

Boston Gay Men's Chorus

Robert Barney, Music Director

Chad Weirick, Accompanist

VISIONS: Words for the Future

New Music from Gay Choruses

- 1 Words for the Future Stuart Raleigh (10:10)
text: Walt Whitman

*movements 1, 2, 3 commissioned by New York City Gay Men's Chorus
movement 4 commissioned by San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus*

- 2 You Shall Above All Things Howard Rosner (4:04)
text: e.e. cummings

commissioned by Boston Gay Men's Chorus; composed in memory of Kevin Hain

- 3 Down An Amherst Path Daniel Pinkham (6:06)
text: Emily Dickinson

*commissioned by Boston Gay Men's Chorus; dedicated to the Gay and Lesbian Choral
Movement*

- 4 A Life of Joy With You Bill Cutter (10:25)
text: Walt Whitman

Emmanuel Feldman, cello

commissioned by David Lynn in memory of Everette Brewer for the Boston Gay Men's Chorus

- 5 Psalm 150 Howard Rosner (4:01)
commissioned by Boston Gay Men's Chorus
- 6 Psalm 23 Bobby McFerrin (3:10)
- 7 Psalm 100 Jeffrey Brody (5:05)
Capital Brass; John Grimes, timpani
commissioned by Robert L. 'Rab' Sherman and the Boston Gay Men's Chorus; dedicated to the memory of Ronald Dane Lacombe
- 8 A Winter Serenade Conrad Susa (10:23)
text: H.W. Longfellow
Fenwick Smith, flute
commissioned by Glenn Anderson for the Boston Gay Men's Chorus; dedicated to the memory of Fred Lange
- 9 Invocation and Dance David Conte (13:27)
text: Walt Whitman
Chad Weirick, Malcolm Halliday, piano; Matthew Doherty, harp;
John Grimes, Doug Lippincott, percussion
commissioned by San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus

Recorded and produced by Scott Kent.

BOSTON GAY MEN'S CHORUS

The Boston Gay Men's Chorus was founded in February, 1982, by a few determined men, and since that time the ensemble has matured into an innovative 90-voice, community-based chorus committed to musical excellence. Under the leadership of Music Director Robert Barney, the BGMC seeks to enhance the cultural richness of Boston and New England and provides a positive, affirming image of the gay and lesbian community.

The Boston Gay Men's Chorus performs regularly in Boston's finest concert venues including Jordan Hall and Symphony Hall. The BGMC was the first openly gay organization to sing at Boston's historic Symphony Hall and has performed throughout New England and from coast to coast, singing at Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco; Avery Fisher Hall, New York; Orchestra Hall, Minneapolis; Boettcher Symphony Hall, Denver; and in Washington DC and Seattle. Special appearances have included concerts for Dartmouth College's Hopkins Center for the Arts, the Boston Children's Museum 80th Birthday Celebration, the Grand Opening of the Prudential Center, Boston Lyric Opera, the Human Rights Campaign Fund Annual Dinner, and the American Guild of Organists National Convention. Performances by the BGMC have been heard numerous times on WCRB-FM.

The BGMC sings a diverse repertoire of music encompassing virtually all periods and styles. The Chorus is committed to the creation and advancement of new works and regularly commissions from nationally prominent composers such as Daniel Pinkham, Conrad Susa, and Libby Larsen and noted local composers including Jeffrey Brody, Bill Cutter, and Howard Rosner. As well, the BGMC has given local premieres of numerous new works. Selected members of the Chorus also perform in the Bay Statesmen, the BGMC's song and dance troupe under the direction of John O'Neil. The Chorus' "Fifth Section" is an integral part of the organization, providing non-singing members fellowship and volunteer opportunities.

The Chorus is a member of Chorus America and of the Gay and Lesbian Association of Choruses (GALA), an international organization of over 125 men's, women's, and mixed-voice choruses.

ROBERT BARNEY, Music Director

Music Director of the Boston Gay Men's Chorus since 1985, Robert Barney has directed numerous performances in Boston's Jordan and Symphony Halls, and across the country at Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall in New York, Orchestra Hall, Minneapolis, Boettcher Symphony Hall in Denver and San Francisco's Davies Symphony Hall. Robert also holds the position of Director of Music at Trinity Episcopal Church in Concord, Massachusetts, and teaches piano, organ, and voice. He earned degrees from Concordia College in Bronxville, New York, and the New England Conservatory of Music. He studied organ with Robert Owen, Frank Taylor, and Yuko Hayashi, and choral conducting with Ralph Schultz, Donald Teeters, and Joseph Flummerfelt. He recently completed an organ study tour of England sponsored by the Westfield Center for Early Keyboard Studies.

As a pipe organ recitalist, Robert has played demonstration recitals for the American Guild of Organists National Convention and for the Organ Historical Society in Maine, Connecticut and Maryland. He has been heard on the nationally broadcast radio program *Pipe Dreams* and was heard in a Boston AGO broadcast on WCRB-FM. Robert has been featured on recital series at Methuen Music Hall, Trinity Church at Copley Square, and Boston's historic Old West Church.

CHAD WEIRICK, Principal Accompanist & Assistant Music Director

Chad Weirick was born in Rockford, Illinois, and has been playing the piano and organ since the age of ten. In 1977, he performed for the U.S. State Department on the Harry S. Truman grand piano. A five-time winner of the Illinois State Fair organ competition, Chad was organist for Radio City Music Hall for two years and served as rehearsal pianist for the Rockettes. He is listed in *Ripley's Believe It or Not* as the youngest musician to work at Radio City. He has also performed as a keyboardist for the Broadway productions of *A Chorus Line*, *The Act*, and *Shenandoah*. He graduated with honors and distinction in performance from New England Conservatory of Music, with a degree in composition. In addition to his work with the BGMC, Chad tours the United States playing theatre organ concerts and accompanying silent films. He is also completing a film score for an independent motion picture.

FENWICK SMITH, flute

Flutist Fenwick Smith, a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since 1978, is well known for his musical versatility. He has performed on baroque flute with Boston's leading early music ensembles; at the other end of the spectrum, he was for 13 years a member of the contemporary music ensemble, Boston Musica Viva. An avid performer of chamber music, he is also a member of the Boston Chamber Music Society and the Melisande Trio. Two compact discs attest to his solo activities - one features works of Arthur Foote and Aaron Copland, with members of the Boston Chamber Music Society; the other presents the flute music of Charles Koechlin.

CAPITAL BRASS

Capital Brass, founded in 1986, is a recital-oriented group that focuses on contemporary literature, especially the works of New England composers. They have performed local and world premieres of works by John Harbison, John Huggler, Richard Cornell, Lawrence Seagal, Michael Carnes, Marti Epstein, Jean Hasse, John McDonald and Michael Weinstein. The Capital Brass has been heard throughout Boston, at New England Conservatory, Brandeis University, MIT, and Wheelock College. They have performed for Boston's First Night celebration and on the Crosscurrents series.

Visions: Words for the Future was made possible in part by the generous individual sponsorships of BGMC members and friends.

Words for the Future sponsored by Ronald A. Hersom

You Shall Above All Things sponsored by Richard Babson in loving tribute to Susan Charlotte Averill Babson, March 11, 1924 - August 13, 1994

Down An Amherst Path sponsored by Robert D. Blum and Steven Smith

A Life of Joy With You sponsored by Richard Babson

Psalms 23 sponsored by Dean P. Hodge in loving memory of Herbert S. Fairclough, Jr.

Psalms 100 sponsored by Denis M. Reidy, Dean Lamsa and Robert L. 'Rab' Sherman in memory of lovers and friends

A Winter Serenade jointly sponsored by Glenn Anderson in memory of Fred Lange and by the membership of the Boston Gay Men's Chorus

Invocation and Dance sponsored by Michael J. Cote

Special Thanks: Matthew Doherty, Joel Friedman Courtney Furno, David K. Hart, Ron Hersom, Maureen Murphy, Mark Newton, Steve Smith, Justine Sulkowska, A. Richard Thonander, Chad Weirick, Bill Williamson, Jon Wulp and the staff of Jordan Hall at New England Conservatory.

Executive Producer for BGMC: Ann L. Vivian; Cover Design: Christopher Ludwig
Booklet Editor: Steven Smith; Photo: Mick Hicks

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Boston Gay Men's Chorus

First Tenors

John Ambrose
Daniel-John Aylward
Jay Baer
Bryan Clark
Gerry Dagesse
Steve Duysen
David Fougere
Ralph Gioncardi
Charles E. Hodges, Jr.
Gerald B. James
Kenneth Kayser
Peter A. Kokoszka
Dave Lee
C.I. Micheil MacCutcheon
Stephen D. Murtagh
Ross Ozer
Mark W. Peters
John Poirier
Christopher Ricciotti
Robert L. 'Rab' Sherman
Richard Smith
Howard Stahl
Patrick West

Second Tenors

Harold Bingham
Scott Braithwaite
David M. Brillhart

William Brown
Kevin Campbell
Thomas J. Choinski
Randall F. Cobb
Andrew Compaine
Bob Ebersole
Paul E. Fallon
Courtney Furno
Karl Flueckiger
Ron Hersom
Thomas Kearns
Joseph Kuros
Christopher Ludwig
Sean Mallari
George Merrill
James L. Miller
Dominic Montuori
Robert Munafo
Mark R. Newton
David J. Pia
James F. Profirio
Lido Raposo
Tom Regan
Denis M. Reidy
Stan Sack
Robert Tetirich
Craig Towers
David Warren
Steve Waugh

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Jim Anderson
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Alex Baker
Calvin Beckett
Paul Brouillette
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Jonathan Fernald
James Fritz
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Mickey Kasper
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Phil Melemed
Thomas J. Monahan
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Paul Sherman
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Floyd Thomson
Wayne R. Vanier
Bill Williamson

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Bob Blum
John Brown
Raphael J. Burgos-Mirabel
Craig Capone
Danny Clennott
Michael J. Cote
Mark Daggett
Matthew Doherty
Wayne Drake
Brian C. Griffin
Gary Griffiths
Eric Johnson
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David D. Nielson
Gordon Pooler
Brian J. Shuman
Corey Smith
Steven Smith
Walter Swiatynski
Richard Triplett

The Fifth Section

Anthony Andrews
 David Barnas
 Graham S. Bond
 Humberto Hague-Brady
 Michael Brady
 Richard Clarke
 Larry Creedon
 Chuck David
 Bryan Demers
 David Denis
 Tim Downey
 Thomas Gagnon
 Neil Gray
 Greg Howard
 John Kahila
 Rob Keenaghan
 Bryan Kreisinger
 Buddy Lancaster
 Andrew Lavin
 Michael Maggard
 Gregg Marrer
 Maureen Murphy
 Paul O'Brien
 Alan Paonessa
 Peter Pitula
 John Michael Raftery
 Doug Raymond
 Cliff Richards

Glen Robbins
 Jeffery Sherman
 David Stuhr
 Glenn Williams
 Michael W. Tobey

Honorary Members

Glenn Anderson
 Joel Friedman
 Nardy Hennigan
 John Homko
 Chuck MacKenzie
 Howard Rosner

In Memoriam

Harry Baldwin
 Joseph Bevins
 Herb Bourne
 Everette Brewer
 Richard Brummet
 Richard Coe
 Eric Cossart-D'Espies
 Dan Gage
 Rick Goodwin
 Jim Gordon
 Roland Green
 Toby Hall
 Alan Hartwell
 Ronald D. Lacombe

Fred Lange
 Andrew LoBao
 Gerry Marquis
 David Messier
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 Joe Molloy
 Richard Moore
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Robert Barney, Music Director
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WORDS FOR THE FUTURE

Poets To Come

Poets to come! orators, singers, musicians to come!
Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for,
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental,
greater than before known
Arouse! for you must justify me.

I myself but write one or two indicative words for the
future,
I but advance a moment only to wheel and hurry back
in the darkness.

I am a man who, sauntering along without fully
stopping, turns a
casual look upon you and then averts his face,
Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you.

To You

Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire to speak to
me,
why should you not speak to me?
And why should I not speak to you?

One Hour to Madness and Joy

One hour to madness and joy! O confine me not!
O to drink the mystic deliria deeper than any other
man!
O savage and tender achings!

O to be yielded to you whoever you are, and you to be
yielded to me
in defiance of the world!

O to return to Paradise!

O to draw you to me, to plant on you for the first time
the lips of a determin'd man.

O the puzzle, the thrice-tied knot, the deep and dark
pool, all untied
and illumin'd!

O to speed where there is space enough and air enough
at last!

To be absolv'd from previous ties and conventions, I
from mine and you from yours! To have the gag
removed from one's mouth!

To have the feeling to-day or any day I am sufficient as
I am.

O something unprov'd! something in a trance!
To escape utterly from others' anchors and holds!
To drive free! to love free! to dash reckless and
dangerous!

To court destruction with taunts, with invitations!
To ascend, to leap to the heavens of the love indicated
to me!

To rise thither with my inebriate soul!
To be lost if it must be so!

To feed the remainder of life with one hour of fullness
and freedom!
With one brief hour of madness and joy.

When I Heard at the Close of the Day

When I heard at the close of the day how my name
had been receiv'd with plaudits in the capitol, still it
was not a happy night for me that follow'd,
And else when I carous'd, or when my plans were
accomplish'd, still I was not happy,
But the day when I rose at dawn from the bed of
perfect health, refresh'd, singing, inhaling the ripe
breath of autumn,
When I wander'd alone over the beach, and undressing
bathed, laughing with the cool waters, and saw the sun
rise,
And when I thought how my dear friend my lover was
on his way coming, O then I was happy
O then each breath tasted sweeter, and all that day my
food nourish'd me more, and the beautiful day pass'd
well,
and with the next at evening came my friend,
And that night while all was still I heard the waters
roll slowly continually up the shores,
I heard the hissing rustle of the liquid and sands as
directed to me whispering to congratulate me,
For the one I love most lay sleeping by me under the
same cover in the cool night,
In the stillness in the autumn moonbeams his face was
inclined toward me,
And his arm lay lightly around my breast—and that
night I was happy.

DOWN AN AMHERST PATH

I.
A slash of Blue -
A sweep of Gray -
Some scarlet patches on the way,
Compose an Evening Sky -
A little purple - slipped between -
Some Ruby Trousers hurried on -
A Wave of Gold -
A Bank of Day -
This just makes out the Morning Sky.

II.
The Birds begun at Four o'clock -
Their period for Dawn -
A Music numerous as space -
But neighboring as Noon -

I could not count their Force -
Their voices did expand
As Brook by Brook bestows itself
To multiply the Pond.

Their witnesses were not -
Except occasional man -
In homely industry arrayed -
To overtake the Morn -

Nor was it for applause -
That I could ascertain -

But independent Ecstasy -
Of Deity and Men -

By Six, the Flood had done -
No Tumult there had been
Of Dressing, or departure -
And yet the Band was gone -

The Sun engrossed the East -
The Day controlled the World -
The Miracle that introduced
Forgotten, as fulfilled.

III.
A Bird came down the Walk -
He did not know I saw -
He bit an Angeworm in halves
and ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass -
And then hopped sidewise to the
Wall to let a Beetle pass -

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all around -
They looked like frightened Beads,
I thought -

He stirred his Velvet Head
Like one in danger,

Cautious, I offered him a Crumb
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home -

Than oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam -
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon
Leap, splashless, as they swim.

IV.
Bee! I'm expecting you!
Was saying Yesterday
To Somebody you know
That you were due -

The Frogs got Home last Week -
Are settled, and at work -
Birds, mostly back -
The Clover warm and thick -

You'll get my letter by the
seventeenth;
Reply, or better, be with me -
Yours, Fly.

V.
A curious Cloud surprised the Sky,
'Twas like a sheet with Horns;
The sheet was Blue -
The Antlers Gray -
It almost touched the Lawns.

So Low it leaned - then statelier
drew -
And trailed like robes away,
A Queen adown a satin aisle
Had not the majesty.

VI.
It was a quiet way -
He asked if I was his -
I made no answer of the tongue
But answer of the Eyes -
And then He bore me on
before this mortal noise with
Swiftness,
as of Chariots And Distance,
as of Wheels.

This World did drop away
As acres from the feet
Of one that leaneth from Balloon
Upon an Ether street.
The Gulf behind was not,
The Continents were new -
Eternity it was before
Eternity was due.

No Seasons were to us -
It was not Night nor Morn -
But Sunrise stopped upon the place
And fastened it in Dawn.

A LIFE OF JOY WITH YOU

To A Stranger

Passing stranger! you do not know how longingly I look upon you,

You must be he I was seeking, or she I was seeking,
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you,
All is recall'd as we flit by each other, fluid, affectionate,
chaste, matured,

You grew up with me, were a boy with me or a girl with me,

I ate with you and slept with you, your body has become not yours

only nor left my body mine only,

You give me the pleasure of your eyes, face, flesh, as we pass, you take of my beard, breast, hands, in return,

I am not to speak to you, I am to think of you when I sit alone or wake at night alone,

I am to wait, I do not doubt I am to meet you again,

I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

Among the Multitude

Among the men and women the multitude,

I perceive one picking me out by secret and divine signs,

Acknowledging none else, not parent, wife, husband,
brother, child,

any nearer than I am,

Some are baffled, but that one is not—that one knows me.

Ah lover and perfect equal,

I meant that you should discover me so by faint indirections,

And I when I meet you mean to discover you by the like in you.

We Two Boys Together Clinging

We two boys together clinging,

One the other never leaving,

Up and down the roads going, North and South
excursions making,

Power enjoying, elbows stretching, fingers clutching,
Arm'd and fearless, eating, drinking, sleeping, loving,

No law less than ourselves owning, sailing, soldiering,
thieving, threatening,

Misers, menials, priests alarming, air breathing, water
drinking, on the turf or the sea-beach dancing,

Cities wrenching, ease scorning, statutes mocking,
feebleness chasing,

Fulfilling our foray.

I Dream'd in a Dream

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the
attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,

I dream'd that was the new city of Friends,

Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust
love, it led the rest,

It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of
that city,

And in all their looks and words.

PSALM 150

Praise the Lord, Praise God in his holiness
Praise him in his heavenly strength
Praise him in his heroic deeds
Praise him in his majesty

Praise him with a blast on the ram's horn
Praise him with the lyre and fiddle
Praise him with the drum and dance
Praise him with various instruments and the organ
Let everything that has breath praise the Lord.

A WINTER SERENADE

Snowflakes

Out of the Bosom of the air
Out of the cloudfolds of her garments shaken
Over the woodlands brown and bare
Over fields forsaken
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,

Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

Serenade

Stars of the winter night!
Far in your azure deeps,
Hide, hide you silver light!
He sleeps!
My lover sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the winter night!
Far down your western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light,
He sleeps!
My lover sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the winter night!
Where yon ivy creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
He sleeps!
My lover sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the winter night!
Tell him his lover keeps
Watch! While in slumber light

He sleeps!
My lover sleeps!
Sleeps!

L'Envoi
Ye voices, that arose
After the Evenings close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose!

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
that in the groves of balm,
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where death encamps!

Go mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
of the pine forest dark and hoar!

Go breath it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

INVOCATION AND DANCE

from *When Lilacs Last In the Dooryard Bloom'd*

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.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come
unflatteringly.

Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the
dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and
feasting for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky
are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.



Photograph by Mick Hicks

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Photograph from March 1994 concert,
Symphony Hall.

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