The music of American composer **Andrea Reinkemeyer** has been described as, “haunting,” “clever, funky, jazzy and virtuosic” (Detroit Free Press, Schenectady Daily Gazette). She is interested in the interplay and intersection of visual metaphors, nature, and sound to create lush melodic lines and textures teeming with new timbres set against churning rhythmic figures.


Her music has been performed both nationally and internationally, by the American Composers Orchestra Underwood New Music Readings, North-South Chamber Orchestra, The Fire Wire Ensemble, Great Noise Ensemble, the University of Michigan Symphony Orchestra and Concert Band, Northern Arizona University Percussion Ensemble, Pacific Rim Gamelan, and new music ensembles at: Bowling Green State University, University of Wisconsin-Whitewater, and Susquehanna University. Her electroacoustic compositions have been performed on the SEAMUS Conference, Spark Electronic Music Festival, University of Central Missouri New Music Festival, Electronic Music Midwest Festival, and Threshold Electronic Music Festival. Her music has also received recognition from the International Alliance of Women in Music.

Ms. Reinkemeyer enjoys exploring music with students of all ages. She served as a Part-time Lecturer in the Mahidol University International College, Thailand (2011-12) and as an Adjunct Assistant Professor of Composition, Theory and Technology at Bowling Green State University, Ohio (2005-10). Reinkemeyer has been the Composer-in-Residence with the: Michigan Philharmonic’s “The Composer in Me!” education pilot program (2010-11), American-Romanian Festival’s Fusion Project (2011), and Burns Park Elementary School (2004, 2005, 2010). She has mentored public school students through outreach programs with the Detroit Chamber Winds & Strings (2007) and Michigan Mentorship Program (2002, 2004). Her work with young musicians has been supported by a Meet the Composer/MetLife Creative Connections Grant.

She holds degrees from the University of Oregon (BM 1999) and University of Michigan (MM 2001, DMA 2005). Her primary composition teachers include: Michael Daugherty, Bright Sheng, Evan Chambers, Susan Botti, James Aikman, Robert Kyr, Jack Boss and Harold Owen. While a student, her work was recognized with a Rackham Predoctoral Fellowship, Regents’ Fellowship, Christine Rinaldo Memorial Scholarship, Graduate Student Instructor position in electronic music composition, the Ruth Lorraine Close Musical Fellows and Outstanding Creativity in Composition Award.

Gary Snyder, poet

1. Siwashing it out once in Siuslaw Forest
2. A spring night in Shokoku-ji
3. An autumn morning in Shokoku-ji
4. December at Yase

Instrumentation:
Soprano, Viola

Program Note:

Four Poems for Robin (1999) for Soprano and Viola was commissioned by, and is dedicated to, soprano Kathryn Hallor who premiered the work with violist Franklin Alvarez on 1 May, 1999 in Beall Concert Hall, University of Oregon School of Music and Dance (Eugene, Oregon).

Gary Snyder’s beautiful poems, chosen by Ms. Hallor, weave together memory, lore and landscape; they are full of musings about young love lost, but they also explore how distance -- physical, temporal and emotional -- can distort our perception of an earlier time. As the poems progress, the language hardens, eventually leading to a realization that despite his efforts, he cannot regain the past. These pieces were written during a point of transition in my own life that was full of regret, natsugashi, and excitement about beginning anew!

- Andrea Reinkemeyer

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Siwasing It Out Once in Siuslaw Forest

I slept under rhododendron
All night blossoms fell
Shivering on a sheet of cardboard
Feet stuck in my pack
Hands deep in my pockets
 Barely able to sleep.
I remembered when we were in school
Sleeping together in a big warm bed
We were the youngest lovers
When we broke up we were still nineteen
Now our friends are married
You teach school back east
I dont mind living this way
Green hills the long blue beach
But sometimes sleeping in the open
I think back when I had you.

A Spring Night in Shokoku-ji

Eight years ago this May
We walked under cherry blossoms
At night in an orchard in Oregon.
All that I wanted then
Is forgotten now, but you.
Here in the night
In a garden of the old capital
I feel the trembling ghost of Yugao
I remember your cool body
Naked under a summer cotton dress.

An Autumn Morning in Shokoku-ji

Last night watching the Pleiades,
Breath smoking in the moonlight,
Bitter memory like vomit
Choked my throat.
I unrolled a sleeping bag
On mats on the porch
Under thick autumn stars.
In dream you appeared
(Three times in nine years)
Wild, cold, and accusing.
I woke shamed and angry:
The pointless wars of the heart.
Almost dawn. Venus and Jupiter.
The first time I have
Ever seen them close.

December at Yase

You said, that October,
In the tall dry grass by the orchard
When you chose to be free,
"Again someday, maybe ten years."

After college I saw you
One time. You were strange.
And I was obsessed with a plan.

Now ten years and more have
Gone by: I've always known

I might have gone to you
Hoping to win your love back.
You still are single.

I didn't.
I thought I must make it alone. I
Have done that.

Only in dream, like this dawn,
Does the grave, awed intensity
Of our young love
Return to my mind, to my flesh.

We had what the others
All crave and seek for;
We left it behind at nineteen.

I feel ancient, as though I had
Lived many lives.
And may never now know
If I am a fool
Or have done what my
karma demands.

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