The Fairyland

op.17

for piano solo

(2009)

Xavier Shuang Xu (b.1988)

Pre-story

It is a novel land, where no footprints can be found. But let us believe that it will be agreeable as long as you explore.
The first step brings us into a foggy world: there are a few nebular figures, charactized by dense chords, ambiguous and dreamlike. We cannot tell exactly what we see; the only line that can be figured out is on the top of the chords, while the bottom line can hardly be recognized. Although the other voices are undergoing chromatic perturbations, the whole texture is nearly static, just like a peaceful lake, which, however, we cannot observe in detail.
In a word, the place appears not so fascinating when we land on for the first time and what we have found is barely chaos with few suspected orders. Rather than a lake, it might be a dead sea for larger probability.
Just a minute later, something becomes animated. It seems like a breeze, activating lovely ripples on the lake. But everything would go back to their previous states as soon as the breeze stops. A wind blows again, and a few rounds have followed, the result is still disappointing since no live elements have entered our eyesight. But notice, guys, that the fog becomes clearing! The chords are not so dense as before, that we can even hear an apparent D7-11 chord!
Before we can personally investigate more in the diminishing fog, there come a group of sprites! Described by the jumping articulations, irregular accents and impish ornaments, those sprites are the first vivacity we encounter and the tempo becomes faster, as if all lives are waking up from long lasting dormancy. Interestingly, the transverse tonal structure of these bars is originated from the beginning chords, which have the same structure in the longitude. This design can be understood as the world, frozen in bucks at first, begins to melt into a kaleidenscopic scenary.
Sprites, animals and plants are gathering to welcome the visitors and introduce us to a totally different enviroment. A landscape is opened, as the duet melodies alternately ascend in a three-chromatic-tone pattern, which is again an expression and reminder of the chords progress of the inner voices in the very beginning. The register is broadening and finally reaches a cli-max, as if the curtain is fully opened and the whole landscape is in our sight. This time we can view the fantastic worlds without any blockades; we are accompanied with the most euphonic melody in thie piece, still originated from the beginning. The difference is, now it is the top pitches that make up the melody in their extended forms and series. We are now in a position where everything is exposed with

transparecy: winds on the face, lake in the front, clouds on the lake, willows along the bank, fishes in the water, birds in the sky, mountains in the distance ...we are as familiar to this Nature as to the traditional harmonies here. Besides these are exotic wonders that we cannot name, existing in chromatic trends, but they are as lovely as the ornaments, making our familiar world charming and attractive at all times.Time flies and the sprites suddenly appear again, drag the curtain in the opposite way, end our enjoyable exprience and caper away, leaving us in silence and endless reminisce...

Shall we complain? No. Everything goes in a hurry; especially the happy moments, the longer we wish them to stay, the shorter we feel them running away. There are only transiencies, and it is the integral of these transiencies that create all the stories. Don't crave for eternity. The real eternity only exists in our minds; that is memory. Now, everything is gone, except intermittent blows of wind. It seems that we are back to the initial situation: no lives, only a static scene. But have you noted that the fog no longer exists? Don't you think it is better to look clearly at a blank sheet and fill it up with your memories, than to stare at intangible existence in chaos? Treasure your memories, because it is the only reliable and permanent residence for the most sweet moments.

Now even the fog will intend to impair our emotions; it comes back! And it appears in such a wierd way, staying at the poles. And the winds fail to wash it out...delibrately? Anyway, we are lucky dogs; we have seen and we can memorize. So let's recall...

Xavier-S. X.

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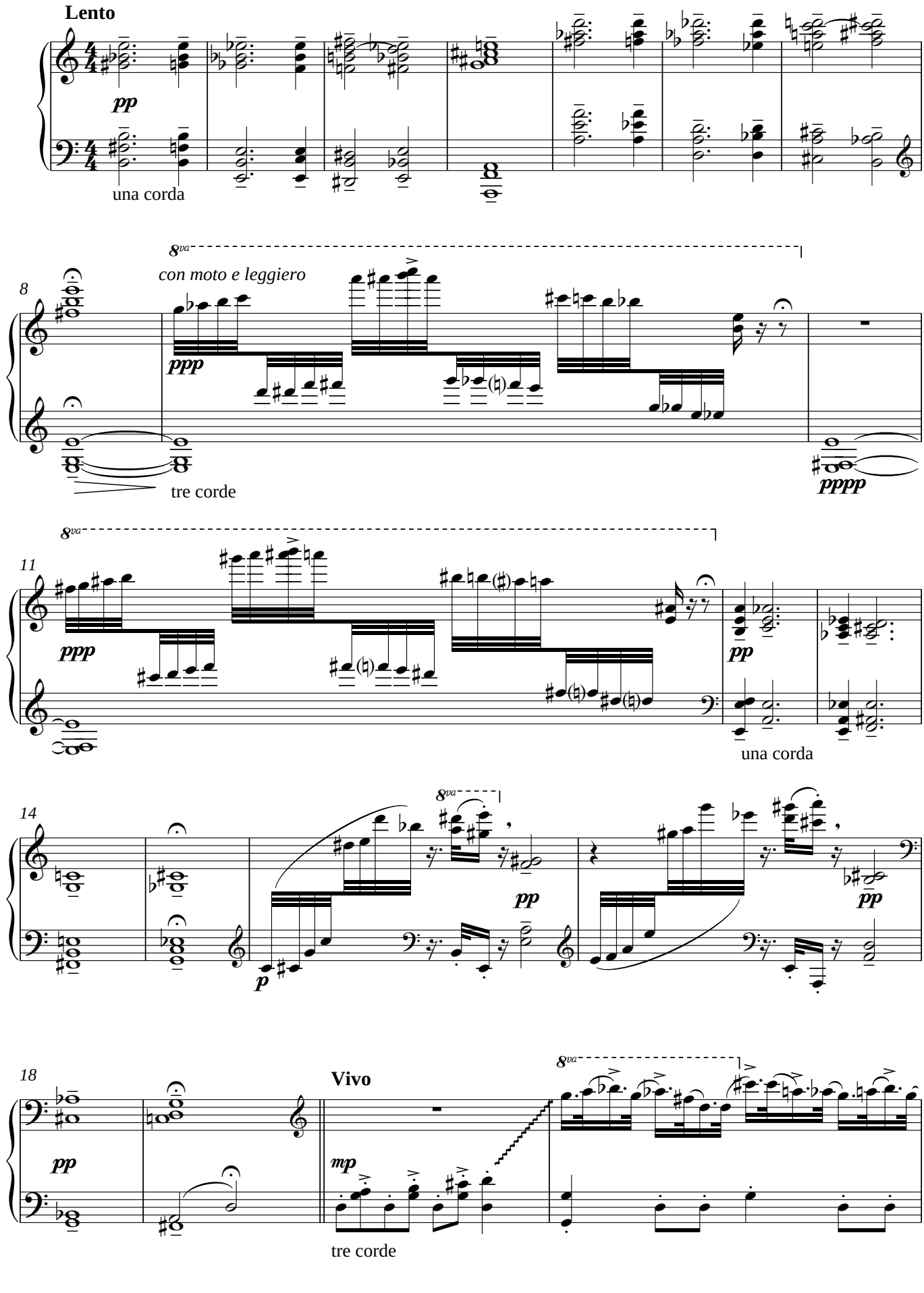

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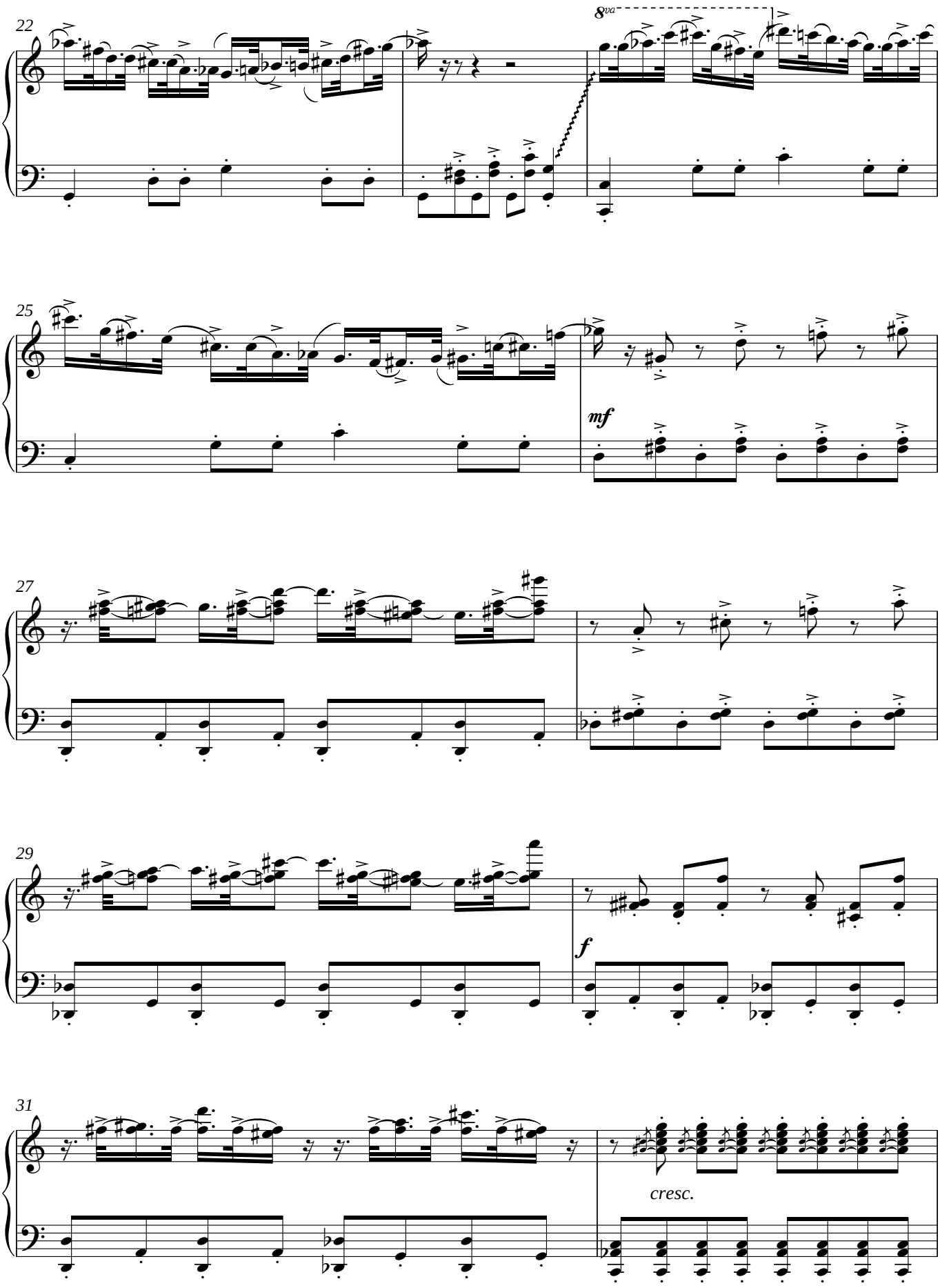
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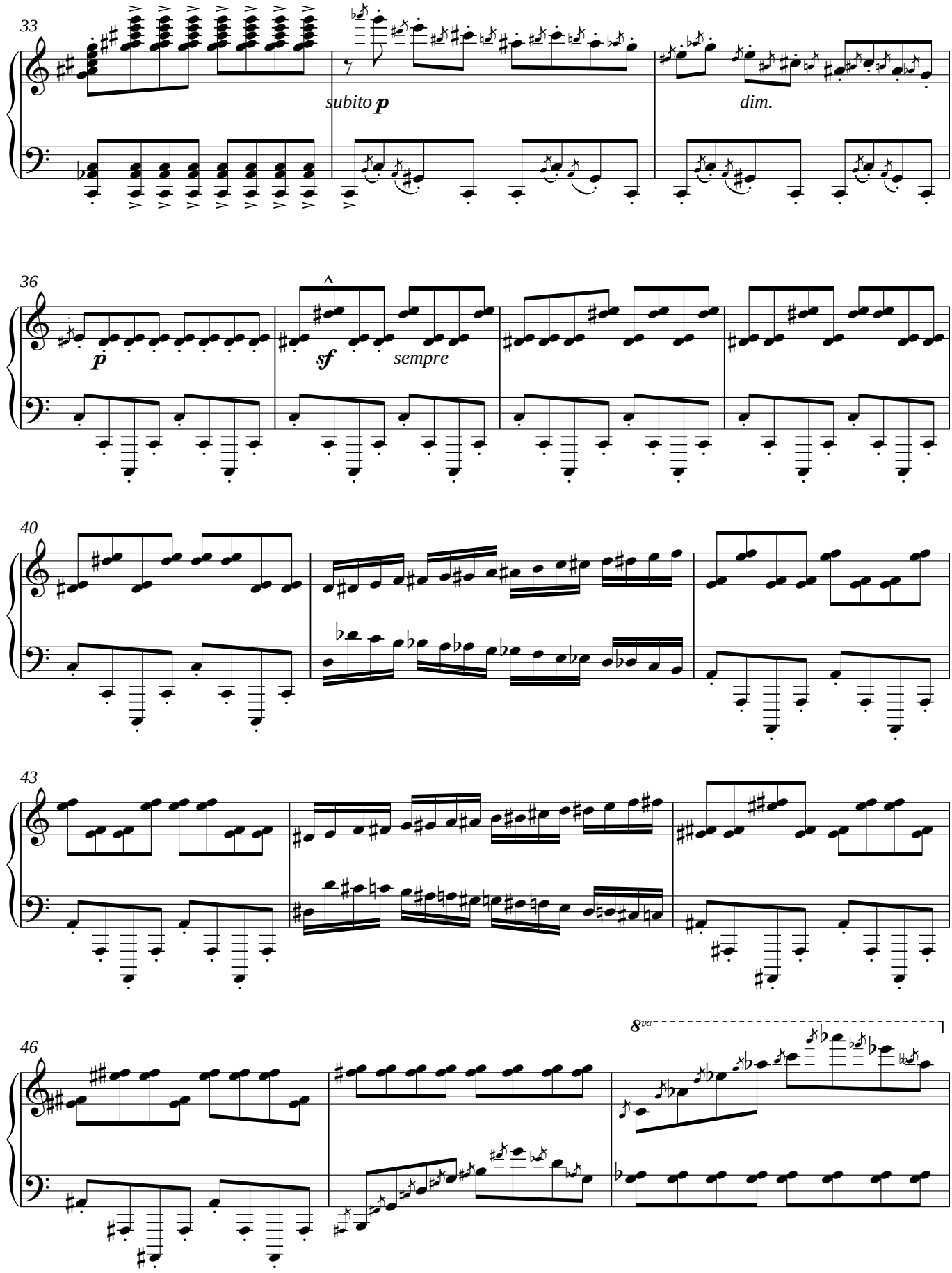
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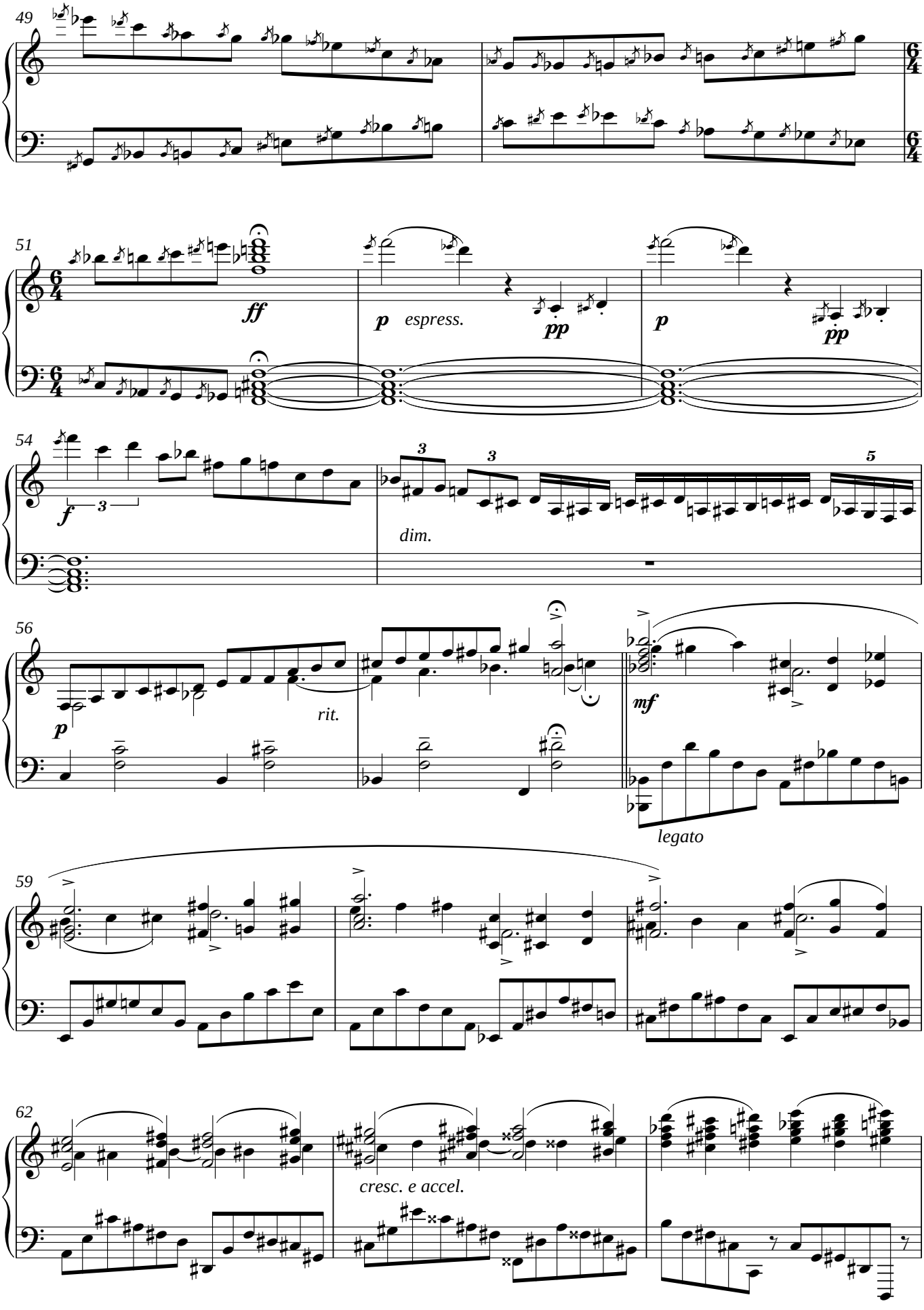
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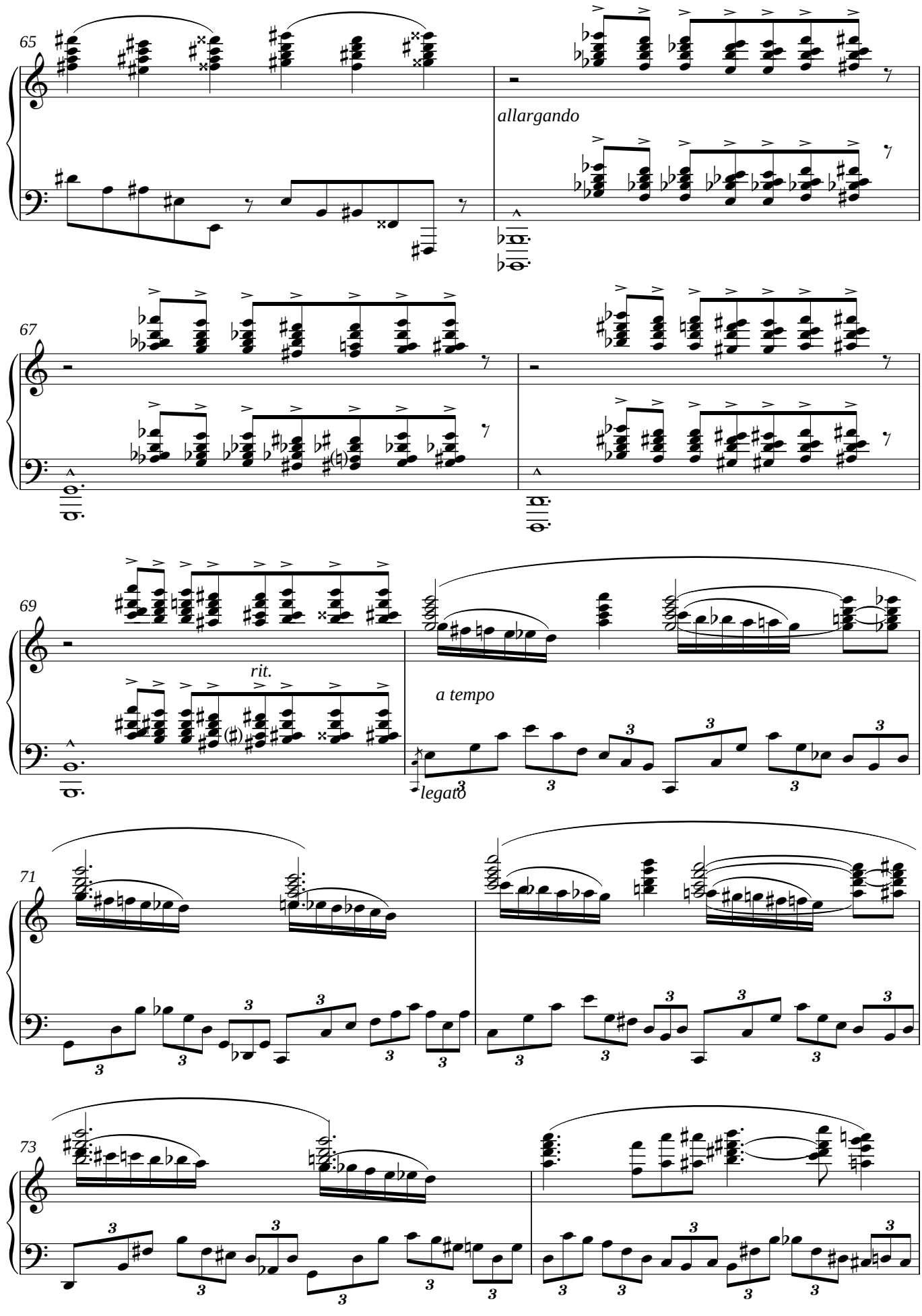
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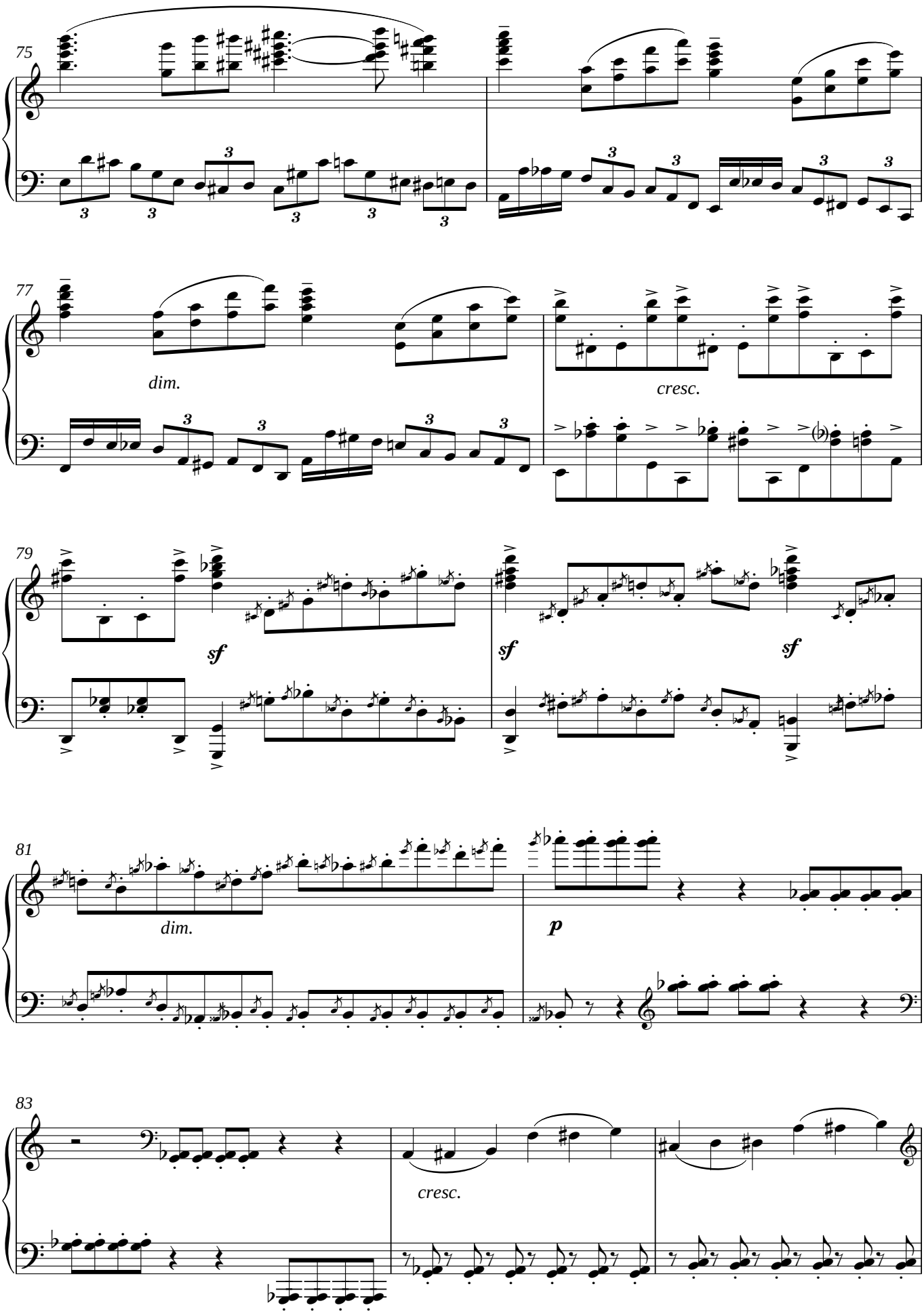
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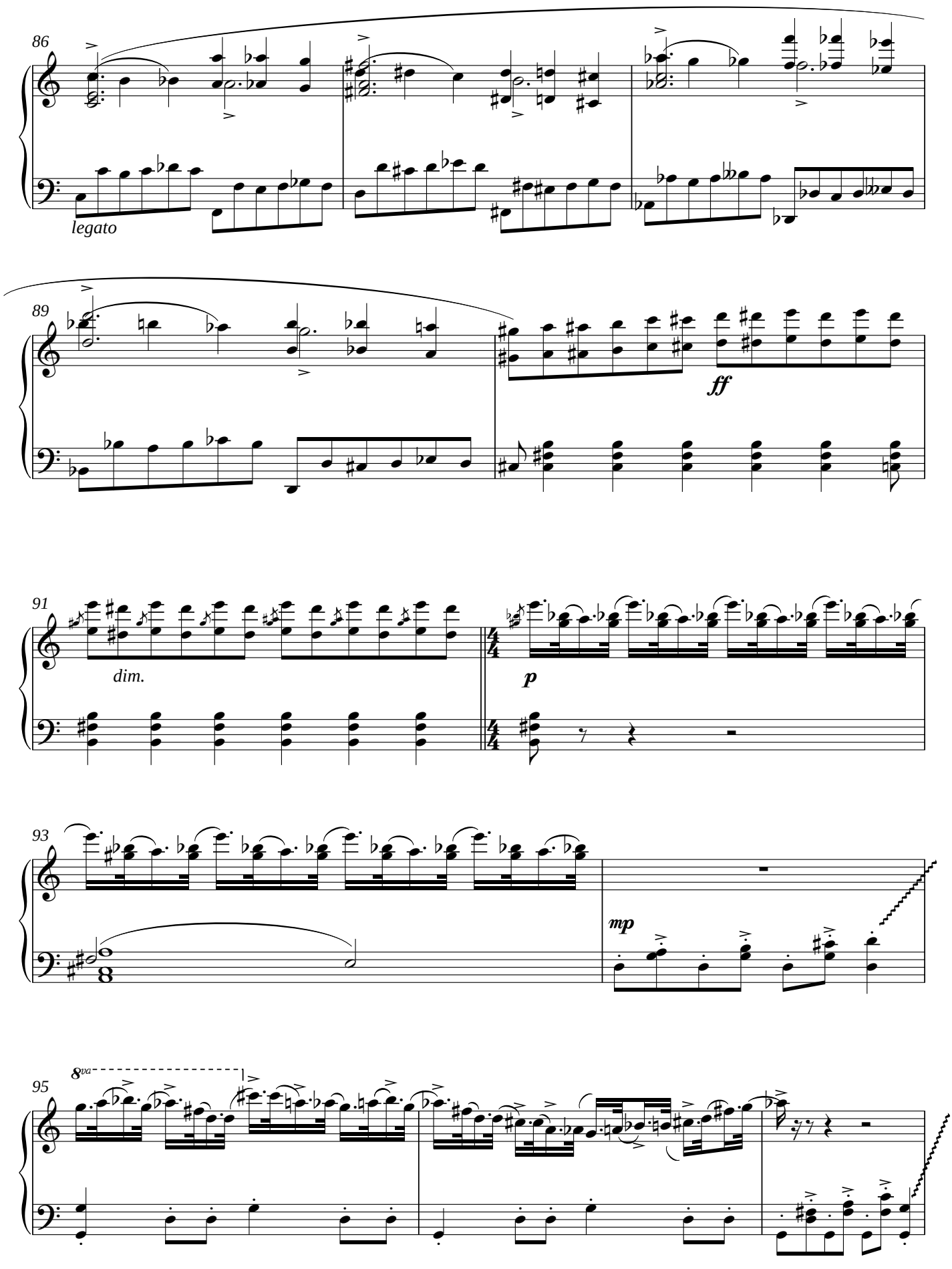
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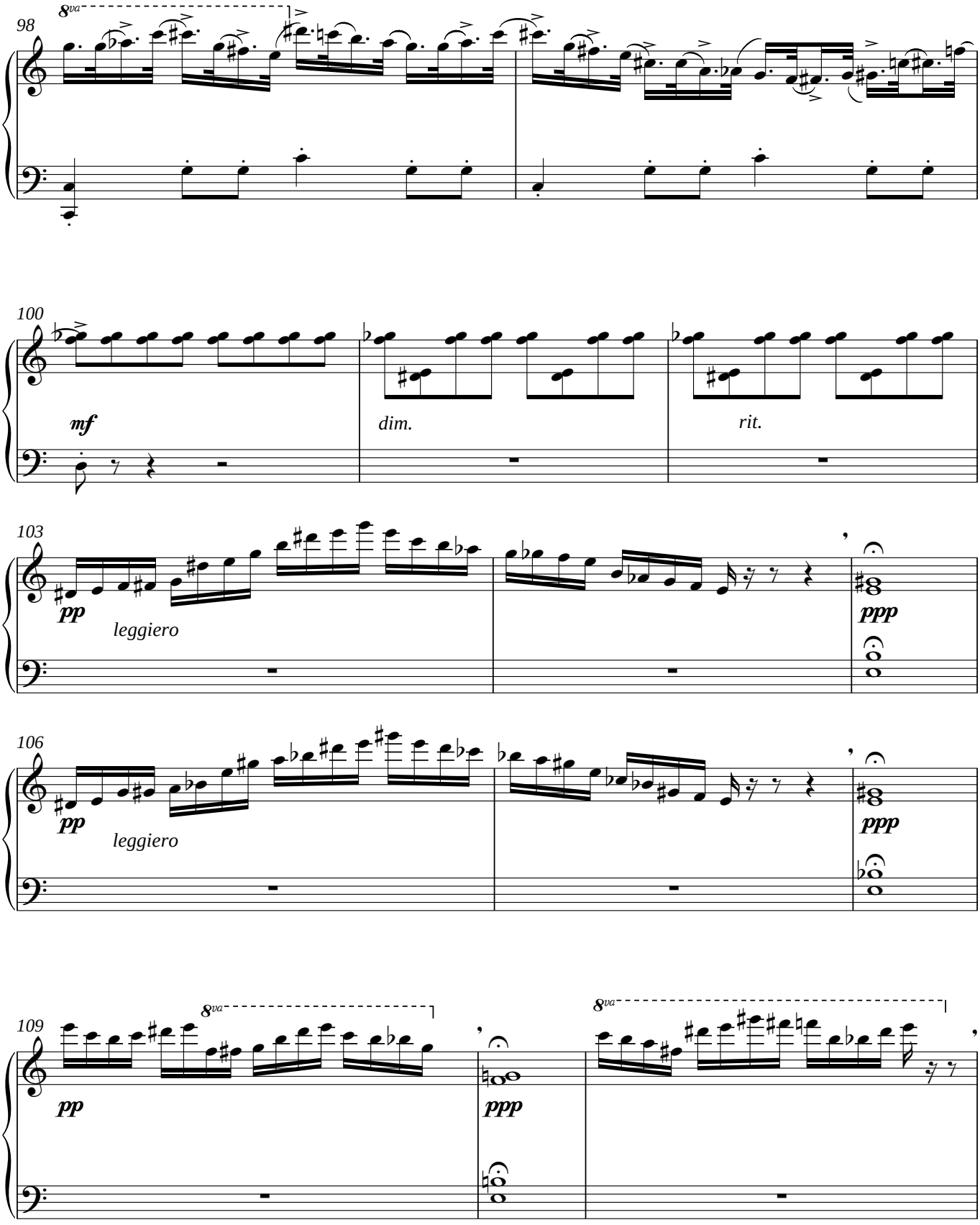
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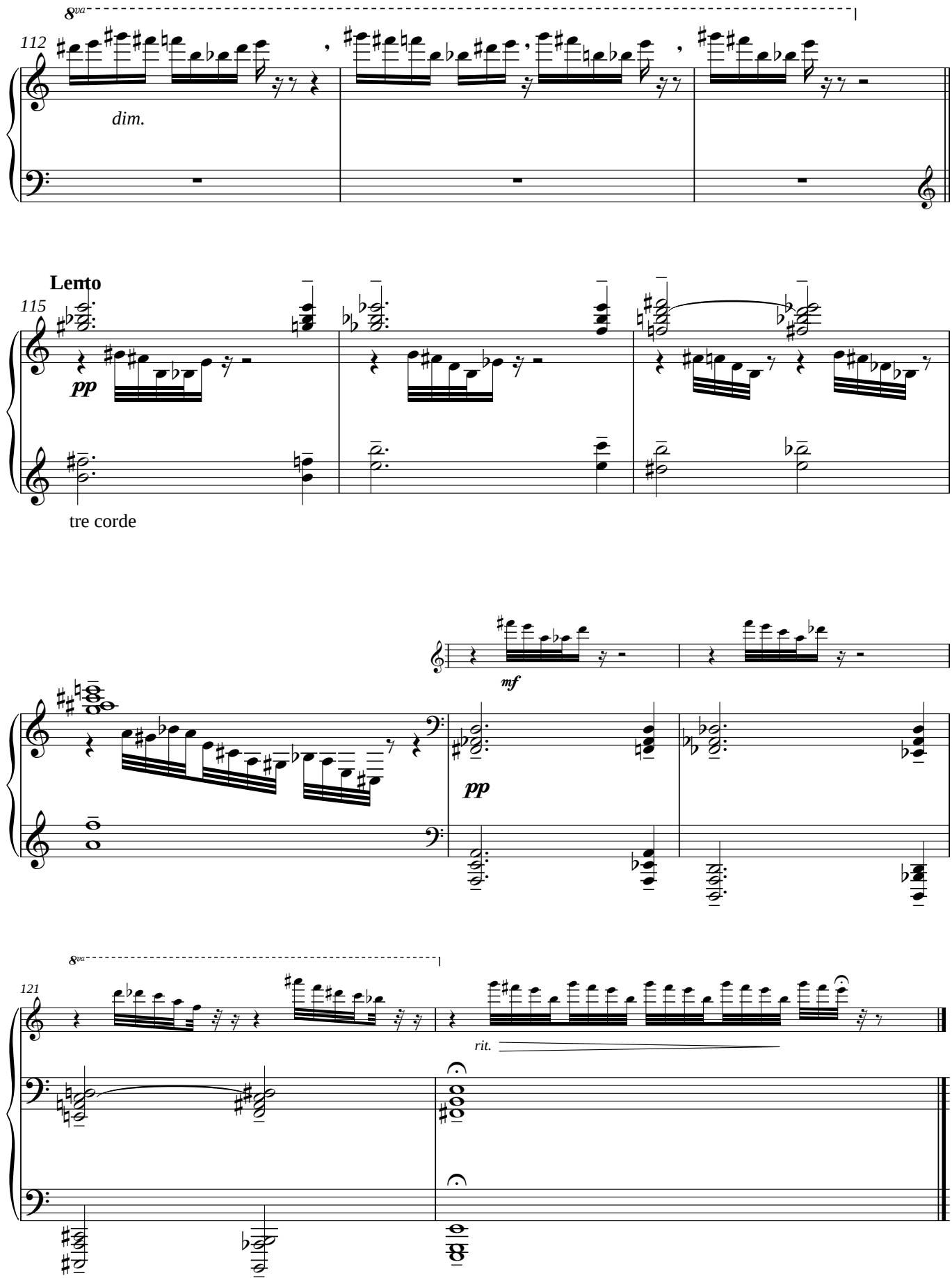
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