



OS ❖ SCS
Orchestra Seattle ❖ Seattle Chamber Singers
Good Friday, March 28, 1997 ❖ 8:00pm
First United Methodist Church
Seattle, Washington

❖ Orchestra Seattle

Violins

Leah Bartell
Aaron Hart
Stephen Hegg
Dajana Hobson Akrapovic
Deborah Kirkland, principal
second
Fritz Klein, concertmaster
Eileen Lusk
Avron Maletzky
Gregor Nitsche
Sondra Nelson
Susan Ovens
Joy Perry
Druska Salisbury-Milan
Janet Showalter
Emmy Wiesinger

Violas

Beatrice Dolf
Saundrah Humphrey, principal
Shari Peterson

Cellos

Evelyn Albrecht
Julie Reed, principal
Valerie Ross
Matthew Wyant

Basses

Allan Goldman, principal
Glen Casper

Flutes

Kate Alverson
Kirsten James-McNamara,
principal

Clarinets

Gary Oules, principal
Cindy Renander

Oboes

M. Shannon Hill, principal
Susan Worden

English Horn

Steve Cortelyou

Bassoons

Jeff Eldridge
Judith Lawrence, principal

Horns

Don Crevie
Jennifer Crowder
Laurie Heidt
Bill Hunnicutt

Trumpets

Matt Dalton, principal
Gordon Ullmann

Trombones

Moc Escobedo, principal
David Holmes
Bill Park

Tuba

David Brewer

Timpani

Dan Oie

❖ Seattle Chamber Singers

Soprano

Jennifer Adams
Barbara Anderson
Sue Cobb
Crissa Cugini
Dana Durasoff
Cinda Freece
Lorelette Knowles
Nancy Lewis
Andra Milleta
Liesel van Cleeff

Alto

Laila Adams
Sharon Agnew
Margaret Alsup
Cheryl Blackburn
Jane Blackwell
Wendy Borton
Penny Deputy
Suzi Means
Laurie Medill
Veronica Parnitski

Tenor

Nedra Slauson
Adrienne Thomas
Alex Chun
Ralph Cobb
Alvin Kroon
John Lange
Timothy Lunde
Tom Nesbitt
David Zapolsky

Bass

Andrew Danilichik
Douglas Durasoff
Dick Etherington
Peter Henry
John Stenseth
Richard Wyckoff

OS ❖ SCS

Orchestra Seattle ❖ Seattle Chamber Singers
George Shangrow, Founder and Music Director
28th Season

PROGRAM

Good Friday, March 28, 1997, 8:00pm
First United Methodist Church
Seattle, Washington

Huntley Beyer: The St. Mark Passion

Soloists:

Carol Sams, Soprano

Brian Box, Bass, Jesus

Robert McPherson, Tenor, Evangelist

Doug Durasoff, Judas

Andrw Danilchik, Peter and Pontius Pilate

Jennifer Adams, Maid Servant

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❖ Program Notes by Huntley Beyer

The idea to write a Passion came to me after playing the oboe in an Orchestra Seattle/Seattle Chamber Singers performance of Bach's St. Matthew Passion a few years ago. I was struck not only by the greatness of the work and the variety of its ensembles (solos, recitatives, chorales, choruses), but by its lyric and psychological structure. Bach tells the Biblical Passion narrative of Jesus through tenor recitatives, and then comments on the story through individuals (solos) and the community of faith (chorales, choruses). The texts for the comments are not Biblical, but are taken from Lutheran chorales and the writer known as Picander, and they give the story a personal relevance. I began thinking of ways in which texts from the twentieth century might also make a relevant comment on the Passion narrative. It struck me that the betrayal of Christ, which led to his crucifixion, resonated with various betrayals of life in the twentieth century, such as the concentration camps, the McCarthy trials, the gap between the rich and the poor, and so on. So I took the Passion story from the Gospel According to Mark and set about finding or writing texts that comment, in psychological and political ways, on the story.

The story begins as Judas decides to betray Jesus. I follow this with a poem by Robert Bly which suggests that darkness and blindness is in all of us. Then there is a passage from Hitler's *Mein Kampf* in which he first discovers his racist hatred for Jews. Two other texts (mine and George Meredith's) follow about the darkness within all of us. The point is that we are all capable of betrayal, of harboring a Judas within.

Next comes the Last Supper. Jesus announces that one of the disciples will betray him, and in response to this I wrote a chorus about the McCarthy trials, and the naming of names. The disciples then take the bread and wine. Teillard de Chardin interprets the body of Christ, celebrated in communion, to refer to the body of the whole earth. If we harm or betray the earth, with its life and resources, we betray Jesus. There is a mystical reminder from The Gospel of Thomas that Jesus is in everything. "Split a piece of wood and I am there."

❖ Upcoming

Haydn: *The Seasons*

Sunday, May 11, 1997, 7:00pm
First United Methodist Church

❖ Recordings

Recordings of recent performances by OS❖SCS are available for sale. They include tapes of our 1994 performance of Handel's *Messiah* and our 1995 performance of the Bach b minor Mass. We are

Jesus is seized. The disciples (we) flee. As Yeats said, "Things fall apart; the center cannot hold." But as the Psalms remind and correct us, "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit?," for God is everywhere, "Thy right hand shall hold me."

Peter then denies Jesus, and Alicia Ostriker's poem, "You Who Deny: A Harangue," talks about ways in which America has denied and caused poverty and hardship in this country and others. Peter is in the government. There follows a call and plea for repentance. We are called to weep, as Peter did.

The crucifixion scene is the climax of the Passion story, and perhaps the climax of known twentieth century horrors can be found in the concentration camps. In The Holocaust, Gilbert reports a scene of hundreds of children being thrown into the pit of Babi Yar. And Jesus' cry to God, "Why hast Thou forsaken me?," was echoed in the voices of many concentration camp victims. Elie Wiesel gives a stirring answer to the question of where God is: "He is hanging here on this gallows."

In the final chorus of Bach's St. Matthew Passion, Jesus is to "rest softly." In Whitman's great poem, "When Lilacs Last by the Dooryard Bloom'd," there are the words, "to all, to each, sooner or later, delicate death." The poem was written for Lincoln's death, but in this context in The St. Mark Passion, there are echoes of not only Lincoln's assassination and Jesus', but also John and Robert Kennedy's, and Martin Luther King's.

The theme of The St. Mark Passion is betrayal. My aim is to see various twentieth century catastrophes not simply as the horrors they indeed are, but as fundamental betrayals. Betrayals of what? By aligning the events with the Passion story in Mark, they become betrayals of forgiveness, love, and, ultimately, God. Fortunately, there is repentance, love and forgiveness. All art, especially, to me, music, carries this message. For it is in the remembrance of things past, shot with beauty, that life springs eternal.

also pleased to offer three compact discs. Our first CD, *A Tribute to Sean Connery*, was produced by edel America, and includes music from the films of Sean Connery. We have also produced a CD of our Christmas 1995 performance of the Vaughan Williams *Hodie*. Our newest disc includes our Spring 1996 performances of J.S. Bach's Cantatas Nos. 4 (*Christ lag in Todesbanden*), 21 (*Ich hatte viel Bekummernis*), and 159 (*Sehet, wir gehen hinauf gen Jerusalem*). Prices are \$15 for each CD, \$20 for the Bach b minor Mass and the *Messiah* (two cassettes for each performance).

❖ Text

Chorus:

Watch--for you do not know when the master of the house will come: in the evening, or at midnight, or at cockcrow, or in the morning--lest he come suddenly and find you asleep. And what I say to you I say to all: Watch.

Chorale:

If in your heart you make
a manger for his birth,
then God will once again
become a child on earth.
("It Depends On You," Angelus Silesius)

Recitative:

Then Judas Iscariot, who was one of the twelve, went to the chief priests in order to betray him to them. And when they heard it they were glad, and promised to give him money. And he sought an opportunity to betray him.

Aria for Soprano:

The grass is half-covered with snow.
It was the sort of snowfall that starts in late afternoon.
And now the little houses of the grass are growing dark.

If I reached my hands down, near the earth,
I could take handfuls of darkness!
A darkness was always there, which we never noticed.

As the snow grows heavier, the cornstalks fade farther
away,
And the barn moves nearer to the house.
The barn moves all alone in the growing storm.

The barn is full of corn, and moving toward us now,
Like a hulk blown toward us in a storm at sea;
All the sailors on deck have been blind for many years.
("Snowfall in the Afternoon," Robert Bly)

Aria for Tenor:

Today it is difficult, if not impossible, to say when the word "Jew" first gave me ground for special thoughts ... Not until my fourteenth or fifteenth year did I begin to come across the word "Jew" with any frequency, partly in connection with political discussions. This filled me with a mild distaste, and I could not rid myself of an unpleasant feeling.
(from *Mein Kampf*, Adolf Hitler)

Recitative:

And when it was evening he came with the twelve. And as they were at table eating, Jesus said, "Truly, I say to you, one of you shall betray me." "Is it I?"

Chorus:

Is it I who will betray you, Jesus, as I have betrayed myself by denying that I am all that I am? Is it I who

will betray my own heart and soul to live in ignorance? I live in fear, I live in sorrow, I do not know where to look, I do not realize how to see inside myself. In my darkness I betray you, O Jesus. In my life where is the mystery of faith? Save me from betraying you, my sweet.

Chorale:

In tragic life, God wot, no villain need be.
Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within.
(from "Modern Love," George Meredith)

Recitative:

He said to them, "It is one of the twelve, one who is dipping bread in the same dish with me. For the Son of Man goes as it is written of him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed. It would have been better for that man if he had not been born."

Chorus:

Lee J. Cobb named twenty names; Richard Collins named twenty six, including Budd Schulberg, who named fifteen. Elia Kazan named many names and urged others to do so also. Sterling Hayden named Bea Winters, who was his former mistress and agent's secretary. Clifford Odets, who later gave the eulogy at actor Edward Bromberg's memorial service, named Edward Bromberg, and Martin Berkely, of "My Friend Flicka:" fame, named one hundred and sixty-one names. Ronald Reagan, he passed on names of suspected Communists in the Guild to the FBI. Ronald Reagan had a special informer's code: T-10.

Recitative:

And when they were eating, he took bread, and blessed and broke it, and gave it to them, and said, "Take; this is my body." And he took a cup, and after giving thanks, he gave it to them, and they all drank of it. And he said to them, "This is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many."

Aria for Soprano:

I will make the whole earth my altar, and on it will offer you all the labors and sufferings of the world... Over every living thing which is to spring up, to grow, to flower, to ripen during this day, say again the words: This is my Body. And over every death-force which waits in readiness to corrode, to wither, to cut down, speak again your commanding words, which express the supreme mystery of faith: This is my Blood.
(from *The Mass on the World*, Teillard de Chardin)

Chorale:

The Father brought forth everything, like a little child, like a drop from a spring, like a blossom from a vine, like a planting. "Lift up a stone and you will find me there," said Jesus. "Split a piece of wood and I am

there," said Jesus. Jesus, help us take care of this Earth,
your Body.

(The Gospel of Thomas)

Recitative:

And they went to a place which was called Gethsemane,
and while he was still speaking, Judas came, one of the
twelve, and with him, a crowd with swords and clubs,
from the chief priests and the scribes and the elders.
Now the betrayer had given them a sign, saying, "The
one I shall kiss is your man; seize him and lead him
safely away." And when he came, he went up to him at
once, and said, "Master." And he kissed him. And they
laid hands on him and seized him. And all forsook him
and fled.

Aria for Soprano:

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
(from "The Second Coming," William Yeats)

Chorale:

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I
flee from thy presence? If I take the wings of the
morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
even there thy hand shall lead me, and thy right hand
shall hold me.
(Psalm 139: 7, 9)

Recitative:

And as Peter was alone in the courtyard, one of the
maids of the high priest came; and seeing Peter
warming himself, she looked at him, and said, "You
also were with the Nazarene, Jesus." But he denied it,
saying, "I neither know nor understand what you
mean." And he went out into the gateway, and the maid
saw him, and began again to say to the bystanders,
"This man is one of them." But again he denied it. And
after a little while, again the bystanders said to Peter,
"Certainly you are one of them; for you are a Galilean."
But he began to invoke a curse on himself and to swear,
"I do not know this man of whom you speak." And
immediately the cock crowed a second time. And Peter
remembered how Jesus had said to him, "Before the
cock crows twice, you will deny me three times." And
he broke down and wept.

Chorus:

You who deny,
I have watched you squat over the frightened children
While you squeeze welfare money from their mothers
To feed another aircraft carrier;
I have watched your hardhats build Key West villas
For the wealthy and jailcells for the poor;
I have seen your flag rippling in the breeze

Over burned villages, over Swiss banks,
Over Bangkok brothels, where it sings O Beautiful
For Spacious Skies;

I have seen your lawyers step, dainty as weevils,
Over the sad farmhouse;

I have interviewed your receptionist explaining
She didn't invent the rules; and I have monitored
Your midnight flight across the Bolivian border,
Each spit-white brick in your hold
As thrilling as murder.

(Lyrics from "You Who Deny: A Harangue" from *Green Age*, by Alicia Suskin Ostriker. Used by permission of the University of Pittsburgh Press. (c) 1989 by Alicia Suskin Ostriker.)

Aria for Bass:

I took my place in the midst of the world and I
appeared to them in flesh. I found all of them
intoxicated. I found none of them thirsty and my soul
became afflicted because they are blind in their hearts
and do not have sight; for empty they came to this
world and empty they seek to leave this world. But for
the moment they are intoxicated. When they shake off
their wine, then they will repent.
(The Gospel of Thomas)

Chorus:

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison.

Recitative:

And as soon as it was morning, the chief priests, with
the elders and scribes and the whole council, held a
consultation; and they bound Jesus and led him away
and delivered him to Pilate. And Pilate asked him, "Are
you the king of the Jews?" And he answered him, "You
have said so." And the chief priests accused him of
many things. And Pilate asked him, "Have you no
answer to make? See how many charges they bring
against you."

Aria for Bass:

Now chiefly is my natal hour
And only now my prime of life.
I will not doubt the love untold,
Which not my worth nor want hath brought,
Which wooed me young and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.
(from *A Week on the Concord, "Tuesday,"* Henry D. Thoreau)

Chorale:

Save yourself, Lord Jesus. Leave us not alone. Pray hear us,
Lord Jesus. Save yourself, save your children, save us,
Lord Jesus.

Recitative;

Now at the feast he used to release for them one
prisoner whom they asked. And among the rebels in
prison, who had committed murder in the insurrection,
there was a man called Barabbas. Pilate said to the
crowd," Do you want me to release for you the King of

the Jews?" "No, Give us Barabbas." "Then what shall I do with the man whom you call the King of the Jews?" "Crucify him."

Chorus:

And they brought him to the place called Golgotha (which means "Place of the skull"). And they offered him wine mingled with myrrh; but he did not take it. And they crucified him, and divided his garments among them, casting lots for them, to decide what each should take. And it was the third hour, when they crucified him. And the inscription of the charge against him read, "The King of the Jews."

Aria for Soprano:

"... they found themselves on the narrow ground above the precipice, twenty to twenty-five meters in height, and on the opposite side there were the Germans' machine guns. The killed, wounded, and half-alive people fell down and were smashed there. Then the next hundred were brought, and everything repeated again. The policemen took the children by the legs and threw them alive down into Babi Yar."

(from *The Holocaust*, Gilbert)

Chorale:

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things,
Sinne, and death crept in, in which were never made,
By bearing one, tryed'st with what stings
The other could thine heritage invade;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified againe,

Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be, by applying so thy paine,
Drown'd in Thy blood, and in Thy passion slaine.
(from *The Litanie*, "The Sonne," John Donne)

Recitative:

And at the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani," "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Trio:

The three victims mounted together onto the chairs. At a sign from the head of the camp, the three chairs tipped over. Then the march past began. The two adults were no longer alive. Their tongues hung swollen, blue-tinged. But the third rope was still moving; being so light, the child was still alive. He was still alive when I passed in front of him. His tongue was still red, his eyes were not yet glazed. Behind me I heard the same man asking: "Where is God now?" And I heard a voice within me answer him: "Where is He? Here He is--He is hanging here on this gallows."

(from *Night*, Elie Wiesel)

Recitative:

And Jesus uttered a loud cry, and breathed his last.

Chorus:

Except the Heaven had come so near--

So seemed to choose My Door--
The Distance would not haunt me so--
I had not hoped--before--
But just to see the Grace depart--
I never thought to see--
Afflicts me with a Double loss--
'Tis lost--and lost to me--
(Poem 472, Emily Dickenson)

Chorus:

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in
the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning
spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night--O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd--O the black murk that hides
the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless--O helpless soul
of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I
loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul
that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I
love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the
Western sea,
till there on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

Come, lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.
(from *Memories of President Lincoln*, "When Lilacs Last
by the Dooryard Bloom'd," Walt Whitman)

❖ Soloists

Carol Sams

Carol Sams is a well-known Seattle composer and soprano who has been featured by many orchestras and groups, including Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers, University of Washington Contemporary Group, Cornish Performing Group, Washington Composers Forum, City Cantabile Chorale, and others. Her compositions have been performed throughout the United States and Europe. Her latest opera, based on the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, was commissioned by the Tacoma Opera and has been performed by that group on two different occasions since its premiere in November of 1993.

Robert McPherson

Seattle native Robert McPherson made his professional debut with the Seattle Symphony during the 1991 Winterfest Holiday concert. He returns for his fifth engagement with the Symphony this Christmas in *Messiah*, under the baton of Gerard Schwartz. Most recently, Mr. McPherson was the angel Uriel in Haydn's *The Creation* with the Tacoma Symphony and Master Chorale. Past concert credits include the Mozart *Requiem* with the American Sinfonietta, the Bach *Magnificat* with the Tacoma Symphony, the Verdi *Requiem* with the Tacoma Civic Chorus and Orchestra and featured soloist in a concert of Baroque music at the Carmel Bach Festival. As comfortable on stage as in concert, McPherson performs in opera and musical

theater throughout the Pacific Northwest. As Kaspar in *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, he had the privilege of working under the direction of Leon Lishner, the original Balthazar in the world premier NBC telecast. Other stage credits include Arturo in *Lucia di Lammermoor* with the Eugene Opera, Sam in *Susannah* with the Corvallis Opera, and Tybalt in *Romeo and Juliet* with the Tacoma Opera. This September, Mr. McPherson made his Canadian debut with Pacific Opera Victoria as Lindoro in *L'Italiana in Algeri*. He was the 1996 recipient of the Carmel Bach Festival Adams Fellowship. In 1995 he was a world finalist in the fifth Luciano Pavarotti International Voice Competition. He took third place in the 1995 Metropolitan Opera Northwest Regional Auditions and 1994 Richard Tauber International Competition for Tenors.

Brian Box, bass, is a native of Washington and received his Master of Music degree in vocal performance from Western Washington University. Mr. Box has appeared frequently with OS/SCS as a soloist in cantatas and oratorios. Among his credits are performances of Brahms' Four Last Songs with the Western Washington University Orchestra and the leading role in Dominic Argento's opera *Postcard from Morocco* at the University of British Columbia. He is a regular performer with Northwest Opera in Schools, Etc. (NOISE), and Seattle Opera's education program and made his Seattle Opera solo debut as the Corporal in *The Daughter of the Regiment*.

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