

9-21-2015

Faculty Recital: After Dinner Mint - Bass Instincts

Ithaca College School of Music Faculty

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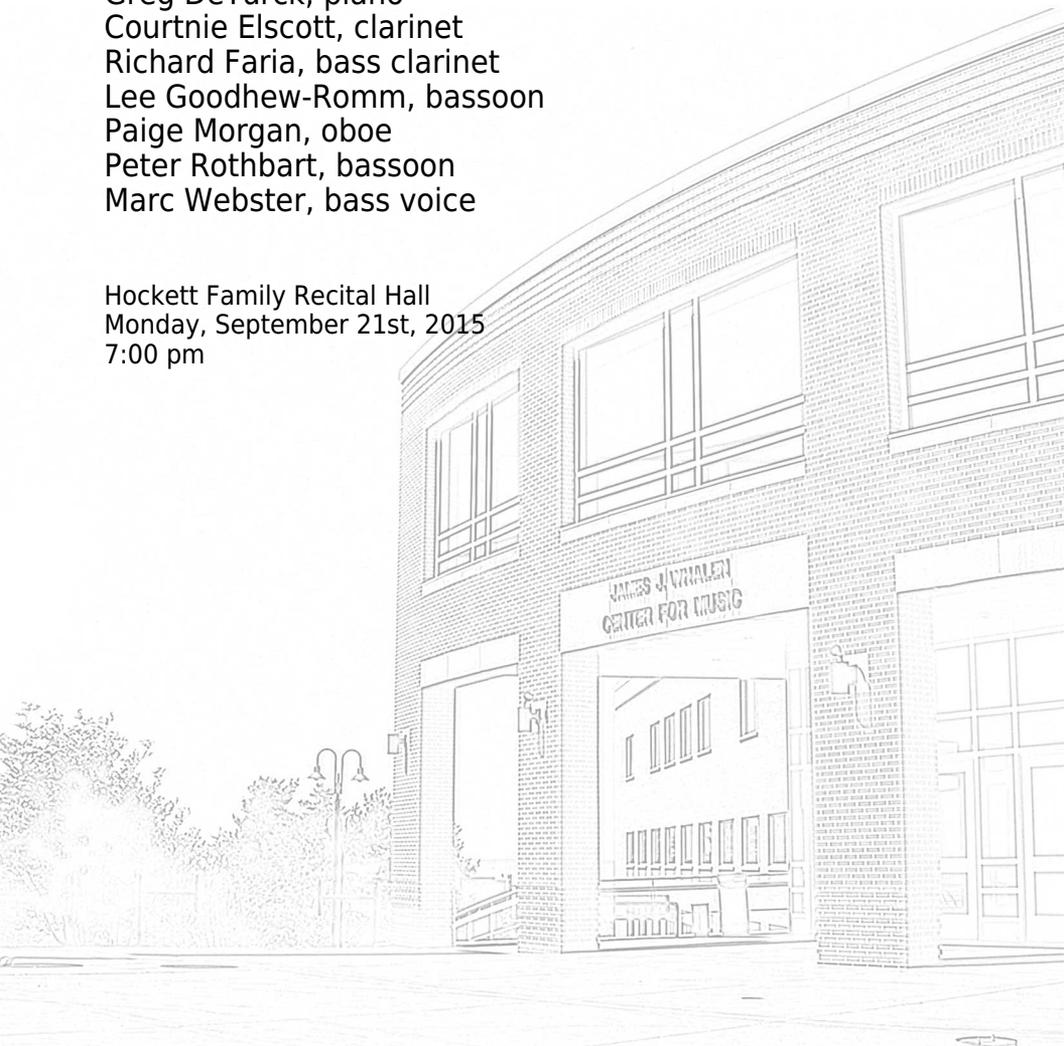
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After Dinner Mint: Bass Instincts

Nikhil Bartolomeo, clarinet
Vivian Becker, bass clarinet
Justin Benavidez, tuba
Diane Birr, piano
Greg DeTurck, piano
Courtne Elscott, clarinet
Richard Faria, bass clarinet
Lee Goodhew-Romm, bassoon
Paige Morgan, oboe
Peter Rothbart, bassoon
Marc Webster, bass voice

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, September 21st, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Rosenthal Miniatures (2013)

- I. Vivacissimo
- II. Andante
- III. Vivace
- IV. Grave
- V. Sentimentale
- VI. Vigoroso
- VII. Senza misura

Christopher Stark
(b. 1980)

Paige Morgan, oboe
Richard Faria, bass clarinet

from Liederkranz für die Bassstimme, Op. 145

- I. Meeresleuchten
- IV. Heimlichkeit
- V. Reiterlied

Carl Loewe
(1796-1869)

Marc Webster, baritone
Greg DeTurck, piano

Sonata for Bassoon and Piano (2001)

- I. Edison's Ears
- II. Mina's Tapping

Rob Paterson
(b. 1970)

Lee Goodhew-Romm, bassoon
Diane Birr, piano

Prelude to Suite Bergamasque (1890)

Claude Debussy
arr. Justin Benavidez
(1862-1918)

Justin Benavidez, tuba
Diane Birr, piano

Delta Jukebox (1991)

- III. Even Bassoonists Get the Blues
- II. Bearsville Bounce

Peter Schickele
(b. 1935)

Lee Goodhew-Romm, bassoon
Peter Rothbart, bassoon
Diane Birr, piano

Black (2008)
(Clarinet Quartet version, 2015)

Marc Mellits
(b. 1966)

Nikhil Bartolomeo, clarinet
Courtnie Elscott, clarinet
Vivian Becker, bass clarinet
Richard Faria, bass clarinet

Program Notes

I first met renowned illustrator Marc Rosenthal while we were both in residence at an artist colony in Italy in 2012. Marc and I had many interesting conversations in which he eloquently described how he views the role of an illustrator: as someone who doesn't just translate a written text or article into another artistic medium, but as an artist who adds layers of depth and individual interpretation. This concept inspired me to try and create musical accompaniments to Marc's illustrations, and *Rosenthal Miniatures* is the product of this endeavor. Jennifer Gookin Cavanaugh and Christopher Kirkpatrick commissioned the work with funding from the University of Montana School of Music.

- Chris Stark

When I first began to plan this sonata for bassoon and piano, I had no idea that I would be inspired by something so overtly programmatic, let alone by an American, historical figure who was alive well before I was born. I knew that the premiere would take place at the Thomas Edison Inn in Port Huron, Michigan, and my curiosity eventually took hold and I started reading up on Thomas Edison's inventions and his life. I was immediately hooked: many of his experiences and beliefs resonated with me. I could not stop thinking about him or his inventions and they ended up providing a Romantic and technical inspiration for this piece.

The first movement, *Edison's Ears*, is inspired by a legendary story about the ear problems Edison suffered from throughout his childhood in Port Huron. According to this tale, when he was 15, a train accident further injured his ears. When he tried to jump on the moving train, the conductor grabbed him by his ears to help pull him up. The young Edison said he felt something snap inside his head, and he soon began to lose much of his hearing. The thought of something "snapping inside his head" made me think how, as morbid as this is, inventing something musical from this story might have humored him. The middle of the movement reaches its peak with a loud, staccato "snapping" chord. The beginning of this movement sounds somewhat mechanical and is the first of three locomotive sections (based on three musical quotes) that progressively increase in tempo. The end of the movement gradually descends in register and dies away, much like a hyper-speed, fast-forward toward his eventual and inevitable hearing loss.

Edison is also responsible for creating a revolutionary business model, the world's first "invention factory." The final movement, *Invention Factory Eureka*, is inspired by this, and the one invention that is said to have been Edison's only true "Eureka!" invention, the cylinder phonograph. The opening motivic material in this movement is derived from the word "Eureka!" The many bright 'dings' throughout the middle of the movement represent the cliché of a light bulb appearing above someone's head when they have a bright idea. This image ties in nicely to Edison, his inventions and his one "eureka" moment.

- Rob Paterson

Translation

Liederkrantz für die Bassstimme text by Carl Siebel (1836-1868)

I. Meeresleuchten

Wieviel Sonnenstrahlen fielen
goldenschwer,
fielen feurig glühend in des ew'ge
Meer!
Und die Woge sog sie tief in sich
hinab,
und die Woge ward ihr wild
lebendig Grab.
Nur in stiller Nächte heilger
Feierstund sprühen
diese Strahlen aus des Meeres
Grund.
Leuchtend roll'n die Wogen durch
die dunkle Nacht
wunderbar durchglüht sie
funkensprüh'nde Pracht.

III. Heimlichkeit

Mein Herz, o schließ dich ein!
Es nahn die Weihstunden!
Nur im Alleinesein hast du dich
selbst gefunden.
Knospe der Frühlingszeit!
verhüllt von weichem Mose !
Es blüht aus Heimlichkeit die
allerschönste Rose!

V. Reiterlied

Der Wald ist schwarz, die Luft ist
klar,
Im Frühlicht glüht das Thal.
Der Morgenduft netzt Bart und
Haar,
Die Perle rinnt am Stahl.
Mein Rößlein fromm,
Mein Rößlein komm,
Wir reiten, wir reiten!

Du Vater und du Mutter mein,
Du Freundschaft allzumal!

I. Ocean Lights

How many sunbeams have fallen
heavy as gold
Fallen
glowing like fire into the eternal
sea!
And the waves have sucked them
into the depths
And the waves have become their
wildly living tomb
Only in the holy twilight hour of
quiet nights
These rays sparkle up from the
sea's depths.
The waves roll glowing through the
dark night;
Marvelously the gleaming beauty
glows through them.

III. Secrecy

My heart, o lock yourself up!
The solemn hours approach!
Only in solitude have you found
yourself
Springtime bud!
covered in soft moss!
The fairest of all roses blooms in
secrecy.

V. Song of the Rider

The forest is black, the sky is
bright,
in Spring the valley gleams
The morning dew dampens beard
and hair,
and pearls run from the steel
My brave little horse,
come o my little horse,
we'll ride out.

O my father, o my mother,
o all my friends!

Ihr dürft um mich nicht traurig
sein,
S'ist einmal meine Wahl.
Ich geb' mein Gut, Ich geb' mein
Blut,
Um's Reiten, um's Reiten.

Bin gar ein stürmischer Gesell,
Der Reiter ist der Wind;
Und wo ein Röslein blüht zur Stell',

Da wird er warm und lind,
Küßt sein Gesicht,
Ob's will, ob nicht,
Im Reiten, im Reiten.

"Gehab' dich wohl, lieb Röselein,
Hab' Dank für deinen Kuß !
Weil ich nun wieder Sturmwind
sein,
Und Eichen fällen muß.
Mir läßt der Streit
Zur Lieb' nicht Zeit,
Muß reiten, muß reiten!"

Do not be sad for my sake,
this is the choice I have made.
I'd give my blood, I'd give my all,
to go out riding.

I am a wild fellow,
the rider is the wind;
And wherever a little rose happens
to be blooming,
there it grows warm and sweet
Kiss its face
whether it will or not,
while riding.

Fare you well, sweet little rose,
and thank you for your kiss!
For I am once again the stormy
wind
and must fell oaks
I have no time
for love's quarrels,
I must ride on.