

David Felberg conductor | **Hannah Stephens** soprano
Megan Holland, Steve Ognacevic violin
Michael Shu, Joan Wang violin
Sigrid Karlstrom, Shanti Randall viola
James Holland, Dana Winograd cello
Jean-Luc Matton bass

Jesse Tatum flute/piccolo | **Melissa Peña** oboe/English horn
James T Shields clarinet/bass clarinet | **Alexander Onieal** bassoon
Nathan Ukens horn | **Julia Erdmann Hyams** horn
Mark Hyams trumpet | **Carson Keeble** trombone
Lynn Gorman Develder harp

Octandre (1923)

Edgard Varèse (1883–1965)

- I Assez lent
- II Très vif et nerveux
- III Grave - Animé ed jubilatoire

New York Counterpoint (1985)

Steve Reich (b1936)

- I Fast
- II Slow
- III Fast

Albuquerque Slam Team poets

Khalid Binsunni | **Matthew Brown** | **Damien Flores** | **Mercedez Holtry**

Representing ABQ at the 2015 National Poetry Slam in Oakland, CA in August.
Last year's team finished 5th in the country, and this year's team hopes to do even better!

Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

Knoxville: Summer of 1915 Opus 24 (1947)

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

Text by **James Agee**

Setting his music to excerpts from "Knoxville" — James Agee's preamble to his Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *A Death in the Family* — Barber paints an idyllic, nostalgic picture of Agee's native Knoxville, Tennessee.

Please see the back for complete text

CHATTER SUNDAY

No performance on July 5—one of two Sundays we rest!
Sunday, July 12 at 10:30am at The Kosmos
W A Mozart *Sinfonia Concertante*
Luciano Berio *Corale for Violin, Strings, and 2 Horns*
David Felberg solo violin | **Shanti Randall** solo viola
Plus a large ensemble
Hampton Sides author (*In the Kingdom of Ice*)

CHATTER CABARET

Sunday, July 19 at 5pm at Hotel Andaluz
Nico + Igor
Nico Muhly Two pieces | **Igor Stravinsky** Two pieces
David Felberg violin | **James T Shields** clarinet
Judith Gordon piano
Details/tickets now on sale at ChatterABQ.org

June 28 2015
10:30am and 3:00pm

#364/365

MUSIC WORTH TALKING ABOUT

CHATTER

*"Music takes us out of the actual
and whispers to us dim secrets
that startle our wonder as to
who we are, and for what,
whence, and whereto."*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

*Thank you Chatter, for the
beautiful sounds, whispered in
the dark.*

CHATTER SUNDAY

50 weeks every year at 10:30am
The Kosmos | 1715 5th Street NW | Abq
Subscribe to our eNEWS at ChatterABQ.org
Videos at YouTube.com/ChatterABQ
Tickets at ChatterABQ.org/boxoffice

These two *Pay What You Wish*
performances are made possible
through the support of the
Cultural Services Department
of the City of Albuquerque



Knoxville: Summer of 1915

(We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville, Tennessee in that time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child.)

. . . It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt; a loud auto; a quiet auto; people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber.

A streetcar raising its iron moan; stopping, belling and starting; stertorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine rises on rising speed; still risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell; rises again, still fainter, fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone: forgotten. Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose. Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes . . . Parents on porches: rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces. The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there. . . . They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine, . . . with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me. By some chance, here they are, all on this earth; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night. May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble; and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her: and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home: but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever; but will not ever tell me who I am.

– James Agee