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4-9-2014

# Elective Recital: David Fenwick and Ian Wiese, composition

David Fenwick

Ian Wiese

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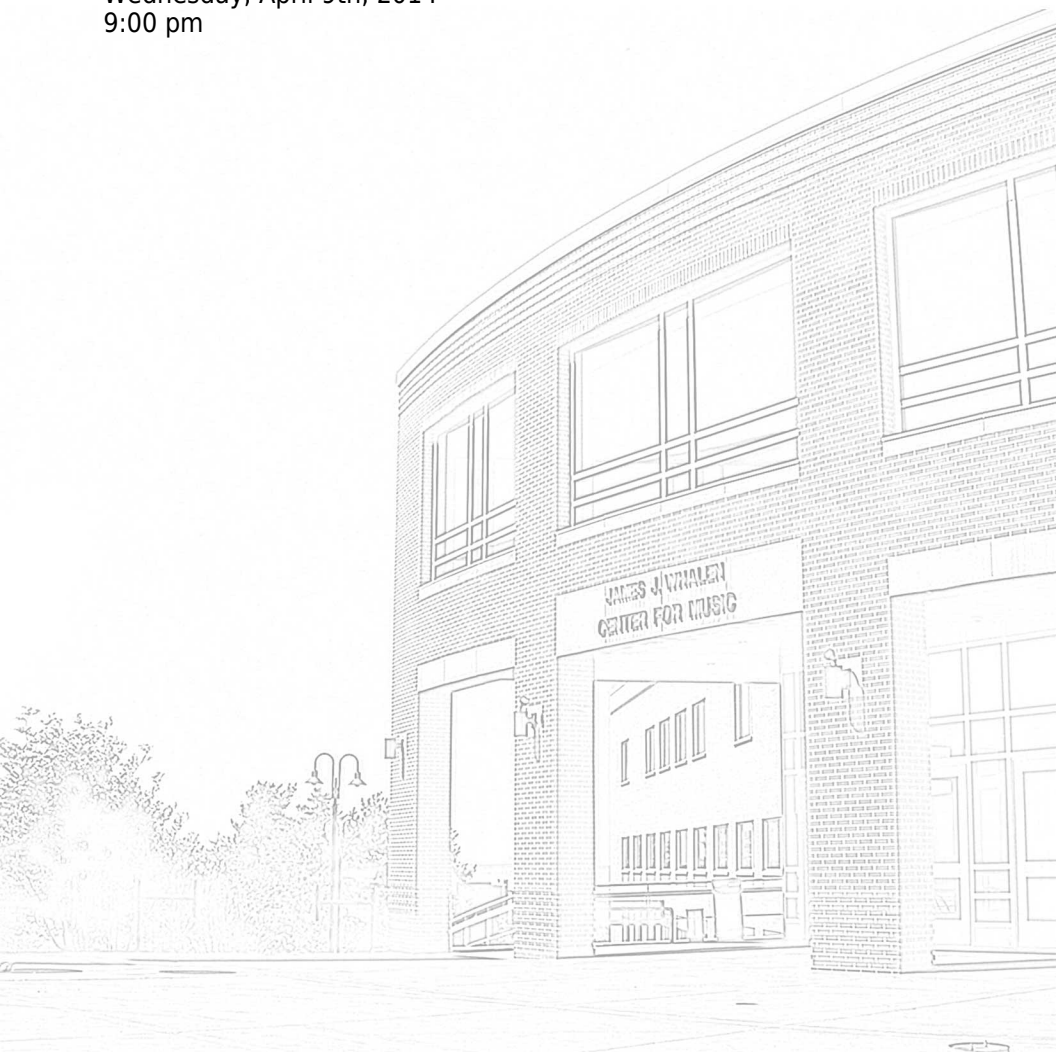
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# Joint Recital: David Fenwick and Ian Wiese, composers

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Wednesday, April 9th, 2014  
9:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music



# Program

Chaotic Voices Ian Wiese  
(b. 1994)  
*Jonathan Fenwick and Michael Petit, violins; Austin Savage, viola; David Fenwick, cello*

Shai Hulud David Fenwick  
(b. 1993)  
*Allison Kraus, flute; Kestrel Curro, clarinet and bass clarinet; Jonathan Fenwick, violin; David Fenwick, cello*

Sonata for Harpsichord Ian Wiese  
I. Adagio (Faux Dramatics)  
II. Allegro con fuoco (In Homage to Vladimir Rebikov)  
III. Allegro con fuoco (A Little Bit Jazzy)  
*Ni Zhang, harpsichord*

## Intermission

Étude for Cello and Drone David Fenwick  
*David Fenwick, cello; Gillian Dana, bass*

Scherzo for Oboe and Viola David Fenwick  
*Jake Walsh, oboe; Austin Savage, viola*

Two Short Character Pieces for Solo Cello Ian Wiese  
I. Slow and Spacey  
II. Fast and Driving  
*David Fenwick, cello*

Three Poems by Robin Ekiss Ian Wiese  
text by Robin Ekiss  
I. The Past Is Another Country  
II. Portrait of Houdini with Wife  
III. Edison in Love  
*Samantha Kwan, mezzo-soprano; Jonathan Fenwick and Michael Petit, violins; Austin Savage, viola; David Fenwick, cello*

## Program Notes

### Three Poems by Robin Ekiss

This song cycle was written for the 2013 New Voices Festival, the inaugural year of the literary festival, under the direction of Professor Christopher Holmes of the Department of English and Professor Eleanor Henderson of the Department of Writing. It premiered to an audience of writers, poets, faculty, and student guides, including the poet Robin Ekiss, on April 25th, 2013. This piece is dedicated to Robin Ekiss.

#### *I. The Past Is Another Country*

I'm no longer in love  
with the sand that makes the pearl,

or anything grainy  
that hardens its beauty

by passing through pain.  
Bone revisits the porous soil

and presses itself into coal.  
Whole colonies of canaries

refuse to return from *that* mine.  
Is there anything yellower

than their dark shaft of regret?  
The past is another country,

all its cities are forbidden,  
their borders closed to you

on every side, while here  
God has many mansions,

all too small to live in.  
When I inherit his palace,

I'll take my moat everywhere  
making difficult any crossing.

## II. Portrait of Houdini with Wife

The pleasure of contrast: not chained up  
in an oilcloth sack underwater, holding his breath,  
but composing himself

for the camera, in his only suit.

You have to understand photography—  
unforgiving mirror, unlike oils that soften

the hard edges of a man's face  
if you want them to, or velvet curtain  
shielding the pine box during an escape.

The audience imagines his bones contracting  
to a splinter. That's not at all how it's done—  
the camera's lens blanketed by cloth

to keep it in the dark; any halo of light  
ruptures the film with shadow. His eyes already  
turn inward to that place we're going.

She thinks about escape too:  
at the horse butcher, in line like the others,  
or arguing over the price of bread

at the Market of Innocents. Adam's rib  
is forever hidden inside her chest  
as the force of blows hibernates in a boxer's fist,

but she, at least, is smiling when he says,  
*We have such a small family,*  
meaning *your body*

*won't open to me*—it's shackled  
inside its cage: love and rage,  
whose bars are meant to be broken.

## III. Edison in Love

Thomas Edison loved a doll  
with a tiny phonograph inside  
because he made her speak.

Is there any other reason  
to love a woman? Did she say  
*the ghost of my conception*

or something equally demure?

It's hard to be sure how he feels  
when he holds me, I fall apart.

I'm projecting here. He didn't feel  
her first transgression  
was in having no expression.

René Descartes, too, traveled alone  
with a doll-in-a-box  
he called his daughter. *Francine*,

*Francine...* is it better to be silent  
and wait for everything  
we were promised?

Or should we love them back,  
the way a train loves its destination,  
as if we have the machinery necessary for it?

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## Shai Hulud

### I. (p. 264)

"We must walk without rhythm," Paul said as he called up the memory of men walking the sand...both prescient memory and real memory.

"Watch how I do it," he said. "This is how Fremmen walk the sand." He stepped out onto the windward face of the dune, following the curve of it, moved with a dragging pace. Jessica studied his progress for ten steps, followed, imitating him. She saw the sense of it: they must sound like the natural shifting of sand, like the wind. But the muscles protested this unnatural, broken pattern: Step...drag...drag...step...step...wait...drag...step...

### II. (p. 529)

SHAI-HULUD: Sandworm of Arrakis, the "Old man of the Desert," "Old Father Eternity," and "Grandfather of the Desert." Significantly, this name, when referred to in a certain tone or when written with capital letters designates the earth diety of Fremmen hearth superstitions. Sandworms grow to enormous size (specimens larger than 400 meters have been seen in the deep desert) and live to great age unless slain by one of their fellows or drowned in water, which is poisonous to them. Most of the sand on Arrakis is created by sandworm action.

### III. (p. 390)

When he threw the latch, the thumper would begin its summons. Across the sand, a giant worm—a maker—would hear and come to the drumming. With the whipike hook-staffs, Paul knew, he could mount the maker's high curving back. For as long as a forward edge of a worm's ring segment was held open by a hook, open to admit abrasive sand into the more sensitive interior, the creature would not retreat beneath the desert. It would, in fact, roll its gigantic body to bring the opened segment as far away from the desert surface as possible.

I am a sandrider, Paul told himself.

All text is reproduced from Frank Herbert's Novel, *Dune* (NY, Chilton Co., 1965).