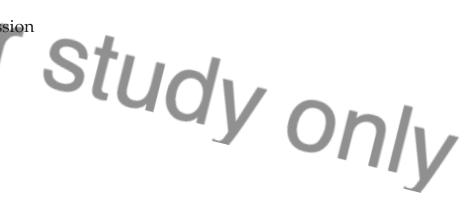
Steven Juliani

NOVEMBER 25, 1963

2019

for Violin and Percussion



Version: 9/28/19

Duration: ca. 9 minutes

This work was created under the aegis of the Gabriela Lena Frank Creative Academy of Music and premiered by Sasha Callahan, violin and Haruka Fujii, percussion, in Oakland, California on September 3, 2019.

November 25, 1963. A woman sits in the front room of her home overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington D.C. She is overwhelmed by the events of the previous days and begins playing her violin as she waits for the coffin of her president to pass by.

The first memory of my life is watching the funeral procession of President John F. Kennedy on a black and white television, in the front room of our home in San Francisco. My mother watched with me. When Gabriela Lena Frank assigned me to write a piece for violin and percussion, this memory came to mind.

My composition process usually starts with a story of some kind. Some memory or imagination that triggers a feeling. With that story comes a world that I can hear.

When thinking about writing for one percussionist, I remembered the sound of the muffled drums playing a

funereal cadence as the drummers walked behind JFK's hearse.

If you search "muffled drums" on YouTube, one of the first hits is a video of that moment. The sound is unusual. Dark and deep, not at all the bright peppy sound associated with marching drums.

The story I imagined for this piece is that of a violinist waiting for and watching JFK's funeral procession pass by. The piece starts with her anticipating the arrival of the cortege. She wonders if the social and political structures

she took for granted are disintegrating. She is devasted by the loss of the young president who offered so much hope for the future. She is heartbroken for his elegant wife and young children.

Under the violin the distant approach of the drums can be heard.

As the drummers and coffin get closer and pass by, she plays a somber march.

As the procession moves away the drums fade and she reflects on what she saw.

This music also speaks to my reverence for our Constitution and my concern for damage currently being done to our democracy.

This music is clearly drawn from the unusual, mournful sound that the muffled drums made and how they made a profound impression on me as a three-year-old boy. There must have been something about that moment too that struck me. I can't ask my mom about it, she died many years ago.

But, I imagine she was absolutely grief stricken by the assassination. She grew up in a political family. Her father, an Italian immigrant, had been a delegate for Harry Truman at the 1948 Democratic convention. I have a Christmas card that a young senator Kennedy sent to him. I imagine that as the little me stood next her watching the funeral, she had tears streaming down her face as she explained to me what was happening. I imagine the reason I remember the moment so clearly is because it had such a profound impact on her.

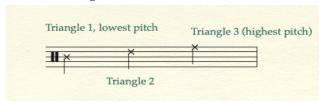
As I work, I find myself over and over in that moment with my mom watching the funeral on tv. I can feel her next to me and I remember my young impression of how important this thing was.

And I realize that the violin in my piece is my mother.

Percussion:

Glöckenspeil Crotales Vibraphone Field Drum Kick Drum

3 Triangles, notated like this:



for study only

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Composed by STEVEN JULIANI (2019)



