

A Jelly-fish  
 Visible, invisible  
 a fluctuating charm  
 an amber-tinted amethyst  
 what is it, your arm  
 approaches and it opens and  
 it closes; you had meant  
 to catch it and it quivers; you  
 abandon your intent.

Poetry  
 text by Marianne Moore      Matthew Suttor

Allegro

Soprano I  
 pp Vi-si-ble in-vi-si-ble a fluctu-a-tng charm

Soprano II  
 pp Vi-si-ble in-vi-si-ble a fluctu-a-tng charm

Alto  
 pp Vi-si-ble in-vi-si-ble a fluctu-a-tng charm

Tenor I  
 pp Vi-si-ble in-vi-si-ble a fluctu-a-tng charm

Tenor II  
 pp Vi-si-ble in-vi-si-ble a fluctu-a-tng charm

Bass  
 pp Vi-si-ble in-vi-si-ble a fluctu-a-tng charm

The Yale Collegium Musicum  
 AT THE BEINECKE LIBRARY

# MINA, MAXINE, MARIANNE... AND MORE

NEW SETTINGS BY YALE COMPOSERS OF TEXTS BY WOMEN  
WHOSE PAPERS ARE HELD IN THE BEINECKE LIBRARY:

H.D.  
Maxine Kumin  
Mina Loy  
Marianne Moore  
*and*  
Gertrude Stein

*Performed by*  
The Yale Collegium Musicum  
Richard Lalli, *director*

*with*  
The Yale Camerata and Pro Musica  
Marguerite Brooks, *conductor*

The Yale Guitar Ensemble  
Benjamin Verdery, *director*

Undergraduate and graduate musicians

*and special guest*  
Maxine Kumin

October 1, 2003  
Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library  
5:15 PM

*The Yale Collegium Musicum is dedicated to the historically informed performance of music. The group was founded in the 1940s by Paul Hindemith as one of the first ensembles in the United States devoted to early music. In the spirit of the original collegia musica (musical guilds or academies) of the 16th century, the Yale Collegium now performs recently composed music; it might be said that occasional music, written for occasions such as today's, was the principal material studied and performed by early collegia. Sponsored by the Department of Music and supported by the Friends of Music at Yale, the Collegium is open to all members of the Yale community.*

*Today's concert is presented in conjunction with the exhibition "Intimate Circles: American Women in the Arts." Student and faculty composers were invited to set texts by women whose papers are held in the Beinecke Library: Mina Loy, H.D., Gertrude Stein, Marianne Moore, and Maxine Kumin. Pieces were submitted throughout the summer, and today we hear premiere performances of ten. Among the composers are three undergraduates, two graduate students, three current faculty members, and one recent faculty member who was also an undergraduate and graduate student.*

*A variety of ensembles join the Collegium, including the Yale Camerata with conductor Marguerite Brooks, six guitarists and five percussionists from the Yale School of Music, and an undergraduate string quartet. Other instruments include piano and clarinet, in addition to sound processing and pre-recorded sound.*

*We are honored to welcome poet Maxine Kumin.*

GOING FOR GRAPES

Music by Jordan Nelson (b. 1984)

Text by Maxine Kumin\*

*The Yale Collegium Musicum*

Owen Dalby, violin

Laura Esnaola, violin

Anna Pelczer, viola

Hannah Collins, violoncello

NIGHT

Music by Stephen Rodgers (b. 1974)

Text by H.D.

*The Yale Collegium Musicum*

Amy Shimbo, soprano

Mingzhe Wang, clarinet

Perry So, piano

LET HER BE

Music by Judd Greenstein (b. 1979)

Text by Gertrude Stein

*The Yale Collegium Musicum*

Charlotte Dobbs, soprano

Vira Shywitzky, mezzo-soprano

Stephen Rodgers, tenor

Dale B. Martin, bass

SONGS TO JOANNES

Music by Elizabeth Kelly (b. 1982)

Text by Mina Loy

*The Yale Collegium Musicum*

Charlotte Dobbs, soprano

Paul Berry, tenor

Matthew Rohde, guitar

Kevin Dufford, Javier Alonso Sota, percussion

Kamilla Arku, piano

Elizabeth Kelly, sound processor

THE FIRST RAIN OF SPRING

Music by Francine Trester (b. 1969)

Text by Maxine Kumin

*The Yale Camerata, Marguerite Brooks, conductor*

Richard Lalli, baritone

Douglas Dickson, piano

IN MEMORIAM . . .

Music by Kathryn Alexander (b. 1955)

Text by Maxine Kumin

*The Yale Camerata and Pro Musica,*

*Marguerite Brooks, conductor*

Julia Blue Raspe, soprano, Richard Lalli, baritone

Javier Alonso Sota, Ryan Bishop, Kevin Dufford,

Ayano Kataoka, percussion

Kamilla Arku, piano, Kathryn Alexander,

sample playback

The Unfinished Story

The Incest Dream

Out-of-the-Body Travel

Retrospect in the Kitchen

The Man of Many L's

THE NIGHTMARE FACTORY

Music by Lainie Fefferman (b. 1982)

Text by Maxine Kumin

*The Yale Collegium Musicum*

Kevin Dufford, percussion

Lainie Fefferman, electronics

NOT IN OUR TIME

Music by Francine Trester

Text by H.D.

*The Yale Collegium Musicum*

*The Yale Guitar Ensemble, Benjamin Verdery, director*

Evan Drummond, David Hindman, Rob Watson, Devon

Mullen, Steven Lin, Brett Parnell, Jeremy Schulick,

guitar

INDIAN SUMMER

Music by Richard Lalli (b. 1952)

Text by Maxine Kumin

*The Yale Collegium*

*The Yale Guitar Ensemble*

POETRY

Music by Matthew Suttor (b. 1967)

Texts by Marianne Moore

Amy Shimbo, soprano

Charlotte Dobbs, soprano

Darien Lamén, tenor

*The Yale Collegium Musicum*

*The Yale Guitar Ensemble*

\* Composition titles do not always duplicate titles of poetry. Please consult the printed texts on the following pages for additional information.

## Composers' Notes and Texts

GOING FOR GRAPES  
Music by Jordan Nelson  
Text by Maxine Kumin

In setting Maxine Kumin's poem, *Continuum: A Love Poem*, it was important to me to reflect the different personalities of the text. The opening of the poem possesses a pure, pastoral character which is portrayed in the piece through the use of open string fifths. The middle section has a more personal attribute and is presented in the piece at a slightly slower tempo in a choral-like section. The last line of the poem—"our private language"—has an extremely personal quality. The final musical phrase of the piece, sung by a single tenor, is meant to reflect this quality and to bring the piece to a very private close.

*Continuum: a Love Poem*  
(from *Our Ground Time Here Will Be Brief*, 1982)

going for grapes with  
ladder and pail in  
the first slashing rain  
of September rain  
steeping the dust  
in a joyous squelch the sky  
standing up like steam  
from a kettle of grapes  
at the boil wild fox grapes  
wickedly high tangled in must  
of cobweb and bug spit  
going for grapes year  
after year we two with  
ladder and pail stained  
with the rain of grapes  
our private language

NIGHT  
Music by Stephen Rodgers  
Text by H.D.

H.D.'s poem describes how a rose withers in the middle of the night. Its language is simple and economical (the word "back" appears three times and the word "under" no less than five). And it tells the story three times over, adding something new to the image each time. The same goes for my piece, with its spare use of piano and choir and its three broad sweeps that grow more complex as the piece progresses.

*Night* (from *Sea Garden*, 1916)

The night has cut  
each from each  
and curled the petals  
back from the stalk  
and under it in crisp rows;

under at an unfaltering pace,  
under till the rinds break,  
back till each bent leaf  
is parted from its stalk;

under at a grave pace,  
under till the leaves  
are bent back  
till they drop upon earth,  
back till they are all broken.

O night,  
you take the petals  
of the roses in your hand,  
but leave the stark core  
of the rose  
to perish on the branch.

LET HER BE

Music by Judd Greenstein

Text by Gertrude Stein

When I first read excerpts from Gertrude Stein's *Patriarchal Poetry*, I immediately thought that it could be effectively set to music in a quasi-minimalist style. Most poems require a good deal of text manipulation if they are to be set in such a style; in a typically linear poem, the repetition of musical phrases is not built into the text. In the case of the *Patriarchal Poetry*, however, very little manipulation was required, as the poetic lines repeat again and again, dictating the structure of the musical repetitions that I composed.

Generally, I was able to allow the structure of Stein's poetry to form the structure of *Let Her Be*. Beyond the repetitions, Stein also includes words that appear less frequently than others: in the case of the excerpt I chose, the words "try" and "shy" end many of the lines. This gave me the opportunity to further follow Stein's structure, by using those ending-words as points of cadence, or points of change, or merely as points where a phrase could end neatly. This excerpt also contains an obvious dramatic climax at the line "Never to be what he said," continuing into those lines that follow. Given that I had set an excerpt, and not the entire poem, and given that I needed to make small changes to the text (repeating certain lines towards the end of the piece, for balance and emphasis), it seemed important to give Stein as much control as possible over the structure of the piece. Fortunately, this was not difficult, for the reasons described above.

*Patriarchal Poetry* seems to deal as much with the sounds of the words as with their meaning; in a sense, I am composing over a poem that is already itself a work of music. For me and for Stein, our roles of poet and composer are somewhat reversed in this piece, as I am attempting to bring out the meaning of the words on the page, just as Stein brought out the music that was inherent in those words. And so, although Stein has been dead for almost sixty years, I nevertheless think of this piece as an entirely collaborative effort.

*Let Her Be* is dedicated to my sisters, Lael and Adra.

from *Patriarchal Poetry*, 1926

Let her be to be to be to be let her be to be to be  
let her to be let her to be let her be to be when is it  
that they are shy.

Very well to try.

Let her be that is to be let her be that is to be let  
her be let her try.

Let her be let her be let her be to be to be shy let  
her be to be let her be to be let her try.

Let her try.

Let her be let her be let her be let her be to be to  
be let her be let her try.

To be shy.

Let her be.

Let her try.

Let her be let her let her let her be let her be let  
her be let her be shy let her be let her be let her try.

Let her try.

Let her be.

Let her be shy.

Let her be.

Let her be let her be let her let her try.

Let her try to be let her try to be let her be shy let  
her try to be let her try to be let her be let her be let  
her try.

Let her be shy.

Let her try.

Let her try.

Let her be

Let her let her be shy.

Let her try.

Let her be.

Let her let her be shy.

Let her be let her let her be shy

Let her let her let her let her try.

Let her try.

Let her try.

Let her try.

Let her be.

Let her be let her

Let her try.

Let her be let her.

Let her be let her let her try.

Let her try.

Let her

Let her try.

Let her be shy.

Let her

Let her  
 Let her be.  
 Let her be shy.  
 Let her be let her try.  
 Let her try.  
 Let her try.  
 Let her try.  
 Let her let her try.  
 Let her try.  
 Let her try.  
 Let her let her try.  
 Let her be shy.  
 Let her try  
 Let her let her try to be let her try.  
 Let her try.  
 Just let her try.  
 Let her try.  
 Never to be what he said.  
 Never to be what he said.  
 Never to be what he said.  
 Let her to be what he said.  
 Let her to be what he said.  
 Not to let her to be what he said not to let her to  
 be what he said.

SONGS TO JOANNES  
 Music by Elizabeth Kelly  
 Text by Mina Loy

In the love song tradition, the male “lover” typically sings the praises of an unattainable female “beloved” whom he idealizes and objectifies. In *Songs to Joannes*, Mina Loy subverts this tradition by letting the beloved woman speak. Loy’s beloved refuses to be objectified under a male gaze. She profanes the tradition of romantic poetry by mixing typical high poetic imagery with gritty natural and biological imagery.

Initially the men, accompanied by solo guitar, attempt to sing a melody derived from Marian chant in the troubadour tradition. However, their song is constantly interrupted by noisy interjections from the women and increasingly threatening sounds from the natural world. The men’s and women’s choirs continue to conflict tonally and dramatically throughout the piece. Ultimately, the audience is drawn into the conflict as the performers turn their objectifying gaze on them.

from *Songs to Joannes*, 1917

Spawn of Fantasies  
 Silting the appraisable  
 Pig Cupid his rosy snout  
 Rooting erotic garbage  
 “Once upon a time”  
 Pulls a weed white star-topped  
 Among wild oats sown in mucous–membrane

I would an eye in a Bengal light  
 Eternity in a sky-rocket  
 Constellations in an ocean  
 Whose rivers run no fresher  
 Than a trickle of saliva

These are suspect places

I must live in my lantern  
 Trimming subliminal flicker  
 Virginal to the bellows  
 Of Experience  
 Coloured glass

THE FIRST RAIN OF SPRING  
 Music by Francine Trester  
 Text by Maxine Kumin

The beautiful simplicity and meaning of the text is communicated by the repetition of words and circularity of the poem’s imagery. The music attempts to reflect that circularity with the recurrence of several intertwining musical fragments. Gradually, as though collecting drops of rain, these fragments accumulate and build upon one another, ultimately dissipating at the poem’s conclusion.

*The First Rain of Spring* (from *Halfway*, 1961)

This is the first rain of spring;  
 it is changing to snow in the west.  
 The children sleep, closing the ring;  
 this is the first rain of spring.  
 Darkly, inside the soft nest,  
 the children sleep, closing the ring,  
 It is changing to snow in the west.

We store for death’s fattening  
 the easeful seed in its caul.  
 It clasps and unclasps like a spring;

we store for death's fattening.  
Feel it! The fist to the wall;  
it clasps and unclasps like a spring,  
mindless, habitual,  
the easeful seed in its caul.

Days will expand to the west;  
winter is over is all.  
Darkly, inside the soft nest,  
days will expand to the west.  
Feel it! The fist to the wall;  
we hoard for life's sweetening.  
Winter is over is all.  
The children sleep, closing the ring.

IN MEMORIAM . . .

Music by Kathryn Alexander  
Text by Maxine Kumin

With *In Memoriam* . . . I am fascinated with the experience of dying, as portrayed in *In Memoriam P. W. Jr. 1921-1980* by the poet Maxine Kumin. She crafts a profound elegy that celebrates life and the passing of life. Her poems move me deeply because they are at the same time personal and universal. Kumin's exploration of a mysterious unity of life and death perceived both by the senses and by conscious thought is central to these poems. Her poetry resonates vividly and painfully for me, as both my parents are quite ill. In the past three years, I have sat by my father's deathbed countless times. He has relentlessly refused to pass on, and so our family struggles on with the dying process day after day, week after week, month after month, and we are exhausted. Music, in its intractable complexity and sensory connotations, has been my consolation. I have chosen to adapt Kumin's poems, not just set them. In doing so I have at times re-arranged, re-set, and re-emphasized her profound, rich meanings in order to communicate fully my own personal experiences with the dying process. (The composer's version of the text can be found on the program insert.)

*In Memoriam* . . . is dedicated to Maxine Kumin, for the comfort she has given me, and to my parents, Mary Kathryn and Wesley Merle Alexander, to celebrate both their living and their dying.

*In Memoriam P.W. Jr. 1921-1980* (from *Our Ground Time Here Will Be Brief*, 1982)

#### THE UNFINISHED STORY

A habit I can't break, caring.  
In sleep the signs come on long as a freight train.  
Long as the college racing shell  
he used to flip up, like an umbrella,  
this brother I love, in real life shriveled  
by a disease that wastes the large muscles.

Tonight he strides in rosy-cheeked  
and eighteen in the pectorals  
to announce he has six months to live and plans  
for every hour: Pompeii, galloping  
the moors at Devon, The Great Wall,  
lots more sex. Further, he means to kill  
time with a perpetual-motion cell.

Stickered like a housefly to the ceiling  
a small watcher whispers, *this is only a dream*. I take it, I run it through.  
It is less terrible  
than what I wake to.

#### THE INCEST DREAM

Brother, the story's still unfinished; you  
struggle up as best you can,  
three-legged now as in the riddle of the Sphinx,  
the whole left side of you dumb  
to the brain's fiercest commands.  
Talking is problematical; vowels distort  
rising against the numbness in your throat.

Still, we've been out to dinner,  
assorted husbands, wives,  
and driving back through rain the sidewise swipe  
of memory delivers a lightstruck  
picture of us, ages four and six  
propped in matching sailor suits  
against a railing on the Boardwalk,  
both wearing the family lower lip,  
the family shock of hair,  
two savages spruced up for Grandma's Sunday  
in the roller chair.

Listen! I love you!  
I've always loved you!  
And so we totter and embrace  
surrounded in an all-night garage  
by theatergoers barking for their cars,  
the obedient machines spiraling down  
level by level as we block  
the exit saying our good-byes,  
you tangled in your cane, my black  
umbrella flapping like a torn bat.

At 3 a.m. I'm driven to such extremes  
that when the sorrowing hangman  
brings me your severed penis still  
tumescent from the scaffold  
yet dried and pressed as faithfully  
as a wildflower  
I put it away on my closet shelf  
and lie back down in my lucky shame.

#### OUT-OF-THE-BODY TRAVEL

Even close to the end  
when nothing works except one hand  
my brother goes to the Special Cases pool  
where cheerful athletes reposition  
his puppet bones in a canvas sling  
scoot him down the ramp  
into tepid water  
adjust his flotation collar  
and cut him loose.

Speech has left him, but not joy.  
I carry that grin  
that broad important self-pleasured wink  
with me into the April day.

#### RETROSPECT IN THE KITCHEN

After the funeral I pick  
forty pounds of plums from your tree  
Earth Wizard, Limb Lopper  
and carry them by DC 10  
three thousand miles to my kitchen

and stand at midnight — nine o'clock  
your time — on the fourth day of your death  
putting some raveled things  
unsaid between us into the boiling pot  
of cloves, cinnamon, sugar.

Love's royal color  
the burst purple fruit bob up.

#### THE MAN OF MANY L'S

My whole childhood I feared cripples  
and how they got that way: the one-  
legged Lavender Man who sold  
his sachets by St. Mary's steeple,  
the blind who tapped past humming what they knew,  
even the hunchback seamstress, a ragdoll  
who further sagged to pin my mother's hems,  
had once been sturdy, had once been whole.  
Something entered people, something chopped,  
pressed, punctured, had its way with them  
and if you looked, bad child, it entered you.

When we found out what the disease would do,  
lying, like any council's stalwarts,  
all of us swore to play our parts  
in the final act at your command.

The first was easy. You gave up your left hand  
and the right grew wise, a juggler for its king.  
When the poor dumb leg began to falter  
you took up an alpenstock for walking  
once flourished Sundays by our dead father.  
Month by month the battleground grew thinner.  
When you could no longer swallow meat  
we steamed and mashed your dinner  
and bent your straw to chocolate soda treats.

And when you could not talk, still you could write  
questions and answers on a magic slate,  
then lift the page, like laundry to the wind.  
I plucked the memory splinter from your spine  
as we played at being normal, who  
had eased each other in the cold zoo  
of childhood. Three months before  
you died I wheeled you through the streets  
of placid Palo Alto to catch  
spring in its flamboyant tracks.

You wrote the name of every idiot flower  
I did not know. Yucca rained.  
Mimosa shone. The bottlebrush took fire  
as you fought to hold your great head on its stem.  
*Lilac*, you wrote, *Magnolia*. *Lilly*.  
*And further, oleander. Delphinium.*

O man of many L's, brother, my wily  
resident ghost, may I never spell  
these crowfoot dogbane words again  
these showy florid words again  
except I name them under your spell.

#### THE NIGHTMARE FACTORY

Music by Lainie Fefferman

Text by Maxine Kumin

When I first read through *The Nightmare Factory* I did not take away specific words or images. I was skimming over a lot of poetry rather quickly late one evening, looking for a text I might want to set for this project. I knew I wanted to use a piece by Kumin. Her work, which I have now read with more concentration, has the combination of strong imagery and subtlety of craft that I find attractive in most art forms. When I got into bed that night, I found myself resolved to use this poem. As a kid I had vivid nightmares that I still remember with a pounding heart. Much as when I first read through the poem, my recollections of these nightmares affect me now, not by their content, but by my memory of the feelings they aroused in me. Just as my house being slowly filled with deadly pink gas does not scare me in a literal sense, Kumin's descriptions do not directly frighten me. It is my memory of fear that still terrifies me. In my piece I wished to mimic this effect. My setting of the text has as its goal not a facilitation of understanding each word of the poem, but a mirroring of the poem's affect. I would strongly encourage the listener to read the poem *before* hearing the piece since conventional comprehension of the text is likely to be limited during performance. It is scored for solo speakers, speaking choir, percussion, and tape, and is dedicated to the memory of Luciano Berio, whose music does and will continue to excite and inspire me.

#### *The Nightmare Factory* (from *The Nightmare Factory*, 1970)

these are the dream machines  
the dream machines  
they put black ants in your bed  
silverfish in your ears  
they raise your father's corpse  
they stick his bones in your sleep  
or his stem or all thirty-two  
of his stainless steel teeth  
they line them up  
like the best orchestra seats

these are the nightmare tools  
down the assembly line  
they send an ocean of feces  
you swim in and wake from  
with blood on your tongue  
they build blind sockets  
of subways and mine pits  
for you to stop in  
the walls slick as laundry soap  
swelling and shrinking

these are the presses  
they hum in nine languages  
sing to the orphans  
who eat pins for supper  
the whole map of europe  
hears the computers click  
shunting the trains you take  
onto dead sidings  
under a sky that is  
packed full of blackbirds

night after night in  
the bowels of good citizens  
nazis and cossacks ride  
klansmen and judases  
postmen with babies  
stuffed in their mailsacks  
and for east asians  
battalions of giants  
dressed in g i fatigues  
ears full of bayonets

here on the drawing board  
fingers and noses  
leak from the air brush  
maggots lie under  
*if i should die before*  
*if i should die*  
in the back room  
stacked up in smooth boxes  
like soapflakes or tunafish  
wait the undreamt of

NOT IN OUR TIME  
Music by Francine Trester  
Text by H.D.

I chose this poem, in part, for its relevance to current world events. It seems the peaceful ideal to which the poem aspires is as elusive in our time as in the author's. The "thunderings" of war that reverberate through the poem are echoed by the guitar's percussive sonorities. Against the guitars' almost militaristic ostinato, lyric voices attempt to rise above the collecting storm.

from *Tribute to the Angels*, 1945

Not in our time, O Lord,  
the plowshare for the sword,

not in our time, the knife,  
sated with life-blood and life,

to trim the barren vine;  
no grape-leaf for the thorn,

no vine-flower for the crown;  
not in our time, O King,

the voice to quell the re-gathering,  
thundering storm.

INDIAN SUMMER  
Music by Richard Lalli  
Text by Maxine Kumin

I consider myself to be a short-order composer, filling in program gaps when they present themselves at the last minute. It became apparent in early August that only one composer among our group had chosen to write for the six guitars who were waiting in the wings (Fran wrote her piece in early September in response to my panicked e-mail). I thank Ben Verdery for helping me understand the possibilities of the instrument, and I thank him for begging, more than a year ago, to be included on this year's collegium series.

I have been enticed and soothed by the poetry of Maxine Kumin. The text is already music, really, so I tried my best to stay out of the way. I resisted temptations to depict grasshoppers and pulses in too literal a fashion; rather I aimed to create a simple overall shape that underscores the emotional course of this incredible poem.

*Indian Summer* (from *Looking for Luck*, 1992)

I watch the last grasshoppers taxiing  
like wingless aircraft down some eternal runway  
and the goldfinches suited up in their olive drab  
working the field's blown thistleheads for seeds.

I watch my brother entering sleep on his side  
both hands like a child's caught between his thighs.  
The sun picks up a peach tone on his skin.  
A blond fuzz softens the pillars of his legs.

We have come back from burying a sister.  
He is not given to my several panics.  
When he drove too fast swerving across the clacking  
lane dividers to take advantage of  
an illusory gap in the highway's steady flow,  
I gasped. He was oblivious to my terror.

I watch the pulse tick in his temple, this stranger  
who sleeps amid the busywork of sorrow,  
the drying up, the bursting, the migration  
and I think of the house of our childhood, a big  
baluster rubbed dark and smooth in the middle,  
stubbled up against but holding.

## POETRY

Music by Matthew Suttor

Texts by Marianne Moore

What drew me to Marianne Moore's poetry was her incisive wit and zoological exactitude; my first impression was of a modern-day Emily Dickinson albeit through a National Geographic filter. My title, *Poetry*, is taken from the title of the first of six Marianne Moore poems I chose to set. Indeed, I felt her expression of ambivalence towards poetry mirrored my own towards music. *Poetry* is my fourth collaboration with the Yale Collegium and my first with Ben Verdery – I thank you all for indulging my ambivalent experiments. The music in this piece is shamelessly sieved from Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, III*.

## POETRY

I, too, dislike it.

Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt  
for it, one dis-  
covers in  
it, after all, a place for the genuine.

## A FACE

"I am not treacherous, callous, jealous, superstitious,  
sneering, venomous, or absolutely hideous":

studying and studying its expression,  
exasperated desperation  
though at no real impasse,  
would gladly break the glass;

when love of order, ardor, uncircuitous simplicity  
with an expression of inquiry, are all one needs to be!

Certain faces, a few, one or two—or one  
face photographed by recollection—  
to my mind, to my sight,  
must remain a delight.

## O TO BE A DRAGON

If I, like Solomon,...  
Could have my wish

my wish... O to be a dragon,  
a symbol of the power Heaven—of silkworm  
size or immense; at times invisible.

Felicitous phenomenon!

## I MAY, I MIGHT, I MUST

If you will tell me why the fen  
appears impassable, I then  
will tell you why I think that I  
can get across it if I try.

## A JELLYFISH

Visible, invisible,  
a fluctuating charm  
an amber-tinctured amethyst  
inhabits it, your arm  
approaches and it opens  
and it closes; you had meant  
to catch it and it quivers;  
you abandon your intent.

## ARTHUR MITCHELL

Slim dragonfly  
too rapid for the eye  
to cage  
contagious gem of virtuosity—  
make visible, mentality.  
Your jewels of mobility

reveal  
and veil  
a peacock-tail.

# The Yale Collegium Musicum

Richard Lalli, *director*

## *soprani*

Nicole Bouché, Manuscript Unit Head, Beinecke Library  
Charlotte Dobbs, Yale College junior  
Lainie Fefferman, senior music major in Yale College  
Justine O'Connor-Petts, first-year graduate student in the Department of Music  
Amy Shimbo, fifth-year graduate student in the Department of Music

## *alti*

Elizabeth Flanagan, post-doctoral fellow in Psychology  
Carol Hwang, Molecular, Cellular, and Developmental Biology  
Anthony Kane, elementary music teacher in Cheshire Public Schools  
Annie Rosen, senior at Choate Rosemary Hall  
Ingeborg Schimmer, pianist, vocal coach at UConn, and Yale spouse  
Karen Shoebortham, first-year medical student  
Vira Slywotzky, senior music major in Ezra Stiles College

## *tenori*

Paul Berry, fourth-year graduate student in the Musicology  
Jonathan Boschetto, senior music major in Yale College  
Nunzio D'Alessio, third-year graduate student at the Institute of Sacred Music  
Stephen Hopkins, sophomore in Yale College  
Darien Lamén, senior in Yale College  
Stephen Rodgers, fifth-year graduate student in the Department of Music

## *bassi*

Gary Gregoricka, sophomore in Yale College  
Harry Haskell, writer and editor  
Bruce Larkin, recorder teacher and early music specialist in New Haven  
Dale B. Martin, chair of the Department of Religious Studies  
John Mission, junior in Yale College  
Rashad Ullah, second-year Ph.D. student in the Linguistics Department  
Zachariah Victor, fourth-year graduate student in the Department of Music

# The Yale Camerata and Pro Musica

Marguerite Brooks, Associate Professor of Choral Conducting, Yale Institute of Sacred Music  
and Yale School of Music, *conductor*

Douglas Dickson, *accompanist*

Founded in 1985 by its conductor, Marguerite L. Brooks, the Camerata is a vocal ensemble sponsored by the Yale Institute of Sacred Music. The group's approximately sixty singers are Yale graduate and undergraduate students, faculty, staff, and experienced singers from the New Haven community. The Camerata performs a widely varied spectrum of choral literature, with a special commitment to choral music of our time.

The Camerata has collaborated with the Yale Glee Club, Yale Philharmonia, Yale Symphony, Yale Band, Yale Chamber Players, Yale Collegium Musicum, New Haven Symphony Orchestra, New Haven Chorale, and the Norwalk Symphony. The ensemble has also performed for Yale Music Spectrum and New Music New Haven, and in 2001, a chamber group from the choir spent a week in residence at Saint Paul's Cathedral in London, England. The Camerata has been heard on Connecticut Public Radio and national broadcasts of National Public Radio's program, "Performance Today." Guest conductors have included Robert Shaw, Jaap Schröder, George Guest, and Sir David Willcocks. With the Institute of Sacred Music, the Camerata has commissioned and premiered works of Martin Bresnick, Daniel Kellogg, Stephen Paulus, Daniel Pinkham, and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, among others.

Works to be performed in 2003–2004 include music by J.S. Bach: the *Mass in b minor*, and a cantata from the *Christmas Oratorio*, as well as works of Matthew Harris, John Tavener, and others. Upcoming concerts will be held on October 26, December 6, February 29, April 18, and April 24.

\*indicates member of both Pro Musica and The Yale Camerata

Elizabeth Auld  
Louis Auld  
Kate Barnes  
Ben Barnes  
Jessica Barnes\*  
Helen Barnstable\*  
Kathrin Bethke  
Anke Birkenmaier  
Julia Blue Raspe\*  
Abigail Bunce\*  
Matthew Cabeen\*  
Mark Caprio  
Alex Dippold  
Dayna Drake  
Kimberly Dunn\*  
Nathan Eddy  
Emily Eisenlohr  
Kathryn Elder\*  
Richard Ford  
Howard Foster  
Margaret Furniss  
Evelyn Gard  
Richard Gard\*  
William Gassman  
Joseph Gregorio\*

Jan Gurniak  
Peter Hanke  
Bonnie Havery  
Robert Havery  
Caroline Hawthorne  
Jeffrey Hindman  
Rick Hoffenberg\*  
Christopher Hossfeld\*  
Joyce Hsiang\*  
Holland Jancaitis\*  
Michal Jo  
Charles Kamm\*  
Patricia King  
Elisabeth Kinsley\*  
Kevin Kish  
Sara Koenig  
Michel Ledizet  
Susan Lin  
Amy Litt\*  
Christopher Lundgren\*  
Bonney McDowell  
Amelia Nagoski  
Christine Ng\*  
Amanda Poholek  
Rita Powell

Juila Prest\*  
David Rentz\*  
Mitzi Rohrbacher  
James Rush\*  
William Sawyer  
Rebekah Schulz  
Emily Scott  
Michael Smith\*  
Derek Snyder  
Kaji Spellman  
Sandy Stayner  
Martha Swartz  
Hank Sykes  
Joseph Tagliarini  
Anne Thompson  
Katherine Trier  
Danielle Tumminio  
Benjamin Warfield  
Evan Wels  
Dianne Witte  
Matthew Wrather  
Jieun Yang  
Sandra Yannielli

#### ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS

Perry So, piano, senior in Yale College  
Mingzhe Wang, clarinet, Yale School of Music  
Kamilla Arku, piano, junior in Yale College  
Matthew Rohde, guitar, sophomore in Yale College  
Javier Alonso Sota, percussion, Yale School of Music  
Ryan Bishop, percussion, Yale School of Music  
Kevin Dufford, percussion, Yale School of Music  
Ayano Kataoka, percussion, Yale School of Music  
Evan Drummond, guitar, Yale School of Music  
David Hindman, guitar, Yale School of Music  
Rob Watson, guitar, Yale School of Music  
Devon Mullen, guitar, Yale School of Music  
Steven Lin, guitar, Yale School of Music  
Brett Parnell, guitar, Yale School of Music  
Jeremy Schulick, guitar, Yale School of Music  
Owen Dalby, violin, sophomore in Yale College  
Laura Esnaola, violin, junior in Yale College  
Anna Pelczer, viola, junior in Yale College  
Hannah Collins, violoncello, sophomore in Yale College

## THE COMPOSERS

KATHRYN ALEXANDER completed her BMus at Baylor University and then continued at The Cleveland Institute of Music where she studied composition with Donald Erb and Eugene O'Brien. She later earned her DMA in composition at the Eastman School of Music, working with Samuel Adler, Barbara Kolb, Allan Schindler and Joseph Schwantner. Alexander also studied with Leon Kirchner at the Tanglewood Music Center. She is Associate Professor of Composition at Yale University's Department of Music and has also taught at the University of Oregon, the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, and Dartmouth College. Alexander was awarded the Rome Prize as well as a Composer's Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts.

At Yale she has received an inaugural project grant from the Digital Media Center for the Arts, a Morse Faculty Fellowship, several Griswold Awards and the Yvonne and John McCredie Prize for the Best Use of Information Technology in Teaching in Yale College. Her commissions include the Fromm Music Foundation at Harvard University, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Barlow Endowment, Vermont Chamber Music Conference, the New Music Consort, The Woman's Philharmonic, the Stony Brook Contemporary Chamber Players, the Old Stone Singers, Boston Musica Viva, and the National Flute Association. She has won annual Special Awards from ASCAP and held residencies at the MacDowell Colony, the Millay Colony, the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts, Yaddo, and the Atlantic Center for the Arts. Alexander's music has been performed throughout North and South America and Western Europe.

LAINIE FEFFERMAN is a senior in Silliman College. A double major in Music and Near Eastern languages, she studies composition with John Halle, Kathryn Alexander, and Matthew Suttor. This past summer she was a resident at the Bang on a Can Summer Institute in Massachusetts where she discovered that good people with cute children can maintain successful careers in composition. She hopes to join that demographic after she graduates.

JUDD GREENSTEIN was born and raised in the Greenwich Village neighborhood of New York City, where he began his compositional life by writing hip hop beats as a teenager. After turning to classical music, Judd attended Williams College, studying composition with David Kechley, and majoring in Music and Political Science. In the summer of 2002, he was an artist-in-residence at the first Bang on a Can Summer Institute of Music, at the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art in North Adams, Massachusetts. Judd is the co-Artistic Director of NOW Ensemble and is a second-year Masters student at the Yale School of Music, where he studies with Ezra Laderman and Martin Bresnick.

ELIZABETH KELLY is a senior music major at Yale College where she studies composition with Kathryn Alexander, John Halle and Matthew Suttor. She has been studying composition since the age of six. She has received numerous awards including a national prize in Yamaha's "I Can Compose, Too" competition at age 9, the Phillips Exeter Academy Award for Musical Excellence in 2000, and most recently, Yale's Abraham Cox Prize for composition. Her music has been heard at a number of summer music festivals including the Bowdoin Summer Music Festival, Musico3 in Cincinnati, the Bang on a Can Summer Institute and the Tallroires International Composers Conference in France.

JORDAN NELSON of Swarthmore, PA, is beginning his second year as an undergraduate at Yale. Jordan's composition repertoire includes pieces for ensembles including five b-flat clarinets, string quartet and piano, four cellos and, most recently, violin and piano. In the fall of 2002, his solo piano suite, *Dances and Dreams*, was premiered in the Philadelphia area by world-renowned pianist Marcantonio Barone. Jordan has also been commissioned to write a piece to be premiered by Orchestra 2001 later this year. Jordan intends to major in music at Yale and go on to a career in composition.

STEPHEN RODGERS is a Ph.D. candidate in music theory, writing a dissertation on Berlioz. Two years ago the Collegium Musicum premiered his choral setting of Petrarch's *Non al suo amante*. He has also received commissions from the Madison Children's Choir, the Lawrence University Concert Choir, and the Waukesha Symphonic Band.

New Zealand born composer MATTHEW SUTTOR has been living in the United States since 1992. After studying composition at the University of Auckland he was awarded a Fulbright scholarship to work with computer music pioneer Charles Dodge in New York City. In 1999, Suttor received a DMA in composition from Columbia University. Suttor's recent work explores interactive multimedia. His first interactive performance piece, *Sarrasine*, was performed at the Merce Cunningham Dance Studio in New York City in 1999. A Special Project Grant from the Digital Media Center for the Arts at Yale University in 2000 funded a large-scale work, a 70-minute dance/theater interactive multimedia performance, *The Ankle-Diver*, with collaborator, dancer, and playwright Tim Acito. In the spring of 2003, Suttor designed and directed multimedia production of *Four Saints in Three Acts* for Jonathan Edwards College and the Beinecke Library. This summer Suttor arranged *Don Giovanni* for the electric string quartet, Ethel, and interactive electronics for the Bard SummerScape 2003 production of *Don Juan in Prague*, featuring Czech singer Iva Bittova. Since 1999 Suttor has held the position of Visiting Lecturer in composition, theory and music technology in the Department of Music at Yale University and since 2002 he is also Lecturer in Sound Design at the Yale School of Drama.

FRANCINE TRESTER received both her undergraduate and doctoral degrees in composition at Yale University. Francine has been a recipient of Fulbright and ASCAP awards in composition and has served on the faculties of Austin College, Yale, and Longy School of Music. Currently she is Associate Professor of Composition at Berklee College of Music and a member of the Boston-based new music ensemble Composers in Red Sneakers.

*Manuscript by Marianne Moore, 1962.  
From the Glenway Wescott and Monroe Wheeler Collection of Marianne Moore.  
Yale Collection of American Literature.*

*Musical manuscript by Matthew Suttor, 2003.*