

Jennifer Perez soprano
Heather Trost violin
Martin Ly guitar
Luke Gullickson piano

November 3, 2019

#583

chatter music worth talking about SUNDAY

The Book of the Dead (2019)

Luke Gullickson (b.1985)

For movement titles, see reverse.

Margaret Randall Spoken Word

Margaret Randall is a feminist poet, writer, photographer and social activist. Born in New York City in 1936, she has lived for extended periods in Albuquerque, New York, Seville, Mexico City, Havana, and Managua. Shorter stays in Peru and North Vietnam were also formative. In the turbulent 1960s she co-founded and co-edited *EL CORNO EMPLUMADO / THE PLUMED HORN*, a bilingual literary journal which for eight years published some of the most dynamic and meaningful writing of an era. From 1984 through 1994 she taught at a number of U.S. universities.

Margaret was privileged to live among New York's abstract expressionists in the 1950s and early '60s, share the rebellion of the Beats, participate in the Mexican student movement of 1968, live in Cuba during the second decade of that country's revolution (1969-1980), reside in Nicaragua during the first four years of the Sandinista project (1980-1984), and visit North Vietnam during the heroic last months of the U.S. American war in that country (1974). Her four children—Gregory, Sarah, Ximena and Ana—have given her ten grandchildren: Lia, Martin, Daniel, Richi, Sebastian, Juan, Luis Rodrigo, Mariana, Eli, and Tolo. And her first great grandchildren, Guille and Emma. She has lived with her life companion, the painter and teacher Barbara Byers, for thirty-one years, and they were finally able to marry in 2013.

Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

Death Speaks (2012)

David Lang (b.1957)

- I you will return
- II I hear you
- III mist is rising
- IV pain changes
- V I am walking

Today's concert honors the birthday and brief life of Van Allan Undegraff. A truly creative spirit, Van was born November 3, 1952, and passed over on January 8, 1968. Were he with us today, he would undoubtedly count himself a stalwart and enthusiastic regular at Chatter (once Church of Beethoven), as he loved all things Ludwig.

Laurel Undegraff Callan & Tim Callan

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Contact Barb Leviton
at 505-417-6242 or
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CHATTER SUNDAY

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chatter SUNDAY

Sun, Nov 10 at 10:30am at Las Puertas

Works by **Beethoven, Ludwig-Leone** and **Crusell**
Performed by **Shields, Lin, Hamm** and **Fitzpatrick**

Kevin Zepper Spoken Word

chatter (in)SITE

Sat, Nov 9 at 10:30am at SITE Santa Fe

Works by **Beethoven, Ludwig-Leone** and **Crusell**
Performed by **Shields, Lin, Hamm** and **Fitzpatrick**

Lauren Camp Spoken Word

Chatter is grateful for the support of the City of Albuquerque through the



The Book of the Dead movements

- I. Midway upon the journey of our life I found myself within a forest dark, for the straightforward pathway had been lost. Ah me! how hard a thing it is to say what was this forest savage, rough, and stern, which in the very thought renews the fear. So bitter is it, death is little more; but of the good to treat, which there I found, speak will I of the other things I saw there. –Dante/Longfellow (O Lord, what a beautiful city!)
- II. Hidden in a dark tree is a golden bough, golden in leaves and pliant stem, sacred to Persephone, the underworld's Juno, all the groves shroud it, and shadows enclose the secret valleys. But only one who's taken a gold-leaved fruit from the tree is allowed to enter earth's hidden places. –Virgil/Kline (There's three gates in the East)
- III. After the young man had fallen asleep he saw a path leading westward. It was the road to the Skeleton House. . .The path led through large cactus and through many agave plants so that sometimes it could hardly be distinguished. He finally arrived at the rim of a steep bluff. . .but as there was a great deal of smoke in the distance the young man could not see the house. But hereupon the chief placed the young man's kilt on the ground, placed the young man on it, then lifted it up, and holding it over the precipice he threw it forward, whereupon the young man was slowly descending on the kilt as if he were flying with wings. –Hopi/Voth (There's three gates in the West)
- IV. Set up your mast, let fly your white sails, and sit down. The North Wind's breath will blow the ship. When you have crossed the stream of Ocean, you will reach the shore, where willows let fall their dying fruit, and towering poplars grow in the forest of Persephone. –Homer/Emily Wilson (There's three gates in the North)
- V. Not far from here is Sparta, a famous city of Greece. Near to it, hidden in a trackless countryside, you must find Taenarus. There you'll see the breathing-hole of Dis, and through its gaping portals the forbidden road; once you have passed the threshold and entrusted yourself to it, you will fare by a direct track to the very palace of Orcus. But you must not go through that darkness empty-handed as you are; you must carry in your hands cakes of barley meal soaked in wine and honey, and in your mouth two coins. –Apuleius/Kenney (There's three gates in the South)
- VI. Interlude – Blue Stone Mountain (traditional)
- VII. The white ashy material fell now continually around us, and in vast quantities. The range of vapour to the southward had arisen prodigiously in the horizon, and began to assume more distinctness of form. I can liken it to nothing but a limitless cataract, rolling silently into the sea from some immense and far-distant rampart in the heaven. The gigantic curtain ranged along the whole extent of the southern horizon. It emitted no sound. –Poe (That makes twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah!)