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## Concert: Roland Barr Bentley Memorial Concert

Ithaca College School of Music Students

Ithaca College School of Music Alumni

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working indirectly. This is a very different approach from the overt control systems such as "support" and "placement" utilized by most singing teachers. Reid's logic states that if the muscles responsible for the changing dimensions of the vocal folds are involuntary, the entire mechanism must be treated as such. Considered from this perspective, the training philosophy is founded on what can be called an ecological principle, where the vocal mechanism is regulated and controlled by changes in the environmental conditions (a particular pitch, intensity and vowel pattern being sung) to which it is being exposed.

Roland understood that this approach to teaching singing was far more effective than what is commonly taught in a typical voice lesson. The depth of his understanding is apparent in his brilliant article, *The Emerging Adult Voice*, which is included in a book entitled, *The Modern Singing Master, Essays in Honor of Cornelius L. Reid*. In that article Roland wrote:

*Nearly every vocal fault can be traced, directly or indirectly, to the imbalances within the internal laryngeal musculature. Improper register coordination creates an adverse "domino" effect, beginning with a heightened (excessively raised) larynx inducing a degree of throat constriction and ultimately leading to excessive muscular tension in the neck, jaw, and tongue. The symptoms of this internal muscular conflict may be observed primarily in these three areas of the body.*

*Every obvious external physical distortion is a visible symptom of a deeper internal functional cause. To attempt to eradicate visible symptoms by themselves, as independent impediments to a healthy vocal technique, is to miss the functional cause-effect relationship existing within the totality of the vocal*

*process. Such obstructions to functional vocal freedom cannot be eradicated by procedures designed to remove symptoms: for example, an inordinate emphasis on body alignment, repetitive jaw and/or tongue exercises, reliance on breathing techniques, or misguided theories of tone "placement." Such superficial pedagogical concepts and pursuant procedures may temporarily reduce external manifestations but do nothing to correct internal functional causes.*

When Cornelius Reid read Roland's article, he was so impressed with Roland's clarity of thought and writing skills that he called to tell Roland that he wished he had the ability to write so coherently. This, from a man who wrote five books, including a dictionary!

In today's celebration of Roland you will hear a vocal quartet called, Amici Cantanti (singing friends). This group embodies the freedom of singing that is a direct result of the principles set forth by Cornelius Reid and practiced by Roland in his own teaching. Each of the singers of Amici Cantanti, Regina Leon (soprano), Donna Reid (mezzo soprano), James Higginbotham (tenor) and Larry Long (bass) studied extensively with Cornelius Reid. The pianist, Gary Norden, was Mr. Reid's studio accompanist for many years. All five members of this unique ensemble have been deeply influenced by Cornelius Reid and his teaching. The vocal versatility of this group is apparent in their ability to sing repertoire from opera to Manhattan Transfer (James also sings in a Rock band!). If a singer is well taught, his voice is malleable and free enough to sing in many different styles.

It was Roland's goal to see that any student in his care would not merely improve, but be brought to his inherent vocal potential. Today we celebrate Roland's life, his passion for beautiful singing and his dedication to the art of teaching singing.

## Translations

Time flies by, and carries  
Our tender caresses for ever!  
Time flies far from this happy oasis  
And does not return.

Burning zephyrs,  
Embrace us with your caresses!  
Burning zephyrs,  
Give us your kisses!  
Your kisses! Your kisses! Ah!

Lovely night, oh night of love,  
Smile upon our joys!  
Night much sweeter than the day,  
Oh beautiful night of love!  
Ah! Smile upon our joys!  
Night of love, oh night of love!

Nell from *Six Chansons Ecossaises* Émile Paladilhe  
(Six Scottish Songs)  
poem by Leconte de Lisle

Your purple rose in your bright sunshine,  
June,  
Sparkles as if intoxicated.  
Lean your gilded goblet toward me as well;  
My heart is like your rose.  
Beneath the soft shelter of the shady  
foliage  
There rises a sigh of pleasure;  
More than one wood dove in the remote  
forest,  
Oh my heart, sings its love plaint.

How sweet is your pearl in the perfumed  
sky,  
Star, in the pensive night!  
But how much sweeter is the vivid  
brightness  
That shines in my enchanted heart!

The singing sea, along its shore  
Will silence its eternal murmuring  
Before your image, dear love, oh Nell,  
Ceases to blossom in my heart!

Psyché Émile Paladilhe  
poem by Pierre Corneille

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!  
The rays of the sun kiss you too often,  
Your locks too often allow the caresses of  
the wind  
When it fondles them, I resent it.  
Even the air you breathe  
Passes over your lips with too much  
pleasure.

Your robe touches you too closely.  
And, whenever you sigh  
I don't know what makes me so afraid,  
Amidst your sighs, those almost hidden  
sighs!

Au fond du temple saint Georges Bizet  
from *The Pearl Fishers*

Nadir: From the depths of the holy temple  
decked with gold and flowers  
A woman appears...I can still see her!  
The kneeling crowd  
Looks at her, astonished,  
And softly murmurs;  
Behold, it is the goddess  
Who rises out of the darkness  
And stretches her arms toward us!

Zurga: Her veil is raised!  
O vision! O dream!  
The crowd is on its knees!

Both: Yes, it is she!  
It is the goddess most lovely and most  
beautiful!

Yes, it is she! It is the goddess  
Who steps down among us!  
Her veil is raised  
And the crowd is on its knees!

Nadir: Through the crowd she opens a  
pathway!

Zurga: Her long veil already hides her face  
from us!

Nadir: My eyes, alas, follow her in vain!

Both: Yes, it is she! It is the goddess  
Who has just brought us together again,  
And ever mindful of my vow  
Like a brother I will cherish you!  
It is she! It is the goddess  
who today reunites us!  
Yes, let us share the same fate!  
Let us be friends to the death!

Glaube, Hoffnung und Liebe  
Faith, Hope and Love

Faith, Hope, Love! Should you hold fast to these  
three, you will never be untrue to yourself, and  
your skies will never be murky!

Have faith in God and in your heart! Faith flies  
heavenwards. More than in the firmament, God lives  
in your own bosom! Should the world and men lie,  
the heart can never deceive.

Hope in eternity and for better times here on  
earth! Hope is a beautiful light and is the light  
of the path of duty. Hope, but do not demand of  
it! The day will follow the first light of hope!

Give love, steadfast and pure! Without love you  
are as cold as stone. Love refines your feelings  
and leads you to your goals. Life can only be  
warmed with the glow of happiness from love!

If you would be true to yourself, hold fast to

these three! So that your skies will never be  
murky, have Faith, Hope, Love!  
Die Sterne  
The stars

How the stars glitter so clearly in the  
night! They have often awakened me from my  
slumber. Yet I do not chide these beings of light  
for this. They practice many holy deeds in their  
stillness.

They wander far above in their angel  
formations. They light the way for the pilgrim  
through meadows and forests. They hover as heralds  
of love here around, and often carry kisses far  
over the sea.

They look the sufferer directly and yet tenderly in  
the face, and wipe away tears with silvery  
light. Comfortingly and securely, they direct us  
beyond the grave, beyond the blue sky with their  
fingers of gold.

So be blessed then, you radiant throng! And shine  
on me for a long time with your clear and friendly  
light. And if I should fall in love, be trusting  
of the union, and let your flickering be a blessing  
on us!

Allerseelen

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring here the last of red asters,  
And let us speak again of love,  
As long ago in May.

Give me the band that I may secretly clasp it,  
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;  
Give me one of your sweet glances,  
As long ago in May.

Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,  
Once a year is All Souls' Day, -

