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Faculty Recital: Ivy Walz, mezzo-soprano

Ivy Walz

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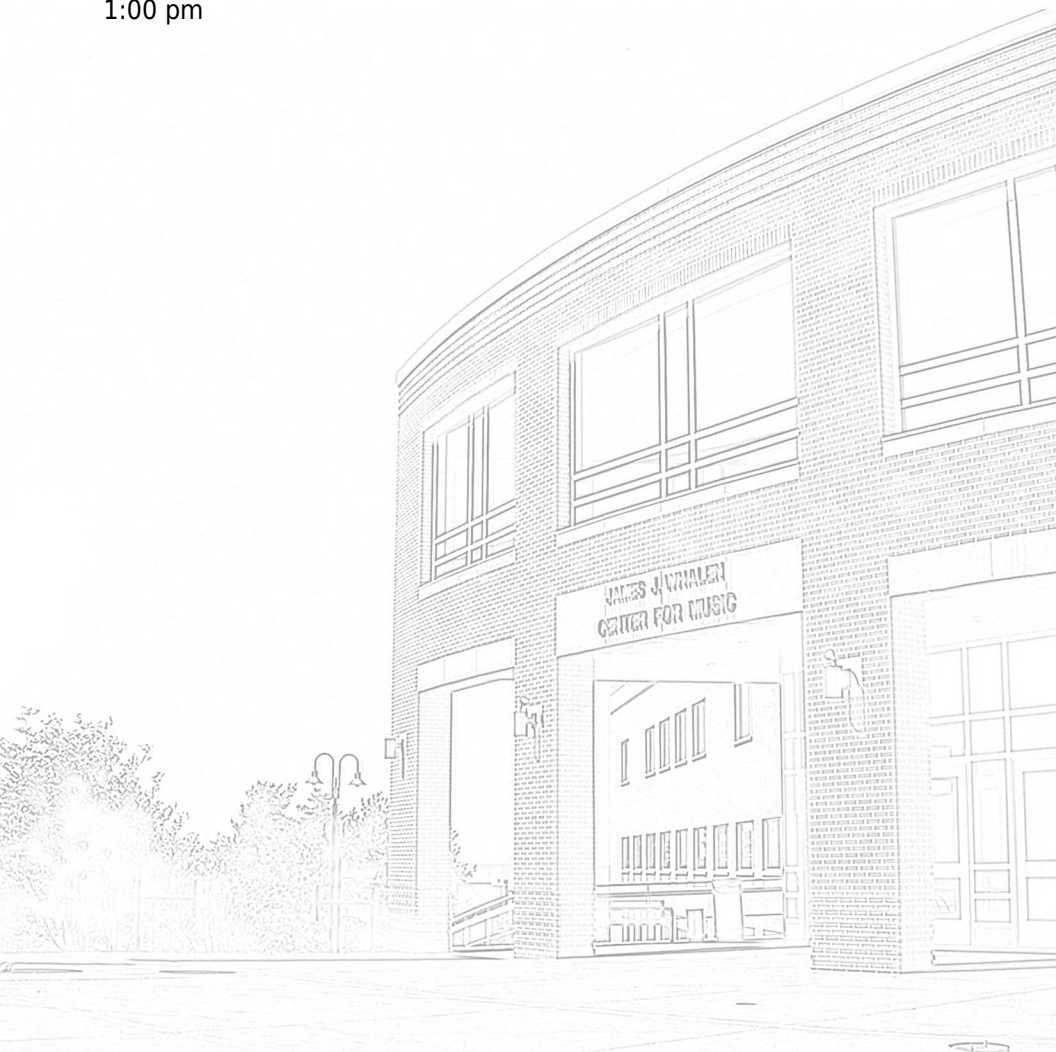
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Faculty Recital:
Ivy Walz, mezzo soprano

Charis Dimaras, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, November 6th, 2016
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

La Maja Dolorosa, 2
La Maja Dolorosa, 3
El Majo Discreto

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

Von ewiger Liebe
Wie Melodien zieht es mir
Vergebliches Ständchen

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

The Merit of Light
I. Bitterly the Stones Now
II. April Morn
III. For Fear
IV. Skater
V. Situating Frost
VI. The Longing
VII. The Crude Moments

Stephen Dankner
(b. 1944)

**Post Performance Q&A with composer Stephen
Dankner and poet Stephen Rifkin**

Translations

Songs by Enrique Granados

The sorrowful maja, No. 2

Ay, majo of my life,
No, no - you haven't died!
How could I continue to exist if this were true?

I want, irrationally, to kiss your mouth!
I want, truly, to cast my lot with yours,
Ay, with yours!

Ay! Still I rant and dream;
My man no longer exits.
All about me the world is weeping and sad.
For my sorrow there is no consolation!
But dead and cold, my majo will be mine,
Ay, always mine.

The sorrowful maja, No. 3

Of that handsome lover that was once my joy
I ardently keep sweet memories.
He adored me fervently and loyally.
My whole life I gave to him,
And a thousand more would I give, if he wished it,
For in deep love agony is a flower.

And when I think of my majo,
Dreams of a time gone by are rekindled.

Neither in Mentidero, nor in Florida,
A more handsome man ever roamed.
Under the rim of his hat I saw his eyes
Fixed upon me with all his soul.
They bewitched all those whom they beheld,
And in this world I never found a gaze so profound.

And when I think of my beloved,
Dreams of a time gone by are rekindled

The Discrete Majo

Some say that my majo is ugly.
It is possible that he may be,
For love is desire which blinds and dizzies.

For long have I known that loving is not seeing.

But if my majo is not a man whose beauty turns heads and
astonishes,
Then he is discreet and the keeper of a secret
That I entrusted to him knowing that he is true.

What could this secret be that my majo is safeguarding?
It would be indiscreet for me to reveal it.
It is no small feat to learn the secrets between a man and a
woman.
He was born in Lavapiés.
Eh, eh!
He is a majo, a majo he is!

Songs by Johannes Brahms

Of eternal Love

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!
Night has fallen; the world now is silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke.
Yes, now even the lark is silent.
From out of the village there comes the young lad,
Taking his beloved home. He leads her past the willow bushes,
Talking so much, and of so many things:
"If you suffer shame and if you grieve,
If you suffer disgrace before others because of me,
Then our love shall be ended ever so fast
As fast as we once came together;
It shall go with the rain and go with the wind,
As fast as we once came together."
Then says the maiden, the maiden says:
"Our love shall never end!
Steel is firm and iron is firm,
Yet our love is firmer still.
Iron and steel can be recast by the smith
But who would transform our love?
Iron and steel can melt;
Our love, our love will have to last forever!"

It moves like a Melody

It moves like a melody,
Gently through my mind;
It blossoms like spring flowers
And wafts away like fragrance.

But when it is captured in words,
And placed before my eyes,
It turns pale like a gray mist
And disappears like a breath.

And yet, remaining in my rhymes
There hides still a fragrance,
Which mildly from the quiet bud
My moist eyes call forth.

Futile Serenade

He:

Good evening, my treasure,
good evening, sweet girl!
I come from love of you,
Ah, open the door,
open the door for me!

She:

My door is locked,
and I won't let you in:
My mother has advised me well!
If you came in,
It would all be over for me!

He:

The night is so cold,
and the wind so icy
that my heart will freeze,
and my love will be extinguished!
Open for me, sweet girl!

She:

If your love starts dying,
then let it be extinguished!
If it keeps dying,
go home to bed, and rest!
Good night, my boy!

Biographies

Stephen Dankner

Stephen Dankner received his Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Music Composition from the Juilliard School in 1971. A list of works since 1990 includes eight symphonies, twenty string quartets (*Quartets 3-10* premiered by the Amernet String Quartet), a saxophone quartet (commissioned by the Mana Saxophone Quartet), six concerti (one each for piano and violin, two for cello, an E flat clarinet *Concerto* commissioned by Louisiana Philharmonic E flat clarinetist Stephanie Thompson, and a *Concerto* for alto saxophonist Lawrence Gwozdz; a *Symphony for Saxophone Chamber Orchestra*; four major song cycles; sonatas for violin (3), piano, alto saxophone, viola, cello; four piano trios; a piano quartet, piano quintet, saxophone quintet (saxophone quartet with piano) and five orchestral tone poems. Dankner was the composer-in-residence with the Louisiana Philharmonic Orchestra from 2004-2007.

The National Symphony Orchestra, Albany Symphony Orchestra, Louisiana Philharmonic Orchestra, Minnesota Orchestra, Nashville Symphony, Kansas City Symphony, Nürnberg Symphoniker, Rundfunk-Sinfonieorchester Saarbrücken, Portland Youth Philharmonic, Greater New Orleans Youth Orchestra and Berkshire Symphony have given premieres of commissioned and other works. The Louisiana Philharmonic Orchestra has given premiere performances of seven of his eight symphonies during the period 1998-2012.

The composer has twice been a recipient of a State of Louisiana Division of the Arts Fellowship in Music Composition (1986, 1998) and the State of Louisiana Division of the Arts Mini-Grants (4 - 1998-2004). Winner, William Lincer International Composition Award for Piano Quartet (2001). Fellowship residencies at Yaddo, Virginia Center for Creative Arts (11), A Studio In The Woods and The Millay Colony. Dankner was a recipient of a Surdna Arts Teacher's Fellowship to compose his Eighth Symphony (2004-'05).

The composer also is an experimental digital visual artist and has had several juried exhibitions of his *gicleé* prints in the Berkshires region of Massachusetts.

Stephen Dankner resides in Williamstown, Massachusetts.

Stephen Rifkin

Stephen Rifkin was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1939, attended James Madison High School and then Brooklyn College, where he majored in English. He taught in the New York City public schools.

In midlife he and his wife, the artist Wilma Rifkin, moved to Deer Isle, Maine, where they lived for the next 20 years. Many of the poems in his book, "The Merit Of Light," were written there or have the island as their locale. He considers these paths to the interior. Beyond that lies the whelming sea.

He has lived in Europe, Mexico, and Istanbul, Turkey. For the past fourteen years he and his wife have made home North Adams, MA.

He was a member of the Poetry Society of America, a founding member of The Deer Isle Writers' Group. His poems have appeared in various literary and poetry journals.

In 2015 Stephen and his wife Wilma Rifkin collaborated on a show, "TWO NATURES TALKING," at Gallery 51, in NorthAdams. The exhibition included word and visual art.

The book "THE MERIT OF LIGHT" was reviewed in Kirkus Indie Reviews. (from the book's Preface)

We lived on an island. There were cold, short days of winter, and stillness, a light of solace, and a light of scrutiny. They hung in the same room. Words came, they held my breath.

We shared walks. We shared keenness for the Maine wood, we loved the sea, the island, and remoteness. We, my wife and I, lived a life we had chosen, or come to. I think we pursued perfection.

Author's Note:

The hard part was writing them, but I was in a joyous trance that even editing barely disturbed. To send them into the world, to you, provokes a quickened pulse, a catch of the breath—the one you begin when you read or perform publicly to a live audience.

The way I write a poem puts me inside it, sounding word and level of awareness, or perspective, but not opining— or on side lines, a commentator. This makes of the poem what I'd call, if I had to, the shifting drama of a sovereign state. Language marks the rise and fall, or play— a setting fore and aft— my speaker undergoes, or comes upon. He—a he, usually, but not always!— is conscious to a momentary stop.

Settings may be a room, the beach, a garden, or walk. I meander in the Island's—i.e., Deer Isle's— weather, its bounties, pleasures and costs.

Stephen Rifkin, 2016