

- NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL -

NORTHERN IOWA  
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
ERIK ROHDE, CONDUCTOR

WITH

TESS LORRAINE, MARIMBA  
MICHELLE MONROE, MEZZO-SOPRANO  
AND GUEST ARTIST ALAN DUNBAR, BARITONE

# PROGRAM

*Into the Wild: Two pieces for orchestra* (2016) ..... Jacob Bancks  
i. Portage (b. 1982)  
ii. This Side of Paradise

*Concerto for Marimba and Orchestra* (1995) ..... Anders Koppel  
iii. Andante (b. 1947)

Tess Lorraine, marimba  
2024 Instrumental Concerto Competition Winner

# INTERMISSION

*Raspberry Island Dreaming* (2002) ..... Libby Larsen  
i. The river is... (b. 1950)  
ii. Where the river bent  
iii. Raspberry Island

Michelle Monroe, mezzo-soprano

*Emergency Haying* (2023) ..... Libby Larsen

Alan Dunbar, baritone

Northern Iowa Symphony Orchestra  
Erik Rohde, conductor

## FEATURED COMPOSER BIOGRAPHY

**Libby Larsen** (b. 1950, Wilmington, Delaware) is one of America's most performed living composers. Elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters (2024), she has composed over 500 works including orchestra, opera, vocal and chamber music, symphonic winds, and band. Her work is widely recorded. An advocate for the music and musicians of our time, in 1973 Larsen co-founded the Minnesota Composers Forum, now the American Composer's Forum. Grammy Award winner and former holder of the Papamarkou Chair at John W. Kluge Center of the Library of Congress, Larsen has also held residencies with the Minnesota Orchestra, the Charlotte Symphony, and the Colorado Symphony. From 2014-2020 as, Artistic Director of the John Duffy Institute for New Opera, she guided a faculty of practicing professional artists in nurturing and production of new opera by American Composers. Larsen's 2017 biography, *Libby Larsen: Composing an American Life*, Denise Von Glahn, author, is available from the University Illinois Press.

## FEATURED PERFORMER BIOGRAPHIES

**Tess Lorraine** is a third-year percussionist at UNI. She has performed with the UNI Symphonic band, UNI Wind Ensemble and the Northern Iowa Symphony Orchestra, as well as municipal bands in the area. She is currently working to finished her Music Education Degree.

American mezzo-soprano **Michelle Monroe** joined the voice faculty at UNI in the fall of 2016. She earned her Master of Music in Voice Performance from the University of Northern Iowa and her Bachelor of Music Education from Northern State University. Before joining the faculty at UNI, Monroe taught Kindermusik and K-12 General and Vocal Music in the Iowa public schools. Monroe is a dedicated teacher and versatile performer. She was an Apprentice Artist with Central City Opera's Bonfils-Stanton Foundation Young Artist Program for 2019, 2020 (canceled due to COVID-19), and 2021. At CCO, she made her role debut as Maddalena in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, covered the spunky role of Carrie in *Carousel*, and performed Second Woman in *Dido and Aeneas* and Une Récitante in Debussy's *La damoiselle élue*.

Bass-baritone **Alan Dunbar** is a versatile performer, lauded for his beautiful tone and his nuanced musical and textual interpretation. Spanning repertoire from the 17<sup>th</sup> to 21<sup>st</sup> centuries, his performances include premieres of solo works by Libby Larsen, Justin Merritt, and Elliot Carter; as bass soloist in Bach's passions and cantatas with Voices of Ascension, Bach Society of Minnesota, Bach Roots Festival, and Indianapolis Baroque Orchestra; numerous principal roles with Madison Opera (*Magic Flute*, *Salome*, *Fellow Travelers*, *La Bohème*, *Barber of Seville*, *Dead Man Walking*, *She Loves Me*); the title role of Britten's *Noye's Fludde* at Santa Fe Opera; and countless solo recitals across the US. Alan holds a BA in music theory/composition from St. Olaf College, and an MM and DM in vocal performance from Indiana University. Alan was a founding member of the Minnesota-based internationally acclaimed chamber vocal ensemble Cantus. He serves as Associate Professor of Voice at Winona State University.

# NORTHERN IOWA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

## **Violin I**

Lauren Geerlings, concertmaster  
Lily Stevens  
Ian Hill  
Arwen Hansen

## **Violin II**

José Villalba  
Nathan Fornal  
Aiden Gillespie  
Izzy Loeffler

## **Viola**

Julian Perez  
Isaac Simpson  
Kathi Angeroth  
Eden Adams  
Alexis Taylor  
Sammie McDonald  
Gale Lesemann  
Caleb Burdine

## **Violoncello**

Matt Glascock  
Ruthellen Brooks  
Max Stelzer  
Lydia Iliff  
Alexandra Hook  
Sidnie Clark

## **Bass**

McCaffrey Brandt  
Vincent Valadez  
Griffin Bieber  
Martin Hachmann  
Jack Border  
Leo Burchett

## **Orchestra Librarian**

Emily Paul

## **Flute**

Martin Paulin, piccolo  
Bethany Winget  
Miranda Finn, piccolo

## **Oboe**

Aveinda Rusk  
Blake Daale, English Horn

## **Clarinet**

Elizabeth Stanish  
Abby Voshell  
Emma Bennett  
Lindsay Davison, bass

## **Bassoon**

Marco Olachnovitch  
Grace Rosin  
Madison Meyer

## **Horn**

Morgan Stumpf  
JD Deninger  
Patrick Mooney  
Mitchell Stevens

## **Trumpet**

Megan Bennett  
Laura Carrico  
Austin Efflandt  
Tyler Mifflin

## **Trombone**

Spencer Schnetzer  
Morgan Uitermarkt  
Jonathan Gorud, bass

## **Tuba**

Mason Bush

## **Percussion**

Aiden Endres  
Randall Kinner  
Claretta Larson  
Jess Herron  
Bradley Bodkin

## **Harp**

Mara Caylor

## **Piano**

Madelyn Potter

# TEXTS

## RASPBERRY ISLAND DREAMING

### I. The river is . . .

The river is the sky, rowing itself  
across the land in a long lazy boat.  
Or the river is a herd of horses  
under the rolling silk that slips to shore.

The river is an old song, telling all  
its troubles in water over waterfalls.  
It has a steady heart, the river does,  
and sounds its current through the dusty land.

The river is all dreams we ever dreamed:  
Slow-sweet memory, swift-rushing terror,  
taking us, washing us, carrying us  
along its way, which is always the same,  
always moving away from what we found,  
never coming in the same way again.  
- Joyce Sutphen

### II. Where the river bent

One Sunday we went down to the river,  
all of us in our forty-nine Chevy,  
until we reached the gate and my father  
said, "Come on, I'll lead the rest of the way."

There were horses in the fields where we walked,  
there were hawks circling where the river bent,  
we were blue-jeaned pilgrims who only talked  
of northern pike, of carp and of pheasants.

I put my feet down where that river ran,  
and sat on a stone that nothing could move,  
and watched that gray ribbon slip through the land  
light as the wind, like a hand in a glove.

Years late, when it was time to go home  
we walked single file, filled up to the brim.  
- Joyce Sutphen

### III. Raspberry Island

My father loved the spring floods. "Don't drive down to the river," my mother would say when my father and I piled into the Ford. "H-m-m," he replied. "H-m-m." He drove slowly, pausing and pointing and not saying much. Ducks, he would say, watercress, mushroom caves, Raspberry Island.

We sat there, not speaking for a while in the pleasant late afternoon ... two slender boats skimming along the river. "This used to be the place where people gathered—picnics, swimming, music" (my father said). And why not? Why not gather at the river? ... All of us (should come). We'll hear music ... Here at the river, the beautiful, beautiful river.

- from *Shall We Gather at The River* by Patricia Hampl

## EMERGENCY HAYING

### *Emergency Haying*

By Hayden Carruth

(text in parentheses part of the original poem but not set by Larsen)

Coming home with the last load I ride standing  
on the wagon tongue, behind the tractor  
in hot exhaust, lank with sweat,

my arms strung  
awkwardly along the hayrack, cruciform.  
Almost 500 bales we've put up

this afternoon, Marshall and I.  
And of course I think of another who hung  
like this on another cross. My hands are torn

by baling twine, not nails, and my side is pierced  
by my ulcer, not a lance. The acid in my throat  
is only hayseed. Yet exhaustion and the way

my body hangs from twisted shoulders, suspended  
on two points of pain (in the rising  
monoxide,) recall that greater suffering.

Well, I change grip and the image  
fades. It's been an unlucky summer. Heavy rains  
brought on the grass tremendously, a monster crop,

but wet, always wet. Haying was long delayed.  
Now is our last chance to bring in  
the winter's feed, and Marshall needs help.

We mow, rake, bale, and draw the bales  
to the barn, these late, half-green,  
improperly cured bales; some weigh 150 pounds

or more, yet must be lugged by the twine  
across the field, tossed on the load, and then  
at the barn unloaded on the conveyor

and distributed in the loft. I help –  
I, the desk-servant, word-worker –  
and hold up my end pretty well too; but God,

the close of day, how I fall down then. My hands  
are sore, they flinch when I light my pipe.  
I think of those who have done slave labor,

*(continued)*

less able and less well prepared than I.  
(Rose Marie in the rye fields of Saxony,  
her father in the camps of Moldavia

and the Crimea,) all clerks and housekeepers  
herded to the gaunt fields of torture. Hands  
too bloodied cannot bear

even the touch of air, even  
the touch of love. (I have a friend  
whose grandmother cut cane with a machete

and cut and cut, until one day  
she snicked her hand off and took it  
and threw it grandly at the sky.) Now

in September our (New England) mountains  
(under a clear sky for which we're thankful at last)  
begin to glow (, maples, beeches, birches

in their first color). I look  
beyond (our famous) hayfields to our (famous) hills,  
(to the notch) where the sunset is beginning,

then (in the other direction,) eastward,  
where a (full) new-risen moon (like a pale  
medallion) hangs in a lavender cloud

beyond the barn. My eyes  
sting with sweat and loveliness. And who  
is the Christ now, who

if not I? It must be so. My strength  
is legion. And I stand up high  
on the wagon tongue in my whole bones to say

woe to you, watch out  
you sons of bitches who would drive men and women  
to the fields where they can only die.

"Emergency Haying" from *Toward the Distant Islands: New & Selected Poems* by Hayden Carruth,  
published by Copper Canyon Press in 2006.