

CU★PRESENTS

2021-22 Season



College of Music

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO **BOULDER**

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Fall 2021

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CU Boulder Photography

AT THE PERFORMANCE

- Please refrain from using electronic devices during the performance. Feel free to view this program on your device at any time prior to the performance, during intermission or after the performance ends.
- Photography and video recordings of any type are strictly prohibited during the performance.
- Smoking is not permitted anywhere. CU Boulder is a smoke-free campus.

CU ★ PRESENTS is the home of performing arts at the University of Colorado Boulder.



The mission of the **University of Colorado Boulder College of Music** is to inspire artistry and discovery, together.



The College of Music acknowledges that the university sits upon land within the territories of the Ute, Cheyenne and Arapaho peoples. Further, we acknowledge that 48 contemporary tribal nations are historically tied to Colorado lands.

College of Music's Faculty Tuesdays series celebrates 22 years of community-focused music making

By Ally Dever

CU Boulder's College of Music has been offering free, live faculty performances to the Boulder community for more than two decades.

As part of the long-running Faculty Tuesdays series, professional musicians in the college play concerts every Tuesday during the fall and spring semesters, offering students and community members the opportunity to experience firsthand the renowned talent housed right here on campus.

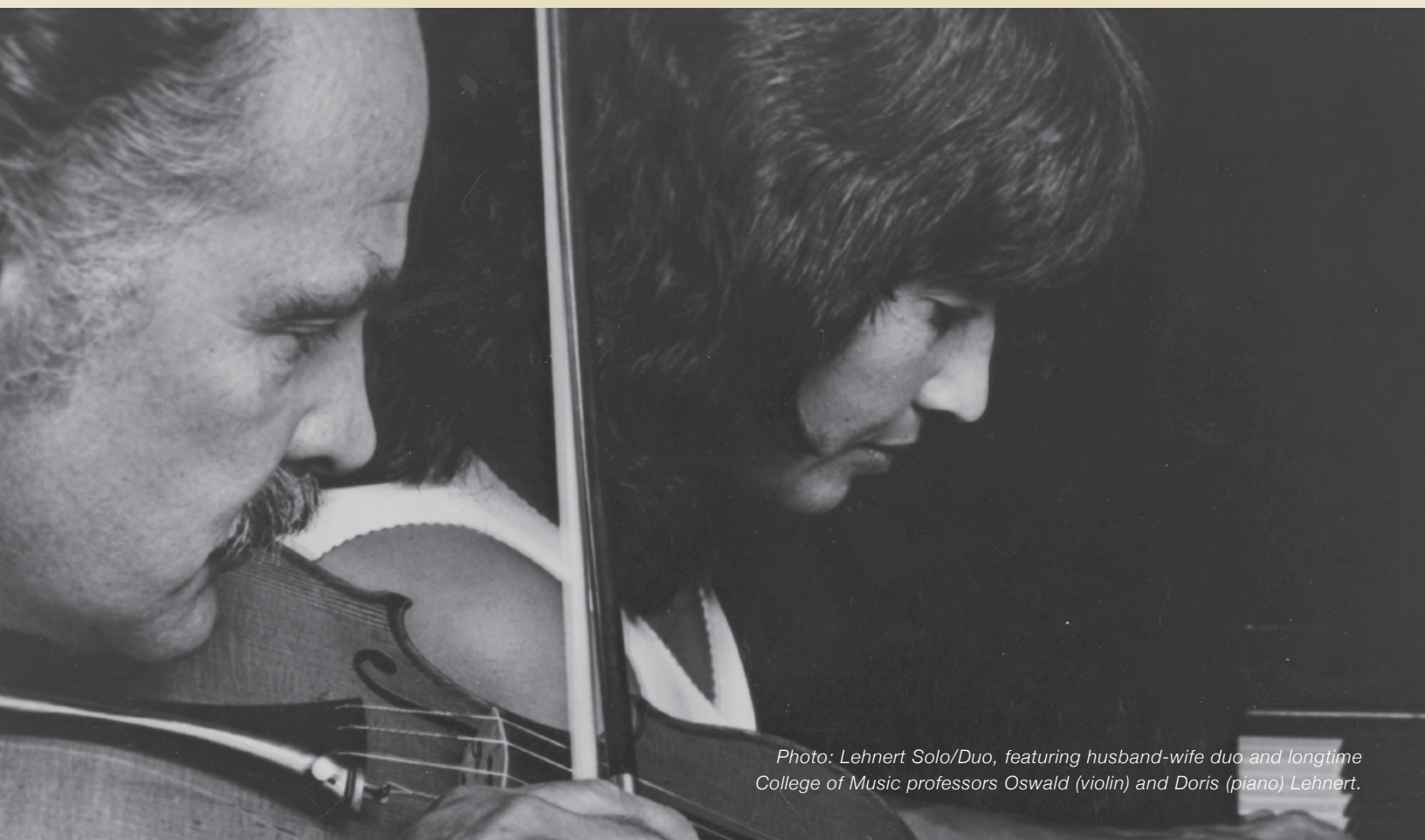


Photo: Lehnert Solo/Duo, featuring husband-wife duo and longtime College of Music professors Oswald (violin) and Doris (piano) Lehnert.

Daniel Sher, former College of Music Dean, and Joan McLean Braun, assistant dean for concerts and communications and executive director of CU Presents, started the popular Faculty Tuesdays series in 1999. “With this series, the College of Music launched something unique,” Sher said. “There really wasn’t a formal approach to faculty recitals at other schools and colleges at the time.”

But word of the first-of-its-kind series quickly spread to other universities. Sher routinely attended several conferences and roundtables for music deans and directors across the country, and found many of his colleagues at other institutions were inspired by Faculty Tuesdays. Some even expressed interest in similar programs of their own.

“Music deans at other schools would ask how we got such a large audience to the concerts and how we got faculty to participate,” he said.

Since then, several music schools across the country have instituted similar programs, like Yale’s Faculty Artist Series, Arizona State University’s ASU in Concert Series and Michigan State University’s Faculty Recital Series.

Craft and collaboration

Distinguished Professor of Piano David Korevaar has been a frequent performer at Faculty Tuesdays since its inception, participating in over 70 individual performances.

As a world-renowned professional musician who has performed throughout the United States, Europe, Asia, and Central and South America, Korevaar believes Faculty Tuesdays offers something special.

“This is one of the best audiences I play for anywhere in the world,” Korevaar said. “And as performers, that’s what musicians are all about.”

For faculty, the series has served as a platform to practice their craft. It provides them with an appreciative audience and a free venue to try out their material before they take it on the road—an opportunity that’s not offered to most professional musicians.

And, by allowing performers to schedule their slots in advance, it also inspires faculty to plan collaborative performances with colleagues in different departments, bringing a new dimension to the weekly performances.

“With the introduction of Faculty Tuesdays, our professors were less siloed and began to appreciate one another, and learn more about the artistry and abilities of their colleagues,” Sher said.

“It contributed significantly to the climate of collaboration that the college enjoys today and elevated the mutual respect and admiration between our faculty members.”

Unlike other concerts, attendees don't have to drive far and pay expensive fees to hear professional quality music.

Chris Brauchli, a violinist and longtime donor to the College of Music, has attended Faculty Tuesday performances since the series' inception.

"The quality and level of the talent continues to blossom, and it makes the concerts superb," he said. "It's a real treat for people who live here to be able to hear these performances for free on a weekly basis."

The College of Music relies on community donations to continue to host Faculty Tuesdays.

To encourage others to donate, Brauchli has been known for his "magic envelope" bit on occasional Tuesday events. Formerly inserted in each hardcopy program, there was an envelope for voluntary donations.*

"As a joke, I've pointed out that attendees can tear it off, throw it away and it becomes trash," he said. "Or, they can put money inside, mail it back to the college and it becomes gold."

With the College of Music's move to digital programs, **give here to add your support for the Faculty Tuesdays series.*

Faculty Tuesdays

Odysseys from Nicaragua to New Hampshire

Andrew Garland, baritone

Jeremy Reger, piano

David Korevaar, piano

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Dec. 7, 2021

Grusin Music Hall

Program

Cantos de Cifar y el Mar Dulce

Gabriela Lena Frank (b. 1972)

Pablo Antonio Cuadra (1912-2002)

I. El nacimiento de Cifar (The Birth of Cifar)

XV. Me diste ¡oh Dios! una hija

XVIII. Primer parte: El rebelde (First part: The Rebel)

XVIII. Segund parte: Tomasito, el cuque (Second part: Tomas, the cook)

XVIII. Tercer parte: El niño (Third part: The Child)

XXII. Primer parte: Eufemia

XXII: Segund parte: En La Vela del Angelito
(At the Wake of the Little Angel)

XXX. Pescador (Fisherman)

Jeremy Reger, piano

—Intermission—

Mortality Mansions

Herschel Garfein (b. 1958)

Donald Hall (1928-2018)

1. When the Young Husband
2. When I Was Young
3. Woolworth's
4. The Green Shelf
5. Fête
6. The Young Watch Us
7. Summer Kitchen
8. Dying Is Simple, She Said
9. Deathwork
10. Freezes and Junes
11. Gold

David Korevaar, piano

Program notes

Cantos de Cifar y el Mar Dulce

Gabriela Lena Frank (b.1972)

Pablo Antonio Cuadra (1912-2002)

From the composer:

Songs of Cifar and the Sweet Sea is a work in progress, and its first version is projected to be an evening-length song cycle for baritone, soprano and piano. This work was begun under the gracious sponsorship of Carnegie Hall during the John Harbison/Dawn Upshaw Workshop for Composers and Singers in 2004. The initial songs were premiered by baritone Robert Gardner and pianist Molly Morkoski. Under the sponsorship of the Marilyn Horne Foundation, two new songs were penned for a premiere in Carnegie Hall in January of 2007 by the baritone-piano team of Andrew Garland and Donna Loewy. While the songs are created to flow as a narrative set, certain songs can be performed as stand-alones or with a select number of others from the cycle. Furthermore, some of the songs will be for baritone alone, soprano alone, or for the two singers together.

Songs of Cifar and the Sweet Sea draws on poetry by the Nicaraguan poet, Pablo Antonio Cuadra (1912-2002). As a young man, Cuadra spent more than two decades sailing the waters of Lake Nicaragua, meeting peasants, fisherman, sailors, woodcutters and timber merchants in his travels. From such encounters, he was inspired to construct a cycle of poems that recount the odyssey of a harp-playing mariner, Cifar, who likewise travels the waters of Lake Nicaragua. In my initial reading of the poems, I was struck by how Cuadra writes of commonplace objects and people but ties them to the undercurrents of his country's past of indigenous folklore. Despite Cuadra's plain vocabulary, ordinary things are thus rendered mythical, revealing Cifar's capacity for wonder and passionate lyricism. The poems, which begin with Cifar's birth and end with his death as an old man, still clinging to an oar some forty-odd poems later, are rich material for a composer's imagination, indeed.

With this treasure trove of poetry to spark my imagination, I initially chose to compose music for baritone and piano only, limiting myself to a chosen

selection of poems. (The poems are carefully cobbled together without changing the Cuadra's cadence or phrasing so that more than one poem may be featured in any given song.) After my initial foray in this project, I soon decided to embark on setting the entire collection, making for a full evening-length program. In addition, I am broadening my vision to include another singer—Cifar, represented by the aforementioned baritone, would need a female counterpart to carry the many women that figure in his life. Hence, the first version of this song cycle is projected to come to life in the tradition of the great *lieder* by composers like Schumann and Schubert—In an intimate performance setting of just solo singers and collaborating pianist.

At this early point, I am beginning to make notes as to how to broaden the cycle further. While my own experience accompanying singers tells me that the piano is an admirable partner-in-crime, I would like to create another version scoring the piano for full orchestra. The addition of choral arrangements, both a cappella and with accompaniment, of some of the songs will further enrich the dramatic power of Cifar's story. Hence, the second version will be for a much larger instrumental and vocal ensemble that approaches the scope of opera ... which leads to the eventual third version of this work. At present, I am collaborating with Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Nilo Cruz on the creation of several opera libretti and ballet synopses centering on Latin American mythology and history. It is my hope that the work I will have completed on Cifar's remarkable story will provide a rich basis from which to ultimately create a large-scale opera that is fully staged with set design, costumes, and theatrical direction.

As a work in progress, approximately eight songs for baritone and piano have been composed so far, totaling approximately thirty minutes.

I. *El Nacimiento de Cifar* (The Birth of Cifar): In this first song, we are introduced to our protagonist at the time of his birth. Already, hints of blood, danger, and a supernatural presence in his life are evident. The explosive vocal release at the ends of short phrases is typical of Miskito Indian music of Nicaragua. The quick repeated notes in the piano harmonizing the vocal line emulate Nicaraguan marimba performance practices.

Text

Hay una isla en el playón
pequeña
como la mano de un dios indígena.
Ofrece frutas rojas
a los pájaros
y al náufrago
la dulce sombra de un árbol.
Allí nació Cifar, el navegante
cuando a su madre se le llegó su
fecha,
solitaria remando a Zapatera.
Metió el bote en el remanso
mientras giraban en las aguas
tiburones y sábados
atraídos por la sangre.

*Los dedos en el arpa
y ya empieza
el mal de lontananza.
Cifar
calla tu canto.
Cifar
no recubras
de música tu oído:
Ese ilimitado
Azul
te llama.*

Translation

There is an island in the shallows
small
as the hand of an indigenous god.
It offers red fruit
to the birds
and, to the shipwrecked,
the sweet shade of a tree.
There, Cifar the sailor was born
as his mother's time came
while she was rowing, alone, to
Zapatera.
She steered the boat into a pool
while there circled in the waters
sharks and shad,
attracted to the blood.

*Fingers in the harp,
and at once begins
a longing, sickness, for the faraway.
Cifar
quiet your song.
Cifar
do not cover
your ears with music:
That infinite
Blue
calls you.*

XV. *Me Diste ¡oh Dios! una Hija* (You gave me, oh God!, a daughter): We jump many years into the future with this song that introduces a side to Cifar that may come as a surprise to the audience. For the first half of the song cycle, we will be treated to a number of songs that show us his instinct for survival in the face of all manner of hardships—brawls, war, and storms. He is, consequently, physically and emotionally tough. In this song, however, he admits to his newfound vulnerability in becoming a father, and a father to a girl, no less! Unmanned by the tenderness he feels, he asks that God spare his daughter of the tribulations thrown his own way, and laughs ironically at himself at the end of the song. During the song itself, there are moments when he goes into falsetto, and we do not always know if the constriction in his voice is a sign of true emotion or is done in self-jest. The back-and-forth echo Cifar enacts with himself could reflect either the soloist/back-up chorus style of singing popular in Nicaragua, or be interpreted as Cifar mocking himself further through mimicry. The piano writing is in a sing-song rocking rhythm typical of many seafaring songs and combines the strums/tremolos of guitars and drums with the repeated notes of marimbas.

Text

Doce doncellas de blanco
En el bote enramado
cantan y reman.
Vuelven de misa como guirnaldas...

...como flores flotantes
de colores alegres.
Y Ubaldina
mi hija
va de blanco
cantando.

¡No permitas, Señor! que el viento
la arroje como a mi
a lo insaciable.

Me diste ¡oh Dios! una hija
con el cielo de mi patria en sus ojos
no el azul de la indolente calma...

...sino el oscuro fragor
de la tormenta.
Y Ubaldina
mi hija
va de blanco
cantando.

¡No permitas, Señor! que el viento
la arroje como a mi
a lo insaciable.

Me diste ¡oh Dios! una hija
con el espíritu
de la barca en que crucé
las aguas enfurecidas del tiempo.

Translation

Twelve girls in white
On a boat covered with flowers
sing and row.
They return from mass like garlands...

...like floating flowers
in bright colors.
And Ubaldina
my daughter
goes in white
singing.

Don't permit, Lord! that the wind
hurls her as it hurled me
to the ravenous.

You gave me, oh God! a daughter
with the sky of my country in her eyes
not the blue of the indolent calm...

...but the dark tempest
of the storm.
And Ubaldina
my daughter
goes in white
singing.

Don't permit, Lord! that the wind
hurls her as it hurled me
to the ravenous.

You gave me, oh God! a daughter
with the spirit
of the boat I used to cross
the enraged waters of time.

Dale una bahía mansa
donde se refleje su barca
como empollando otra barca
una ensenada
donde el sol
seque sus redes.

¡No permitas, Señor! que el viento
la arroje como a mi
a lo insaciable.

Doce doncellas de blanco
En el bote enramado
cantan y reman.
Vuelven de misa
como guirnaldas...

...como flores flotantes
de colores alegres.
Y Ubaldina
mi hija
va de blanco
cantando.

Ubaldina, Ubaldina...
Tengo una isla para ella.

Me diste ¡oh Dios!
Me diste ¡oh Dios!
Me diste ¡oh Dios! una hija.

Me río de Cifar que está llorando!

Give her a soft bay
where her boat will be reflected
as if hatching another boat,
a peaceful inlet
where the sun
will dry her nets.

Don't permit, Lord! that the wind
hurls her as it hurled me
to the ravenous.

Twelve girls in white
On a boat covered with flowers
sing and row.
They return from mass
like garlands...

...like floating flowers
in bright colors.
And Ubaldina
my daughter
goes in white
singing.

Ubaldina, Ubaldina...
I have an island for her.

You gave me, oh God!
You gave me, oh God!
You gave me, oh God! a daughter.

I laugh at Cifar who cries!

XVIII. Primer Parte: El Rebelde (Part One; The Rebel): In this mysterious song, a scene is coolly described of preparation being made for rebellion. We do not know if Cifar is a willing participant or not.

Text

Todavía al aurora
no despierta el corazón
de los pájaros y ya Cifar
tira la red en el agua
oscura. Sabe que es la hora
de la sirena y no teme
el silencio.
Cifar espera
la señal en las lejanas
serranías. Antes del alba
encenderán sus fogatas
los rebeldes.
Les lleva peces
y armas.

Translation

Dawn has still not
awakened the heart
of the birds, and already
Cifar casts his net into the dark
water. He knows it is the hour
of the siren, and he is not afraid
of the silence.
Cifar waits
for a signal from the faraway
mountains. Before daybreak
the rebels will fire up
their bonfires.
He takes them fish
and weapons.

XVIII. *Ségun*d Parte: Tomasito, el cuque (Part Two: Tomasito, the Cook): A scene is described of a ship's cook being tortured. Chillingly, it is not clear what Cifar's role is.

<i>Text</i>	<i>Translation</i>
“¿En qué lancha las llevaron? ¡Contesta, Tomás, contesta!	“What boat did they carry them in? Answer, Tomás, answer!
¿Desde cuál isla zarparon? ¡Jodido, Tomás, contesta!	“From which island did they sail? Damn it, Tomás, answer!
“¿A quiénes las entregaron? ¡Hijo de puta, Tomás!	“Who did they deliver them to? Son of a whore, Tomás!
¿Quiénes llevaron las armas? ¡Cabrón, contesta, Tomás!	“Who carried the weapons? You bastard, answer, Tomás!
Pero no habla Tomás. ¡Qué huevos de hombre. No habla!	But Tomás won't talk. What balls on this guy! He doesn't talk!
¡Ya nunca hablará Tomás!	Now Tomás will never talk again!

XVIII. Tercer Parte: El Niño (Part Three: The Child): Cast in the solo style of “velorio” funeral singing from Latin American cultures, the vocal writing emphasizes a rise and fall of line, and grace note-inflected tenuto pulsations to mimic the sound of sobs. Cifar cries for the child that used to be him, for a lost innocence.

Text

El niño que yo fui
no ha muerto
queda
en el pecho
toma el corazón
como suyo
y navega dentro
lo oigo cruzar
mis noches
o sus viejos
mares de llanto
remolcándome
al sueño.

Translation

The child I was
has not died
he remains
in my breast
taking my heart
as his own
and sails inside me
I hear him cross
my nights
or his old
seas of tears
towing me along
to dreams.

XXII. Primer Parte: Eufemia (First part Eufemia): Jumping to a point in Cifar’s life when he has continued to accrue many life experiences (falling in love numerous times, engaging in drunken brawls, escaping spirits on supernatural islands, participating in revolutions, parenting children who disarm him of his machismo, etc.), Cifar now fights a storm while aboard a boat and compares the tempest to a former lover, Eufemia. Only, he can’t placate the storm with kisses like he does with Eufemia when she’s angry. In the ensuing “eye of the storm” eerie calm, he witnesses one of his comrades (who has appeared in other poems) become crazy with fear and jump overboard to his death.

Text

Rogando el viento...
Insultando el viento...
hijueputeando al viento!

Tomé el azar la lancha de Pascasio...
y ahora reniego de mi suerte!

Miro las olas furiosas
y los vientos negros de Octubre.
¡a qué horas preferí éste tiempo
implacable
a la furia de Eufemia?

¿A qué puerto voy, a qué tumba
me lleva este chubasco perro?
Cuánto mejor aguantar
tus gritos, Eufemia.

Rogando el viento...
Insultando el viento...

Cuánto mejor tu cólera,
tu desgredada ira en la madrugada
que esta furia de las olas y estos
gritos
bajo los rayos y los vientos!

Ya hubiera dominado tu enojo,
ya estuviéramos en los besos
ya dormiría dócil después de la
tempestad.

Translation

Begging the wind...
Insulting the wind...
Son of a bitching the wind!

I took it upon myself to borrow
Pascasio's
boat... and now I curse my luck!

I'm looking at the furious waves
and the black October winds.
At what point did I prefer this
implacable
weather to Eufemia's fury?

To what port do I go, to what tomb
does
this damned storm take me?
How much better to withstand your
screaming, Eufemia.

Begging the wind...
Insulting the wind...

How much better your anger,
your disheveled ire at dawn
than this fury of the waves and the
screams
under lightning and wind!

Already, I would have tamed your
wrath,
already, we would be in kisses,
already I would be sleeping in peace
after
the tempest.

Rogando el viento...
Insultando el viento...
hijueputeando al viento!

Arsenio, granuloso
cliente del burdel de Lalita,
se tira al Lago. Y vemos
la rápida aleta del tiburón.

Al grito de espanto como un eco
aflora del fondo
en silencio
la mancha roja.

Rogando el viento...
Insultando el viento...
hijueputeando al viento!

¡Cuánto mejor aguantar tus gritos,
Eufemia!
Y no ahora, clamando a Dios,
arrepentido,
vomitando my cobardía en la borda,

mientras el negro cielo solo me
recuerda
el furor de tus ojos.

Rogando el viento...
Insultando el viento...

Begging the wind...
Insulting the wind...
Son of a bitching the wind!

Arsenio, pimply,
client from Lalita's whorehouse,
throws himself into the Lake. And we
see
the quick fin of the shark.

At the scream of terror, like an echo
there flowers from the depths,
silently,
a crimson stain.

Begging the wind...
Insulting the wind...
Son of a bitching the wind!

How much better to withstand your
screams, Eufemia!
Instead of now crying to God,
repentant,
vomiting my cowardice over the rail

while the black sky only reminds me of
the
fury of your eyes.

Begging the wind...
Insulting the wind...

XXII. *Segund Parte: En La Vela del Angelito* (Second part: At the Wake of the Little Angel): As the coda to the previous song, Cifar describes in concise words the stark wreckage of another ship, “La Esperanza”, as he views a child’s coffin floating away. In the previous song, he seems to relish the battle with the storm/Eufemia and even treats the death of his comrade with some (false?) bravado. At the realization that children have perished, however, he understands the depths of the damage left in the storm’s wake. There is perhaps even a touch of shame that he could have enjoyed the tempest at all. In the distance, the storm still brews, ominous.

Text

Cuando se hundió
“La Esperanza”
todos perecieron.

Translation

When “The Hope”
went under,
all perished.

Los que fuímos
al rescate
solo vimos
—flotando—
el ataúd de un niño.

We who went
to the rescue
saw only
—floating—
a child’s coffin.

XXX. *Pescador* (Fisherman): Projected to be one of the last songs in the cycle, the music from the opening returns as Cifar’s life likewise comes full circle upon his death. He returns to the magical island where he had been born, among sharks and blood, permanently shipwrecked at last.

Text

Hay una isla en el playón
pequeña
como la mano de un dios indígena.
Ofrece frutas rojas
a los pájaros
y al náufrago
la dulce sombra de un árbol.

Translation

There is an island in the shallows
small
as the hand of an indigenous god.
It offers red fruits
to the birds
and, to the shipwrecked,
the sweet shade of a tree.

Hoy vuelve el navegante.
Sus huesos en una caja de madera.
¡Su único naufragio en tierra!

Today the sailor returns.
His bones in a wooden box.
His only shipwreck on land!

Un remo flotante
sobre las aguas
fue tu solo epitafio.

An oar floating
on the waters
was your only epitaph.

Mortality Mansions

Herschel Garfein (b.1958)

Donald Hall (1928-2018)

From the composer:

It was a unique privilege for me to get to know Donald Hall, to work with him on my song-cycle *Mortality Mansions*, and ultimately to form a deep bond of friendship with him, in what turned out to be the last years of his life. It all started when a mutual friend suggested I look at his poems for possible song texts. I hesitated. The cultural brief on Don was that he was a rural poet, a disciple of Frost, writing lovely verse about the New Hampshire countryside (if you like that sort of thing). I was stunned when I actually opened his towering collection *White Apples* and *the Taste of Stone*. Hall writes about aging and love after 60, and sex, and loss, in a way nobody else has: in clear-eyed, emotionally sensitive, witty and utterly vivid poems—short dramas, really—that illuminate a realm of life that our society conveniently ignores.

I started visiting Don in the Spring of 2016, and our time together soon fell into an odd and wonderful routine. I would drive 5 1/2 hours from Brooklyn

to his farmhouse in central New Hampshire; I would pull up and he would wave to me through the front window from “his chair” (it’s the chair mentioned in “Summer Kitchen”); he liked my cooking and so I would always bring him a few meals for his freezer—beef stew being his favorite. We would spend exactly one hour together (he put all his visitors on firm notice: he was 86, he knew his physical limits, he had to conserve his energy for writing) and then I would get back in my car for the return trip, my heart full and my pulse racing all the way home. Those hours spent in his company added up to an unexpected, joyful apprenticeship for me. There was very little chitchat with us. We were making things together! We talked about the essence of poetry as an intuitive combination of sounds as much as a deliberate combination of meanings, and how this quality could be supported by song. We talked about the importance of line endings in poetry. We talked about working hard in order to make it seem like you hadn’t worked hard at all. And vowels. Don had a wild enthusiasm for vowels. He loved to loudly declaim the opening lines of the Iliad in the original Greek, his face lighting up as he prolonged and savored every delicious sound.

Donald Hall was famously, and happily, married to Jane Kenyon for 23 years until her death from leukemia in 1995 at the age of 47. His poems and prose writings from the period of her illness and death are so forthright and emotionally compelling that they can be found in the curricula of many U.S. medical schools. Some of these poems are included within the song-cycle, and of course, Kenyon is the unnamed beloved whose presence hovers over the whole work. Still, I never wanted *Mortality Mansions* to be the Don-and-Jane story, and Don himself strongly agreed, encouraging me to look through his entire canon to find poems that could be woven into a narrative that would have universal meaning. I remember once pointing out to Don that he used no gender pronouns in Gold, his transcendently beautiful and erotic remembrance of a moment of sexual rhapsody, which ends *Mortality Mansions*. He was delighted to think that it could stand for all lovers everywhere.

I am grateful to Andrew Garland for requesting this new, baritone version of *Mortality Mansions* and I am honored to have this version which you are hearing tonight, simultaneously premiered by baritone Keith Phares and pianist Dimitri Dover at the Brooklyn Art Song Festival on Dec. 3.

1. When the Young Husband

When the young husband picked up his friend's pretty wife
in the taxi one block from her townhouse for their
first lunch together, in a hotel dining room
with a room key in his pocket,

midtown traffic gridlocked and was abruptly still.
For one moment before Klaxons started honking,
a prophetic voice spoke in his mind's ear despite
his pulse's erotic thudding:

"The misery you undertake this afternoon
will accompany you to the ends of your lives.
She knew what she did, when she agreed to this lunch,
although she will not admit it;

and you've constructed your playlet a thousand times:
cocktails, an omelet, wine; the revelation
of a room key; the elevator rising as
the penis elevates; the skin

flushed, the door fumbled at, the handbag dropped; the first
kiss with open mouths, nakedness, swoon, thrust-and-catch;
endorphins followed by endearments; a brief nap;
another fit, restoration

of clothes, arrangements for another encounter,
the taxi back, and the furtive kiss of good-bye.
Then, by turn: tears, treachery, anger, betrayal;
marriages and houses destroyed;

small children abandoned and inconsolable,
their foursquare estates disestablished forever;
the unreadable advocates; the wretchedness
of passion outworn; anguished nights

sleepless in a bare room; whiskey, meth, cocaine; new
love, essayed in loneliness with miserable
strangers, that comforts nothing but skin; hours with sons
and daughters studious always

to maintain distrust; the daily desire to die
and the daily agony of the requirement
to survive, until only the quarrel endures.”
Prophecy stopped; traffic started.

2. When I Was Young

When I was young and sexual
I looked forward to a cool Olympian age
for release from my obsessions.
Ho, ho, ho. At sixty the body's one desire

sustains my pulse, not to mention
my groin, as much as it ever did, if not quite
so often. When I gaze at your
bottom as you bend gardening, or at your breasts,

or at your face with its helmet
of sensuous hair, or at your eyes proposing
the text of our next encounter,
my attention departs from history, baseball,

food, poetry, and deathless fame.

Let us pull back the blanket, slide off our bluejeans,
assume familiar positions,
and celebrate lust in Mortality Mansions.

3. Woolworth's

My whole life has led me here.

Daisies made out of resin,
hairnets and motor oil,
Barbie dolls, green
garden chairs,
and a forty-one brands of deodorant

Three hundred years ago I was hedging
and ditching in Devon.

I lacked freedom of worship,
and freedom to trade molasses
for rum, for slaves, for molasses.

"I will sail to Massachusetts
to build the Kingdom
of Heaven on Earth!"

The side of a hill
swung open.
It was Woolworth's!

I followed this vision to Boston.

4. The Green Shelf

Driving back from the market,
bags of groceries beside me,
I saw on a lawn
the body of a gray-haired man
twisted beside his power mower.

A woman twisted
her hands above him, mouth wide
with a cry.

She bent close to him, straightened,
bent again, straightened,

and an ambulance
stopped at the curb.
I drove past them slowly
while helpers
kneeled by the man.

Over the stretcher
the lawnmower continued to throb
and absently
the hand of the old woman
caressed the shuddering

handle. Back,
I put the soup cans in order
on the green shelves –
pickles, canned milk, peas,
basil, and tarragon.

5. Fête

Festival lights go on
in villages throughout
the province, from Toe
Harbor, past the
Elbow Lakes, to Eyelid Hill
when you touch me, there.

6. The Young Watch Us

The young girls look up
as we walk past the line at the movie,
and go back to examining their fingernails.
Their boyfriends are combing their hair,
and chew gum
as if they meant to insult us.
Today we made love all day.
I look at you. You are smiling at the sidewalk,
dear wrinkled face.

7. Summer Kitchen

In June's high light she stood at the sink
With a glass of wine,
And listened for the bobolink,
And crushed garlic in late sunshine.

I watched her cooking, from my chair.
She pressed her lips
Together, reached for kitchenware,
And tasted sauce from her fingertips.

"It's ready now. Come on," she said.
"You light the candle."
We ate, and talked, and went to bed,
And slept. It was a miracle.

8. Dying Is Simple, She Said

"Dying is simple," she said.
"What's worst is... the separation."
When she no longer spoke,
they lay along together, touching,
and she fixed on him
her beautiful enormous round brown eyes,
shining, unblinking,
and passionate with love and dread.

9. Deathwork

Wake when dog whimpers. Prick
Finger. Inject insulin.

Glue teeth in.

Smoke a cigarette.

Shudder and fret.

Feed dog and cat. Write syllabic

On self-pity. Get Boston Globe.

Drink coffee. Eat bagel. Read

At nervous speed.

Smoke a cigarette.

Never forget

To measure oneself against Job.

Drag out afternoon.

Walk dog. Don't write.

Turn off light.

Smoke a cigarette

Watching sun set.

Wait for the fucking moon.

Nuke lasagna. Pace and curse.

For solitude's support

Drink Taylor's port.

Smoke a cigarette.

Sleep. Sweat.

Nightmare until dog whimpers.

10. Freezes and Junes

She laid bricks arranged
in V's underneath

the garden's rage of blossom.
After her death, after

the freezes of many winters,
her bricks rise and dip

undulant by the wellhead,
in summer softened by moss.

and in deep June I see
preterite, revenant poppies

fix, waver, fix waver, fix...

11. Gold

Pale gold of the walls, gold
of the centers of daisies, yellow roses
pressing from a clear bowl. All day
we lay on the bed, my hand
stroking the deep
gold of your thighs and your back.
We slept and woke
entering the golden room together,
lay down in it breathing
quickly, then
slowly again,
caressing and dozing, your hand sleepily
touching my hair now.

We made in those days
tiny identical rooms inside our bodies
which the men who uncover our graves
will find in a thousand years,
shining and whole.

Personnel

Click or tap on bold and underlined text to view biographies or websites.

Andrew Garland, baritone

Gabriela Lena Frank

Currently serving as composer-in-residence with the storied Philadelphia Orchestra and included in the Washington Post's list of the 35 most significant women composers in history (August 2017), identity has always been at the center of composer/pianist Gabriela Lena Frank's music. Born in Berkeley, California (September 1972), to a mother of mixed Peruvian/Chinese ancestry and a father of Lithuanian/Jewish descent, Frank explores her multicultural heritage through her compositions. Inspired by the works of Bela Bartók and Alberto Ginastera, Frank has traveled extensively throughout South America in creative exploration. Her music often reflects not only her own personal experience as a multi-racial Latina, but also refract her studies of Latin American cultures, incorporating poetry, mythology, and native musical styles into a western classical framework that is uniquely her own.

Moreover, she writes, "There's usually a story line behind my music; a scenario or character." While the enjoyment of her works can be obtained solely from her music, the composer's program notes enhance the listener's experience, for they describe how a piano part mimics a marimba or pan-pipes, or how a movement is based on a particular type of folk song, where the singer is mockingly crying. Even a brief glance at her titles evokes specific imagery: *Leyendas (Legends): An Andean Walkabout*; *La Llorona (The Crying Woman): Tone Poem for Viola and Orchestra*; and *Concertino Cusqueño (Concertino in the Cusco style)*. Frank's compositions also reflect her virtuosity as a pianist—when not composing, she is a sought-after performer, specializing in contemporary repertoire.

In 2020, Frank was a recipient of the prestigious **25th anniversary Heinz Award** in the Arts and Humanity category with an unrestricted cash prize of \$250,000, a meaningful portion of which was donated by Frank to the Gabriela Lena

Frank Creative Academy of Music. The award recognized Frank for breaking gender, disability and cultural barriers in the classical music industry, and for her work as an activist on behalf of emerging composers of all demographics and aesthetics.

Winner of a Latin Grammy and nominated for Grammys as both composer and pianist, Frank also holds a Guggenheim Fellowship and a USA Artist Fellowship, given each year to fifty of the country's finest artists. Her work has been described as "crafted with unself-conscious mastery" (Washington Post), "brilliantly effective" (New York Times), "a knockout" (Chicago Tribune) and "glorious" (Los Angeles Times). Frank is regularly commissioned by luminaries such as cellist Yo Yo Ma, soprano Dawn Upshaw, the King's Singers, the Cuarteto Latinoamericano with guitarist Manuel Barrueco, Brooklyn Rider, and conductors Marin Alsop and Yannick Nézet-Séguin. She has also received orchestral commissions and performances from leading American orchestras including the Chicago Symphony, Boston Symphony, Atlanta Symphony, The Cleveland Orchestra, The Philadelphia Orchestra and San Francisco Symphony. Before her current residency with The Philadelphia Orchestra, for which she will compose the 45-minute *Chronicles of the Picaflor (Hummingbird)*, in 2017 she completed her four-year tenure as composer-in-residence with the Detroit Symphony under maestro Leonard Slatkin, composing **Walkabout: Concerto for Orchestra**, as well as a second residency with the Houston Symphony under Andrés Orozco-Estrada, for whom she composed the *Conquest Requiem*, a large-scale choral/orchestral work in Spanish, Latin and Nahuatl, the language of the Aztecs. Frank's most recent premieres have been **Apu: Tone Poem for Orchestra** commissioned by Carnegie Hall and premiered by the National Youth Orchestra of the United States under the baton of conductor Marin Alsop; and **Suite Mestiza**, a large-scale work for solo violin premiered by Movses Pogossian.

In the season of 2022-23, San Diego Opera will premiere Frank's first opera, *The Last Dream of Frida*, utilizing words by her frequent collaborator Pulitzer Prize winning playwright Nilo Cruz. In the 2018-19 school year, Frank also became visiting artist-in-residence at the Blair School of Music at Vanderbilt University, and currently serves as composer-in-residence at the Caines School of Music at Utah State University through 2024, adding to her long list of residencies at universities and conservatories through the United States.

Frank is the subject of several scholarly books including the W.W. Norton Anthology: *The Musics of Latin America*; *Women of Influence in Contemporary Music: Nine American Composers* (Scarecrow Press); and *In her Own Words* (University of Illinois Press). She is also the subject of several PBS documentaries including *Compadre Huashayo* regarding her work in Ecuador composing for the Orquesta de Instrumentos Andinos comprised of native highland instruments; and ***Música Mestiza***, regarding a workshop she led at the University of Michigan composing for a virtuoso septet of a classical string quartet plus a trio of Andean panpipe players. *Música Mestiza*, created by filmmaker Aric Hartvig, received an Emmy Nomination for best Documentary Feature in 2015.

Civic outreach is an essential part of Gabriela's work. She has volunteered extensively in hospitals and prisons, with her current focus on developing the music school program at Anderson Valley High School, a rural public school of modest means with a large Latino population in Boonville, California.

Frank is also a climate activist, co-authoring a regular column on climate action within the music industry for **Chamber Music America Magazine** and creating a **Climate Commitment** for GLFCAM.

In 2017, Frank founded the award-winning Gabriela Lena Frank Creative Academy of Music whose **history and mission can be found here**.

Frank attended Rice University in Houston, Texas, where she earned a BA (1994) and MA (1996). She studied composition with Sam Jones and piano with Jeanne Kierman Fischer. At the University of Michigan, where she received a DMA in composition in 2001, Gabriela studied with William Albright, William Bolcom, Leslie Bassett, and Michael Daugherty, and piano with Logan Skelton. She currently resides in Boonville, a small rural town in the Anderson Valley, with her husband Jeremy on their mountain farm, has a second home in her native Berkeley in the San Francisco Bay Area, and has traveled extensively in Andean South America.

Frank is a member of **G. Schirmer's** prestigious roster of artists, exclusively managed and published.

Herschel Garfein

Herschel Garfein is a two-time GRAMMY® award winning composer, writer and stage director. He is the composer/librettist of *Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead*, the first-ever operatic adaptation of a play by Tom Stoppard. When excerpts were performed at Fort Worth Opera “Frontiers” in 2014, the Wall Street Journal wrote, “composer-librettist Herschel Garfein set the diamond-bright dialogue of the Tom Stoppard play with clarity and wit, heightening the comedy through skillful ensemble writing and characterization.”

Garfein conceived, wrote and directed the jazz theater piece *My Coma Dreams* for composer/pianist Fred Hersch, which has been seen in New York, San Francisco and Berlin and was released on dvd in 2014. (“Best of 2014” Boston Globe; “Brilliant ... smart, honest and true” Downbeat). *My Coma Dreams* has been embraced by the medical community for its reflections on the patient’s experience of contemporary medical practice; in Berlin it was produced by the European Society for Intensive Care Medicine, its 2013 NYC premiere was produced by The Program in Narrative Medicine at Columbia University Medical School.

Garfein’s recent work as a composer includes *Mortality Mansions*, a song-cycle on Donald Hall poems for tenor Michael Slattery which premiered in March 2017 in a co-production of the Heyman Center for the Humanities at Columbia University, Barnard College and the art-song organization Sparks and Wiry Cries; three songs for the all-star CD he co-produced, *An AIDS Quilt Songbook: Sing for Hope* featuring Joyce DiDonato, Yo-Yo Ma, Jamie Barton, Anthony Dean Griffey and many others (GPR Records). His songs are also featured on the critically acclaimed *New Voices*, the debut recording of The Brooklyn Art Song Society.

Garfein was awarded the 2012 GRAMMY® award for Best Contemporary Classical Composition for his “wildly operatic libretto” (BBC Music Magazine) for Robert Aldridge’s *Elmer Gantry* in a performance by Florentine Opera, Milwaukee. Released on Naxos, the disk won a second GRAMMY® for Best Engineered Classical Recording.

He won his 2016 GRAMMY® award as Producer of the critically-acclaimed *Presidential Suite: eight variations on freedom* by composer Ted Nash. The album won GRAMMY's for Best Large Jazz Ensemble Album, and Best Instrumental Composition (for the movement "Spoken at Midnight").

Garfein's other libretti include *Aldridge's Parables*, a symphonic oratorio on issues of religious tolerance, premiered by the Topeka Symphony Orchestra and subsequently staged by the University of Minnesota Opera Theater, filmed by Twin Cities Public Television and released as a Naxos DVD. Opera News made it a video 'pick' of the month in 2015. Garfein also wrote *Alzheimer's Stories* for Robert S. Cohen, commissioned by the Susquehanna Valley Chorale in 2009, broadcast on Pennsylvania Public Television, and subsequently performed across the country, supported by the Alzheimer's Association of America.

Garfein first gained recognition for *Mythologies*, (lyrics and music) an evening-length dance triptych commissioned for The Mark Morris Dance Group, based on essays of Roland Barthes, which premiered at the BAM 'Next Wave' Festival. Garfein has collaborated with famed experimental theatre group Mabou Mines, noted mezzo Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, and director Sir Peter Hall. His concert music compositions include *American Steel* for the Alabama Symphony; *Places to Live* for the Boston Classical Orchestra; and two string quartets –one written for the Lark Quartet.

He has won awards and fellowships from The National Endowment for the Arts, the Massachusetts Artists Foundation, The National Institute for Opera/ Music Theater and the MacDowell Colony. He teaches music composition and lectures in script analysis at The Steinhardt School, New York University where, in the 2012-13 academic year, he was awarded The Excellence in Teaching Award. He also teaches privately in New York City.

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