

Requiem for Bill

Presenters: U of M School of Music and SCI-UM

Special Thanks to Kerrytown Concert House, Augustus Hill, Tom Schnauber, and the office of Dean Boylan for its generous support of this program

INTROIT

Call

Tom Schnauber, horn

Tom Schnauber

REQUIEM

R I P

Christopher Burton

Michael Timpson

His Only Anodyne

Jennifer Goltz, soprano
David Maki, piano

David Maki
Text: Emily Dickinson

DIES IRAE

Air Chunks for solo piano

- I. Fast-Vast
- II. Sharon's Rag
- III. with proud simplicity
- IV. in a Latin frenzy (for Craig Taborn)
- V. Thundersou, Monolithic (...hurling rocks into the abyss...)

Erik Santos

LACRIMOSA

Songs to the Supple Suitor

- I. ...The Thoughtful Grave
2. Al But Death Can Be Adjusted
3. Goodnight
4. ...When I Died
5. Past Surmise

Jennifer Golz, soprano
Armando Bayolo, piano

Armando Bayolo

Sonata No. 2 for Cello and Piano

- II. Elegy (Lento)

Katri Ervamaa, cello
Jason Sifford, piano

Andrew Mead

OFFERTORIUM

Autumn Rivulets

- I. Inscription: For Him I Sing
- II. Our from Behind this Mask

Jennifer Goltz, soprano
Armando Bayolo, piano

Gabriel Gould
text: Walt Whitman

SANCTUS
[T.B.A.]

Stephen Rush

[T.B.A.], soprano
Stephen Rush, piano

All's Harmony for Baritone and Piano

Pei Lu

text: from ancient Chinese Zennist Master
trans.: Lucien Stryck

Gui Rogano, baritone
Kristy Kuster, piano

AGNUS DEI
Pastorale for String Quartet

Ching-Chu Hu

Susan French, violin
Asheley Madsen, violin
Robyn Lukow, viola
Andrew Deogracias, cello

Angus Dei from Missa Brevis (1999)

Charlotte Melinda Wenner

Beverly Schneider, Jennifer Goltz, Juliet Petrus, Katherine Fitzgibbon,
Felicia Sandler, Kim Dolanski, Anne Adams, Brian Pfaltzgraff, Allan Hagggar, DJ Sparr,
Jesse Blumberg, Chris Dwan, Tom Schnauber, Dana Haynes, and Matt Heck

LIBERA ME
Libera me

Kevin March

Jenifer Goltz, soprano
Andrea Yun, cello
Kristy Kuster, piano

TEXTS, TRANSLATIONS, AND PROGRAM NOTES

R I P was written in 1995 due to deaths I had experienced through that summer's heat wave. Since I had written this work with William Albright, I had later dedicated to him after his own tragic death. While this composition reflects the usual sadness of mortality and the peaceful sensations of eternal sleep, it also demonstrates the extreme frustration of loss and of the painful realization of those things "left undone." Purely through Bill's initial suggestion, I had adjusted the original title from R.I.P. ("Requiescat In Pace"--or the English "Rest In Peace") to the more ambiguous R I P, which lends not only to the original meaning, but also to the idea of "ripping," which certainly relates to the nature of a majority of the work. -- Michael Timpson

David Maki

His Only Anodyne

Poem 755 by Emily Dickinson
No Bobolink-reverse His Singing
When the only Tree
Ever He minded occupying
By the Farmer be-

Clove to the Root-
His Spacious Future-
Best Horizon-gone-
Whose Music be His
Only Anodyne-
Brave Bobolink-

I started composing **Air Chunks** about the same time I began losing my long-term infatuation with the literature of the Beat Generation (Kerouac, Ginsberg, Corso, etc.) Like the automatic writing of the Surrealists, and the wild improvisations of Bebop jazz musicians, these authors allowed their ideas to flow from pen to paper in a bold, unhindered, and very personal stream-of-consciousness. This meant that their focus was on the writing rather than the written, that the paper was simply a device with stormed madly through-a filter of sorts. Enlightened, I began to view the staff lines on my music paper as the fine gridwork of a filter screen, and I, too, dipped my strainer into the river. The result was the mixture of seemingly incongruous elements, of air chunks, which, allowed to harden, became this piece.

Air Chunks also happened to be the first work I composed under the tutelage of Bill Albright. He encouraged me to follow the lyricism of my instincts, and listen to the howl of my own voice. It has been said that geniuses are "on" all the time, and as such there is no clear distinction between the genius and the madman-for, day and night, their rational logic of dreams is a very real and constant force influencing their actions. As a teacher he WAS exactly this, and he poured it generously into my work like wine. He intoxicated me.

I feel a great irony in calling **Air Chunks** a "Dies Irae" for it was never conceived as an honorrific "day of judgement" piece-rather, it arrived as a personal renaissance. In retrospect, however, I know that I arrived at my studies with Bill on the glorious eve of his final decline, the last highpoint of his life before he succumbed once more to the song of a deadly muse. This work is full of crisis and contradictions, it is brutal and sensitive, ultra-passionate and restrained, it is the work of an Albright student...

Erik Santos is a composer whose special interest is illuminating the connection between music and magic: how mundane elements, musical and non-musical, are galvanized into powerful poetic and ecstatic experience. Santos is on the faculty at the University of Michigan School of Music where he teaches composition and music technology. He has received numerous commissions, prizes, grants and fellowships including awards from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadcast Music Incorporated (BMI), the MacDowell Colony, the Civic Orchestra of Chicago, the Rackham Graduate School of the University of Michigan, and was named the 1999 "Shepherd Distinguished Composer of the Year" by the Music Teachers National Association (MTNA).

--Erik Santos

Walt Whitman

I. For Him I Sing

For him I sing,

I raise the present on the past,

(As some perennial tree out of its roots, the present on the past,)

With time and space I him dilate and fuse the immortal laws,

To make himself by them the law unto himself.

II. Out from Behind this Mask (Part 2)

A traveler of thoughts and years, of peace and war,

Of youth long sped and middle age declining,

(As the first volume of a tale perused and laid away, and this the second,

Songs, ventures, speculations, presently to close,)

Lingering a moment her and now, to you I opposite turn,

As on the road or at some crevice door by chance, or open'd window,
Pausing, inclining, barin my head, you specially I greet,
To draw and clinch your sould for once inseparaby with min,
Then travel travel on.

The title **Autumn Rivulets**, borrowed from Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, pays homage and makes deliberate reference to William Albright's **Rustles of spring**. Albright was a keen observer of the change of seasons, and autumn was the time of both his birth and his death. It is, therefore, at this time of year, with its mysteriously changing light, that I will always remember him most. The music requires little comment except for the fact that the second song is set completely in the Javanese *pelog* scale, a seven-tone system used in gamelan music, and is loosely based on elements of the Sundanese degung style.

--Gabriel Ian Gould

Stephen Rush:

repeat ad lib

audience participation "gesture" for the Lord's Prayer.

This is one of the songs of *Song of Zen*, book 1. It is a song cycle, including 6 songs, which being divided as two Books. The song cycle is scored for baritone, flute, bass-clarinet, viola, piano and percussion (played by the baritone). Each of the songs of Book 1 and 2 is set with different instrumentation. The texts of these song cycles are from ancient Chinese and Japanese Zennist master's poems, which can be traced thousands of years ago. Following is the text of All's harmony, by a Chinese Zennist Master, Chokei (8th century).

All's harmony, yet everything is separate,
Once confirmed, mastery is yours.
Long I hovered on the Middle Way,
Today the very ice shoots flame.

Ancient-Chinese-music-like style is employed for this song. Piano is imitating the ancient Chinese instrument, Qun; for the singer, the melodic line of vocal part including singing with chant, it is inspired from Beijing Opera. Also, there are many phrases are sung with falsetto in the vocal part, to try to imitate the tone when the ancient Zennist was chanting the poem.

--Pei Lu

This pastorage is a short, three-sectioned work for string quartet. I wanted to compose a simple melody and set it in a contemplative mood.

--Ching-chu Hu:

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Dona nobis pacem.

Translation: Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
Grant us peace.

The Missa Brevis was inspired by William Albright's **Chichester Mass**, which I heard shortly after he passed away.

--Melinda Wenner

Kevin March:

These days grief has a lot of different voices, all of which call out for some kind of deliverance. Traditionally the deceased cried out for deliverance from judgment, and while that may still be true today, it's primarily the voices of the living that we hear. The dying cry out for deliverance from life, and sometimes the living cry out for the same thing. Some cry out for deliverance from things that enslave while others cry out for deliverance from their grief. This "Liberate Me" is for all of those voices.

Oh, and by the way, relief is in sight.

"Liberate Me"

Liberate me, libera me, libera me de hac die, de hac die misera.
Quia timeo dies hodiernas meas et crastinas. Liberate me, libera me, libera me.
comine, fac ut sperem diem, quae me inretit. Domine, fac ut sperem diem crastinam.
Quia abiit dies hodierna, et crastina non veniet. Liberate me, libera me, libera me.

Some days it seems like a good day to die, but not today. Stay with me!

Fac ut cantem sub umbra alarum tuarum. Fac ut surgam. Liberate me, libera me, libera me.

Translation:

"Deliver me"

Deliver me, deliver me, deliver me, from this day, from this miserable day.
For I fear my todays and I fear my tomorrows.
Deliver me, deliver me, deliver me.
Lord, grant that I may rise above the day that traps me.
Lord, grant that I may rise above tomorrow, for today is gone and tomorrow will not come.
Deliver me, deliver me, deliver me.

Some days it seems like a good day to die, but not today. Stay with me!

Grant that I may sing in the shadow of your wings. Let me rise.
Deliver me, deliver me, deliver me.

1. ...The Thoughtful Grave...

Some, too fragile for winter winds
The thoughtful grave encloses-
Tenderly tucking them in from frost
Before their feet are cold.

Never the treasures in her nest
The cautious grave exposes,
Building where schoolboy dare not look,
And sportsman is not bold.

This covert have all the children
Early aged, and often cold,
S[arrows, unnoticed by the Father-
Lambs for whom time had not a fold.

2. All But Death Can Be Adjusted

All but Death, can be adjusted-
Dynasties repaired-
Systems-settled in their sockets-
citadels-dissolved-

Wastes of Lives-resown with Colors
By Succeeding Springs-
Death-unto itself-Exception-
Is exempt from change-

3. Goodnight

Good night, because we must,
How intricate the dust!
I would go, to know!
Oh incognito!
Saucy, Saucy Seraph
To elude me so!
Father! They won't tell me,
Won't you tell them to?

4. ...When I Died...

I heard a Fly buzz when I died-
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air-
Between the heavens of Storm-

The Eyes around-had wrung them dry-
And breaths were gathering firm
For that last onset-when the King
Be witnessed- in the Room-

I willed my Keepsakes- Signed away
What portion of me be
Assignable- and then it was
There interposed a Fly-
With Blue- uncertain stumbling Buzz-
Between the light- and me-
And then the Windows failed- and then
I could not see to see-

5. Past Surmise

Today or this noon
She dwelt so close
I almost touched her-
Tonight she lies
Past neighborhood
And bough and steeple,
Now past surmise.