

4-15-2012

Senior Recital: Alexas Dominique Esposito, composition

Alexas Dominique Esposito

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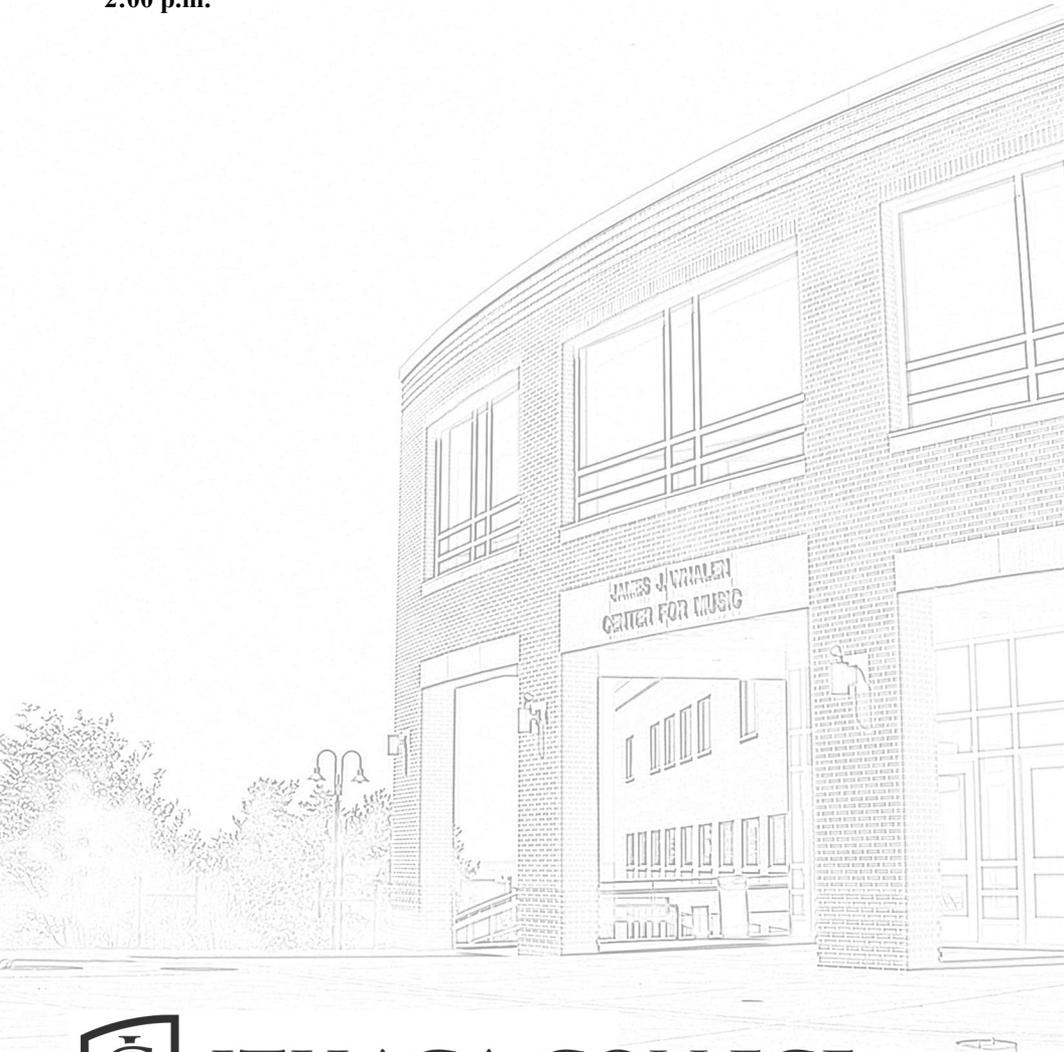
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Esposito, Alexas Dominique, "Senior Recital: Alexas Dominique Esposito, composition" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 3952.
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**Senior Recital:
Alexas Dominique Esposito, composition**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 15, 2012
2:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

The Original Creations

Cosmo(sis) // space-age needs

Alexas Dominique Esposito
poem :: Sun Ra
(c)2012

Katie McShane, cello

Libertad

video, music :: Alexas Dominique Esposito
choreography :: Hayden Eager, Alexas Dominique Esposito
(c)2011

Hayden Eager, dancer

Soledad

Alexas Dominique Esposito
(c)2011

Jordan Morton, double bass

Ubiquity

music :: Alexas Dominique Esposito, Beat the Grid
lyrics :: Alexas Dominique Esposito
(c)2012

*BEAT THE GRID: Hayden Eager, vocals; Dan Barker, guitar; Patrick
Murphy, bass; Lucas Ashby, percussion, cello;*

there will be no escape

Alexas Dominique Esposito
(c)2009

1: the night is knocking at your door
2: we saw the rays burn through his eyes
3: the silence between the winds

Mengfei Xu, piano

Wiegelied voor een Moeder

Alexas Dominique Esposito

I. (i)

(c)2011

II. (ii)

III. (i+ii)

Kristina Jackson, soprano; Terrance Griswold, bass clarinet; electronics;

Cielo de Sangre

Alexas Dominique Esposito

(c)2011

*Alexas Dominique Esposito, violin; Dan Barker, guitar; Jordan Morton,
bass; Lucas Ashby, percussion;*

(improvisation)

(here, now, us)

*Hayden Eager, dancer; Alexas Dominique Esposito, violin; Lucas Ashby,
percussion, cello;*

epilogue

"Like A Universe"

Sun Ra - Strange Worlds In My Mind

Space Poetry Vol. 1

(c)2010 - Norton Records, Inc.

This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Composition.

Alexas D. Esposito is from the studio of Dr. Jorge Grossmann.

THIS RECITAL IS IN THE STYLE OF AN ART INSTALLATION OF SEVERAL SCENES. THERE IS TO BE NO CLAPPING BETWEEN EACH PERFORMANCE SEGMENT. PLEASE HOLD ALL APPLAUSE UNTIL THE END OF THE ENTIRE RECITAL. THANK YOU.

poetry of sun ra

space-age needs

there must be a cosmic
dimension of music
which is attuned
to the space-age needs
of the rulers
as well as the peoples
of the earth

like a universe

perfect?
if they only knew
what great jokes God has played on
humanity
yes, he's placed me in the midst of them
for vague purpose of vague and
yet so great that I don't know where
it is myself
I don't know where this purpose lies
hidden
what is there?
a soft fire that is burning within me
to let me know
yes, it's there
and my mind searches for it
and my heart searches for it
And I look and I think,
yes, here it is
then it's gone
it's like a mist
then it's like a sunset
it's like a sunrise
it's like a universe
it lies there
and yet I walk among people all long
not knowing
and the people not knowing
and then I think,
I say,
what a great joke I am
and then, strangely enough
I look at people sometimes and I hate
them
I look at them and I hate them
I don't wish to destroy them
I don't want to harm them
But I hate them
Because I know that I'm a part of them
that I am here for them
that I belong to them
and that's why I hate them
because you see, if I didn't belong to
them
if I wasn't placed here for them
I would be a free spirit

But I can't be free as long as I haven't
served my purpose
I can't be free as long as I give to
people
what I have to give to them
yes, I'm more free than most men
I'm more free than most spirits
but yet I am chained
you see, it's a great joke on me, too
then again, I look at people, and I
love them
I love them so very much until I turn
my head in shame
I want to touch them with my fingertips
and erase every frown from their face
I want to touch them with my mind and
erase every care and every sorrow away
I want to touch them with my mind and
open their mind's eye and let them see
the things that I know and feel
I want to do that because I love them
then I look at them, then I hate them
again
I hate them because I love them so
much
and I don't know
I don't know where hate begins and
love
ends
I don't know how loves ends and hate
begins
I don't know any of those things
all I know is
I'm a great joke
I'm the biggest joke that's ever been
played upon the world
and people think
they think that God has no ailment
but I know because I'm a living joke
I'm one that will cause people to scratch
their heads in wonderment
In search of their hollow hearts
and look in their souls and wonder,
Where did he come from? What is he?
Who made him?
You see, I'm such a great joke
until I tickle myself