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Upcoming Events at the University Center for the Arts

Tuesday, March 8—**Music: Virtuoso Series Concert**
Special Guest Stephanie Jutt, Flute
7:30 p.m., Organ Recital Hall

Wednesday, March 9—**Music: Virtuoso Series Concert**
Duo Esprit, Harp and Viola
7:30 p.m., Organ Recital Hall

March 10—11—**Opera: The Gondoliers by Gilbert & Sullivan**
7:30 p.m., Sunday, Griffin Concert Hall

Thursday, March 10—**Creative Writing Reading Series**
Colorado Prize Reading: Donald Revell and Zach Savich, Poetry
7:30 p.m., University Art Museum

Tuesday, March 22—**Music: Chamber and Concert Choir Concert**
7:30 p.m., Griffin Concert Hall

Thursday, March 24—**Music: University Sinfonia Orchestra Concert**
7:30 p.m., Griffin Concert Hall

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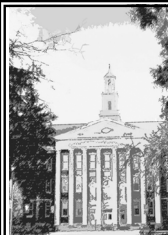
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SPRING 2011 CONCERT SEASON

Virtuoso Series Concert *Michelle Murphy DeBruyn, Soprano*

Yien Wang, Piano

Amy Griffiths, Saxophone

Lisa Oberlander, Clarinet



Monday, March 7, 2011, 7:30 p.m.
Organ Recital Hall, University Center for the Arts

Colorado State University
SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

Program

I Never Saw Another Butterfly Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)
 I. The Butterfly
 II. Yes, That's the Way Things Are
 III. Birdsong
 IV. The Garden
 V. Man Proposes, God Disposes
 VI. The Old House

Goddess Songs Catherine Malone Meiburg
(b. 1953)
 I. Invocation to Kali
 II. Prayer

Ariel: Five Poems of Sylvia Plath Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)
 I. Words
 II. Poppies in July
 III. The Hanging Man
 IV. Poppies in October
 V. Lady Lazarus

Six Songs of Sundry Sorts Ellwood Derr
(1932 - 2008)
 I. The Little Mouse
 II. Fly's Letter
 III. Evening Song
 IV. Love's Caring
 V. Futility
 VI. O Little Town of Houffalize

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Lori Laitman's Comments on *I Never Saw Another Butterfly*

[The text from this cycle was chosen from] [I never saw another butterfly...](#) a collection of poems written by children from the Terezin Concentration Camp. One cannot help but be touched by the hope and innocence that these children put into their poetry, despite their terrible surroundings. As I read the poems, I thought that the sound of the alto saxophone would be an ideal accompaniment – haunting, soulful, and with echoes of Klezmer music. Each of the six poems I chose has very different imagery, allowing for a variety of musical styles. [The Butterfly](#) opens the cycle with a cantorial-style saxophone part, conjuring up images of a fluttering butterfly.

The poem was written by Pavel Friedmann, who was born on January 7, 1921, deported to Terezin on April 26, 1942, and died in Auschwitz on September 29, 1944. To me, despite the tremendous sadness of the text, the message of the poem is one of undying spirit.

[Yes, That's the Way Things Are](#) was written by three children – Kosek, Lowy, and Bachner, whose initials combine to form the name Koleba. A very

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There is a charge For the eyeing my scars, there is a charge For the hearing of my heart--- It really goes. And there is a charge, a very large charge For a word or a touch Or a bit of blood Or a piece of my hair on my clothes. So, so, Herr Doktor. So, Herr Enemy. I am your opus, I am your valuable, The pure gold baby That melts to a shriek. I turn and burn. Do not think I underestimate your great concern. Ash, ash--- You poke and stir. Flesh, bone, there is nothing there---- A cake of soap, A wedding ring, A gold filling. Herr God, Herr Lucifer Beware Beware. Out of the ash I rise with my red hair And I eat men like air.

Six Songs of Sundry Sorts

The Little Mouse Miroslav Košek, Hanuš Loewy, and Bachner (c. 1944)

A mousie sat upon a shelf catching fleas, Catching fleas in his coat of fur. But he could not, could not catch her. What chagrin! She's hidden away inside his skin, He turned, and wriggled, Wriggled, wriggled, knew no rest. That nasty flea was such a pest! His daddy came and searched his coat; And he caught, and he caught, caught the flea and off he ran To cook her in the frying pan. The wee mouse cried: "Oh come and see! For lunch we've got a nice fat flea!"

Fly's Letter Emily Dickinson (c. 1865)

Beel! I'm expecting you! Was saying Yesterday To Somebody you know That you were due- The Frogs got Home last Week- Are settled, and at work- Birds, mostly back- The Clover warm and thick- You'll get my Letter by The seventeenth; Reply Or better, be with me- Yours, Fly.

Evening Song Sidney Lanier (1876)

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands, And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea, How long they kiss in sight of all the lands. Ah! Longer, longer we. Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun, As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine, And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done, Love, lay thine hand in mine. Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart; Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands. Oh night! Divorce our earth and sky apart, Never, our lips our hands.

Love's Caring Emily Dickinson

(Poem 1218) Let my first Knowing be of thee With morning's warming Light- And my first Fearing, lest Unknowns Engulf thee in the night- (Poem 226) Shouldst thou but fail at- Sea- In sight of me - Or doomed lie- Next Sun- to die- Or rap- at Paradise- unheard I'd harass God Until he let thee in!

Futility Wilfred Owen (1918)

Move him into the sun- Gently its touch- awoke him once, At home, whispering of fields unsown. Always it woke him, even in France, Until this morning and this snow. If anything can rouse him now The kind old sun will know. Think how it wakes the seeds- Woke, once, the clays of a cold star. Are limbs so dear-achieved, are sides, Full nerved, -still warm, -too hard to stir? Was it for this the clay grew tall? -O what made fatuous sunbeams toil To break earth's sleep at all?

O Little Town of Houffalize General George S. Patton (Winter 1945)

O little town of Houffalize How still we see thee lie; Above thy steep and battered streets The aero-planes sail by. Yet in thy dark streets shineth Not any God-damned light; The hopes and fears of all the years Were blown to hell last night.

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dark branches, All around me I see new green, and I, too, feel green. All I want is to swim with the glossy goose with the long bill and the languid eye, All I want is to soar with the wide-winged bird in the April sky, And to sing with the towhee. Goddess what do you want? Could it be that you would soar and sing with me? I hear the brooklet bubble, I feel the soft earth spring, I see the redbud blossom, I see everything can sing, I see everything can sing, We sing, Oh Goddess, you sing!

Ariel

Text by Sylvia Plath Words

Axes after whose stroke the wood rings, And the echoes! Echoes travelling Off from the centre like horses. The sap Wells like tears, like the Water striving To re-establish its mirror Over the rock That drops and turns, A white skull, Eaten by weedy greens. Years later I Encounter them on the road__ Words dry and riderless, The indefatigable hoof-taps. While From the bottom of the pool, fixed stars Govern a life.

Poppies in July Little poppies, little hell flames, Do you do no harm? You flicker. I cannot touch you. I put my hands among the flames. Nothing burns And it exhausts me to watch you Flickering like that, wrinkly and clear red, like the skin of a mouth. A mouth just bloodied. Little bloody skirts! There are fumes I cannot touch. Where are your opiates, your nauseous capsules? If I could bleed, or sleep! If my mouth could marry a hurt like that! Or your liquors seep to me, in this glass capsule, Dulling and stilling. But colorless. Colorless.

The Hanging Man By the roots of my hair some god got hold of me. I sizzled in his blue volts like a desert prophet. The nights snapped out of sight like a lizard's eyelid: A world of bald white days in a shadeless socket. A vulturous boredom pinned me in this tree. If he were I, he would do what I did.

Poppies in October Even the sun-clouds this morning cannot manage such skirts. Nor the woman in the ambulance Whose red heart blooms through her coat so astoundingly -- A gift, a love gift Utterly unasked for By a sky Palely and familly Igniting its carbon monoxides, by eyes Dulled to a halt under bowlers. O my God, what am I That these late mouths should cry open In a forest of frost, in a dawn of cornflowers.

Lady Lazarus I have done it again. One year in every ten I manage it---- A sort of walking miracle, my skin Bright as a Nazi lampshade, My right foot A paper-weight, My featureless, fine Jew linen. Peel off the napkin O my enemy. Do I terrify?--The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth? The sour breath Will vanish in a day. Soon, soon the flesh The grave cave ate will be At home on me And I a smiling woman. I am only thirty. And like the cat I have nine times to die. This is Number Three. What a trash To annihilate each decade. What a million filaments. The Peanut-crunching crowd Shoves in to see Them unwrap me hand in foot ---- -- The big strip tease. Gentleman , ladies These are my hands My knees. I may be skin and bone, Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman. The first time it happened I was ten. It was an accident. The second time I meant To last it out and not come back at all. I rocked shut As a seashell. They had to call and call And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls. Dying Is an art, like everything else. I do it exceptionally well. I do it so it feels like hell. I do it so it feels real. I guess you could say I've a call. It's easy enough to do it in a cell. It's easy enough to do it and stay put. It's the theatrical Comeback in broad day To the same place, the same face, the same brute Amused shout: 'A miracle!' That knocks me out.

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ironic text, it is set ironically. Harmonic surprises are wrapped in a quasi folk-song with a quirky, but descriptive saxophone accompaniment. Miroslav Kosek was born on March 30, 1932 at Horelice in Bohemia and was sent to Terezin on February 15, 1942. He died October 19, 1944 at Auschwitz. Hanus Lowy was born in Ostrava on June 29, 1931, deported to Terezin on September 30, 1942, and died in Auschwitz on October 4, 1944. There is no information on Bachner.

The author of *Birdsong* is unknown. The poem is preserved in manuscript. Again in this poem, the author is able to rise above the living conditions to focus on the loveliness of life. The voice and saxophone are equal partners in this song, and the main stanzas are separated by a series of interludes where the voice and saxophone combine in a wordless duo.

The feelings of hope manifested in the earlier songs dies in *The Garden*. It was written by Franta Bass, who was born in Brno on September 4, 1930. He was sent to Terezin on December 2, 1941, and died in Auschwitz on October 28, 1944. The simple tune in the voice is accompanied by a weaving saxophone part with subtle rhythmic changes. The melody builds to a climax, then abruptly comes to a close, mirroring the text's message.

Man Proposes, God Disposes was written by the three children who signed their names Koleba. This text is a commentary on what used to be, and what is. The voice is dramatically set over a rhythmic accompaniment in two sections, following the structure of the poem. Vocal glissandi descriptively end each section.

The Old House, also written by Franta Bass, ends the cycle. The poem conveys barren images, and the musical setting reflects this. The saxophone repeatedly plays one note, like a bell tolling, while the voice lyrically and hauntingly decries the sadness, futility, and desolation of the situation. The cycle draws to a close with the voice alone.

The Goddess Songs are written by Atlanta based composer, Catherine Malone Meiburg. The first piece, "Prayer", was written by the composer after a day driving through the Georgia mountains and walking a trail in north GA. "Invocation to Kali", is adapted from May Sarton. Kali, often referred to as "the dark mother", is the Hindu goddess of time and change. She represents both the violent destruction of death and creation of new life. Sarton's poem embraces both sides of Kali and Meiburg's musical setting makes frequent use of dissonance as well as compound chords that disperse any clear-cut sense of tonality. "Prayer" is a bit more straight forward in both language and music. "I've always been something of a mystic, so finding the Divine in nature has been a lifelong reality for me. The Kali text by May Sarton was part of my search for the sacredness in all of life, including the darkness that can be such a catalyst for creative growth. The use of the name Goddess is intended to be inclusive of the feminine in our Western concept of God; I have found that it can be profoundly healing to name God as both masculine and feminine." (Meiburg)

Ariel was composed by Ned Rorem in 1971 for soprano Phyllis Curtin. A fascinating composition, the piece is often misunderstood, or not understood at all, because of the cryptic nature of Plath's text. Most of Plath's later work is autobiographical in nature, and all of the text in *Ariel* comes from Sylvia Plath's last publication by the same title. She battled with depression for most of her life and had attempted suicide in her 20's. Due to the fact that she committed suicide

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in 1963 and that her ex-husband went against her wishes concerning the arrangement of her last poems, the general public has a very dark and distorted view regarding the meaning of her later poetry. In fact, she meant it to be far more hopeful than most understand. Rorem was not privy to this information at the time that he set the poetry, and therefore he likely arranged the poetry to outline Plath's fall into depression that did indeed happen in the last few weeks of her life. Plath's poetry uses grotesque imagery for shock value in order to talk plainly about the human condition with a frankness that few other poets have achieved. Having lived most of her life at a time when women were fighting for equal rights and having watched her mother lend her intelligence to her father's advancement of his career, Plath had some very poignant feminist views, which can also be seen expressed throughout her poetry. The most provocative statement of feminist views can be found in "Lady Lazarus", a poem more about reclaiming her life than it actually is about death.

"Words" is most likely the least enigmatic of the five poems and talks about the power of negative words over a human life. Although some interpret this open-ended poem to be positive in nature, it is indeed written at one of Plath's lowest moments and was the last poem penned before her death. "Poppies in July" and "Poppies in October" use the imagery of the poppy flower to symbolize both the vibrancy of life and the harbinger of death by way of the numbing drug produced by the flower's seeds. Plath fluctuates between her interest in both at last asking herself "Oh my God, what am I" that the destructive power of the poppy flower calls to her when she is surrounded by spring and new life ("in a field of cornflowers"), most likely referring to her young children. I feel that the "Hanging Man" is about Plath's experience with electric shock therapy; the clarinet symbolizing the electric current. "Lady Lazarus" is perhaps the most profound of the five pieces and wanders through Plath's close calls with death, hereby causing confusion about its true meaning. Whether interpreted as a suicide note or as the rising of Plath's phoenix in life, it is an extremely powerful statement.

Elwood Derr was a theorist and composer at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. He published many articles about Baroque and Classical composers; therefore it is not so surprising that his own compositions reflect neoclassical elements. The poems are unconnected both by poet and content, but Derr ties the pieces together with thematic material that develops throughout the cycle. The first poem is even in a three part canon which brings life to the simple text. One can imagine the mouse's attention being divided between several flea bites. This text may seem child-like because it was coincidentally written by the same Koleba whose poems are also used in the Laitman. The last text was penned by General Patton around Christmas of 1945 about the destruction of the town Houffalize during the Battle of the Bulge of WWII. Although this text could have been set in a very serious and almost disturbing way, Derr decided to give the wording a much lighter and almost comedic feel. We have likened the approach to this song to the musical *Cabaret* in which characters drown their consciousness about the horrible changes happening in Berlin (1931) with their reveling in the Kit Kat Club at night.

The Butterfly

1942 by Pavel Friedmann

The last, the very last, So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow. Perhaps if the sun's

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tears would sing against a white stone... Such, such a yellow Is carried lightly 'way up high. It went away I'm sure because it wished to kiss the word goodbye. For seven weeks I've lived in here Penned up inside this ghetto. But I have found what I love here. The dandelions call to me. And the white chestnut branches in the court Only I never saw another butterfly. That butterfly was the last one. Butterflies don't live in here, in the ghetto.

Yes, That's the Way Things Are

Koleba

In Terezin in the so-called park A queer old granddad sits Somewhere there in the so-called park. He wears a beard down to his lap And on his head, a little cap.

Hard crusts he crumbles in his gums, He's only got one single tooth. My poor old man with working gums, Instead of soft rolls, lentil soup. My poor old graybeard!

Birdsong

1941 Anonymous

He doesn't know the world at all Who stays in his nest and doesn't go out.

He doesn't know what birds know best Nor what I want to sing about. That the world is full of loveliness When dewdrops sparkle in the grass And earth's aflood with morning light, A blackbird sings upon a bush To greet the dawning after night. Then I know how fine it is to live. Hey, try to open up your heart To beauty: go to the woods someday And weave a wreath of memory there. Then if the tears obscure your way You'll know how wonderful it is To be alive

The Garden

Franta Bass

A little garden Fragrant and full of roses The path is narrow And a little boy walks along it. A little boy, a sweet boy, Like the growing blossom. When the blossom comes to bloom, The little boy will be no more.

Man Proposes, God Disposes

Koleba 1944

Who was helpless back in Prague, And who was rich before, He's a poor soul, here in Terezin, His body's bruised and sore. Who was toughened up before, He'll survive these days. But who was used to servants, Will sink into his grave.

The Old House

Franta Bass

Deserted here, the old house stands in silence, asleep. The old house used to be so nice, before, standing there before, it was so nice. Now it is deserted rotting in silence – What a waste of houses, what a waste of hours.

Goddess Songs Invocation to Kali **May Sarton, adapted by C.M.Meiburg**

Oh goddess Kali, the terrible one, Whose kingdom is within us deep, O savage goddess, whose dark womb Gives birth forever to all things: Kali be with us. Violence, destruction, receive our homage. Help us to bring darkness into the light, Lift out the pain, the anger, Where it can be seen for what it is- The balance-wheel for our vulnerable, aching love. It is time to atone for what we fear most and have not dared to face: You, the destroyer, cannot be overthrown; We must stay open-eyed in the terrible place. Put the wild hunger where it belongs, Within the act of creation, Crude power that forges a balance Between love and hate. Help us to be hopeful Gardeners of the spirit Who know that without darkness Nothing comes to birth And without light Nothing flowers. Bear the roots in mind, Kali, Dark, awesome power.

Prayer

Catherine Malone Meiburg

O goddess, what do you want from me? O goddess, what do you want for me? This is the only life I have to notice the towhee singing. This is the moment I have to walk under clear blue, and the tender green fingers unfolding on long,