

The Center for Ligurian Studies of the Bogliasco Foundation is thanked for providing the ideal circumstances for composition of this work.

Written for Glen Adsit and the Hartt Wind Ensemble

In Memoriam N.O.

Instrumentation:

4 Flutes (#4 doubling piccolo)

3 Oboes (#3 doubling English horn)

3 clarinets in Bb

Bass Clarinet

Soprano Saxophone

Alto Saxophone

Tenor Saxophone

Baritone Saxophone

3 Bassoons

4 Horns in F

3 Trumpets in C

2 Tenor Trombones

Bass Trombone

Euphonium

Tuba

Timpani (3 drums: 26", 29", 32")

4 Percussion:

I: Suspended Cymbal (S.C.), high; snare drum; Tam-tam (medium); Marimba*

II: Suspended Cymbal, medium; Bass Drum (medium); Tam-tam; Vibraphone*

III: Glockenspiel; Slapstick; Suspended Cymbal, medium

IV: Suspended Cymbal, low

**) one instrument, played by both performers*

Contrabass

*(All instruments are **one to a part**)*

Duration: c. 12'

I didn't grow up with New Orleans, but over about three years leading up to Katrina, circumstances began to lead me to visit it regularly, and I fell in love with the place, its great spirit, sensuality, and utterly unique culture. As such it became at least a small part of me.

***La Ville Engloutie** is an evocation of New Orleans and a lament for what it has become, a ghost town (something I saw in person just a few months after the levees broke). The piece is structured around a "cantus" of the standard "Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?", heard throughout the work, first in the saxophone quartet. This is progressively surrounded by swirling figures which "flood" the original tune, until it is overwhelmed. The piece ends with the fullest statement of the original melody as a ghostly dirge, though even here it is ragged and punctured.*

For any artist to deal with this tragedy, one has to worry that trying to create anything of any beauty out of such pain and destruction is perhaps a self-indulgence. I can only hope that if the work has any merit, it will remind us of the precious legacy that has been squandered by both disaster and neglect, something, alas, the passage of time seems to make ever-easier to ignore or forget. ---Robert Carl