

the dream songs project

Alyssa Anderson, voice
Joseph Spoelstra, guitar

the waste land

Seventh Annual Concert of New Music

Thursday, March 7 | 3:00pm | Preview - Presbyterian Homes
Thursday, March 7 | 6:00pm | Lowertown Listening Session – Studio Z
Friday, March 8 | 7:30pm | Fallout Arts Studio 3
Saturday, March 9 | 7:30pm | Studio Z

From Dreams of Thee

Gary Ruschman

The Lone Tenement

Erin Rogers

Grapheme II after Cy Twombly

John Arrigo-Nelson

The Waste Land

Joshua Weinberg

The Burial of the Dead
Death by Water
A Game of Chess

The Dream Songs Project is a non-profit organization through the Incubator Program at Springboard for the Arts. All donations are tax-deductible. These concerts are possible with the support of our many individual donors.



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Since forming in 2010, **The Dream Songs Project** has engaged audiences across the Midwest through performances of a wide range of repertoire spanning from Renaissance lute songs to Romantic arias, 20th century masterpieces, and newly commissioned music. **TDSP's** artistic mission is to entertain and educate while bringing together performers, audiences, and composers through high quality chamber music concerts. More information can be found at www.thedreamsongsproject.org

Gary Ruschman is a vocal artist, multi-instrumentalist, conductor, and prize-winning composer. Gary maintains an active performing schedule in his home of the Twin Cities and around the globe, and spends much of his offstage time composing and arranging for voices. See more at www.ruschman.com

Based in New York City, **Erin Rogers** is a Canadian-American composer, saxophonist, and performance artist dedicated to new and experimental music. She has performed with the International Contemporary Ensemble, Talea, Copland House, and wild Up, and is co-artistic director of the experimental performance ensembles: thingNY, New Thread Saxophone Quartet, Hypercube, and Popebama. www.erinmrogers.com

John Arrigo-Nelson's music has been performed and broadcast throughout the United States and in Europe. His music addresses ideas of timbral and temporal flexibility, and explores how contextual variation and fragmentation affect perception and function. www.arrigomusic.com

Joshua Weinberg, a New York based flutist/harpist/composer, originally from Minneapolis, MN, made his solo debut in 2011 on the stage of the Fitzgerald Theater in Saint Paul, MN. An active performer, collaborator, and composer, he is currently pursuing a MM degree in Contemporary Music Performance at the Manhattan School of Music studying under Dr. Tara O'Connor (flute) and Susan Jolles (harp). www.joshua-weinberg.com

From Dreams of Thee

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night.
When the winds are breathing low,
and the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me to thy chamber window,
Sweet!

Wilt thou roam with me
To the restless sea,
And linger upon the steep,
And list to the flow of the waves below
How they toss and turn and leap?

Shall we roam, my love,
To the twilight grove,
When the moon is rising bright;
In the cool night air?
Oh, I'll whisper there
What I dare not in the broad daylight.

The wand'ring airs, they faint
On the dark, the silent stream -

And the Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart; -
As I must on thine,
Oh, beloved as thou art!

Boiling waves and the storm that raves
At night o'er their forming crest,
Resemble the strife that from earliest life,
The passions waged in my breast.

O lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let them love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast; -
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

- Percy Bysshe Shelley, from "The Indian Serenade" and "To the Queen of My Heart"

The Lone Tenement

Beneath an overhead bridge,
Red, with rooftop peaks,
Stands a lone brick building,
Six floors high.
Length double the width,
Height triple the length,
Mostly shaded.
The top of the building bathed in sunlight.
Two windows on each floor.
The building looks strange with no neighboring buildings pressed against it.

Writing and signage cover the facing side,
Where the brick is faded.
To the left,
But still connected,
A fence or gate of sorts.
Slightly passed the gate,
In the shade directly below the bridge,
Folks gather around a fire.
A dozen or so,
Dressed mostly in black,
Mostly in hats.
Some lean into the flame,
Others talk in pairs.
One is in motion.
Further to the left,
One demonstrates a baseball swing,
While another squats in a catcher's position.
Two others look on.
The clothing and activities indicate that the gatherers are all men.
Amen.

On the right,
A large, horse-drawn wagon,
With a horse.
In the distance,
A steamboat sits on the river,
Its plume of smoke billowing straight vertical.
These tools of transport appear stationary at the moment

On the left,
Two leafless trees,
Tall and dark,
Covered in branches.
To their left,
A clump of shorter buildings.
Even further back,
Upon the water's edge,
A bright orange building bathed in sunlight,
Smokestack in front,
Under a grey sky,
Next to a blue river.
Beneath the bridge lies a glassy puddle.

Grapheme II after Cy Twombly

Like a Hyacinth

I am Thyrsis of Etna
blessed with a tuneful voice

O singer [like a Hyacinth in the mountains]
O singer of Persephone! [like a Hyacinth trampled]
dost thou remember Sicily?

1968

And you who have
always thought of
happiness rising
would feel the
emotion
that almost overwhelms
us [like a Hyacinth in the mountains] whenever happiness falls

333 BCE

O singer of Persephone!
dost thou remember Sicily?

I am Thyrsis of Etna
blessed with a tuneful voice

Like a Hyacinth
in the mountains
trampled by shepherds
until only a purple stain
remains on the ground

be, in the realm of decline,
be a ringing glass that shivers
even as it rings

- text by John Arrigo-Nelson after fragments and works by Theocritus, Sappho, Oscar Wilde, Rainer Marie Rilke, and Cy Twombly

The Waste Land

I. The Burial of the Dead

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the arch-duke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Frisch weht der Wind

Der Heimat zu

Mein Irisch Kind,

Wo weilest du?

“You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
“They called me the hyacinth girl.”
—Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.
Oed' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,
Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,
(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)

III. A Game of Chess

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,
Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That freshened from the window, these ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,
In which sad light a carved dolphin swam.
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
“Jug Jug” to dirty ears.
And other withered stumps of time
Were told upon the walls; staring forms
Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.
Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
Spread out in fiery points
Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

“My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
“Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.
“What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?
“I never know what you are thinking. Think.”

I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

“What is that noise?”
The wind under the door.
“What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?”
Nothing again nothing.
“Do

“You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember
“Nothing?”

I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
“Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?”

But

O O O that Shakespeherian Rag—
It's so elegant
So intelligent
“What shall I do now? What shall I do?”
“I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
“With my hair down, so. What shall we do tomorrow?
“What shall we ever do?”

The hot water at ten.

And if it rains, a closed car at four.
And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said—
I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.
He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you
To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.
You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,
He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.
And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,
He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,
And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.
Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.
Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.
Others can pick and choose if you can't.
But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.
You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.
(And her only thirty-one.)
I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,
It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.
(She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)
The chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.
You *are* a proper fool, I said.
Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,
What you get married for if you don't want children?
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.
Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

- text by T. S. Eliot