



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Composition Recital

Laura Shuey
Composer

Christopher Messinger
Student Conductor

Assisted by:
Chamber Ensemble

Wednesday April 26, 2023 at 5:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Suite for the Psyche..... Laura Shuey
I. Wilt (b. 2000)
II. Poise
III. Fracture
IV. Revive

Christopher Messinger, Conductor

Chamber Ensemble

Caleb Childs, Brian Gambler, Noah Kitner, Julie Knott, Ali Koch,
Elizabeth Movinsky, Annie Rizzo, Graham Rode, AJ Swanson, Yemliot
Tirado, Annalise Yeich, Abi Zimmerman

Lecture: "The Portrayal of Mental Illnesses Through Musical
Composition, Benefits of Music for the Mind, and Digestible
Psychology," by Laura Shuey

Followed by a Question & Answer with the Composer

Laura Shuey is a student of Dr. James Colonna

*Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree Bachelor of Music
with a Composition Concentration
and Departmental Honors Project*

Suite for the Psyche Reference Poetry

Wilt || Sylvia Plath – “Sheep in Fog”

*The hills step off into whiteness.
People or stars
Regard me sadly, I disappoint them.*

*The train leaves a line of breath.
O slow*

*Horse the color of rust,
Hooves, dolorous bells--
All morning the
Morning has been blackening,*

A flower left out.

*My bones hold a stillness, the far
Fields melt my heart.*

*They threaten
To let me through to a heaven
Starless and fatherless, a dark water.*

Poise || Sylvia Plath – “Years”

*O God, I am not like you
In your vacuous black,
Stars stuck all over, bright stupid
confetti.*

*Eternity bores me,
I never wanted it.*

*What I love is
The piston in motion . . .
My soul dies before it.
And the hooves of the horses,
There merciless churn.*

*And you, **great Stasis** . . .
What is so great in that!
Is it a tiger this year, this roar at the
door?
It is a Christus,
The awful
God-bit in him
Dying to fly and be done with it?*

*The blood berries are themselves, they
are very still.*

*The hooves will not have it,
In blue distance the pistons hiss.*

Fracture || Sylvia Plath – “The
Courage Of Shutting-Up”

*The courage of the shut mouth, **in spite
of artillery!***

*The line pink and quiet, a worm,
basking.*

*There are black disks behind it, the disks
of outrage,
And the outrage of a sky, the lined brain
of it.*

The disks revolve, they ask to be heard,

*Loaded, as they are, with accounts of
bastardies.*

*Bastardies, usages, desertions and
doubleness,*

*The needle journeying in its groove,
Silver beast between two dark canyons,
A great surgeon, now a tattooist,
Tattooing over and over the same blue
grievances...*

*The snakes, the babies, the tits
On mermaids and two-legged
dreamgirls.*

*The surgeon is quiet, he does not speak.
He has seen too much death, his hands
are full of it.*

*So the disks of the brain revolve, like the
muzzles of cannon.*

*Then there is that antique billhook, the
tongue,*

*Indefatigable, purple. Must it be cut
out?*

It has nine tails, it is dangerous.

*And the noise it flays from the air, once
it gets going!*

No, the tongue, too, has been put by,
Hung up in the library with the
engravings of Rangoon
And the fox heads, the otter heads, the
heads of dead rabbits.

It is a marvelous object –
The things it has pierced in its time!

But how about the eyes, the eyes, the
eyes?

Mirrors can kill and talk, they are
terrible rooms
In which a torture goes on one can only
watch.

The face that lived in this mirror is the
face of a dead man.

Do not worry about the eyes –

They may be white and shy, they are no
stool pigeons,
Their death rays folded like flags
Of a country no longer heard of,
An obstinate independency
Insolvent among the mountains.

Revive || Sylvia Plath –
“Mushrooms”

Overnight, very
Whitely, discreetly,
Very quietly

Our toes, our noses
Take hold on the loam,
Acquire the air.

Nobody sees us,
Stops us, betrays us;
The small grains make room.

Soft fists insist on
Heaving the needles,
The leafy bedding,

Even the paving.
Our hammers, our rams,
Earless and eyeless,

Perfectly voiceless,
Widen the crannies,
Shoulder through holes. We

Diet on water,
On crumbs of shadow,
Bland-mannered, asking

Little or nothing.
So many of us!
So many of us!

We are shelves, we are
Tables, we are meek,
We are edible,

Nudgers and shovers
In spite of ourselves.
Our kind multiplies:

**We shall by morning
Inherit the earth.**
Our foot's in the door.