

HOUGHTON COLLEGE

GREATBATCH SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

Orvis F. Collins III in Senior Composition Recital

**We would like to thank the Houghton College administration for its
faithful support of the Greatbatch School of Music.**

Shirley A. Mullen, President

Jack Connell, Vice President for Academic Affairs and
Dean of the College

David Smith, Chief Financial Officer

Greatbatch School of Music Faculty, Staff, and Administration

Orvis Collins, a student of Professor Christopher Ashbaugh, is performing this recital in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree in Composition.

As a courtesy to the performer and your fellow audience members, please be certain that all cell phones, watch alarms, and pagers are either turned off or set for silent operation. Flash photography can be very disconcerting to performers and is not permitted during the performance. Thanks for your cooperation.

Assisted by

Hannah Messerschmidt, Piano

Andrea Crikard, Flute

Autumn Stone, Clarinet

Dillon Hirsch, Clarinet

Jarome Bell, Bass Clarinet

Nate Floyd, Drums

Hunter Gregory, Bass

Tahsha Keith, Vocals

Joe Miner, Vocals

Wesley Chapel
Wednesday, February 15th, 2017
6:30 p.m.

Program

Nickels from Phobos

Orvis Collins III (b.1995)
Written 2015

Hannah Messerschmidt, Piano
Orvis Collins, Guitar

Starlight

Orvis Collins III (b.1995)
Written 2015

Snake Oil

Orvis Collins III (b.1995)
Written 2017

Children of the Flame

Orvis Collins III (b.1995)
Written 2016

What Does Sorrow Matter Anyway?

Orvis Collins III (b.1995)
Written 2016

And in One Moment

Deny it if You Want

And Now There's No One I Can Trust

i was stupid, so stupid

Oleka

For Once, Let Me Have a Happy Dream

Andrea Crickard, Flute
Autumn Stone, Clarinet in Bb
Dillon Hirsch, Clarinet in Bb
Jarome Bell, Bass Clarinet

Nate Floyd, Drums
Hunter Gregory, Bass
Orvis Collins, Guitar
Tahsha Keith, Vocals
Joe Miner, Vocals

-Intermission-

A Call to Arms

Orvis Collins III (b.1995)
Written 2016

Electronic
Orvis Collins, Guitar

Orvis Collins Composition

Program Notes

Nickels from Phobos:

Scored for piano and electric guitar, *Nickels from Phobos* was created to describe the disconnect in my writing between traditional artistic practices and more modern, commercial practices (a concept explored with much of this recital's programming). *Nickels from Phobos* takes the cutting, aggressive sound of an overdriven and distorted guitar and juxtaposes it with the mellow resonance of a piano to create an unexpected tonal image. On top of that, the guitar's part is crafted in a way to suggest the influence rock and metal has had on my development as a musician. The piece was composed for the ensemble that performs it tonight: myself and Hannah Messerschmidt, a combination lovingly referred to as Wonder Team back in my days as a voice student. There are not many pieces that better describe my career at Houghton.

What Does Sorrow Matter Anyways?:

By far the longest piece I have composed, *What Does Sorrow Matter Anyways?* explores something I find infinitely fascinating: depression. On the surface, this concept seems profoundly sad. I feel it important to stress that I am a generally happy person. I am however vastly interested in the forces behind emotion and the numerous ways these forces can impact our lives. *What Does Sorrow Matter Anyways?* looks to explore these forces through system laced with leitmotifs and reflections of previous material.

1. And In One Moment:

The first movement describes trauma and, more specifically, the reliving of trauma. The pounding pulse of an arrhythmic heartbeat draws us into a system of discomfort, while the unexpected tonality reminds us that this system is not one we necessarily want. The piece builds with attempts at establishing a melody in a harmonic context we can relate to, but ultimately, reminders of the beginning trauma prove to be too compelling, and the movement ends with an assimilation of the traumatic arrhythmia into harmonic normalcy.

2. Deny It If You Want:

The second movement is about denial. An attempt is made to move on from the trauma's in the first movement. However, the suspicion that we cannot return to true normalcy overtakes the movement, becoming chaotic and confusing. There is no going back.

3. And Now There's No One I Can Trust:

The third movement is set as a dance. A 5/8 feel is established, off balance and lopsided. This movement reflects internal isolation brought upon by one's own fears of the abnormality of the previous movements.

4. i was stupid, so stupid:

The fourth movement is about blame of one's confusion. The fast and repeating melody that starts in the flute and second clarinet represents to anger and confusion with one's own response to the previous movements. The ending is unsatisfying, as there really is no answer.

5. Oleka:

The fifth movement is focused on its title. Oleka means "the realization of how few days we have spent have actually mattered." It is a saddening thought, and permeates the tension and release of the long legato lines of the movement. The clarinets bombard the sonic space with a grating, resonant dissonance to really push home the tension that the whole piece really looks to convey.

6. For Once, Let Me Have A Happy Dream:

The concluding movement, movement six looks to resolve the established tension in perhaps an unsatisfying and ambiguous way. The movement starts with a similar legato section to the second movement, reflecting yet another attempt at moving on. However, elements from all previous movements begin to seep in again, resulting in a reiteration of an altered trauma theme, leading up to the same tensions explored in the fifth movement leading the piece to its conclusion, a reflection of the first movement's false ending.

A Call to Arms:

This piece was created as an attempt at electronic atmosphere. The repetitive pounding of the synth arpeggio is randomized, creating a tangibly unpredictable, yet functionally knowable pattern on the underside of this atmosphere. The guitars then enter to add even more unpredictability to the sound scape. Using a modified G# harmonic minor scale, the guitar parts cross as they pan across the center. This piece, in its own strange way, is a lot of fun for those who can limit their expectations.

Starlight:

Starlight was the first piece I had written here to be performed by a full rock band. I originally wrote it for a recording class, but it has since evolved into much more than that. Few other pieces have had the same impact as this one on my career as a mixing engineer. The lyrics deal with the illusion of isolation. No matter how alone we may feel, there are always places we can reach.

Lyrics:

No more water
It's so hard to see the shore
Write in the brimstone
The causes of my sores
I've spent a million hours reaching for the sky
My fingers never seem to catch it's warmth

Then brilliant starlight reaches down the well.
Illumination shatters empty shells,
Glimmering it waits until I cannot stand

Broken, blinded, by the sunscreen in my eyes
Twisted, writhing, and reaching out to hide
I try to face another day of broken eggs and glass
A colorless anxiety is part of my past

Then brilliant starlight reaches down the well.
Illumination shatters empty shells,
Glimmering it waits until I cannot stand
A Brutal twinge of sadness breaks my grasp.
I think my eyes are drying out at last
A trillion miles away and I still know
As long as I can see
I'll stargaze

Snake Oil:

By far the most aggressive song on the set list, *Snake Oil* uses the strengths of metalcore to explore the complicated nature of emotion. Lyrically about emotional disconnect, tone alternates between frustration in the verse to sympathy in the chorus, signified by the switch from screams to singing.

Lyrics

I feel so cold in my bones
Down to the marrow
A thousand splinters of pain
Growing a shadow
Four years of desperate attempts
To heal this burning
I'm tired of living in contempt
And never learning

You keep on waiting early hours
I promise I know who you are
You're killing me with all this talk of apathy
You're not the monster that you see
You're just a broken piece like me
I might also be to blame

I guess I was waiting for a symphony
But all you sing is your misery
And everything about you seems to say,
"Love is a snake oil"
Every word that I hear you say
Just shows that there's no other way
To fight against the
Lies inside your heart,
"Love is a snake oil"

Aggressive like a pathogen
I wouldn't know where to begin
I can't imagine that you'll stay
Drive a stake into my lungs
Just promise that you'll see me done
I couldn't bear to watch you go.

Children of the Flame:

I am what many people would describe as a nerd. As such, this song is about a video game. *Children of the Flame* is a power metal song. And those familiar with power metal will know that power metal acts typically deal with fantasy elements or sometimes even stories. If not taken too seriously, this can be an incredibly fun time. This is what *Children of the Flame* looks to accomplish. The *Dark Souls* franchise

is an incredibly influential media source for me, as well as the best influence on my views of storytelling. This song takes two unrelated characters and connects them through the themes of familial abandonment.

Lyrics

I'm sorry sister, I'm not as strong as you.
And I don't know why they call me fair.
I'm holding tightly to the end of who I am,
But we've changed so much since we were young.

Is it worth to live if we're only viewed as demons?
Have we any family left?

The fire's faded from my eyes and now I can't see your face.
My dearest sister, where are you now?
The pain is not so great and I am not alone without you.
My knight of thorns is by my side.

I'm sorry brother, I'm not as strong as you.
And father never gave me the respect that I was due.
And now I stand here in the shade of his failure.
I keep the world from falling into ash.

I hold the kingdom in the palm of my hands.
Have I any family left?

The fire's faded from my eyes and now I can't see your face.
My dearest brother, where have you gone?
The pain is not so great and I am not alone without you.
My knight of brass is at my side.

We are children of the flame
We all die without a name
We are born to give our souls to the fire
And see that it stays alight