Gabriel Almazan

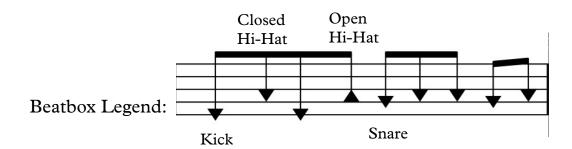
Train of Thought

For Vocal Sextet

2018

Train of Thought:

For Vocal Sextet (Soprano, Alto, Countertenor, Tenor, Baritone, & Bass) and Optional Piano Duration: approx. 3'45"



Diamond heads signify overtone to be sung over fundamental pitch:



I started writing this piece while I was on a cross-country train ride from Washington D.C. to Los Angeles. I decided to use my own words for the text setting, and to start coming up with ideas for lyrics, I started an exercise in writing stream-of-consciousness. I found what I needed in the exercise ranging from meta humor to deep introspection. I continued the stream-of-consciousness writing for a couple more days at home, and when I felt I had a significant enough amount of material, I started amending, expanding, deleting, and setting my text for the music I had been composing.

This piece was composed for a call for scores from HEX, a vocal sextet from California. The call intrigued me with its encouragement of virtuosic and "outside-the-box" compositional aesthetics, so I decided to use some compositional techniques that I love from hip-hop and combine them with the techniques that I love to use in my classical writing.

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Semi stream of consciousness rap,

although the rhythm was predetermined.

Twelve minutes til midnight; I awoke from my nap

My hands are super dry, so I reach for my lotion.

"Lotion up" is accompanied by this emoji. [4] Odd to have an emoji without emotion.

As I see fit, lines will be amended;

Allow me to try and create something on the spot, or at least partly; see, this amendment came from home.

Distracted by social media. Surprise! Updates by those I've friended.

I feel weird about leaving my stuff unattended.

I should've kept this without edits; though, I changed up that last sentence from whence I roamed.

This is getting meta "as fuck," and I want the air quotes.

I make the rules;

I can call this all part of the process, regardless what I wrote

or how I utilize my tools.

Maybe I'm out of my element;

maybe my art is irrelevant;

maybe this and that is piss and crap, and in the room, I am the elephant.

I doubt it,

and for the record; I don't really know where to go from this monologue that I've spouted.

I'm putting down my hammers, as Gilda would say;

it's out there, see?

Somehow, I need to shout that I'm okay,

but will my artistic voice carry?

Will I really stay up all night to LA?

My eyes are getting weary...

Why do we try to be clever?

Why do we share this endeavor?

Change our train of thought to amuse whomever?

I would call it cocky to claim cleverness as completely connatural. (Praise me, please!)

Well, I didn't use it all,

but I guess that's not the point.

This writing was an odd beast.

Hope it's worthy of the call

and good enough to be enjoyed.

I'm done; I've said my piece.

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