



CLERESTORY

Americana

Friday, October 19, 8pm

St. Mark's Episcopal Church
2300 Bancroft Way
Berkeley, CA 94704
510.848.5107

Sunday, October 21, 7pm

St. Mark's Lutheran Church
1111 O'Farrell Street
San Francisco, CA 94109
415.928.7770

Clerestory is pleased to be a community partner of San Francisco Opera's premiere of Philip Glass' *Appomattox*

A message from Clerestory . . .

We are thrilled to welcome you to the first concerts of our second season. It is hard for us to believe that our debut performances were less than one year ago. Since then, our audience has grown, critics have raved, and most important to us, we continue to love singing great music together.

Between our last concerts and now, we have taken several big steps of which we hope you'll take notice. Last month we debuted our new website, which continues to be the gateway to our performances. Familiar features like archived recordings and listings of future appearances remain -- now with a sophisticated new look and other exciting features in store. Visit soon and often, and please don't hesitate to add names to our private e-mail list.

Clerestory is now officially incorporated in the state of California, and we have established our first Board of Trustees. This amazing group of music-loving volunteers has already provided leadership and support beyond our expectations. It is reassuring to know that there are people who love what we do and are willing to give of themselves to make it possible.

Clerestory can now receive tax-deductible donations. This is a huge step for us because, as many of you know, ticket sales only go part-way to covering the costs of a classical music ensemble. There are many worthy causes out there, and we hope you will consider Clerestory among them.

Tonight's program, *Americana*, was inspired by the San Francisco Opera's world premiere earlier this month of the new Philip Glass opera *Appomattox*. Set largely in the Civil War era, the opera tells the stories of Grant, Lee, and Lincoln and the battles that pitted brother against brother and resulted in the deaths of over 600,000 Americans. The greater San Francisco arts community has drawn together around the premiere of this important new American work, and Clerestory is honored to be a publicity partner of the Opera. We welcome those opera subscribers who are hearing Clerestory for the first time this evening. Musical groups can often seem to be in competition with one another, so it is a joy to participate in a series of performances that draws all music lovers together under a common theme.

Our *Americana* program is a departure for us in the sense that, necessarily, it does not include early music from the Renaissance period. Instead, it has been hugely rewarding to explore styles of early American music not often heard, as well as to take on the challenges of 20th century choral literature. One often forgets that choral music has been a part of American life since our nation's earliest days, and unlike many of Europe's most famous composers, the best-known American composers like Ives, Copland, Barber and Bernstein wrote for voices as often as for instruments. We truly hope you enjoy tonight's program.

Clerestory's first-ever Christmas concerts come quickly on the heels of *Americana*. Before the holiday season becomes too busy, we invite you to join us on November 30 and December 1 for carols and motets for the Advent and Christmas seasons. As we all know, when the nights grow longer, candles glow, and the new year approaches, choral music holds a special place in our hearts as at no other time of year. We look forward to sharing these very special performances with you.

The Men of Clerestory

Americana

I Early American Hymns

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah
Greenwich
Turner (*Northern Harmony*)
David's Lamentation
Northfield (*Christian Harmony*)
Glory In the Highest Glory (1848)

Traditional Appalachian
Daniel Read
Abraham Maxim
William Billings
Jeremiah Ingalls
Edward L. White

II Civil War and Other 19th Century Songs

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
The Vacant Chair
Old Glory Hallelujah (Alegheny)
Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming
Modern Music

George F. Root
Root
Unknown
Stephen Foster
William Billings

III Twentieth Century Americans

Let Down the Bars, O Death (Emily Dickinson)
Sure On This Shining Night
The Coolin (James Stephens)
from *Reincarnations*

Samuel Barber
Barber (arr. Jesse Antin)
Barber

Sing, My Soul, His Wondrous Love
Psalm 67
Sleep

Ned Rorem
Charles Ives
Eric Whitacre

Howl Ye (from *The Peaceable Kingdom*)
The Paper Reeds By the Brooks (*The Peaceable Kingdom*)
The Last Invocation

Randall Thompson

IV Traditional American Songs

Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal
All the Pretty Little Horses
Hear My Prayer
Johnson Boys

arr. Alice Parker
arr. Steve Barnett
Moses Hogan
John King Carter

A Few Words On Tonight's Program...

In America we often forget how the history of our art and music has been closely touched by war. We are unique among developed nations in that no foreign war has ever been brought to our soil. But from the American Revolution - a fight for independence of culture as well as for religion and politics - to the clashes of culture and race that marked the two World Wars, our musical landscape has been carved in large part by the battles we've waged.

Colonial composers of the eighteenth century were of course not far removed from their English forebears. Hymnbooks on both sides of the Atlantic looked much the same inside. American composers of chamber music, to the extent it existed at all, often had British-born teachers (if they weren't British-born themselves). And, of course, no one in either country was writing symphonies on the scale of Mozart and Haydn.

So it is fitting that it was in the hymnal – home of the most democratic of musical forms (when else does the “audience” join the musicians in performance?) – that an American style began to develop. While keeping the tried-and-true form of singing stanza by stanza, unique, raw harmonies emerged. Many American hymns of the late eighteenth century had a new, distinctively strident tone, with bold, serious chords painting fire-and-brimstone Old Testament texts.

This style came to be known as “shape-note” singing, named after the practice of indicating the pitches of notes not just by their place on the musical staff but by the shape of the note head – squares, triangles, and so on. In this way a singer need not be able to read music in the usual sense, but merely to know that a triangle meant “fa”, a diamond “la”, and so on. Of course, shape-note singing is a tradition, not just a notation: it became a social convention that brought people together for fervent sing-alongs, particularly in southern parts of the country, even into the early twentieth century. In this setting singers customarily sat on benches or logs arranged in a square, with each voice part sitting in a row, and the leader standing in the middle.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, both sacred and secular American music had found a uniquely earnest voice and spirit. Alongside the austere, energetic shape-note style there also developed a simple, modest language which was woven into hymns and songs. What can sound to the modern ear as sentimental was, in fact, an unselfconsciously melodic and accessible voice. We now call “folk” music songs that were simple to sing, learn, and teach, and whether about God or country, told the stories and represent the values of ordinary people across the young nation.

Before long, America would be fighting a war with itself – not just between the geography of North versus South, but between the cultures of the two. Songs of the Civil War lent themselves perfectly to the best of both the shape-note and the “sentimental” styles that had come to define sung music in the United States. In cities and towns and in soldiers' camps, triumphant songs of courage and bravery were sung alongside prayers for life, laments of loss, and earnest pleas to be with loved ones again. Stories are even told—and seem easy to believe—that the night before a battle soldiers from opposing armies might occasionally gather to eat, drink, and sing together.

As we know all too well, the Civil War did little to resolve relations between the many racial, religious and ethnic groups that had made the country the “melting pot” that it became. By the turn of the twentieth century, immigration from Europe and elsewhere reached its peak, and virtually every city in the country became its own microcosm of musical ideas. Popular music began to diverge from older classical styles in earnest: whereas in 1860 it was not unheard of for a Christian song and a parlor song to be sung by different words to the same tune, fifty years later there could be no mistaking the two.

The first true giants of American classical music emerged in the first half of the 1900s. After establishing a reputation as a first-order military power in World War One, the U.S. poured its social and cultural capital into becoming a first-order power in other fields: science, industry, art. Writing quaint piano music was no longer going to suffice for the composer bent on competing with the European and Russian geniuses of the symphonic form. Arguably the four most successful American classical composers – Aaron Copland, Leonard Bernstein, Charles Ives and Samuel Barber – all succeeded by embracing the larger-scale forms of symphonies, operas, concerti, and the like. Notably, however, all four remained loyal to the human voice as an instrument, composing an array of solo songs and choral pieces (some, but not many, a cappella) as few prominent European composers did. The contemporaries and heirs of these composers have likewise continued to try to capture the American folk spirit in sacred and secular music for choirs.

The social pressures on American classical music in the first half of the 20th century were intense. Popular music had already begun its marked divergence from the classical style at the end of the previous century. Jazz emerged as being (in Copland's own words) truly “American in character.” Then, the Great Depression struck. A self-consciousness among classical composers took hold, and it became increasingly difficult to justify writing music that appealed to the elite class while poverty gripped the common man. Before long, the nation was at war again, and, unable to embolden a unified national character, classical music in the U.S. again struggled to be relevant.

Not surprisingly, the voice that composers like Copland found in response to these pressures was one of rural simplicity. While Wagner provided the soundtrack to the Nazi rise to power in Europe, and atonal modernism became the intellectual envelope to push, the sound of the American plains seemed to be found in Copland's ballet *Appalachian Spring*, his opera *The Tender Land*, and the prototypical *Fanfare for the Common Man*. Ironically, not long after winning the Pulitzer prize in 1944 for *Appalachian Spring*, Copland - who was born in Brooklyn to a Jewish family - was swept up in the Post-War anti-Communist paranoia and came under harsh criticism for alleged Soviet sympathies. His spirit as a composer was “turned off like a faucet,” as he put it, and he spent the rest of his career, much like his exact contemporary Leonard Bernstein (himself a Jew from New York, and a notoriously flamboyant one at that, who died in 1990), better known as a conductor.

Despite the efforts of American musicians for over a century to define a single, authentically American musical voice - whether a pastoral classicism, the evolution of musical theater on Broadway, or the charts and improvisation of jazz - it is hard to argue that any one voice ever emerged alone. The diversity of culture, race, and belief that has made America what it is sets our nation apart. We honor our national history - our musical history - and are secretly glad that for the musician or music lover in this country, the horizon has always been very broad indeed.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,

Pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more;
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

Turner

Come holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Northfield

How long, dear Savior, Oh how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter 'round, the wheel of time,
And bring the welcome day.

Lo! what glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes;
The earth and seas are passing away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

In the prison cell I sit, thinking Mother, dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears, they fill my eyes 'spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Chorus:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

Greenwich

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine.
But, oh, their end, their dreadful end,
Thy sanctuary taught me so,
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

David's Lamentation

David the king was grieved and moved,
He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept;
And as he went he wept and said,
O my son! O my son!
Would to God I had died,
For thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

Glory in the highest, Glory!

Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia, Amen.

Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Lord, the golden harps shall sound.

Hark, what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies,
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.
Listen to the wondrous story.

Christ is born the great anointed,
Heav'n and earth his praises sing.
Oh! Receive whom God appointed,
For your prophet priest and King.



In the battle front we stood, when their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines, they were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.
So within the prison cell we are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart
almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

The Vacant Chair

We shall meet but we shall miss him.
There will be one vacant chair.
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our ev'ning prayer.
When one year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye.
Now the golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

Chorus:

We shall meet, but we shall miss him.
There will be one vacant chair.
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our ev'ning prayer.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell.
How he strove to bear the banner
Thro' the thickest of the fight
And uphold our country's honor
In the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only,
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
Sleep today, O early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed.
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

Come where my love lies dreaming,

Dreaming the happy hours away,
In visions bright redeeming the fleeting joys of day;
Dreaming the happy hours, dreaming the happy hours away;
My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

Modern Musick

We are met for a concert of modern invention;
To tickle the ear is our present intention.
The audience are seated expecting to be treated
With a piece of the best, with a piece of the best.
And since we all agree to set the tune on E,
The author's darling key he prefers to the rest,

Let the bass take the lead and firmly proceed till the parts are
agreed to fuge away.
To let the tenor succeed and follow the lead till the parts are
agreed to fuge away.
To let the counter inspire the rest of the choir inflam'd with
desire to fuge away
To let the treble in the rear no longer forbear, but expressly
declare for a fuge away.

Old Glory Hallelujah

A grand old song so sweet and strong, old "Glory, Hallelujah!"
We'll sing it on Mount Beautiful,
And in the land of Beulah.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, glory, Hallelujah!
The hero song so sweet and strong,
Old "Glory Hallelujah!"

With joy sincere we scale Mount Clear,
While echoes all are ringing.
A mighty song the sound prolong,
We pilgrims must be singing.
Chorus

And 'mid the shadowy, gloomy vale,
With darkness closing o'er us,
We hear the chorus joyful rise,
Of pilgrims gone before us.
Chorus

A good old song, so sweet and strong,
On earth it led our legions,
But higher praise in angel lays,
Shall fill the starry regions.
Chorus

My own love is sweetly dreaming, Her beauty beaming;
Soft is her slumber; thoughts bright and free dance through
Her dreams like gushing melody: Light is her young heart,
Light may it be: come where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours away.

Then change to brisker time and up the ladder climb,
And down again; then mount the second time
And end the strain.

Then change the key to pensive tones
And slow in treble time the notes exceeding low
Keep down a while then rise by slow degrees;
The Process will surely not fail to please.

Thro' common and treble we jointly have run
We'll give you their essence compounded in one
Altho' we are strongly attached to the rest
Six-four is the movement that pleases us best.

And now we address you as friends to the cause;
Performers are modest and write their own laws.
Altho' we are sanguine and clap at the bars,
'Tis part of the hearers to clap their applause,
to clap their applause.

Let down the bars, O Death!

Text: Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Let down the bars, O Death!
The tired flocks come in
Whose bleating ceases to repeat,
Whose wandering is done.

Thine is the stillest night,
Thine the securest fold;
Too near thou art for seeking thee,
Too tender to be told.

The Coolin (The Fair Haired One)

Text: James Stephens (1882-1950)

Come with me, under my coat, and we will drink our fill of the
milk of the white goat, or wine if it be thy will.
And we will talk, until talk is a trouble, too, out on the side of
the hill and nothing is left to do.
But an eye to look into an eye; and a hand in a hand to slip,
And a sigh to answer a sigh, and a lip to find out a lip!

Sing My Soul, His Wondrous Love

Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,
who from yon bright throne above,
ever watchful o'er our race,
still to us extends his grace.

Heaven and earth by him were made;
all is by his scepter swayed;
what are we that he should show
so much love to us below?

God, the merciful and good,
bought us with the Savior's blood,
and, to make our safety sure,
guides us by his Spirit pure.

Sing, my soul, adore his Name!
Let his glory be thy theme:
praise him till he calls thee home;
truth his love for all to come.

Words: Anonymous, 1800

Sleep

Text: Anthony Silvestri

The evening hangs beneath the moon
A silver thread on darkened dune
With closing eyes and resting head
I know that sleep is coming soon

Upon my pillow, safe in bed,
A thousand pictures fill my head,
I cannot sleep, my mind's aflight,

Sure On This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.

Hearts all whole
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

What if the night be black! And the air on the mountain chill!
Where the goat lies down in her track, and all but the fern is
still!
Stay with me, under my coat! And we will drink our fill of the
milk of the white goat, out on the side of the hill!



Psalm 67

(King James Version)

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to
shine upon us.

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health
among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.
O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge
the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.
Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own
God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

And yet my limbs seem made of lead
If there are noises in the night,
A frightening shadow, flickering light...

Then I surrender unto sleep,
Where clouds of dream give second sight
What dreams may come, both dark and deep
Of flying wings and soaring leap
As I surrender unto sleep
As I surrender unto sleep.



Howl Ye

Howl ye, for the day of the Lord is at hand.
Cry, O city, O gate, thou art dissolved.
Isaiah XIII: 6, XIV:31

Last Invocation

At the last, tenderly, from the walls of the powerful fortress'd house, from the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors, let me be wafted. Let me glide noiselessly forth; with the key of softness unlock the locks; with a whisper, set open the doors o soul. Tenderly - be not impatient. (Strong is your hold o mortal flesh, strong is your hold o love.)



Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal

Hark, I hear the harps eternal
Ringing on the farther shore,
As I near those swollen waters
With their deep and solemn roar.

*Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the lamb!
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Glory to the great I AM!*

And my soul, though stained with sorrow,
Fading as the light of day,
Passes swiftly o'er those waters,
To the city far away.

Hallelujah. . .

Souls have crossed before me, saintly,
To that land of perfect rest;
And I hear them singing faintly
In the mansions of the blest.

Hallelujah. . .

Isaiah XIX: 7

All the Pretty Little Horses

Chorus:
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby,
When you awake, you shall have cake,
And all the pretty little horses.

Blacks and bays, dapples and greys,
Coach and six-a white horses,
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.

The Paper Reeds By the Brooks

The paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouth of the brooks, and every thing sown by the brooks, shall wither, be driven away, and be no more.

Hear My Prayer

O Lord please hear my prayer, in the mornin' when I rise.
It's Your servant bound for glory, O dear Lord, please hear my prayer.

O Lord please hear my prayer, keep me safe within your arms.
It's Your servant bound for glory, O dear Lord, please hear my prayer.

O dear Lord, please hear my prayer. When my work on earth is done, and You come to take me home. Just to know I'm bound for glory. And to hear You say well done. Done with sin and sorrow, have mercy, Amen.

Johnson Boys

Johnson boys, raised in the ashes never knew how to court a maid. turn their heads and hide their faces, sight of a pretty girl makes 'em afraid.

Johnson boys, they went a-courtin' Coon Creek girls so pretty and sweet, they couldn't make no conversation, didn't know where to put their feet.

Johnson boys, they went a-huntin', lost their dogs and went astray, tore their clothes and scratched their faces, didn't get home 'til the break of day.

Johnson boys, they went ridin' to the city in a broke down, beat up Chevrolet, come back home a-broke and a-walkin', had no money for to pay their way.
Shame, oh shame on the Johnson boys!



JESSE ANTIN is the founder of Clerestory. He has performed with many of the finest groups in the Bay Area since moving to California in 2000, including five years with the esteemed men's ensemble Chanticleer. He appears on seven Chanticleer recordings, including one Grammy winner. Other recent local performances have been as a soloist and chorus member with the American Bach Soloists and Philharmonia Baroque.

Jesse is a native of Princeton, New Jersey, where he grew up singing countertenor in a cathedral men-and-boys choir, and is a graduate of Brown University, where he majored in music and philosophy. During Jesse's early career in church music he was also an organist, choir director, and composer, and a number of his pieces continue to be performed and recorded by choirs throughout New England. During his studies Jesse was also student conductor of the Brown University Chorus, a member of the Schola Cantorum of Boston, and the subject of a full-page article in the Chronicle of Higher Education.

Addicted to life in a college town, Jesse has proudly lived in Berkeley since 2001. He is a bicycle racer for the Berkeley Bicycle Club team, a Sierra backpacker as often as possible, and a tennis player trying to recapture his former glory. Jesse and his wife, Lindsey, live on a steep hill in North Berkeley with their cats Camper, Nike, and Sprite, and maintain the pace of life with a steady diet of vegetarian carb-loading and home-brewed ales. Jesse is a development officer for the non-profit environmental law firm Earthjustice, and can often be seen commuting to downtown Oakland on his Vespa. If you still haven't found Jesse in any of these places, he is probably at a Cal football game or an Oakland A's baseball game, losing his voice.

Originally from Cherokee, Iowa, KEVIN BAUM has lived in San Francisco for the past nineteen years. Kevin is currently tenor section leader at the Episcopal Church of the Advent of Christ the King and is a cantor at St. Ignatius Catholic Church. He is a member of Schola Adventus, an eight-voice mixed ensemble which toured England in December of 2005, and of Schola Cantorum San Francisco, an ensemble of fourteen mixed voices. He sings regularly with the ensembles AVE (Artists' Vocal Ensemble), San Francisco Lyric Chorus, and has sung with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra Chorus. He performs solo recitals in many local venues.



Kevin is a sixteen-year veteran of the ensemble Chanticleer. Just a few of the highlights from those years include the role of the Madwoman in performances of Benjamin Britten's *Curlew River*, the role of Joseph of Aramathea in the world premier of Sir John Tavener's *Lamentations and Praises*, the role of John Q. Public in the west coast premiere of *Go For Broke*, a madrigal comedy by Peter Schickele, and over twenty recordings, including two that received the Grammy award.



ERIC S. BRENNER, soprano, was too shy to sing where anyone might hear him until he was seventeen — years after his voice had changed. But music has been in his life since the beginning (actually since slightly before the beginning — he was at Woodstock, in utero). Born and raised in the wilds of Long Island, Eric spent the last three years singing, touring, and recording with Chanticleer. Previously, he was in New York City working with such groups as Early Music New York, New York Collegium, the Saint Thomas Choir, Voices of Ascension, Amnesia Wars (theatre and improv), Consensus (male quartet), and Toby Twining Music. When not singing or enjoying the many splendors of the Bay Area, Eric writes fiction, plays poker, hopes to harvest at least one tomato from his rooftop garden, and (perhaps riskiest of all) roots for his beloved New York Mets.

JOHN CONRY, bass, started as a small singer dwarfed by the organ at church, and progressed through the requisite choirs and musicals of youth, but veered towards progressive theater in college. In 1975 he moved for good from Kansas City to the Bay Area. Since 1975 John has performed with the SF Symphony as an AGMA member, with the Grace and St. Mary's Cathedral Choirs, and was an early member of Chanticleer, touring Columbia Artists venues in small towns across the US. He has sung with many choirs in the Bay Area, enjoying particularly newly-minted modern music with the solo group Modus Novus. In recent years John has fallen in love with the Baroque music of Telemann, Handel (he was the one-eyed Polyphemus in *Acis and Galatea*), and Montclair, among others, and has plunged into the lute songs of Dowland, Purcell, Johnson, Campion, et al. Now comes the icing on the cake — a guest appearance with Clerestory!



CHRIS FRITZSCHE is a native of Santa Rosa CA where he currently lives. He has been a "performer" since the tender age of two, when he was first dragged (literally) across the stage, playing the part of young Michael's teddy bear in the play, *Peter Pan*. Flush with such early success he took up the guitar at age seven and immersed himself in music of the Beatles, Simon & Garfunkel, James Taylor, and John Denver among others. He discovered the joys of choral singing in high school and went on to study voice in college as a tenor. Several leading musical theatre and opera roles later he graduated with a degree in music, and was about to get a real estate license (in order to satisfy his Capricorn need for money) when someone informed him that the falsetto voice he had only ever used in jest could actually be put to use on the concert stage. This led him to join the men's ensemble Chanticleer as a soprano for the next 11 years, performing in many of the world's greatest concert halls, and singing on well over a dozen recordings, two of which won Grammy Awards. Since retiring from life on the road in 2003 he has begun the next phase of his career as a soloist, appearing with various groups and artists in the SF Bay Area and beyond, and as a teacher of singing, on the faculty at his alma mater, Sonoma State University. He is also the Education Coordinator for the Sonoma County Choral Society.

Bass-baritone TOM HART has enjoyed a lengthy presence in the West Coast musical scene, having performed with many notable musical organizations since moving to the Bay Area. From ensemble positions with the San Francisco Symphony and San Francisco Opera Choruses to ensemble positions and soloist engagements with American Bach Soloists, AVE, Carmel Bach Festival, Chanticleer, Pacific Collegium and Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, to name a few, he has consistently strived to strike a balance between dedication to art and the enjoyment of it. Although for the past 10 years he has largely concentrated on music from the Renaissance and Baroque periods, he is happiest when he is able to encompass a variety of music and performing opportunities. During his 10 years with Chanticleer and later, he has managed to visit and perform in all 50 states as well as several countries abroad, a fact for which he will be eternally thankful and one that continues to enrich his understanding



and appreciation of people.

Tom was instrumental in organizing the business operations of Chanticleer and served as General Manager of the company in the early years as well as being a member of the ensemble. After leaving, he managed four hugely successful tours of Les Mysteres de Voix Bulgares in the United States before "settling down in a real job" with the City and County of San Francisco. He continues to work part-time for the Recreation and Park Department while singing as much as possible. He also holds professional positions with Trinity Episcopal Church and Temple Emanu-El, both in San Francisco.

When not singing or working, even though barely coordinated enough to walk across the room, he can be found at AT&T Park or parked in front of the television watching a Giants game or pulling for any other Bay Area professional or college team. (One of his proudest moments was once talking a concert association into moving a Sunday afternoon concert so as not to interfere with the Super Bowl!)

Tom lives in a great place in the hills of Sausalito with a very self-entitled cat named Mika, pattering in the garden and the kitchen and living a relaxed Marin County life.



CLIFTON MASSEY, alto, happily joins Clerestory for his second season. A native of Dallas, Clifton is in frequent demand for both solo and choral repertoire, having performed to critical acclaim with ensembles in the Bay Area and beyond, including American Bach Soloists, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Chanticleer, Pacific Collegium, Schola Cantorum SF, Dallas Bach Society, Orpheus Chamber Singers, Theater of Voices, Concert Royal NYC, and the New York Philharmonic with Skitch Henderson. A rather eclectic taste in music has also led to projects including the role of Skzyp in Hedwig and the Angry Inch (Bloomington, IN), numerous collaborations with electronica composers, and the soundtrack of the recent video game ERAGON. Clifton has a Bachelor's Degree in Music Education from Texas Christian University, and recently completed coursework for a Master's in Early Music from Indiana University. Upcoming projects include solo recitals, numerous Bay Area concerts, and New World Symphony, Miami with Michael Tilson Thomas in the spring.

JUSTIN MONTIGNE, alto, is originally from Des Moines, Iowa, where he received his Bachelor in Music from Drake University. He went on to spend several years in Minneapolis doing graduate work in voice at the University of Minnesota, where he is a candidate for the DMA in vocal performance. Justin sang alto for three years with the acclaimed male vocal ensemble, Chanticleer, and performed a wide variety of works with the group in venues around the United States and the world. He is equally at home in concert and on the operatic stage and has sung with the Minnesota Opera, the Oregon Bach Festival, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, City Concert Opera, and Seraphic Fire. Justin is the artistic director of the Bay Area a cappella men's ensemble Musica and teaches voice at UC Davis. He rounds out his singing activities teaching yoga and eating too much ice cream. He lives in San Francisco with his husband Joe and their fearsome pup, Jasmine.



Originally from McMinnville, Oregon, tenor MARK MUELLER left with his parents' blessing for the sunny climes of Stanford in 1973 to become a doctor ("Look at those hands — those are surgeon's hands!"). Four years and a drama degree later, instead of medical school, he found himself working for Berkeley Repertory Theatre as an actor, singer, composer, assistant stage manager, set builder and music director. His repertoire is extremely varied, ranging from performances of medieval mystery plays to writing, singing and playing guitar with the (now defunct) punk parody band Porque. He is one of the few musicians to perform at both the Monterey Jazz Festival and the Carmel Bach Festival. Mark has performed with many SF Bay Area groups, including the Choir of Grace Cathedral, Schola Cantorum San Francisco, the California Bach Society, the Baroque Choral Guild (now Cantabile), Contemporary Opera of Marin, the Pacific Mozart Ensemble and the San Francisco Choral Artists. He is currently a member of the American Bach Soloists and the Philharmonia Baroque Chorale as well the choir of St. Mark's, Berkeley. By day, he is the

Program Administrator for the Young Musicians Program at UC Berkeley. He lives in Point Richmond (a stone's throw from "The Plunge") with his wife Elisabeth and sons Michael and Max.



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