

# The Flute of Interior Time

A liturgical recital for a changing demographic

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Nathaniel LaNasa, piano

with Jack Gulielmetti, guitar

David Alexander, horn

Lee Cyphers, horn

Cort Roberts, horn

Ehren Valmé, trombone

Hanae Yoshida, trombone

Carlos Jimenez Fernandez, bass trombone

Iván Enrique Rodríguez, conductor

Paul Hall, The Juilliard School

February 15, 2019

4:00pm

## Welcome and Post-Confession Remarks

Thank you all for coming, and thank you for taking in this incredibly jarring first set. As you've read, Nathaniel and I are presenting this recital in the format of a liturgy, or an order of spiritual reflection typically associated with the Christian church. I chose this with no intentions of creating a Christian worship space. Rather, this liturgy is designed to be a reflection on the changing role of the historically and culturally privileged demographic in America. Aka, my demographic. It's been a season of reckoning, realizing that I physically, and thus socially, have more in common the powerful and oppressive than those who have been exploited. Civil Rights movements for various demographics have existed to instill equal treatment of people without prejudice. I've had to ask myself, and my demographic, if I agree with the mission of these movements, what then is required of me?

Having grown up in the Lutheran Church, liturgies have been created to give structure and organization towards expressions, feelings, or questions that could otherwise be ambiguous and unanswerable. I'm hopeful that this liturgy can allow for confession of wrongs (which you just heard), the stories of others, and the call to honesty and humility when we hear these stories. We invite you to take this in, and we ask that you hold applause (if you choose) until the end of the final piece.

-- GF

# Liturgical Order

## ***Confession I***

Chansons gaillardes

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

## ***Confession II***

Molasses to Rum (from 1776)

Sherman Edwards  
(1919-1981)

## ***Testimonial***

Ethiopia Saluting the Colors

Harry Thacker Burleigh  
(1866-1949)

Como la cigarra

María Elena Walsh  
(1930-2011)

Fury (from the *AIDS Quilt Songbook*)

Donald Wheelock  
(b. 1940)

## ***Meditation***

The Flute of Interior Time (from the *AIDS Quilt Songbook*)

John Harbison  
(b. 1938)

## ***Self Examination***

Alabaster Thread

Iván Enrique Rodríguez  
(b. 1990)

## ***Absolution***

Balm in Gilead

arr. Damien Sneed  
(b. 1979)

Love bade me welcome (from *Five Mystical Songs*)

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

## ***Benediction***

I Dream a World

Sneed

## *Confession I*

### **Chansons gaillardes- Francis Poulenc**

#### **La maîtresse volage**

Ma maîtresse est volage,  
Mon rival est heureux;  
S'il a son pucelage,  
C'est qu'elle en avait deux.

Et vogue la galère,  
Tant qu'elle pourra voguer.

#### **Chanson à boire**

Les rois d'Egypte et de Syrie,  
Voulaient qu'on embaumât leur corps,  
Pour durer plus longtemps morts.  
Quelle folie!

Buvons donc selon notre envie,  
Il faut boire et reboire encore.  
Buvons donc toute notre vie,  
Embaumons-nous avant la mort.  
Embaumons-nous;  
Que ce baume est doux.

#### **Madrigal**

Vous êtes belle comme un ange,  
Douce comme un petit mouton;  
Il n'est point de cœur, Jeanneton,  
Qui sous votre loi ne se range.  
Mais une fille sans têtous  
Est une perdrix sans orange.

#### **Invocation aux Parques**

Je jure, tant que je vivrai,  
De vous aimer, Sylvie.  
Parques, qui dans vos mains tenez  
Le fil de notre vie,  
Allonger, tant que vous pourrez,  
Le mien, je vous en prie.

#### **Couplets bachiques**

Je suis tant que dure le jour  
Et grave et badin tour à tour.  
Quand je vois un flacon sans vin,  
Je suis grave, je suis grave,  
Est-il tout plein, je suis badin.

Je suis tant que dure le jour

### **Ribald Songs (Translation by Christopher Goldsack)**

#### **The flighty mistress**

My mistress is flighty  
my rival is happy;  
if he has her virginity,  
that's because she had two.

And let the galley sail on,  
as long as she can sail.

#### **Drinking song**

The kings of Egypt and of Syria  
wished that their bodies be embalmed  
so as to last longer dead.  
What folly!

Let's then drink as much as we desire,  
one must drink and drink yet more.  
Let's then drink our whole life long,  
let's embalm ourselves before death.  
Let's embalm ourselves;  
how sweet this balm is.

#### **Madrigal**

You are beautiful as an angel,  
gentle as a little sheep;  
there is no heart, Jeanneton,  
which does not come under your law.  
But a girl without tits  
is like a partridge without orange.

#### **Invocation to the Parcae**

I swear, whilst I live,  
to love you, Sylvie.  
Parcae, who in your hands hold  
the thread of our life,  
lengthen mine, as long as you can,  
I beg you.

#### **Bacchic couplets**

I am, for as long as the day lasts,  
both serious and merry in turn.  
When I see a flask without wine,  
I am serious, I am serious,  
if it is completely full, I am merry.

I am, for as long as the day lasts,

Et grave et badin tour à tour.

Quand ma femme me tient au lit,  
Je suis sage, je suis sage,  
Quand ma femme me tient au lit,  
Je suis sage toute la nuit.

Si catin au lit me tient  
Alors je suis badin  
Ah! belle hôtesse, versez-moi du vin  
Je suis badin, badin, badin.

### **L'offrande**

Au dieu d'Amour une pucelle  
Offrit un jour une chandelle,  
Pour en obtenir un amant.  
Le dieu sourit de sa demande  
Et lui dit: Belle en attendant  
Servez-vous toujours de l'offrande.

### **La belle jeunesse**

Il faut s'aimer toujours  
Et ne s'épouser guère.  
Il faut faire l'amour  
Sans curé ni notaire.

Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,  
Ne visez qu'aux tirelires,  
Ne visez qu'aux tourelours,  
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,  
Ne visez qu'aux cœurs.  
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,  
Holà, messieurs, ne visez plus qu'aux cœurs.

Pourquoi se marier,  
Quand les femmes des autres  
Ne se font pas prier  
Pour devenir les nôtres.

Quand leurs ardeurs,  
Quand leurs faveurs,  
Cherchent nos tirelires,  
Cherchent nos tourelours,  
Cherchent nos cœurs.

### **Sérénade**

Avec une si belle main,  
Que servent tant de charmes,  
Que vous devez du dieu malin,  
Bien manier les armes.  
Et quand cet Enfant est chagrin  
Bien essuyer ses larmes.

both serious and merry in turn.

When my wife holds me in bed  
I am good, I am good,  
when my wife holds me in bed  
I am good all through the night.

If a whore holds me in bed  
then I am merry.  
Ah! Beautiful hostess, pour me out some wine  
I am merry, merry, merry.

### **The offering**

To the god of Love a virgin  
offered one day a candle,  
with which to obtain a lover.  
The god smiled at her request  
and told her: Pretty one, whilst waiting  
you could always use the offering.

### **Beautiful youth**

One must always love each other  
and hardly ever marry.  
One must make love  
without parson or notary.

Cease, Sirs, being marrying men,  
aim only at the money boxes,  
aim only at the tourelours,  
Cease, Sirs, being marrying men,  
aim only at the hearts.  
Cease, Sirs, being marrying men,  
ho there, Sirs, henceforth aim only at the hearts.

Why get married,  
when the wives of the others  
do not wait to be asked  
to become our own.

When their ardours,  
when their favours,  
seek our money-boxes,  
seek our tourelours,  
seek our hearts.

### **Serenade**

With such a beautiful hand  
served by so many charms,  
how well you must handle the weapons  
of the mischievous god.  
And when this Child is troubled  
how well you must wipe away his tears.

***Confession II:***

**Molasses to Rum** (from 1776)- Sherman Edwards

Molasses to rum to slaves  
Oh, what a beautiful waltz  
You dance with us, we dance with you  
In Molasses and Rum and Slaves

Who sail the ships out of Boston  
Laden with Bibles and Rum?  
Who drinks a toast  
To the Ivory Coast  
'Hail Africa, the slavers have come'?  
New England, with Bibles and rum.

And it's off with the rum and the Bibles  
Take on the Slaves,  
Clink Clink!  
Then hail and farewell to the smell  
Of the African coast

Molasses to rum to slaves,  
'Tisn't morals, 'tis Money that saves.  
Shall we dance to the sound  
Of the profitable pound  
In molasses and rum and slaves

Who sail the ships out of Guinea  
Laden with Bibles and slaves  
'Tis Boston can boast  
To the West Indies coast  
"Jamaica, we brung what ye craves"  
Antigua, Barbados  
We brung Bibles and Slaves

(Gentlemen, you mustn't think our Northern friends see  
our black slaves as figures on the ledger. Oh, no, sir.  
They see them as merely figures on the block. Look at  
the faces at the auctions, gentlemen. White faces on  
African wharves. Seafaring faces New England faces.  
"Put them in the ships. Cram them in the ships. Stuff  
them in the ships."  
Hurry, gentlemen! Let the auction begin!)

Ya-ha!  
Ya-ha-ma-cundah!

(Gentlemen, do you hear? That's the cry of the auctioneer!)

Black gold! Living gold! Gold from Angola,  
Guinea, Guinea, Guinea  
Blackbirds for sale!

Ashanti  
Ibo, Ibo, Ibo,  
Blackbirds for sale!

Molasses to rum to slaves  
Who sail the ships back to Boston  
laden with Gold? See it Gleam!

Whose fortunes are made  
In the Triangle Trade  
Hail slavery, the New England dream

Mr. Adams, I give you a toast  
Hail Boston  
Hail Charleston  
Who stinketh the most?

### *Testimonial*

**Ethiopia Saluting the Colors**- HT Burleigh  
Poem by Walt Whitman

“Who are you, dusky woman?  
So ancient, hardly human,  
With your wooly, white, and turbaned head  
And bare bony feet?  
Why, rising by the roadside here  
Do you the colors greet?”  
(“’tis while our armies line Carolina’s sands and pines,  
forth from Thy hovel doors, thou Ethiopia comes to  
me as under doughty Sherman I march toward the  
sea”)

“Me master, years a hundred since,  
From my parents sundered.  
A little child, they caught me  
As the savage beast is caught.  
Then hither cross the sea the cruel slaver  
brought.”

No further does she say,  
but lingering all the day  
Her high-borne, turbaned head she wags  
And rolls her darkling eye,  
And courtesies to the regiment, the guidons moving  
by.

“What is it, fateful woman,  
So bleak, hardly human,  
Why wag your head with turban bound:  
Yellow, red, and green?  
Are the things so strange and marvelous  
You see, or have seen?”

**Como la cigarra-** Words and music by  
María Elena Walsh

Tantas veces me mataron,  
tantas veces me morí,  
sin embargo estoy aquí  
resucitando.

Gracias doy a la desgracia  
y a la mano con puñal  
porque me mató tan mal,  
y seguí cantando.

Cantando al sol como la cigarra  
después de un año bajo la tierra,  
igual que sobreviviente  
que vuelve de la guerra.

Tantas veces me borraron,  
tantas desaparecí,  
a mi propio entierro fui  
sola y llorando.  
Hice un nudo en el pañuelo  
pero me olvidé después  
que no era la única vez,  
y volví cantando.

Cantando al sol como la cigarra...

Tantas veces te mataron,  
tantas resucitarás,  
tantas noches pasarás  
desesperando.

**Like the Cicada**

So many times they killed me,  
So many times I died,  
Yet I am here  
Rising to life once more.  
I give thanks to the tragedy  
And to the hand holding a knife  
Because it killed me so badly  
And I went on singing.

Singing to the sun like the cicada  
After a year underground  
The same as a survivor  
Who returns from war.

So many times they obliterated me,  
So many times I disappeared,  
I was at my own burial  
Alone and weeping.  
I made a knot in my handkerchief  
But I forgot afterwards  
That it was not the only time,  
And I came back singing.

Singing to the sun like the cicada...

So many times they killed you,  
So many times you will rise to life again,  
So many nights you will spend  
Driven to despair.

A la hora del naufragio  
y la de la oscuridad  
alguien te rescatará  
para ir cantando.

Cantando al sol como la cigarra..

**Fury (from the AIDS Quilt Songbook)-**

Donald Wheelock  
Text by Susan Snively

I have a poisoned hand  
I have a bitter voice  
I look death in the face  
I have no choice.  
And when Death looks on me  
His hollow eye and frown  
Makes light leap in my eye  
To stare him down.

Then I may reach and touch  
So many faces  
All with eyes made bright with grief.  
We beat the wall,

Engrave our anger there,  
The fury of many fists.  
No longer secret war cries out:  
Resist!

Before it is too late,  
Before the privileged men  
Deny what we have been.  
Open your minds and see!  
Open your souls and know  
The message that our eyes  
Can't help but show.

These are your eyes unveiled,  
These are your quickening years,  
Unransomed by your pain,  
unbought by tears.

At the hour of the shipwreck  
And of darkness  
Someone will rescue you  
As they pass by singing.

Singing to the sun like the cicada...

***Meditation:***

**The Flute of Interior Time (from the AIDS Quilt Songbook)- John Harbison**

Poem by Kabir

The flute of interior time is played  
Whether we hear it, or not.  
What we mean by “Love” is its sound coming in.  
When love hits the farthest edge of excess,  
It reaches a wisdom, and the fragrance of that  
knowledge!

It penetrates our thick bodies,  
It goes through walls,  
It’s network of notes has a structure, as if a million  
suns were arranged inside.  
This tune has a truth in it.  
Where else have you heard a sound like this?

***Self-Examination:***

**Alabaster Thread**

Words and music by Iván Enrique Rodríguez

Will my aching cry be heard  
among the legions of Angels?  
Will the vastness of the sky  
Lend her attention to my weary breath?  
Oh, Divine Embrace,  
shine inside my eyes as they are cloaked  
With the winter warmth of a summer day  
Without sun.  
Undress my life of wind, for it flows like a gift,  
Like a curse of simulated peace.

To whom may I turn for relief when humans and  
Angels deceive?!

When there are no arms to hold the stifled hope,  
Royal crown, self-wounding sword,  
I refuse to sail the sapphire boat  
Down the open cotton seas,  
That, to the skies are mirrors  
Of alloyed harmony.  
My eyes seek justice, the genesis of terror, as my soul  
longs for the rest of labor.

Oh, great crimson heavens,  
Everlasting Jury,  
As your King parts to slumber  
Grace me with your fury.  
For I'm guilty of existence without asking to be  
living.  
Yet my feet will stride a journey in pursuit of honesty.

***Absolution***

**There is a Balm in Gilead**

Traditional, arr. Damien Sneed

There is a balm in Gilead to make the wounded  
whole.  
There is a balm in Gilead to heal the sin-sick soul.

**Love bade me welcome (from *Five Mystical Songs*)- Ralph Vaughan Williams**

Poem by George Herbert

Love bade me welcome. Yet my soul drew back  
    Guilty of dust and sin.  
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack  
    From my first entrance in,  
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,  
    If I lacked any thing.

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here:  
    Love said, You shall be he.  
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,  
    I cannot look on thee.  
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,  
    Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame  
Go where it doth deserve.  
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?  
    My dear, then I will serve.  
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:  
    So I did sit and eat.

***Benediction***

**I Dream a World**

Damien Sneed

Poem by Langston Hughes

I dream a world where man  
No other man will scorn,  
Where love will bless the earth  
And peace its paths adorn  
I dream a world where all  
Will know sweet freedom's way,  
Where greed no longer saps the soul  
Nor avarice plights our day.  
A world I dream where black or white,  
Whatever race you be,  
Will share the bounties of the earth  
And every man is free,  
Where wretchedness will hang its head  
And joy, like a pearl,  
Attends the needs of all mankind-  
Of such I dream, my world!

Final Remarks

Thank you so much for supporting me and for making this project a reality. I have so many people to thank but a few special people that need to be recognized.

- First of all, my thoroughly brilliant partner Nathaniel who validated and enthusiastically jumped in with me to prepare this recital and took on a diverse and challenging task at the piano.
- The Juilliard School, the Vocal Arts Community and faculty for creating an abundance of resources and opportunities for me to find my artistic voice, and my colleagues and friends for being great humans and providing daily inspiration.
- To Randall Scarlata, my first voice teacher, an artistic inspiration, and amazing friend and advocate to me.
- To Steven Blier, a mentor, coach, collaborator, and friend to me since the beginning of my time here and a key voice in preparing this program.
- To my family, who have been pillars of love and support throughout my journey.
- To my fiancé Catherine, for teaching me so much and engaging with me on these topics, and for knowing and seeing me in many seasons of change.

And lastly, to my late voice teacher, Sanford Sylvan. I struggle to refer to Mr. S in past tense, because his presence with me in my lessons at Juilliard was so profound, and it still reverberates in these halls.

Sanford's connection with his students and his craft remains the gold standard for me, and I love that he reminds me that sharing the texts of Whitman and Hughes are a treasure and a privilege. "We get to keep Bach alive, and Schubert," he would tell me.

He was the first recording of so much of my favorite repertoire that I ever listened to, including this last song, Fauré's "Dans la forêt de Septembre". This song describes a melancholy, sad, but above all comforting relationship that humans have with the world around us. Mr. S embodied that to me, and his voice on this song remains the ultimate, and its in his honor and memory that we give this to you.

Encore

Dans la forêt de Septembre, op. 85 no. 1- Gabriel Fauré