
Music Compositions for Dance

*BLOOD MEMORIES...
A PROCESS OF
REMEMBERANCE AND
INSPIRATION BASED ON
METHODS OF ALVIN
AILEY*

November 26.
2013

VAPA Dance
Studio E303
5PM

"Song for Home"composed by Alexa Laferte, choreographed by Clea Howard
A memory of 'Longing & Anticipation'

"Contradictions"composed by Danielle Radacosky-Pentoney,
choreographed & performed by Jordan Macintosh-Hougham

Making music can be as natural and tumultuous as growing up. In this process, making this music was based on intuition and instinct, which is why I turned to improvisation. Growing up, I relied on my instincts rather than what I was told; reality was very present in my mind as a child. Improvising this music seemed to be just about the only way to express and communicate my blood memories, because it is so raw, and it's organic and natural, and comes from self at this exact moment, meditating.

"Civil Action Forfeiture"composed by Kate Powell, choreographed by Mercedes Maurice

"Cowboy on a rainy day"composed by Philip Hartunian, choreographed by Sam Burhoe

1st grade - playing sick to stay home on a rainy day- enjoying the storm in your house dressing up like woody (like you do everyday) -you're shorter than the windows- you ride your big o'l chow chow dog around- being a cowboy you take your boots off to get comfy after the ride - looking up out the window at the storm outside - making that joy most 1st graders only get on halloween a daily routine - the kind of imagination most people fall out of touch with when they grow up.

"Foula" composed by Ze'eva Burman, choreographed by Alma Carmina Márquez

"The Empty Sink"composed by Alejandro Mendez, choreographed by Sheyna Hoitsma

One night I was sleeping. I would always wake up in the middle of the night and would know if my mother was not there. Luckily, I happen to wake up right after my mother did. She decided to take me downstairs with her to the kitchen, I assume for a glass of water. She picked me up and we journeyed downstairs and through hallways of darkness, as my eyes wander looking for light. I started to see something, and it was not until we get to the kitchen that it was visible. She sat me down on the high kitchen counter where I remained pensive staring at the empty kitchen sink with light shining down onto it...

"Untitled" composed by Alec Gear