INFIDEL

by

Tucker J. Fuller

A dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Musical Arts (Music Composition) in The University of Michigan 2009

Doctoral Committee:

Associate Professor Evan K. Chambers, Co-Chair
Professor Michael K. Daugherty, Co-Chair
Professor Louise K. Stein
Associate Professor Yopie Prins
Assistant Professor Karen J. Fournier
Assistant Professor Kristin P. Kuster
Infidel is dedicated to my father, Robert R. Fuller, who took a makeshift path
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am grateful to the School of Music faculty from the University of Michigan whom I was fortunate to work with between 2006-2009, especially Evan Chambers, Michael Daugherty, Karen Fournier, Kristin Kuster, Erik Santos and Louise Stein. I would like to thank Yopie Prins, whose lyric theory seminar solidified my project involving music and lyric. Megan Levad's words are an indispensable part of this project, and collaborating with her is always an inspiration, and a joy.

In addition, my warmest thanks are due to Judy Bozone, Daniel Thomas Davis, Karen Frye, Ted and Tom Kennedy, Kelley Kimball, Tammy Pettinato, and, of course, Ms. Pohlman, Ms. Poole and Ms. Windstrup.
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication

Acknowledgements

Instrumentation

Infidel Poetry

Infidel

It’s red, is the color

It begins to sink in, in which I am bird

Salted earth

A secret self
INSTRUMENTATION

2 Flutes
2 Oboes
2 Bb Clarinets (English Horn)
2 Bassoons

2 Horns in F
1 C Trumpet
1 Bass Trombone

Timpani
Percussion:
   1. glockenspiel, marimba, vibraphone

Harp

Soprano

Strings

Score in C
INFIDEL POETRY

text by

Megan S. Levad

1. It’s red, is the color

_I love my lover well she knows, I love the ground on where she goes but still I hope the time will come when she and I will be as one_ 

--Irish folksong

of my true love’s hair he sang to me  
made hallow the ground  
hallow the ground on which I stand  

it’s red is what he first said to me and then his name  
he named himself for me, he  
cut the corner tall dark and handsome and made  

a bee-line for me he made me a bee- 
buzz and clatter  
in my mouth. I was hot  

I was red to the touch  
when he named himself for me, he started singing  
red is the color of my true love’s hair  

everyone stopped,  
stopped to see the hallowed ground  
the crowd gathered the crowd circled us  

and made an equation chalk out the stars  
find what goes here and here and here and here and here and here what goes  

what goes? it’s red my true love’s hair red  
the buzz and clatter of true love  
red his name when he said it for me when he said what goes

2. It begins to sink in, in which I am a bird

I took myself to the river,  
walked all that way not speaking.  
Not I to nor I to bird, to fish,  
to steam rising from the wood below us.  
To steam rising from my breasts  
below us. I am all breasts and breath  
these days, can’t do  
but heave and hollow, fly up  
into the half-light fading fast.  
As, if I am a bird and I love a fish,  

and I love a fish.
3. Salted earth

It was not my choice
the last to arrive

What salted earth is this
what thirst must I survive

From the beginning
I was a disappointment

hands pocketed
they shrugged: they guessed

they did not know what they were getting

4. A secret self

At two o'clock I was a faithful wife. No, that is not
Exactly accurate. Correct,
Precise in my loyalty. And now? a perfect copy of the
Original, guaranteed, the very

Genuine in my love, proved by
A lack of malice, afore, affront. Homekeep,
I nearly tied keys neatly at my waist.
No,

But I polished the lamplight and watched my shadow
Scissor the room.

In its glow a secret
Self limber under
Amber light.

Hush as a button,
Sharp as a pin, I was in the kitchen more in those days,
Folding my batters so gently and always
Standing just so at the open oven door.
Infidel

Coyly, with longing
\( \ddot{\text{J}} \approx \text{ca. 88} \)

1. It's red, is the color

Copyright © 2009 T. J. Fuller

Megan S. Levad
(2009)

Tucker Fuller
(2009)
he sang freely, adoringly to me made hal-low the ground, made hal- low the ground on which I stand it's
to me— and then his name. He named him self for me,
made a bee-line for me
he made me a bee-buzz and clatter
Tempo primo

my

Tempo primo

in my mouth, I was hot, I was red to the touch when her melism-self for
Tempo primo

\( \frac{1}{2} \) = ca. 88

(with voice)

\( \text{Tempo primo} \)

\( \frac{1}{2} \) = ca. 88

\( \text{Tempo primo} \)

\( \text{Tempo primo} \)
with a sense of awe

eve-ry - one stopped, stopped... to see the
2. It begins to sink in, in which I am a bird
took my self to the river, to the river, I took my self to the river,

[Music notation]
C

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

C Tpt.

B. Tbn.

Timp.

Har.

Hps.

S.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
Suddenly loud
C Calmly, hymn-like

Gradually increasing

Gradually decreasing

C Calmly, hymn-like

Calm and with feeling, hymn-like

Not 1 to 1 nor

unison.

pp
If am all breasts and breath these days, can't do but heave and hallow,
and I love a fish.
Suddenly loud

\( \text{M} \) = ca. 76
3. Salted earth

Mournfully

English Horn

Bassoon

Vibraphone

Harp

Soprano

Mournfully

Violin

Violoncello

Contrabass

Eng. Hn.

Bsn.

Vib.

Hp.

S.

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
It was not my choice, it was not my choice.
the last, the last to arrive, the last to arrive, the last to arrive,

What salted earth is this what threat must I survive

Vla

Vc

Ch
they shrugged, they shrugged:

they guessed, they guessed, they did not know what
4. A secret self

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in Bb

Bassoon

Horn in F

Trumpet in C

Bass Trombone

Timpani

Glockenspiel

Harp

Soprano

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

Calmly uncertain

\[ \text{\textcopyright ca. 58} \]
I was a faithful wife. No, that is not exactly accurate. Correct, precise in my loyalty.
And now... and now... and now...

empowered

a perfect cup...?
Moving forward, with motion poco accel.
lamp light and watched my shadow scissor the room.
slowly becoming more agitated

Hush as a button, sharp as a pin.
I was in the kitchen in those days, folding my bat-ters so gent-ly and al-ways stand-ing just so.
Eerily

and I, and I al-ways stand-ing just so at the o- pen o-ver doo-r, o-pen