The Department of Music presents
Shinkoskey Noon Concert

**Beginner’s Ear:**
**Rethinking the Recital**

**Ian Howell – Countertenor**
**John Cozza – Piano**
**Karl Wohlwend – Guitar**

12:05 PM, Thursday, December 2, 2010
Room 115, Music Building

We ask that you be courteous to your fellow audience members and the performers. Please turn off your cell phones and refrain from texting. Audience members who are distracting to their neighbors or the performers in any way may be asked to leave at any time.

Also, this performance is being professionally recorded for the university archive. Photography, audio, or audiovisual recording is prohibited during the performance.

**THE ARGUMENT**

Live music, like a well-told story, is a co-creational experience. A performer enters a piece of music, breathing life into the composer’s creation. The audience experiences this through their senses of sight and hearing (which are really just touch at a distance). Somewhere in the middle exists the actual music, informed by the musician, but created within the mind of the listener. This means that each of you this afternoon will experience a slightly different concert, based on your mood, previous experience, prejudice, taste, knowledge, lack of knowledge, personal reaction to your lack of knowledge, etc. My goal with this program is to strip you of as many pre-conditioning perspectives as possible in order that you may truly hear this music in as raw and honest a form as possible. First, on the following pages you will find a limited recital guide that provides just enough information to illuminate; I wish to avoid the concert experience becoming an exercise in either reading while listening or listening without understanding. I invite you to turn to the traditional program at the back only if you want to spoil the surprise of who wrote what and when! Second, I have avoided the standard format of proceeding chronologically through my repertoire. Instead, songs are grouped in sometimes logical and at other times jarring ways. These transitions are not always easy, but they are always intentional. I hope that the uncertainty created will cultivate a sense of immediacy and awareness.

The wonder of creation is everywhere, to the point that we are easily inured to its beauty. We turn to art as a tool to remind us that we are, in fact, alive and moving through a fascinating and detailed reality. Art not only helps us to frame our experience of the world, it draws us in real time, through the means of the senses, out of ourselves and into communion with something larger. Be that something God, the fragile humanity of the artist, or the community we form in this room, we need reminders that we are not alone. Like a framed painting, a familiar liturgy, or the humbling walls of a great church, today’s performance, I hope, creates a Sacred Frame through which we might become aware of the immediacy of our time with each other and the immediacy of our passing lives. Zen Buddhists speak of beginner’s mind as the best point of departure for a meditative experience. Let us experiment with cultivating a beginner’s ear, devoid of assumption and noticing the passing of each equally sacred present moment. Thank you for coming, and thank you for participating.

—Ian Howell
An evening hymn

The sun has set.
As I take my body to bed I wonder,
where shall my soul find similar rest?
Dear God, only with you.

Now that the sun hath veil’d his light,
and bid the world goodnight,
to the soft bed my body I dispose;
but where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy arms:
And can there be any so sweet security?
Then to thy rest, O my Soul!
And singing, praise the mercy that prolongs thy days.
Hallelujah!

Tantum ergo sacramentum

Faith begets ecstasy begets faith

Therefore, we worship the great Sacrament
with face turned towards the earth:
and the ancient proof of God’s love
gives way to the new Covenant.
Faith supplies the reinforcement
to what is lacking in the senses.

Praise and jubilation
to the One who generates, and to the generated One,
salutation, honor, excellence,
and blessing let there be to Them also:
to the One proceeding from both of them
let there be equal praise. Amen.
Die Nacht

Out of the forest steps the night,
it silently creeps out of the trees,
I look broadly about myself and pay attention.

All the lights of this world,
all flowers, all colors it erases
and steals the sheaves away from the field.

It takes all that is beautiful,
takes the silver from the river,
takes the gold from the copper roof of the cathedral.

The bush stands plundered,
move closer, soul upon soul;
oh the night, I fear,
will steal you from me as well.

Lucidissima face (brightest moon)

A love song to Diana, the Moon Goddess.

Brightest Moon
let not the music of Thessaly
disturb your orbit or your peace.

Let Phoebus, of the shining chariot [the sun], now set,
his wheels weighed down
by the Atlantic mountains.

What sudden sleepiness
invites me to sweet oblivion
on this lonely slope?

Sleep, gentle sleep,
if I yield myself ready to your charms,
please make it so that, in sleeping,
loving spirits might bring joy to my awakened soul.
You who kiss me as I kiss you,
send my cruel goddess to my arms,
and make it so that, in sweet deceit, embracing your bonds,
I might live for years dead like this.
Soon one morning

Soon one morning, death comes a creepin' in your room
Crying oh my Lord, what shall I do?

You may call on your mother,
but your mother won't do you no good.

Hush, somebody's calling my name!

Mimaamaquim

Out of the depths have I cried
O God!

Nana

Go to sleep child, sleep,
sleep, my soul,
sleep little morning star.
Lulla-lullaby.

Snow

The Sky is shattering
The total white of the first day grounds
the rise of a new landscape.
Even indoors no heat is shelter
from this monochrome promise.
Winter will bury me before spring.
**Levis exurgit zephyrus**

_The beauty of the world is not enough for my sadness; let it be enough for yours._

The west wind rises softly, the warm sun rides on its course, the earth bares its bosom and overflows with its sweetness. The purple spring comes forth and girds on its apparel. It sprinkles the earth with flowers and the trees in the forests with leaves. While I see all this with my eyes and hear it with my ears I am possessed, alas! by deep sighs in the midst of all this rejoicing. While I sit all by myself with a pale face, turning all this over in my mind, if by chance I raise my head I neither hear nor see. Do thou at least, for the sake of spring, hear and consider the leaves, the flowers, and the grass, for my soul languishes.

**Crossing the bar**

_Steady . . . May God be steady when I cross over._

Sunset and evening bell, and one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the bar, when I put out to sea, but such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for sound and foam, when that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark; for tho' from out our bourne [boundary] of Time and Place the flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar.
Elegia

Body, beloved, yes; we know each other you and I.

Perhaps I ran to meet you
like a cloud heavy with lightning.

Ah, that fleeting light, that fulmination,
that vast silence that succeeds catastrophe.

Whoever looks at us now (dark stones, bits
and pieces of used matter)
won’t know that for an instant our name was love
and that in eternity they call us destiny.

Juramento (a promise)

If love makes you feel waves of pains
and condemns you to live a life of misery,
I would bestow upon you my love, for your loving,
even the blood that boils in my veins.

If love is a provider of mystic griefs,
and makes man drag long chains,
I vow to you to drag them through
the vast and dark seas that are my sorrows.

Fate Makes a Choice: Fate’s Aria

Love!
Love!
Love!
These humans are always asking for Love, Love, Love.
Dying for, Killing for, Needing, Needing, Needing,
Needing...

The Fate of love am I,
Respected, and feared.
A god above mortals,
Deciding destiny,
I’m known by my work,
You are blind to me.
Your most treasured moments,
Assumed as accidents.
Humans feel the flush,
The rush of blood,
The heat of what is new.
I’m cold and professional!
I’m cold, I’m cold, I’m cold.

Uncaring are the lovers for the Fate who has united them.
Uncared for, Who will play Fate for me?
Who will play Fate for me?

Worn down by this weary job,
Carried out alone.
My life feeling empty,
Fulfilling others, feeling empty.

Before there can be lovers, there must be,
Strangers . . .

VI

Musical Dessert:
A Series of rough, earthy Metaphors
A Lover Trying to Describe His Beloved

Have you seen the bright lily grow?
Have you seen the bright lily grow
before rude hands have touched it
Have you marked the fall of the snow
before the Earth hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver,
or a swan’s down ever?
Or have smelt o’ the bud in the briar
or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?

Oh so white, oh so soft, oh so sweet is she!
ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Praised by the New York Times for his “clear voice and attractive timbre,” San Francisco Classical Voice for the “heart at the core of his soulful sound,” and Classical Voice of North Carolina for his “lovely, supple, and crystal clear” voice, Grammy-award-winner Ian Howell sings with a warm and seamless tone rarely heard from countertenors. In 2006 Mr. Howell took first prize at the American Bach Soloists International Solo Competition with an acclaimed performance of Bach’s Cantata BWV 170, Vergnügte Ruh, and Third Prize at the Oratorio Society of New York’s Competition. This Blacksburg, VA, native can be heard with the all-male chamber choir Chanticleer on one DVD and seven CDs, including the Grammy-award-winning Lamentations and Praises and the Grammy-award-nominated Our American Journey, and his debut solo CD was released in 2008 with the American Bach Soloists. Equally at home on opera and concert stages, Mr. Howell’s 2010–11 season includes debut performances with Florentine Opera (Blow’s Venus & Adonis, Cupid, and Purcell’s Dido & Aeneas, Spirit), Seattle Baroque (Pergolesi’s Stabat Mater), and the New Mexico Symphony (Bach’s Weihnachts Oratorium). He returns for engagements with Chatham Baroque (Bach’s St. John Passion), American Bach Soloists (music of Purcell and Handel), New York’s St. Ignatius Loyola (Handel’s Jephtha, Hamor) under the direction of Ken Tritle, the UC Davis Choirs (Bernstein’s Missa Brevis and Chichester Psalms, and in a new work, Gallos, by Pablo Ortiz), and the Bach Festival of Philadelphia (J. S. Bach’s Lutheran Masses). Ian Howell holds a master of music degree in voice conferred jointly by the Yale Institute of Sacred Music and the Yale School of Music.

John Cozza is a lecturer in applied piano and accompanying and joined the faculty of the Conservatory of Music at the University of the Pacific in spring 2004. He holds the B.M. and M.M. degrees in piano performance from the University of Southern California, the diploma in piano performance and in chamber music from the Hochschule für Musik in Vienna, Austria, and the D.M. in solo performance, chamber music, and accompanying from Northwestern University. He has studied with Daniel Pollack in Los Angeles, David Kaiserman in Chicago, and Hans Graf and George Ebert in Vienna. Cozza has collaborated with singers and instrumentalists throughout the United States, and his international engagements have included performances as soloist, accompanist, and chamber musician in European cities such as Vienna, Bologna, Milan, Cologne, and Budapest. Most recently, he taught applied piano and was the director of accompanying at Baylor University in Texas. He is a member of Pi Kappa Lambda, Phi Mu Alpha, American Liszt Society, and the Franz Schmidt Society in Austria.

Karl Wohlwend performs throughout North America, appearing as a soloist as well as in chamber music collaborations. The Washington, D.C. Guitar Society commended his “command of technique, beautiful tone, and sensitive musicianship,” and the Outer Banks Forum for the Lively Arts (Kitty Hawk, NC) praised his “extraordinary talent.” He was awarded high recognition in the prestigious Great Lakes International Classical Guitar Competition. He accompanied “Three Songs” by Eric Ewazen, composer-in-residence at the Juilliard School and has been honored to perform in concert with Carlo Aonzo, the world’s leading classical mandolinist. Wohlwend is also a successful and inspiring teacher. He has been on the faculty at Otterbein College since 1996 and has also served on the faculties of Ohio Wesleyan University and Capital University. Each year since 1996, he has been invited to teach and perform at the Classical Guitar Workshop at the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. His students have been awarded prizes in performance competitions, and many have gone on to rewarding graduate school, teaching and performing careers. He has served on the judges’ panel for numerous events, including the American String Teachers’ Association National Competition and the Music Teachers’ National Association National Competition. Mr. Wohlwend holds a master’s degree in music from the Cleveland Institute of Music, where he studied with John Holmquist, and a bachelor’s degree in music from the University of South Carolina where he studied with Christopher Berg.
I

An evening hymn
Mr. Henry Purcell (1659–1695)
text by Bishop William Fuller (1608–1675)

Tantum ergo sacramentum V & I
Zoltán Kodály (1882–1967)
text by Thomas Aquinas

II

Die Nacht
Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Chanson des quatre (vocalise)
Arthur Honegger (1892–1955)

Lucidissima face
Francesco Cavalli (1602–1676)
text by Giovanni Faustini (1619–1651)

(act II, sc. 1 from La Calisto)

III

Soon one morning
Traditional Spiritual

Mimaamaquam
Honegger
text from Psalm 130

Nana
Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)
traditional text

Snow (2006)
Matthew Barnson (b.1979)
text by Ivanna Yi

-brief pause-

IV

Levis exurgit zephirus
David Conte (b. 1955)
from the Cambridge Songs, 11th century

Sarabande for guitar
Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

Crossing the bar
Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848–1918)
text by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

V

Elegia
Pablo Ortiz (b. 1956)
text by Rosario Castellanos (1925–1974)

Juramento
Miguel Matamoros (1894–1971)

Fate Makes a Choice: Fate’s Aria
Zhou Juan (b. 1981)
text by Jon Kern (b. 1980)

VI

Have you seen the bright lily grow?
Robert Johnson (1583–1633)