





# **JUL 25** **JUILLIARD CONCERT II: NEW MUSIC FOR STRINGS AND PIANO**

---

## **Members of The New Juilliard Ensemble**

**Alicia Choi and Heidi Schaul-Yoder, violins**

**Eva Gerard, viola**

**Mimi Yu, cello**

**Hsiang John Tu, piano**

---

### **Eleanor Cory**

(United States, b. 1943)

*String Quartet no. 3* (2003)

In three movements

World premiere

### **David Snow**

(United States, b. 1954)

*Nice Girls Don't* (2002)

for violin, cello, piano, and  
recorded sound

World premiere

### **Laura Elise Schwendinger**

(Mexico/United States, b. 1962)

*Song for Andrew* (2008)

for violin, viola, cello, and piano

New York premiere

### **Errollyn Wallen**

(Belize/United Kingdom, b. 1958)

*Music for Tigers* (2006)

for two violins, viola, cello, and piano

Western Hemisphere premiere

## **BRIEF PAUSE**

## DAVID JASON SNOW NICE GIRLS DON'T (2002)

The compositions of David Jason Snow (b. 1954, Providence, Rhode Island) have been performed in concert by the Ensemble Intercontemporain, American Brass Quintet, Harvard Wind Ensemble, Yale University Band, Eastman Percussion Ensemble, and other artists throughout the United States, Europe, Asia, and Africa. Mr. Snow has been the recipient of awards from the National Endowment for the Arts, Maryland State Arts Council, ASCAP Foundation, BMI, and *Musician* and *Keyboard* magazines, and he has been an artist resident at Yaddo and the Millay Colony for the Arts. He holds degrees in music composition from the Eastman School of Music and Yale University, where his principal teachers were Joseph Schwanter, Warren Benson, Samuel Adler, and Jacob Druckman. He provides the following program note for *Nice Girls Don't*, which receives its world premiere tonight:

No one but Beth could get much music out of the old piano, but she had a way of softly touching the yellow keys and making a pleasant accompaniment to the simple songs they sang. Meg had a voice like a flute, and she and her mother led the little choir. Amy chirped like a cricket, and Jo wandered through the airs at her own sweet will, always coming out at the wrong place with a croak or a quaver that spoiled the most pensive tune. They had always done this from the time they could lisp "Twinkle, twinkle little star," and it had become a household custom, for the mother was a born singer. The first sound in the morning was her voice as she went about the house singing like a lark, and the last sound at night was the same cheery sound, for the girls never grew too old for that familiar lullaby.

—Louisa May Alcott, *Little Women*

*Nice Girls Don't* was composed in an unsuccessful attempt to ingratiate myself with a certain all-female chamber music ensemble that was engaged in a crossover marketing campaign aimed at consumers of popular music. I should have realized from the start that we were working at cross-purposes: my tastes have always pulled me towards the transgressive end of the pop culture spectrum, while their branding strategy was all about fashionable hipness. (I know that sounds snarky, but the observation is not intended as criticism; I am humbled in the presence of any musician who actually knows how to make money.) Even though my impulse towards irony was my undoing, the work still captures an essential truth about who they are and what they do as artists. As the novelist Katherine Dunn put it with T-shirt slogan succinctness, women who pay their own rent don't have to be nice.