

NEW MUSIC FOR VOICE

New music for solo voice and piano

Broadcast from the Center for New Music

55 Taylor Street, San Francisco

Saturday, December 18, 2021, 7:30 pm

PROGRAM

JACOB E GOODMAN	Beneath the Trees	Wayne Wong, baritone Bryan Baker, piano
LES THALER	Five Songs	Chelsea Hollow, soprano Brenda Tom, piano
JOHN BEEMAN	Ishi Act 2, Scene 6, Excerpt	Alex Taite, tenor Jaqueline Goldgorin, soprano Bryan Baker, piano
ALLAN CROSSMAN	Four Songs New Songs Auf Wanderung You Mode of Acquisition	Jonathan Smucker, tenor Monica Chew, piano
S. A. WORKMAN	Morning Star	
MONICA CHEW	Two Songs SWARM Things I Tell My Cat	
ALDEN JENKS	Josie Baby	
DAVIDE VEROTTA	Two Lives' Stories: Woman/Dinosaur	Amy Foote, soprano Ian Scarfe, piano

The Artists

Wayne Dexter Wong has appeared in some 50 Bay Area opera productions over the past two decades, often with Pocket Opera, Berkeley Opera, and San Francisco Lyric Opera. Roles include Don Alfonso (*Così fan tutte*), Frank (*Die Fledermaus*), Angelotti, Sciarrone and The Jailer (*Tosca*), Luther, Krespel, Cochenille and Schlemil (*Tales of Hoffman*), and Antonio (*Figaro*, where *Opera News* called him "notably strong"). Other engagements include Goat Hall, Oakland Opera, West Bay Opera and Teatro Bocchino (in the world premiere of David Morris' *Il Bobo Sferato*). A graduate of U.C. Berkeley and Brown University, he is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Bryan Baker is an active Bay Area conductor, pianist and voice teacher. Bryan has directed Luminescence, the UUCB adult choir, is Artistic Director and Conductor of Masterworks Chorale, Assistant Conductor of the San Francisco Choral Society, and directs the chamber choir Serenade. Having earned his doctoral degrees in music, Dr. Baker also serves on the faculty of the College of San Mateo. He formerly taught at San Francisco State University, Foothill College, Truman University in Missouri, and Arizona State University. As a pianist, Bryan has performed across the United States and in Europe. Locally he has performed in Davies Symphony Hall, Herbst Theater, at the Stern Grove Festival, and on the Old First Concert Series. During recent seasons, he performed with the Kensington Symphony Orchestra, the California Chamber Symphony, the New Millennium Strings, and the San Francisco Concerto Orchestra. He maintains a busy private studio, and his students have won competitions and appeared in concerts and opera productions in the Bay Area and across the country.

Chelsea Hollow is an operatic activist, creating art that makes audiences think and heal collectively. Hollow uses classical music to take audiences on a journey using the texts, perspectives and dreams of activists. Her upcoming solo recital, *Cycles of Resistance*, will premiere the self-commissioned songs and cycles of seven activist movements from around the globe in the 20th and 21st centuries. Known for her "soaring high range" and "stage panache," Chelsea performs regularly in the United States and Mexico in operatic productions and solo recitals while building Concert Rebels, an organization with a mission to amplify marginalized voices and disrupt the classical music industry. Learn more at chelseahollow.com.

Brenda Tom Vahur has performed as soloist with the San Francisco Ballet Orchestra, San Francisco Chamber Orchestra, Pittsburgh Ballet Orchestra, I Solisti di Oakland, Fort Collins Symphony, California Symphony, and Sacramento Symphony, among others. As a chamber musician, Brenda has collaborated with luminaries including Terry Riley, Philip Glass, Dennis Russell Davies, Zuill Bailey, Phil Myers, and Gary Karr. For many years she was a member of the Sacramento Chamber Music Society and Music/Now. As a current member of Earplay, Brenda regularly presents premieres of new solo and chamber ensemble pieces. Brenda has recorded for PianoDisc, China Recording Company, Klavier Records, IMG Media, and most recently, Snow Leopard Music - featuring compositions by Howard Hersh. She received her training at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music studying under Mack McCray and Beatrice Beauregard.

A resident and native of Oakland California, **Alexander Taite** graduated in 2007 from Pepperdine University with a Bachelor's Degree in music theory and composition with an emphasis in vocal performance and jazz piano. He spent 4 years teaching theory and conducting choirs at the Oakland School for the Arts. In 2014 He placed third in the inaugural James Toland Vocal Arts competition and in 2016 took audience favorite. He was a finalist in the East Bay Opera League scholarship competition in 2015. He is currently writing two song books of spirituals, one for solo voice with piano and one for acapella chorus. He finds great joy as the Director of Chorus Eclectic; singing with the San Francisco Opera chorus; teaching with the SF Opera Guild (SF Opera's education and outreach department); teaching private piano, music theory, and voice lessons; and conducting the graduate level ensemble at the San Francisco Boys Chorus.

Soprano **Jacqueline Goldgorin** began her career in Los Angeles. Ms. Goldgorin has performed with Gateway Classical Orchestra, Chelsea Opera, Opera of the Hamptons, Opera on the Hudson, Connecticut Grand Opera, New York Metro Vocal Arts Ensemble, West Bay Opera and Opera San Jose. In concert, she has performed the Mozart *Requiem* as Soloist in Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil with Pacific Chorale and Soloist in the Verdi *Requiem* with Gateway Classical Music Society. She made her San Francisco debut singing Paula in a concert of highlights from *Rio de Mujeres* by Hector Armienta, and has enjoyed singing roles with Golden Gate Opera, Opera San Jose, West Bay Opera and Verismo Opera in the bay area. Recent engagements include Fiora in *L'amore dei tre Re* with Empire Opera, the premiere of a new work by Brent Miller with Magik*Magik Orchestra, a recital series of Spanish and Argentinian music in NYC and California, and Soloist in Mozart Requiem.

Jonathan Smucker, tenor, has sung more than fifty roles with opera companies and orchestras throughout the Bay Area and California. An Ohio native, his recent appearances include Miles in Missy Mazzoli's *Proving Up* (Pasadena Opera), The Witch of Endor in Handel's *Saul* (Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra & Chorale), Zotico in Cavalli's *Eliogabalo* (West Edge Opera) and Elder 1/Oculist in the West Coast Premiere of Laura Schwendinger's *Artemisia* (Left Coast Chamber Ensemble). He sings regularly with the San Francisco Opera Chorus, American Bach Soloists and the Philharmonia Baroque Chorale, and serves on the voice faculties of San José State University and San Francisco Community Music Center

Monica Chew, see below under composers.

Undaunted by the vocal and theatrical demands of contemporary classical music, **Amy Foote** sings an expansive repertoire, ranging from leading roles on the operatic stage, world premieres of contemporary chamber music to stunning studio vocals for feature films and Bay Area Bands. Her voice is described as "sinuous [and] bright-toned... [with] an alluringly silvery sheen" (San Francisco Chronicle). She recently performed under the baton of Chris Rountree to sing Gubaidulina's *Concerto for Two Orchestras* with the Berkeley Symphony, premiered the role of Lydia in Kirke Michem's *Pride and Prejudice* opera with Redwood Symphony and worked with two Pulitzer Prize nominated composers, Kate Soper and Ashley Fure, to perform their pieces with the SF Contemporary Music Players and on the SF Symphony SoundBox series. Amy began work as a solo performance artist in 2013, creating concert rituals that de-domesticate the traditional concert format for a more visceral and embodied performance. Her work is inspired by the purposefulness of liturgical ritual, the stillness of John Cage, the playfulness of the Fluxus movement, and highlights the chasm between current society and a more embodied and interconnected future.

Ian Scarfe enjoys a wide ranging career as an advocate for music. He is the founder and director of the Trinity Alps Chamber Music Festival. Started in 2011 as a retreat for musicians and composers in the beautiful Trinity Alps region of Northern California. He is a founding member of several ensembles, including the Vinifera Trio in California's Bay Area and the Zurich Beethoven Trio in Switzerland.. He has served as faculty and guest artist at the Fairbanks Summer Arts Festival in Alaska, the Astoria Music Festival in Oregon, and the Telluride Chamber Music Festival in Colorado. As a soloist, Ian's appearances with orchestras have come to prominently feature the music of Beethoven. He is currently on staff as a music associate at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where he earned a Master's Degree in 2008 and an Artist's Certificate in 2010.

The Composers & The Lyrics

Jacob E. Goodman (November 15, 1933 – October 10, 2021). Founder of the New York Composers Circle in 2002, is Professor Emeritus of mathematics at City College of New York. He studied composition with, among others, Ezra Laderman and David Del Tredici. His music has been performed in California, New York, Nebraska, Delaware, Toronto, Buenos Aires, Croatia, and Japan. Recent compositions include three song cycles; a set of six intermezzi for piano; a quintet for flute, piano, and strings; a set of variations for flute, violin,

cello, and piano; a prelude for saxophone and piano; a duo for cello and piano; a set of nocturnes for violin and piano; three bagatelles for piano; a string quartet; a set of variations for orchestra; two more for for piano; and a piano fantasy; as well as the score for the documentary film Meet Me at the Canoe, produced for the American Museum of Natural History by his daughter Naomi Goodman-Broom.

Jacob E. Goodman's song cycle, *Beneath the Trees*, is based on three poems by Richard Willbur, D.H. Lawrence, and the composer, about a couple under a tree. The first is lighthearted, the second dramatic, the third wistful.

BENEATH THE TREES

Under a Tree (Richard Wilbur)

We know those tales of gods in hot pursuit
Who frightened wood-nymphs into taking root

And changing then into a branchy shape
Fair, but perplexing to the thought of rape:

But this, we say, is more how love is made---
Ply and reply of limbs in fire-shot shade,

Where overhead we hear tossed leaves consent
To take the wind in free dishevelment

And, answering with supple blade and stem,
Caress the gusts that are caressing them.

Under the Oak (D.H. Lawrence)

You, if you were sensible,
When I tell you the stars flash signals, each one dreadful,
You would not turn and answer me
"The night is wonderful."

Even you, if you knew
How this darkness soaks me through and through, and infuses
Unholy fear in my essence, you would pause to distinguish
What hurts from what amuses.

For I tell you,
Beneath this powerful tree my whole soul's fluid
Oozes away from me as a sacrifice steam
At the knife of a Druid.

Again I tell you, I bleed, I am bound with withies,
My life runs out.
I tell you my blood runs out on the floor of this oak,
Gout upon gout.

Above me springs the blood-born mistetoe

In the shady smoke.
But who are you, twittering to and fro
Beneath the oak?

What thing better are you, what worse?
What have you to do with the mysteries
Of this ancient place, of my ancient curse?
What place have you in my histories?

This Tree (Jacob E. Goodman)

This tree, whose foliage spreads across
The darkened skies,
Has sheltered other limbs than ours,
And other eyes
Have watched its gently swaying branches
Fall and rise.

If we must leave this solitude,
Once more to face
The rigors of our lives, to run
Our futile race,
Then others, never fear, will come
And take our place.

Les Thaler (Luminus) is a composer of sacred and profane music, opera, musical theater, and jazz. Incarnated in the second millennium A.D., Luminus studied composition at University of Miami under Ron Miller; composition and film scoring at UCLA under Don Ray, and composition at San Francisco Conservatory of Music, under David Conte. Luminus' works include "The Devil Loves a Comedy" (opera), "The Worst Person, Ever." (musical comedy), "No, Love, Songs" (songs), The Dragon Suite (orchestral suite) and numerous jazz compositions.

George Floyd

There's a place and time,
Where love has conquered fear.
Put your hand in mine,
I'll take you there,
I'll take you there.

Together we will climb,
The swell of heaven's stair,
And gazing down from there
To see the grand design,
We'll see God gazing back at us,
From everywhere,
From everywhere.

You can say it's just a dream,
But I say dreams are real.
Dreamer, won't you dream with me.

We'll make the dream come alive.
And if your heart is true,
I'll put my trust in you.
It's the lease that we must do
If we are to survive.

I don't ask you to believe,
Or put aside your doubt.
All I ask is come with me,
And we'll find out,
We'll find it out.

And when our work is done,
You'll know that love is real.
When every human heart is won.
When every hurt has been undone.
When every wounded child is healed.
Every single one,
Yes every one.

Somewhere we lost our way.
With every breath I pray.
We will have peace some day.
Why not today?

Orange

They say that orange has no rhyme.
Poets, scholars, even those
Who should know better so oft opine,
It passes now as gospel truth
That only diletantes and hack suppose
To offer up the ocher fruit
In poetry and prose.
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Oh, detractors of poor orange
Who foist on us this literary curse!
Grease well the door hinge
Of Pandora's box!
Let loose the furies
Of bad verse!
For citrus has no lock
On doggerel or worse.
No! No! No!

No feast of rhyme is orange,
for sure, par boiled or even fried.
Poor fare for a poor binge!
'Tho of paltry scraps we sup,
Our plates would be doubly dry,
If on Thesaurus' empty cup

Exclusively we rely.

Ay! Ay! Ay!

If the folks in your town say 'arr-anj,'
The locals you may recruit,
Brooklynites and such who get carte-blanche
To abuse the citrus' name
In poetry's pursuit.
Who are we to blame, then,
When our affections wane, then,
In favor of rival grape-fruit?

Now politics, too, are orange,
The color we most despise.
Lunatics to the right of fringe
Have appropriated his hue.
Little men spreading great big lies,
For greed and power pursue
The road to our demise.

'Twould make the most repentant whore cringe,
The unfair load of disrepute
We heap on our hapless brother orange.
How stoically he bears this cruel assault,
Remaining sweet and innocent, and cute!
In truth it's us not-orange one,
With our silly, sore-singed buns
Who are at fault.

So don't defame him,
In email flame him,
So please don't blame
This noble fruit!

River

Through every mind, a river flows.
Time cracks open the husk of life
And spills it out upon the water.
Every act a tiny seed
Drawn on the stream
To where God knows.

Through every life,
The river flows.
From me to you,
From you to me.
The river flows,
The river flows,
The river flows,
And then the river flows to the sea.

And where we meet, our streams combine.
All the lees wash up on each other's shores.

A careless word,
Echoes of a child's rebuke.
All the times I made you cry,
I didn't know which part was yours,
And what was mine.

And still the river flows.
From me to you,
From you to me.
The river flows,
The river flows,
The river flows,
And then the river flows to the sea.

Tayatha

Tayatha, On muni,muni,
Maha muniay so hah.
Tayatha, On muni,muni,
Maha muniay so hah.

We Are

(Based on text attributed to Seneca)

We are waves on the same sea.
We are leaves on the same tree.
We are flowers in the same garden.
That's what we are.
That's what we are,
And nothing more.

We are stars in the same sky.
We are tears in the same eye.
We are pebbles on the same shore.
That's what we are.
That's what we are,
And nothing more.

John Beeman studied with Peter Fricker and William Bergsma at the University of Washington where he received his Master's degree. His first opera, *The Great American Dinner Table* was produced on National Public Radio. Orchestral works have been performed by the Fremont-Newark Philharmonic, Santa Rosa Symphony, and the Peninsula Symphony. Mr. Beeman has attended the Ernest Bloch Composers' Symposium, the Bard Composer-Conductor program, the Oxford Summer Institutes, and the Oregon Bach Festival and has received awards through Meet the Composer, the American Music Center and ASCAP. Compositions have been performed by Ensemble Sorelle, the Mission Chamber Orchestra, the Ives Quartet, Fireworks Ensemble, Paul Dresher, the Oregon Repertory Singers and Schola Cantorum of San Francisco.

ISHI. ACT 2, Scene 6, Excerpt. In the climax of the opera, Ishi returns to Deer Creek with Kroeber, Waterman, Dr. Pope and his son, Saxton, Jr. Now in his native land, Ishi is fearful of the spirits of the dead. In this excerpt Ishi goes to sleep and has a terrifying dream of the death of his mother and sister and his harrowing escape. Later in the dream, his mother comes to calm him and guides him to the meaning of his dream. A deep transformation takes place as Ishi makes peace with the spirits of his ancestors and realizes that he is safe.

ISHI'S dream

ISHI: Hansi, (*many*) hansi saltu! Jupka, Jupka! (*Butterfly god*) I can see my mother floating down the river as I stand here reaching past shadows of long ago. Circles of time continue to cry out, here beneath moonlit reflections. (*ISHI'S MOTHER appears.*) They soften these hands that once held mine so tightly in the darkness.

MOTHER: Life cannot be taken away for long, my son. Who we are can never leave earth nor sky mother. I am here beside you. Ishi, tell me your dream.

ISHI: I went to the sacred dwelling place of the spirits. This is when the dream first came. I don't understand what it means. I asked for wisdom to protect me from the Saltu. Once again this dream returns. Now here I am on my way to the valley where the demon train rides along the river. This is where I hid

beneath the melting snow. I swam through the snow then over the falls of Deer Creek. I swam out to the mountains and the land of the Yahi across the Great Valley. I was carried into the ocean where the sun was setting beneath the earth.

MOTHER: Trust the power of this dream, my son. I sense the timeless spirit that is leading you beyond Deer Creek and the dwelling place of the Yahi. Follow the outer ocean with the rising moon to guide you.

ISHI: My people are not lost. My people are not lost!

Allan Crossman. I've had the great pleasure of writing for many soloists and ensembles. *Millennium Overture Dance* is on the eponymous GRAMMY-nominated album from North/South Consonance; *Sonata fLux*, with pianist Keisuke Nakagoshi, appears on Navona Records; *Icarus Rising*, for chamber ensembles/orchestra, came out recently on Centaur Records. The musical, *The Log of the Skipper's Wife*, was produced by the Royal Shakespeare Co. at Stratford and the Kennedy Center, with my score drawn from Irish/Scottish shanties. Teaching has included Concordia University (Montreal), SF Conservatory, Wheaton College (MA), and the Crowden Community Program. www.acrossman.com

4 Songs

New Songs (Lorca)

I thirst for fragrance. I thirst for new songs,
Free of moons or lilies, free of withered loves.
A song of tomorrow that will stir the tranquil waters of the future.

Auf Wanderung/On a Journey (Hesse)

Don't be downcast, soon the night will come,
When we can see the cool moon laughing in secret
Over the faint countryside,
And we rest, hand in hand.

YOU (Crossman)

Your scent's so fragrant, and though it may tantalize,

It's still a certain disguise.
Those eyes of yours, and even your pores –
It's all so pleasing, yet all so teasing -
Cause...I can't find you.
That smile, that style, there's no denial you're versatile.
Your qualities, frivolities, your features never on other creatures.
But all the while...I search for you...YOU.....

Mode of Acquisition (Yannis Ritsos)
Whatever you hold in your hands, so carefully, with so much love,
Yours so totally, my companion –
You must give away for it to be yours.

A longtime resident of the San Francisco Bay Area, concert and media composer **Shawne Anell Workman** creates with words, music and sound. She studied composition (MM, 2019) with Elinor Armer at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and media composing in the SFCM department of Technology and Applied Composition (professional diploma, 2020).

“Morning Star” narrates a struggle to find equanimity in the persistence of beauty that lies beyond the reach of Homo sapiens.

Morning Star — S. A. Workman, 2021

Some say happiness
is just like beauty —
a shadow of our thought.

The morning star
draws my gaze
with glowing amber.
It glimmers; I yearn
for shelter
for peace
for simple truth,
leaf and breeze,
quiet-flowing streams —
safe haven from the rising fire and flood.

Rising.

From the east, arcing west,
Venus fades in the stark daylight.
Breathe in the ashen morning,
respite from record heat.

Respite.

From orange skies, as all through the world
storms rage, rivers fail — and even still —
bad faith gluts itself on what was beautiful
and disregards the loss.

Now westward,
the evening star
returns as silver
suspended in rose,
then indigo that gives way to starlight.

Monica Chew (<https://monicachew.com>) is an Oakland pianist and composer. In 2017 she released her first solo album, *Tender and Strange*, featuring works by Bartók, Janáček, Messiaen, Takemitsu, and Scriabin. A “gifted player with an affinity for deeply sensitive expression” (Whole Note), she has been featured on radio stations worldwide. She started composing in 2017 and couldn’t be happier about it. Prior to 2015, she worked nearly a decade as a principal software engineer on security and privacy at Mozilla and Google. She lives in Oakland with her husband, an 1899 Steinway B, a clavichord, and a disused violin.

SWARM. This text refers to the butterfly effect, a phenomenon from chaos theory where small changes in initial conditions lead to drastic changes in outcome. The hanging chad refers to the incompletely punched Florida votes in the 2000 presidential election (which also used a butterfly ballot design causing aberrant votes in Palm Beach County). A social media post in 2015 about a black and gold dress, which some people saw as gold and white, went viral and is emblematic of the tech industry’s relentless push for higher user engagement regardless of community mental health. The golden escalator refers to Donald Trump’s 2016 presidential candidacy announcement. The line “swarm of still might bees” is borrowed from Saeed Jones’s *Against Progeny*. The reference to denseness and solidity is borrowed from Henry James’s advice on grief. Stimergy is a way to spontaneously coordinate group behavior in response to an environmental stimulus, such as a pheromone or a public health announcement. Though not predicated on rational thought or direct communication, it can explain complex swarm behavior. In the end, the narrator does not escape surreality brought on by the butterfly effect and stimergy; the text devolves into nonsense (“horse dewormer”) that reflects the current reality of people taking ivermectin, a horse dewormer, to treat COVID. This music is derivative of Bartok’s art songs.

Sometimes when a butterfly beats its wings
A cyclone is born
A breath becomes a breeze becomes a gust becomes a gale becomes a mistral

Who’s to say the impetus
That brought us to this moment?
A hanging chad
A gold white, black blue dress
A golden escalator?

A swarm of should have beens
still might bees

Oh, to be dense, to be solid in the swarm
To reject stimergy in this surreality

Sometimes when a butterfly beats its wings
A horse is dewormed

horse dewormer worm dehorser
horse wormer horse wormer
swarmer

Things I tell my cat. Last spring a feral cat moved into my backyard. I love her very much, obviously.

Hello, darling
Hello, sweetheart
You're looking mighty cute today
Would you like a treat?
Would you like something to eat?
A piece of liver or a salmon snack?
Would you like a scratch right behind your little ears?
Would you like to climb into my lap?

Oh, cat! You don't have to hunt that bird!
You don't have to climb that roof!
I love your wild ways

Oh, cat! You have expanded your territory
Into my heart

Alden Jenks's music has been performed in the San Francisco Bay Area and around the world. He attended Yale University and the University of California, Berkeley, and studied composition with Darius Milhaud, Ben Weber, Andrew Imbrie, and Karlheinz Stockhausen; he worked closely with Stockhausen, David Tudor and John Cage in several performance presentations. His work includes music for live performers as well as electronic music for recorded media alone and with live performers. His most recent work includes a poetry+music theatre piece, "Triplets" (text by AJ), an opera, "Afterworld" (libretto by AJ), three movements for cello solo, and "Josie Baby". He is privileged to be married to pianist/composer/artist Mikako Endo, and to have a son, mathematician/cellist Jesse. Examples of more of his music and writings are available at the website www.aldenjenks.com.

"Josie Baby" is my adaptation of part of a short story that fell into my hands out of one of those free book exchange boxes that are pretty common in my neighborhood. Something about the story tickled me; I tried to imagine a musical presentation. This is what I came up with --- part song, part straight story-telling. It would all have been pointless without the contributions of Monica and Jonathan. I hope you like it. --- Alden Jenks

Josie Baby

Josie Baby, the one I loved and I were walking around. It was late one evening. All the clouds had gathered up into big marshmallows and mushrooms and it was an evening as fine as you could ask for except that we had two flat tires on our car some miles back down the road and we didn't know where we were or who to ask. We were about ready to kill each other.

Spoken:

Josie Baby was LOVE, a sex-kitten goddess. Josie Baby didn't hurt for me like I did for her. I knew it, I could see that finally. So I decided to be real nasty.

Sung:

I said: "You just don't want to listen to nobody."
She said: "I've 'bout had it with your goddam mouth."

"Jam it", I said.

"Kiss my ass," she said.

"Show me," I said, hoping she would, but she didn't, and we walked off in different directions.

Spoken:

I'd thought about shooting her and then me second. Love goes wrong. It happens every day. You don't need to kill yourself for love if you can help it but sometimes it's hard not to. You could spend your whole life chasing after it and wind up with nothing, be an old bitter guy with long nose and ear hair and no teeth, hanging out in bars looking for somebody your age, but the chances of success went down then. After a while you got too many strikes against you.

[Piano interlude]

I had read somewhere you could drive on a flat for ten miles if you drove real slow. I knew that even with two flats I could probably drive it faster than Josie Baby could walk. I turned around slowly in the road, testing the feel of it. [It] felt a little bumpy. [I wondered:] Could I shift into second? I did. I knew I'd overtake her before long.

Sung:

I turned on the radio [and] tried to find a little music. I put my sunglasses on. I felt like I was making some real progress. I rode along, the tires went whop whop whop, and the rubber squirmed under the iron rims, and it made the car rock gently.

I slammed on the brakes right beside her. She stopped walking and looked at me. Spoken:

All I said was, "You want a ride?"

Sung:

She didn't say anything when she got in, she shut the door and knelt on the seat across from me. Her eyes were close to me, staring into mine, deep, blue, and beautiful. She came to me. She came to me and wrapped her arms around me tight. (She could bench two hundred.) She mashed her lips down over mine and crushed my mouth against hers and pushed me back against the door.

Recitative:

The door opened and I fell backwards and Josie Baby crawled down on top of me, kissing me, pushing my head down hard on the asphalt, panting, forgiving all, covering me completely with love,

Sung:

there beside a flat tire on the open road where anybody driving by wanting a testament to love could see it, naked, exposed for the whole world to view.

Davide Verotta was born in an Italian town close to Milano and moved to San Francisco as an eager twenty-six-year-old. A professor at UCSF in biomathematics and statistics (gasp) for thirty years, he has been actively involved in the SF new music scene for a good twenty, and eventually left math behind to concentrate exclusively on composing. He studied piano at the Milano conservatory ages ago, and then at the SF conservatory. Composition is more recent, with studies at SFSU, where he earned an MA, and UC Davis, where he gave up on finishing a Ph.D. in composition mostly due to ... commuting (can't go anywhere in the Bay Area these days). Davide teaches piano and composition privately and at the Community Music Center in SF. He has received numerous local commissions, international competition prizes, and composition grants. For more information, please visit his web site at www.davideverotta.com.

Two Lives' Stories: Woman/Dinosaur, is a cantata for soprano and pianoforte. It alternates between two story narratives. The first concerns a dinosaur and develops from a museum visit into a musing about impermanence, into an invective against the passing of time. The second is a partial portrait of a woman, mostly concerned with youth and love and art. The dinosaur poem is in Italian and is written by the composer. It was inspired by a poem by Wislawa Szymborska and a recurrent visit to the local Academy of Sciences that hosts the skeleton of a Tyrannosaurus Rex. The woman's portrait is sketched using a selection of poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

TWO LIVES' STORIES: WOMAN/DINOSAUR	
PROLOGUE	
Audience! You will hear today a tale of two earthlings. The first, Beatrice, is a woman. The second was roaming the planet millions of years ago. Her name is lost in the abyss of time. We'll sing of her in Italian.	
II DINOSAURO	WOMAN
Diletti Fratelli, ecco un esempio di natura grandiosa di fronte a noi si erge lo scheletro del dinosauro Cari Amici, a destra la coda va verso l'infinito a sinistra il capo fermo, feroce e spavaldo The dinosaur!	<i>Dear Brothers, here is an example of a grandiose nature in front of us stands a dinosaur skeletoned</i> <i>Dear friends, on the right, the tail goes towards infinity on the left the firm head, fierce and bold The Dinosaur!</i>
	Afternoon on a hill¹ I was be the gladdest thing Under the sun! I touched a hundred flowers And picked not one. I looked 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!
Egredi Compari, deambulava su due zampe forti, di qua, e di lá pochi rivali, tanti conoscenti, qualche amico	<i>Dear Friends, it walked on two strong legs, on this side, on that side few rivals, many acquaintances, some friends</i>
	Being Young and Green² Being Young and Green, I said in love's despite: Never in the world will I to living wight Give over, air my mind To anyone, Hang out its ancient secrets in the strong wind To be shredded and faded — Oh, me, invaded And sacked by the wind and the sun!

¹ From **Renascence**

² From **The Buck in the Snow**

<p>Gentili Cittadini, questa ebbe vita bella, graziata dagli dei amor, vino e buon cibo, e qualche buon lavoro</p>	<p><i>Dear Citizens, this had a beautiful life, graced by the gods love, wine and good food, and some good work</i></p>
	<p>Thursday³ And if I loved you Wednesday, Well, what is that to you? I do not love you Thursday— So much is true. And why you come complaining Is more than I can see. I loved you Wednesday,—yes—but what Is that to me?</p>
<p>Signore, signori, look at her, think about them, they were masters</p>	
<p>La terra gli appartenne e forse, chi sá, anche le stelle. Fanciulli, fanciulle, ma come, vi chiedete, un(a) tal campione, filosofa, artista, scienziata. Scienza, arte, pensier.</p>	<p><i>The earth belonged to her and perhaps, who knows, even the stars. Boys, girls, but how, you ask, such a champion, philosopher, artist, scientist Science, art, thought.</i></p>
	<p>The Concert⁴ 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. ...⁵ 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.</p>
<p>Bambini, bambine, come sia lei ridotta a pietra sgretolata a sostener l'umiliazione, Ah! Le scimmie in torno a guardare.</p> <p>Infanti! le carni ai venti, le ossa scartate con poco riguardo, sepolta sotto un monte di calcite, perduta nel tempo.</p> <p>(Fragment⁶) Veined fertile egg long gone.</p>	<p><i>Children, how she is reduced to crumbling stone to support the humiliation, Ah! The monkeys around to watch.</i></p> <p><i>Infants! meat to the winds, bones discarded with little regard, buried under a calcite mountain, lost in time.</i></p> <p>Veined fertile egg long gone.</p>

³ From **A Few Figs from Thistles.**

⁴ From **The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems.**

⁵ Stanzas omitted from the original poem.

⁶ Fragment from **Epitaph for the Race of Man, Sonnet II.**

Sonnet (Fragment)⁷

She had hazel eyes

Wit and pain

Lovely mouth

Auburn hair that bound the subtle brain

I was thin and fair and lovely

Everybody looked at me

⁷ Fragmentary quotation from **Sonnet in Answer to a Question**, added verses by Davide Verotta.