

HOWL-O-WEEN FRIENDZY ART CONTEST

Artwork will be Projected on Riceland Hall Screen!

Art Contest: Entry Fee \$10 (includes FREE Admission)

Must be present to WIN!!!!

HOW TO ENTER:

Pay \$10 entry fee with cash or check to ASU Foundation (“Music” in the Memo).

Bring to Music Office (Room 201, Fine Arts Building) or mail to:

Arkansas State University ♪ Department of Music ♪ P. O. Box 779 ♪ State University, AR 72467

Send high resolution photo of artwork to: music@astate.edu

Include: Name ♪ Phone ♪ School (if applicable) ♪ Level (as seen below)

Submission Deadline: Before Midnight, October 26, 2015

Questions? Call the Department of Music (870) 972-2094

PRIZE LEVELS AND ART SUBJECTS:

<u>Selections</u>	<u>Elementary Level 1 (Grades 1-3)</u>	<u>Artwork Ideas</u>
Perfectly Petrifying Piano Piece (the strings inside the piano will be played)		Anything spooky! Spiders, cobwebs, bats, etc.

Graceful Ghost Rag		Ghosts!
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<u>Selections</u>	<u>Elementary Level 2 (Grades 4-6)</u>	<u>Artwork Ideas</u>
Pink Panther Theme (Jazz combo)		Pink Panther Inspector Jacques Clouseau

March of the Trolls, Op. 54 No. 3		Trolls Marching!
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Note: Regarding his motivations, Grieg wrote: “The peculiar in life was what made me wild and mad ... dwarf power and untamed wildness...audacious and bizarre fantasy.” Grieg’s former home, Troldhaugen (“The Troll’s Hill”), is now a museum (see below).



Selections **Junior High Level (Grades 7-9)** **Artwork Ideas**

When I am laid in earth

(From *Dido and Aeneas*—soprano and piano)

Text: When I am laid, am laid in earth, may my wrongs create
 No trouble, no trouble in, in thy breast
 When I am laid, am laid in earth, may my wrongs create
 No trouble, no trouble in, in thy breast

 Remember me, remember me, but ah
 Forget my fate.

Marche funèbre d'une marionette

(piano solo)

Marionette dies in duet
Inscriptions in score:
"The Marionette is broken!!!"
"Murmurs of regret from the troupe"
"The Procession"
"Here, many stop for refreshments"
"Mourners return to the house"

Selections **High School Level (Grades 10-12)** **Artwork Ideas**

Triumph of the Demon Gods

(tuba solo)

Demons! Evil Gods winning

The Fiddler of Dooney

(bassoon quartet—they sing too!)

Main: Irish! Green!

Poem: When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
 Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
 My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
 My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'
And dance like a wave of the sea.

Selections**College Level and Beyond****Artwork Ideas**

Toccata in D Minor, BWV 565
(organ solo)

Lurch (Addams Family)
Organ!
Haunted House!
Bloody keys!

Gertie's Head (duet for baritone and soprano with piano)
Poem:

Baritone: There used to be a heartless cad who rode up and down
From Billings to Missoula, getting' off at each town
He'd woo some wealthy spinster out of every last dime,
Then change his name, board the train, and move down the line.

Right here he met ol' Gert who was the richest of all.
She wasn't much a looker, being wider than tall.
His sugarcoated coxin' made her quick to decide
To offer up her fortune and become his bride.

Late one night she went to find him just before they were wed
Instead she found his suitcase open there on the bed
Inside were cash and jewels souvenirs of the lives
Of his dozens and dozens of other wives!

She met him on the stairs and vowed to send him to jail!
He panicked and he slung her up again the rail,
The he grabbed the fire ax and he hacked off head!
But that gal was really mad, she wouldn't settle for dead.

In fact her head said:

Soprano: "Do not think that you are rid of me.
For eternity, I make this vow:
You can run but you can't hide from me.
You're inside of me. You're all mine now.

Every time you hear this tune begin, you'll know that once again
I've found you no matter how you've covered your tracks.
This song'll be played for your sake, I'm afraid
To remind you of the fatal mistake you made
When you cut of Gertie's head with that fire ax!"

Baritone: Now Gertie was an opera singer, so the tale goes,
Especially fond of Massenet and Charles Gounods.
Each year she sang a concert for th'Episcopal wives.
(They wouldn't dare miss that affair, no not on their lives!)
So that head began to sing where it had dropped on the stair,
Severed from the body, hell, that head didn't care!
It warbled with a vengeance. Yes, the paint did peel,
And as the killer fled, the voice was red hot on his heel:

Soprano: “Do not think that you are rid of me.
For eternity, I make this vow:
You can run but ah, no! (No! No! No! No! No!) You’re a part of me now.
I’ll find you no matter how you’ve covered your tracks.”
(She’ll find your tracks)

Both: From coast to coast that dirty dog was eagerly sought,
But he was mighty clever and he never got caught.
Yet everywhere he went, Gertie’s voice was on hand,
From the organ in the street to the thund’ring feet of each marching band!
(pah pah...)

Finally he lay dying. Years and years had passed.
He closed his eyes and prayed that he would find peace at last.
Suddenly coming up from the ground
He heard an old familiar sound.

It seemed the folks downstairs had bought a radio that year
And through the floor came Gertie’s voice broadcasting loud and clear: (Ah!)
You can run but you can’t hide, no, Gertie’s there inside.
Don’t think by dying that you can relax!
Because you can bet I’ve got plenty of breath
To never, never, never, never let you forget
How you cut off Gertie’s head with that fire ax!

CHOP!