EARTHMAKERS
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 2004 – 3:00 PM
MEANY HALL – UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

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David Farnis, boy soprano
Emily Lunde, mezzo-soprano
Howard Finkhauser, tenor
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Use of cameras and recording equipment is not permitted in the concert hall.

This list includes gifts received between August 1, 2002 and February 10, 2004. While every effort has been made to ensure a complete and accurate listing of our valued patrons, we apologize for any errors. To report an error or omission, please call 206-682-5208 or send an e-mail to ossc@osscs.org.
Under the direction of Joseph Cimko, the NORTHWEST BOYCHOIR has become one of the leading children's choirs in the United States, combining professional performance experience with outstanding musical training. Officially designated the "Singing Ambassadors" of Washington State by Governor Gary Locke, the Northwest Boychoir has performed around the world and throughout the United States. In 2003, the choir's tour of the northeastern United States included concerts at Saint John the Divine and the National Baseball Hall of Fame. Last year's tour brought them to California, and included concerts at Grace Cathedral (San Francisco) and Saint Ignatius (Santa Barbara). The Northwest Boychoir frequently performs with Seattle's leading musical ensembles. In 2002, the choir collaborated with the Seattle Symphony for the premiere of Eudora's Table: The Shoe Bird, by composer Samuel Jones, and Daniel Brewbaker's Fields of Vision. Last November, the choir joined the SSO for Leonard Bernstein's Kaddish; in June, the choir will be heard in Off's Carmina Burana. The Northwest Boychoir made the several holiday recordings and can be heard on many movie soundtracks.

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Orchestral Interlude
The Three Realms
White drinking, then once I saw
Why nature's made of these realms
Animals and people drink and love,
Each according to their ways
The dolphins and eagles, the sea and the dog.
Experience and love and use their mouths.
So whatever can drink and love both,
Those in the Neodora kingdom are in place.
Vegetation, then, makes up the second realm.
That falls far short of the higher one.
Lavender have no love, but they can drink.
When the dripping clouds sit still,
In the forests of the night.
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry.
—William Blake, excerpt from "The Tyger"

Orchestral Interlude
Magical Words
In the very earliest time, when both people and animals lived on earth, a person could become an animal if he wanted to and an animal could become a human being. Sometimes they were people and sometimes animals and there was nothing different. All spoke the same language. That was the time when words were like magic.
The human mind had mysterious powers. And spoken by chance might have strange consequences. It would suddenly come alive and we wanted what people could happen — all had to be done was say it. Nobody could change this. That's the way it was.

—Gothol Nghiu (1753)
adapted by Robert Bly from the translation of Alfred Kaskveeke

God Laughed
And all said seven times. He ha ha ha ha ha!
God laughed and from these seven laughs seven gods sprang up which encompassed the whole universe. Those were the first gods.

When God first laughed, light appeared, the god of the cosmos and the fire. "Besenat berliz, beriz."

When God laughed for the second time, water appeared. The earth heard the sound and was moved, and was answered and divided into three and the god of the abyss appeared, whose name is Eschakale: you are the eternal Betieliah!

When God tried to laugh for the third time, bitterness came up in his heart, whose name was Hermes. Through bitterness, the whole universe could finally be divided.

And when God Laughed for the fourth time, nobody knows what happened.

Then God laughed for the fifth time and while he was laughing he became sad, and Fate, whose name was Molra, appeared, holding the scales of Justice in her hands. So you see Justice comes from a place between laughter and sadness.

When God laughed for the sixth time, he was terribly pleased and Chronic appeared, the god of power.

And God said to him that he should have the glory and the light.

When God laughed for the seventh time, drawing breath, and while he was laughing he cried, and thus the soul was born.

—Heilenn Egyptian Myth

The Clay Jug
Inside this clay jug there are canyons and pine mountains, And the maker of canyons and pine mountains All seven oceans are inside, and hundreds of millions of stars. The acid that eats gold is there, and the one who judges witches. And he makes the things that no one butches, and the source of all water.

If you want the truth, I will tell you the truth: the God whom I love is inside.

—Kabir, version by Robert Bly

All Hallows
Even now this landscape is assembling. The hills dance. The oven sleep In their blue yoke, the fields have been picked clean, the sheaves bound every and piled at the roadside among cincinath, as the toothed moon rises.
This is the barreness
of harvest or pestilence.
And the wife leaning out the window
with her hand extended,
as if in payment,
and the seeds
distinct, gold, calling
Come here
Come here, little one.
And the soul creeps out of the tree.
—Louise Gluck

Melanesian Myth (Part 1)
Naareau the elder was the first of all. Not a man, not a beast, not a fish,
not a thing was before him. He could not sleep, for there was no sleep,
he could not eat, there was no hunger. Long he sat, and there was only he,
there was only Naareau sitting in the void.

Then Naareau said in his heart "I will make a woman." And behold,
a woman grew out of the void: Nei Teakea.

Then Naareau said, "I will make a man." And a man grew out of his thigh:
Na Atibu, the Rock. And Na Atibu lay with Nei Teakea. Behold their child,
Naareau the younger.

Then Naareau the elder spoke unto his son: "I will make thee a thing
in the midst of the void for to work on."

Within the void, the thing was fashioned. And it was called darkness
and the cleaving. The sky and earth were both within it, clinging together
in the void, and darkness was between them.

Naareau the younger walked on the side of the sky that lay on the land.
The sky was rock, and lay against the land. He knelt on the sky and began
to tap it with his fingers, "Open Sir rock, Open Sir stone." It is open!
—Melanesian story as told by an old man
on an island in the New Hebrides

Stone
Go inside a stone.
That would be my way.
Let somebody else become a dove
Or gnash with a tiger's tooth.
I am happy to be a stone.

From the outside the stone is a riddle:
No one knows how to answer it.

Yet within, it must be cool and quiet
Even though a cow steps on it full weight,
Even though a child throws it in a river;
The stone sinks, slow, unperturbed
To the river bottom
Where the fishes come to knock on it
And listen.

I have seen sparks fly out
When two stones are rubbed,
So perhaps it is not dark inside after all;
Perhaps there is a moon shining
From somewhere, as though behind a hill.

Just enough light to make out
The strange writings, the star-charts
On the inner walls.
—Charles Simic

Melanesian Myth (Part 2)
And at the third striking the sky opened under his fingers and he looked
down into the hollow place. And Naareau heard the sound of snoring in the
darkness. And Naareau heard the sound of breathing in the darkness.
And he stood up. He rubbed his fingertips together. And behold, out of
them came a bat, the first creature. And his name was: Tiku tiku tuomouma.

And he sent the bat into the cave to see what was there. Then the bat said,
"I see people lying in the darkness. They don't move, they don't speak,
they are all asleep."

Then Naareau said, "It is the company of fools! Tell me their names,
and on their foreheads in the darkness and tell me their names."

Uka the blower
Nabawe the sweeper
Karitoro the roller up
Kotekateka the sitter
Kotele the stander

And Naareau sang,
There is never a ghost, nor a land, nor a man
There is only the breed of the first mother,
And the first father.
There is only the first naming of names, and the first
Lying together in the void.
There is only the first lying together of Na Atibu and Nei Teakea,
And we are flung down in the waters of the western sea.
—Melanesian story

The Great Sea
The great sea
has sent me adrift,
It moves me as the weed in a great river,
Earth and the great weather move me
Have carried me away,
And move my inward parts with joy.
—Eskimo Woman Shaman, quoted by Rasmussen

Zuni Myth
In the beginning of things Awonawilona was alone.
There was nothing beside him in the whole space of time
Everywhere there was black darkness and void.
Then Awonawilona conceived in himself a thought.
The thought took shape and got out into space.
And through this it stepped out into the void, into outer space.
And from them, came nebulae of growth and mist, full of the power of growth.

After the mist and nebulae came up, Awonawilona changed himself through
his knowledge into another shape and became the sun, who is our father,
and who enlightens everything and fills everything with light.

And the nebulae condensed, sank down, and became water and thus the
sea came into existence.
—North American Zuni Indian

Big Bang Theory
The Big Bang Theory tells us about a creationary explosion from which
matter came into being and continued to expand and dissipate—a fireball
racing outward in all directions at incredible speeds. At first it wasn't even
matter; it was pure radiation, energy, in which matter formed as a
contamination in the way that ice will suffocate a pond in a severe winter.

Summer ended for the original farmlands and vineyards of light, and in
almost all areas of the cosmos they withered and died. But their seeds
became the loom of a new cosmos. Intrinsic forces—gravitation, and within
that, electromagnetism, and within that intra-atomic nuclear forces—
combined and still combine giving shape to a present order of things we call
the universe.

As the primeval nebula swirled tumbling through space, its fabric tore apart,
radiated, and condensed anew. Tatters collected around cores, and from the
cores gravitation reached out; whirlpools of starry tincture swept up the
matter from space around them until they were all that was left, fiery
beacons in a cold winter desert, only the thinnest of radiative veils to
settle over the rest of time and space.
—From The Night Sky by Richard Grossinger

Middle of the Way
I leave my eyes open,
I lie here and forget our life,
All I see is we float out
Into the emptiness, among the great stars,
On this little vessel without lights.

I know that I love the day,
The sun on the mountain, the Pacific
Shiny and accomplishing itself in breakers,
But I know I live half alive in the world,
I know half my life belongs to the wild darkness.
—Galway Kinnell, concluding stanzas

CAROL SAMS
The Earthmakers

Carol Sams was born in Sacramento, California, in 1945. She composed her oratorio The Earthmakers on a commission from the King County Arts Commission in 1986. The first performance was given in Meany Hall on November 17, 1987, by Orchestra Seattle (then the Broadway Symphony), the Seattle Chamber Singers and the Northwest Boychoir, under the direction of George Shangrow. The composer revised the orchestration prior to this performance. In addition to vocal soloists, chorus and children's chorus, the work calls for 2 flutes (one doubling piccolo), 2 oboes (one doubling English horn), 2 clarinets (one doubling bass clarinet), alto saxophone, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, timpani, large percussion battery (bass drum, snare drum, marimba, vibraphone, temple blocks, tom-toms, wood block, triangle, tambourine, suspended cymbal, gilro, bamboo wind chimes, glass wind chimes, chimes, cowbell, steins, rocks, hose, finger cymbals, sandpaper block, rattle, and log drum), synthesizer, and strings.

Carol Sams is a well known Seattle composer and soprano whose works have been performed by many area ensembles, including Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers, Washington Composers Forum, and the University of Washington Contemporary Group. A student of Darius Milhaud, her compositions have been performed throughout the United States and in Europe. Her full-length opera The Pied Piper of Hamelin, commissioned by the Tacoma Opera, was premiered in 1993. Along with many songs, choral pieces, and a symphony, Ms. Sams has a total of twelve operas to her credit. She holds a DMA degree in composition from the University of Washington, an MA from Mills College, and is currently on the music faculty at North Seattle Community College.

The Earthmakers is an oratorio that relates creation myths from a variety of different cultures around the world; it is set to a libretto selected by Dr. Rebecca Parker. For the 1987 premiere, the composer and librettist provided the following program notes:

The Earthmakers begins and ends in darkness. The opening introductory section starts with the words "Sometimes at night" and the work closes with the words of poet Galway Kincell, "half my life belongs to the wild darkness." Wildness and darkness frame the oratorio as they frame the imagination of storytellers, adventurers, the curious, and the creative. Between the wild and the dark is a collection of mythic tales and poetry from diverse cultures, with the work of contemporary poets interspersed. The myths are panoramic — cosmic and objective; the poems are close-ups — subjective, detailed, particular, intense. Each illumines the other.

The music does the same thing. Usually for the poems, smaller orchestral groups are used, including one a cappella setting, in order to give an intimate feeling. For the myths, different compositional techniques are employed that mirror the essential character of each story.

The "Father Raven" story is improvisational in character — as if the storyteller were making it up as he goes along — and contains a story within a story. Likewise, the music is improvisational in style and contains a middle contrasting section framed by a bass solo. The "God Who Laughed Seven Times" story has seven contrasting, illustrative sections, each described differently by the music. The recurrent laugh is the element that holds them together. In this myth particularly, the music is used to create sound pictures. Light is set as a tentative, curling sound in the high violins, lonely and delicate like some small thing in the dark cosmos. Water is set as ripples, as wave action, with an aleatory chorus and woodwinds. When bitterness appears the images become much more subjective. Bitterness is pictured with tone colors — the dark sound of the male voices with baritone solo.

The third myth is the story of Naareau and it divides into two sections. In the first section Naareau creates a woman and a man. The creation of the woman, Nei Teakea, is set like a Polynesian dance — graceful, tonal, and rhythmic. Na Ati, the man, is described by a timpani solo. Their lying together creates Naareau the Younger. The father makes a toy for his son, which turns out to be the world. But in order for the son to play with it he has to open the world, which is like a rock. Here the myth narrative is interrupted by a cappella chorus singing "Go inside a stone." Through the intimacy of the a cappella sound the discovery of a new world is compared with self-discovery. The final section of Naareau’s myth introduces people into the world, and invites the audience to sing along.

The Big Bang theory and the Zuni Indian myth share several common elements. To show them as if they were the same ideas from different sides of the brain, the Zuni myth is sung with wide vocal leaps and an unstable tonality. In contrast, the Big Bang Theory is spoken in a pompous way by a stuffy university professor who becomes carried away by the poetry in his own concepts and begins to sing. These two stories are superimposed so that their similar images occur at the same time, and comment on each other.

The piece comes to a close with a final, intimate, personal invocation to those particular creative powers of darkness within all of us.

OSSCS 2003-2004 SEASON

BEETHOVEN³

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Povilas Stravinsky, piano
BEETHOVEN Consecration of the House Overture, Op. 124
Piano Concerto No. 3 in C minor, Op. 37
Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major (Eroica), Op. 55

ST. MATTHEW PASSION

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 2004 – 7:30 PM – BENAROYA HALL

BACH St. Matthew Passion, BWV 244

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Michael Partington, guitar – Brian Chin, trumpet

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ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE

Magical Words

In the very earliest days, when both people and animals lived on earth, a person could become an animal if he wished and an animal could become a human being. Sometimes they were people and sometimes animals and there was no difference. All spoke the same language.

The work was done with words like magic. The human mind had miraculous powers. An offer made by chance might have strange consequences. It would suddenly come alive and whatever people wanted to happen could happen— all you had to do was say it. Nobody could argue with that.

That was the way it was.

—After Neliganq

Father Raven

In the beginning was the Raven and he was sitting in space. When Wonder Knook was human, he knew there was nothing else. He did not know who he was or how he began. But he was wise and had life. Everything around him was darkness, he could see nothing. His name was Father Raven.

Father Raven went about and planted flowers and herbs. From a flower there came a pod, and as he looked, it opened, and from the pod came a human being, beautiful and completely grown.

And the Raven was so bewitched, that he threw his bird mask off, and became a human being.

He went west by the newborn man and said: Who are you and where do you come from?

“I came out of this pod. I did not want to be there anymore, so I pushed with my feet and jumped out.”

“Well, yes, you are an old creature. I myself planted this pod, not knowing what would come out of it. But the earth on which we walk is not flat, so you not feel how it shakes?”

—Based on an Eskimo story told by Apatas of the Naskat River

Sunflowers

When the wind scanned over earth, which hands sowed our wheat seeds of fire?

They went out from his flats like rainbow curves to flower young, team hot, but hard, they will sleep there

greedily, and drink up our lives and sleep into it, for the sake of a sunflower that you haven’t seen or a thristy head or a chrysethemum.

Let the long rain of tears fall

Northwest Horizon at dawn

It’s not all as we think it.

—Robert Jacobson, translated by Robert Bly

ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE

The Three Realms

White drinking time, once I saw Why nature made of these realms.

Animals and people drink and love, each according to their nature.

The dolphin and eagle, the flea and the dog.

Experience and scents, and use their mouth.

So whatever can drink and love both,

Those in the Neahoda Light.

Where there’s no place.

Vegetation, then, makes up the second realm.

That falls far short of the higher one.

Lawns have no love, but they drink

When the dipping clouds stir low, in the forests of the sky.

What immoral hand or eye

Could frame thy fearful symmetry.

—William Blake, excerpt from *The Tyger*
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