

David Maslanka

David Maslanka was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts in 1943. As a high school student, he was a member of the Greater Boston Youth Symphony Orchestra and studied clarinet with Robert Stewart at the New England Conservatory. He later attended the Oberlin Conservatory (BM 1965) studying clarinet with George Waln and composition with Joseph Wood. In 1963 and 1964 he attended the Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria working in composition with Cesar Bresgen and conducting with Gerhardt Wimberger. He did graduate studies at Michigan State University (MM 1968, Ph.D. 1971) with H. Owen Reed in composition, Paul Harder in theory, and Elsa Ludwig in clarinet.

David Maslanka's compositions have been performed throughout the United States, in Canada, Japan, Australia, and numerous European countries. He has received three National Endowment for the Arts Composer Awards, and five residence fellowships at the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire. In addition, he has received grants from the State University of New York Research Foundation, the University of Connecticut Research Foundation, the American Music Center, the New York State Arts Council, the Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund for Music, and ASCAP. His works for winds and percussion have become especially well-known. They include among others *A Child's Garden of Dreams*, *Concerto for Piano, Winds and Percussion*, *Concerto for Marimba and Band*, *In Memoriam*, *Tears*, and the *Second, Third, and Fourth Symphonies*.

Maslanka's works are published by Carl Fischer, Inc., Kjos Music Co., the North American Saxophone Alliance, and Marimba Productions, Inc., and have been recorded on CRI, Crest, Mark, UMass., Klavier, Cambria, Centaur and Albany Records. He is listed in the *International Who's Who in Music*, and *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. He has served on the faculties of the State University of New York at Geneseo, Sarah Lawrence College, New York University, and Kingsborough Community College of the City University of New York. He now lives in Missoula, Montana.

Richard Beale

Richard Beale was born in Detroit in 1932. He received his BFA from the University of New Mexico, and his MFA from Ohio University. He has taught drawing, painting, and art history

Gregg Hanson

Gregg I. Hanson, Director of Bands and Professor of Music, teaches graduate conducting and conducts the Wind Ensemble and Chamber Players at The University of Arizona School of Music and Dance. He received undergraduate and graduate degrees from the University of Michigan.

Professor Hanson enjoys a wide variety of guest-conducting and adjudication assignments throughout the United States, Europe, Canada, and Mexico and actively serves the wind band profession through the College Band Directors National Association, John Philip Sousa Foundation, and other related agencies and institutions.

Professor Hanson's work is widely acclaimed by composers and colleagues for the quality of interpretation and excellence of performance. He holds a great interest in the development of new music for wind band and in furthering public awareness of the medium.

About the Mass *note by David Maslanka*

I have come to understand that transformation is the main theme of my life. Over the course of many years and a long inner journey, I have gravitated toward the Latin Mass as the significant statement of transformation. If I have gravitated toward the Mass, I must also acknowledge the action of God in all the years of my life, especially in the years of turmoil and uncertainty, moving me toward this point of opening and understanding.

If transformation is the issue, then transformation toward what? The center of the Mass is the *Credo*, and the center of the *Credo* is the *Crucifixus*. For me the *Crucifixus* symbolizes the opening of the ego, and the *Resurrexit* the birth of the inner child. The whole of the Mass supports and makes plain this inner transformation and its result: the heart of love, the voice of praise, the assurance that the universe is ultimately personal and that no one is lost. In mysterious statements and in a "dead" language, the Mass texts speak to the opening of the heart and its connection to God.

Almost from the start of my thinking about the Mass, I was moved to include the "female creative," or the "Holy Mother," an image which has arisen in many forms in my meditative life. I asked my friend Richard Beale to consider the problem. His marvelous and almost instantaneous response was "Hymn to Sophia, Holy Wisdom," a set of seven poems on the "Holy

After the adventure of working with David on *Litany*, I was looking for another opportunity to work with him on a larger piece. It was in the spring of 1992 that we began to consider a mass. I had already sketched most of the verses of *Hymn to Sophia*, and with very few changes I was able to let them echo the shape of the Mass, beginning with a prelude before each of the major parts. I already knew that I wanted the poems to be about the feminine side of God to balance the predominantly masculine imagery of the Mass as it has come down to us. Critical to this stage was a letter I wrote to David in May, 1992, answering his request for my personal thoughts about the Mass. In these program notes I have put excerpts from the letter in italics to help the reader understand how our thoughts converged. As I look back on the years of gestation of this enormous work, it amazes me to realize that from the beginning David's inspiration and mine were nearly identical.

The creation was not simply an act of masculine godhead, but was feminine as well. The notion of Sophia, Holy Wisdom, incorporates images of motherly nurturing. Her form is like the universe itself, round, whole, breastlike. And her face is the "look" of everything. In Western spiritual tradition, Mary, mother of Jesus, is very close to the meaning of Sophia, Holy Wisdom. Mary is the mother of God as well, and it is this principle of holy knowledge and spiritual courage that Mary represents which characterizes also the gift that Sophia holds for us. As Jacob Boehm has written, the Virgin Sophia is the soul's mother, Divine Wisdom, or the Mirror of the Being of God. She is the Great Mother whose courage endures forever. *The Hymn to Sophia* begins with homage to this archetypal mother. The poem closes with the realization that our vision, our eyes, imbue us with a hunger for God, and a desire to participate in as much of the created universe as possible. As the Mass develops, there is increasing awareness of the power of God in creation, and our identification with it.

Texts/Translations

Introit

She is the moss under my feet.
She is the green canopy over my head
She is the birdsong at my right hand
And the rustle of the earth around my left ankle

Her disguise is a wondrous domino:
Through two windows in the silky night
The whole creation lies.
With those it has night under

Commentary: *Quietly Entering Your Presence* is the supplication of a hungry soul as it begins its journey toward wisdom of the heart. With the realization of the hugeness of Creation comes the inevitable feelings of personal inadequacy, and the knowledge that our self-interest has separated us from what we most desire. This song acknowledges the power of silence, the requirement of waiting, and the hope of deliverance from separation from God. The first hint of acceptance is here.

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.

Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.

Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.

Gratia agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens.

Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe.

Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.

*Qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.*

*Qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.*

*Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.*

Quoniam tu solus sanctus. Tu solus Dominus.

Tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.

Cum Sancto Spiritu,

In Gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

Glory to God in the highest.

And on earth peace to men of good will.

We praise You. We bless You.

We worship You. We glorify You.

We give You thanks for Your great glory.

Lord God, heavenly king, God the Father almighty.

Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son.

Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.

You, Who take away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.

You, Who take away the sins of the world,
receive our prayer.

You, Who sit at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us.

For you alone are holy. You alone are Lord.

You alone, O Jesus Christ, are most high.

With the Holy Spirit,

In the Glory of God the Father. Amen

If the Kyrie is a hymn of Immanence, the Gloria is a hymn of Transcendence. To imagine this in images is finally impossible, but hearing the extravagant truth of the senses in musical form goes a long way to transport us to a place where the unimaginable can be implied. Through dance, through the rich texture of gamelan-like complexity of gongs and bells, and voices that howl in ecstasy at the limit of their range, the limitless God of the universe becomes palpable.

Before the Credo: "Bright Window"

Bright window, your night

Is full of stars

And the promise of morning

*Genitum, non factum
consubstantialem Patri:
per quem omnia facta sunt.
Qui propter nos homines,
et propter nostram salutem
descendit de caelis.
Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto
ex Maria Virgine: Et homo factus est.
sedet ad dexteram Patris
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis:
Sub Pontio Pilato passus, et sepultus est.
Et resurrexit tertia die,
secundum Scripturas
Et ascendit in caelum:
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria
iudicare vivos et mortuos:
cujus regni non erit finis.
Et in spiritum Sanctum Dominum et vivificantem:*

*qui ex Patre Filioque procedit.
Qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur
et conglorificatur:
qui locutus est per Prophetas.
Et unam, sanctam, catholicam
et apostolicam Ecclesiam.
Confiteor unum baptisma
in remissionem peccatorum.
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum,
et vitam venturi saeculi.
Amen.*

Begotten, not made
of one substance with the Father
By Whom all things were made.
Who for us men
and for our salvation
came down from heaven.
And He became flesh by the Holy Spirit
of the Virgin Mary: And was made man.
and sits at the right hand of the Father.
He was also crucified for us,
suffered under Pontius Pilate, and was buried.
And on the third day He rose again,
according to the Scriptures.
He ascended into heaven,
He will come again in glory
to judge the living and the dead:
And of his kingdom there will be no end.
And I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the Lord and Giver of life,
Who proceeds from the Father and the Son.
Who together with the Father and the Son is adored
and glorified,
and Who spoke through the prophets.
And one holy, Catholic,
and apostolic Church.
I confess one baptism
for the remission of sins.
And I await the resurrection of the dead.
and the life of the world to come.
Amen.

The Credo has always troubled me because it implies awareness that we must surrender our mind and our will to the creator who is above everything. So there is sternness, backbone, grating irony that what I am about to pronounce for myself – I BELIEVE – is the very thing that my ego despises. And yet the words come forth and I make my declaration with the whole creation present to hear me! In phrase after phrase the soul continues to surrender itself. Such is the

Before The Benedictus: "Sophia, when you call me"

Sophia, when you call me

I feel like dying.

I feel the earth opening up.

I feel the Pit coming to greet me.

Sophia, when you call me

I feel like grieving.

I feel my heart breaking.

I feel valves shutting forever.

I feel pools of blood

In my fingers and toes.

Sophia, when you call me

I feel the fear of night.

I feel beasts snarling

Beyond the firelight.

Commentary: The spiritual journey comes to a crisis in *When You Call Me*. We wonder if surrendering is really going to free us from fear. We feel grief and the numbing terror of non-being. It is a song of doubt, in which we feel judged and inadequate. Nothing has prepared us for the transformation that is to come.

Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini

Hosanna in excelsis

Blessed is He Who comes in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

Before the Agnus Dei: "O Earth, O Stars"

O Earth, O Stars, who watch our pain and our joy,

Lift us up that we may see our Mother once again.

Together we live the only life there is.

Music flows from our union.

When the universe expands and contracts,

It is the love we have for each other.

It is one breath.

Mother of womanly embrace,

Wrap us in the womb

Of your unending love.

Commentary: When resolution finally comes, it is a surprise that it comes through the original hunger of *seeing*, the craving that the poet thought separated him from God in the first place. In *O Earth, O Stars*, he asks for a vision of the universe to lift him to an appreciation of the greatness of the Mother. He realizes that union with the mother-soul is his journey's destination. While this is not different from traditional conceptions of mystical union, it is expressed in a way which specifically emphasizes motherly love, the unending love of creation itself.

The Ensembles

WIND ORCHESTRA

Flute/Piccolo

Amanda Wilson
Holly Lindeman

Oboe/English Horn

Lindabeth Binkley
Janice Lichty

Bassoon/Contrabassoon

Christopher Mayor
Cassandra Reid

Clarinet

Elana Weber
Linda Casperson

Bass Clarinet

Leslie McIntyre

Contrabass Clarinet

James Diaz

Saxophone

Dan Bell
Tom Kloss
Mark MacArthur
Lisa Ternes

Trumpet

Chad Shoopman
Rob Gappinger

Horn

Brian Kilp
Andrew Robbins-Pollack
Megan McAndrew
David Mallies

Trombone

Richard Rees
Mike Wilkinson
Eric Martin

Euphonium

Leslie Van Zee

Tuba

Eric Weirather

String Bass

Monica Jasso

Piano

Karen Hogle

Harp

Kimberly Houser

Percussion

Paul Buyer
Jeremy Nasta
Andy Buchanan
Aaron Bonsall
Wes Hawkins

TUCSON ARIZONA BOYS CHORUS, JULIAN ACKERLEY, CONDUCTOR

Jon Arnett
Matt Clark
Richard Cole
Justin Enriquez
Adam Goldfinger
Travis Griffin
Ryan Guyer
Andy Hamilton
Matt Hays

David Herrera
Aaron Hood
Adam Hungerford
Roger La Marca
Kenny Morris
John Munger
Dustin Primm
Adam Reynolds
Paul Rhatigan

Michael Scofield
Chris Summers
Daniel Tenney
Ben Toff
Wyatt Unger
Michael Waits
Jesse Wigtil
Ross Williams
Tyler Wright

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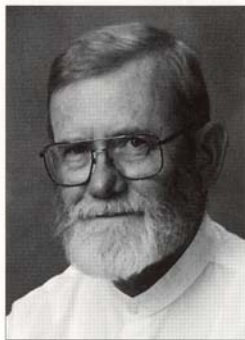
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Gregg I. Hanson



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