

CASCADIA COMPOSERS PRESENTS



*Soprano:
Gabrielle
Juliette
Widman*

*Piano:
Sequoia*

*Harp:
Kate
Petak*

*Principal
Composer
and host
for the
evening:
Kevin
Bryant
Lay*

“the Concert”

Video Release of a song cycle of poems of
Edna St. Vincent Millay and live concert

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BIOS

What a pleasure it has been to work with these fine musicians. Gratitude to my best friend Gabrielle for always being ready to sing; to Sequoia for his magnificent skill and his humility, and to Kate for being so capable and expressive. – Kevin



Gabrielle Juliette Widman

A native Oregonian, Gabrielle is an eclectic artist who has had several years of teaching, acting, writing and performance experience here in the states, as well as overseas. Receiving her music degree in vocal performance from the *Manhattan School of Music*, she also studied in Salzburg Austria at *Das Mozarteum*, in Geneva Switzerland at *L'Academie de Musique de Geneve*, in Philadelphia at *The Academy of Vocal Arts*, as well as in Los Angeles at the *LACC Theater Academy*. Most recently, Gabrielle has been an active member of LOoP the (*Light Opera of Portland*), where she performed several leading roles, some of which include, Princess Ida in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera of the same title, Susanna and Eleanora in the original Portland based musical written by Dennis Britten with music by Kevin Bryant Lay, entitled, *We Met in Moscow*, and Gretchen in *The Student Prince*. Some other roles include Maria in *West Side Story*, Luisa in *The Fantasticks*, Eliza in *My Fair Lady*, Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*, and the infamous Maddy Monroe in *Tony and Tina's Wedding*. Gabrielle has performed numerous vocal recitals in Portland as well as in New York and Washington DC. She is a vocal teacher and acting coach as well as a song and theatrical writer. She co-wrote and directed an original children's musical as well as created an original rock band - *Juliette's Diary* in Los Angeles. Presently Gabrielle enthusiastically continues working on her semi-autobiographical, archetypal fairytale solo show entitled *Our Sleeping Beauty*.

Sequoia

As a classical pianist, British-born Sequoia has worked for such companies as the Royal Opera House, English National Opera, Rambert Dance Company, the BBC Singers and the acclaimed music theater group, the Clod Ensemble. Since his arrival in Portland, he is now working for Portland Opera & Opera Theater Oregon. He also enjoys working in progressive music outside of the classical box and has performed and collaborated with the likes of rock legends Mark E Smith (The Fall), Damo Suzuki (Can), and jazz/improvising luminaries Meredith Monk, Jacqui Dankworth & Barb Jungr.



Kate Petak

Kate Petak, a native of Houston, Texas, has been playing harp since age 6. She currently is a freelance musician in Portland, Oregon, and has performed with the Vancouver Symphony,



Portland Columbia Symphony, Cascadia Composers, and Opera Theater Oregon, and Cult of Orpheus. Kate studied harp at Boston University, the Royal College of Music in London, and Ball State University, where she earned her master's degree in harp performance. Her main areas of interest are chamber music, opera, and the integration of classical techniques with dark wave, goth, and synth pop music.

Kevin Bryant Lay

Kevin specializes in writing choral music and art-song, which is a presumptuous name (in his opinion) for setting poetry to music. His first was setting a WB Yeats poem at age 17. Kevin seems unable to get over his art-song habit and hasn't stopped since. His music tends to be somewhat theatrical, for example having written a full score to the musical *"We Met In Moscow"* performed by the Light Opera of Portland in 2019. In the choral realm, he recently finished a cantata called *"The Wisdom of Columbia County"* which will be performed by multiple high school choirs and the Columbia Chorale in Scappoose next June, and at Carnegie Hall in NYC in May of 2024.

In 2006 with his twin brother composer Keith, Kevin earned a certificate to teach Deep Listening, a practice developed by Pauline Oliveros, who "created a body of work of such breadth of vision that it profoundly affects those who experience it and eludes many who try to write about it." *Forced Exposure*. Yet it is so natural and simple and amusing, if not just plain fun, as you may see.



Kevin also writes short stories and poems and is a classical guitarist. Rumor has it he may start to dabble in software again. Scary.

SCREENING

Video Release: 'The Concert' - a song cycle of poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950) made herself a legend by both her poetic craftsmanship and her powerful personality. Her poetic craft speaks for itself, as deeper inspection reveals likewise deeper rewards. This song cycle is but a sample of the range of her work and emphasizes the breadth of her voice: playful, unmovably serious, jubilant, and as storyteller. It was said that her presence filled any room she entered. Men were often left attracted and mystified. Women admired the sexual and political freedoms she claimed in an early 20th century male dominated world.

The Concert

The song cycle begins with the poem "*The Concert*" which I interpret to be Edna's side of a phone conversation with her lover. It is 1920 in New York City. Much to the discomfort of her lover, Edna is already at the concert hall. She had no intention of him accompanying her and he is furious and undone, not knowing what to do with a woman like her. "You would get in between me and song." She explains that music is more important than whatever image he has in his head about their relationship. The concert she attends is one of Ludwig van Beethoven's great late string quartets, the *Grosse Fugue Op. 133* whose rhythm happens to align with the rhythm of this poem...

It starts with a direct quote of the first eleven bars of Beethoven's *Grosse Fugue* string quartet: a complex melody which seems to spiral into unexpected keys which somehow quickly normalize before changing again. This is interrupted by a phone call from Edna's lover. The piano carries his voice in vaudeville stride, marked ***Allegretto pomposo*** and introduces the polytonal harmonic basis ubiquitous through the song cycle, inspired by the Presto movement of William Schuman's 8th Symphony. Edna's melodies are based on the same harmonic series and marked ***Grazioso elegante***. Edna's lover breaks into melodramatic pseudo-tangos of disappointment and appeasement. After she hangs up the phone, Edna fully engages with Beethoven's *Grosse Fugue*. I sewed together various swatches of the string quartet. There is a section where Edna sings as if to a needy child. It comes like a warped LP of Erik Satie's *Gymnopédie III* until the needle slides across the phonograph. The phone interrupts again and her lover, discomfited by Edna's unconventional behavior, whines a rerun of the beginning phone call, tango themes and all. Edna tries to soothe him and at the end reclaims her energy as we finish using measures 734-742 of the *Grosse Fugue* to conclude she will return "a little taller than when she went". Below I provide the original poem followed by the words I imagined for the phone call. I pray Edna does not roll over in her grave any more than Ludwig.

The Concert

No, I will go alone.
I will come back when it's over.
Yes, of course I love you.
No, it will not be long.
Why may you not come with me?—
You are too much my lover.
You would put yourself
Between me and song.

If I go alone,
Quiet and suavely clothed,
My body will die in its chair,
And over my head a flame,
A mind that is twice my own,
Will mark with icy mirth
The wise advance and retreat
Of armies without a country,
Storming a nameless gate,
Hurling terrible javelins down
From the shouting walls of a singing town

Where no women wait!
Armies clean of love and hate,
Marching lines of pitiless sound
Climbing hills to the sun and hurling
Golden spears to the ground!
Up the lines a silver runner
Bearing a banner whereon is scored
The milk and steel of a bloodless wound
Healed at length by the sword!

You and I have nothing to do with music.
We may not make of music a filigree frame,
Within which you and I,
Tenderly glad we came,
Sit smiling, hand in hand.

Come now, be content.
I will come back to you, I swear I will;
And you will know me still.
I shall be only a little taller
Than when I went.

The Concert - as a phone conversation with imagined lyrics of Edna's lover
played by the piano.

----- *the phone rings* -----

LOVER:

Edna, darling! Where in heaven are you,
my dear?

Are we not going to the concert?

You're not coming back?

Don't you want me? Don't you need me?
Don't you love me?

Will you be gone long?

This is just like you, leaving me stranded.
Tell me again dear: why may I not come
with you?

EDNA:

No, I will go alone.

I will come back when it's over.

Yes, of course I love you.

No, it will not be long

Why may you not come with me?—

You are too much my lover.

You would put yourself

Between me and song.

(Edna describes the Beethoven concert.)

--- see full poem last page ---

*(After the concert, Edna ruminates about
her lover.)*

You and I have nothing to do with music.

We may not make of music a filigree
frame,

Within which you and I,

Tenderly glad we came,

Sit smiling, hand in hand.

--- *phone rings again* ---

LOVER: *(phone call after the concert)*

But oh, darling, my feelings are hurt.

Must you mock my romantic dreaming?

I'm not good enough!

Off alone you'll find another and my heart
will break.

I don't think I will ever know you,
but that's okay.

Come now, be content.

I will come back to you, I swear I will;

And you will know me still.

I shall be only a little taller

Than when I went.

--- *Edna hangs up the phone* ---

Departure

"*Departure*" is set as Edna's daydream of feeling trapped in the little town she grew up in in Maine. She imagines her death "in a ditch somewhere." The opening theme of *Departure* emulates a tritone European ambulance siren, doppler shifted as it gets closer, to represent Edna's mental emergency. The ambulance arrives at the main theme which is a chromatic descent into apathy. The pathetic descents coast into a march towards a desolate place in her heart, distant from everyone. Then I introduce the first appearance of another ubiquitous song-cycle theme that is an extended, Shuman-esque version of Beethoven's twisty dance through keys, but lighter. And then we're back to maudlin descent wherein Edna eventually surrenders to the rain. Ominous thunder in the distance mixes with the tritone siren. Edna daydreams about being found "dead in a ditch somewhere" until suddenly, she is awakened out of her trance by her mother asking, "Is something the matter dear?" Edna lies. "No, mother it was just a knot in my thread." The piano makes a shrill high note for the tea kettle going off which gives Edna the opportunity to change the subject but in the end the siren and ominous thunder remain.

Departure

It's little I care what path I take,
And where it leads it's little I care;
But out of this house, lest my heart break,
I must go, and off somewhere.
It's little I know what's in my heart,
What's in my mind it's little I know,
But there's that in me must up and start,
And it's little I care where my feet go.
I wish I could walk for a day and a night,
And find me at dawn in a desolate place
With never the rut of a road in sight,
Nor the roof of a house, nor the eyes of a face.
I wish I could walk till my blood should spout,
And drop me, never to stir again,
On a shore that is wide, for the tide is out,
And the weedy rocks are bare to the rain.
But dump or dock, where the path I take
Brings up, it's little enough I care:
And it's little I'd mind the fuss they'll make,
Huddled dead in a ditch somewhere.
'Is something the matter, dear,' she said,
'That you sit at your work so silently?'
'No, mother, no, 'twas a knot in my thread.
There goes the kettle, I'll make the tea.'

The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver

Millay's penchant as a storyteller is set with the long poem: "*The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver*". The song opens with the sounds of what I call a 'time machine': a harmonically dense and staircase of notes that transports the listener from this world to another and back again. It is also used to jump forward in time from early fall to Christmas morning throughout the story. The trick setting such a large poem is to change the music often enough to keep it interesting but without losing the narrative momentum. Something in Millay's writing made this easy. When the sentiment grows pathetic, you'll hear the chromatic descending motif from ***Departure***. Three fourths of the way through the song you'll hear the spinning wheel as the harp weaves. The ubiquitous Schuman harmonic progression is used throughout.

Being raised by my mother in less than ideal conditions, I dedicate this song to her: Alice Jean Mosley. You'll notice that my interpretation of this poem does not focus on hardship but on the magic she bestowed upon my brothers' and my childhoods.

The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver

“Son,” said my mother, When I was knee-high,
You’ve need of clothes to cover you, And not a rag have I.
“There’s nothing in the house To make a boy breeches,
Nor shears to cut a cloth with Nor thread to take stitches.

“There’s nothing in the house But a loaf-end of rye,
And a harp with a woman’s head Nobody will buy,”
And she began to cry.
That was in the early fall. When came the late fall,

“Son,” she said, “the sight of you
Makes your mother’s blood crawl,—
“Little skinny shoulder-blades
Sticking through your clothes!
And where you’ll get a jacket from God above knows.

“It’s lucky for me, lad,
Your daddy’s in the ground,
And can’t see the way I let His son go around!”
And she made a queer sound.

That was in the late fall. When the winter came,
I’d not a pair of breeches Nor a shirt to my name.
I couldn’t go to school, Or out of doors to play.
And all the other little boys Passed our way.

“Son,” said my mother, “Come, climb into my lap,
And I’ll chafe your little bones While you take a nap.”
And, oh, but we were silly For half an hour or more,
Me with my long legs Dragging on the floor,

A-rock-rock-rocking To a mother-goose rhyme!
Oh, but we were happy For half an hour’s time!
But there was I, a great boy, And what would folks say
To hear my mother singing me To sleep all day,
In such a daft way?

Men say the winter Was bad that year;
Fuel was scarce, And food was dear.
A wind with a wolf’s head
Howled about our door, And we burned up the chairs
And sat on the floor.

All that was left us
Was a chair we couldn’t break,
And the harp with a woman’s head Nobody would take,
For song or pity’s sake.

The night before Christmas I cried with the cold,
I cried myself to sleep Like a two-year-old.
And in the deep night I felt my mother rise,
And stare down upon me With love in her eyes.

I saw my mother sitting On the one good chair,
A light falling on her From I couldn’t tell where,
Looking nineteen, And not a day older,
And the harp with a woman’s head
Leaned against her shoulder.

Her thin fingers, moving In the thin, tall strings,
Were weav-weav-weaving Wonderful things.
Many bright threads, From where I couldn’t see,
Were running through the harp-strings Rapidly,

And gold threads whistling Through my mother’s hand.
I saw the web grow, And the pattern expand.
She wove a child’s jacket, And when it was done
She laid it on the floor And wove another one.

She wove a red cloak So regal to see,
“She’s made it for a king’s son,” I said, “and not for me.”
But I knew it was for me.

She wove a pair of breeches Quicker than that!
She wove a pair of boots And a little cocked hat.
She wove a pair of mittens, She wove a little blouse,
She wove all night In the still, cold house.

She sang as she worked,
And the harp-strings spoke;
Her voice never faltered,
And the thread never broke. And when I awoke,—

There sat my mother With the harp against her shoulder
Looking nineteen And not a day older,
A smile about her lips, And a light about her head,
And her hands in the harp-strings Frozen dead.

And piled up beside her
And toppling to the skies,
Were the clothes of a king’s son,
Just my size.

Afternoon on a hill

"*Afternoon on a hill*" sings of the joy Millay felt walking alone in the hills above her house. It is set twice, once as a dream, and the second time as a dance tune. The setting opens dreamily and with an extra beat every phrase for a little leap or a wink. I imagine Edna roaming the hills above her house finally released from attention and care. This isn't "the hills are alive", but a simple gladness that freely wanders and watches, blissfully absorbed. As evening sky darkens, Edna is drawn to lights coming on in the town below. She finds her own and begins the descent to join it. You'll find the light motif of the harmonic cycle and the pathos of *Departure* quoted within.

Afternoon on a hill

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!

I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

God's World

"*God's World*" is celebration of the senses and the recognition of human limitations. This poem illustrates a particular autumn when the trees were so vibrant, she thought she might burst. It opens with the piano stating the lighter motif form and the direct form of the ubiquitous harmonies inspired by William Schuman's 8th Symphony, itself a figure bursting out of its own seams. The body of this song is in 7/4 time, a mystical meter being both heavenly and earthly.

God's World

O WORLD, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!
Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

Sonnet III

"*Sonnet III*" sketches Millay's refusal to submit to a lover's expectations, who apparently suggested she was reading a book he thought was beyond her. Not only does Millay use the classical form to carry a modern sentiment but keeps it centered in the present moment.

Sonnet III

Oh, oh, you will be sorry for that word!
Give back my book and take my kiss instead.
Was it my enemy or my friend I heard,
"What a big book for such a little head!"
Come, I will show you now my newest hat,
And you may watch me purse my mouth and prink!
Oh, I shall love you still, and all of that.
I never again shall tell you what I think.
I shall be sweet and crafty, soft and sly;
You will not catch me reading any more:
I shall be called a wife to pattern by;
And some day when you knock and push the door,
Some sane day, not too bright and not too stormy,
I shall be gone, and you may whistle for me.

INTERMISSION

(relax, have a sip of the beverage you brought)

LIVE CONCERT

Tempo Guisto for Lever Harp – (composed by Carl Nielsen)

This is a harp arrangement of the beginning of Carl Nielsen's 5th Symphony. His writing for orchestra is subtle, as it develops in three keys simultaneously, giving an edge to the blending timbres of strings and woodwinds. On the harp this edge is more exposed. Note this piece is impossible to play on the typically more "classical" pedal harp. The traditionally more folksy lever harp's potential for contemporary harmonies is recognized in this setting.

Quiet Friend – The Last Sonnet To Orpheus

The Sonnets to Orpheus (German: Die Sonette an Orpheus) are a cycle of 55 sonnets written in 1922 by the Bohemian-Austrian poet **Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)**. This poem is the last one to appear in the book and is set in English by translators Joanna Macy and Anita Barrows. I dedicate it to Joanna Macy who has been an important teacher for me. That it reach so deeply in so deep a soul indicated to me that it might resonate to others if it's darkness and vitality were unobstructed by the music that carries it. May it somehow benefit all sentient beings.

Sonnets to Orpheus II, 29

Quiet friend who has come so far
feel how your breathing makes more space around you.
Let this darkness be a bell tower
and you the bell. As you ring,
what batters you becomes your strength.
Move back and forth into the change.
What is it like, such intensity of pain?
If the drink is bitter, turn yourself to wine.
In this uncontainable night,
be the mystery at the crossroads of your senses,
the meaning discovered there.
And if the world has ceased to hear you,
say to the silent earth: I flow.
To the rushing water, speak: I am.

Earth Dweller

William Stafford's poem tells a story of a sudden vision that blessed a humble farmer. All the clods of earth became precious, and every detail on the farm shone with holiness. The music grows confident and pulses towards majesty at the end. "The world speaks." I tried to convey that phrase in three forms: as quiet mystery, as proclamation, and as an angry warning from Gaia.

Earth Dweller

by William Stafford

It was all the clods at once become
precious; it was the barn, and the shed,
and the windmill, my hands, the crack
Arlie made in the ax handle: oh, let me stay
here humbly, forgotten, to rejoice in it all;
let the sun casually rise and set.

If I have not found the right place,
teach me; for, somewhere inside, the clods are
vaulted mansions, lines through the barn sing
for the saints forever, the shed and windmill
rear so glorious the sun shudders like a gong.

Now I know why people worship, carry around
magic emblems, wake up talking dreams
they teach to their children: the world speaks.
The world speaks everything to us.
It is our only friend.

Our Singer Come from Afar

Kim Stafford is an important voice in Oregon's poetry. He has been a prolific and encouraging force for many writers. His teaching style is direct and gentle and bids us write what we honestly see. This setting asks the singer to become "birdlike, head high, and eye bright".

Our Singer Come from Afar

- by Kim Stafford

- *for Naomi Shihab Nye*

Be our wren or warbler lit in willow
swaying with your tender weight
of songs, sipping the sky to tell us
hard things from far away you
freighted for our understanding and
comfort. Sing the mysterious harmony
of news and blessing, hurt and healing
offered with head high, eye bright
until with a friendly shrug
you flit away and leave us
strangely younger.

Favorite works of Sequoia, Gabrielle, and Kevin

Being so happy with Sequoia's and Gabrielle Widman's performances I knew that when the video was released many people will want to hear and see more from them. I asked Sequoia and Gabrielle to bring to this concert something of their own choosing. For myself, I'm bringing a Deep Listening score and inviting you to participate.

Black Flowers by Geoff Smith

This gem from the Geoff Smith Band has an unrelenting hypnotic erotic darkness inside. What you'll hear is Sequoia's reduction of the whole band onto solo piano. The lyrics, originally sung by Nicola Walker Smith, are based on the poem 'Goblin Market' by Christina Rossetti (c. 1862):

I bow'd my head
Oh, Laura veil'd her blushes

Breast to breast
Together in one nest

Hold me, kiss me
Suck my juices

Eat me, drink me
Oh, make much of me

And I stretch'd my gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan

Like a lily from the beck
Like a vessel at the launch

When its last restraint is gone

Our Sleeping Beauty

Gabrielle chose to bring to you an excerpt of one of her one woman shows, an archetypal fairy-story about Jezebel. Gabrielle will be continuing this story as the first in a periodic series of stories on Bandcamp at www.giddymuse.com.

The Alcotts by Charles E Ives

Sequoia's second choice was to play the 3rd movement of Charles Ives' "Concord Sonata" which sets sonic portraits of four famous Concord writers: Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, and Thoreau. Ives wrote *'Some nice people object to putting attempted pictures of American authors and their literature in a thing called a sonata, but I don't apologise for it or explain it. I tried it because I felt like trying [it] and so, Good night shirt!'* Ives described Amos Bronson as *'an exuberant, irrepressible, visionary absorbed with philosophy', who spoke with a 'hypnotic mellifluous effect'*. Louisa May, he noted, *'supported the family and at the same time enriched the lives of a large part of young America, starting off many little minds with wholesome thoughts and many little hearts with wholesome emotions. She leaves memory-word-pictures of healthy, New England childhood days,—pictures which are turned to with affection by middle-aged children,—pictures, that bear a sentiment, a leaven, that middle-aged America needs nowadays more than we care to admit.'* It was written in 1920 and revised in 1947.

Angels and Demons by Pauline Oliveros performed by Everyone (including You)

Pauline Oliveros was a pioneer in electronic music In the 1960's and 70s. She developed a practice called Deep Listening where you listen to everything all the time. *"Deep listening is the foundation for a radically transformed social matrix in which compassion and love are the core motivating principles guiding creative decision making and our actions in the world"*. The audience is invited to participate in performing this piece. Here's the score:

ANGELS AND DEMONS

Angels represent the collective guardian spirits of this meditation. Demons represent the individual spirits of creative genius.

Angels make steady, even, breath-long tones which blend as perfectly as possible with the steady, even, breath-long tones made by other Angels.

Demons listen inwardly until sounds are heard from their own inner spirits. Any sound that has been heard inwardly first may be made.

During the course of this meditation, Angels may become Demons and Demons may become Angels.

Begin by just listening for a few minutes until the spirits move.

Your Fire Sings To You

Our final song to offer is a boogie-woogie I wrote in 2020 about embracing the freedom of the parts of myself that were deemed unacceptable. When it was to be recorded with a big band is when I first met Sequoia. I was having difficulty finding a pianist to play it. Sequoia made it sound as if he didn't break a sweat and ate this sort of stuff for breakfast. Note: beware of your wild side - my house burned down a few months later.

Your Fire Sings To You - Kevin Bryant Lay

I was dancing outside your house
drummin' like a ruffed grouse
while you study-ud-ied hard inside to be nice to be nice and it's nice to be nice.
You fit in and grew more mild.
I rebelled and got more wild.
You grew weak and I got strong and I hated you because you belonged.

I'm your fire, your lost desire.
You might fear me. Please just hear me.
If you dance with me you'll feel impossibly free.

But you're remaking the rules of the game so you can't lose
and corrupting the courts in your head so you won't fail.
Assuring yourself you live right by watching your news,
but when you make mistakes, voices rant and rail.
"You're not good enough! You're not good enough!"
Well like hell! Break the spell!
Maybe you've learned to fit in far too well.

You fade and tire then ask where's my inner fire?
Well, here I am, so let me in! I'll you where I've been.

To stay in your civilized tower
you threw away your animal power,
and pushed away your anger and ire so you're liked, so you're liked, and you like to be liked.
Out your window it would fall.
I've been there to catch it all.
Break down the dividing wall and then take me to the ballroom hall!

You're mediocre. I'm your joker.
You're my fuel! I'm your jewel.
Take a chance and dance with me, and I will be

remakin' the rules of the game so you *can* lose.
Changin' what it means to succeed so you *may* fail.
Whether dancin' or singin' for joy or wailin' the blues,
when you make a mistake, it becomes a new trail
freshly made for you which only you can do.
You fell! Broke the spell!
Together we'll dance through heaven and through hell.



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Thank you, Robert Langslet for supporting contemporary music in Portland at Hallowed Halls.
Thank you, Heidi Christiansen and crew for tonight's stage management.
Thank you, good friends, good people; let us remember the greatness we have in common.
Finally thank you, my dear twin Keith for your fearless example of music composition as a life path.

