***Jia Yuan*** (Chinese: home, homeland) for children's choir and chamber ensemble, is the central piece in ***Onomatopoeia***

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***Jygge - Somebody's*** for soprano and alto saxophone (1987) was composed for Julia Nolan and David Branter to be presented at the North American Saxophone Convention in 1988.
While looking through various gigues by J.S.Bach, along with some English jig tunes, ragtime music by Scott Joplin, and transcribed African dance rhythms, I noticed passages sharing rhythmic pattern ‘short, long, short’ at the beginning of each which provides the constant element throughout the music. Jygge has its rhythmic material drawn from these patterns. At the same time, my aim is to capture jig’s intrinsic liveliness contained in the profusion of vigorous ascending and descending movements.

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***Jygge - Somebody's & Nobody's*** for any 2 melodic instruments (1987) is based on *Jygge - Somebody's* for two saxophones. It’s been performed with flute and accordion, flute and marimba, two flutes, among others.
While looking through various gigues by J.S.Bach, along with some English jig tunes, ragtime music by Scott Joplin, and transcribed African dance rhythms, I noticed passages sharing rhythmic pattern ‘short, long, short’ at the beginning of each which provides the constant element throughout the music. Jygge has its rhythmic material drawn from these patterns. At the same time, my aim is to capture jig’s intrinsic liveliness contained in the profusion of vigorous ascending and descending movements.

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***Konductus***for clarinet/bass cl, piano, percussion (1985) echoes the profound dream of all artists: two contrasting worlds: one, the artist lives in, the other, s/he creates, merge into one another. In *Konductus* different sound worlds emerge and flow into one another. Commissioned by ArrayMusic in Toronto with the assistance of an Ontario arts Council grant, *Konductus*was premiered by ArrayMusic in 1986, followed by performances by the Vancouver New Music and the 1987 World Music Days of the ISCM in Germany.

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***Luminare*** for chamber ensemble (1984-85) was inspired by "Cold Mountain", the name of a place, also the name of a person about whom very little is known although he is believed to have lived during the Tang Dynasty. Leaving his worldly belongings, he wandered into the wilderness and used the name of the mountain as his pseudonym and symbol of his spiritual aspirations. No one could trace where he disappeared to, but one found written on tree trunks and temple walls an abundant number of poems in which he wrote tenderly about nature. This character has always fasciated me; often I've wondered how much courage one needs to break away from worldly ties as he did. During a stay in the country one winter, the freedom and peacefulness of the quiet solitude brought me close to the spirit of Cold Mountain - or rather, the Cold Mountain hiding within.

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***M-Nabri***(1983) is a chamber ensemble version of *NABRIPAMO* for piano and marimba. The core idea of the work came from a picture of a mask, very similar to the character mask known as "painted face" in Peking opera. I was amazed that despite the rigidity of each line and angle carved into the mask, the impression was of a well-contoured and expressive face. Based on this observation I created two roles. Both are very constrained and rigid but are interdependent.  That is, the relationship between the two roles is like the carver's knife, creating contours which bring life and energy out through this rigidity.

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***March 3rd, 1911***for bass clarinet, piano was written for the New Works Calgary Ensemble for a special project ‘The World According to Happy Jack’ in 1993. Several images came to me while writing this piece: silence in a winter forest, running water under a snow covered creek clear icicles hanging on the trees under a cloudless sky,… The sound file is realized at the electroacoustic studio at the University of Calgary, based on sound of a running creek recorded in the Kananaskis County. This work is commissioned by New Works Calgary with a commissioning grant provided by the Alberta Foundation for the Arts.

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***MELBOAC*** for harpsichord solo (1983) was commissioned by Vivienne Spiteri with the a Canada Council for the Arts commissioning grant.
The idea for *MELBOAC* started to take shape in 1980 after a visit to see Vivienne Spiteri's Hubbard French harpsichord. Having written several pieces with programmatic associations, I wanted to work on a more abstract level. The nature of the instrument - its sonority, two-manual facility, the quick speed of attack, no dynamic range - was a welcome change. It provided an opportunity to focus on the essence of musical material from a different perspective.

The structure of *MELBOAC*may be compared to the plot of a play: three distinct, simple, unrelated characters (shui, mu, shao) are introduced at the beginning as three short pieces. Through time their interaction with one another unfolds the potential in each and in turn creates more complex situations.  The piece is divided into three sections, each of which represents a self-contained unit and can be used as a complete set for performance. The order of the events in the first section is interchangeable and determines that of the second. Chinese ideograms are used for subtitles to clarify visually the various possibilities of interaction/combination of the three characters.

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***NABRIPAMO*** for piano and marimba (1982/rev.98) took first prize in the chamber music section of the Scotia Festival  Boulez Year  Composers' Competition in 1991. The core idea of the work came from a picture of a mask, very similar to the character mask known as "painted face" in Peking opera.  I was amazed that despite the rigidity of each line and angle carved into the mask, the impression was of a well-contoured and expressive face. Based on this observation I created two roles. Both are very constrained and rigid but are interdependent. That is, the relationship between the two roles is like the carver's knife, creating contours which bring life and energy out through this rigidity.
This work exists in 2 versions:
(1) *NABRIPAMO*  for marimba and piano
(2) *M-NABRI* for flute, clarinet, mandolin, guitar, harp, marimba, viola and double bass.

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***no word no whisper no cry*** (1998) was Commissioned by GroundSwell with financial support a Canada Council for the Arts commissioning grant.
This work was inspired by the following three selections from The Gardener by Rabindranath Tagore.  Each poem reflects an inner state of mind of all gardeners, in particular the creative artists, teachers and parents.

                VI
    The tame bird was in a cage, the free bird was in the forest.
    They met when the time came, it was a decree of fate.
    The free bird cries,"O my love, let us fly to the wood."
    The cage bird whispers,"Come hither, let us both live in the cage."
    Says the free bird, "Among bars, where is there room to spread one's wings?"
    "Alas," cries the cage bird, "I should not know where to sit perched in the sky."

    The free bird cries, "My darling, sing the songs of the woodlands."
    The cage bird says, "Sit by my side, I'll teach you the speech of the learned."
    The forest bird cries, "No, ah no! songs can never be taught."
    The cage bird says, "Alas for me, I know not the songs of the woodlands."

    Their love is intense with longing, but they never can fly wing to wing.
    through the bars of the cage they look, and vain is their wish to know each other.
    They flutter their wings in yearning, and sing,
    "Come closer, my love!"
    The free bird cries, "It cannot be, I fear the closed doors of the cage."
    The cage bird whispers, "Alas, my wings are powerless and dead."

                LXVII
    Though the evening comes with slow steps and has signalled for all songs to cease;
    Though your companions have gone to their rest and you are tired;
    Though fear broods in the dark and the face of the sky is veiled;
    Yet, bird, O my bird, listen to me, do not close your wings.

    That is not the gloom of the leaves of the forest, that is the sea swelling like a dark black snake.
    That is not the dance of the flowering jasmine, that is flashing foam.
    Ah, where is the sunny green shore, where is your nest?
    Bird, O my bird, listen to me, do not close your wings.

    The lone night lies along your path, the dawn sleeps behind the shadowy hills.
    The stars hold their breath counting the hours, the feeble moon swims the deep night.
    Bird, O my bird, listen to me, do not close your wings.

    There is no hope, no fear for you.
    There is no word, no whisper, no cry.
    There is no home, no bed of rest.
    There is only your own pair of wings and the pathless sky.
    Bird, O my bird, listen to me, do not close your wings.

                XXXI
    My heart, the bird of the wilderness, has found its sky in your eyes.
    They are the cradle of the morning, they are the kingdom of the stars.
    My songs are lost in their depths.
    Let me but soar in the sky, in its lonely immensity.
    Let me but cleave its clouds and spread wings in its sunshine.

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***NOHR***for brass sextet (l983)
While studying in Freiburg, I was constantly challenged to define my music aesthetic and demonstrate my compositional technique. This reinforced my development to express myself using a very logical, scientific approach, in which all the musical parameters are inter-related and are tied strictly to the structural frame. In N*OHR*the musicians are spatially located around the audience, each plays independent line at the beginning, like ships sailing in various directions, signalling one another from time to time to alarm others of their presence and to ensure their territory. However, encounter inevitably brings interaction, confrontation, testing, confiding,......, and ultimately, communication.