International Music Festival and Orfeo Chamber Music Festival in Italy. Her collaborations with some of the finest chamber groups and musicians in North America include Jeffrey Zeigler (of the Kronos Quartet), Brentano String Quartet, Philharmonic Quintet of New York, Miró String Quartet, Vega String Quartet, James Campbell, George Taylor and Antonio Lysy.

A native of Canada, Tsong is one of the youngest musicians to complete a Performer’s Diploma in Piano from the Royal Conservatory of Toronto at age 16. While still a student, she was awarded the Millennium Prize for Russian Performing Arts, and she is a three-time recipient of The Female Doctoral Students Grant, a competition that encompasses all disciplines nationwide, awarded by the Government of Canada. Holding graduate degrees in both Piano Performance and Music Theory from Rice University, her impressive pedigree boasts distinguished teachers like John Perry, György Sebök, Robert Levin, Anton Kuerti and Marilyn Engle. Gaining recognition as a pedagogue herself, she has appeared around the world as a masterclass clinician, lecturer, judge and Visiting Professor.

She was recently added to Who’s Who Among Professional Artists as well as Who’s Who Among American Teachers & Educators, and she is an Honorary Member of the Tingshuset Music Society in Sweden along with prominent Swedish artists like Martin Fröst and Christian Lindberg.

Tsong is currently Associate Professor and Artist Teacher of Piano at the School of Music at the University of Maryland. She previously served as Head of Keyboard Studies at the University of Lethbridge and at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.
New Music at Maryland

DUNCAN BOATRIGHT
*The Longest Year*, (2013)
I.  
II.  
III.  
IV.  
Paul Keeding, vibraphone

GEFF SHEIL
*Cause* (2013) for solo viola
Emily Cantrell, viola

ALEXANDRA BRYANT
*Indigo Horizon*, for piano quartet (2012)
I.  The Stark, Indigo Horizon  
II. Streams of Light Piercing Through Veiled Clouds  
III. Gazed Upon Wings in Sequenced Flight  
IV. Surge of Anxiety  
V. Fulminating the Darkness  
VI. snowflakes floating down...from the martyred heavens  
VII. Flashes of Afterimages  
VIII. Breathing in Frost & Ice  
IX. Once More the Luminous & Opaque Are One  
Aurora Wheeland, violin  
Nora Lee, viola  
Jonathan Cain, cello  
Daniel Hopkins, piano

INTERMISSION

GEFF SHEIL
*The Enormous Room*, (2012) for soprano and cello
Amy Broadbent, soprano  
Jonathan Cain, cello

ZACHARY KONICK
*Shadow of the Flower* (2012)
Christi Rajines, piccolo  
Alaina Petit, bass clarinet  
Ted McCallister, viola  
Jessica Ahbouche, cello  
Maggie Doogan, harp  
Duncan Boatright and Maurice Watkins, percussion  
William Lake Jr., conductor

Approximately 70 minutes with a 10-minute intermission.

GEFF SHEIL
*The Enormous Room*, (2012) for soprano and cello

*The Enormous Room* is a novel based on E. E. Cummings’s false imprisonment in a French prisoner-of-war camp. The title refers to the holding space where dozens of disparate personalities lived out months of their lives during the war. Cummings recounts his experiences as a series of colorful vignettes, as he explains to the reader: “I shall lift from their grey box at random certain more or less astonishing toys; which may or may not please the reader, but whose colors and shapes and textures are a part of that actual Present...” The music similarly presents a palette of short, contrasting narratives.

Text (arranged by the composer)

“Will you shoot?”

“Indeed it would be a big thing of which you might boast all your life: I shot and killed a six-year-old child in a tree.”

The Imp, all at once, fell. He hit the muddy ground with a disagreeable thud. The breath was utterly knocked out of him.

[He] began, with the catching of his breath, to howl uproariously.

“Don’t be sad, my little son, everybody falls out of trees, they’re made for that by God.”

And he struck a match fiercely on the black, almost square boot which lived on the end of his little worm trouser-leg, bending his small body forward as he did so, and bringing the flame upward in a violent curve. The flame settled on his little black pipe, his cheeks sucked until they must have met, and a slow unwilling noise arose, and with the return of his cheeks a small colorless wisp of possibly smoke came upon the air. — “That’s not tobacco. Do you know what it is? And I sit here smoking wood in my pipe when my wife is sick with worrying....”

Never have I imagined such a menagerie as had magically instated itself within the erstwhile soggy and dismal four walls of our chamber. The dying, the sick, the ancient, the mutilated, made their contributions to the common pandemonium.

Never have I seen a greater exhibition of bravery, [...] revolver in hand, holding at bay the snoring and weaponless inhabitants of The Enormous Room.

Yet when I examined the moon she too seemed but a painting of a moon and the sky in which she lived a fragile echo of color. If I blew hard the whole sky mechanism would collapse gently with a neat soundless crash. I must not, or lose all.