

11-11-2005

## Concert: Ensemble X

Ensemble X

Chris Younghoon Kim

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ITHACA COLLEGE

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SCHOOL OF MUSIC

ENSEMBLE X

Judith Kellock, soprano  
Susan Waterbury, violin  
Debra Moree, viola  
Wendy Herbener Mehne, flute  
Richard Faria, clarinet  
Michael Galván, clarinet\*\*  
Eric Callahan, bass clarinet\*\*  
Elizabeth Simkin, cello  
Lee Goodhew Romm, bassoon  
Conrad Alexander, percussion  
Nicholas Walker, bass\*\*  
Chris Younghoon Kim, conductor  
Xak Bjerken, piano and celesta  
Steven Stucky, conductor

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Friday, November 11, 2005  
8:15 p.m.

ITHACA

# *Rule, Britannia!*

Kiss on Wood (1993)

James MacMillan  
(b. 1959)

Linoi (1968)

Harrison Birtwistle  
(b. 1934)

Seadrift (1992)

Julian Anderson  
(b. 1967)

*I. Prelude*

*II. Secco*

*III. Lento desolato*

## INTERMISSION

Life Story (1993)

Thomas Adès  
(b. 1971)

Bassoonova (2004)\*

Colin Matthews  
(b. 1946)

*I. Allegro*

*II. Molto vivo*

*III. Recitativo*

*IV. Ostinato*

*V. Allegretto*

Octet (1979)

George Benjamin  
(b. 1960)

\* East Coast premiere

\*\* Guest artists

For more information, please go to [www.ensemblex.org](http://www.ensemblex.org)

## Seadrift

Once Paumanok,  
When lilac-scent was in the air and fifth-month grass was growing,  
Up the seashore in some briars,  
Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,  
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,  
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with  
bright eyes,  
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing  
them,  
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating,

Shine! Shine! Shine!  
Pour down your warmth, great sun!  
While we bask, we two together.

Two together...

...Winds blow south, or winds blow north,  
Day come white, or night come black,  
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,  
Singing all the time, minding no time,  
While we two keep together.

Blow! Blow! Blow!  
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;  
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Soothe! Soothe! Soothe!  
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,  
But my love soothes not me, not me.

I call to you my love.  
Surely you know who is here, is here,  
You must know who I am.

Hither my love!  
Here I am! Here!  
With this sustained note I announce myself to you,  
We call together no more.  
I call...

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

## Life Story

After you've been to bed together for the first time,  
without the advantage or disadvantage of any prior acquaintance,  
the other party very often says to you,  
Tell me about yourself, I want to know all about you,  
what's your story? And you think that maybe they really and truly  
do

sincerely want to know your life story, and so you light up  
a cigarette and begin to tell it to them, the two of you  
lying together in completely relaxed positions  
like a pair of rag dolls a bored child dropped on a bed.

You tell them your story, or as much of your story  
as time or a fair degree of prudence allows, and they say, Oh, oh,  
oh, oh,  
oh,  
each time a little more faintly, until the oh  
is just an audible breath, and then of course

there's some interruption. Slow room service comes up  
with a bowl of melting ice cubes, or one of you rises to pee  
and gaze at himself with mild astonishment in the bathroom  
mirror.

And then, the first thing you know, before you've had time  
to pick up where you left off with your enthralling life story,  
they're telling you *their* life story, exactly as they'd intended to all  
along,

and you're saying, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,  
each time a little more faintly, the vowel at last becoming  
no more than an audible sigh,  
as the elevator, halfway down the corridor and a turn to the left,  
draws one last, long, deep breath of exhaustion  
and stops breathing forever. Then?

Well, one of you falls asleep  
and the other one does likewise with a lighted cigarette in his mouth,  
and that's how people burn to death in hotel rooms.

Tennessee Williams (1911-1983)