

4-7-2016

Senior Recital: David Fenwick, composition

David Fenwick

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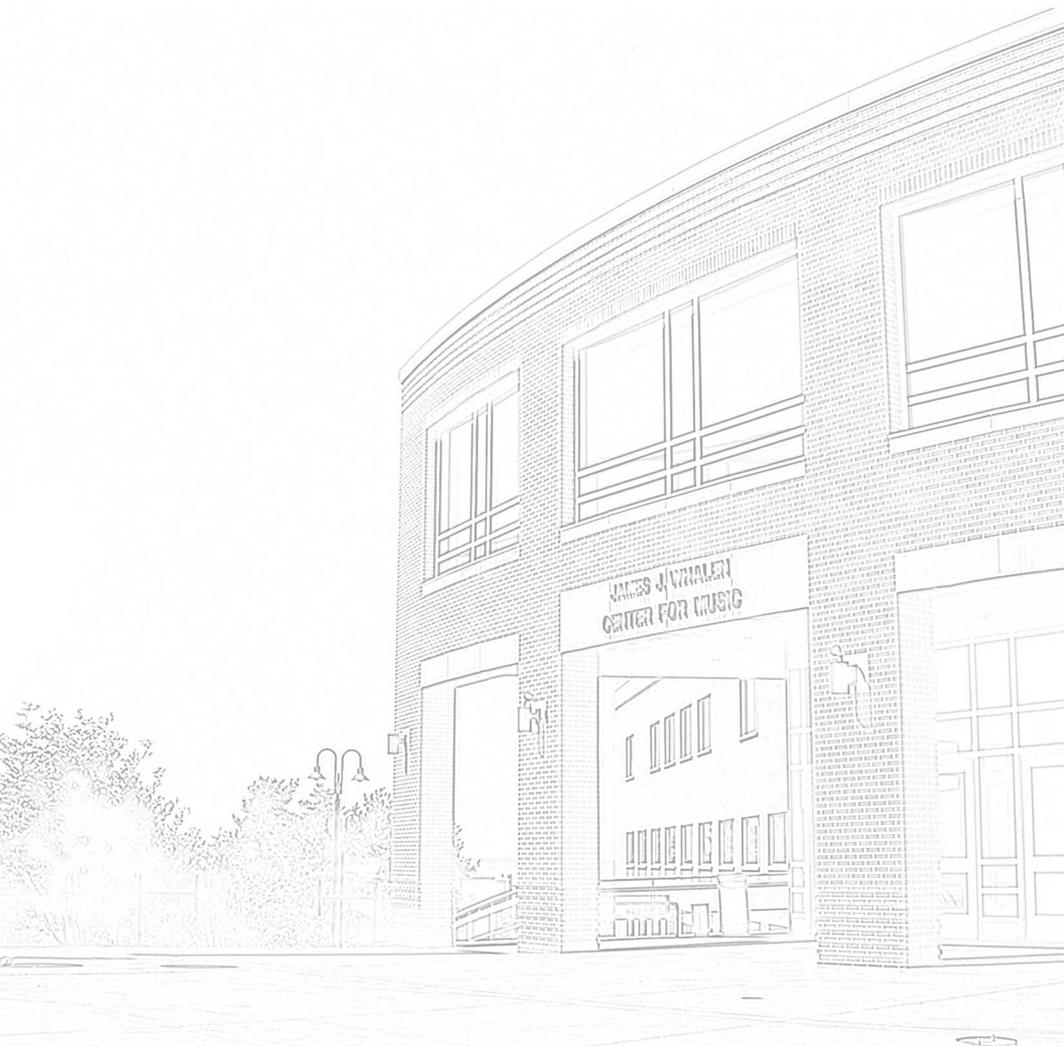
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Senior Recital:
David Fenwick, composition

Ford Hall
Thursday, April 7th, 2016
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Composition C4 2015
Matt Brockman and Shaun Rimkunas, trumpet
Jeremy Straus, horn
Julie Dumbrowski, trombone
Christian Dow, tuba

Étude for Cello and Drone 2013
Gillian Dana, bass

Three Piano Études 2014
I. Tuplets
II. Intervals
III. Chords
Benjamin Pawlack, piano

Chess Pieces 2014
Rook
Knight
Bishop
Pawn
Queen
King
Deniz Arkali, saxophone
Jiyue Ma, piano

Intermission

Three Poems by Sylvia Plath 2015
The Applicant
Mad Girl's Love Song
Love Letter
Samantha Kwan, mezzo-soprano
Jonathan Vogtle, piano

genderconcerto 2016

Program Notes

Composition C4

C-4, also called Composition C-4 is a plastic explosive known for its stability. C4 (without the hyphen) is the scientific pitch notation for middle C. This piece is a composition frequently using the note C4, as well as loud, sharp accents reminiscent of the sounds of a small C-4 explosion.

Étude for Cello and Drone

This piece was conceived as an exercise in playing long tones on the cello. The cello explores a single 12-tone row, accelerating as the idea becomes more complete. The process is then repeated backwards.

Three Piano Études

The first etude is an exercise in two rhythmic patterns: 5:3 (or 5:6) and 5:4 (or 5:8). The second etude is an exercise in playing constant intervals in the hand. Each hand plays a melody first a major seventh apart, then a minor seventh, major sixth and so on down to the minor second. The third etude explores different spacings each hand can use while playing chords.

Chess Pieces

This piece is a musical depiction of how chess pieces move on the board. The rook, which moves simply and directly in straight lines, is represented by a simple linear melody making use of open fifths. The knight, which leaps awkwardly from one square to another, is depicted by an awkward, leaping melody that jumps from white key to black key, just as the knight jumps from light square to dark square. The bishop is limited to moving in a diagonal fashion, capable of moving exclusively on either the light or dark squares. This is represented by pentatonic melodies that are confined to either the white or black keys of the piano. The pawn can only trudge forward, represented by the simple major scale, but has the potential to reach the end of the board and become one of the other pieces. The queen is considered the most powerful piece on the

board, and is allowed the movement powers of several other pieces. Finally, the king is only allowed to trudge a single square at a time and is constantly under attack by enemy forces.

Three Poems by Sylvia Plath

The Applicant

First, are you our sort of a person?
Do you wear
A glass eye, false teeth or a crutch,
A brace or a hook,
Rubber breasts or a rubber crotch,

Stitches to show something's missing? No, no? Then
How can we give you a thing?
Stop crying.
Open your hand.
Empty? Empty. Here is a hand

To fill it and willing
To bring teacups and roll away headaches
And do whatever you tell it.
Will you marry it?
It is guaranteed

To thumb shut your eyes at the end
And dissolve of sorrow.
We make new stock from the salt.
I notice you are stark naked.
How about this suit—

Black and stiff, but not a bad fit.
Will you marry it?
It is waterproof, shatterproof, proof
Against fire and bombs through the roof.
Believe me, they'll bury you in it.

Now your head, excuse me, is empty.
I have the ticket for that.
Come here, sweetie, out of the closet.
Well, what do you think of *that*?
Naked as paper to start

But in twenty-five years she'll be silver,
In fifty, gold.
A living doll, everywhere you look.

It can sew, it can cook,
It can talk, talk, talk.

It works, there is nothing wrong with it.
You have a hole, it's a poultice.
You have an eye, it's an image.
My boy, it's your last resort.
Will you marry it, marry it, marry it.

Mad Girl's Love Song

"I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;
I lift my lids and all is born again.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

The stars go waltzing out in blue and red,
And arbitrary blackness gallops in:
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

I dreamed that you bewitched me into bed
And sung me moon-struck, kissed me quite insane.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

God topples from the sky, hell's fires fade:
Exit seraphim and Satan's men:
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

I fancied you'd return the way you said,
But I grow old and I forget your name.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

I should have loved a thunderbird instead;
At least when spring comes they roar back again.
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)"

Love Letter

Not easy to state the change you made.
If I'm alive now, then I was dead,
Though, like a stone, unbothered by it,
Staying put according to habit.
You didn't just tow me an inch, no-
Nor leave me to set my small bald eye
Skyward again, without hope, of course,
Of apprehending blueness, or stars.

That wasn't it. I slept, say: a snake
Masked among black rocks as a black rock

In the white hiatus of winter-
Like my neighbors, taking no pleasure
In the million perfectly-chisled
Cheeks alighting each moment to melt
My cheeks of basalt. They turned to tears,
Angels weeping over dull natures,
But didn't convince me. Those tears froze.
Each dead head had a visor of ice.

And I slept on like a bent finger.
The first thing I was was sheer air
And the locked drops rising in dew
Limpid as spirits. Many stones lay
Dense and expressionless round about.
I didn't know what to make of it.
I shone, mice-scaled, and unfolded
To pour myself out like a fluid
Among bird feet and the stems of plants.
I wasn't fooled. I knew you at once.

Tree and stone glittered, without shadows.
My finger-length grew lucent as glass.
I started to bud like a March twig:
An arm and a leg, and arm, a leg.
From stone to cloud, so I ascended.
Now I resemble a sort of god
Floating through the air in my soul-shift
Pure as a pane of ice. It's a gift.

genderconcerto

The inspiration for this piece came from a discussion with Dr. Wilson about the nature of a concerto. The inspiration for this piece is the idea that a concerto is about a struggle between the individual (the soloist) and the group (the orchestra). In this case, the soloist struggles against the perception of gender as a binary. The piece can be loosely divided into four sections: "male" themes, "female" themes, the cadenza, which strives to resolve the tension that the soloist has been expressing in the previous two sections, and the "nonbinary" coda, which contains aspects of all the previous themes, yet is in stark contrast to all of them.

genderconcerto personnel

Flute: Marissa Mediati, Marguerite Davis

Oboe: Melissa DeMarinis, Morgan Atkins

Clarinet: Ryan Pereira, Maggie Nobumoto

Bassoon: Andrew Mays, Sonja Larson

Horn: Jeremy Straus

Trumpet: Michael Stern, Stephen Gomez

Percussion: William Schmidt, Ian Wiese

Violin I: Jason Kim, Michael Petit, Henry Smith

Violin II: Emilie Benigno, Keryn Gallagher, Jonathan Fenwick

Viola: Austin Savage, Samuel Rubin, Kelly Sadwin

Cello: Madeline May, Emilie Doveala

Bass: Cara Turnbull, Gillian Dana

Conductor: Mario Torres