

ST. OLAF COLLEGE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC PRESENTS

# JAZZ I

**DAVE HAGEDORN, *DIRECTOR***

**SPECIAL GUESTS**



**DAN CAVANAGH '01, *COMPOSER & PIANO***  
**TIMOTHY YOUNG, *POET***

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FRIDAY, MAY 3, 2013  
THE PAUSE • 8:15 P.M.

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# PROGRAM

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## Tuning Up

Toshiko Akiyoshi

Nate Knutson, *guitar*  
Jesse Brault, *trombone*  
Kayla Peterson, *alto sax*  
Tom Hadley, *trumpet*  
Tim McCarthy, *trumpet*  
Greg Dean, *trumpet*  
Neil Hulbert, *trumpet*  
J-P Douglas, *trumpet*  
Mark Lee, *tenor sax*

## Similau

Arden Clar and Harry Coleman  
*Arr. George Russell*

Kayla Peterson, *clarinet*

## Melancolica

Bob Washut

Zach Gingerich, *trombone*

## A Walk Through Falling Snow

Cooper Alt '12

Neil Hulbert, *trumpet*  
Jesse Brault, *trombone*  
Jay Carlson, *drums*  
Mark Lee, *tenor sax*

## Felicia

Andrew D'Angelo

Neil Hulbert, *trumpet*

## Bachi

Clare Fischer  
*Arr. Bob Washut*

Neil Hulbert, *trumpet*  
Tom Hadley, *trumpet*  
Kayla Peterson, *alto sax*  
Adrian Calderon, *piano*

## BRIEF PAUSE

**Dan Cavanagh, *piano***  
**Dave Hagedorn, *vibes***  
*Selections to be announced*

## Well You Needn't/Move the Crowd

Thelonious Monk  
Eric B. and Rakim  
*Arr. Dave Hagedorn*

Charlie Reinertsen, *guitar*  
Ramsey Walker, *trombone*  
Robin Schulze, *bass trombone*  
Kayla Peterson, *alto sax*  
Derek Smith, *alto sax*  
J-P Douglas, *trumpet*  
Shane Allen, *synth*

## Wide Angle

Dan Cavanagh '01

Nate Knutson, *guitar*  
Adrian Calderon, *piano*

## The Owl King

Dan Cavanagh

Mark Lee, *tenor sax*

## Unstitched Seams

Dan Cavanagh

## Mississippi Ecstasy (in three movements)

(text printed on last page)

Music: Dan Cavanagh  
Text: Timothy Young

Tim Young, *narration*  
Derek Smith, *alto sax*  
Jay Carlson, *drums*  
Adrian Calderon, *piano*  
Mark Lee, *tenor sax*

## Straphangin

Randy Brecker  
*Arr. Vince Mendoza*

Neil Hulbert, *trumpet*  
Mark Lee, *tenor sax*

## JAZZ I PERSONNEL

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### Alto Sax

Kayla Peterson (also Clarinet)  
Derek Smith

### Tenor Sax

Mark Lee  
Dave Franzel

### Bari Sax

James Lodovic

### Trumpets

Tim McCarthy  
Greg Dean  
Neil Hulbert  
J-P Douglas  
Tom Hadley

### Bones

Zach Gingerich  
Jesse Brault  
Ramsey Walker

### Bass Bone

Robin Schulze

### Guitar

Nate Knutson  
Charlie Reinertsen

### Bass

Eric Metzger  
Colin Loynachan

### Piano

Shane Allen  
Adrian Calderon

### Drums

Jay Carlson  
John Kronlokken

## ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS THIS CONCERT

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### Clarinet

Sara Baumbauer  
Erinn Komschlies  
Carianne Newstat  
Ben Lipson

### Flute

Chappy Gibb

### Violin

Amanda Secor

### Viola

John Ondich-Batson

### Cello

Liam John

### Choir:

#### Soprano

Olivia Snortland  
Katherine Lewiston

#### Alto

Amanda Burgdorf  
Erin Schmidt

#### Tenor

James Marshall  
David Gottfried

#### Bass

Isaac Maier  
David Koser

## MISSISSIPPI ECSTASY by Timothy Young

I love the casual jumping of happy frogs and rolling otters in  
lagoons,  
the plop of turtles into chocolate water after sunning on a  
tangle of logs.

I love the droop of wide willows, and wiggling maples.  
This river opens to the rocks and rapids of joy.

Even tug boats and white yachts. Their diesel engines rev—  
they reject moderation, all hesitancy or fear.

Here they come! Here they come, rolling in a chorus  
of barge-bangings and grain chute sound.

Let the locks and dams of my anger dissolve.  
My heart's working overtime. My feet mark the cold shore.

Remove my distress and rid my despair.  
Let happiness flood my muddy rib cage.

Boulders tumble from the limestone bluffs  
onto pheasant nests and highways,

where men are working beneath vigilant buzzards  
who spin and wobble on updrafts,

where boys sag past boarded Ben Franklins,  
where Harleys sped away and I stood in blue smoke.

where I heard a flap close on a leather wallet  
before it slipped into the boss's pocket.

This river follows a dreamworld but as with a map,  
a manuscript, or runes, one never really catches up.

Here it comes—here it comes!!  
This river promises more than it gives.

Yet the river's my joy—my grief and my joy—  
this water, this joy, this sadness.

It's hot and cold, swift, rolling water,  
spilling and splashing down the inevitable journey,

between green islands and white palisades,  
under cavorting eagles and impossible bridges,

always more than the crush and explosion of dreams,  
always more than the swell and collapse of happiness.

Here it comes—here it comes!!  
with pearls, and clams, and the continent's soil.

This sorrow, this joy, this rise and demise.  
God's fingers won't stop this river.