

Walking After Midnight

for singing saxophone duo

[Sleep Cycle – Part 2]

David Reminick
(2017)

Commissioned by:

Ogni Suono (Director of Consortium) – Noa Even & Phil Pierick

Duo d'Entre-Deux – Nick Zoulek & Tommy Davis

Strata Duo – Alex Sellers & Garret Klauss

Project Fusion – Michael Sawzin

Russell Kerns & Jeffrey Leung

Thomas Syndacker & Jeff Siegfried

Geoff Deibel

Walking After Midnight

For singing saxophone duo

David Reminick

(2017)

I. Ghost Story

II. Ordinary Words

Program Note

Walking After Midnight deals with the unsettling and mysterious phenomenon of *somnambulism*, or *sleepwalking*, as it's commonly known. The text for the piece's two movements comes from a pair of autobiographical stories by a friend of mine. The first story is about my friend's childhood experiences sleepwalking. In the absence of caregivers he could count on throughout a traumatic childhood, there emerged from within a support figure in the form of his own ghost - a floating Doppelgänger whose radiant smile provided him comfort and reassurance through it all. In the second story, my friend - now an adult - is the one in the supporting role, soothing and protecting his young son through his recurrent night terrors. The stories are a testament to my friend's resilience and courage, and I feel honored and grateful for his trust, his generosity, and most of all, for his continued friendship.

Walking After Midnight: texts

by Anonymous

I. Ghost Story

I am four years old, asleep in my bed. A ghost floats beside me. He is my exact likeness, and even shares my name. I am afraid of ghosts, but seeing him fills me with joy and calm. He smiles the most beautiful smile at me, and I smile the very same smile back at him. He takes me by the hand and we float slowly out of the room.

Holding hands, we drift down the stairs, to the place where the staircase opens to the living room and you can touch the ceiling. We feel big and tall, like a floating happy giant. He lets go of my hand and glides across the ceiling, a wisp of fog that leaves me like a breath.

I open my eyes and my mind is tranquil. Later, they'll tell me that I really had wandered downstairs. They'll tell me that we really had had a conversation. But I won't remember any of it - only my ghost. Had I been dreaming? If so, why is he still here, with his tender, peaceful smile? And why didn't we fly out the window, away from this bed—from this room with the throbbing striped wallpaper?

II. Ordinary Words

His sobbing jerks me awake and I almost trip in the dark getting to him. I turn on the light, and his eyes dart around the room, bright with fear. He won't talk. He is still asleep.

I try to comfort him, but he pushes me away in frustration, becoming so upset that his legs start to shake (thank god only his legs). He is trying to speak - to translate something (a dream maybe?) - into ordinary words, but he seems to know I won't ever see what he sees.

My heart breaks with every passing second, and I'm terrified that something has happened to him while we were apart - something that only his dream-self remembers. Could he have a ghost too? (Please god, don't make it so he needs to have a ghost.)

He jumps out of bed and paces around until I bring him a cup of water. I tell him, "this will make it better, just drink" and he gulps and breathes out, calmer now.

I tell him, "we need to go pee," and he nearly goes on the floor, but I pivot him just in time. We wash his hands and he lets out a big sigh, shuffling into his room and climbing into bed, under the constellations of his covers. His head joins the moons and stars on his pillow and his eyes roll back as his eyelids droop shut.

And it's like nothing ever happened. He sleeps soundly, a peaceful half-smile on his lips, his tiny snores in time to the lunar tides of his chest.

Performance Notes

Both musicians are asked to sing throughout the piece. Classical vocal training is not required, and musicians should feel free to sing in whatever manner feels most comfortable to them, regardless of their level of training.

The musician with a higher voice (or who is more comfortable singing in a slightly higher range) should play the baritone saxophone part.

Vocal passages are, like the saxophones, notated in Eb.

Although notated in treble clef throughout, vocal passages may be displaced (by an octave) into whatever register is most comfortable for the individual musicians. They should not, however, change register within a passage.

	slap tongue		bisbigliando
	when lyrics appear beneath, indicates a sung passage		trill extremely rapidly, alternating between the keys indicated above the line
	when no lyrics appear beneath, this notation indicates wordless singing ("[a]"). This should be done with an open mouth, but without removing the saxophone from your mouth		repeat the boxed notes rapidly (as a result of the indicated trill/tremolo)
	the smaller notehead indicates that a note should be heard as much as possible, but is not mandatory		trill the indicated key
	Parentheses indicate that a note is the acceptable byproduct of a given fingering		slowly lift the indicated key to achieve the desired glissando
	visually separates singing and playing during a quick change		

Walking After Midnight is dedicated with love, gratitude,
and admiration to the author of the work's text.

Walking After Midnight

for singing saxophone duo

text by Anonymous

David Reminick

I. Ghost Story

Alto Saxophone

Baritone Saxophone

Tempo: ♩ = 90

Key signature: B-flat major

Time signatures: 5/8, 6/8, 9/16, 12/12, 5/8, 4/4, 5/8

Dynamic markings: *ff*, *pp*, *ff*, *pp*

Articulation: accents, slurs, triplets

Performance notes: + + + + +

Alto Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Tempo: ♩ = ♩

Key signature: B-flat major

Time signatures: 5/8, 12/12, 3/4, 4/4, 6/8, 7/8, 6/8

Dynamic markings: *ff*, *pp*, *ff*, *pp*, *ff*, *pp*, *ff*, *pp*, *ff*, *p*

Articulation: accents, slurs, triplets

Performance notes: + + + + +

Alto Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Section marker: **A**

Lyrics: I am four years old,

Dynamic markings: *f*, *pp*, *p*, *f*, *pp*, *f*, *pp*, *f*, *pp*, *f*, *pp*, *f*, *pp*

Articulation: accents, slurs, trills

18

Alto Sax. *a - sleep in my bed.* *p* *mp* *p* *ghost floats be -*

Bari. Sax. *< f pp < f < f pp mp < f < f*

21

Alto Sax. *side me.* *mf* *f* *p* *He is my ex - act like - ness, and*

Bari. Sax. *p* *mf* *p*

24

Alto Sax. *mf* *> p*

Bari. Sax. *e - ven shares my name.* *mf* *f > p*

28 **B**

Alto Sax. *I am a - fraid of ghosts,* *p* *mf* *but see - ing him*

Bari. Sax. *: f pp < f pp < f < f pp < f pp < f < f pp < f < f*

31

Alto Sax. *fills me with joy and calm.*

Bari. Sax. *f > p f > p f > p f > p f > p f*

mp

p He

8:6 8:6 8:6

C3
C5 +C5

33

Alto Sax. *pp*

Bari. Sax. *smi - les the mo - - - - st*

8:6 8:6 8:6 8:6 8:6 8:6

C2
C3 C2
or +C3

35

Alto Sax. *<mp*

Bari. Sax. *beau - ti - ful smile at*

8:6 8:6 8:6 8:6

C2
C3

36

Alto Sax. *pp*

Bari. Sax. *me*

p

8:6 8:6 8:6

C2
or +C3

37

Alto Sax. *And p* I smi - le the ve - ry same

Bari. Sax. *f* *pp* 8:6 8:6 8:6 8:6 8:6 8:6

39

Alto Sax. smile back at him. *f* *pp* 8:6

Bari. Sax. 8:6 8:6 *mf* 8:6 8:6

Alto Sax. *mp* 8:6 8:6 *p* *mp* *p*

Bari. Sax. He takes me_ by the hand *p* *mf* *mp*

(C3 C5) *bis* *bis* (C3 C5)
C1 C2 C4 C1 C2 C4

44 *mf* *p* *mp* *p* *pp* *rit.* *A tempo*

Alto Sax. and we flo-at slow-ly out of the room. *pp*

Bari. Sax. *p* *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*