The Norwegian Idyll

Randall Snyder, University of Nebraska - Lincoln

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Randall Snyder
(1998)

Heroic \( \frac{d}{104} \)

for
Robert Anders Emile

Bassoon

Viola

Narrator

Piano

Breezy \( \frac{d}{104} \)

Good Eve-ning! I'm Har-ry Mar-teau sans Mai-bre As-so-ci-ate Vice
Dean of the College of Fine-Tuned and Alarming Technology and I am pleased to be here tonight sharing in this wonderful celebration honoring Robert ‘Bud’ E-
Some of you may wonder why I was chosen to represent the college rather than some other Associate Vice-Dean,... but the fact of the matter is, Bud and I go back a long way... back to the Marines and that bloody night on Guadalcanal.

To-night I want to share with you the remarkable saga of the Norwegian adventure of Bud E-mile.
First, however, some background about Bud's early years:

Robert Anders Emile was born on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn in nineteen-

five to poor Norwegian immigrants later to improve their lot Bud's
father moved the family to the relative affluence of Hell's Kitchen in nearby Man-

hat-tan there, in order to survive the tough streets, the young Emile became handy with his fists... a pugilistic facility that will hold him in good stead in his later years as a violinist and conductor

A Tempo

more important somehow in the midst of surviving the mean iron school of
hard knock-ers Bud de- vel-oped a pass-ion for mu-sic writ-ten by dead white Eur-o-pe-an com-
po-sers and be-gan tak-ing vi-o-lin les-sons from an old hurdy-gur-dy man
in ex-change for these les-sons Bud agreed to walk the Hurdy-Gurdy Man's monkey around Central Park three times a day
After only four months of practice Bud, at age 6, had absorbed all that the old man could teach and went crosstown to Manny's Music Store, and secured an agent who lined up Bud's first recital tour, appropriately enough, in Norway, his ancestral Viking home.

Bud left for Norway in December, 1911, aboard the new luxury liner, the Titanic - yes, THE Titanic! In a little-known footnote to history, the Titanic, with a skeletal crew and a small group of passengers chosen by lottery, made a shake-down cruise from Hoboken to Bergen. This sea voyage marked the beginning of Bud's well-documented fascination with sailing. While on board Bud also made a name for himself by the winning the highly competitive intramural tennis tournament.

After arriving in Bergen, Bud began his recital tour up the rugged Norwegian coastline, having, because of his agent's inexplicable decision to book a winter tour, to travel by dog-sled. Bud and his accompanist finally arrived in Tromsø, which at 69 degrees North Latitude, lies well above the Arctic Circle. Tired and cold, the young Emile was determined to end his first international gig on a high note. The defining moment of his fledgling career was at hand.

Bud had picked an ambitious program for a six-year old, including:

- Bach's Chaconne in D minor
- the Schoenberg Fantasy
- several Paganini etudes
- an unusual transcription of Mahler's 1st arranged by Thor Heyerdahl

and the opening work:

Schubert's lovely Sonata in A....
but just as Bud began to play he noticed his palms were sweating and realized he'd for-
gotten to take his enderol
“Vamp”, Bud said to the pianist... and dug down deep in his memory bank to scour up the forgotten phrase....

The pianist, a Norskii veteran shrugged his shoulders and easily reverted to his days of playing behind trained caribou in countless Lapp Circuses on the tundra...
While Bud continued to wrack his brains for the elusive phrase, Olaf, the pianist, amused himself by tossing in some rather sophisticated substitute chords... later used by John Coltrane...and referred to as: "Trane Subs"...

"a ha, I've got it!" shouted Bud... and started up again.
"Darn it!", cried Bud, who now had to make a split-second decision: whether to attempt to finish the movement playing high up on the D string or stop playing and change the string........

realizing that the endorol hadn't completely taken effect yet, Bud said to Olaf:

"cover for me - take a chorus by yourself while I change the string!"

Olf's eyes lit up when he heard this, because in truth, he'd grown tired of the young American prodigy whom he felt was something of a martinet, so while Bud pulled out a new E-string from his pocket, Olaf launched into an intense improvisation......
“Olaf”, Bud eventually shouted over the atonal din....
"give me an A"

O-laf slowed his im-prov down land-ing on the
tuning up sounds

so once again the Sch bert was cranked up and for a time enjoyed some splendid playing...
Suddenly, the door to the hall burst open
and a warmly-dressed man in a fleece-lined parka exclaimed:

"Raoul Amundsen has just reached the South Pole!"

Pan-de-mo-ni-um broke out!

it must be re-men-ber’d that next to ski-ing and snow-ball fights...

bi-po-lar ex-plor-a-tion was Nor-way’s fav’rite sport
O·laf hearing the won·der·ful news that Am·und·sen had beat·en Scott to the Pole
but with his keen ear easily figured out the diatonic hymn and began adding exciting ornaments.

Bud found himself improvising for the first time in his life and the audience went wild! carrying him outside in the frigid night.
on their shoulders

soon

word of Bud's astonishing improvisation filtered south to Oslo

and reached the ears of the King (whose name was also Olaf) and
Bud along with A-mund-sen was awarded "The Coer di Wal-rus" Norway's highest accolade and now...
ladies and gentlemen the star of tonight's performance

we-gian idol

molto rit.

Chaser

mile