



## Michael Buckman, composition

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Cosmic Rays (2020)

Alexandra Buckman - bassoon

City of the Dead (2021)

Mirage (2019)

Erik Moberg - English horn  
Natasha Buckman - French horn

Remembrance (2020)

Michael Buckman - tenor saxophone  
Natasha Buckman - French horn  
Elizaveta Popova - piano

Les Ténèbres (2020); text by Charles Baudelaire

performed by loadbang

Solar Flare (2019)

Samantha Wilbanks - soprano saxophone  
Daniel Coronado - alto saxophone  
Michael Buckman - tenor saxophone  
Andie Stokes - baritone saxophone

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Theory & Composition.  
Michael Buckman is a student of Dr. Jeffrey Hoover.*

## PROGRAM NOTES

Cosmic Rays - As you drift off to sleep in an unprotected space module, a dance of colors fills your eyes as cosmic rays bombard the vision center of your brain.

City of the Dead - This city is plagued by undeath and decay as its denizens wish to take you as their own.

Mirage - Trekking through the desert a caravan yearns for water. In the distance they see an oasis and move towards it only to find out that it was never there.

Remembrance - A young friend of mine passed away just over a year ago. This is my way to say goodbye and my remembrance of her.

Les Ténèbres - A man yearning over a lost love. He feels many conflicting, dark emotions as he is haunted by the specter of his former lover.

Dans les caveaux d'insondable tristesse  
Où le Destin m'a déjà relégué;  
Où jamais n'entre un rayon rose et gai;  
Où, seul avec la Nuit, maussade hôtesse,

In the mournful vaults of fathomless gloom  
To which Fate has already banished me,  
Where a bright, rosy beam never enters;  
Where, alone with Night, that sullen hostess,

Je suis comme un peintre qu'un Dieu moqueur  
Condamne à peindre, hélas! sur les ténèbres;  
Où, cuisinier aux appétits funèbres,  
Je fais bouillir et je mange mon coeur,

I'm like a painter whom a mocking God  
Condemns to paint, alas! upon darkness;  
Where, a cook with a woeful appetite,  
I boil and I eat my own heart,

Par instants brille, et s'allonge, et s'étale  
Un spectre fait de grâce et de splendeur.  
À sa rêveuse allure orientale,  
Quand il atteint sa totale grandeur,  
Je reconnais ma belle visiteuse:

At times there shines, and lengthens, and broadens  
A specter made of grace and of splendor.  
By its dreamy, oriental manner,  
When it attains its full stature,  
I recognize my lovely visitor:

C'est Elle! noire et pourtant lumineuse.

It's She! dark and yet luminous.

Solar Flare - A star moving through the energetic cycle starting calm and dormant, then building to a massive eruption of plasma, then back to a state of rest.