

GREAT FALLS SYMPHONY 2017—2018 CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES

the Chinook Winds present

# STORY TIME

Norman Gonzales, FLUTE · Lauren Blackerby, OBOE · Christopher Mothersole, CLARINET · Dorian Antipa, BASSOON · Madeleine Folkerts, HORN

2:00pm Sunday, November 12 | 7:00pm Tuesday, November 14  
First Congregational Church UCC | Trinitas Chapel, University of Providence

## PROGRAM

**LEONARD BERNSTEIN** (1918-1990)  
arr. Don Stewart

**Overture to Candide**

**LUCIANO BERIO** (1925-2003)

**Opus Number Zoo**

- I. Barn Dance
- II. The Fawn
- III. The Grey Mouse
- IV. Tom Cats

**NIKOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV** (1844-1908)  
arr. Jonathan Russell

**Scheherazade**

- I. The Sea and Sinbad's Ship
- II. The Kalandar Prince
- III. The Young Prince and The Young Princess
- IV. Festival at Baghdad. The Sea. The Ship Goes to Pieces on a Rock

narration by Tiffany Waldren

## INTERMISSION

Special presentation and reading of student stories inspired by Maurice Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite*

**MAURICE RAVEL** (1875-1937)

**Ma Mère l'Oye (Mother Goose) Suite**

- I. Pavane de la Belle au bois dormant (Pavane of Sleeping Beauty)
- II. Petit Poucet (Little Tom Thumb)
- III. Laideronnette, impératrice des pagodes (Little Ugly Girl, Empress of the Pagodas)
- IV. Les entretiens de la belle et de la bête (Conversation of Beauty and the Beast)
- V. Le jardin féerique (The Fairy Garden)

narration by Tiffany Waldren

**ARR. NORMAN GONZALES** (b. 1985)

**Disney Princess Party**

# PROGRAM NOTES

## BERNSTEIN (ARR. STEWART): Overture to *Candide*

Leonard Bernstein is considered the first internationally-known musician to be entirely the product of American schooling. After studies at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, he became the assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic in 1957, and two years later, assumed the duties of music director. Bernstein also was a prolific and dynamic composer who wrote music for orchestra, chorus, musical theater, movies, and television. His infusion of jazz and international styles into “classical” compositions paralleled the cultural evolution of the country during the mid-twentieth century.

Completed and first performed in 1956, *Candide* is a comic operetta based on the novella by Voltaire. It tells of the misadventures of Candide, a naïve and pure-hearted young man, and his more tough-minded sweetheart, Cunégonde. Composing the music to the original libretto by Lillian Hellman, Bernstein took great pride in the project and always wanted to write the “Great American Opera.” *Candide* is probably the closest he came to achieving that goal. Though *Candide* itself received a lukewarm initial reception on Broadway, its overture was well-received from the outset and quickly established itself as a popular curtain raiser. The overture draws principally on two vocal melodies that are prominent in the stage work: a lyrical and tender tune that later resurfaces as Candide and Cunégonde’s love duet, “O Happy We” and a wacky, up-tempo number from Cunégonde’s coloratura-soprano aria, “Glitter and Be Gay.”

## BERIO: Opus Number Zoo

This early work of Berio was written in 1951 and manages a to have a fanciful and fangless bite! The wind writing is considered “neo-Classical,” with its characteristically angular rhythms, transparent textures, and emotional coolness. With the text by Rhoda Levine, this music speaks through allegory rather than open mouth and is a fusion of whimsy and wicked. Berio is able to pack so much in these little numbers with a shiny musical appeal on the surface a nasty little undercurrent.

The opening “Barn Dance” is emblematic: “The fox took the chicken out on the floor, Poor silly chicken didn’t know the score,” goes the text. Intoned with acute irony, it’s accompanied by the mocking gestures of Berio’s music and repeats more than a few times the chick’s tragic flaw — “she never noticed when the lights went out” — before abruptly announcing “That’s all folks.”

The fawn listens to the second movement and hears “the cry of bombs...the scream of distant fields...[thinking] what

madness of men...to blast all that is lively, lively, proud and gentle. What can the reason be?” This number seems to cast a melancholy pall in the rest of the short work, which does little to lighten things.

The following number, “The Grey Mouse,” narrates an old mouse’s bitter spying of new-year festivities, set in repeated staccato duets and occasional melodic fragments.

The final, “Tom Cats,” opens with a unison that crescendos into an ear-crunching cluster as a musical game of suspense ensues; the setting is a David-and-Goliath showdown between two feline miscreants, mutually envious of their tail and whiskers. In the end, their combat rids them both of the thing they planned to take from each other.

## RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (ARR. RUSSELL): Scheherazade

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov had a busy summer in 1888. He moved his family into a beautiful lakehouse in Russia and completed the full scores to both the *Russian Easter Festival Overture* and the symphonic suite *Scheherazade*, two of his most popular works. In his notes on *Scheherazade* the composer described how he vacillated between giving the four movements conventional names — “prelude, ballade, adagio, and finale” — and more descriptive names that reflected the specific themes of *Arabian Nights*, the book on which the work was based. In the end he settled on the musical terms, believing that the piece would be more effective if the pictures evoked by the music were left to the imagination of the listener.

Rimsky-Korsakov was a member of a group of Russian nationalist composers who called themselves “The Five” (or “The Mighty Handful”). Other members of The Five were Mily Balakirev, Cesar Cui, Modest Mussorgsky, and Alexander Borodin. These men believed in using the themes, sounds, and traditions of the folk in their music. *Scheherazade* is a perfect example of the nationalistic style. This ambitious and virtuosic arrangement was done in 2013 by Jonathan Russell, especially for Imani Winds. Mr. Russell is an arranger, composer, conductor, and clarinetist.

## RAVEL (ARR. POPKIN): Ma Mère l'Oye

Ravel’s *Ma mère l’Oye* (Mother Goose) suite was originally written as five piano duets for siblings Mimi (6 years old) and Jean Godebski (7 years old). The work was premiered and published in 1910 and a year later, orchestrated the work into a full ballet which premiered at the Théâtre des Arts in Paris.

Each movement is a musical depiction of different fairy tales. “Sleeping Beauty” and “Little Tom Thumb” were based on the tales by Charles Perrault. “The Little Ugly Girl, Empress of the Pagodas” was inspired by a tale (“The Green Serpent”)

by Perrault's "rival" Madame d'Aulnoy and takes advantage of the pentatonic scale, a musical mode associated with music from the Far East. "Beauty and the Beast" is based upon the version of Jeanne-Marie Le Prince de Beaumont. While the origin of "The Fairy Garden" is not entirely known, the ballet version of this work interprets this movement as Sleeping Beauty's awakening.

### ARR. GONZALES: Disney Princess Party

This arrangement showcases some of Disney's most famous princess songs – *Cinderella*: "A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes" (oboe); Ariel from *The Little Mermaid*: "Part Of Your World" (clarinet), Jasmine from *Aladdin*: "A Whole New World" (horn), Belle from *Beauty and the Beast*: "Belle's Reprise" (bassoon), and *Pocahontas*: "Colors of the Wind" (flute). We hope you discover your inner princess and leave you with a smile on your face after listening to this fun medley!

—notes by Norman Gonzales

## STORIES FROM MS. MOORE'S FIFTH GRADE CLASS

### *White-tailed Hunting*

by Keira Patterson

Once upon a time...

There was a forest called the Bitterroot Forest in Montana. The forest was full of happy animals of all kinds. Bunnies, moose, wolves, foxes, deer, owls. Then, at the side of the forest, a small herd of deer walked into the forest. The sun warmed their fur. They snacked happily on the grass. Some of them found berries. Some found better grass. The all filled up their bellies.

Then, some of the deer became thirsty. Most of the deer left to a nearby lake. More deer left, leaving one deer still eating the grass. The lonely deer looked up. Blue and red birds chirped in chorus. The bunnies hopped and bopped to the music. The forest was happy, as usual.

The chirping stopped as the birds flew away. The bunnies hopped away faster than rockets. The forest grew dark as a mighty cloud covered the sun. The deer felt cold. Silence flooded the area.

Not far, a bright red fox tiptoed around. He was on a hunt. A very important one as well. He saw some bunnies walk away from the forest opening. He thought of catching them, but by that time they had gone away in a flash of grayish-brown fuzz.

Then, the fox spotted a deer. A very graceful, white-tailed

deer. **Food!** He thought. **Nice, fat, scrumptious food!** He slithered toward the deer, slinking around in the grass. He was getting close. **VERY** close. Finally, when he thought he was close enough...

He pounced! The deer jumped back, just in time. After a moment of silence, the deer galloped away warning the others. They soon had gone at least a mile or two away from the poor fox. The fox laid down in sorrow and defeat. He was too hungry to even get up.

A cold snowflake floated down and rested on his nose. The fox looked up. A swarming cloud had formed, threatening the fall. Winter was coming. The fox scrambled to a nearby cave. He fell over, cold, hungry, sad, weak, and hoping to survive winter.

Somehow...

### *Epilogue*

Sun fell through a cave's entrance. The rock beneath it turned warm. Inside, a bright red fox was sleeping. He rolled over onto the heated floor.

***That feels so nice and... HOT!!!*** The fox jumped up and scrambled to the far end of the cave. Then, he realized, it was spring! He jumped outside, trying to avoid the burning bottom. The sun felt warm. His belly rumbled. His memories flooded back. **Food... he thought. I need food!**

### *3rd Camping trip in my life*

by Sebastien Colson

It was my 3rd camping trip in my life. I had to learn about the woods for class, so why not go there instead? I brought my pet mouse, Danny, since he was trained to not leave me if I pick him up. So after we got there, my dad told me more about the forest. I remember him saying:

"Henry, when I was your age, I was a boy scout in the woods camping," and blah blah blah.

When I went to bed that night, I awoke around midnight, and heard a weak, soft sound. I got out of bed, and saw that Danny was scurrying away from my tent. Apparently, he heard the noise too, and since he was trained to not leave me, he must've thought I was with him. So because I didn't want to lose my only pet, naturally, I followed him. When I found him, I was in a part of the woods that was crazy, and unmapped! I looked around the area and saw singing and dancing animals. Then I spotted what was making the racket. A tiny violin! I never had seen such a cute instrument! You'll never believe what happened next. Dan came up to it, and here it comes, he played a familiar song to everyone. I think it was "Ravel" or something. He held onto the violin tight, and when I called to him, he brought it with him and didn't let it go. The next morning, it was still in his cage. I worked on my

school paper, then went hiking with my dad.

“Dad, have you ever been out of the woods when camping?” I said. “No, why?” he said. “I found a tiny violin last night, and Danny won’t let it go.”

“Hah! Good one, Hen!”

Then he ran into a tree.

“HAH!!!”

I ran back to camp, followed by my Dad. While I got my stuff, he opened his first-aid kit and got a bandage. Then we left.

At school the next day, Ms. Eddwood told the class that we were going to have a play on Friday, so we had to pick roles. I wanted to be a bear, but it got chosen already. So, I had to be grass.

“ARE YOU SERIOUS?!” I screamed.

I ended up getting the boot at the end of the day. Literally. A boot thrown at me. Ouch. I started practicing for the play (even though I lay there the entire time. 1 hour and 40 min.), and my mouse started doing “Ravel” again. It started to get annoying.

Show and tell was the next day. I brought Danny, and he ended up being a part in the play. I don’t know how, but it was probably his violin skills.

At the rehearsal, he ended up being the only musician in the play. So for 2 HOURS, he had flowers thrown for him, while I did NOTHING AT ALL. When it ended, I overheard the director telling the school he could be a star. Then my dad heard the news, and the school crew told me, since I was Danny’s owner, I might be a star with him, even though I was GRASS.

Somehow Hollywood heard this, and we ended up moving there. We made a ton of movies. I started to get tired of the rich life, and my dad had a TON of women he didn’t know kissing and smothering him with love. (My mom later found this out, and he got slapped. Over and over again). I told him that I was having a bad time, and he said we might throw this away, if it gets worse. Then danger came. Someone was flying suicide bombers everywhere! After Danny came back from another musical, I told him and my dad about the crazy people outside. He didn’t believe me, of course. Then we heard a **BOOM**. The roof was falling! We had to run to make it to the hall, before our room collapsed.

We made it out of town before we got captured, and started driving home. Danny held up a sign to me. (Apparently, the music producers taught him to write, so he can communicate). It said “I’m getting tired of working, but can I keep the violin?” I told him yes, and then he showed Dad (HIS ACTUAL NAME...) his thoughts. He said “Henny, it’s your choice. Do you want to quit being famous, or be a rich kid for

life?” I looked at Danny. He was so cute, so you can’t resist saying no to him.

“Nah, let’s get our old life back.”

“Ok, if you say so...”

We were about halfway home, when I realized we just quit, and I wasn’t even 16. I cuddled Dan. We were going to have a great life together, from now on.

—The End—

## *Two Powers*

By Ben Hoiland

The duckling was wondering to himself, where is the blueberry farm? Instead of going east to the blueberry farm, he went southwest to the woods. The duckling then spotted a wolf. “Hello there sir do you know which direction the blueber-” The duckling had been cut short by the wolf. “You look good for a little dessert.” “mm mm mmm” “Fried duckling for dinner everybody!” Howoooooooooooo went the wolves. Uh-oh said the duckling. Uh I gotta go. “Hey.” “Stop him now!”

The duckling started to run for his life. The first wolf he met stopped right in front of him and picked him up. The duckling started to hypnotize someone for the first time.

“STOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOP!” The wolf went blank for a few seconds.

“Ok.” He put the duckling down. You could hear someone yell from the back: “Boss.” “What’re ya doing?” another wolf said in an english accent. The duckling ran away faster than you could say what. Then the duckling met the owl. The owl was the only thing the duckling couldn’t fully hypnotize. The duckling looked behind him to see if the wolves were chasing him. He looked at the owl and said “Whew.” “Those wolves wanted to eat me!” The owl could see the look of relief in the ducklings face. The owl started to bob his head back and forth. This is how he would start to send the duckling away. “What are you doing Mister?” the duckling asked innocently. The owl told him that this is something he was forced to do and couldn’t help it. The duckling breathed in and out roughly. They were both starting to use their powers against each other. The duckling finally stopped and quickly spun away smoother than an NFL running back. The duckling hid behind a tree to catch his breath. The owl had not seen him run to the tree. The duckling peeked out so slightly you couldn’t see him with a microscope. The duckling started to breathe roughly again. Then, he darted away from the tree and had the owl for a second but couldn’t get it to work. The owl caught him before the duckling could barely even start. The owl and duckling. The duckling and the owl. A story that no

one would forget. But sadly, you won't hear the end.  
Bye!

Just kidding. Anyway where were we? Oh yes. The duckling tried to juke and jive, but it was no use the fight might go on for a few more hours, but remember when the duckling was behind the tree he had hypnotized critters of the woods too. At the time he thought I wish I had someone to help me. And his wish came true all those critters were jumping on the owl like the ground was lava. There was at least a dozen of them, scratching and pawing on the owl. The owl couldn't bear it. The owl spun around to swat them away but they were all over. This was the duckling chance. He kept at it and the owl forgot all about the duckling's. The owl didn't see it coming and was knocked off the tree by a parrot. The owl was out cold. The curse was broken. Although the owl wouldn't live forever now, all the people who had been thrown out of lake grove can come back in.

The owl went to thank the duckling. The duckling was relieved that the owl didn't want to get rid of him.

## *My Dog Baxter*

by Janica Clark

### *Prologue*

My name is Baxter. I am usually very hyper and I love to go on walks with my best friend Sarah, which by the way is my owner. Plus I'm pretty sure I am her best friend too. Even though she's got some pretty nice friends too, Charlotte, Sarina, and Avery. They never hurt me or anything and they don't try to be annoying but they always smother me and don't give me any space. But anyways let's get to the real story.

. . .

It was a Saturday morning probably about nine o'clock. I was on a walk with Sarah. I hadn't been on a walk for what seems like forever. I was kind of tired which is very unusual but I was kind of glad to get a few breaths of the fresh morning air. Then Sarah surprised me by walking into the dog park. There was a bunch of other dogs big and small. I teared the leash out of Sarah's hand running over to this small white dog. He was heading to a car with his owner. Then when it started moving and I started to chase it. I was not at all familiar with the place they stopped at and I was beginning to get a bit scared. So I began to try and find my way back home but I couldn't find it. I spent night after night laying on the streets and trying to find food. One night I went to a garbage can and standing there was a wolf. He looked really weak and hungry. He was running to me like he was going to attack me. But I realized as he got nearer and nearer he slowed down. Then he said "Hi! My name is Twilight. Who are you?"

"Uh... I'm Baxter" I said in a shy and weak voice.

I even found out that he was lost too. He hadn't seen his mother in four years. At that point I had probably been lost for about two weeks. But sooner or later we made really good friends and we were trying to help each other find our way home. Summer passed by fast just like fall, winter, and spring. It was miserable.

. . .

Sarah was watching her favorite television show, but she wasn't even paying any attention to it anyways. Instead she was worried about Baxter. They had put posters up and everything. Nobody had called or said anything about a dog. Sarah felt so bad because he had never even done anything to anyone else and he was probably out somewhere starving and freezing now that it was winter. They hadn't seen each other in so long. The last time Sarah saw him she was barely eleven, and about half a month ago she turned twelve. That means it has been a whole year. Most people probably give up hope by then. But Sarah didn't because she loved him so much and couldn't even think about something happening to him.

The next morning Sarah's dad walked in to wake her up at six in the morning. "Let's go!" he said. "Quickly!" "What's wrong?!" asked Sarah. It was a Sunday and her parents never wake her up this early. "Your mom was in a car accident about ten minutes ago and she's in the hospital." So I quickly got my coat and shoes on and we left. When we got there I noticed that she had a cast on her left arm and leg. And she had a couple of bruises on her other arm. A few minutes later the doctor came in and said "She going to be fine. We'll let her go home tomorrow."

When we got home that night my mind was totally off of Baxter for once and was on my mom. The doctor said she was going to be okay but I was still really worried about her. First I lost my dog and now my mom is in the hospital. Then after watching hours of television I drifted off to sleep.

The next morning I woke up to a phone ringing. Slowly not wanting to get up I answered "Hello." "Hi!" I think I found your dog!" said a cheerful voice. All of a sudden I started to cheer up. "Okay. Hold on a minute let me go get my parents!" I went in their room and started screaming "Dad wake up!" "What." said my dad tiredly. Someone finally called about Baxter!" When he got to the phone he said "Do you have our dog?" "Yes" the lady answered. "What's your address?" asked dad. A few seconds later he said "Let's go pick up Baxter. We have to hurry because we have to pick up mom right afterwards." When we got there the lady gave us Baxter. "Thank you very much" said dad and then we left. When we got home my mom said that she could get her cast off in a week and we all sat on the couch and Baxter jumped up on my lap.