Philharmonia

A Memoir

Volume III

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May 20, 2024

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The Early Music Ensemble

By the time we reached Davis in 1973, I'd logged countless hours as an orchestral bassoon player and plenty of time on the podium as well, but it wasn't yet clear to me how performance and scholarship might co-exist in my new job. The orchestra already had a conductor, and about the only other instrumental group around was the California Aggie Marching Band, or CAMB—also called the Band-uh, after the way the football announcer said it. I'd resigned myself to playing bassoon where it would be useful and maybe finding a church choir to lead.

Then Dick Swift wrote to say that the musicologist Theodore Karp—the chairman who had just hired me—was leaving Davis for Northwestern. Would I be interested in taking on the Madrigal Singers until a specialist could be found? And by the way, he said, Ted had just received an Undergraduate Instructional Improvement Grant for the purchase of medieval and Renaissance instruments for his group. The first of three years' worth of funding was already in the ledgers. All that would be passed on to me if I wanted the job. I think the amount was $15,000 annually for three academic years.

I took Swift up on the offer and ended up birthing and then nurturing our little troupe for four full seasons (1973–74 through 1976–77), returning for a big summer project in 1979. Officially it represented about a third of my teaching load. In fact it never took less than half my time, and often nearly every waking hour.

So it was that I arrived in Davis at the head of a group that was yet to be defined, with the promise of a fat checkbook and little else. Ted's idea was to have the madrigal singers metamorphose into a *collegium*

musicum, as was happening at sister institutions across the country, but otherwise there wasn't much of a plan. I chose the name "UCD Early Music Ensemble." Madrigal Singers wouldn't work any longer, and besides, I wanted to put as much distance as possible between us and the Mads at Davis High. To me our new name seemed spot on. For one thing the UCD New Music Ensemble had name recognition about campus, even though it had disbanded in the faculty shakeup that had just preceded my arrival.

In the catalogue we were now described as "Madrigal Singers and Collegium Musicum (Music 45, 145)," though such a course had never before existed. A few days after getting to Davis, using an IBM Selectric typewriter with what we liked to call interchangeable balls, I fashioned the initial flyer for the group, calling for auditions in the third week of September prior to a public debut in mid November. I advertised for

3 sopranos
3 altos
2 contra-tenors / tenors
2 tenors
2 baritones
2 very low basses

. . . these last because I meant to do Josquin's *Absalom fili mi* on the first concert, which cadenced, as we understood it at the time, on a low-low B-flat.

The instrumentalists I said I needed were keyboard, lute, 4 woodwind players (recorders, shawms, krummhorns), 4 brass (cornetto, sackbuts) and 3 strings (rebec, fydel, viols da gamba). In the first quarter, I announced, singers and instrumentalist would jointly prepare works of Josquin des Prez, while the singers would also work on selected English madrigals for a secular concert I had in mind for early in the Winter Quarter. The flyer ended by assuring recruits that viols were on their way, and that "prior skill on early instruments is not required." I pasted the wood-cut portrait of Josquin at the bottom of the page.

Of the dozen or so who responded to that call, about half turned out to have prior experience in early music, including a couple of viol players who already owned instruments. One of the recorder players, Chris Lee, was additionally an accomplished falsettist. An Irish harpist—close

enough—showed up. A trio of chums from the orchestra—Cynthia Bates, denise joy slobodnik, and Lorraine Beer—came to take up the viols and they stayed, as did nearly all the singers. The founders, then, were:

Lisa Adams, portative organ
Cynthia Bates, fydel, treble viol
Lorraine Beer, bass viol
Deborah Casey, voice
Cindy Cutter, voice
Steven Gallagher, voice
Deborah Ghisla, voice
Christopher Hecht, sackbut, cornetto
Janet Jenkins, sackbut
Richard Johnson, voice, sackbut
Terrie Johnson, voice
Curtis Lasell, keyboard, winds, voice
Christopher Lee, voice, winds
Mary Lombardi, tenor viol
Mac Miller, voice
Alexander Ng, recorders, krummhorn
Gerry Prody, voice
Warren Roberts, voice
Leah Roust, harp
denise joy slobodnik, alto viol

We can see in the photograph below that by springtime 1974 the viols, sackbuts, and positive organ had arrived. I can no longer reconstruct the details of how and when we acquired the rest. A good deal of the ordering was done in September and October: I remember, for instance, choosing the four matched sackbuts, replicas of instruments fashioned in Nuremberg toward the beginning of the 17th century, from the firm of Meinl & Lauber in Germany. Shortly afterward we had two matched cornetti (Zincks) of plastic covered in leather, the krummhorns, and a shawm. I talked with Lyn Elder of Santa Rosa about the lute he soon delivered to us, and with a bagpipe maker in England, though that instrument failed to arrive in time for the medieval set I was planning. The chamber organ, by John Brombaugh in Eugene, Oregon, was a very long time coming, but has gone on to anchor early music performances all over Northern California, especially with Jeffrey Thomas's American Bach Soloists. I'm very fond of that instrument because of the carvings on the case, which Brombaugh and I chose together: vines heavy with

grapes.

The runup to the inaugural concert of November 20, 1973, was wild and crazy. The campus press service, anxious to spread the word about almost anything in the arts, interested the media in the old instruments, and I did the morning tv talk-show circuit, holding but carefully not playing some samples. "Tell us about crum-buts," said the first clueless guy. The local press, unaccustomed to words like "Flemish," had a hard time getting the details right, but they were on-message that there was something interesting and new in town. It took years to get my name right, with variants that went from "K. Kern Holoman" to "Holomann, who plays the basson," to simply "Kern."

Dick Brunelle at the high school had us out for an hour-long preview, covered in the papers with photos. I did a two-hour lecture-demonstration the day before called "Performing Josquin's Works," effectively introducing our new collection of old instruments to the campus community. We were as well prepared as any eight-week old could be.

The UCD Early Music Ensemble presented its first concert in 115 Music, the only venue offered us, on a Tuesday night, while the orchestra was rehearsing down the hall. Thanks to the media and word of mouth, we had a full house of about 130. I'd titled the program "Music by Josquin des Prez"—the one Renaissance composer whose work I knew like the back of my hand. We did favorites like the trio "La Bernadina," the cricket song "El Grillo," and for the first of dozens of times to come "Cueurs désolez" and the famous *Ave Maria.* The second-half centerpiece was the glorious *Missa L'Homme armé super voces musicales.* We got through it with aplomb, surviving even the second Agnus, a fiercely difficult three-part mensuration canon: difficult because two of the voices are effectively in 2/4 and the third in 3/4. The three voices start simultaneously, with the bass singing twice the speed of the middle and the top voice three times faster. We hadn't gotten it quite right in either demonstration, but did fine at the concert.

We were mostly flying blind. I felt almost as clueless about what I was doing as I did later, trying to invent the new dean's office for Humanities, Arts, and Cultural Studies. To my surprise, the EME was a big success on campus and off, and that right shortly. Among

our early admirers was Walter Woodfill, chairman of the large History department, an old-school, meerschaum-pipe-smoking sort, thought by his colleagues "a model of the gentlemanly and humane teacher-scholar." Walter had written *Musicians in English Society from Elizabeth to Charles I* (1954), which everybody studied in graduate school. To the Ensemble and me he wrote fan letters, but by that time he was little remembered by the music scholars on campus. I wrote his obituary for the American Musicological Society.

We rather quickly went looking for alternative venues to 115 Music and soon offered concerts in 194 Chemistry and Kleiber Hall, both of them big-science lecture halls seating in the hundreds, both dominated by the period table of the elements hanging overhead. I looked for old-sounding churches or indeed any spaces with good reverberation: at one point we sang in a stairwell in the UCD Medical Center in Sacramento. In Davis we investigated the Church of Saint Martin, Episcopal, which so far had only folding chairs, and where the choirmaster-organist was our organ teacher, Dona Lee Brandon. Less successful were we at gaining access to the more historic Davis Community Church. It's fair to say that the UCD Early Music Ensemble was soon admired near and far, but equally fair to say that we never had an appropriate home on campus.

the first Early Music Ensemble
Back row: Deborah Ghisla, Warren Roberts, Cynthia Bates,
Richard Johnson, Cindy Cutter, Steven Gallagher, Mac Miller,

denise joy slobodnik, Mary aaLombardi, Curt Lasell,
Leah Roust, Chris Hecht
Front row: DKH, Deborah Casey, Alex Ng, Chris Lee,
Terrie Johnson, Lorraine Beer
Spring 1974

I must not yield to the temptation of writing portraits of every one of the two dozen or so remarkable musicians who made the EME a campus treasure in very short order. But you can't not remember that remarkable group of founding women singers (Deborah Casey, Cindy Cutter, Deborah Ghisla, and Gerry Prody), nor the trio of "elders"—Gerry, Warren Roberts, and Art Schuller—who anchored the group. Gerry was a Biochemistry major who eventually earned her Ph.D. with us and thus was around a long time. Her voice, pure as silk, with or without vibrato, lent itself to all kinds of settings, one reason I soon asked her to sing the solo part in Mahler's Fourth with the orchestra (also *Les Nuits d'été,* because her French was good, too). Gerry was always up to something with us or with her lab: water skiing, Harvey Wallbangers, puppies ("Don't worry, it's just puppy chow," she said to me one night when one of them threw up on my bare leg). For a time she extracted toad semen for a living, and it was because of an accident at the lab that a rehearsal was delayed while we all went off to Putah Creek to net the horned toads that had escaped, thereby averting ecological disaster. It turned out not to have been a good idea to house horned toads in a plastic wading pool.

The tenor was Warren Roberts, who was already a campus legend when first we met. He'd graduated from UCD sometime in the distant past, done work with the Peace Corps in Peru, and as director of the Arboretum was known everywhere for his walking tours. Rambling with Warren would figure in top-10 lists. He would teach you the concepts of drought-resistant gardening in our sizzling summers. His lyric high tenor was perfect for our needs, and he willingly undertook all sorts of big solos: Monteverdi, the medieval *Play of Daniel*, the St. John Passion.

Warren lived directly across the street from our house at 203 Aurora, where he had a grand piano. So it was that the Late Summer Early Music Ensemble coalesced weekly at Warren's place. Our annual performance of the Brahms *Liebeslieder Waltzes* opened the Thursday Noon Concerts in September. (I played piano *secondo,* not well.) After his

years with the EME Warren would join the Alumni Chorus for the big oratorios. As the years rolled by, the Wednesday Walks With Warren became a campus brand, and he would bounce back from orthopedic surgeries to resume them. His favorite plants were tagged "Warren Roberts' Choice" at the Arboretum sales, and his retirement was recognized with the biggest single party, there in the Arboretum, that I ever witnessed on a campus that loved big events. You had to wait in a line for about an hour just to shake his hand.

Warren Roberts as Daniel in *The Play of Daniel*
with Deborah Casey
December 1975

The bass was Arthur Schuller, M.D., fresh from the *collegium musicum* at

the University of Chicago. Arthur was a resident psychiatrist at the UCD Sacramento Med Center, the kind of dulcet-voiced fellow who talked jumpers down from Tower Bridge. He knew Renaissance singing well and had participated in a number of important projects in Chicago. There was also a touch of the theatrical, the comedic, about him that made him a crowd favorite. One of the central sound memories I retain from those years is Gerry, Warren, and Art chirping away in the Janequin *Chant des oiseaux* while the audience roared.

I persuaded Art to take the title role in the orchestra's 1980 performance of *Elijah*. It was the biggest role he'd had and he was reluctant to undertake it, but I knew that his commanding stature and stentorian aura would see him through. Afterward he wrote a rapturous letter of thanks for the "thrill and honor": "You allow, encourage, support people in manifesting their finest qualities; … you make an incredible contribution to the lives of those who intersect with you. I am privileged to be one of them." My thought was: likewise.

Art had a long and colorful career, including tenure as a senior est trainer (for Erhard Seminars Training). Last I knew of him he was practicing in Salinas, minus the big beard. He never talked much about his profession within the EME, but I often noticed how he could quell inflamed passions with two or three words. At my most volatile I would stop and ask myself "what would Art do?" Once, on a beach near Disneyland, he didn't make the call for the departing bus so I went looking. After awhile I spotted him, a tiny speck way down the beach, meditating in lotus position. When I got to him, he seemed lost in another world.

Without a doubt the most cerebral of our number was the brilliant and gifted Curtis Lasell, a dual Mathematics and Music major. In fact his natural quietude was deceptive. Within he simmered with daring and adventure: determined to swim the strait of Benicia, for instance, or working out the value of pi, by hand, through some ridiculous number of decimal places. During a weekend at his family's mountain cabin near Santa Cruz, he convinced me that a before-breakfast dive into the swimming hole was family tradition. So there, in my jammies, or maybe less, I plunged headfirst into what were in fact heart-stopping icy waters. Curt was always getting you to dive headfirst into something.

Curt came to campus as an accomplished organist and soon mastered harpsichord. Reading figured bass came naturally to a person of his skill set. He sang beautifully. He devoured graduate level work in music notation and produced (with Mary Lust, a graduate student at the time) the edition of Pierre de La Rue's *Missa Puer natus* that we premiered and took on the road in 1977. Curt loved everybody and everybody loved him back—his cohort, the faculty, the public.

I was delighted when he went to Princeton to do thesis work on the Lüneburg organ tablatures and when, later, he spent a dissertation year in North Germany with those manuscripts. He visited us for some memorable days in La Villeneuve-en-Chevrie. Forward motion on the dissertation was slow, in part because he was named University Organist at the Princeton Chapel—something like a dream job for him. But he was diagnosed with AIDS not long afterward, and we lost touch except through his best UCD friend, Steve Benko. In fact the last time we saw Curt was with Steve and his wife, Radka, for New Year's Eve dinner, December 2004. He died about a year later. His very sad funeral in Martinez drew most of the old EME—the last time I recall seeing them all together.

One other core member I want to write about here was Bill Doggett, who showed up in the EME's second year and anchored the wind playing until moving on at the end of 1976–77. He was a confirmed intellectual and brilliant conversationalist by the time he joined us, his mind always darting to some new and interesting subject—Picasso's "blue period," at one gathering, which I thought mighty advanced for a guy of his tender age. He could do lots of different things, like repair the cranky portative organ and tune harpsichords. He had a good eye for graphic design and developed the orchestra's revamped look when I came to the podium. Bill's recorder playing was second to none, and we featured him as soloist in things like the famous Telemann A-Minor Suite. In his last year he was manager of the EME, undertaking the bulk of the travel arrangements and correspondence I myself couldn't handle. Simultaneously he was assistant conductor of the orchestra and had some good podium time that year.

His not-so-secret passion, however, was less for old music than for the musical theatre, a family interest shared with his sister, who was a

Drama major next door. I was sad to lose track of him. I have the impression that he worked for various California theatres before entering the Episcopal priesthood, where his career on the East coast also included theatre work. Every so often I'd hear about him third-hand, but we didn't cross paths again. For that I'm sorry: I fear his many accomplishments on behalf of the EME went under-recognized at the time, even though he was a pillar of our institution.

Whatever ideas I may have had for the rest of that first season were thoroughly derailed when a seemingly mad Hungarian named Robi Sarlós came over from Drama to promote his wild-and-crazy project of recreating a Stuart-era masque, Whitehall Banqueting Room and all. Robi dreamed big, and I was drawn into his lair, thus committing us all to a major stage production when the EME had only been in existence for a few weeks. I recount the full story of William Lawes's *The Triumph of Peace* (1634) below, in the chapter 33: Theatre, because it originated in the Drama Department. What's important to say here is that *The Triumph of Peace* earned us credibility and capital with our colleagues next door, goodwill I drew on when we came to do the *Play of Daniel* the season after that.

Mark Rose as Fancy
The Triumph of Peace
February 1974

We concluded the first season with the English madrigals I'd promised all along ("Sweet Honey-Sucking Bees," "Thule, the Period of Cosmography"), partly because I'd had a good graduate course with Lewis Lockwood on the Elizabethan madrigal. We worked up a potpourri of English favorites including *Sumer is icumen in,* the *Agincourt Carol,* and a *Cries of London* that became Warren Roberts's all-time favorite role: the town crier. Meanwhile we were doing more and more off-campus appearances, helping to inaugurate the Veterans Memorial Theater, for instance, and giving the first of many concerts at the E. B. Crocker Gallery in Sacramento. At its peak the EME was almost constantly on the road.

We tried over those early seasons to build a basic repertoire, ready to go at any time: the Josquin Ave Maria and *El Grillo,* the Agnus Dei from the Byrd Mass a4, Isaac's *Innsbruck Ich muss dich lassen,* some Henry VIII pieces, and from that first madrigal program the ever-popular and mildly naughty "Fair Phyliss I Saw Sitting All Alone" and "Sweet

Honey-Sucking Bees." Sometimes these were part of a set, sometimes encores, but the audience always approved.

Since I wanted us to have the Monteverdi Vespers of 1610 as the keystone of our second season (1974–75), I scheduled a fairly easy Christmas concert for that December. The featured work was Buxtehude's short cantata *Das neugeborne Kindelein,* a favorite of mine since my first survey course at Duke. On a hunch we scheduled two performances in 115, and both sold out. We also went through our Christmas-y encores, including "Es ist ein Rose entsprungen" (or as the student reviewer had it, "Es Ist Ein Rosientsprugen" by Prosentorius). One review of the second concert notes that I invited everyone to sing "O Come All Ye Faithful," which sounds like something the guest organist, Dona Brandon, put me up to.

I was and am of mixed minds about Christmas concerts at public universities. The Christmas repertoire for groups like ours was virtually inexhaustible, and every professional ensemble had a Christmas record. Our favorite was the Boston Camerata's *A Renaissance Christmas,* with its readings in middle-English, 1974. Later Paul Hillier and the Theatre of Voices would issue a lovely CD, *Carols from the Old and New Worlds,* 1994, and Jeffrey and the American Bach Soloists *What Sweeter Music? Carols for Christmas,* 2002.

Still, we found ourselves in a time where long-held customs, even in always-be-cool California, were beginning to be routinely challenged as discriminatory. Christmas trees and nativity scenes in the public schools were already taboo, and there were occasional objections to decorating the department office, which the employees loved to do, and to on-campus caroling, which the students much preferred to studying for finals. The University Chorus under Al McNeil gave a popular traditional Christmas concert where the group processed in by candlelight, the tuxedo-ed men escorting the women in their long gowns.

Both Paul Hillier and Jeffrey Thomas liked to include Christmas sets on their December concerts, and it was in that context that I frequently appeared with the orchestra and chorus to conduct Leroy Anderson's *Christmas Festival,* a Boston Pops-y medley that most everybody liked. Sometimes we'd invite the audience to sing the "Silent Night" passage. The first year we had a December commencement, and both the

graduates and the orchestra had to stick around before they could leave on holiday, I stuck the Leroy Anderson favorite in as the prelude music before the academic procession. We had a couple of outraged letters about church-and-state; I was summoned somewhere to explain myself, and after that we limited holiday references to *Sleigh Ride*—also Leroy Anderson—as the recessional.

In our third season, the Early Music Ensemble went hook, line, and sinker for the *Play of Daniel,* with its strong liturgical connections to Advent. Nobody complained. But however great the success of *Daniel* and of that original Christmas concert, I didn't feel like doing one again. The conundrum never really resolved: soon we were doing the St. John Passion on Good Friday and *Messiah* in December, which seemed perfectly in keeping with our mission. I think it was the "congregational singing" that grated.

Monteverdi Vespers

In a way the Monteverdi Vespers had reached pop status by the time we undertook the work for performance in March 1975. I had learned the music from the easily available Novello vocal score edited by Denis Stevens (1961), and his 1967 recording with the Ambrosian Singers and Accademia Monteverdiana. Stevens, then at Columbia, frequented the musicology seminar circuit, and I heard him speak a couple of times. A lively conversation had grown up around his approach, and alternative new editions and recordings were in the works—most notably, perhaps, John Eliot Gardiner's 1975 recording, the birth of the Monteverdi Choir.

Our principal model was Philip Brett's thrilling account with the Berkeley Repertory (i.e. Chamber) Chorus, old instruments, and among the soloists both Anna Carol Dudley and Judy Nelson, California stars of the early music movement. That took place in late January 1974 and was later revived for the Berkeley meeting of the International Musicology Society in 1977. Philip welcomed our interest in his work and met me in the performing parts library in Hertz Hall, my first visit there, to turn over all his materials and exchange ideas about the challenges and possible solutions we'd need to consider.

The 1610 publication includes a great deal more music than a single concert can accommodate, and I also wanted to start with some Gabrieli

poly-choral movements to feature our brass players. In the end we chose three of the Vespers psalms, two solo motets (*Nigra sum,* with lute; and *Pulchras es,* the florid duo for two sopranos), the hymn *Ave maris stella,* and the longer of the two Magnificats.

We knew we had the solo voices to make it happen, and I sought out a church, St. John's Lutheran in Sacramento, where the galleries were conducive to the antiphonal placement I had in mind. What I didn't reckon with was the spiral staircase to the choirloft and the necessity of getting a harpsichord up there—the very heavy steel-framed one we owned before beginning to acquire more authentic period instruments. Betty, who was concert manager at the time, remembers that schlep as the worst she encountered.

I don't recall the nature of the public reception. What I do remember, along with the other musicians, is the keen pleasure of discovering and mastering that difficult music, so full of coloratura, over the many weeks we rehearsed it. Monteverdi demands a level of virtuosity we'd not previously undertaken, and the Ensemble rose to the occasion. We also discovered Gary Tomlinson, imported from the Berkeley musicology program to play the cornetto solos, thus beginning a long friendship. In the aftermath the singers often begged to revive the Vespers, but the production itself was just too complicated, and we had to content ourselves with an excerpt here and there.

By this time the EME had at least touched on repertoires from the 1200s to 1750 or so. The second season had begun by commemorating the 700th anniversary of St. Thomas Aquinas (d. 1274). The Medieval Studies folk had organized the event, and it may have been me who invited Dick Smith to compose a new motet, *Adoro Devote,* for the occasion. Terrifying, it was, to bring something like that to life, overseen by the irascible composer, and trying hard not to engage with the words "atonal" and "serial" in front of my skeptical young people. In the spring we focused on the career of Pierre Attaignant, royal printer of music, partly because I was a fan of Dan Heartz's book of that title (1969, a lavish production of the UC Press). Partly it was a matter of slipping some Janequin chansons into our recurring repertoire.

The campus was graced that year with the arrival of Marlene Wong as Music Librarian. Marlene was an experience historical dancer, and

she trained (and costumed) dancers for our set of branles and pavanes. The program opened on a somber note: the Ockeghem Requiem, plus his motet on the death of his teacher, Binchois ("Mort tu as navré") and Josquin's *Déploration* of the death of his teacher, Ockeghem himself. I thought that first set the easily the most moving we'd done, but the audience found it long and (perhaps rightly) cold. But the theme of teachers and their students went on to anchor my textbook, *Masterworks.*

Our Sunday series at the Crocker Gallery continued to be popular and led to the first of several San Francisco appearances, this one at the Palace of the Legion of Honor, also a Sunday concert. Altogether we presented over two dozen concerts during just the second year of an organization where the only tangible reward was two units of Pass / Not Pass credit.

Play of Daniel I (1975-76)

I had wanted to do a medieval mystery play since seeing the New York Pro Musica's touring production of the *Play of Daniel* in the mid 1960s at Duke Chapel. This was possibly during a tour of 1965–66, since the Pro Musica's visionary founder and director, Noah Greenberg, died suddenly that January, at the age of 46, and I think I remember his being pointed out to me during their residency in Durham. The saga of how *Ludus danielis* became popular in the mid-twentieth century intrigued me. The primary manuscript with music notation comes from Beauvais Cathedral in the 1230s. The British musicologist William Smoldon had begun to fashion a first modern score in the 1940s. He and Noah Greenberg debated, by correspondence, how a live performance might go, eventually committing to the use of both singers and instrumentalists. Meanwhile the young Rembert Weakland, a monk and musicologist, went to work on the manuscript (Egerton ms. 2615) at the British Museum to fashion an authoritative scholarly text with commentary. Weakland had been trained in part at Solesmes Abbey in France, a center for Gregorian chant studies; in 1999, toward the end of his career as archbishop of Milwaukee, he earned a Ph.D. in musicology from

Columbia.[34] Finally W. H. Auden provided an English narrative to fit between the episodes of the Latin play. The Pro Musica's production opened formally at the Cloisters in 1958, followed by an influential Decca recording and a score published by Oxford University Press. I'd worn out the record by the time we reached California and was able to hum every note. The OUP publication was among the first volumes in my musicological library.

For our Early Music Ensemble the *Play of Daniel* seemed perfect. Our numbers were about right, and by then we owned a collection of medieval instruments and had access to a true rebec and straight trumpet. We were anxious to expand our expertise backward from the high Renaissance and early Baroque. *The Triumph of Peace* had been a healthy partnership with the Drama Department, who were anxious to continue to palship. There was microfilm of the manuscript source in Berkeley and plenty to think about as to how it might be transcribed. We calendered *Play of Daniel* for December 1975, reasoning that its look, sound, and feel would please holiday audiences.

Key to our success was the design work by Ed Pinson, a graduate student in theatre design and student of Gene Chesley, who'd designed and painted the masque. Ed grasped the concept at once, and his conceptions excited us all. Most of the costumes were simple white muslin dresses, over which were draped capes and robes and medieval jewelry in contrasting colors as the singers changed from character to character. The sets featured Gothic arches and could open and close, like altarpieces.

The director, and narrator of the Auden text, was Alan Stambusky, the senior director in the Department of Dramatic Art. He had the formidable size and voice for his role, and as director could be counted on to adapt his simple procession-based stagings to the many venues we eventually visited. Alan and I worked together a number of times later, less satisfactorily, but this project was pleasing for both of us.

Among the four boys were Dick Brunelle's son Stephan and Don Chakerian, son of the noted mathematics professor of the same

[34] Weakland and I exchanged greetings when he contributed to a fundraising campaign of the American Musicological Society. Not long afterward, his experience as a gay cleric and administrator became headline news.

name. Young Don's mother Delores Chakerian traveled with us on the bus tour to chaperone, a guardian angel if ever there was one. Don played trombone with the orchestra a little later, then went into a career driving historic steam engines. Much later I learned that one of the satraps in the Pro Musica's production had been John Charles Bogart, the budding opera singer I first encountered at Princeton.

The venue was Wyatt Pavilion, a refurbished livestock-judging barn across the creek from Music that had been repurposed as a Shakespearean-style theatre, with thrust stage, lofts, and wrap-around seating for maybe 150 people. The lighting suggested the play of sunbeam and stained glass.

We'd fashioned our own text for performance, relying mostly on the Egerton manuscript. I used *Orientis partibus,* the donkey song ("I said the donkey all shaggy and brown"), for the opening processional, ending with a strophe in three-part polyphony. At the conclusion, after Daniel's prophecy, a triptych opened to reveal the Madonna and child, with another passage in three-parts, breaking the monophonic spell. The company then processed out singing a Te Deum with peal of bells. It really was moving. Often, as I processed out with the players and singers, I felt transported far, far from Yolo County.

Play of Daniel
Tina Balsam, Mischa Askren, Lorraine Beer
December 1975

Truth to tell my own contributions had not been that original. In fact much of what I saw and heard in my mind's eye was directly descended from my memory of the Pro Music in Duke Chapel. I was resentful when Oxford Press, having noted the purchase of a large number of scores, sought to collect royalties. Medieval music belonged to everybody, I naively reasoned, and we'd refashioned things as we went. I hadn't thought as much as I should have about Auden's contribution. We talked OUP into a token payment for performance rights and squeaked by, budgetarily. (The ticket income was minimal, if any. Music didn't start charging for concerts until long after *Daniel,* and then it was $2.00 for adult and 50¢ for students.) But I wish we'd been upfront with Oxford Press from the beginning, and didn't knowingly repeat the mistake again.

Daniel ran for several performances before Christmas 1975, followed by an intercampus exchange tour to the UC campuses in

San Diego, Irvine, and Santa Cruz. We learned how to fit the entire production, including instruments, into four steamer trunks. The young people were full of energy and *esprit de corps,* happy to do crew tasks and makeup for themselves. We didn't know at the time that the company would be traveling abroad twice in the months to come, but by then we knew—mostly—how to be on the road. *Daniel* ended with a kind of gala performance for joint chapter meetings of the American Society for Medieval Studies and the American Musicological Society. Learned societies liked coming to Davis for the wine, and we—using the executive vice chancellor's bank account—didn't let them down.

Our featured work for spring 1976 was William Byrd's Mass in Four Parts, to which I had been drawn by virtue of its inclusion in Joe Kerman's textbook, *Listen.* Joe was speaking and writing about Byrd at this time, and his Berkeley colleague Philip Brett was almost simultaneously preparing a new Byrd edition. All of us loved that work, especially the devastatingly beautiful closing Agnus Dei, a movement we added to our standing repertoire and sang dozens of times over the next two years. *Masterworks,* my textbook, says:

> The last movement of Byrd's mass is one of the most exquisitely shaped movements in the Renaissance literature. Byrd is sensitive both to the gentle image of the Lamb of God and to the poignancy of the imploring "miserere" and "dona nobis pacem." … Here the suggestion is of humankind reverently but urgently pleading for peace.

Bill Glackin at the *Bee,* who was just discovering Byrd, admired what we did with the work:

> The performance, without accompaniment, was very fine—rhythmically secure, pure in tone, the dynamics carefully molded. It spoke extremely well for the talent, work and sense of style of the young singers and the authority of their conductor.

1976 was also the year of the American bicentennial, and concert-giving companies were under a lot of pressure to produce for the occasion. During our "late summer Early Music Ensemble" sessions that year we fashioned A Bicentennial Gala to present at a Thursday noon concert that October. There was barbershop ("In the Shade of the Old Apple

Tree") and sentiment ("Mighty Lak' a Rose") and camp (the sextet from *Lucia de Lammermoor* for solo violin, played by Bob Bloch). In the olio, the audience was invited to sing along. Most everybody thought Art Schuller's "Asleep in the Deep" the high point, but for me it was the special mystery guest—Stephanie Friedman—singing "Will You Love Me in December As You Do in May?" The style and appearance of the printed program were shamelessly stolen from the Comic Opera broadsides of that era: "Ladies will please remove their hats," it enjoined, and "Rowdy behaviour will not be tolerated."

A Gift of Madrigals (1976-77)

In 1972 the Newberry Library and University of Chicago Press published H. Colin Slim's *A Gift of Madrigals and Motets,* an edition of thirty motets and thirty madrigals that had been sent from Florence to the court of Henry VIII in about 1530. The *Gift of Madrigals* had won the 1973 Otto Kinkeldey Award of the American Musicological Society, essentially musicology's grand prize. Colin, whom I'd not yet met, was a professor at UC Irvine with a nice house at Laguna Beach, one of a nexus of prestige musicologists who'd studied at Harvard with John Ward. I'd been reading their work since first starting out in musicology. Colin Slim, Frank D'Accone at UCLA, and Daniel Heartz at Berkeley in many ways anchored what was then being called West Coast musicology.

Everything about the *Gift of Madrigals* was exciting, from the magnitude of the scholarship that went into the edition—finding elsewhere or rewriting the lines from the missing *altus* partbook, for instance—to the de luxe two-volume publication, to the cache of works by Philippe Verdelot, a French composer living in Florence at the time. I'd been meaning to get to know Colin Slim, but it was actually Art Schuller of our group who had the idea that the EME should present the *Gift of Madrigals* in concert. He'd sung the first performances in Chicago. So I invited Colin up for an lecture-demonstration where we'd provide the live musical examples. While he was around, we'd also premiere our own new edition of Pierre de La Rue's *Missa Puer natus.*

Colin was glad to oblige, and we scheduled his Davis visit for early December 1976. I chose three madrigals and three motets, plus for an opener the stirring *Nil maius superit vident,* with a *cantus firmus* saluting

"*Henricus dei gratia anglie rex*" ("Henry, by the grace of God, king of the English"). Here we used the whole company: voices, cornet, recorder, portative organ, sackbuts, and viols. *Nil maius* stayed in the repertoire for years.

We took the whole show to Irvine later in the season. Colin and I grew close over the years through our work with the AMS and because he was interested in Berlioz and knew I was keenly interested in the Stravinsky sources he collected. He didn't do e-mail but telephoned often, typically starting with our home number. He'd get Betty first, and they would chat the minutes away while I waited to find out what was on his mind. After he retired to Berkeley we saw each other more often, and I was delighted when our recent Ph.D. Beverly Wilcox went to help him ready his Stravinsky book for publication. (At the same time she worked for Daniel Heartz on his last two books.) It was difficult to bid him goodbye at the end. I planted a loving kiss on his forehead and wished we could go on and on.

Tour of France and England (1977)

By 1977 I thought we were ready to take to the road, and with the help of Jean Smith, proprietor of Good-Time Travel in downtown Davis, we planned a tour that would take us to Paris and London during what passed for Spring Break in the quarter system. The EME Tour of France and England took place March 12–27, 1977. Our friend from dissertation year, the Hugo specialist Arnaud Laster, helped set us up with the French concerts, as did Geneviève Acker from the Fulbright Commission. Someone wangled an invitation from Radio France to appear in the Festival du Son, a trade show at the Palais des Congrès. The more authentic venues were the Église St-Séverin, Gothic parish church of the Sorbonne; and the American Cathedral (Episcopal) and American Church in Paris (Protestant). In England, Hugh Macdonald arranged a booking for us in New College Chapel, Oxford, and David Cairns of the *Sunday Times* snared both a spot on the busy calendar of St. John's Smith Square, London, and a Sunday service and Vespers concert at Winchester Cathedral. This was our first encounter with Martin Neary, Master of the Music at Winchester, who becomes a central figure at several more points in this narrative.

We took along our typical repertoire, plumped by the William Byrd Four-Part Mass (primarily for England) and the La Rue *Missa Puer natus,* which had been transcribed by two members of a graduate notation class, calligraphed by Curt Lasell, and edited for performance by me (*musica ficta* decisions, largely, in which I was helped by Tony Newcomb at Berkeley). The recording session in Paris was at Radio France in the big silver ORTF building on the Seine. It was late-ish at night, and the engineers were relentless in trying to achieve a flawless take, shouting *coupé!* from the control booth and demanding better tuning seemingly every dozen measures. Half of us were coming down with colds.

No one knows what became of the result. Laster reported that the La Rue mass was broadcast at least once, and there was said to be an off-air cassette floating around. From time to time I would write to ORTF in search of it, but never got a useful response. While I know we were proud of our work, I suspect they thought it beneath their standards. Anyway, the preparation and performance of the La Rue mass represented my furthest advance as a Renaissance scholar-performer. After that it was nearly all 19th-century work.

For the students I had wanted above all an opportunity to discover for themselves the pleasures we had found during our two years of residence in Paris. Betty and I arranged and paid for a grand banquet at the Brasserie Flo, with their signature dishes right through to the *poire Williams* served after coffee in snifters over beds of ice. Later there would be a similar feast at Simpson's in the Strand in London, based on a meal we'd enjoyed there with Betty's parents—roast from the trolley and all that. The troupe organized outings on their own to Chartres cathedral and Notre Dame, and in both places—I didn't go—talked the attendants into letting them sing the Agnus from the Byrd mass.

Early Music Ensemble on tour
Cynthia Bates, Jon Pankin, Cindy Cutter, Steven Gallagher
Gerry Prody, Debbie Ghisla, DKH (front)
Kevin Argys, Steve Mackey, Tina Balsam
March 1977

We insisted that the young people try to learn and speak a little French, and Betty had given weekly French lessons in 105 Music for most of the preceding quarter. Thus with great confidence, our cornettist Jon Pankin ordered "*une omelette au jambon et champignons*" for his first lunch. To his obvious horror the waiter volleyed back a mouthful of French (namely, they didn't do mushrooms), and Jon was left speechless. Today there's an app.

It was cold and grey for most of the trip and not especially surprising that sore throats and colds slammed the group starting on about day 4, and one by one the singers got benched. By the time we reached Oxford everybody was coming down with or recovering from a sore throat. We sprayed pints of unfamiliar potions down our windpipes and carried on the best we could.

The tour was expertly managed by Kevin Argys, soon to be a co-owner with Betty and me of the beach house in Mendocino County. At the time he was a student in Dramatic Art department, looking for a senior project in production and management. Kevin was a lifesaver on several occasions—for instance, scouting out a sorely needed laundromat near our London hotel. The motel in Oxford turned out to be considerably too far from town to walk in the winter climate, and Kevin somehow found and arranged a short charter with the White Coaches of Camberley. Also we had vegetarians along, and while we'd declared two of them in advance, several more were converted along the way, and Kevin spent a good deal of time negotiating changes in the planned meals with publicans and hotel managers. From that senior project Kevin went on to positions with the campus presenting program (CAL: the Committee for Arts and Lectures), the Campus Box Office, and executive management positions on the Berkeley campus, so it was a good investment all around.

The New College, Oxford concert presented our weightiest repertoire: *Nil maius,* the Sanctus and Agnus from the Byrd Mass a4, and the full La Rue Mass. The young organist-choirmaster was Edward Higginbottom, who had research interests in France as well. We'd been introduced to each other by Hugh Macdonald a couple of years before. I was nervous about how our work might go over with the New College singers, who were not only in the audience but also hosts of the rollicking after-party. One of the lads said "really very good … for Americans," an assessment with which I happened to agree. Edward noted that, well, yes, but they sang the Byrd up a third at New College, the better to feature the tone quality of their sopranos. Betty and I ran into Edward on a number of occasions during the years we were often in Oxford. He headed the New College chapel for four decades, accruing, for a quiet man, a spectacular list of honors and recognitions.

We ended at Winchester Cathedral, Martin Neary's domain, to sing Evensong and a concert afterward. Neary and his choristers were singing elsewhere that day, but earlier Martin and Penny had us to tea at their lodgings in the Cathedral Close, an event I reckon as the beginning of our long palship. For the Evensong service we were under the care and tutelage of a stern precentor who would nod the standing and

sitting cues at me from the other side of the chancel. The concert was the coldest any of us ever experienced, at least indoors. The chill came up from those old marble floors through the soles of your shoes, and there was nothing you could do about it.

The Tour of France and England had demanded an astonishing amount of organizational work, and all that year I felt afraid and alone in a sea of unknowables. That feeling often recurred: the bigger the project (Australia, the concert hall, *Gerontius*—all still to come) the more I fought it, always wondering if this was the time we'd actually bitten off more than we could chew. But looking at the few preserved photographs from this journey—the group posed in the cold by the river, for example—I'm taken with the warmth and goodness we seem to be exuding. That aggregation—by then I knew most of their stories well—was special: courageous, daring, unwaveringly committed to their art. They thrived on each other's company. I found them compassionate and kind.

By our third and fourth seasons (1975–76 and 1976–77) the Early Music Ensemble was on one stage or another almost every week. In the third season alone we did the European tour, Thursday noon concerts, a road trip to Chico, and appearances for Picnic Day, a Renaissance Society chapter meeting, the Book Faire, Phi Beta Kappa, and a joint conference with UCD Arts and the Davis Joint Unified School District, declining all sorts of invitations we just couldn't manage.

The marquee piece for the fourth season was Bach's St. John Passion, which I'd wanted to do from the beginning. It would be my farewell to the group: I'd been named fourth conductor of the UCD Symphony and just couldn't consider doing two groups at once again, as I'd done for all of 1975–76 while Duyong Chung was on leave. Warren Roberts was keen to sing the Evangelist part; the other core singers could easily cover the solos. Curt Lasell and Lorraine Beer carefully worked out the continuo together. Steve Mackey played lute, while the gamba solo was done by Diana Dallman, who went on to have an early music group of her own in Fairfield. Betty was one of the flutists. In total we used 24 singers and 17 players for two concerts at the Lutheran Church of the Incarnation, a new venue for us. The program honored Arthur Mendel, whose loving edition for the Neue Bach Ausgabe had appeared in 1973. I'd done a little work on it as his student assistant.

For me the St. John Passion is the *ne plus ultra* of dramatic music, from the very first bars—churning, restless, anxious. The crowing of the cock and rending of the Temple veil, sublime details both, seem the work of an imagination without parallel in North German music of that era. The last chorus, "Ruht wohl," a lullaby for the dead Christ, suspends the listener in time, refusing to loosen its grip. Betty and I chose the closing chorale, "Ach, Herr, laß dein lieb Engelein," to conclude funerals of our loved ones.

Not long ago Steve Mackey wrote, out of the blue:

> And again you come to mind: Listening to St. John's Passion this morning with the kids and recalling playing the lute part under your direction. The lute in question was purchased in England on the EME tour. It was a thrill and, in fact, one of the experiences that nudged me to be a composer. I wanted to make s[tuff] like that.
>
> Lots of influence for a short time. I must have been ready for you ... and you me.

Just ten days later we were in the spotlight for something altogether different. Jerry Rosen had the notion that the EME singers would prepare Roger Sessions's Mass for Unison Choir and Orchestra to celebrate the composer's 80th birthday. Jerry fashioned "a week-long series of free concerts honoring one of America's foremost composers." It was a tall order in view of all the other work we had going on, but we managed to have the Mass ready in time for the concert of May 18, 1977. For me it was a personal stretch because I also played bassoon in *L'Histoire du soldat,* conducted by Duyong Chung.

For Debbie Mayhew, our organist, it was a high point, not only because a serious concert organ (a Rodgers 135) was hired for the occasion, but also because she was a prominent Davisite with dozens of followers among her friends and family. She did very well; the rest of us squeaked by with dignity. At the after-party I asked Mrs. Sessions how her husband had liked our work, and she replied "oh, Roger always turns off his hearing aid during concerts."

About Jonathan Elkus's assessment of my playing that night—"the vestiges of a *fine* bassoon player"—you've already read.

Sessions was a hoot the whole week he was in Davis. He showed up just in the nick of time for his afternoon public lecture, confessing that he'd had "rather a lot to drink" at lunch, then taking a rapt audience

through the entire history of music in an hour, playing his musical examples at the piano as he went. One night we had the Rosens and Sessionses over for cocktails, and Roger asked for a Manhattan, which I didn't know what was. I ran to the bedroom and called my dad, who said "well, it's like an Old Fashioned, but with whiskey, sweet vermouth, and a cherry." We didn't have any cherries—or anything much by way of cocktail supplies—but Sessions seemed to think what I brought out was OK.

For the closing concert of the Sessions Festival a few days later, the noted contemporary pianist Robert Miller appeared in the Main Theatre to great acclaim, and the festival ended with birthday cake for all. Sessions made the first cut, while everybody sang.

Eight days after that we boarded a bus for an overnight ride to Irvine to do the *Gift of Madrigals* again, on Colin's home campus. In backing the application to fund the journey, Colin had written: "It would be a mistake not to take advantage of any opportunity to tour this group. There is no early music ensemble of comparable quality on any campus of the University." Alison Cramer at the Committee for Art and Lectures, wrote that "UCD's reputation in music has another star in its crown."

Our departure was delayed that night by—wait for it—the Intramural Water Polo finals in the Hickey Gym pool. Our EME team had advanced there largely by default. Elkus, dressed in a whaler's slicker, showed up with the Pep Band to play "Victory at Sea" and "Jaws." The referees were not amused, and we lost roundly.

Then we gave concerts on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of June—this last singing the "Apothéose" from Berlioz's *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* in Elkus's edition for band. And with that I was almost done.

I did not know at the time that 1976–77 was to be my last season as director of the Early Music Ensemble. What we did know was that I was going to be on leave for all of 1977–78 in Paris, to complete my "tenure project." To cover the EME for the year, we engaged Bruce Lamott, a young musicologist-harpsichordist just finishing his degree at Stanford, soon to be chorusmaster with the Carmel Bach Festival and Philharmonia Baroque. (The other candidate was Gary Tomlinson from

Berkeley, who'd played cornetto so well in our Monteverdi Vespers. It was a tossup.) Bruce was wildly popular from the moment he arrived in Davis until the day, declining our every entreaty, he left to seek his fortune so successfully in San Francisco.

Play of Daniel II (1979)

That our Winchester Cathedral appearance in 1977 had left us in good standing became apparent not so long afterward, when Martin Neary approached us through David Cairns about the possibility of bringing the *Play of Daniel* to Winchester for the 900th anniversary of the cathedral. Shortly after the Norman Conquest of France in 1066, William the Conqueror installed a bishop in Winchester who began the new Norman cathedral in 1079. Neary was in charge of the commemorative music festival, as he would be, later, in charge of the music for Princess Diana's funeral. He was anxious to have at least one evening of music roughly contemporary with the cathedral itself. *Daniel* fit the bill, but to this day I'm not certain how he knew about it. They couldn't manage a fee, but food and lodging for the whole company would be provided.

Everything about this idea seemed inviting. We were being invited into history on several levels. Alan Stambusky was available and willing, and the Drama Department were favorable to the notion. I began, gently I hope, to bring Bruce Lamott around to the notion of lending me what was now his group. We settled on July 4 and 8, 1979, for performances of the *Play of Daniel* in Winchester and began to build a tour around those dates. We were on the road from June 29 to July 13, 1979. The final party consisted of 32: 22 singers and instrumentalists, a producer, Stambusky and his family, and Betty and my brother David.

Only a few of the principals from the original production (Gerry Prody, Warren Roberts, Steven Gallagher, Cynthia Bates) were still around, so most of the group needed to learn the piece from scratch. The fundraising had unexpectedly depressing results. We squeaked through on the proceeds of benefit concerts at local Catholic churches, where the monsignor quietly passed along the take, and a last-minute bailout from the executive vice chancellor, who wasn't happy about it. But a few years later I was back asking for ten times that amount for another cheeky project. *Tout est bien qui finit bien.*

We knew *Daniel* in Winchester would be a success. In the *Sacramento Union* the often ornery Richard Simon had written:

> The first reaction to hearing that UCD was sending its production of "Daniel" to England was surprise, since England must have colleges and universities equally capable of reviving its traditional music. The move seemed like a musical equivalent of carrying coals to Newcastle. After seeing this production, however, it becomes apparent that this "Daniel" does credit both to the university that produced it and the communities in England that will see it.

Later, David Cairns was quoted as saying the performances were "deeply moving and utterly breathtaking." "Liturgy and theatre were here elegantly combined," said the *Yorkshire Free Press*.

Play of Daniel
Winchester Cathedral
July 8, 1979

Our time in Winchester was magic, the welcome unsurpassed in our experience. The four quiristers—boy sopranos—we borrowed from Martin's choir liked hanging out with the Americans, and vice versa. We were lodged at The Wykeham Arms (1755), where Lord Nelson is said to have stayed with Lady Hamilton. (I had the Nelson Room.) On July 4 the

publicans and our hosts from the cathedral threw a big Independence Day Party with fried chicken and cherry pie. I was given a Winchester Boy Choir beanie by one of the lads. David Cairns was there with his son Dan, a cathedral choir soloist and later the pop music critic of the *Sunday Times*. Also with David was the composer Jonathan Harvey, just then becoming famous, in part for his long association with Martin and Winchester Cathedral.

We restaged the show with every new venue. We helped inaugurate the lecture hall for The Oxford Centre for Medieval and Renaissance Studies, which hosted a study abroad program for UC. We finished in York, where the 12th-century All Saints Church North Street was possibly the most authentic-seeming venue after Winchester. The night before may have been the most fun. Bretton Hall, in West Yorkshire, was then affiliated with the arts programs of the University of Leeds. It is a large 18th-century manor house, eerily familiar as the location of several outdoor scenes in Ken Russell's 1969 film *Women in Love* (but not, despite what the locals will tell you, the nude wrestling scene). We claimed a spot outside the manor house, on a lawn in front of a columned portico interrupted by a big Roman-style arch. In less than two hours Alan blocked out a lovely staging that used the arch for the processionals in and out, a bishop's throne illicitly borrowed from the local church, and the kind of cubes you can always find around a theatre school. We rearranged the park benches to serve as theatre seats. The *coup de théâtre* was the last scene, where Mary and her baby on one side, and their guardian angel on the other, appeared atop the portico. The angel later told the press she was afraid of heights.

Meanwhile the annual Handel in Oxford festival was playing July 4–9, and we were able to work it in between the Winchester performances. The singers joined Professor Sir Denis Arnold in Handel's *Dixit Dominus* at the University Church, then we all participated in Hugh Macdonald's *al fresco* concert on the St. John's College lawn, featuring *L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato*. We learned the music during separate rehearsals while we were lodged at St. John's.

The photographs show everyone having a fine time at both the dress rehearsal and the concert. Among them we find Sir Denis stretched out on the lawn in a bright blue leisure suit, more or less holding court.

Afterwards there was serious partying Macdonald's house that went into the wee hours, never mind that we had a performance the very next afternoon back in Winchester. The Brits mingled happily with the Californians, and all seemed right with the world. Meeting the company that morning at St. John's I was accosted in the Porter's Lodge by the head man, the kind you see on telly. It seems that the number of Americans signed in exceeded the manifesto. "St. John's, Professor, is not some sort of *doss*-house," he intoned. I had to go look it up.

Outbound at the San Francisco airport I distributed my gift to the company, bright yellow t-shirts with our logo on the front and on the back the inscription:

Mane Thechel Phares
Can you read the handwriting on the wall?

We returned with the official Winchester Cathedral 900 tees, and I nursed a giant festival poster back home. It lists us alongside performances of Britten's War Requiem and the Berlioz Te Deum with the LSO and Martin Neary at the organ. The poster hung proudly in my office for more than 30 years.

We flew with TWA, San Francisco to Heathrow and back, on recently upgraded Lockheed L-1001 aircraft, the kind that had five seats between the two aisles. Our troupe made a sort of campsite out of their four or five rows. Neither TWA nor that aircraft would last much longer, but at the time it seemed ultra high class. Just as we were touching down in San Francisco our flight was waved off and veered sharply to the left, by mountains that seemed much too close. What a crazy way to end, we thought.

Daniel in 1979 was the last big excursion of the Early Music Ensemble. It was a better way for me to say goodbye to the company than had been the case a couple of years before. David Nutter came to replace Bruce Lamott that fall and continued at the helm for well over three decades, transforming the group into something a little more like a true *collegium musicum* that what we'd become. By the time David retired, the faculty seemed unable to find a way to continue his work, and the EME—old music in general—died, whimpering.

The musicians and I hardly lost touch. The Late Summer Early Early

Music Ensemble continued on much as before. In the summer of 1980 we sang and played 19th-century parlor music, mostly Berlioz *mélodies* with piano. For the end-of-summer event there was a hand-lettered program from Curt:

Les Soldes de l'Ensemble de Musique Ancienne,
ses Naufragés, et ses Amis
Après le diner en ville et le P. Sellers ha-ha
Concert et Soireé Musicale
Jour de St. Augustine
Chez Roberts
Jeudi 28 août 1980
Neuf heures et demie précises

—which was to say something like "What's left of the Old EME, Hangers-On, and Friends." I don't remember the meal downtown or the Peter Sellers movie. The music we learned that summer anchored one last Noon Concert, in January 1981, with Berlioz songs (*La Captive, Le Jeune Pâtre breton,* and *Zaïde*) and, again, the *Liebeslieder Waltzes*. In 2003 the orchestral versions of those songs were a centerpiece of the UCDSO tour to France on the occasion of the Berlioz bicentennial, a repertoire we'd first learned in Warren Roberts's living room.

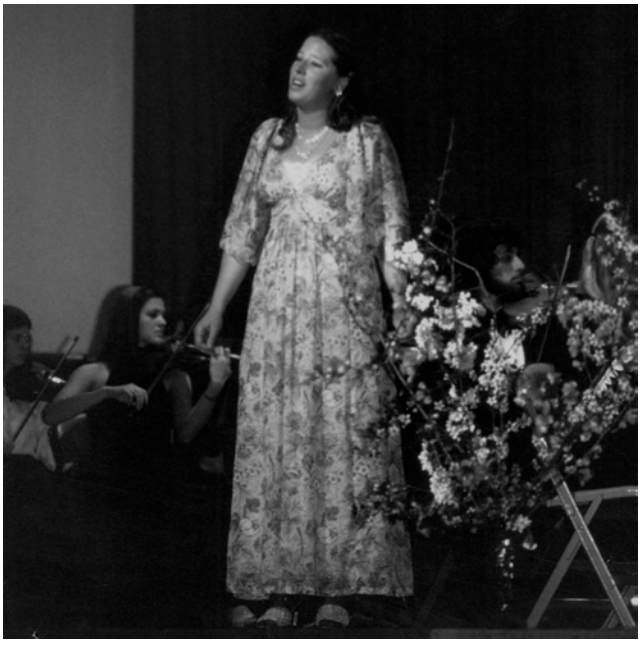
Truth to tell I was better suited and better educated for more traditional genres of choral and orchestral music. Joaquin I knew and loved from graduate school and the New York Josquin Festival. For the rest, like many another young professor, I was mostly winging it with early music, seeking especially to connect the research mission of the campus with the increasingly rigorous performances we were undertaking. On campus I scoured the library stacks for the next idea. At home we devoured recordings of the New York Pro Musica and David Munrow and, as they came along, the Hilliard Ensemble, a group that soon came to have an important role in our lives. At the office I xeroxed reams of music to try out Monday and Wednesday nights, never thinking about copyright.

But we'd soon struck a chord. H. D. Stein, in the *Enterprise,* concluded a review in our second season with:

> The Early Music Ensemble shows enormous growth in the past year In its balance, polish and mellowness of sound. The combination of antique instruments and young performers, with a very able leader, promises the pleasures of more ear-opening musical adventure to come.

My career in music performance was rich and varied, and there were many, many high points still to come. But it may well be that no other musical experience of my life was quite so *exciting* as the first years of the EME: working so hard together, realizing little by little that we were good at it and that our public liked what we did. In some ways it was never better than this.

We spent so much time together, the sixteen or so of us, all roughly the same age, that what began as a joke—"the Early Music Ensemble is a way of life"—was 100% true by the end. The music has never left my ear or my heart. Neither have the people.



Gerry Prody
Mahler: Symphony No. 4
March 4, 1979