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*The Dark Flutes of Fall: Critical Essays on Georg Trakl (Studies in German Literature, Linguistics, & Culture) [Eric Williams] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

His fame rested on solid personal achievements. As a young man of eighteen he had brought honor to his village by throwing Amalinze the Cat. Amalinze was the great wrestler who for seven years was unbeaten, from Umuofia to Mbaino. He was called the Cat because his back would never touch the earth. It was this man that Okonkwo threw in a fight which the old men agreed was one of the fiercest since the founder of their town engaged a spirit of the wild for seven days and seven nights. The drums beat and the flutes sang and the spectators held their breath. Amalinze was a wily craftsman, but Okonkwo was as slippery as a fish in water. Every nerve and every muscle stood out on their arms, on their backs and their thighs, and one almost heard them stretching to breaking point. In the end, Okonkwo threw the Cat. He was tall and huge, and his bushy eyebrows and wide nose gave him a very severe look. He breathed heavily, and it was said that, when he slept, his wives and children in their houses could hear him breathe. When he walked, his heels hardly touched the ground and he seemed to walk on springs, as if he was going to pounce on somebody. And he did pounce on people quite often. He had a slight stammer and whenever he was angry and could not get his words out quickly enough, he would use his fists. He had no patience with unsuccessful men. He had had no patience with his father. In his day he was lazy and improvident and was quite incapable of thinking about tomorrow. If any money came his way, and it seldom did, he immediately bought gourds of palm-wine, called round his neighbors and made merry. Unoka was, of course, a debtor, and he owed every neighbor some money, from a few cowries to quite substantial amounts. He was tall but very thin and had a slight stoop. He wore a haggard and mournful look except when he was drinking or playing on his flute. He was very good on his flute, and his happiest moments were the two or three moons after the harvest when the village musicians brought down their instruments, hung above the fireplace. Unoka would play with them, his face beaming with blessedness and peace. They would go to such hosts for as long as three or four markets, making music and feasting. Unoka loved the good fare and the good fellowship, and he loved this season of the year, when the rains had stopped and the sun rose every morning with dazzling beauty. And it was not too hot either, because the cold and dry harmattan wind was blowing down from the north. Some years the harmattan was very severe and a dense haze hung on the atmosphere. Old men and children would then sit round log fires, warming their bodies. Unoka loved it all, and he loved the first kites that returned with the dry season, and the children who sang songs of welcome to them. He would remember his own childhood, how he had often wandered around looking for a kite sailing leisurely against the blue sky. As soon as he found one he would sing with his whole being, welcoming it back from its long, long journey, and asking it if it had brought home any lengths of cloth. That was years ago, when he was young. Unoka, the grown-up, was a failure. He was poor and his wife and children had barely enough to eat. People laughed at him because he was a loafer, and they swore never to lend him any more money because he never paid back. But Unoka was such a man that he always succeeded in borrowing more, and piling up his debts. One day a neighbor called Okoye came in to see him. He was reclining on a mud bed in his hut playing on the flute. He immediately rose and shook hands with Okoye, who then unrolled the goatskin which he carried under his arm, and sat down. Unoka went into an inner room and soon returned with a small wooden disc containing a kola nut, some alligator pepper and a lump of white chalk. He who brings kola brings life. Okoye, meanwhile, took the lump of chalk, drew some lines on the floor, and then painted his big toe. As he broke the kola, Unoka prayed to their ancestors for life and health, and for protection against their enemies. When they had eaten they talked about many things: Unoka was never happy when it came to wars. He was in fact a coward and could not bear the sight of blood. And so he changed the subject and talked about music, and his face beamed. The total effect was gay and brisk, but if one picked out the flute as it went up and down and then broke up into short snatches, one saw that there was sorrow and grief there. Okoye was also a musician. He played on the ogene. But he was not a failure like Unoka. He had a large barn full of yams and he had three wives. And now he was going to take the Idemili

title, the third highest in the land. It was a very expensive ceremony and he was gathering all his resources together. That was in fact the reason why he had come to see Unoka. He cleared his throat and began: You may have heard of the title I intend to take shortly. Among the Ibo the art of conversation is regarded very highly, and proverbs are the palm-oil with which words are eaten. Okoye was a great talker and he spoke for a long time, skirting round the subject and then hitting it finally. In short, he was asking Unoka to return the two hundred cowries he had borrowed from him more than two years before. As soon as Unoka understood what his friend was driving at, he burst out laughing. He laughed loud and long and his voice rang out clear as the ogene, and tears stood in his eyes. His visitor was amazed, and sat speechless. At the end, Unoka was able to give an answer between fresh outbursts of mirth. There were five groups, and the smallest group had ten lines. Unoka had a sense of the dramatic and so he allowed a pause, in which he took a pinch of snuff and sneezed noisily, and then he continued: You see, I owe that man a thousand cowries. But he has not come to wake me up in the morning for it. I shall pay, you, but not today. Our elders say that the sun will shine on those who stand before it shines on those who kneel under them. I shall pay my big debts first. Okoye rolled his goatskin and departed. When Unoka died he had taken no title at all and he was heavily in debt. Any wonder then that his son Okonkwo was ashamed of him? Fortunately, among these people a man was judged according to his worth and not according to the worth of his father. Okonkwo was clearly cut out for great things. He was still young but he had won fame as the greatest wrestler in the nine villages. He was a wealthy farmer and had two barns full of yams, and had just married his third wife. To crown it all he had taken two titles and had shown incredible prowess in two inter-tribal wars. And so although Okonkwo was still young, he was already one of the greatest men of his time. Age was respected among his people, but achievement was revered. As the elders said, if a child washed his hands he could eat with kings. Okonkwo had clearly washed his hands and so he ate with kings and elders. And that was how he came to look after the doomed lad who was sacrificed to the village of Umuofia by their neighbors to avoid war and bloodshed. The ill-fated lad was called Ikemefuna. Chapter Two Okonkwo had just blown out the palm-oil lamp and stretched himself on his bamboo bed when he heard the ogene of the town crier piercing the still night air. Gome, gome, gome, gome, boomed the hollow metal. Then the crier gave his message, and at the end of it beat his instrument again. And this was the message. Every man of Umuofia was asked to gather at the market place tomorrow morning. Okonkwo wondered what was amiss, for he knew certainly that something was amiss. The night was very quiet. It was always quiet except on moonlight nights. Darkness held a vague terror for these people, even the bravest among them. Children were warned not to whistle at night for fear of evil spirits. Dangerous animals became even more sinister and uncanny in the dark. A snake was never called by its name at night, because it would hear. It was called a string. On a moonlight night it would be different.

Chapter 2 : The Dark Flutes of Fall: Critical Essays on Georg Trakl - Google Books

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Sun Jul 16, 9: I have been withholding my opinion on this subject. I feel that it does alter it to some degree, but primarily the cut of the headjoint and overall design and craftsmanship determine the sort of sound qualities that a given player can get from it. I have test played many different flutes of all different metals, and really the headjoint cut in my opinion makes the biggest difference. I have played some gold flutes that had a very bright sound, and some silver flutes that had a very dark sound [a specific Haynes and Louis Lot come to mind]. I do agree with the fact that the metal materials affect the way the headjoint responds. I agree with that whole heartedly. Silver tends to be quick in response, Gold has a little more resistance, and Platinum is very responsive but requires a lot of power in the player themselves. You should be able to produce bright and dark sounds. Of course, your basic tone will be on the bright or dark side, but you should be able to do both. James Galway does have a very "thick" sound. But it is also a very sweet sound. To my ears, he sounds very bright. For comparison, listen to a recording of J. Galway, and then listen to Christina Jennings <http://www.christinajennings.com>: Dark tones tend to be mellow, deep, and have a lot of the lower partials when it comes to the overtone series. Bright sounds generally have a "zing" to the sound, tend to be shallow but shimmery in quality, and have more of the upper partials in regards to the overtone series. This is just my opinion on the matter. So, I would NOT invest in 2 flutes. I would invest in 1 good flute that can do both. One type of sound is not necessarily better than another. Galway was Principal of the Berlin Phil. He has a brighter sound [in my opinion]. Emmanuel Pahud is the current Principal of Berlin, and his sound is darker, but in a warm velvety kind of way [whereas Christina Jennings or Marina Piccinini have sort of a Chocolate sound to them]. There are all sorts of different sounds out there. One that I still remember quite vividly was a young man who had a very bright sound, but had all of the characteristics of a dark tone at the same time. Christina Jennings and Marina Piccinini are my two favorite players right now. The more I listen to them the more I find aspects of their tones and styles creep into my own.

Chapter 3 : Wind Instruments, Medieval Flutes, Period Horns, and Medieval Bagpipes from Dark Knight Ar

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The effect of heavy-wall flutes on tone colour In the above paper this was the conclusion: The data and graphs of sound spectrums of heavy wall and normal wall flutes showed no directional correlation between a change in flute wall thickness and the relative amplitudes of the harmonics, suggesting that flute wall thickness does not affect the timbre of the tone produced. The outcomes of the trials also suggest the flute timbre varies slightly among flutes of the same thickness. This conclusion indicates that timbre of the flutes cannot be exactly reproduced, even under uniform conditions. Although harmonic amplitude was not affected, there was a slight, but definite change in the frequencies of the harmonics. It can be concluded that as flute wall thickness increases, the frequencies of the fundamental, second, and third harmonic also increase. As stated in the data analysis, an explanation of the increased frequencies is probably due to a decrease in the volume of air inside each flute. Also, as the flute player matures and grows more discerning, more tone colours and qualities become audible to them. It seems that years of experience and listening improves ones ability to discern finer and finer degrees of tone colour. The mistake here, according to scientists, is thinking that the vibrating instrument is what is producing the sound. Basic acoustics tells us that the woodwind instrument is merely a container for the real sound-producing body—a vibrating column of air. But there are several factors which make this a difficult proposition. First, as every woodwind player knows, no two instruments play alike. Fine woodwind instruments vary from specimen to specimen. These variations range from the easily visible to the virtually undetectable, and interact in complex ways to affect the sound of the instrument. In order to accurately test the effect of wall material, these instrument-to-instrument variables must be eliminated. Woodwind instruments have toneholes that are opened and closed by pads made of cork or animal skin. These pads are installed by hand by specialized craftsmen, and the process is widely regarded as more of an art than an exact science. A second consideration is the human physiological factor. Even the finest and most consistent players change their embouchures, at least imperceptibly, from moment to moment. The complex human respiratory system adds another comparable layer of problems. The human anatomy presents a highly complicated and hard-to-measure set of variables that must be dealt with in order to construct a scientifically acceptable experiment. A third and even more mysterious factor is the influence of human psychology. Finally, I found an excellent pdf dissertation free download with tons of great pictures and quotes about developing the flute tone: My advice to you would be to buy a mechanically reliable flute with a good scale. But remember, a darker sound can be created to a certain extent on most headjoints, simply by blowing more downward in angle. I tried to imitate the sound samples you sent me here by playing your mp3 over my computer speakers, and then immediately imitating them and setting the sounds side by side. I finished the sound sample with a bit of a William Bennett performance. Have a listen to a 2 minute sample of this here. The William Bennett snippet is right at the end. You may have to adjust your chin placement, lip angles or air angle to find the limits of bright and dark on a single headjoint, so the best is to experiment with the full span of tone colours available. Meanwhile, go flute shopping within your budget, and get a mechanically able flute. Good luck in your search, and go for a reliable, fast mechanism with a good scale, and then darken your tone using embouchure exercises; that would be my advice. It gives you more options of constant tone development. Best of luck finding a decent flute for the next stage of your flutey journey, Jen.

Chapter 4 : Things Fall Apart, Chapters One and Two - PEN America

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Chapter 5 : Ideas for Fall Weddings | BridalGuide

"My Songs Know What You Did in the Dark" - Fall Out Boy (4 CELLO COVER by Scott McCreary) - Duration: Scott McCreary, views.

Chapter 6 : Champagne Weddings

I'm always on the look out for good flute solo pieces that have a dark/mysterious vibe to them--not just the standard classical sound. I'm not necessarily talking atonal or really modern stuff, just something with a bit more interest to it, maybe in a minor key.

Chapter 7 : The Fall - S01E01 - Dark Descent - Video Dailymotion

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Chapter 8 : My Songs Know What You Did In The Dark - Fall Out Boy ft. 2 Chainz ~ Ultimate Flute Notes

Notes and Rules Information for Bone Flute: The ability affects only creatures on the battlefield at the time it resolves. A creature that enters the battlefield later in the turn won't get -1/

Chapter 9 : dark sound vs bright sound? - calendrierdelascience.com Flute Message Board

It also provides the dark tone quality of gold without losing any of the brilliance of silver. The low register is like rich chocolate and the middle and upper register sing with great ease. As a sales representative for a large music retail chain and a flute player I recommend DiZhao flutes to all my flute customers, teachers, and students.