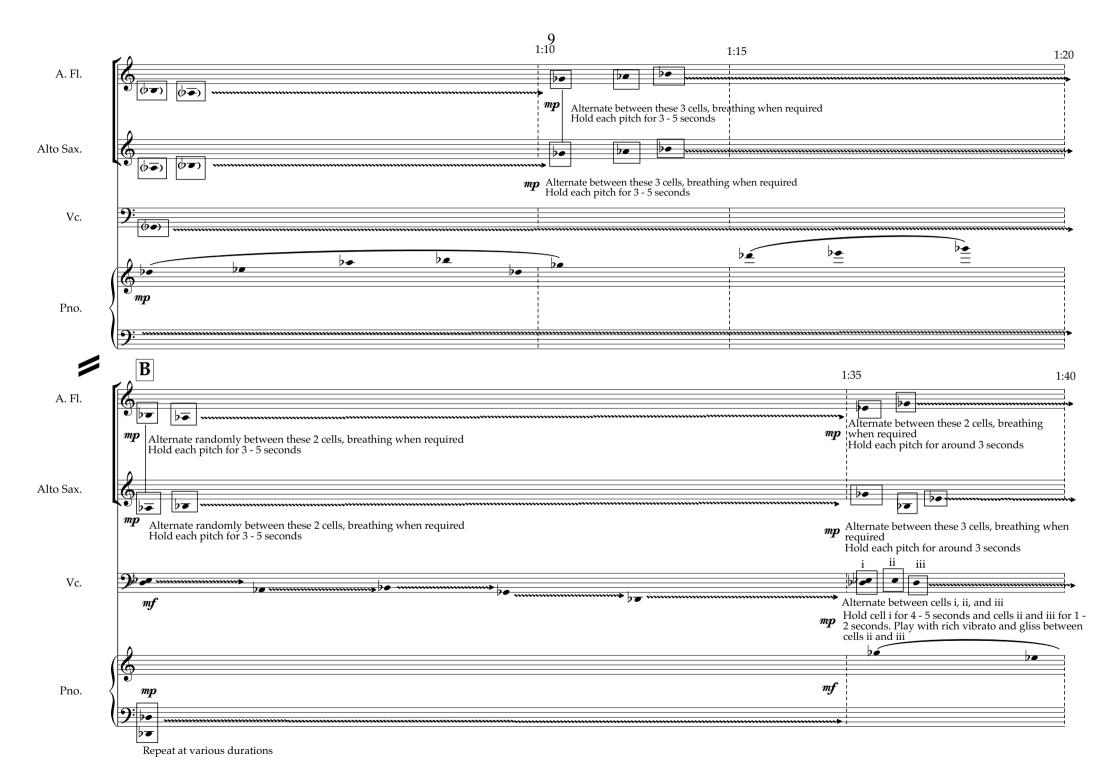
Northern Sky at Dawn

Movement I: Slumber

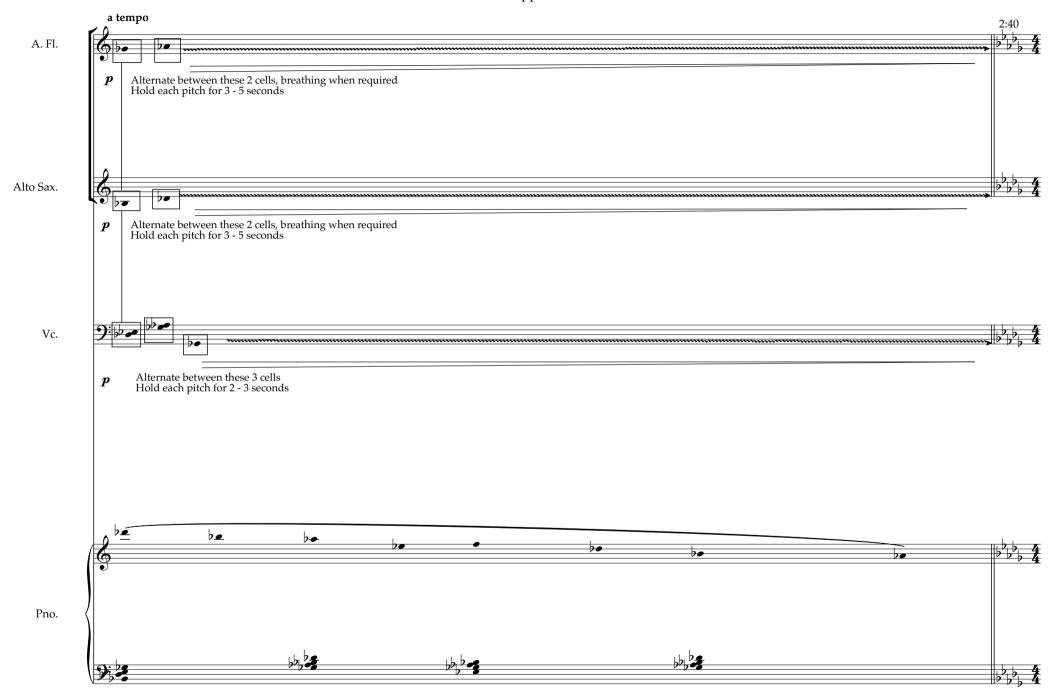




Alternate between cells

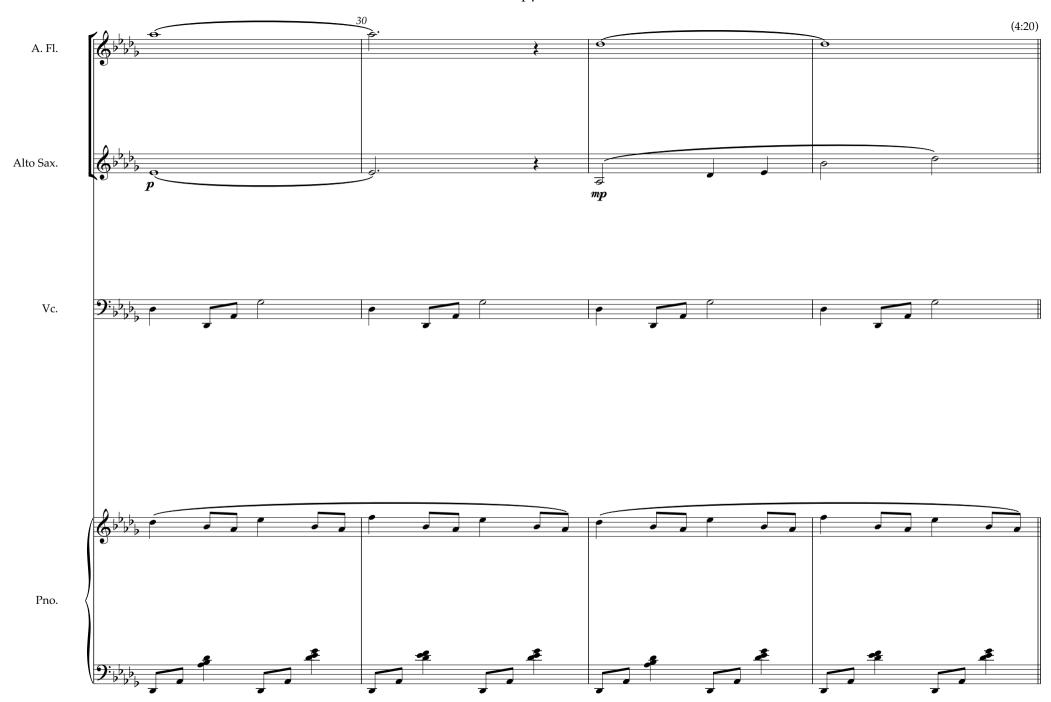


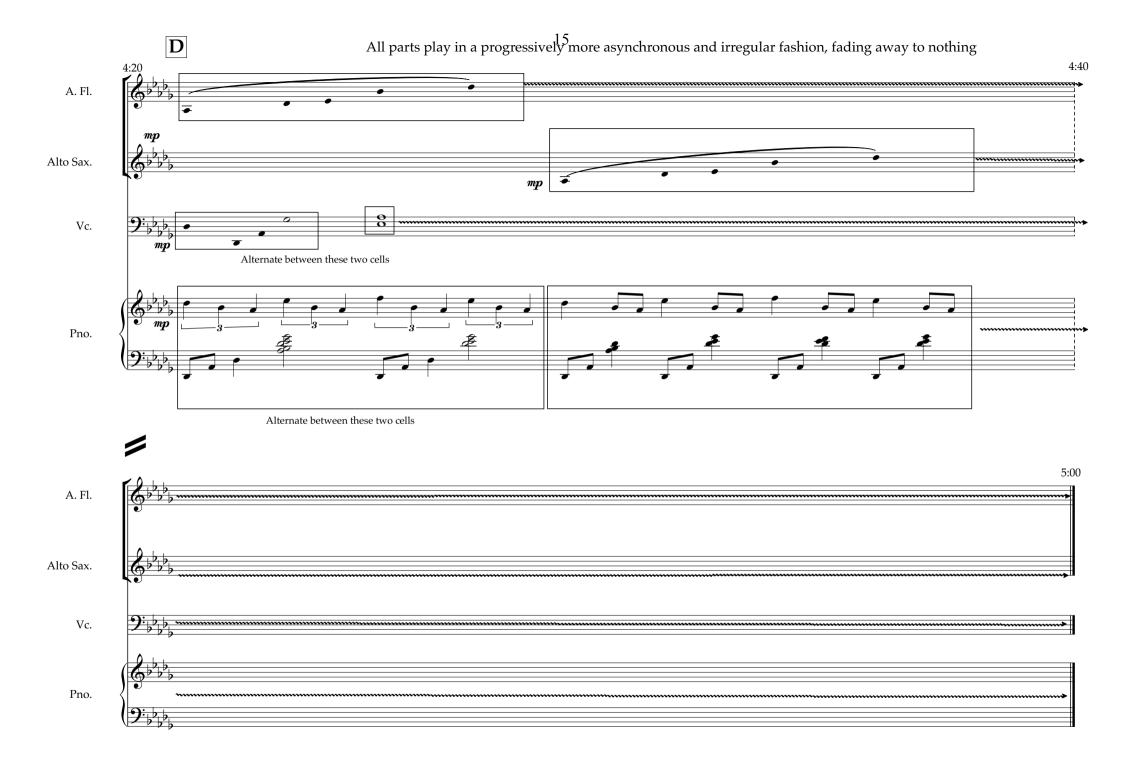




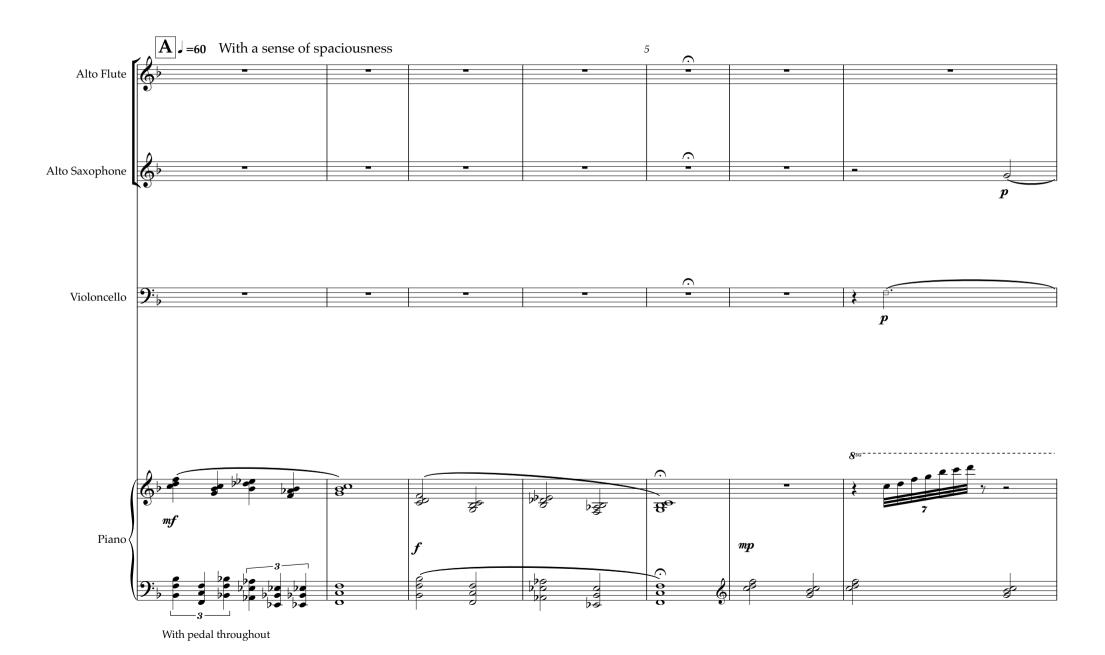




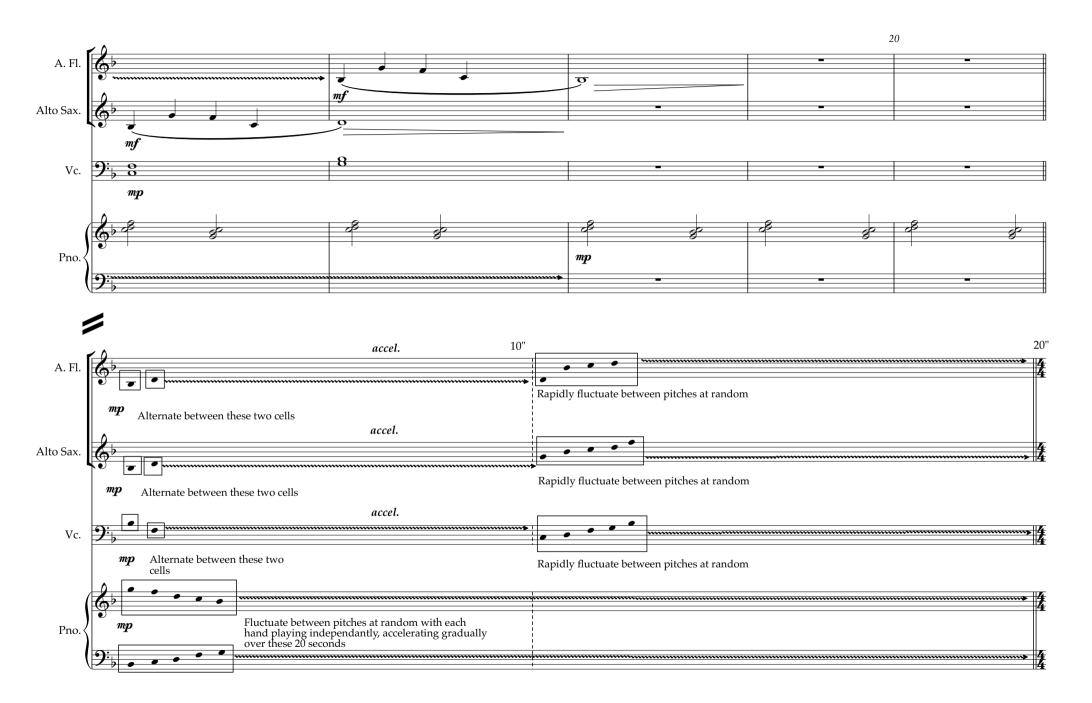




Movement II: Clouds of Coral

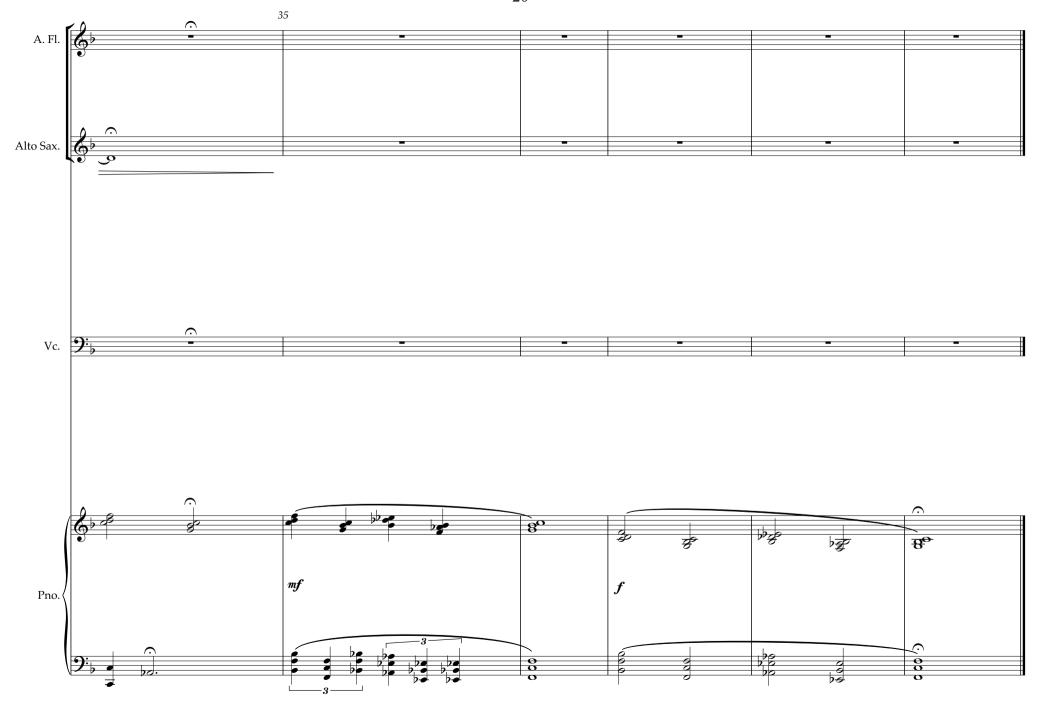




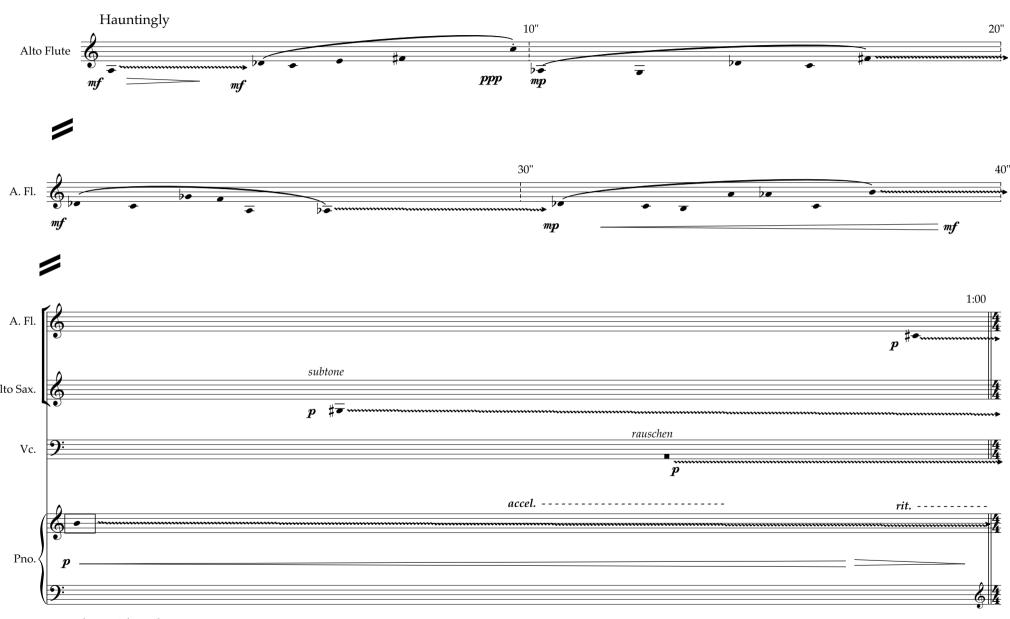






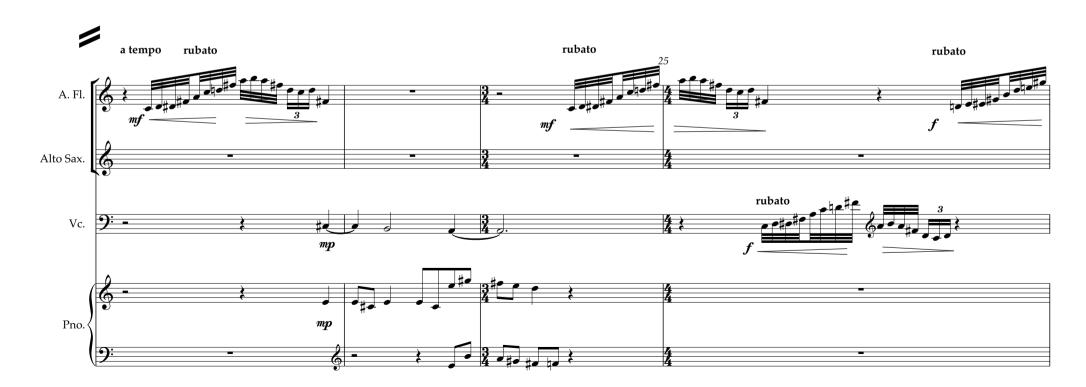


Movement III: November's Tears











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Chapter Two

Midnight Fables

for alto flute, tenor saxophone, cello and piano

Midnight Fables - Composer's Notes

Midnight Fables, for alto flute, tenor saxophone, cello and piano, was written in the winter term of 2021.

Midnight Fables is in five movements, with five corresponding fables. The range of moods and sentiments present in the fables are expressed musically in the piece through idiomatic writing and extended techniques that create non-standard timbres.

Each movement of *Midnight Fables* is a sonic snapshot of its corresponding tale. Fog, movement 1, is a soundscape of the fabled mysterious, overgrown forest path expressed through tenor saxophone multiphonics, piano tremolo, and cello raushen (air noise). On a Starless Night, movement 2, uses solo melodic statements to tell the story of the braying frog and the lamenting moon, while the piano plays the role of the stars winking and shimmering with thirty-second note runs. In movement 3, If the Moon and the Sun Should Meet, I wished to convey a night's sleep that was disturbed by unsettled dreams; to achieve this effect I used proportional notation. In movement 4, Dance of the Anxieties, the instruments are assigned a role of one of the mythological figures in the fable: the alto flute plays the imp through a spritely, mischievous dancing motif; the tenor saxophone plays the siren through wailing sing and play tones, growls, and smears; and the cello plays Ankou² through a non-legato sawing

¹ Due to concert cancellations during the pandemic, at the time of writing *Midnight Fables* has not yet been performed. I have re-orchestrated two different versions of *Midnight Fables* according to the availability of performers to read and record this piece: one version is for alto flute, tenor saxophone and piano, and the other is for alto flute, tenor saxophone, piano and percussion. My comments here will pertain to the original version of Midnight Fables, and the score in this chapter is the original version of the piece. Please visit the appendix for the re-orchestrated versions and their corresponding recordings.

² Ankou is a mythological creature often personified as death with a scythe or a spear.

motif beginning at m 68. Movement 5, *Sunbeams*, is a joyous celebration of the blessings brought to the family who struggled with poverty, blindness, and difficulty bearing a child.

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Midnie MFables
by Diana Tayler

Midnight Fables - Program Notes

For Ultraviolet Cover artwork by Dave McLennan *

Movement I: Fog

"Forgive me," said the fox as she dusted her crescent shaped rolls with flour, "I know not where to start. So I will start with the telling of the earliest memories I have of the place." The girl licked her lips in anticipation of the tale and the pastry to follow. Hearing no objection, the fox began her tale. "The oldest kingdom in the land held a tiny village nestled at the top of a mountain. To make way to the village, travellers took a narrow road that had to its left only shadows cast by the elderwood, willow oak, and weeping silver birch. To the right was nothing save for fog of the softest silvery grey billowing up from the darkness below."

Movement II: On a starless night

There once was a frog who danced with the moon in the night to music that floated across the ink black lake though clouds of silver. On the darkest nights, those when the frog most desired a dance with the moon, there were no stars. The despair felt by the moon on these starless nights so overwhelmed her that she could not dance. And so, on starless nights the frog and the moon alike felt the deepest pangs of longing. "Where have you gone, my stars?" cried the moon. "O moon, won't you dance with me now until the dawn?" brayed the frog. The stars, shimmering and winking still, did not learn of the despair they caused, shrouded as they were behind a thick veil of cloud.

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^{*} image used with permission

Movement III: If the moon and sun should meet

While she lay on her bed of feathers with her head resting on a cushion spun by the softest silk of woodland spiders, Philomela dreamt of songs sweet and raspy. Long though she might, the nightingale could not produce a song of her own to sing. She called to the night, "When will you give me my song?". The night replied, "You shall have your song when the moon and the sun meet."

Movement IV: Dance of the anxieties

And they swirled all as one, the siren, the imp and ankou. The siren howled her terrible song, shrieking with delight in red, blue and purple. The golden imp laughed and shook with glee as she hopped right and left in her black pointed boots with soles too sharp to land long. Ankou sliced her bow through the air with a scratch and a saw, beating the earth with rumbling fury. Powerful and mighty though this trio did seem, one by one they were carried off by the north wind. The terrible three growled their protest but succumbed to the force of the wind.

Movement V: Sunbeams

"Tell it again," said the bee to the boy. "Let me put aside my work so that I may better hear your story." The boy nodded and again started his tale. "Once there was a man who had a wife. His wife wanted a child. The man's mother was blind. The man's father was a baker who could not sell his cakes and was poor. So the man made a wish that his mother could see a baby sleeping in a cradle of gold. He wished this with his whole heart for one hundred nights. The next morning the man awoke to much joy. His wife told him they would have a child. The man's mother was knitting a magnificent shawl of the most intricate lace. And the man's father was baking cakes for all the townspeople who had lined up at dawn outside his shop." "Ah, so." said the bee. "Ah, so."

Performance Notes

Legend for Saxophone Notation



Growl and Smear



Tongued air sound (exhale) Stomp



loudly on floor with foot



Unkeyed glissando

[0000] "Sing and Play" on indicated vowel in bracket

Legend for Cello Notation



Rauschen (air noise)



Sul ponticello

Legend for Flute Notation

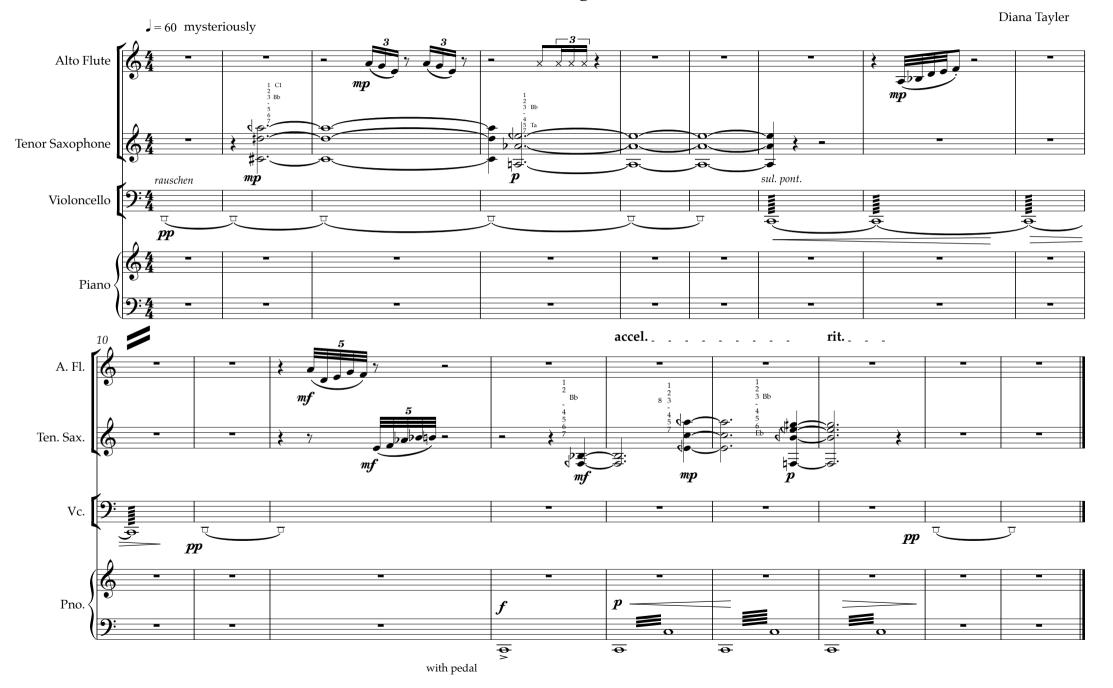


Stomp loudly on floor with foot



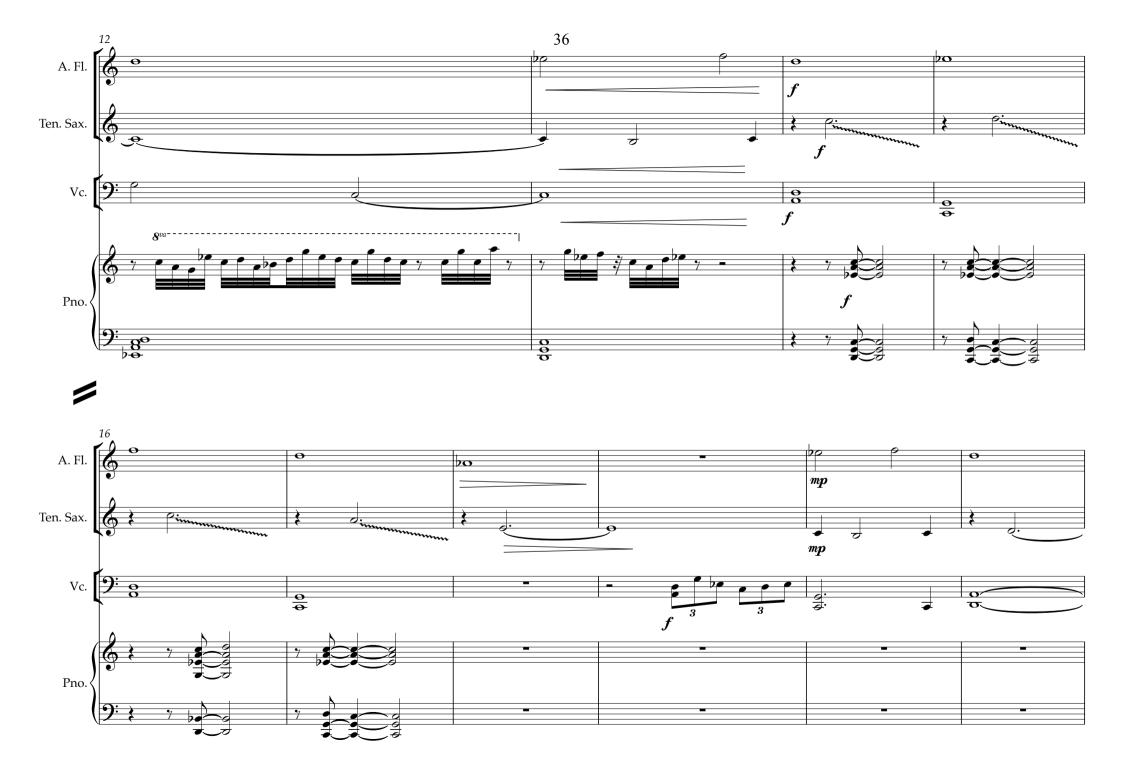
 $Tongued\ air\ sound\ (exhale)$

I: Fog



II: On a starless night







attacca

III: If the moon and the sun should meet

Performance Notes

Times are approximate for A, B, and C

- O Longer Note
- Shorter note

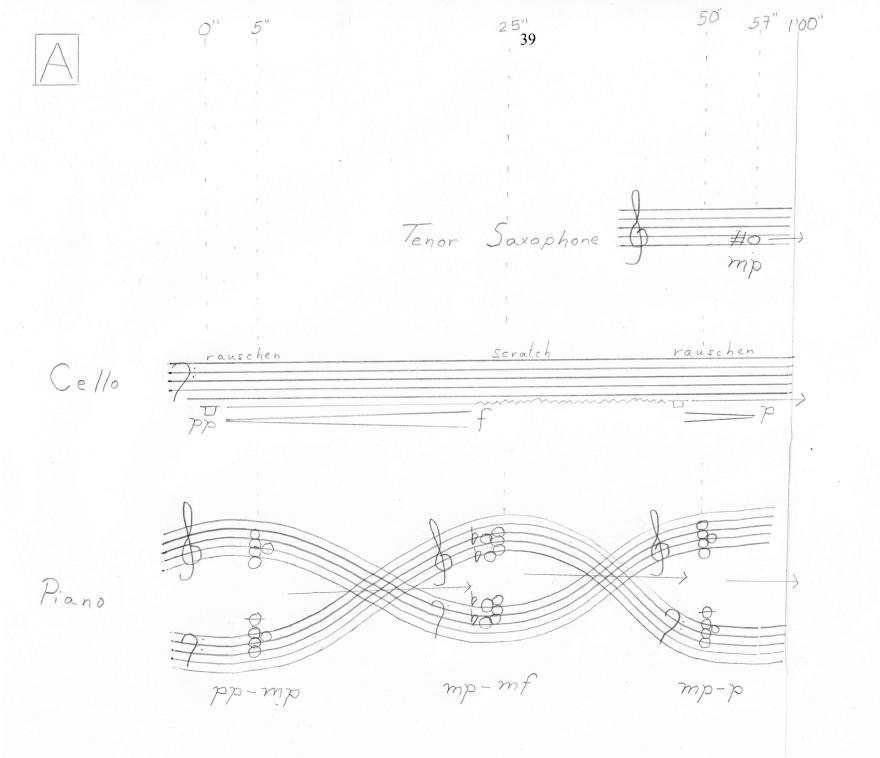
Piano

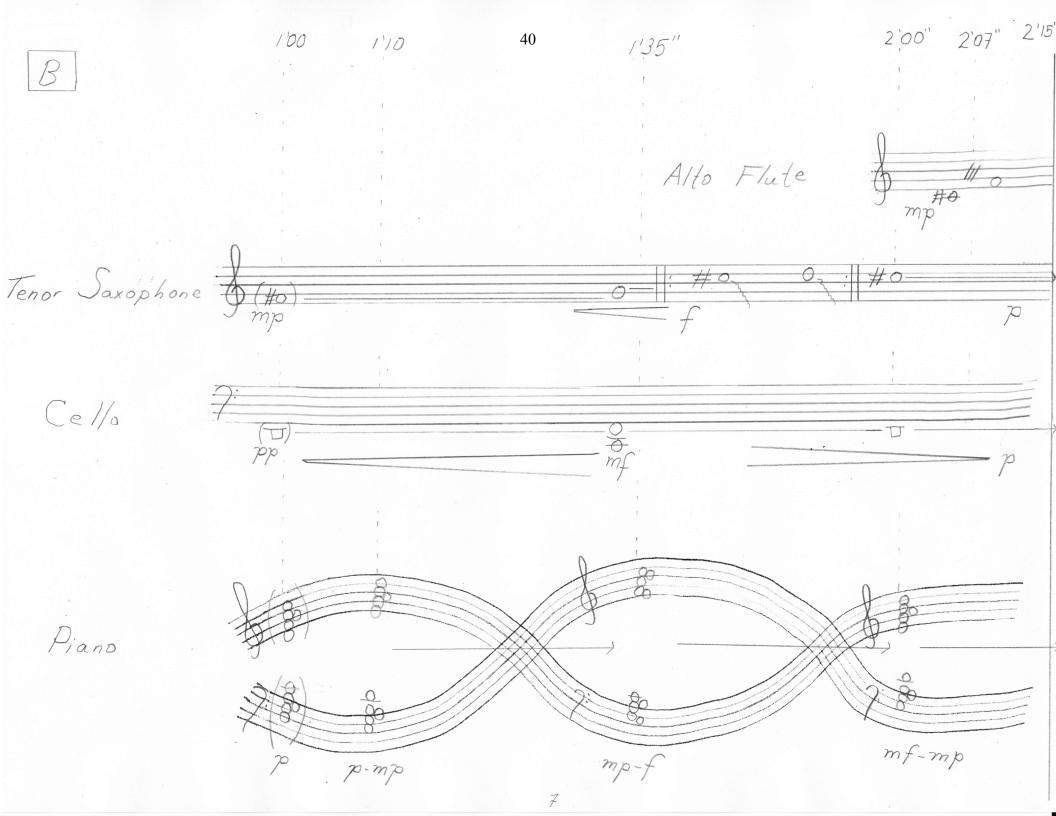
Improvise on given pitches

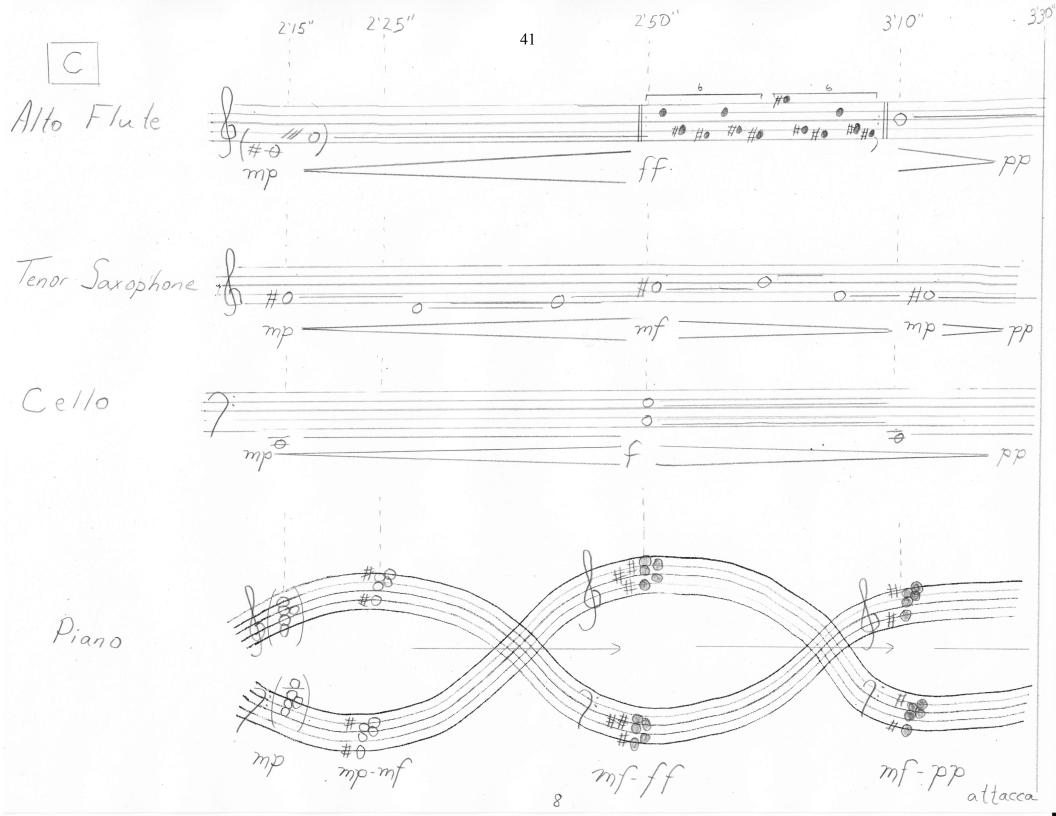
Vary dynamic, rhythm and register

Duration of longer notes: 0.5 · 1.5 seconds (approximately)

Duration of shorter notes: extremely fast - 0.5 seconds (approximately)





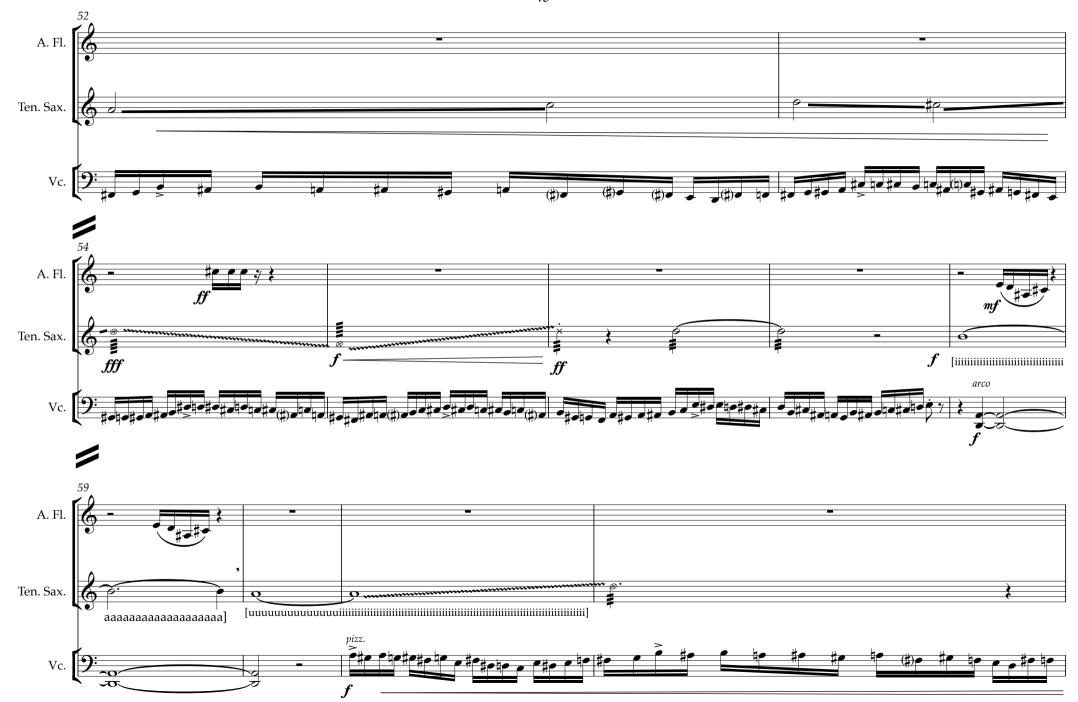


IV: Dance of the Anxieties



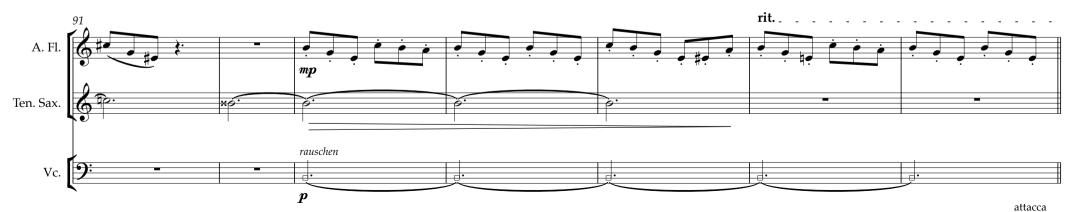




















Chapter Three

Transformations

an acousmatic composition

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Transformations - Composer's Notes

Transformations is an acousmatic piece, created in the summer term of 2021 in a directed study course. The musical material of the piece is derived from spectral analyses of sounds created with the harp that would not typically be considered musical. In the first movement, *Flowers*, I used the application SPEAR to analyse the hundreds of partials resulting from the sound of the knock of knuckles on the soundboard of my harp. I slowed time down to 0.125 times its original speed to allow the listener to dive deep into the sound and experience how the partials of this knock bloom, evolve, and then fade away over time. By muting some partials and increasing the amplitude of others, the subtle melodies and harmonies inside this sound-world were enhanced and it's texture varied. I added recordings of the initial knock over this backdrop of sound, and enhanced and complimented the inherent melodies and harmonies that exist in the partials with musical material played on synths in LogicPro I customised by modifying their default settings.

Movement 2, *Melody*, is based on a nine note melody consisting of the frequencies of the nine most prominent harmonic spectra of the knock that *Flowers* is based upon. I recorded this melody and imported it into SPEAR for resynthesis, and layered in canon with itself, along with musical material played on synths in LogicPro I customised by modifying their default settings.

In Movement 3, *Unsheathed*, I used SPEAR to edit and resynthesize the partials resulting from the sound of a metal ruler scraping along a grooved bass wire string of my harp. Here I also slowed time down to 0.125 times its original speed and selectively enhanced and subdued the different partials to transform them into a musical composition. I added musical material from customised synths in LogicPro, as well as recorded percussive effects (the tapping of my cork-soled shoe on the soundboard of my harp; tapping of my fingers on a table).

Transformations

by Diana Tayler

- I.Flowers~(1.58")
- 2. Melody (2'56")
- 3. *Unsheathed* (2'58")

Program Notes

The musical material of *Transformations* is derived from spectral analyses of sounds produced on the harp that would not typically be considered musical. In *Flowers*, a knock of knuckles on the soundboard of a harp takes flight upon the wings of the harmonic spectra living within that wood and morphs into a dance of flickering tonal colour and blooming harmony. In *Melody*, the most prominent harmonic spectra are extracted from that knock that summoned the flowers and arranged into a meandering and questioning theme with one canonic variation. In *Unsheathed*, the brash and violent act of a metal ruler scraping a grooved bass harp string is slowed to a crawl to contemplate the suspense that builds towards the release of the metal on the string and the sonic aftermath of the release. The stories below were written by the composer and should be read before listening to each movement.

Ι

Flowers

That morning when the girl awoke, she knew it was the day that her journey would begin. She knew this as that night she had dreamt of a gnarled wooden door carved of gleaming oak. The door was just as the owl had recounted in his whisper of a song so long ago, the song that replayed in her mind on the darkest of nights when the stars did not shine. Donning a simple frock and lacing up her dusty boots, the girl bade farewell to her cottage in the wood and set off up the mountain.

The girl made the arduous climb through the thick brambles, elder wood, and fire thorn, humming the song of the owl all the while. Though the sun shone overhead its rays did not reach the overgrown path, shaded as it was by the thick forest. When she could climb no more and her toes ached and her hands were raw from the scrapes of the unforgiving roots and thorns on her path, her eye caught sight of it. A tiny cabin, similar to her cottage at the foot of the mountain but completely covered in creeping fig, holly, and English ivy, stood atop a cushion of moss. The cabin was engulfed entirely in the green of the forest save for a gnarled wooden door carved of gleaming oak, just as the one that appeared in her dream. The girl swallowed though her throat was thick and dry. She approached the door without hesitation and raised her right arm and rapped her knuckles on the door. Just as the owl had foretold, the knock rang deep and long, then echoed across the neighbouring valleys. With the knock the earth seemed to shift and the thick forest vanished before the girl's very eyes, giving way to an arching meadow. The meadow was carpeted with a dazzling array of wildflowers in every hue.

Melody

The girl gazed upon that meadow in reverence and in awe. She picked nine of the finest blooms, and arranged them by order of the colours that were most pleasing to her. The first was the colour of rosewood that flickered in the sun. The second was a periwinkle suggesting the innocence of babes. The third was a cerulean most serene that brought to mind the shade of the sky bared by that knock so mighty. The fourth was a glossy amber that held the vibrancy of tigers. The fifth was a canary yellow that sang like the sun. The sixth was a rich violet that embodied the majesty of that mountain. The seventh was a hickory whose strong heavy petals easily bore the weight of the countless droplets of dew that settled on it in the alpine night. The eighth was a cinnamon of sparkling embers like those that would erupt from faeries dancing with fire. The ninth was a tender oyster pink whose vulnerability kept it safe underwater, safe from the ravages of men. These nine blooms the girl did hold on her lap and made a song of their petals.

Unsheathed

It was the night of the waxing gibbous moon when the two warriors did meet under the light of the silver sky. They stole through the night, one from the east and one from the west, with naught save for their swords of steel and their armour of leather and iron scales knotted in front with silk lace. They danced across the rooftops and flew through the sky to the place where their swords would become unsheathed. The sound of their blades shimmering and slicing the night air was met with the patter of the signal drum. They swirled and they twirled, these fierce warriors two, until only one was standing, bathed in the midnight rain.

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Chapter Four

And we howled to the sun for SSSAATTBB choir

And we howled to the sun - Composer's Notes

And we howled to the sun, for SSSAATTBB choir, was written during the fall term of 2021, and premiered by the University of Alberta Madrigal Singers in November, 2021.

The text of *And we howled to the sun* is a poem I wrote after spending a languid summer day at an emerald coloured lake in the Columbia Valley of the Rocky Mountain Trench in British Columbia (BC). That day, June 30, 2021, was made languid by 44 degree Celsius temperatures brought on by the heat dome that caused the entire town of Lytton, BC to burn to the ground in a matter of hours at the exact time we were at the lake. I wished to capture the essence of the soundscape of this surreal place in my piece, and so included sound effects for the singers to produce such as the call of a seagull, percussive sibilant tones to evoke the spray of the water, and oscillating figures in the bass to mimic the rippling of waves. The sustaining of the soloist's pitches by the soprano and alto at rehearsal A are meant to create a shimmering natural reverb that is evocative of the heat haze that could be seen everywhere that day.

To further enhance the soundscape of that place which inspired *And we howled* to the sun, I created a remix of this piece using a Max / MSP patch. The remix processes a recording of the premiere of the piece with randomised delay times which give the voices a warbled, hazy effect that mirror the haze of the sun; feedback controls which enhance the extended vocal techniques that mimic surf spray; and glitch to complete the surreal aesthetic.

Diana Tayler

And We Howled To The Sun



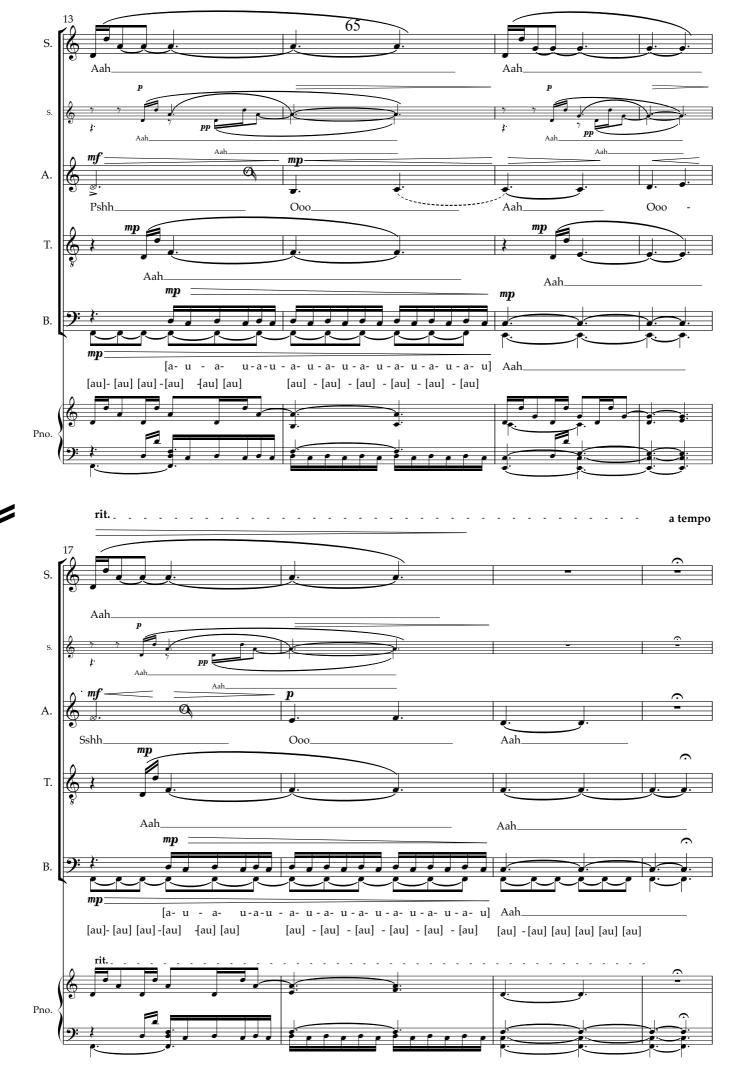
And we howled to the sun - Program Notes

Floating on your narwhal,
On an emerald sea,
Lost in the lapping of the waves,
You called out to me.
And I swam to you,
Across the coral and the crystal,
And we howled like wolves,
To the sun and the sapphire sky.

- Diana Tayler

And we howled to the sun is dedicated with much love to my son Alexander Tayler, and was written for the University of Alberta Madrigal Singers. May you always hold and honour the inner child that lives within you.





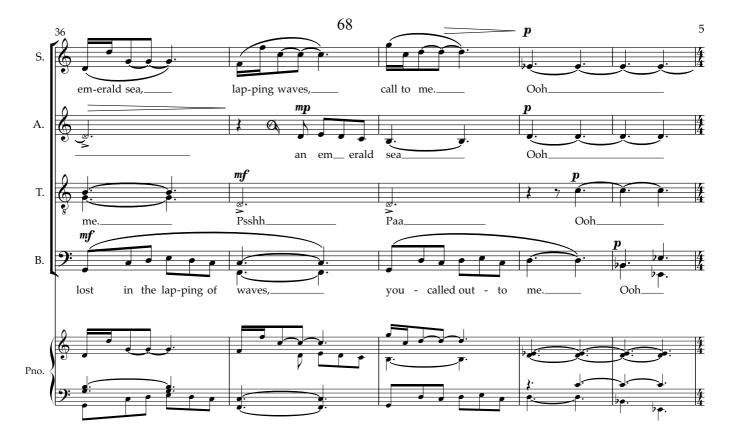
















Chapter Five

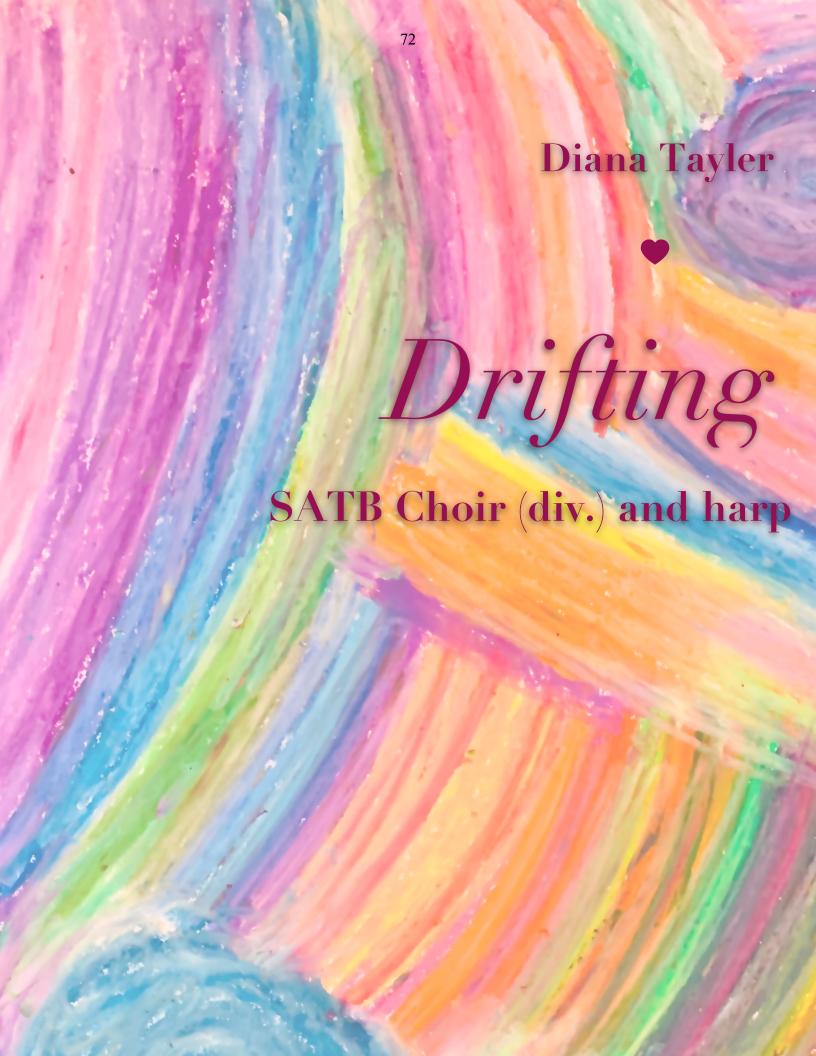
Drifting

for SSAATTBB choir and harp

Drifting - Composer's Notes

Drifting, for SSAATTBB choir and harp, was written during the fall term of 2021, and premiered by the University of Alberta Madrigal Singers in March, 2022.

Drifting is a celebration of carefree childhood moments spent dancing in the sun and dreaming under the stars. It describes a day in the life of a young girl at home lost in the magic of her handmade dolls, play silks, yarn, and paints. This sentiment is expressed through gentle, lilting, close harmonies sung by the choir at the opening of the piece (mm 3 - 25) that are rich and colourful, yet possess a certain innocence through the absence of the leading tone and the sparse use of the fourth scale degree (and thus hinting at the pentatonic mode). The middle section (rehearsal B) - a playful chaconne that features a quotation from Claudio Monteverdi's *Zefiro Torna* - is contrastingly rhythmic and rooted in traditional diatonic harmony, with the bass providing a percussive ground while the harp is mostly tacet. The closing section (rehearsal C) is exceedingly tender in its description of the stars, which by day are inanimate decorations suspended from the ceiling, but by night seemingly become infused with magic and twinkle to life. This idea is expressed musically through the contrast of low, resonant bass tones on the harp and in the lower range of the tenor and bass voices with sparkling motifs played on the harp in the upper range.



Drifting - Program Notes

Drifting through the sunbeams bright,
Singing songs of fancy,
Yarn and beeswax to delight,
Gifts from trees aplenty.
Watercolours...yellow, blue, red,
Drifting through the sunbeams bright,
In joy and delight.

Wearing silks of pink and blue and gold,
Spinning, dancing, twirling, whirling,
Turning to the songs on your lips.
Stories told with dolls of felted wool under stars hung with golden twine,
Raven, witch, and woodland fairy in her gowns of violet,
Your eyes soft with magic, joy, delight.

Those stars once hung with golden twine,
Twinkle now with magic,
Woodland fairy take a bow,
Rest 'til sunbeams shine again once more.

- Diana Tayler

Drifting is dedicated with much love to my daughter Jasmine Tayler, and was written for the University of Alberta Madrigal Singers. May you never forget your childhood moments spent dancing in the sun and dreaming under the stars.

Drifting

for SATB choir (with div.) and harp



















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Chapter Six

Through the Enchanted Forest for Super Paulino

Through The Enchanted Forest - Composer's Notes

Through the Enchanted Forest is an acousmatic piece created in the winter term of 2022 for a level of Super Paulino, a video game developed by the University of Alberta's Sound Studies Institute Audio Games Lab. This piece was created in partial fullfillment of the course "Playing With Sound: Sonic Art in Video Games."

In creating this piece I used a variety of sounds, including the harp, a field recording of a dawn chorus of birds taken in the Slave Lake Marten River Campground, singing bowls, customised synths in Logic Pro, and my voice (calling out and giggling into the soundholes of my harp to create added resonance, in a way that I imagined Super Paulino may react to the strange world she found herself in; whispering the names of the trees of the forest I imagined Super Paulino travelling through). Creating this piece was an utter delight and I look forward to playing this level of the game once it has been developed.

Appendix A - Links to external media files

2021_06 Transformations

Wave file of *Transformations*.

2021_11 And we howled to the sun.way

Audio recording of the premiere performance of *And we howled to the sun*, performed at Convocation Hall on November 27, 2021. Performed by the University of Alberta Madrigal Singers under the direction of Dr. Timothy Shantz, with soloists Alli Zaragoza and Noah Wright.

2022_02 Drifting.mp4

Video recording of the premiere performance of *Drifting*, recorded at Convocation Hall on February 12, 2022. Performed by the University of Alberta Madrigal Singers under the direction of Dr. Timothy Shantz, with soloist Abigail Harding and Diana Tayler, harp.

2022_04 Through the Enchanted Forest.way

Wave file of *Through the Enchanted Forest*.

2022_06 Northern Sky at Dawn.mov

Video recording of the premiere performance of *Northern Sky at Dawn*, performed at Muttart Hall on June 19, 2022. Performed by Ultraviolet, with Roger Admiral, Chenoa Anderson, Allison Balcetis, and Amy Nicholson.

2202 12 And we howled to the sun remix

Wave file of a remix of the premiere performance of *And we howled to the sun*, as performed at Convocation Hall on November 27, 2021 by the University of Alberta Madrigal Singers under the direction of Dr. Timothy Shantz, with soloists Alli Zaragoza and Noah Wright.

2022 12 And we howled to the sun max patch

This folder contains the Max / MSP component of And we howled to the sun remix, as well as the wave file that the patch needs to produce sound.

2023 01 Midnight Fables (Trio) recording

Audio recording of a reading of Midnight Fables re-orchestrated for for alto flute, tenor saxophone, and piano, performed by Roger Admiral, Chenoa Anderson, and Allison Balcetis.

2023 02 Midnight Fables with percussion recording

Audio recording of *Midnight Fables* re-orchestrated for alto flute, tenor saxophone, piano and percussion, performed by Chenoa Anderson, and Allison Balcetis, Viktoria Reiswich-Dapp, and Mark Segger.

Appendix B: Score - Re-orchestration of *Midnight*Fables for for alto flute, tenor saxophone, and piano

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Midnie MFables
by Diana Tayler

Midnight Fables

Reimagined for Alto Flute, Tenor Saxophone, and Piano

For Ultraviolet
Cover artwork by Dave McLennan

Movement I: Fog

"Forgive me," said the fox as she dusted her crescent shaped rolls with flour, "I know not where to start. So I will start with the telling of the earliest memories I have of the place." The girl licked her lips in anticipation of the tale and the pastry to follow. Hearing no objection, the fox began her tale. "The oldest kingdom in the land held a tiny village nestled at the top of a mountain. To make way to the village, travellers took a narrow road that had to its left only shadows cast by the elderwood, willow oak, and weeping silver birch. To the right was nothing save for fog of the softest silvery grey billowing up from the darkness below."

Movement II: On a starless night

Movement III: If the moon and sun should meet

While she lay on her bed of feathers with her head resting on a cushion spun by the softest silk of woodland spiders, Philomela dreamt of songs sweet and raspy. Long though she might, the nightingale could not produce a song of her own to sing. She called to the night, "When will you give me my song?". The night replied, "You shall have your song when the moon and the sun meet."

Movement IV: Dance of the anxieties

And they swirled all as one, the siren, the imp and ankou. The siren howled her terrible song, shrieking with delight in red, blue and purple. The golden imp laughed and shook with glee as she hopped right and left in her black pointed boots with soles too sharp to land long. Ankou sliced her bow through the air with a scratch and a saw, beating the earth with rumbling fury. Powerful and mighty though this trio did seem, one by one they were carried off by the north wind. The terrible three growled their protest but succumbed to the force of the wind.

Movement V: Sunbeams

"Tell it again," said the bee to the boy. "Let me put aside my work so that I may better hear your story." The boy nodded and again started his tale. "Once there was a man who had a wife. His wife wanted a child. The man's mother was blind. The man's father was a baker who could not sell his cakes and was poor. So the man made a wish that his mother could see a baby sleeping in a cradle of gold. He wished this with his whole heart for one hundred nights. The next morning the man awoke to much joy. His wife told him they would have a child. The man's mother was knitting a magnificent shawl of the most intricate lace. And the man's father was baking cakes for all the townspeople who had lined up at dawn outside his shop." "Ah, so." said the bee. "Ah, so."

Legend for Saxophone Notation



Growl and Smear



Tongued air sound (exhale)



Stomp loudly on floor with foot



Unkeyed glissando

[0000] "Sing and Play" on indicated vowel in bracket

Legend for Flute Notation

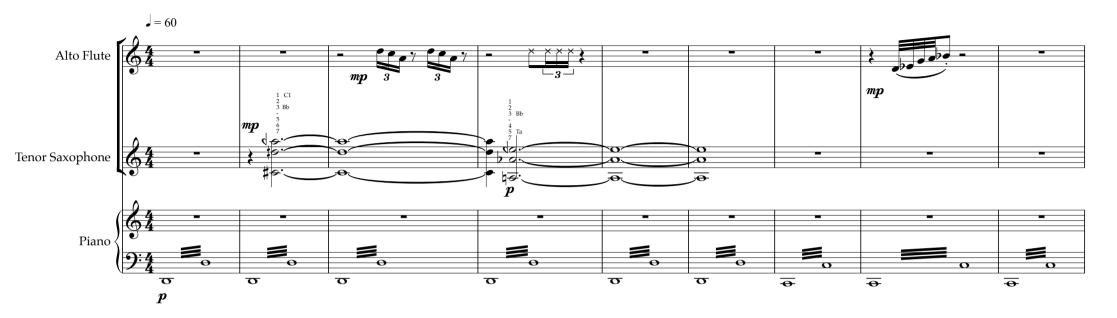


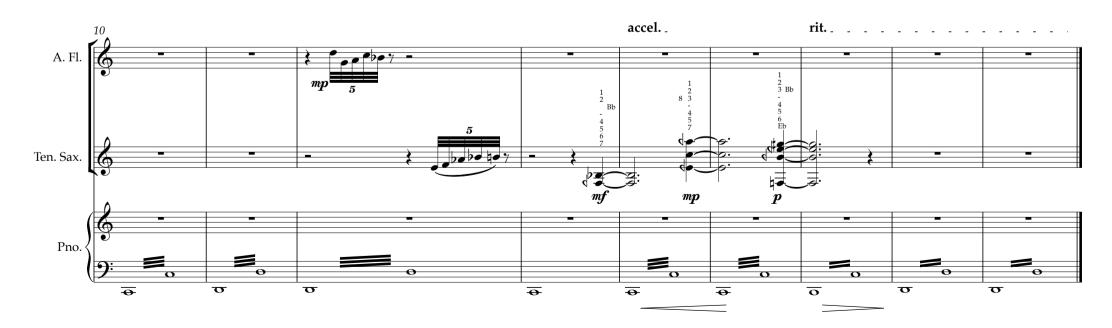
Stomp loudly on floor with foot



Tongued air sound (exhale)

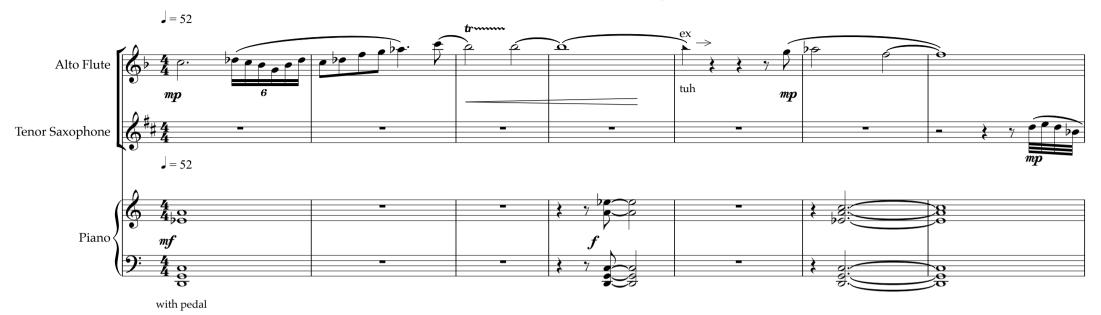
I: Fog



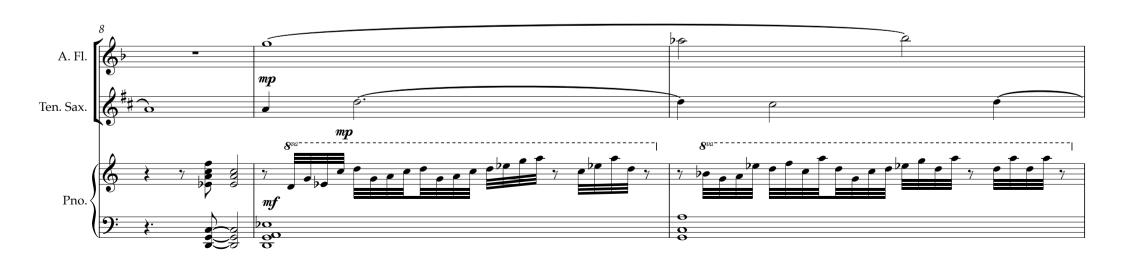


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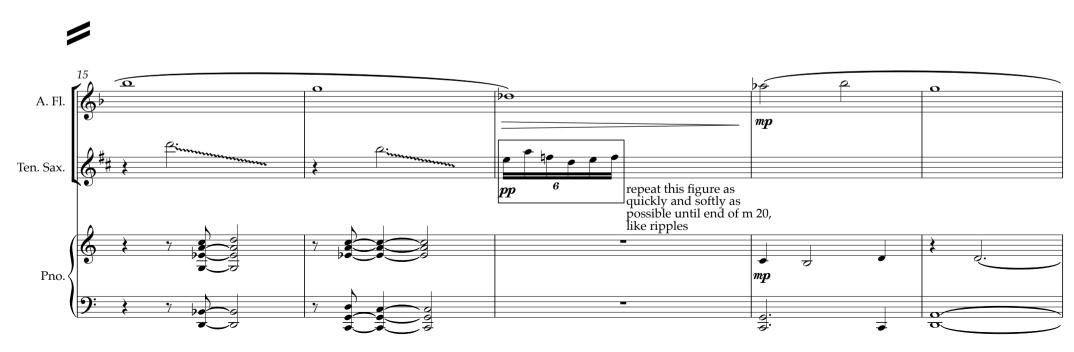
II: On a starless night

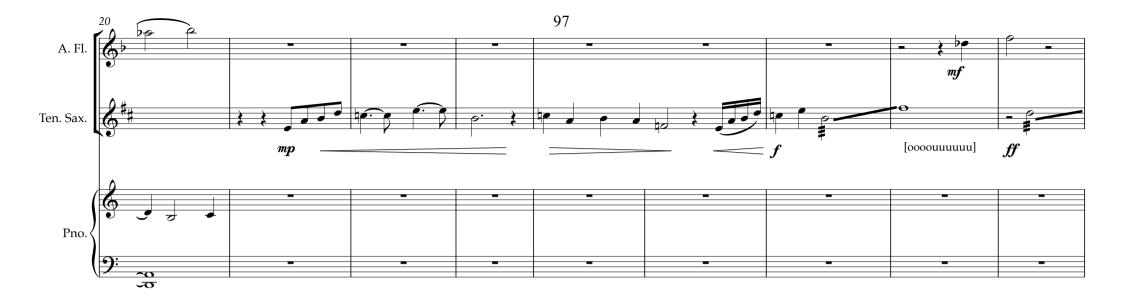




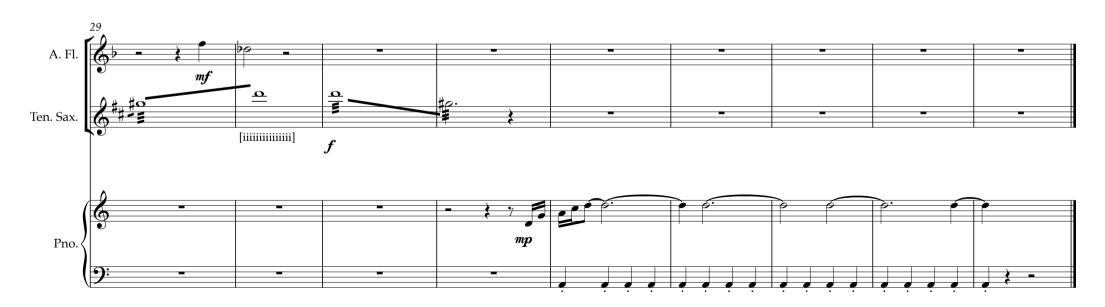












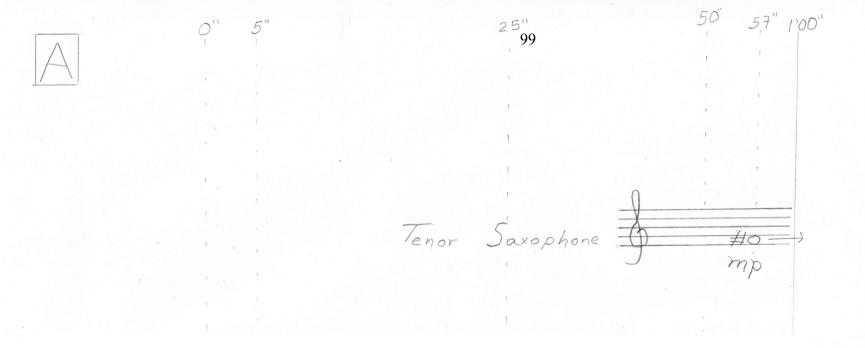
III: If the moon and the sun should meet

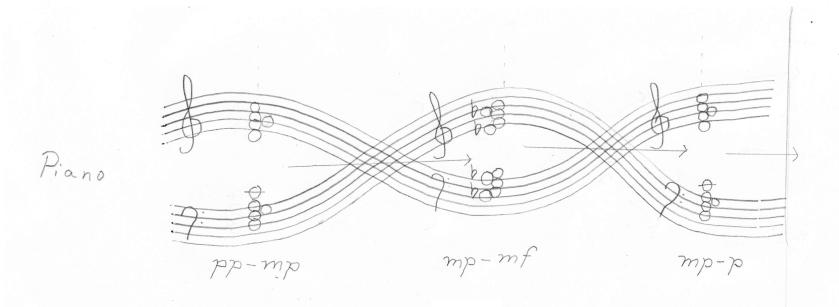
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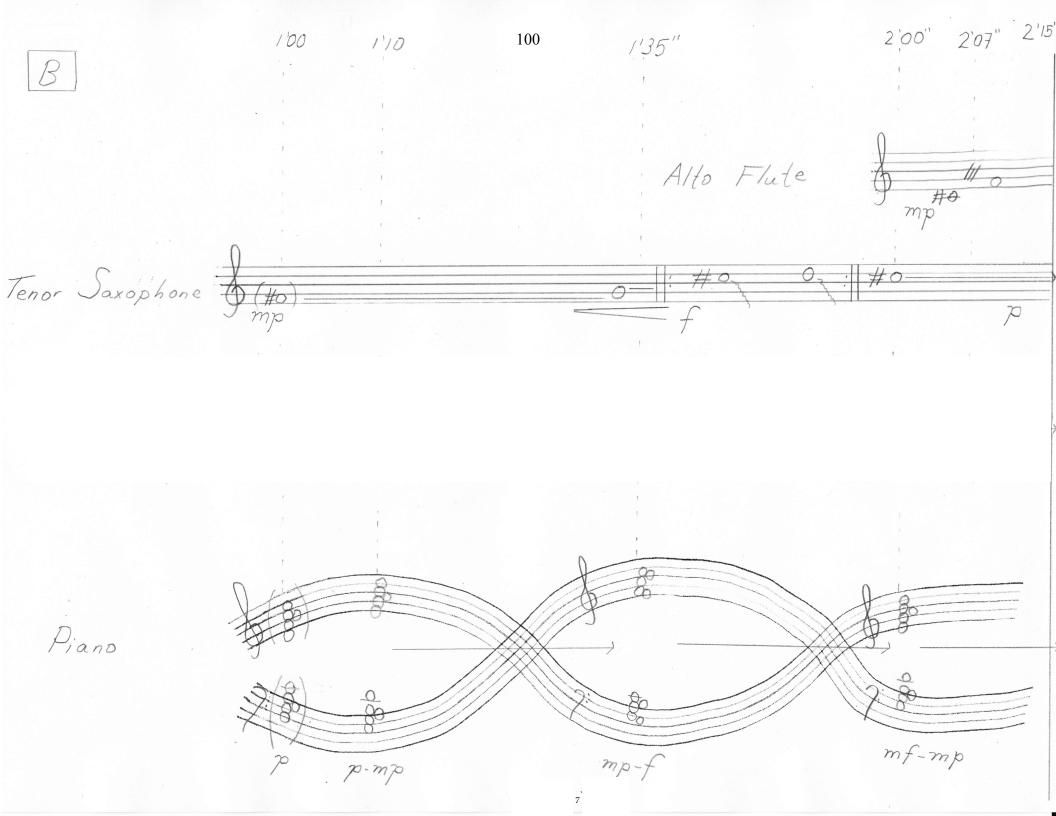
- O Longer Note
- Shorter note

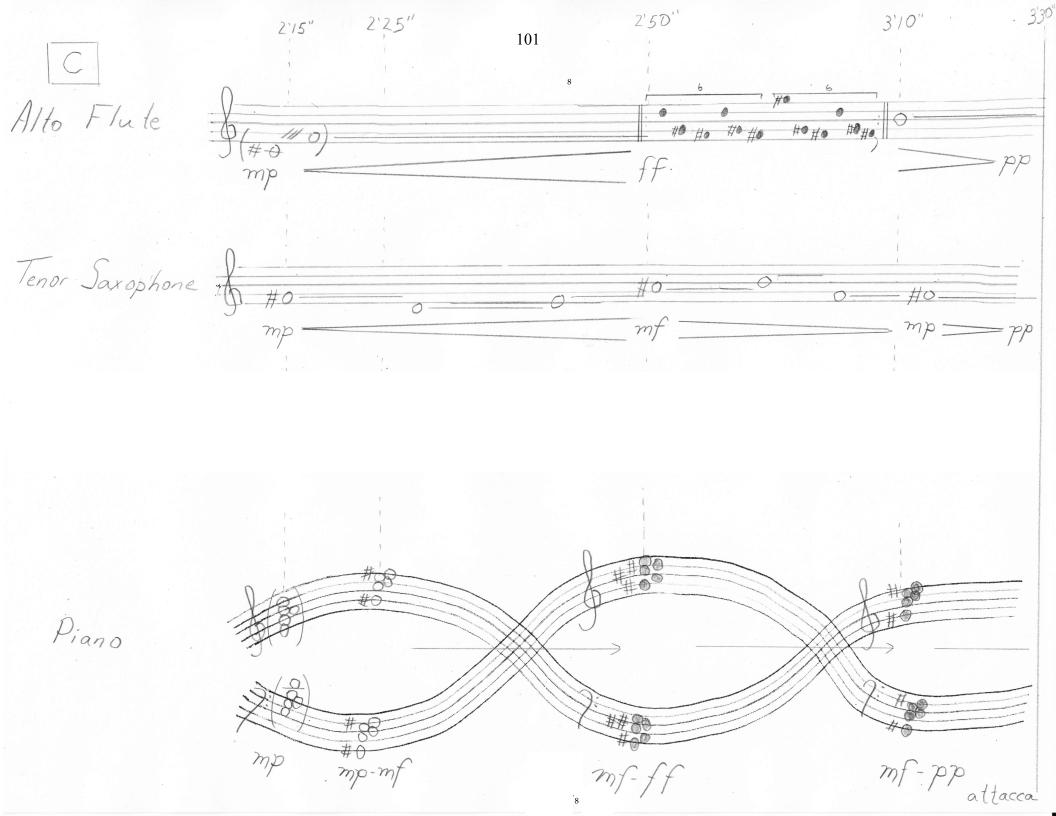
Piano

Improvise on given pitches
Vary dynamic, rhythm and register
Duration of longer notes: 0.5 - 1.5 seconds (approximately)
Duration of shorter notes: extremely fast - 0.5 seconds (approximately)



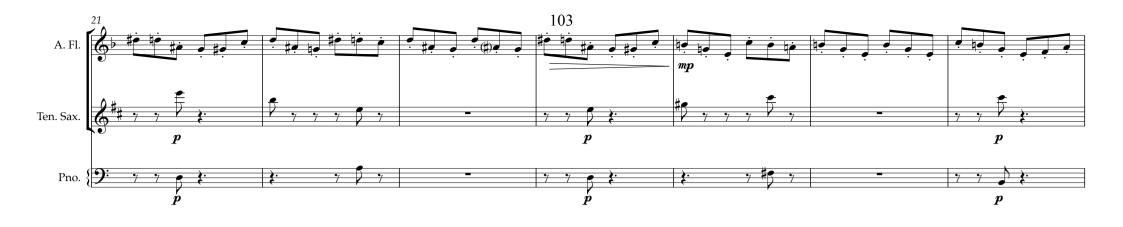


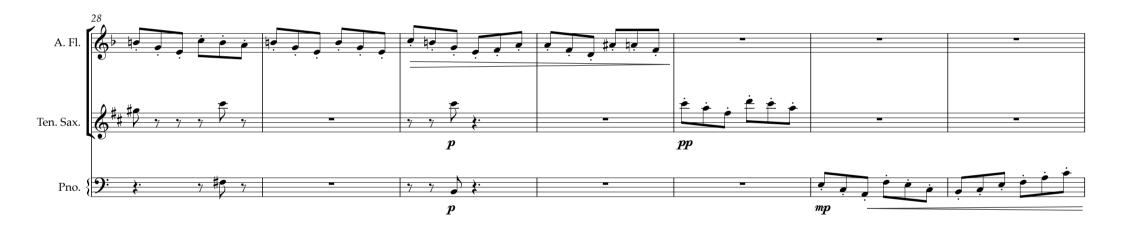


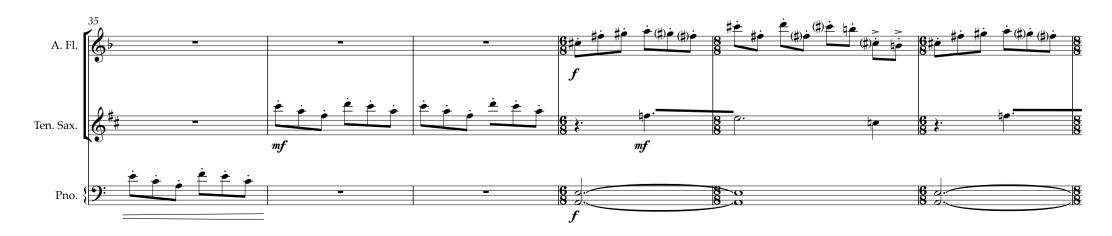


IV: Dance of the Anxieties

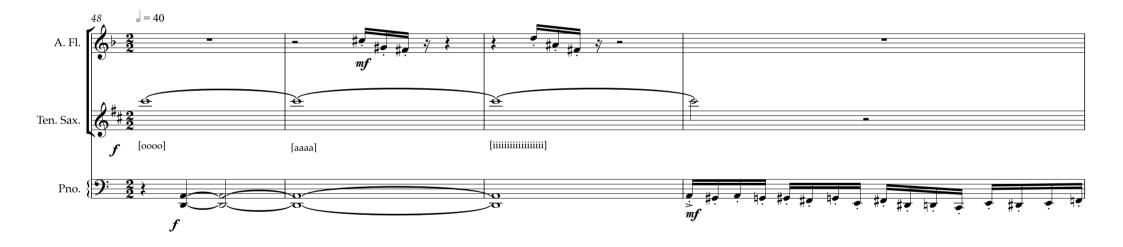


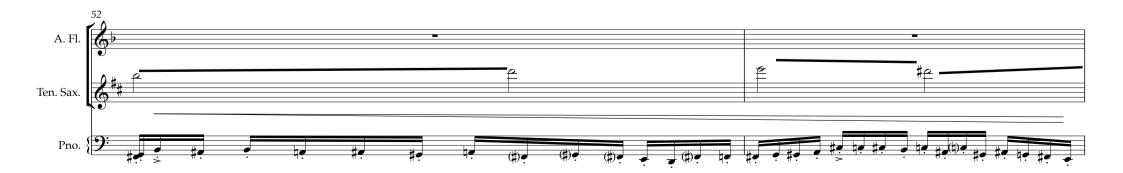


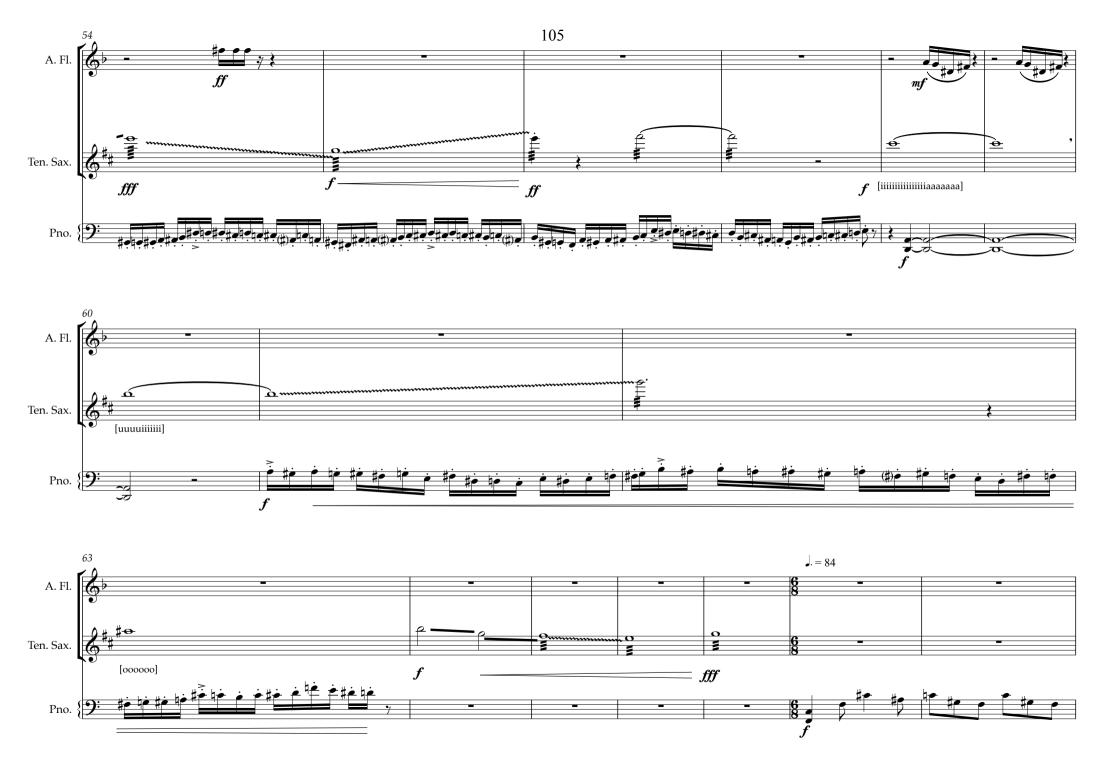


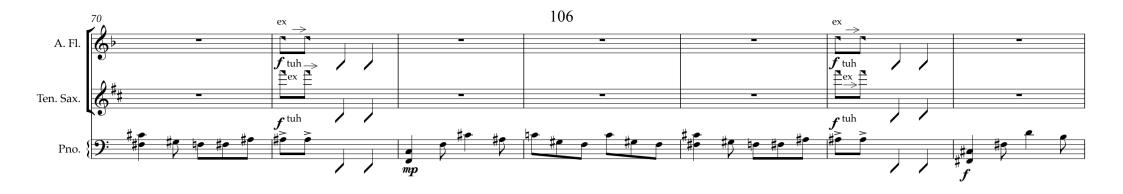




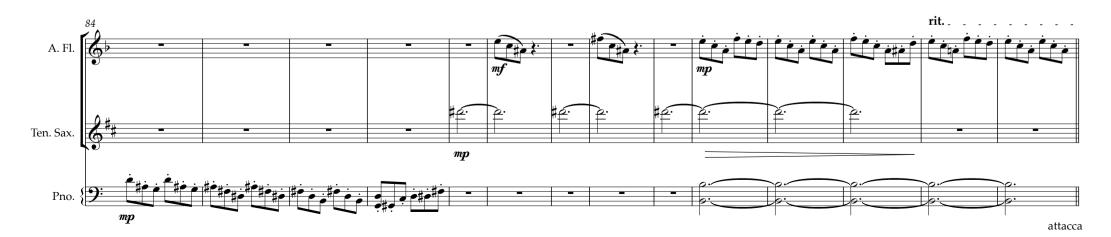


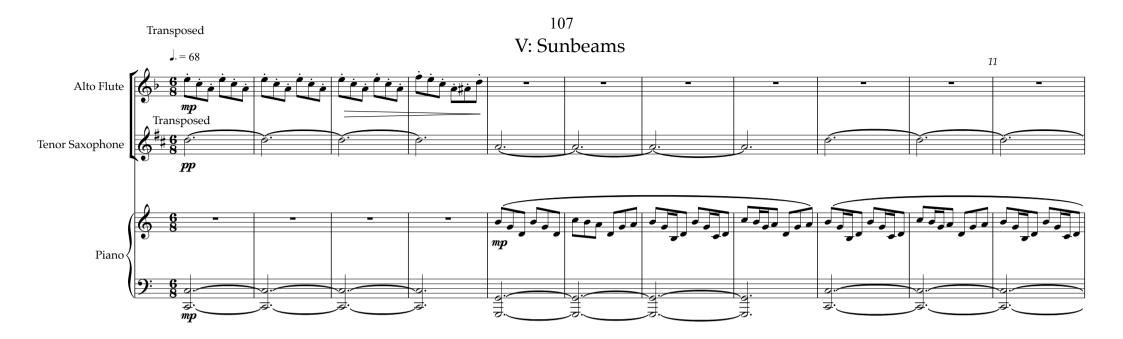


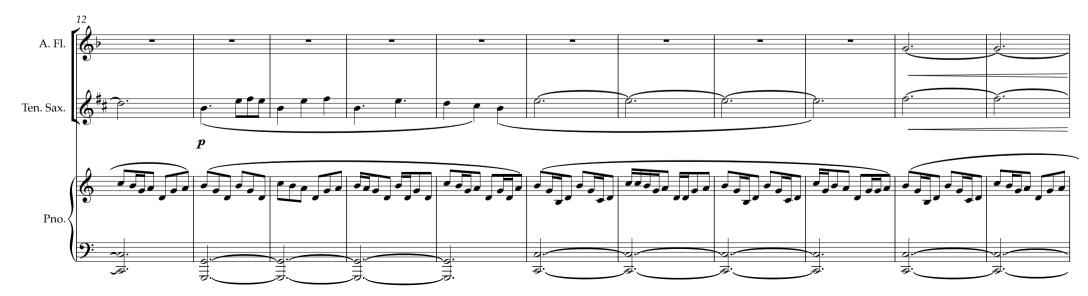


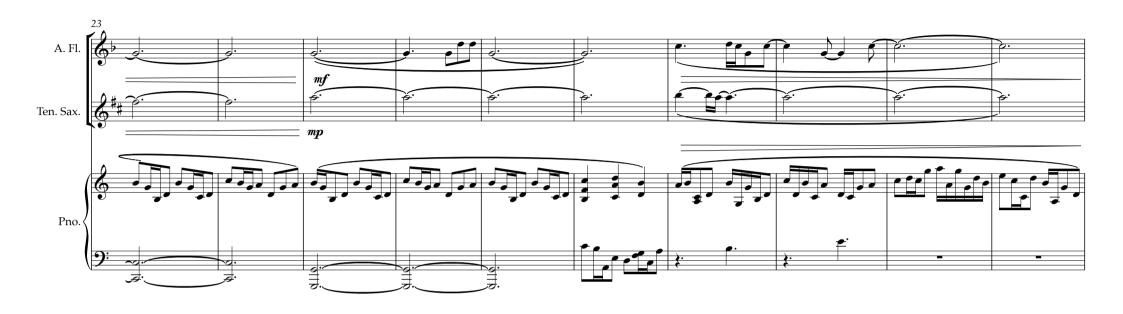






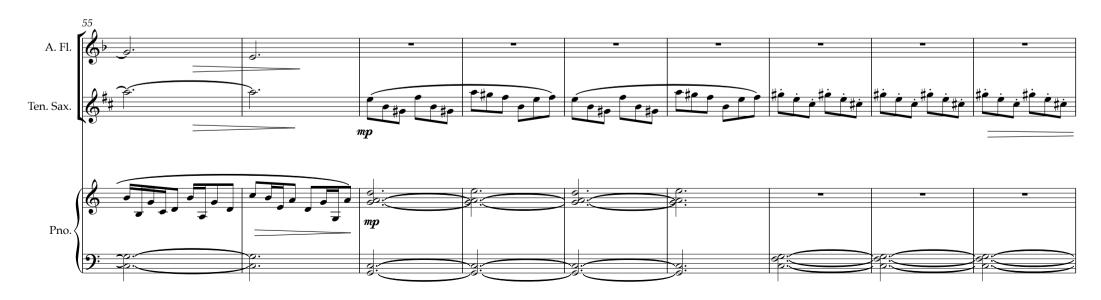


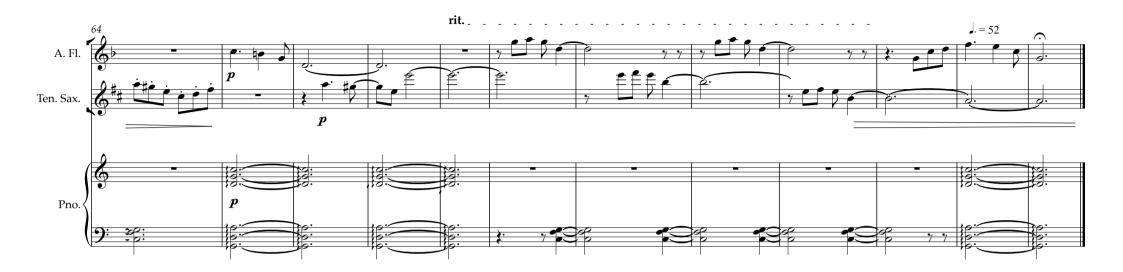












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Appendix C: Score - Re-orchestration of *Midnight Fables* for for alto flute, tenor saxophone, piano, and percussion

Midnie MFables
by Diana Tayler

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Midnight Fables

Reimagined for Alto Flute, Tenor Saxophone, Piano and Percussion

For Ultraviolet
Cover artwork by Dave McLennan

Movement I: Fog

"Forgive me," said the fox as she dusted her crescent shaped rolls with flour, "I know not where to start. So I will start with the telling of the earliest memories I have of the place." The girl licked her lips in anticipation of the tale and the pastry to follow. Hearing no objection, the fox began her tale. "The oldest kingdom in the land held a tiny village nestled at the top of a mountain. To make way to the village, travellers took a narrow road that had to its left only shadows cast by the elderwood, willow oak, and weeping silver birch. To the right was nothing save for fog of the softest silvery grey billowing up from the darkness below."

Movement II: On a starless night

Movement III: If the moon and sun should meet

While she lay on her bed of feathers with her head resting on a cushion spun by the softest silk of woodland spiders, Philomela dreamt of songs sweet and raspy. Long though she might, the nightingale could not produce a song of her own to sing. She called to the night, "When will you give me my song?". The night replied, "You shall have your song when the moon and the sun meet."

Movement IV: Dance of the anxieties

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Movement V: Sunbeams

"Tell it again," said the bee to the boy. "Let me put aside my work so that I may better hear your story." The boy nodded and again started his tale. "Once there was a man who had a wife. His wife wanted a child. The man's mother was blind. The man's father was a baker who could not sell his cakes and was poor. So the man made a wish that his mother could see a baby sleeping in a cradle of gold. He wished this with his whole heart for one hundred nights. The next morning the man awoke to much joy. His wife told him they would have a child. The man's mother was knitting a magnificent shawl of the most intricate lace. And the man's father was baking cakes for all the townspeople who had lined up at dawn outside his shop." "Ah, so." said the bee. "Ah, so."

<u>Legend for Saxophone Notation</u>



Growl and Smear



Tongued air sound (exhale)



Stomp loudly on floor with foot



Unkeyed glissando

[00000]

"Sing and Play" on indicated vowel in bracket

Multiphonics:











<u>Legend for Percussion Notation</u>



Stomp loudly on floor with foot

"Soft Patterings" - Improvise on instruments of the performer's choosing (e.g. maracas, shakers, brushed snares) to create soft scuffling sounds

Legend for Flute Notation



Stomp loudly on floor with foot



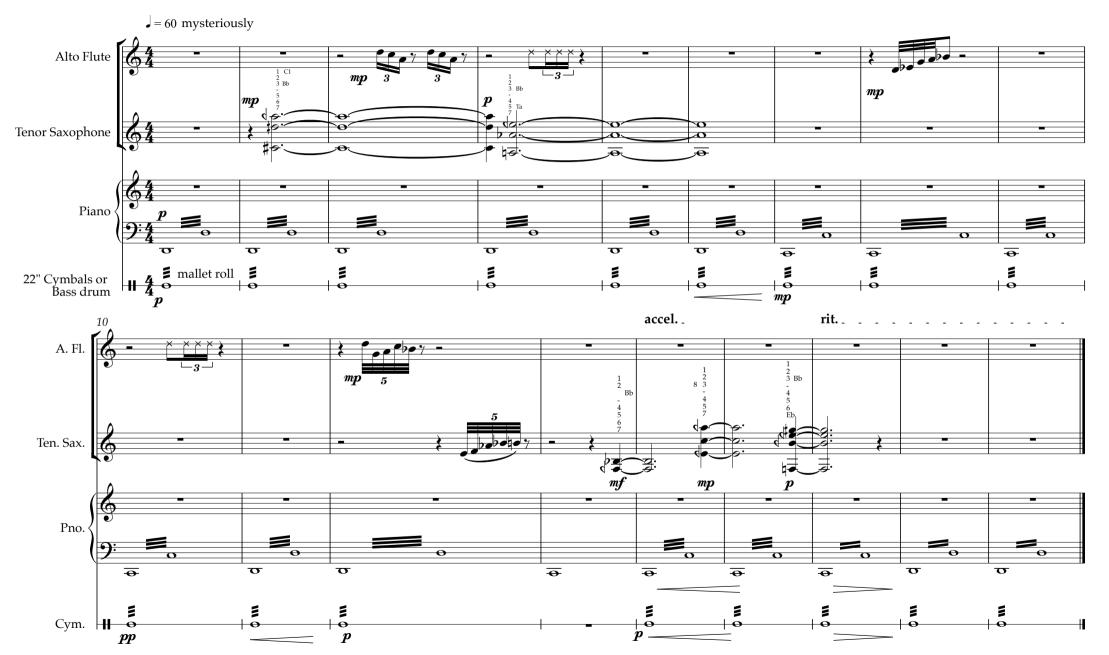
 $Tongued\ air\ sound\ (exhale)$

Legend for Piano Notation



Stomp loudly on floor with foot

I: Fog



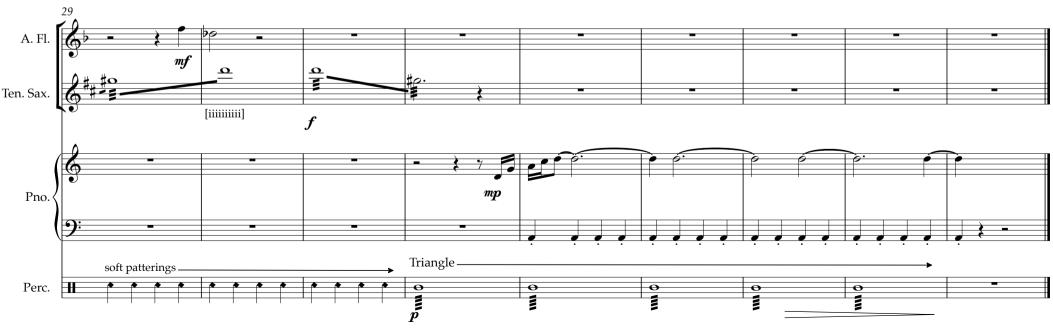
II: On a starless night











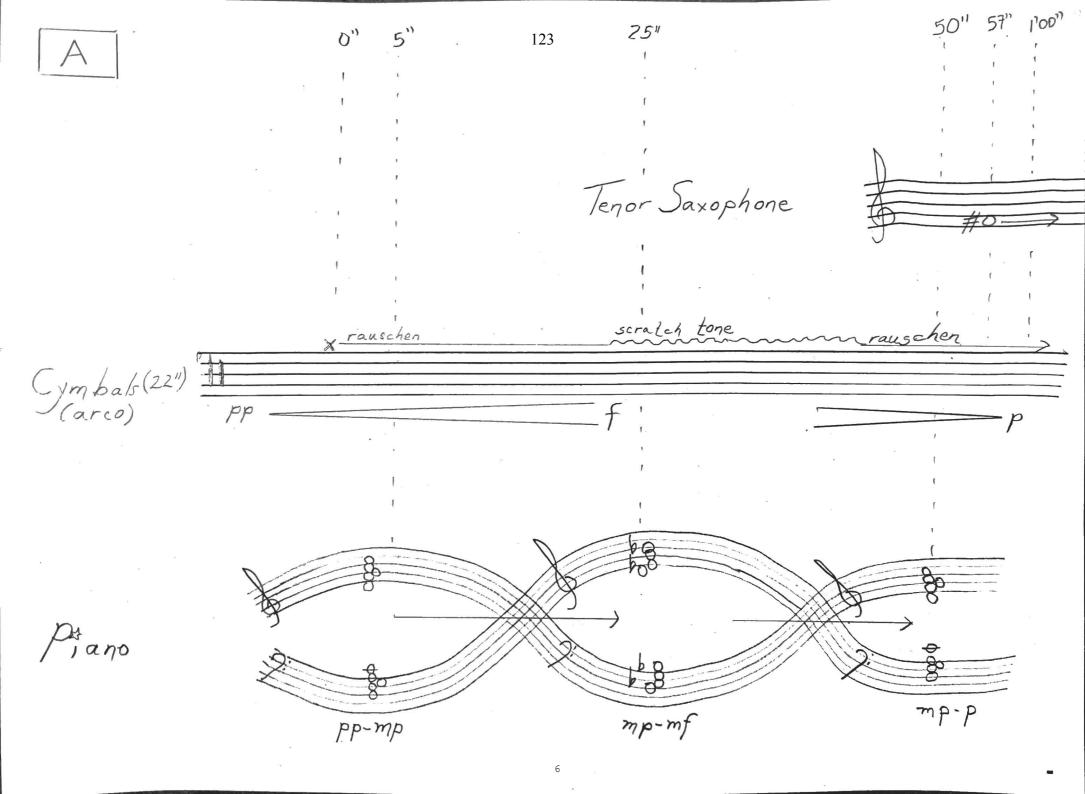
III: If the moon and the sun should meet

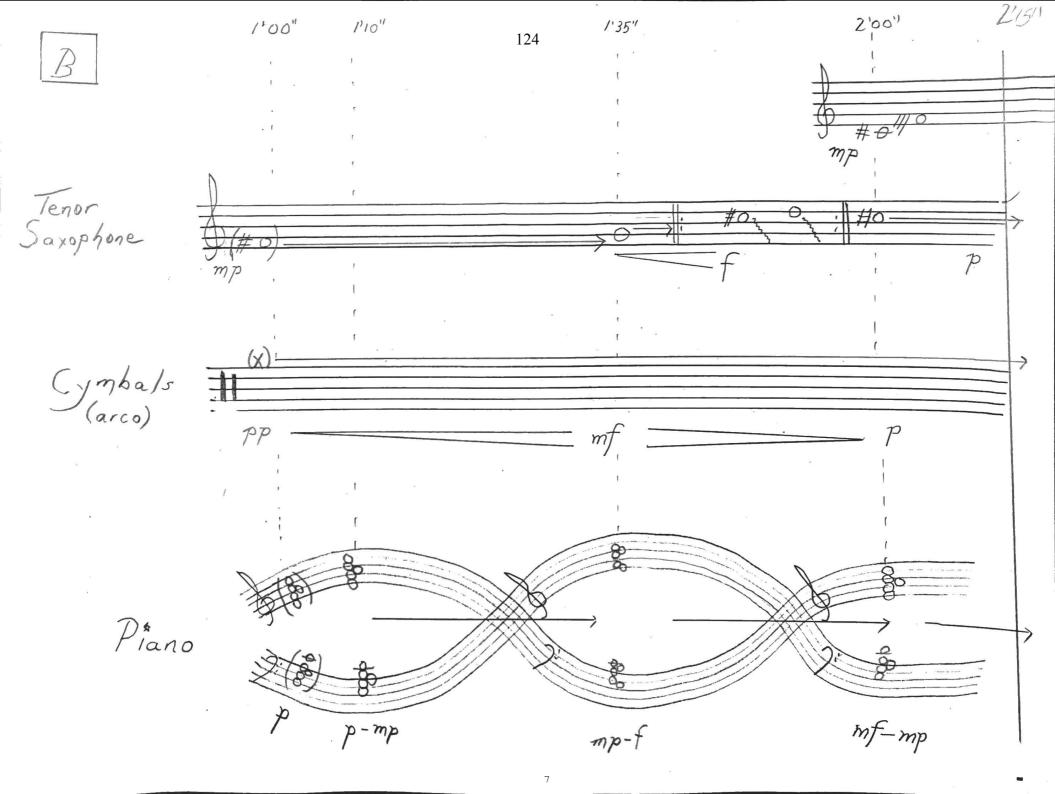
Times are approximate for A, B, and ${\tt C}$

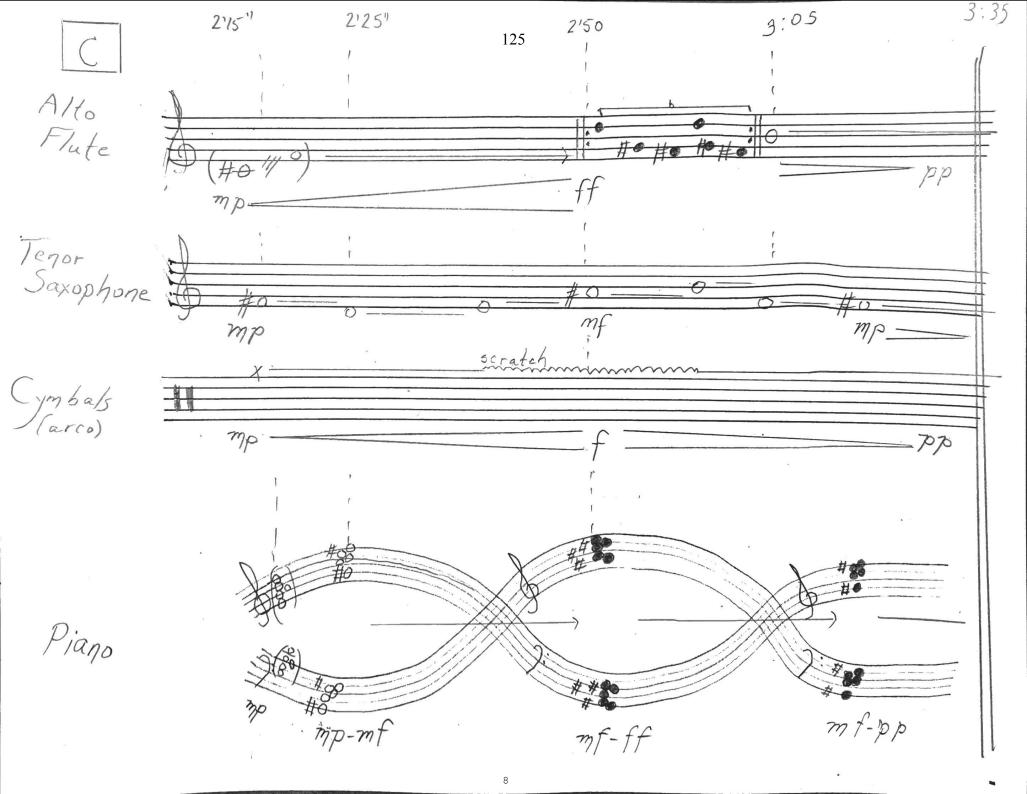
- O Longer Note
- Shorter note

Piano

Improvise on given pitches
Vary dynamic, rhythm and register
Duration of longer notes: 0.5 - 1.5 seconds (approximately)
Duration of shorter notes: extremely fast - 0.5 seconds (approximately)







IV: Dance of the Anxieties



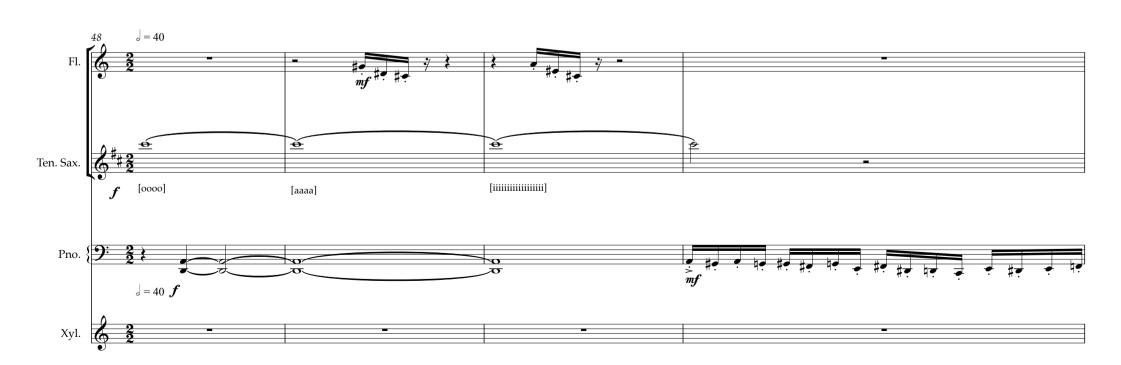


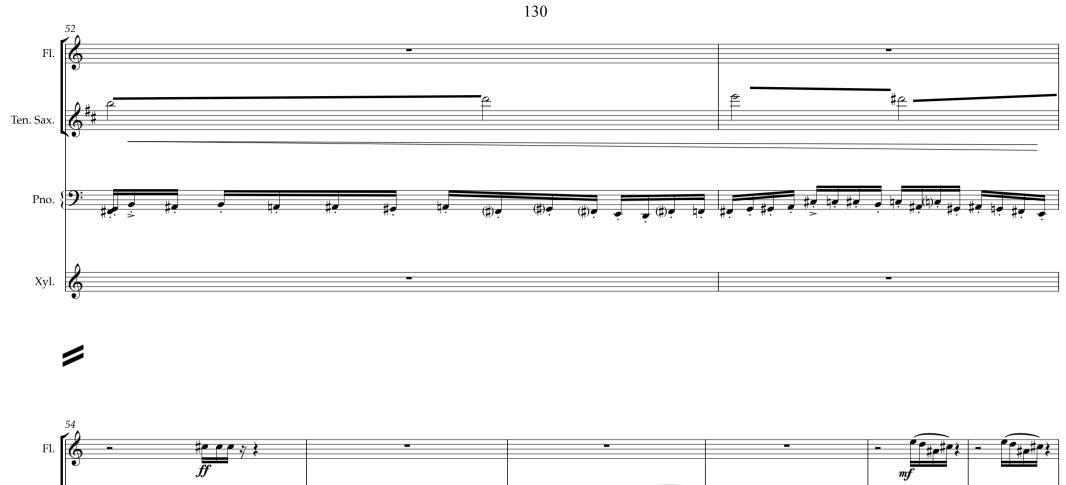


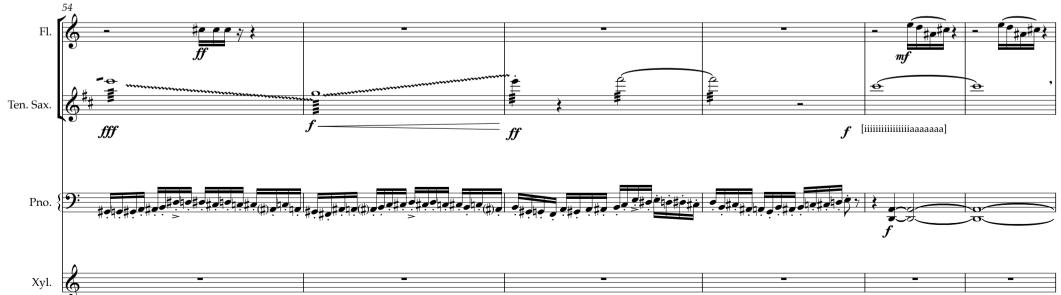


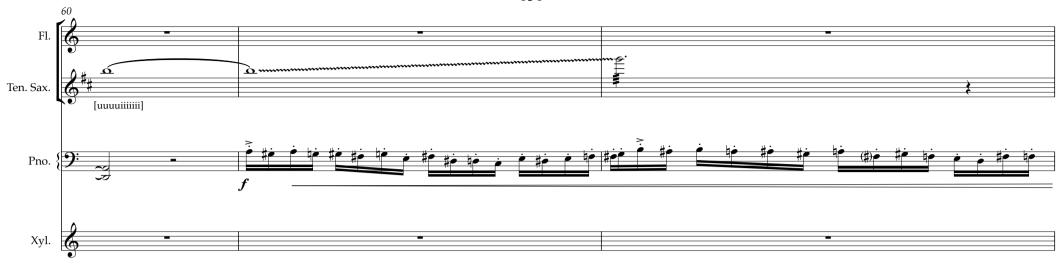




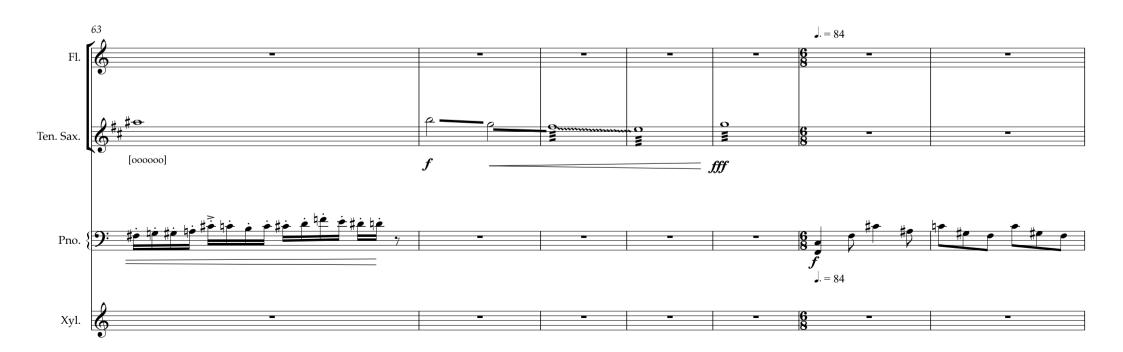




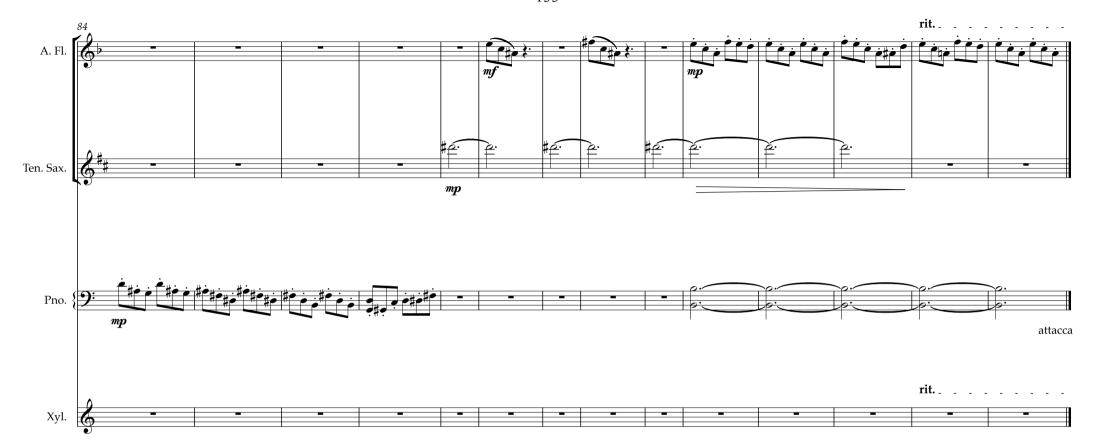












V: Sunbeams

