



MOUNTAIN

LAURELS

MOUNTAIN LAURELS

A Choral Symphony Celebrating the Centennial of State College

Bruce Trinkley

MUSIC

Central Pennsylvania Poets

LYRICS

Preview February 23, 1996, 7:30 pm

Premiere Saturday, February 24, 1996, 7:30 pm

Matinee Sunday, February 25, 1996, 2:00 pm

Eisenhower Auditorium University Park Campus of The Pennsylvania State University

CENTENNIAL WELCOME

Imagine a community with 1,000 performers joining forces to present the premiere of a choral symphony composed by an enormously talented resident who had the creativity to set the words of area poets to music. State College is just such a place—a place with a rich musical heritage. A Centennial Celebration is a perfect opportunity to feature that legacy with the creation of a new work.

When Canny and Rick Schein approached the State College Centennial Commission in 1992 about an idea voiced by Bruce Trinkley, never did we envision such a magnum opus! With the support of the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, The Pennsylvania State University, The College of Arts and Architecture, Barbara and Jim Palmer, Suzi and Jim Hess, The Borough of State College and foundations listed in the program, Bruce Trinkley's ever-expanding vision became a reality. We applaud Professor Trinkley and all who have contributed to this historic Centennial presentation. That includes you, the audience, for supporting this remarkable event.

We of the State College Centennial Commission welcome you!

A r n o l d A d d i s o n

C H A I R State College Centennial Commission

This production of *Mountain Laurels* is emblematic of all the best in our community. Some 1,000 citizens have given of their time and talents to make it happen. They continue a century-old tradition of community concern and involvement that has made State College one of the favored places to live on our planet.

Enjoy the performance. Savor the music. Ponder the poetry. May *Mountain Laurels* inspire all of us to work for a future that embodies the best of the past, and let us continue to make beautiful music together in our Happy Valley.

B i l l W e l c h

M A Y O R

Welcome to *Mountain Laurels*, Bruce Trinkley's original work marking the 100th birthday of State College. Professor Trinkley's composition is a true interaction between town and gown—a testament to what can be accomplished when the talent of the community combines with the talent of the University. This choral symphony blends the artistry of the musician with the artistry of the poet, and the result is a celebration, a gift to be treasured. One thousand members of the community present a performance that promises to become a part of the of the next 100 years of State College. It is an honor for the College of Arts and Architecture to play a role in this landmark endeavor.

N e i l P o r t e r f i e l d

D E A N College of Arts and Architecture

NOTES FROM THE COMPOSER

I never meant to write a symphony. . .

In one sense, Fred Lewis Pattee started it all when he read his ode at the dedication of Schwab Auditorium on June 16, 1903. Ninety years later I read Vivian Doty Hench's *History of State College* which covered the first fifty years of our town's growth, and I realized that a centennial was approaching which deserved commemoration.

At the start my plan was quite modest. My immediate model was *Frostiana*, the classic choral work by Randall Thompson, which set seven Robert Frost poems for the 200th Anniversary of Amherst, Massachusetts. So I began to search for a poet whose lyrics I could set for a small choral work to be sung by my own choral group, the Penn State Glee Club, and the Women's Chorus (now the Oriana Singers).

The search for a handful of lyrics resulted in finding a treasury of poems, each of which suggested a different musical setting. I found lyrics by Theodore Roethke and his student John Haag that seemed appropriate for a children's chorus. Charlie Mann showed me the unpublished Roethke poem "The Summons," and I knew I had a poem that called for the power and magnitude of the Choral Society and the Nittany Valley Symphony. Thus began the odyssey that led me to set some sixty-five texts for thirteen choral groups and eight instrumental ensembles. My search for lyrics led me from our established poets, through the many poets published in *Pivot*, and ultimately through the complete corpus of *Froth*. I found poems for high school chorus, madrigal choir, barbershop chorus, and lyrics of a highly personal and intimate nature that called for solo voices.

It took four years and an entire sabbatical to complete this work. I am deeply indebted to the University for enabling me to spend that wonderful year working with these poems, fashioning the voices of these many choirs to the shape of the music I imagined behind these words.

A few words about titles: *Mountain Laurels* pays homage to our state flower but the title also refers to the ancient Greek custom of awarding a laurel wreath to the winner of their annual poetry competition. *Summer Evenings* alludes to Hector Berlioz's *Les Nuits d'été*, a similarly eclectic song cycle for various solo voices.

These four years have sped by so quickly for me, living daily with the words of my unsuspecting collaborators and hearing in my mind's ear our dedicated performers as I wrote notes and rhythms, voice lines and accompaniments. *Mountain Laurels* is, of course, a celebration of the literary traditions of State College and honors the poets and their poetry. But it is more. It is a celebration of our musical traditions and a celebration of community itself. The sharing of words and music is an act both intimate and communal. This work is a gift to the poets and the performers, but most of all, it is for you, the audience. And if this evening reacquaints you with the enchantment of poetry and the magic of live performance, then the gift was worth the effort.

My many helpers are acknowledged elsewhere. But I want to thank here everyone who encouraged me along the way, the institutions and artist colonies who endured my relentless explorations, and the wonderful friends who bailed me out at the end.

Now I give you *Mountain Laurels*. From the poets and the performers and myself I offer this gift and the wish that State College's next hundred years be as full of the appreciation of beauty and learning and community as is this year of celebration.

Bruce Trinkley
COMPOSER

PROGRAM

THE PERFORMERS REQUEST THAT YOU HOLD YOUR
APPLAUSE UNTIL THE END OF EACH CYCLE.

PART I

PROLOGUE

Soloists and Penn State Concert Choir

Holly Anderson
SOPRANO

Kimberly Burkhard
MEZZO-SOPRANO

Elizabeth Asmus
HARP

D. Douglas Miller
DIRECTOR

The Message of the West, an Ode Fred Lewis Pattee

The Mountain Jason Charnesky

SEASONS

Oriana Singers and String Orchestra

Lynn Ellen Drafall
DIRECTOR

Lovely October Joseph Gucci

Elm Trees in the Early Close of Winter Emily Grosholz

Notebook for May Deborah Austin

Sun Melinda Mucha

MOUNTAIN AIRS I

Madrigal Singers from
the State College Choral Society

Russell Shelley
DIRECTOR

Introduction Maya Spence

Missa Papae Marcelli Deborah Austin

JOURNEYS

Penn State Glee Club

Bruce Trinkley
DIRECTOR

Graduate Brass Quintet

Cameron Crofts, Russ Perlman
TRUMPET

Kim Reese
HORN

Tim McKay
TROMBONE

Jason Byrnes
TUBA

Michael Hooper
TIMPANI

Drypoint: evening of first snow Deborah Austin

Spring Fever Emily Grosholz

In Almost July Deborah Austin

I Know a Road Joseph Gucci

MOUNTAIN AIRS II

The Pennsylvania Chamber Chorale

D. Douglas Miller
DIRECTOR

from *Gathering of Friends, After the Fall
of the Sung Dynasty* Emily Grosholz

Furniture Dorothy Roberts

PROGRAM

MOTHER NATURE

The State College Elementary and
Middle School Chorus

Patricia Begg, Tracy Bunnell
Kim Fodor, Jo Henry
Molly McAninch, Amy McMillin
DIRECTORS

Miranda Corl
PIANO

The Bat Theodore Roethke

Mid-Country Blow Theodore Roethke

Winter Fire Jack McManis

April Snow E. H. Knapp

dandelions Deborah Austin

Food Songs: The Egg John Haag

Song to a Coy Parent John Haag

MOUNTAIN AIRS III

The Penn State Chamber Singers

D. Douglas Miller
DIRECTOR

Larry Frey, Vijay Hariharan
Michael Hooper, Erik Liebegott
THUMB PIANOS

Neal Holter
STRING BASS

Reading at the Arts Festival John Balaban

Song for the Thumb Piano John Haag

IMAGES AND ELEGIES

The Penn State Concert Choir

D. Douglas Miller
DIRECTOR

Kris Sanchack
PIANO

Rachel Hutchens
SOPRANO

Vernal Sentiment Theodore Roethke

The Premonition Theodore Roethke

Elegy for the Swans at Grace Pond Bruce Weigl

The Apples Dorothy Roberts

Indian Summer Robert Lima

Haiku Trio Bill Hanson

Distinct Dorothy Roberts

INTERMISSION

PART II OLD MAINIA

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE RADIO HOUR

Texts drawn from **FROTH**

Penn State Humor Magazine 1910-1984

Jane Ridley
NARRATOR

The State College Municipal Band
Ned C. Deihl
CONDUCTOR

The Nittany Knights Barbershop Chorus
Joseph J. Malafarina
MUSIC DIRECTOR

The Penn State Women's Chorale
Paul McPhail
DIRECTOR

Discantus

Lynn Ellen Drafall
MUSIC DIRECTOR

The Hi-Lo's from the Penn State Glee Club
Bruce Trinkley
MUSIC DIRECTOR

Rick Hoover
PERCUSSION

Neal Holter
STRING BASS

PROGRAM

OVERTURE

State College Municipal Band
and Combined Choruses

"dandelions in march"

The Willow

FROTHIANA

The Nittany Knights Barbershop Chorus

Terse Verses

Keats

Old Mother Hubbard

The Little Duckling

THE GROOVES OF ACADEME FOUR REVOLUTIONARY FOLK SONGS

The Hi-Lo's

Freshman Plaint

The Party

Radical Rag

"I hate the guys who..." Ron Bonn '52

FROTHY ENCORES

The Nittany Knights Barbershop Chorus

Mary's Lamb I

In the Moonlight

Mary's Lamb II

THE DESCANT OF MAN THREE EVOLUTIONARY LOVE SONGS

Discantus

Sarah Spraitzar
PIANO

On Anthropoids Audrey Goldstein

Natural Love Ted Kunin '48

Burning Kisses

WILLOW SONGS AN OLD COLLEGE MEDLEY

Combined Choruses and the Municipal Band

Our Farewell Toast

The Campus

1912

The Willow (Reprise)

INTERMISSION

PART III

FOUR TOCCATAS

The State College Area High School Concert Choir

Jessica Barth
DIRECTOR

The Central Pennsylvania Youth Orchestra

Alex E. Hill
DIRECTOR

"Long Live the Weeds" Theodore Roethke

Reply to Censure Theodore Roethke

Lute Song Robert Lima

Before You Inhabit Another Star Joseph Grucci

PROGRAM

SUMMER EVENINGS

Pu-Qi Jiang
CONDUCTOR

Barbara Hess
MEZZO-SOPRANO

Dinner in the Courtyard Emily Grosholz

Castalia Trio

Marylène Dosse James Lyon
PIANO VIOLIN

Kim Cook
VIOLONCELLO

Richard Kennedy
TENOR

Poem with a Moon John Balaban

Alard Quartet

Joanne Feldman, Raymond Page
Donald Hopkins VIOLA
VIOLINS

Leonard Feldman
VIOLONCELLO

Suzanne Roy
SOPRANO

Eden Emily Grosholz

The Castalia Trio and the Alard Quartet

Norman Spivey
BARITONE

The Eye in the Forest John Haag

Pennsylvania Quintet

Eleanor Duncan Armstrong
FLUTE

Tim Hurtz Smith Toulson
OBOE CLARINET

Lisa O. Bontrager
HORN

Daryl Durran
BASSOON

Susan Boardman
SOPRANO

Night Journey Theodore Roethke

Combined Ensembles

Vocal quintet and Combined Ensembles

Idyll Theodore Roethke

Adam's Puzzle Katey Lehman

KEYSTONES

The State College Choral Society
The Nittany Valley Symphony

Open House Theodore Roethke

The Child of Many Winters John Haag

D. Douglas Miller
DIRECTOR

Lieder Deborah Austin

The Summons Theodore Roethke

EPILOGUE

The Penn State University Choir

The Fire Elms Jason Charnesky

Anthony Leach
DIRECTOR

The Choral Society and the Symphony

THE POETS OF MOUNTAIN LAURELS

One cannot claim that poetry has long been found in our valley, so most of the lyrics set by Bruce Trinkley for *Mountain Laurels* are by poets who are happily still among us. These poets are representative of what is a populous and active confraternity perhaps best known now to Bruce, who has read all their work in seeking poems that lend themselves to composition in another medium. These poets had their predecessors, of course, some distinguished and some lesser-known. Few of us have probably ever heard of Charles Calvin Ziegler, who published a charmingly printed (and very thin) book, *Drauss un Deheem*, in Leipzig in 1891 with the legend attached: 'Gedichte in Pennsylvanisch Deitsch beiëm Charles Calvin Ziegler von Brushvalley, Pa.'

Only three years later, in 1894, Fred Lewis Pattee arrived to teach American literature at the Pennsylvania State College. Pattee never made great claims for his own poetry. He never sought to reprint his youthful volume *The Wine of May* (1893), but along with his pioneer treatises on American literature he wrote a fair amount of occasional poetry, including the Penn State Alma Mater (which, by the way, he wrote while in retirement in Winter Park, Florida, where he also published an autumnal volume, *Beyond the Sunset*, in 1934).

While he was not a prolific poet, Pattee set the stage in a grandfatherly way for other State College poets. There is a link between Pattee and an older generation of poets whose work began in the 1930s. One of these, the winner of the National Book Award for poetry, was Theodore Roethke, who in a ten-year stay (1938-1948) in the Department of English published his first book, *Open House* (1941), and was asked to write occasional poems, one of which written for the local chapter of Phi Beta Kappa has been set to music for this concert. Roethke left Penn State in 1948, leaving behind the manuscript of *Open House*, which he presented to the University Libraries, and at least seven presentation copies of the book, one of which was autographed for Fred Lewis Pattee.

The next figure of prominence was Joseph Grucci, whose first book of poems, *Love of Earth* (1933), carried a Foreword by Fred Lewis Pattee. In 1947 he wrote to Pattee, "I am by some special favor your spiritual grandson, though an undeserving one." Grucci published other volumes of poetry. But from the standpoint of this centennial concert, he should be recognized for his lifetime accomplishment, the founding and the editing of *Pivot*, which began in 1951 just a year after the death of Pattee and was continued after Grucci's death by another of our poets, the late Jack McManis. McManis had long assisted Professor Grucci, in addition to writing his own original and provocative poetry. Both these gentlemen are much missed.

Pivot in a very real way is the poetic record of State College; everyone involved in the literary life of the University contributed to it, and many writers around the country sent poems. Kenneth Burke and Marianne Moore went out of their way to praise the magazine, and in both longevity and quality it is a fine memorial to Grucci and a singular and living record of his contributions.

Mountain Laurels echoes all of this and is indicative of a continued poetic vitality in State College that has flourished for a long time. It is a wonderful tribute to that vitality that Bruce Trinkley has so carefully read so much so well and has brought to the poems the added dimension of music. Let us hope that there will be another program such as this one in much less than a century.

Charles Mann

CHIEF OF RARE BOOKS & SPECIAL COLLECTIONS
PATTEE LIBRARY

THE MESSAGE OF THE WEST

AN ODE

Delivered June 16, 1903, at the Dedication
of the Auditorium, Presented by Mr. and Mrs. Charles
M. Schwab to the Pennsylvania State College.

F r e d L e w i s P a t t e e

A poem is a glimpse, a faltering ray

From out that larger day;

A single glimpse through mist, and night, and cloud,

To some rare soul allowed;

A flash from outer ether caught

And bodies into word, or deed, or thought.

A waif it is from that intenser life;

A moment when a soul is found in key,

One rapturous moment when a soul may see

The pattern blurred stand sharp, and in the strife

And discord feel God's harmony.

Then if the hand may seize

And fix the radiant vision ere it flees,

It stands forever, lone, sublime, apart,

A thing to thrill, a thing to lift the heart,

A truth, a bit of God,—immortal art.

THE MOUNTAIN

J a s o n C h a r n e s k y

1 9 9 4

All earth is slow to human eyes,

She seldom leaps up in surprise

or out of her stoney quiet slumber wake

to rumple her bright prairie quilts and shake

the dull plains into mountain range

or fold white sheets of limestone strata

into neatly tucked new hills

or pile her rocky pillows in one heap

of glacier and moraine,

or light her way among the grey night's stars

by setting off a lava flow

or (letting all decorum go)

ignite a bonfire of volcanic ash

or buckle overnight a mile-high peak

or scratch herself and leave the trace

of the Grand Canyon on her face.

So I have been taught is the tone

of earth's desire, more gradual than stone.

Today I hiked the mountain with my love,

Honeysuckle bloomed and ferns fiddled out

and mushrooms made their crafty resurrection

at base of oak and maple, sumac and sweet gum.

So far away from our own world we could not

see either Centre Hall or College Heights,

or yesterday's argument or tomorrow's rage.

Past charred fire pit and displaced beer can

and Indian pipes and jack in the pulpit

we walked, till the sun poked through

the young oak leaves making the warm ground glow

and even my faithless hand shone in that light.

And love peeked out a moment

as quiet as the earth.

And I said nothing.

LOVELY OCTOBER

J o s e p h G r u c c i

from *This Autumn Surely* 1 9 3 5

*Lovely October, red-gold and immortal,
Like a spread wing at sunset in my brain!
I have been waiting your outrageous coming,
Leaffooted, treading down the wind-slain!*

*I have been such a lover of autumn;
Listened to bronze leaves make a fabulous sound
As they sucked their last breath from nervous boughs,
Then made a secret noise upon the ground.*

*I have watched boys plunge knee-deep into heaps
Of leaves and fill their shoes with copper-gold
And heard their laughter mixed with joyous rage
At having so much beauty here to hold.*

*Lovely October, red-gold and immortal,
Like a spread wing at sunset in my brain!
I have been waiting your outrageous coming,
Leaffooted, treading down the wind-slain!*

E L M T R E E S I N T H E E A R L Y C L O S E O F W I N T E R

E m i l y G r o s h o l z

from *Eden* 1 9 9 2

*Elm trees in the early close
of winter take me by surprise
as dusk descends,
take on, without my leave
or wish, the color mauve.*

*A trick of atmosphere,
earth breathing an upward cloud,
or my imposed desire,
or rising sap that swells
to leaf in winter buds?*

*Elm tree, shape of my desire,
what is color's origin?
Perhaps the sun's
light reflex as it moves
under the world again.*

*Midweek I live alone,
Desires rise and fade
with nowhere else to go,
Lengthening day, the empty vases
fill and overflow.*

NOTEBOOK FOR MAY

Deborah Austin

from *The Paradise of the World* 1964

Nothing to say; only this morning
 saw these things. The sky
 branched and frilling over between crowding
 cherryflowers, sun
 buttering everything shiny;
 between the sky was
 flowers in every language
 hollering red and making
 sibilances and crispness
 of wet round stem, cool
 juicy petal, pink
 is nearly white, is nearly
 but never
 blue; sun drips
 in honey off these
 naive leaves. If you
 get far enough away from spring
 it makes a pattern; now
 brushing our lips
 and getting in our eyes,
 formless and breathing
 it is only
 here.

SUN

Melinda Mucha

from *Pivot* 1977

I went to the magical dandelion carnival,
 Spanish hot,
 Shimmering I danced.
 I danced to the magic smokeblower.
 He blew my name in the air glitter green,
 It shone for an instant,
 The rays of the sun beat down and it wavered.
 I danced away
 Danced under the sun,
 El sol.
 The eyes of the dwarf were yellow.
 He blinked it was cloudy
 He cried and it rained.
 I dried his tears and we dipped and we whirled
 And he sparkled all golden—
 I could see him no more.
 So I danced away
 Danced under the sun,
 The wonderful sun...
 The carousel fluted,
 I cried out with joy
 And leaped on a pony with musical mane and fiery eyes.
 We galloped away
 And followed a rainbow
 Up to the sun.

INTRODUCTION

Maya Spence

from *Pivot* 1974

You never know whom you may meet

May burst in upon you

Throw open wide the doors

To your carriage house

Take a bite of you,

You never know, so always be prepared

For the day when dictionaries explode

With unsaid words and graphic

Descriptions of the whirring universe

Spin gigantic snowflakes into oblivion

Or devour tiny ants with one soft lick.

III MISSA PAPAЕ MARCELLI

(PALESTRINA 1525-1594)

Deborah Austin

from *The Paradise of the World* 1964

For Palestrina, heaven was only singing.

*The bodies stayed below; the voices, ringing
serene and flawless through crystalline air,
touched the sky's dome and hung down, hiving there
piled on each other deep, like swarming bees,
until celestial impulse made them move
off on mysterious tangents, seeking love,
and bringing home triumphant harmonies.*

Milton saw seraphs in a burning row

who, burning, sang. Not Palestrina, though;

for him, the singing burned.

The voices, lost

for a moment, found their rest the same—

paused

crossed

caught on each other, and

burst into flame.

*Out of this burning rose a passion proved
by fire of every earthly guilt, and moved
higher by dissonance that cried for peace
until the fire-scarred found cool release
in cadences that fall like flowers of ice
in a long garland, down
linked in a garland, down
slowly and purely down
to earth
from Paradise.*

**DRYPOINT: EVENING OF
FIRST SNOW**

Deborah Austin

from *The Paradise of the World* 1964

The autumned land was dark all day;
a blind sky arched it, whitely grey—
light in itself, but none to spare
for iron earth, for barbèd air
In black and white the night came on;
the snow fell down; dark land was gone;
the dusk fell down among the snow,
but kept at bay by whiteness, though,
held off a little, then came back,
and the white sky itself was black.
Now, as the year and night turn old,
nothing is certain but the cold.
A white earth lights itself to bed;
a black sky towers overhead.
Wind, rumoring rage on every gust,
silts up the sills with icy dust
from that black field of combat, where
the white flakes charge dark, bitter air.

SPRING FEVER

Emily Grosholz

from *The River Painter* 1984

At the wood's edge trillium shows
mauve petals in three,
blood-root fragile white
planets down the ecliptic of the road,
I can do nothing better with my eyes
than seek the early risers out;
my self rides up and down,
teased from sterner purposes
by love and evolving spring.

Too restless to stay fixed
at my desk, which faces city streets
through windows darkening
with dust and spiderwork,
I ride my bicycle by morning
out to country at the city's edge.

I never touch the violets,
Quaker ladies massing in their dress
of blue and white, the common pinks
ignorant of their family's Latin title.
Empty-handed, given to pastoral,
by night I ride back to my lover's bed,
trailing names of flowers from the woods.

IN ALMOST JULY

Deborah Austin

from *The Paradise of the World* 1964

*This is the edge—
have fallen off the edge
into a green of summer; all the trees
bushing, like ill-tossed salads, and a frowse
of poppies tangled in the nextdoor grass;
roses; and children run on knobby legs toward evening—
hit each other with croquet mallets; the backyards
full of tears, and screendoors slam
on victims running to Tell. Oh yes, from now
till into August, after supper someone
takes a badtempered powermower to walk,
growling and spitting down between the hedges
in aqueous light under the spinach trees.
Peonies loll, blowsy in cool pink silk—
after a shower sometimes they cry real tears,
round and pathetic, but not very sad.
A cockney robin in a business suit
bustles alertly; he is Getting the Worm,
and knows it. Nobody else
wants to, this weather. This,
he does not know. Watching him work
is mint and lemon for the iced-tea mood
of this particular raga.*

I KNOW A ROAD

Joseph Grucci

from *This Autumn Surely* 1935

*I know a road, and I can find it still,
Though the bright asters and the hollyhocks
Invade the unfenced pathway from the hill,
To hush one's foot against the eye-blue phlox.

And yet I wonder if the sullen hill
That threatened it has made his menace good.
I know a road, and I can find it still—
Or something happened where a hill once stood.

Whether in moonlight or when night is black,
With red-gold autumn burning in my brain,
Let them say what they will behind my back,
I know a road that I must find again.*

from **GATHERING OF
FRIENDS AFTER THE FALL
OF THE SUNG DYNASTY**

Emily Grosholz

from *The River Painter* 1984

*I say that any man is equally brave
who can confess he loves his friends,
gives himself up to love of wine,
draws out the secrets of his heart
and hangs them up in black and white*

*Especially when outside the wing of night
engulfs the moon; bad fortune everywhere
plays with the bones of men; unearthly war
casts his red eye and brandishes his sword.*

FURNITURE

Dorothy Roberts

from *Extended* 1967

*The tables, chairs, sofa
Involved in their own arms, legs, feet, backs, stuffed seats
Were once quite an absolute form of law,*

*The children spill over them in the eternal flow
Of time and the generations, in a curious complication*

Of how life is to grow.

*The children break up the furniture from within
Without letting the parents know.*

THE BAT

Theodore Roethke

from *Open House* 1941

*By day the bat is cousin to the mouse,
He likes the attic of an aging house.*

*His fingers make a hat about his head,
His pulse beat is so slow we think him dead.*

*He loops in crazy figures half the night
Among the trees that face the corner light,*

*But when he brushes up against a screen,
We are afraid of what our eyes have seen:*

*For something is amiss or out of place
When mice with wings can wear a human face.*

MID-COUNTRY BLOW

Theodore Roethke

from *Open House* 1941

*All night and all day the wind roared in the trees,
Until I could think there were waves rolling high as my bedroom floor;
When I stood at the window, an elm bough swept to my knees;
The blue spruce lashed like a surf at the door.*

The second dawn I would not have believed:

The oak stood with each leaf stiff as a bell,

*When I looked at the altered scene, my eye was undeceived,
But my ear still kept the sound of the sea like a shell.*

WINTER FIRE

Jack McManis

Throat swelling ecstatic matins,
does the cardinal worship the sun?
Or has sun come up to worship him?
Why else would sun bother to rise
this Arctic dawn? In holy roller
frenzy does the flame bird warble
in tongues? No, only listen hard
and you'll catch the words: Joy! Joy!
To hell with protective coloring!
Let sun in, Let sun in, Let sun in
trills the blood bird, Make it sing,
Make it sing he goes on as if never
to stop. Red arsonist setting
my winter soul on fire, high over
a world of ice you carol messages
to the sun and to the poet in all of us.

APRIL SNOW

E. H. Knapp

Those epicures in ermine were the last
To leave. They slumped on summer furniture
And lounged about the yard to see that blast—
The end of revels—through, or to be sure
The sun would rise. Pristinely reprobate,
The drowsy rounders slouched and shifted, to roam
No more but silent sit and contemplate
The mounting disadvantages of home,
They may have come to foil the green of grass
Or give the hardy crocus tales to tell
The daffodils of these pale rogues, alas,
Who crashed a lovely garden party, fell,
And spent the night—not to apologize
Nor even to the flowers bid good-byes.

dandelions

Deborah Austin

from *The Paradise of the World* 1964

under cover of night and rain
the troops took over.
waking to total war in beleaguered houses
over breakfast we faced the batteries
marshalled by wall and stone, deployed
with a master strategy no one had suspected
and now all
firing

pow

all day, all yesterday
and all today
the barrage continued
deafening sight,
reeling now, eyes ringing from noise, from walking
gingerly over the mined lawns
exploded at every second
rocked back by the starshellfire
concussion of gold on green
bringing battle-fatigue

pow by lionface firefur pow by
goldburst shellshock pow by
whoosh splat splinteryyellow pow by
pow by pow
tomorrow smoke drifts up
from the wrecked battalions,
all the ammunition, firegold fury, gone,
smoke
drifts
thistle-blown
over the war-zone, only

here and there, in the shade by the
pear-tree

pow in the crack by the
 curbstone pow and back of the
 ashcan, lonely
 guerrilla snipers, hoarding
 their fire shrewdly
 never
 pow
 surrender

FOOD SONGS: THE EGG

John Haag

from *Pivot* 1981

Eggs, eggs, beautiful eggs
 —strange little creatures
 without any legs,
 exquisite ovals
 without any navels,
 no elbows or hair
 and nothing to wear,
 balder than whales
 in those elegant shells—
 Oh beautiful, beautiful, beautiful eggs!

SONG TO A COY PARENT

John Haag

from *The Mirrored Man* 1961

Yes, tell me of the birds and bears
 And palpitating bees,
 Of ululating owls among
 The eucalyptus trees,
 Of cats and bulls and animals
 Too numerous to mention,
 And how the wind is pandar to
 The randy palm's intention;
 I'd like to know how porcupines
 Greet their inamoratas,
 And why the grunion runs aground
 In agitated stratas,
 Or how the frugal cuckoos find
 Impromptu incubators,
 And happy hens are setting on
 The eggs of alligators,
 O, tell me of countless foolish things—
 I'd welcome explanation,
 For, really, I'm intrigued by all
 This din of procreation,

**READING AT
THE ARTS FESTIVAL**

John Balaban

from *Pivot* 1981

*What are you doing here?
Why listen to this prattle?
What do you want a poem to do?
You can't take one home
like a pot or a painting.
A poem won't do
to spruce up a kitchen.
It's awfully hard
to find a place to hang one.
You get one home
and it makes a mess.
Strays don't know how to behave.
Even chihuahuas can bite.*

*The other day
I was parked at Grossman's Lumber
about to buy a sack of cement.
A soprano on the radio
was singing "Un Bel Di."
The hunger in her voice
was enough to make you cry.
Imagine, crying in a parking lot
in front of Grossman's Lumber.
It was the surprise. The haunting voice
that tells us that we're human
not just a jerk who wants to fix a porch.*

*When poems come calling,
they call from long ways off,
from distant places suddenly familiar
as words unlock
the shutters on our hearts
and windows are thrown open
to clearest morning light
on the finest of days
as we sit in a room furnished by the air.*

**SONG FOR THE
THUMB PIANO**

John Haag

*People come in so many pieces
People crack behind their masks
People stitch and patch their faces
And hope nobody asks*

*When people's faces fall to pieces
People stitch and patch their masks
People try to change their faces
Because nobody asks*

*People gather up the pieces
Dump them all into their masks
People throw away their faces
when no one*

no one

no one ever asks.

Note: The "Thumb Piano" has no sharps,
no flats and no chords—only eight full notes.

V E R N A L S E N T I M E N T

T h e o d o r e R o e t h k e

from *Open House* 1941

*Though the crocuses poke up their heads in the usual places,
The frog scum appear on the pond with the same froth of green,
And boys moon at girls with last year's fatuous faces,
I never am bored, however familiar the scene,*

*When from under the barn the cat brings a similar litter,—
Two yellow and black, and one that looks in between,—
Though it all happened before, I cannot grow bitter:
I rejoice in the spring, as though no spring ever had been.*

T H E P R E M O N I T I O N

T h e o d o r e R o e t h k e

from *Open House* 1941

*Walking this field I remember
Days of another summer.
Oh that was long ago! I kept
Close to the heels of my father,
Matching his stride with half-steps
Until we came to a river.
He dipped his hand in the shallow:
Water ran over and under
Hair on a narrow wrist bone;
His image kept following after,—
Flashed with the sun in the ripple.
But when he stood up, that face
Was lost in a maze of water.*

**E L E G Y F O R T H E S W A N S
A T G R A C E P O N D**

B r u c e W e i g l

from *What Saves Us* 1992

*Bored with bread the children throw to her,
the swan who lost her one great love
when he washed up, tangled in the cold dawn,
drowned in the roots of the willow,
clings to the blue pond and its amnesia,
Grief makes her circle the willow's shadow
where she waits for him to reappear
evenings when the light disappears
and each lap of waves grows greener.
Before a hole opened up in the life
they'd invented in the clouds,
we watched them tangle their necks
around each other, sailing side by side
as to save themselves from our world.*

T H E A P P L E S

D o r o t h y R o b e r t s

from *Self of Loss* 1965

*The apples were larger than the hand
Yet crisp to the heart and golden or red,
And biting into something so round
Gave as strong a sense as could be of the good world
Of that far countryside where the hills rolled
On and on under orchards and the wandering road.

We would go on an autumn day and walk as far
As the spread wing of the countryside could take us away,
Being still in our own land yet far away
Amid autumn furrows and the goldenrod.

And at the far end of the walk we would find these apples
On trees strayed almost to the edge of the forest,
Reaching through the far away of that land
For autumn epitomized in a single globe.*

INDIAN SUMMER

R o b e r t L i m a

*The season seems defiant of its normal role,
It fails to function with the usual stomp and clout
of snow and sleet, of ice beneath the feet,
of threat to life and limb if one goes out,*

*Instead, it gives the grey of winter a new dress
with larks in leafless trees, returning fowl
that bask in median temperatures of days in spring,
and turns its back upon the expectations of the owl.*

*There's no assurance it'll stay as such a while,
or even, for a happy time, con nature into thinking big.
But it provides a meantime respite in the scheme of things
from all-hail breaking loose and forcing winter's dig.*

"HAIKU" TRIO

B i l l H a n s o n

January 1988

Sound of walking in snow

Tangled web of sky

One feather

Bone breaks

Trees float in white

Eyes close

Iced river talks

Bird melts

Bare trees stand against white

One voice speaks

Heron flies

Remembered rose

DISTINCT

D o r o t h y R o b e r t s

from *Extended* 1967

*Over the pale fields
And the woods' dim grey
The night begins to fall,
I walk this way.*

*The stars begin to shine,
The woods grow black,
Across the crusted fields
I break a track.*

*Sparkle of many stars
The snow lying mute
Distinguish all I need
To take this route.*

OLD MAINIA

The Willow Froth February 1912
 Standing at the crossing of two ways
 Which carry past the myriad treading feet,
 Old Willow, wilt thou be the first to greet
 With leaves again the greening springtime days?
 How many years yet memories wilt thou raise
 In those returning from the busy street,
 Memories of victory and defeat,
 Of joys and griefs of long departed days?
 Not many springs will see thy leafy maze,
 Of drooping branches; few the sands that meet,

FROTHIANA

Terse Verses Froth December 1957
 Hickory dickory dock
 Three mice ran up the clock
 The clock struck one
 But the other two escaped.
 Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall
 All the King's horses
 And all the King's men
 Had Egnog.

Keats Froth September 1959
 The poet Keats lay in his bed,
 Penniless, sad and nearly dead.
 No mighty verse was his creation.
 Alas, he had no inspiration.
 Then, a nightingale hopped on his sill
 And handed him a dollar bill.
 "Keats," it chirped in gentle tone,
 "Remember, this is just a loan."
 That's why Keats wrote, though wan and pale
 Of what he "Owed to a Nightingale."

Old Mother Hubbard Froth March 1957

Old Mother Hubbard
 Went to the cupboard
 To get her poor daughter a dress,
 When she got there,
 The cupboard was bare,
 And so was her daughter, I guess.

The Little Duckling Froth April 1952

No wonder the little duckling
 Wears on his face a frown
 For he has just discovered
 His first pair of pants are down.

**THE GROOVES
 OF ACADEME**

Freshman Complaint Froth July 1943

"We Beg to Call Your Attention to the Fact:"
 Professor spewing toneless talk,
 You are forcing me to mock
 And mimic that which you attempt
 To teach me. For I am exempt
 This afternoon from facts, and ways
 Of solving problems of writing plays,
 Of speaking Spanish, of plotting charts,
 Of learning to act dramatic parts,
 Of drawing pictures, or reporting news,
 Of trying to acquire intellectual views.
 The nights are cool and the days are hot,
 But you've forgotten what I have not—
 That though we're here to go to College
 We're seeking something more than knowledge.

The Party Froth April 1962

People grasping
 cocktail glasses,
 standing, gasping
 teeming masses.
 People smoking,
 people drinking,
 coughing, choking,

getting stinking,
Some repletely
boiled or fried,
some completely
ossified.
Liquor spilling,
trousers sopping,
steady swilling,
bodies dropping,
Glasses falling on the floor,
people calling
"Drop some more!"
Morals stretching, ceiling reching
women squealing,
Heavy smoking,
air gets thicker,
someone croaking
"No more liquor."
What? What? WHAT?
No more liquor?
People snicker
unbelieving,
No more liquor?
Let's be leaving.
No more drinking,
groans and hisses,
what a stinking party this is.

Radical Rag Froth June 1965

"We Beg to Call Your Attention to the Fact:"

We're gassing and bombing,
And warmly napalming,
All three-year-old Reds in Viet, ho ho;
Though they persecute us
(And some even shoot us),
We ain't down yet, ho ho.

Courageous and surly,
Kentucky plants burley,
Lung cancer statistics or nyet, ho ho;
And Lyndon won't sell-y
His stock in the telly;
We ain't down yet, ho ho.
Defenders of God's
Still wield cattle prods's,
Though Governor Wallace regrets, ho ho;
The song of the Eastland
Still sings through the Southland;
We ain't down yet, ho ho.

With such staunch exemplars,
Crusading knights-templars,
The gentlemen foolish regret, ho ho,
To warn the author'ties
Who tore up our charties:
We ain't down yet.

"I hate the guys. . ." Froth December 1952

"I hate the guys
Who criticize
And minimize
The other guys
Whose enterprise
Has made them rise
Above the guys
Who criticize."

FROTHY ENCORES

Mary's Lamb I Froth May 1957

Mary had a little lamb
 A lobster and some prunes
 A glass of milk, a piece of pie
 And then some macaroons.
 It made the naughty waiters grin
 To see her order so
 And when they carried Mary out
 Her face was white as snow.

In the Moonlight Froth January 1943

He kissed her in the moonlight,
 She gave him little fight,
 She was a marble statue,
 He was a little tight.

Mary's Lamb II Froth October 1952

Mary had a little lamb
 The lamb had halitosis
 And every place that Mary went
 The people held their noses.

THE DESCANT OF MAN
THREE EVOLUTIONARY
LOVE SONGS

On Anthropoids Froth August 1942

When Charley R. Darwin first aired his conclusions
 He managed to shatter a wealth of illusions.
 Homo Sapien was plagued by assorted pangs
 To think of his forebearers, orang-utans,
 To dispose of those who remained to spoof
 Charley dug up morphological proof,
 And so he persuaded with argument luminous
 That man was descended from primates quadrumanous.
 'Tis thoughts such as these I wish to disperse
 Convinced that the case is quite the reverse,
 For everyone knows
 That since time began
 Woman's been making
 A monkey of man.

Natural Love Froth Autumn 1946

Much has been said in the movies
 About lovers on the screen,
 But I want to tell you the story
 Of the love of a Lima Bean.
 He was happy on his beanstalk
 Till one eventful morn
 When there before his dazzled eyes
 Grew a glorious ear of corn.
 He made love to her daily and
 She loved him for his dash
 So he and she were married
 And their kids are succotash.

Burning Kisses Froth February 1949

He asked for burning kisses,
 She said in accents cruel—
 "I may be a red-hot mamma,
 But I ain't nobody's fuel."

WILLOW SONGS
AN OLD COLLEGE
MEDLEY

Our Farewell Toast Froth June 1 9 1 4

Four years ago, four hundred strong,
We came to thee Penn State,
And now we leave for other worlds,
To tempt that goddess—Fate.

We've fought our scraps; we've had our fights;
Our men have brought thee fame,
We tried to make our humble lives
Bring glory to thy name.

As comrades now, we soon must part,—
Shake hands, perhaps for e'er,
So let us drink a toast to her,
The Queen of all the fair.

Here's a toast to our Alma Mater,
Here's a toast to her name so clean:
God give us strength to keep it so,—
The class of Old Fourteen.

The Campus Froth June 1 9 1 0

Oh, thou broad campus, green and gay
If thou could speak what would thou say?
What stirring memories thou dost hold
Of tales not in our histories told;
Of fierce encounters; scraps gone by,
The lower classman's battle cry.
The morning drill; the dress parade,
With studes in warriors' blue arrayed,
Upon thy seats beneath yon trees,
The strutting Seniors smoke in peace.
The Sophomores seek thy shady nooks,
And Juniors with their ponderous books.

Thy slopes have echoed many a sigh,
And naughty Sophomore's war-like cry,
While o'er thee now in joy serene,
Rides Duster in his gas machine,
Ah, many a fond sight thou hast seen
Thou dear old campus, fair and green.

1912 Froth June 1 9 1 2

Come, seniors, come, and let us sing,
Let all our voices raise;
Let's sing a song, a good old song,
For dear old by-gone days!

It seems so short, since first we met,—
And yet it's four years past,—
Now, here as seniors all, we stand,
To graduate at last.

Long will the memories remain,
Of scraps and feeds and such,
And often we will long to see
Old Harry, Bill and "Dutch."

We may burn in far off Luzon,
Or freeze in Lab'rador,
But our hearts will ever linger
In our college days of yore.

So, ere we leave, for parts unknown,
No matter where we delve,
Let's sing a song, a parting song,
To dear old Nineteen Twelve!

The Willow Reprise

Not many springs will see thy leafy maze,
Of drooping branches; few the sands that meet
Beneath thy shade in future years to gaze,
On faces long forgot and tales repeat,
For those who should have guarded thee with great
And deep love may have come too late—too late.

"LONG LIVE THE WEEDS"

HOPKINS

Theodore Roethke

from *Open House* 1941

Long live the weeds that overwhelm
 My narrow vegetable realm!
 The bitter rock, the barren soil
 That force the son of man to toil;
 All things unholy, marred by curse,
 The ugly of the universe.
 The rough, the wicked, and the wild
 That keep the spirit undefiled.
 With these I match my little wit
 And earn the right to stand or sit,
 Hope, love, create, or drink and die;
 These shape the creature that is I.

REPLY TO CENSURE

Theodore Roethke

from *Open House* 1941

Repulse the staring eye,
 The hostile gaze of hate,
 And check the pedantry
 Of those inveterate
 Defamers of the good,
 They mock the deepest thought,
 Condemn the fortitude
 Whereby true work is wrought,
 Though just men are reviled
 When cravens cry them down,
 The brave keep undefiled
 A wisdom of their own,
 The bold wear toughened skin
 That keeps sufficient store
 Of dignity within,
 And quiet at the core.

LUTE SONG

Robert Lima

from *Eye of the Beholder*

Joy is in the making . . .
 of instruments that bring elation
 of music that the fingers sing
 Joy is in the leaping . . .
 through time, geography and lore
 through planes of magnitude and depth
 Joy is in the sensing . . .
 oneness with the master hand
 oneness with the inner ear

BEFORE YOU INHABIT

ANOTHER STAR

Joseph Grucci

from *The Invented Will* 1962

Man, if you should inhabit another star,
 Fell not a single tree
 That you cannot replace,
 Cultivate no acre for the ravens to destroy,
 House no one where he cannot see
 A sun-held hill beyond the greenest street.
 (But above all else
 Take nothing from a native of that star
 To make his world the less.)
 Build landing strips
 For visitors from outer space;
 Make laws, if indeed you must,
 That even the wiliest cannot twist,
 But shape them to the human need,
 Against inquisitors keep inviolable
 The privacy of mind.
 O man, before you inhabit another star,
 Let fall the rain
 Here, let it fall to stir
 The sleeping sand.

DINNER IN THE COURTYARD

Emily Grosholz

from *The River Painter* 1984

When summer tears the maple leaves
to lace, and blue shows through the green
like those imagined distances
weaving through all things close at hand,
then sunset looms for hours upon
the scarlet tenements of day,
unraveling curtains, windowpanes
ablaze. The house is close, I say,

and move the table underneath
the arches of the maple tree.
Not even the curious neighbors know
if I am host or stranger here,
nor if this roof of leaf and air,
the little courtyard to the world, is home.

POEM WITH A MOON

John Balaban

from *Blue Mountain* 1982

One summer evening at an oak edged pond,
I saw shoals of frogs, or small toads, spawning,
bloated red, glued in pairs, rolling,
roiling the shallows under a full moon
which, oiled, sleek, dripping in the trees,
cast shadows from my hand onto the water.
Tonight, spring night, by your house the peepers trill,
and the moon, as you sit at your desk, looks in
to see if your face is still shadowed by mine.

EDEN

Emily Grosholz

from *Eden* 1992

In lurid cartoon colors, the big baby
dinosaur steps backwards under the shadow
of an approaching tyrannosaurus rex,
"His mommy going to fix it," you remark,
serenely anxious, hoping for the best.

After the big explosion, after the lights
go down inside the house and up the street,
we rush outdoors to find a squirrel stopped
in straws of half-gnawed cable. I explain,
trying to fit the facts, "The squirrel is dead."

No, you explain it otherwise to me.
"He's sleeping. And his mommy going to come."
Later, when the squirrel has been removed,
"His mommy fix him," you insist, insisting
on the right to know what you believe.

The world is truly full of fabulous
great and curious small inhabitants,
and you're the freshly minted, unashamed
Adam in this garden. You preside,
appreciate, and judge our proper names.

Like God, I brought you here.
Like God, I seem to be omnipotent,
mostly helpful, sometimes angry as hell.
I fix whatever minor faults arise
with bandaids, batteries, masking tape, and pills.

But I am powerless, as you must know,
to chase the serpent sliding in the grass,
or the tall angel with the flaming sword
who scares you when he rises suddenly
behind the gates of sunset.

THE EYE IN THE FOREST

John Haag

from *The Mirrored Man* 1961

Beneath a cedar, buried in the moss
 And needles, cloistered in a dim recess
 Where only green light filters down, the doe
 Has left her tissue skull. Facets of dew
 Shine on a ring of bone about an eye
 Replaced by violets. Tentatively
 They linger, but the flower stays, and thrives,
 Hiding the death-mask under living leaves
 As roots explore and force the delicate
 Faint unions where the accurate bone was knit,
 The moss, intruding, swells between the teeth
 And plucks them slowly; day by day this death
 Becomes important as the forest dreams,
 Covers and keeps, and silently reclaims.

NIGHT JOURNEY

Theodore Roethke

from *Open House* 1941

Now as the train bears west,
 Its rhythm rocks the earth,
 And from my Pullman berth
 I stare into the night
 While others take their rest.
 Bridges of iron lace,
 A suddenness of trees,
 A lap of mountain mist
 All cross my line of sight,
 Then a bleak wasted place,
 And a lake below my knees.
 Full on my neck I feel
 The straining at a curve;
 My muscles move with steel,

I wake in every nerve.

I watch a beacon swing

From dark to blazing bright;

We thunder through ravines

And gullies washed with light.

Beyond the mountain pass

Mist deepens on the pane;

We rush into a rain

That rattles double glass.

Wheels shake the roadbed stone,

The pistons jerk and shove,

I stay up half the night

To see the land I love.

IDYLL

Theodore Roethke

from *Open House* 1941

Now as from maple to elm the flittermice skitter and twirl,

A drunk man stumbles by, absorbed in self-talk.

The lights in the kitchens go out; moth wings unfurl;

The last tricycle runs crazily to the end of the walk.

As darkness creeps up on the well-groomed suburban town,

We grow indifferent to dog howls, to the nestling's last peep;

Dew deepens on the fresh-cut lawn;

We sit in the porch swing, content and half asleep.

The world recedes in the black revolving shadow;

A far-off train blows its echoing whistle once;

We go to our beds in a house at the edge of a meadow,

Unmindful of terror and headlines, of speeches and guns.

ADAM'S PUZZLE

K a t e y L e h m a n

*If my spirit
differs from my soul,
and I concur with this conceit,
how do I deal
with my erratic spirit,
and where, thereafter,
goes my soul?*

*My spirit leaps
toward shining hair,
to sunlit butterflies, from there
to hummingbirds that hover
in the blossoms of my fragrant quince,
and then to anything that hovers
and, mid-air, turns my moods
to altered colors.*

*My soul goes pressing toward the ground,
and then goes upward, falling
to the sound of geese,
and way beyond . . .
down and up and out and all around.*

*God gave Adam a body, a spirit,
and a soul
My spirit goes with what I see.
My soul knows all the mystery.*

Note: This is the last poem

Katey wrote before her death,

January 3, 1981.

OPEN HOUSE

T h e o d o r e R o e t h k e

from *Open House* 1941

*My secrets cry aloud.
I have no need for tongue.
My heart keeps open house,
My doors are widely swung.
An epic of the eyes
My love, with no disguise.*

*My truths are all foreknown,
This anguish self-revealed.
I'm naked to the bone,
With nakedness my shield.
Myself is what I wear:
I keep the spirit spare.*

*The anger will endure,
The deed will speak the truth
In language strict and pure,
I stop the lying mouth:
Rage warps my clearest cry
To witless agony.*

LIEDER

D e b o r a h A u s t i n

from *The Paradise of the World* 1964

*Birds sing, (but not for human hearts)
lean down the wind and so are gone,
This music wells from nearer home;
we listen and are not alone—
in places where no strangers come,
familiar strolls this least of arts

that is all art, all truth, all song;
that heals by wounding us, and by*

*always dividing false from true
insists on beauty, gracefully
confirming what we really knew:
nothing not found here can last long.*

**THE CHILD OF MANY
WINTERS**

John Haag
from *The Mirrored Man* 1961

*The child of many winters came
And stared into the fountain where
The lost bells ring. Another time
She might have seen the evening star
Drinking its own reflection, or
The water curling into foam.*

*The fountain flashed on cobblestones:
Bell music in the water slid
Down to the basin; tambourines
of silver sounded where it spread
Through changing surfaces, and made
The depth uncertain. Darker tones*

*In liquid, flickering among
The lights and pebbles, startled her,
Who dabbled fingers to prolong
The ripples, while she waited for
The clearest image to appear—
And listened for the bells to ring.*

THE SUMMONS

Theodore Roethke
Phi Beta Kappa Poem 1938

*Now all who love the best,—
Old and rebellious young,—
Must contemplate the waste
Of countenancing wrong:
The human mired, the brute
Raised up to eminence,
The mimic following suit
Until devoid of sense
The good becoming gross,—
All this we may discern;
By slow degrees we learn
The full extent of loss.*

*Though the small wit we have
May nullify belief,
The simple act can save
The heritage of life,
With secrecy put by,
The heart grows less obtuse,
And fervency of eye
Is put to better use.*

*The impulse long denied,
The lips that never move,
The hatred and the pride,—
These can be turned to love,
Now we must summon all
Our force, from breadth to length,
And walk, more vertical,
Secure in human strength.*

THE FIRE ELMS

Jason Charnesky

*From the start of the stars
when that first garbled night
blazed out in cosmic light
all was fire, all was fire,
and the flame passed along
to the fire blossomed birth
of our fair risen earth
all afire.*

*Now the light lay well hid
within flower and beast
the most vast and the least
each a fire, each a fire,
Every ordinary tree
bears a mark from the realm
of the star. And our elms
are on fire.*

*And the elm gabled mall
where we walked in our youth
echoed passion and truth,
all on fire, all on fire.
Though we thought these dark trees
wooden-hearted and cold,
We were brave, clever, bold
and on fire.*

*Half our life now well spent,
those grand trees span the mall,
we are stooped, they are tall,
and the fire, and the fire
has passed on to the eyes
of the youth-blooming crowd
walking careless and proud
and on fire.*

*For the sons of the daughters
of the daughters of our sons
will discover in their turns
some pure fire, some pure fire,
and will strike out as if
all the world waited through
all of time for their new
urgent fire.*

*What if tree turn to dust,
or the sea overwhelm
dusty plain, and each elm
once a fire, once a fire,
should sink back to the earth?
Every birth is as swift.
Let us merit the gift—
Life, Love, Fire.*

SO WHAT IS **Froth** ANYWAY?

With a dozen or more years off for bad behavior, **Froth** was more than a sometimes funny, sex-oriented, audacious, sophomoric college humor magazine that regularly ignited Penn Staters from 1909 to 1984. **Froth** was a happening that became an institution. Unlike its stalwart companion, *The Daily Collegian*, **Froth** was tolerated but not unduly encouraged. **Froth** had to make people want to buy it and in the process became the bane of the prudish and champion of causes. It could also be very funny in the process.

Each fall a new group of student editors directed eager neophytes through literary minefields of mirth and satire. Success brought national honors. Prewar **Froth** was sold in Wanamaker's and in chic bookstores in Washington, D.C., and Pittsburgh. One sublime poem even made *Bartlett's Quotations*. **Froth's** potential for impact on the campus was always a real one. Whether it followed the curve or preceded it may be matters for discussion, but at least twice in that seventy-five year span, **Froth's** efforts were linked to significant changes at Penn State. The first was in 1935, two years after prohibition's repeal. That collegiate essential, beer, was flowing again, but "blue meanies" forced a referendum. Students were aghast, but voteless. Sensing a cause célèbre, **Frothy** became the voice of the opposition and the most feared, most dreaded referendum was defeated by seven votes!

Of more lasting importance, after World War II, **Froth** supported student appeals for campus improvements. Along with the gags and the gibes, a 1947 guest editorial by Fred Waring, Penn State's preeminent troubadour, implored the College (then) to build a "suitable new auditorium." Plans were laid for Eisenhower Auditorium! In 1948 **Froth** asked graduating seniors, "... not to forget campus needs when they had achieved money, power, prestige... on the outside... when they would be the ones who could help build a student union, swimming pool, student co-op and increase teaching pay." History proved they did remember. All these goals came to pass and more!

Froth's most important function was to be an unfettered outlet for students' feelings about their university and how they were being educated. In the process many staffers had their first experiences with free enterprise, entrepreneurial requirements, editorial integrity, and how to laugh at one's problems. Many graduated into communications careers where they continued to write, draw, or design for the amusement and betterment of all.

*Some may not even remember.
Some may not have totally forgot.
But most will never have known
The works of this once foolish lot.*

A r t W a r d A N D A r t S t o b e r

Deborah Austin

Deborah Austin is a retired faculty member from the Penn State English Department who says she loved teaching, writing, and publishing poems. She was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and grew up in Waterville Valley, New Hampshire, where her father was proprietor of the Waterville Inn. She went to boarding school when she was fifteen, graduated from Smith College (B.A.), Radcliffe (M.A.) and Bryn Mawr (Ph.D.), and taught English, specifically British literature, at Penn State for over thirty years.

John Balaban

John Balaban is the author of nine books of poetry and prose, including: *Remembering Heaven's Face* (1992), *Words For My Daughter* (1991), *Vietnam: The Land We Never Knew* (1989), *The Hawk's Tale* (1988), *Ca Dao Vietnam: A Bilingual Anthology of Vietnamese Folk Poetry* (1980), *Letters From Across The Sea* (1978), *After Our War* (1974), and *Vietnam Poems* (1970).

His *After Our War* was the Lamont Selection of the Academy of American Poets and was nominated for the National Book Award. His most recent book of poetry, *Words For My Daughter* (Copper Canyon, 1991), won selection in the National Poetry Series. After having taught for twenty-three years at Penn State, he is currently the director of Creative Writing at the University of Miami in Coral Gables.

Jason Charnesky

Jason Charnesky is a pure product of Penn State, having received both his undergraduate and graduate degrees here at University Park. He is a Ph.D. candidate in English literature.

Of all the poems in this choral symphony, only "The Mountain" and "The Fire Elms" knew from the start that they were going to become a part of *Mountain Laurels*. When Bruce asked me for two poems to frame the centennial symphony I knew that I wanted to praise those things which survive the centuries: the mountains that cradle our town, and the earth itself which is our only home. Instead, all that I wrote of seemed fated, like the Old Willow, to pass away. The elms that line the Mall dwindle each year and the view from Mount Nittany declines as our county "develops." But it is in our power to care for that which we have received and preserve that which we love the most for those who follow us.

Emily Grosholz

Emily Grosholz grew up in Philadelphia. She received her B.A. at the University of Chicago and her Ph.D. in philosophy at Yale University. Since 1978, she has taught at Penn State where she is now professor of philosophy and a Fellow of the Institute for the Arts and Humanistic Studies. Her three books of poetry are *The River Painter* (University of Illinois), *Shores and Headlands* (Princeton

University Press), and *Eden* (Johns Hopkins University Press). She is currently completing a fourth book of poetry, *Accident and Essence*. She has been awarded an Ingram Merrill grant for poetry and a Guggenheim fellowship. An advisory editor of and frequent contributor to *The Hudson Review*, she has published literary essays in a broad spectrum of literary quarterlies. She has taught poetry workshops at the Sewanee Writers' Conference, the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, the Wesleyan Writers' Conference, and Chautauqua.

During the past year, I have heard Bruce Trinkley's settings of my two poems performed. The experience of hearing the poems set to music was quite moving. It made the poems come alive for me again, and the experience which had originally given rise to them was uncovered. "Dinner in the Courtyard" was written about a courtyard in Paris where I lived briefly, and tried and failed to feel at home. "Eden" was written just a few years ago when my first child and I came up against the conundrum of death. Bruce Trinkley's music revived the poignant human relations woven around that neighborhood in Paris and my own house here in State College.

Joseph L. Grucci

1909 - 1982

Joseph Grucci was the founder and editor of the poetry magazine, *Pivot*, until his death in 1982. Born in Pittsburgh, he received his bachelor's and master's degrees from the University of Pittsburgh. He taught at the American University in Shrivensham, England, and at the University of Pittsburgh before becoming director of the poetry workshop at Penn State in 1950. He taught poetry workshops for twenty-five years. He was author of four volumes of poetry and was co-author of a volume of translations, *Three Spanish American Poets*.

John Haag

Born on Lake Pend Oreille (Sand Point), John Haag served in the Merchant Marines and was recalled for the Korean War before he began his tenure here at Penn State (by which time he had already become a graduate Fulbright Fellow to England and a Woodrow Wilson Fellow). His first collection, *The Mirrored Man*, was published in 1961 by the Reading University Press, U.K., and *The Brine Breather* was published in 1971 by Kayak Press. Some of the more interesting of the sixty-plus venues in which he has appeared are: *American Scholar*, *Chicago Review*, *Encounter*, *Esquire*, *Fiddlehead*, *Kenyon Review*, *MLQ*, *Melville Annual*, *New Statesman*, *New Yorker*, *NY Times*, *NY Herald Tribune*, *The Observer*, *Oxford Opinion*, *Poetry NW*, *Times Literary Supplement*, *Western Humanities Review*, *Yankee*, and *Yale Review*. In 1971 John published "Atlantis on \$5.00 a Day" in the *New American Review* and with this piece created a new genre, the novem.

"I am a long time grower of orchids and past president of the local chapter of the American Orchid Society. As one of two local authorities on wild mushrooms I have conducted field trips for many

years. In 1961 I played the title role in a film on *Bartleby the Scrivener* shot in Seattle by George Bluestone. I married Corene Johnston three years ago and we now live on six acres up Champagne Cork Hollow, a mile from Milesburg."

Bill Hanson

Bill Hanson was born into his native Maine nature which includes considerable independence of mind. He has taught visual art at Penn State since 1958 when he and his wife, Jeannine, came to the area to see if "State College" was really the name of a town.

Like many poems, "Haiku" Trio was a gift. It wrote me. I think of it as a visual (film-like) sequence in words. My "Haiku" Trio is not true Haiku which has a definite historic form of seventeen syllables. I call it Haiku because it has a Japanese feeling and is most like the traditional Haiku spirit in the sense that it reveals nature and Zen.

E. H. Knapp

Ed Knapp calls himself the "handyman of the Penn State English Department from 1962-1991." He taught students such as Melinda Mucha whose work is included in *Mountain Laurels*. He compiled an anthology of work by other poets including: Deborah Austin, John Balaban, John Haag, and Theodore Roethke.

"Poems are weather reports," says Ed Knapp. They are "most likely to present themselves at the turn of the seasons."

Katey Lehman

1921 - 1980

Katey Lehman with her husband, Ross, was well known locally for a column, "Open House," which appeared on the *Centre Daily Times* editorial page for twenty-six years. Katey was a graduate of State College High School and Penn State with a degree in English literature and journalism. She worked in public relations for Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians in New York City from 1943-1944, before working with an advertising agency in Philadelphia. After World War II, she wrote radio scripts. From 1959-1961, she was an assistant professor of journalism at Penn State. Her poems were published in *Ladies Home Journal*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Poetry magazine*. The Katey Lehman Awards for Poetry, Prose and Journalism were established in 1981 by Mary Jean and Frank Smeal.

Robert Lima

Robert Lima, professor of Spanish and Comparative Literature at Penn State and a Fellow of the Institute for the Arts and Humanistic Studies, is a poet, critic, playwright, and translator. He has been elected to membership in PEN International, the Poetry Society of America, and Academia Norteamericana de la Lengua Española. His poems have appeared throughout the United States and abroad in periodicals and in books. His most recent books are *Dark Prisms: Occultism in Hispanic Drama* (University Press of Kentucky) and *Valle-Inclan, El teatro de su vida* (editorial Nigra), both published in 1995.

So strong was the need to write "Indian Summer" and another poem while I was driving on Route 45 East that I had to pull off the road several times in order to complete the poems. The bucolic scenes that I viewed on my way to Lewisburg elicited the images this poem conveys. A photograph taken by Margaret Duda inspired "Lute Song." The photograph became part of "Eye of the Beholder," an exhibit of her photographs and my poems held in the East Gallery of Pattee Library in conjunction with the Central Pennsylvania Festival of the Arts in 1993.

Jack McManis

1917 - 1989

Jack McManis taught in the Penn State English Department for twenty-five years until his retirement in 1982. He taught poetry workshops for several years and was an organizer and judge for the Central Pennsylvania Festival of the Arts poetry competitions for more than a decade. With Deborah Austin and Sandra Nestlerode, he edited *Twelve Festival Poets*, and with Sandra Nestlerode *Young Festival Poets*. His poems have been published in numerous literary magazines including *Massachusetts Review* and *Prarie Schooner* as well as other periodicals including *Christian Century* and *Saturday Night*. He was associate editor of *Pivot* magazine under Joseph Gucci and later Martin Mitchell, and also edited the memorial issue to Gucci. Jack and his wife, Jean, and their son moved to State College in the late fifties. His love for the natural settings and wildlife in the area was frequently woven into his poetry, as it is in "Winter Fire."

M e l i n d a M u c h a

Melinda Mucha was born near Yokohama, Japan, and grew up in northeastern Pennsylvania. After graduating from Penn State with a degree in social welfare, she received an M.B.A. from Rutgers University. She is a manager for The Prudential Insurance Company. She is on leave currently following the birth of a son.

"Sun" was written for the sheer sound and rhythm of the words. It was inspired by a chance encounter with a quiet man in the restaurant where I worked at one time. I am fascinated with the transforming effect of heat and light and dance.

D o r o t h y R o b e r t s

1 9 0 7 - 1 9 9 3

Canadian poet Dorothy Roberts was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, where her father and uncle were both well-known writers. She graduated from the University of New Brunswick and worked for a time as a reporter for a local paper. When she was twenty-three, she married August Leisner, a young American professor. They eventually settled in State College, where Leisner was a member of the Department of English at Penn State until his death in 1973. Roberts published her first chapbook, *Sons for Swift Feet*, in 1927. Her last collection, *In the Flight of Stars*, was published in 1991. Her work appeared in many poetry journals, including *The Hudson Review*, *The Yale Review*, *The Fiddlehead*, *Canadian Review*, and *Pivot*. Roberts' poems are also included in anthologies such as *The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse in English*. An essay on Dorothy Roberts by Emily Grosholz appeared in *The Cumberland Poetry Review* in 1985.

T h e o d o r e R o e t h k e

1 9 0 8 - 1 9 6 3

Theodore Roethke taught English and coached the varsity tennis team at the Pennsylvania State College from 1936 to 1943 and again for one year in 1948 after a period at Bennington College, Vermont. From 1948 until his death, the poet lived in or near Seattle and occasionally taught at the University of Washington, where he was given the honorary title of Poet in Residence. Beginning with the publication of his first book, *Open House*, in 1941, Roethke had a highly successful career that brought him a Pulitzer Prize (for *The Waking* in 1953) and two National Book Awards (for *Words for the Wind*, which won six other poetry awards in 1958, and *The Far Field*, published posthumously in 1964). His work has world-wide recognition, with translations of poems into many languages.

M a y a S p e n c e

Maya Spence has been a resident of Milesburg for twenty-four years and enjoys the small town atmosphere which reminds her of her hometown in Kentucky. Since her parents were Swiss immigrants, she believes her ear for languages and poetry developed partly of their accents and their love of music and literature. In State College, she has been active in community theatre and sings with the State College Choral Society. Professionally, she is an academic adviser in Environmental Resource Management, holding degrees from University of California at Berkeley and Penn State. Her poems have been published in *Pivot*, *Twelve Festival Poets*, and *Poetry on the Buses*.

I wrote "Introduction" in the 1970s. It was one of the few poems that needed little revision because it seemed to work as it revealed itself to me. It is about how I, as a private person, feel when I encounter a new person and determine how much of myself to reveal. A new encounter elicits excitement and apprehension. That is what I wanted to capture.

B r u c e W e i g l

Bruce Weigl, professor of English at Penn State, is the author of seven collections of poetry, most recently *Sweet Lorain*, and the editor or co-editor of three collections of critical essays as well as an anthology. In 1994, The University of Massachusetts Press published *Poems from Captured Documents*, poems Weigl co-translated from the Vietnamese with Nguyen Thanh.

"Elegy for the Swans at Grace Pond" may seem allegorical but is quite literal. My wife and I lived for a short time in rural New Hampshire where friends adopted a pair of trumpeter swans who somehow returned to their pond every year. They were lovely and seemed to express great affection for each other. One year the male swan drowned after becoming caught in the submerged tangled roots of a willow tree whose branches hung over the pond. It was clear the female mourned him. It is too easy to impose human characteristics on the natural world. It is a gesture I try to resist in my own poetry because it seems to me to diminish the power and beauty of nature itself. But as she circled the pond near the willow where her mate had drowned, what we heard in her calls and observed in the language of her body looked like grief to us.

PERFORMING ARTISTS

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA YOUTH ORCHESTRA

The Central Pennsylvania Youth Orchestra was founded in 1991 as a regional ensemble attracting young musicians from State College, Bellefonte, Altoona, Huntingdon, Selinsgrove and other communities. There are developmental and advanced programs which are dedicated to performance of excellent orchestral works.

Melinda Daetsch
CHAMBER ORCHESTRA DIRECTOR

Alex E. Hill
MUSIC DIRECTOR

Alex E. Hill has directed the Youth Orchestra since its inception. He studied composition and conducting at the University of North Texas and at Penn State where he is currently on the faculty as an instructor in Music Theory. Alex has led performances with many area ensembles, including the Nittany Valley Symphony, the Penn State Philharmonic and Chamber Orchestras, the Penn State Concert Choir, and Oriana Singers.

Assistants	Amber Fairweather	Viola	Double Bass	Clarinet	Trumpet
Greg Woodbridge	Jessica Jourdain	Karen Bailey	Rebecca Bollinger	Dan Eichenbaum	M. Stombaugh
Shu-Yi Huang	Tim Koide	Melissa Becker	Jennifer Newkirk	Scott Davis	Matthew Alercia
Violin	Autumn McClelland	Violoncello	Flute	Bassoon	Trombone
Nicholas DiEugenio	Bobbie Owens	Andrew Smith	Samantha Bentley	Melissia Eting	Paul Kerlin
Jessica Zehngut	Karen Peterson	Jessica Mattern	Emily Yohe	Matthew Schell	Elayne Rhoads
Jeffrey Zehngut	Abraham Vogel	Patrick DiEugenio	C. Marcinkevage	Horn	Timpani
P. Beebee-Galvao	Elizabeth Voigt		Oboe	Kacie Hulet	Gary Yaple
Mary Benner	Beatrice Wang		Anna Nousek	Amelia Chisholm	Harp
Philip Brezina	Amie Weiss		Colette Zoller		Kathryn Dill
Matthew Evans	Jeffrey Yang				

NITTANY VALLEY SYMPHONY

Twelve stringed instrument musicians were asked to perform for the Central Pennsylvania Festival of the Arts in 1967 in Recital Hall. The State College Woman's Club sponsored that first performance. The group decided to continue as a small chamber orchestra. Word of mouth brought new players with different instruments, so the name was changed to the State College Orchestra. As players from outside the State College area joined the orchestra, the name was changed to the Nittany Valley Symphony. Professional and amateur musicians still play side by side in this major community musical asset.

Michael Jinbo
MUSIC DIRECTOR AND CONDUCTOR

Smith Toulson
ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR

Deanna Shine
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Violin	Ruth Monson	Jane Richey	Leslie Benson	Bassoon	Mike Bruster
•Joanne Zagst	Carole Parsons	David Rosenbaum	Neal Holter	•Trina Gallup	Susan McKinstry
•Linda Littleton	Barbara Passow	David Watts	Linda Hoover	John Balogh	Tuba
Eva Brownawell	Lawrence Pharo	Susan Yarnell	Flute, Piccolo	Deb Garrison	•Jason Byrnes
Rachel Calef	Mary Jo Simkins	Violoncello	•Diane Gold	Horn	Timpani
Eileen Christman	Bernie Sklanka	•Leonard Feldman	Toulson	•James Dunne	•Victoria Daniel
Janette Deihl	Grace Steele	Roger Christman	Peter Gold	William Russey	Percussion
Thomas Fonda	Jennifer	Lucy Fasano	Oboe, English Horn	Tracie Ferguson	•Jack Schmidt
Mary Alice	Updegrove	Shirley Fonda	•Tim Hurtz	Jason White	Rick Hoover
Graetzer	Wilbur Zelinsky	Irene Grindall	Jeannie Ohnemus	Trumpet	Carol Lindsay
Ann Keller	Viola	Nathaniel Lathrop	Clarinet	•Herbert McKinstry	Gary Yaple
John Lamancusa	•Erin Templeton	Andrew Smith	•Smith Toulson	Lori Anton	Harp
Elinor Lewis	Jean Cameron	Inez Williams	Jean Balogh	David McCarty	Elizabeth Asmus
Sandra Lightner	Carol Kline	Double Bass		Blair Pfahl	
Lara Lomicka	Carol Motta	•Thomas Jordan		Trombone	•PRINCIPALS
Amy Marshall	Raymond Page			•Robert LaBarca	

ORIANA SINGERS

Oriana Singers (formerly known as Women's Chorus) was founded in 1943. This sixty-voice ensemble performs works from every musical period, genre, and style in its two major annual concerts. The Oriana Singers also perform at Penn State School of Music events, such as "Winterfest: A Choral Celebration," the "Blue and White Montage," and the annual opera gala.

Lynn Ellen Drafall
CONDUCTOR

Dr. Drafall joined the Penn State faculty in 1992 as an assistant professor of music education. She teaches choral music education and conducting and administers the student teaching program. A native of Illinois, Dr. Drafall holds degrees in Music Education and Choral Conducting from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. She served on the faculties of Northern Illinois University and the University of Mississippi. She is active in the Music Educators National Conference, the American Choral Directors Association, and the Association of Supervision and Curriculum Development.

Soprano I

Jamie Anna
Melissa Berkowitz
Jennifer Bish
Molly Brennan
Anne Burrige
Lisa Cerami
Marlana Droz
Ali Evans
Amanda Ferrier
Lisa Hamaker
Karla Hopkins
MinJung Lee
Whitney Little
Shannon Love

Christina McCann

Erin Neal

Jessika Rovell

Amanda Silliker

Jessica Stutzman

Soprano II

Nedra Adams

Melissa Baker

Alexandra Bielewicz

Caroline Bisi

Susan Bredlau

Cristina Chugg

Meghan Farrelly

Michelle Flynn

Meredith Hunter

Marie Laczynski

Larissa Long

Joy Mock

Nikol Peterman

Gail Peters

Katarina Price

Samantha Shaffer

Sopna Shah

Heather Shore

Marisa Sorrentino

Sarah Spraitzar

Stacey Weidner

Alto

Kyle Assed

Jennifer Boudway

Colleen Calomino

Andrea Campana

Ruth DeBardeleben

Kate Dortenzo

Katie Ferris

Melissa Foster

Genevieve Karki

Laurie Keefer

Heather Linko

Michelle Mace

Holly Moore

Amanda Robertson

Lisa Ruch

Ellen Rutledge

Jody Schumacher

Suzi Templer

Jessica Walters

Peter Slade

Nesrine Balbeisi

Ivan Hodge

Viola

Stephanie Strite

Kathy Kobayashi

Cello

John Croft

Jason Majewski

Bass

Neal Holter

Harp

Elizabeth Asmus

Oriana Strings

Violin

Jennifer Updegrove

Michelle Brock

Sarah Breckenridge

STATE COLLEGE MUNICIPAL BAND

The Municipal Band was formed in 1972 to play at the Central Pennsylvania Festival of the Arts. After performing annually for several years at the festival, members of the band expressed an interest in continuing on a regular basis. Since that time, the band has grown from thirty to sixty musicians and is sponsored by Centre Region Parks and Recreation. Each year, the band performs at least four indoor and four outdoor concerts.

Ned C. Deihl
CONDUCTOR

After thirty-four years at Penn State as Director of Bands, Ned C. Deihl will retire at the end of spring semester. He is an elected member of the prestigious American Bandmasters Association and has received the Citation of Excellence from the National Band Association, in addition to the Outstanding Band Director Award from Phi Beta Mu, National Band Honorary. Dr. Deihl has been guest conductor of the U.S. Coast Guard Band, the U.S. Air Force Band, and the U.S. Army Band in Constitution Hall at Washington, D.C. He plays clarinet in the Altoona Symphony.

Flute

Peter Gold
Erika Kauffman
Joan Kovalchik
Patty Lambert
Suzanne Moyer
Beth Twiddy

Oboe

Matthew Reese

Bassoon

John Balogh
Deborah Garrison
Bill Sacks

Clarinet

Jean Balogh
Linda Block
Leslie Byron
Lori Cardamone
Virginia Deno
Alan Ferguson
Alice Fogg
Carol Gay
J. William Hall
Dianne Petrunak
Elisabeth Pfahl
Robert Skipper

Bass

Clarinet

Beth Hulet

Saxophone

Roberta Edington
Susan Hogg
Scott Smith
Kyle Glaser

Trumpet

Bill Fatula
Frank Flarkey
Bob Hemman II
Ed Herr

Fred Lynn

Dave McCarty

Blair Pfahl

Lawrence Pharo

Charles Ryan

Horn

Richard Brown
Bill Hartman
Marjorie Manning
Robert Manning
Karen Neff

Euphonium

Dave Haring
Leigh Hurtz
Charles Quinn

Trombone

Rod Bartell
Thomas Benshoof
Timothy Benshoof
Mike Bruster
Jim Jenness
Mike Loewen
Jeanne Nadenicek
Christine Maugans

Tuba

Eugene Lederer
Henry Loewen
Richard Price

String Bass

Linda Hoover

Percussion

Brian Combs
Rick Hoover
Carol Lindsay
Jack Schmidt

PERFORMING ARTISTS

PENN STATE GLEE CLUB

The Penn State Glee Club is one of the most active and distinguished men's collegiate choruses in the country. Composed of 60 singers from all divisions of the University, the Glee Club has made appearances throughout the Northeastern United States, as well as numerous recordings and several television shows. In recent years the Glee Club has sung at the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C., and at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. The Glee Club is currently celebrating its 108th year. It was founded in December of 1888 by nine students, with a professor as director and accompanied by a Banjo Club and a Philharmonic Trio. In March of 1889, the Glee Club took its first Spring Tour with concerts in Bellefonte, Tyrone, Huntingdon, Altoona, Clearfield, Philadelphia, and Williamsport. On February 29 of this year, the Glee Club will embark on a 10-day concert tour of Wales, visiting and singing with a number of Welsh male choirs. The Glee Club has made five recordings, the most recent being a CD entitled *P.S. - Happy Holidays*.

Bruce Trinkley
DIRECTOR

David Wenerd
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Michael Hooper
Stephanie Pitsilos
ACCOMPANISTS

Bruce Trinkley is associate professor of music at Penn State where he teaches composition, orchestration, and opera literature and conducts the Penn State Glee Club. As music director for Pennsylvania Centre Stage and Festival Theatre, he has conducted more than fifty full productions. He holds bachelor's and master's degrees from Columbia University where he studied composition with Otto Luening, Jack Beeson, Peter Westergaard, Mario Davidovsky, Chou Wen-Chung, and Charles Wuorinen. Professor Trinkley directed the Columbia University Glee Club before coming to Penn State in 1970. He has conducted the Penn State Glee Club in more than 600 performances.

The composer of five musicals, six ballets, and numerous choral compositions and arrangements, Professor Trinkley is best known as the composer of the Pennsylvania Bicentennial Wagon Train Show, which during 1975-76 received more than 2000 performances throughout the United States. His choral works are published by Oxford University Press, Augsburg Fortress, Lawson-Gould, GIA, Santa Barbara Music, and Alliance.

Tenor I	Joshua Lampe	Nick Donchak	Bass I	Kris Laird	Duane Kolar
Patrick Allison	Cory Meyer	Todd Ermer	Nate Benesi	Seung Chul Lee	Chuck Lechien
Rick Barth	Ryan Packer	Eric Grover	Russell Bloom	Sean Maki	Andy Loftus
Michael L. Cinotti	Shawn Pearce	Chris Johnson	Thomas M. Cameron	John Marks	Rob McKeever
Chris DeMarco	Kenneth Plattner	S. Windale Lett	Corey DeWitt	Christopher Yorks	Greg Nungester
Eric Ebling	Tenor II	Frederick Omega Pye	Damon Gelb	Bass II	Graydon Schlichter
Larry Frey	Blair Jason Allen	Brian Saltsman	Jeremy Goldman	Kenneth Audo	Kurtis A. Williams
Jeffrey Gilbert	Christopher Castro	Jordan Ullman	Andrew Griffin	Jeremy Baker	David Wonderlich
David Gliddon	Gregory A. Collins	Timothy Whee	Carl Hedberg	Christopher Holub	Frank Worrell
Jason Hetrick	Brent Dobbins	Tae J. Yoo	J. Michael Klopp	Michael Hooper	Kent Wible
Hans Kirchner			Tim J. Kuczinski		

THE NITTANY KNIGHTS BARBERSHOP CHORUS

The Nittany Knights Barbershop Chorus, a member of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America, was formed in 1962 and performs throughout the year. Their major annual concert will be performed on May 4 at the State College High School Auditorium.

Joseph J. Malafarina
DIRECTOR

Joseph J. Malafarina, musical director of the Nittany Knights for twenty years, has been the choral director at the Bellefonte Area Middle School for the past twenty-one years. He completed his bachelor of science degree in music education from Mansfield University and received a master's degree from Penn State. Joe Malafarina sings lead in the Good Knight Four Quartet.

Tenor	Lead	John Palmgren	Baritone	Bass	Glenn Spoerke
Harry Roan III	Thomas Andrews	Robert Spear	Elton Atwater	Robert Avey	Marc Voith
Clarence Trotter	Frank Hartranft	Charles Sullivan	James T. Decker	Robert Gillespie	
William Verity	Paul Kenepp	Kenton	John LeFrancois	Logan Hill	
	Charles Mong	Underwood	Fred Thompson	Harris Layton	
	Ken Ostrum	Paul Wagner		Ken Reagle	

DISCANTUS

Lynn Ellen Drafall
DIRECTOR
Sarah Spraitzar
ACCOMPANIST

Soprano I	Soprano II	Alto
Jamie Anna	Amanda Ferrier	Kyle Assed
Jennifer Bish	Meredith Hunter	Ruth DeBardeleben
Molly Brennan	Sapna Shah	Lauren Dwyer
Annie Burrige	Amanda Silliker	Heather Shore
Shannon Love	Marisa Sorrentino	

PENN STATE CONCERT CHOIR & CHAMBER SINGERS

The Penn State Concert Choir is a sixty-four member, mixed-voice ensemble selected through a multiple-stage audition process. Although the majority are majoring in music, talented vocal musicians throughout the University have earned the chairs they hold in the ensemble. The Concert Choir toured last May throughout Eastern North America and Europe. The Choir was invited to perform before the Washington convention of the Eastern Division of the American Choral Directors Association.

Selected from within the Penn State Concert Choir, the members of the Chamber Singers perform on all Concert Choir tours and major campus concerts. The Chamber Singers present separate concerts, the most notable being the annual "Celebration of Love" performed in the Old Main Rotunda. This year's performances marked the tenth anniversary of that tradition. Members of the Chamber Singers represent majors from throughout the University.

D. Douglas Miller Donald Hall
CONDUCTOR ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR
Kristofer Sanchack
ACCOMPANIST

Soprano	•Natalia Orlovskaya	Tracy Geesaman	Tenor	•Eric Pope	•Gregg Mauroni
Holly Anderson	†Paula Raybuck	Becky Grove	Ryan Booz	•James Salva	Jerrold McCormick
Anne Burrige	Alison Ringling	Meredith Hunter	•Kenneth Chen	•Scott Surovec	Jason Roberts
•Darci Halloran	Marjorie Smith	†Lachele Jack	Cameron Crotts	Jordan Ullman	Kristofer Sanchack
Rachel Hutchins	•Laura Steidel	Jayne Kantor	†Gregory Demme	Bass	†Brian Schreiner
Nicole Hyde	†Samantha Woods	Fen-Fen Lin	Todd Fennell	•Timothy Abraham	•Peter Slade
Kelly Kohlhepp	Melinda Zilinskas	Kristen Lunetta	Shawn Gable	•Ned Boyd	•David Spiro
O. Linebarger	Alto	Jennifer Novak	David Gliddon	Douglas Fisk	Steven Suljak
•Meredith Malone	Alexandra Bielewicz	Rene Oakman	†Donald Hall	•Jeffrey Gallo	Andreas Uphoff
•Amy Mantz	•Diana Bressler	Marisa Sorrentino	•Dennis Kalup	†Douglas Garner	•MEMBERS OF
•Bonnie Mantz	•Katharine Conn	†Katrina Yaukey	Cory Meyers	Glenn Grubb	THE PENN STATE
•Katrina Neville	Katie Ferris		Ricardo Munoz	Jim Hamilton	CHAMBERSINGERS
					†CONCERT CHOR
					SOLOISTS

PENN STATE WOMEN'S CHORALE

The Women's Chorale is making its debut appearance this year and is the newest ensemble for women's voices in the School of Music choral program. The Women's Chorale will perform in the Bach's Lunch performance series in Eisenhower Chapel on April 12 and will have its Spring Concert on April 14 in Faith United Church of Christ.

Paul McPhail Donna Bernini, Kimberly Mansfield
DIRECTOR ACCOMPANISTS

Paul McPhail completed his Master's degree in tuba performance at Penn State in 1995. He is currently finishing work for his Master's degree in choral conducting.

Soprano I	Pranita Raghavan	Jill Long	Christine Barnes	Cortney Itle	Sarah Griffin
Allison Beaver	Celine Roth	Amy Penwell	Mary Margaret	Kimberly Mansfield	Jennifer Glass
Megan Bonistalli	Julie Hinerman	Laura Scott	Browne	Meredith Zuzulock	Elayne Rhoads
Hannah Coleman	Soprano II	Jennifer Shaw	Kristin Englehart	Alto II	Jaime Lyn Vishneski
Joanne Hair	Kimberly Anastasakis	Jocelyn Sterman	Shira Goldstein	Daria Buss	Emily R. Barth
Jody L. Horner	Donna Bernini	Michelle Wagner	Martha Gross	Karen Pitman	
Jaclyn Ann Martin	Angela Leerberg	Alto I	Julie Hornick	Leslie Sober	
		Ann Baker		Alison Vergari	

PERFORMING ARTISTS

STATE COLLEGE CHORAL SOCIETY

In three years the State College Choral Society will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary of presenting choral masterpieces to Central Pennsylvania audiences. The Society consists of 150 singers from throughout Central Pennsylvania. The founding conductor of the Choral Society was Martha Ramsey (1949-1956), succeeded by Raymond Brown (1956-1970), John McGowan (1970-1971), and Douglas Miller (1971 - Present).

D. Douglas Miller
MUSIC DIRECTOR

Completing his twenty-fifth year as music director for the State College Choral Society, Douglas Miller also serves as director of choral studies at Penn State. He conducts the 64-voice Concert Choir and the Chamber Singers as well as teaching courses in choral literature and conducting. Dr. Miller founded and then served as director of orchestras at Penn State for ten years. He serves as musical director for the Pennsylvania Chorale, with whom he has made seven international tours, and the Pennsylvania Chamber Chorale, a professional chamber ensemble. He is immediate past Pennsylvania state president of the American Choral Directors Association.

Rehearsal Accompanist

Anthony Leach

Soprano

- Anitra Archer
- Sharon Arnold
- Gertrud Barsch
- Helen E. Bell
- Kimberly Burkhard
- Sigrid F. Byers
- Jan Carpenter
- Patricia Coldiron
- Denise Costanzo
- Anne Edwards
- Pat Farrell
- Emily Gregory
- Vivien R. Griffith
- Margaret S. Hayes
- Susan Heim
- Paula M. Hough
- Anna K.T. Howard
- Martha Hummel
- Patricia Kelley
- Elia Kwee
- Gayl R. Lent

Miriam Locklin
Nancy S. Love
Annette Luechow
Amy Mantz
Bonnie Mantz
JoAnn Mantz
Virginia A. McClure
Pam Milholland
•Christine Mullen
Suzanne S. Nagle
Jane A. Newman
•Julie Peterson
Micki Pharo
Charlotte Rimert
Catherine Lyon
Rung
Debbie Shay
Elizabeth Specht
Elaine M. Tietjen
Ellen Trumbo
Nona Uhler
Stella A. Veliky
Nancy Wilson
M. Leanne Zindler

Alto

- Emma Anderson
- Lauren M. Anderson
- Sarah Andrews
- Janet Atwood
- Deborah S. Austin
- Sue Bialostosky
- Nanette Malott Bohren
- Holly Brackbill
- Mary Alice Burroughs
- Sigrid F. Byers
- Norma Condee
- Joan E. Denny
- Gay D. Dunne
- Mitzi Elliott
- Linda Fetters
- Alice R. Fogg
- Dorothy Fraser
- Carolyn H. Gilles
- Tami Gilmour
- Edna B. Haines
- Peggy Halleck
- Jeannine Hanson
- Sara P. Kelley

Sylvia King
•Miriam Locklin
Elizabeth Manlove
Annette Mattiuz
Louise Michaud
Grace Ann Miller
•Beverly Molnar
Lynn E. Palermo
Joan T. Portelli
Carole Vetter Ripka
Gail Ritchey
•Barbara Roberts
Noreen Roush
Judy Savory
Sue Scaff
Barbara Schmalz
Maya E. Spence
Wilma Stern
Susan Whitaker
Margaret Wyand
Chariti Young
Patricia Zarkower
Tenor
Thomas E. Boothby
Lynn Donald Breon
•Asa W. Carns
Arthur Curtze

•H. Ryan Ditmer
•Phil Halleck
Jean Slates Hawk
Mike Hawn
Leonard Herzog
Gary Koopmann
Herbert A. McKinstry
•Rogers D. McLane
Gary Renzelman
•David Richards
Ralph Corlies Rudd
Joseph P. Senft
Mike Van Dyke
Bass
Joseph A. Ames, Jr.
Bill Atkinson
Bill Bemis
Christian R. Brackbill
David J. Chatlos
Francesco Costanzo
•Michael D. Costello
Blaise Davis
Thomas Eskew
•Mark Gerfin
Ernest M. Hawk

Philip A. Klein
•Ralph H. Locklin
Arne Luechow
Douglas Macneal
Robert A. Martin
Karl E. Nagle
John W. Poritsky
•Adam Repsher
Herman Richey
Karl T. Smith
Victor W. Sparrow
•Russ Shelly
Robert Stauffer
David Tan
Russell Tuttle
•Frank Worrell
Paul J. Wuest
Martin J. Wyand
David L. Yocum
Floyd Yoder
•MEMBERS OF
MADRIGAL SINGERS

MADRIGAL SINGERS

Since 1972, the Madrigal Singers have been an important part of the State College Choral Society. For twenty-four years its annual Elizabethan Madrigal Dinners have marked the beginning of the December holiday season for hundreds of people in the Centre Region. The group is known for its strolling concerts during the Central Pennsylvania Festival of the Arts, special events at the Palmer Museum of Art, and during regular concerts of the Choral Society. The Madrigal Singers were founded by Douglas Miller, who served as director for twenty-two seasons.

Russell Shelley
DIRECTOR

Russell Shelley is chair of the Department of Music at Juniata College, where he conducts the Juniata College Concert Choir, Choral Union, Juniata Chamber Choir, and teaches courses in music theory, aesthetics, and choral music. He is completing his thesis for the Ph.D. in music education from Penn State. He has toured internationally as a singer and conductor.

**STATE COLLEGE ELEMENTARY AND
MIDDLE SCHOOLS CHORUSES**

Patricia Begg
DIRECTOR

Patricia Begg is a graduate of the Westminster Choir College in Princeton, New Jersey, and has been teaching in public schools for twelve years. She is the director for the Fifth Grade Choir at Park Forest Elementary School.

Tracy Bunnell
DIRECTOR

Tracy Bunnell, the director for the Mount Nittany Middle School's Sixth Grade Choir, is a graduate of West Chester University and is a piano teacher.

Kim Fodor
DIRECTOR

Kim Fodor is the Sixth Grade Choir director at the Park Forest Middle School. After graduating from Penn State, Kim Fodor lived in New York prior to returning this year to State College.

Jo Henry
DIRECTOR

Jo Henry is enrolled in the graduate program in Music Education at Penn State. This is her seventh year of teaching and first as a music teacher in the State College Area School District. She serves as the director of the Eighth Grade Choir at the Park Forest Middle School.

Molly McAninch
DIRECTOR

Molly McAninch, director of the Park Forest Middle School Seventh Grade Choir, is active in the Tyrone Community Theatre Players.

Amy McMillin
DIRECTOR

Amy McMillin serves as director of the Eighth Grade Choir at the Mount Nittany Middle School in this her first year in the school district and her fifth year of teaching. Her undergraduate work was completed at Indiana University of Pennsylvania.

**Fifth Grade
Park Forest
Elementary**

Aqsa Ahmad
Nicole Antos
Austin Blaschak
Samantha Blazer
Stephanie Bond
Candace Brown
Amanda Britten
Sarah Capaccio
Brett Channell
Erika Conner
Sarah Cross
Allie Day
Adrienne Del Real
Melica Farnes
Bryan Ferlez
Megan Godlesky
Kelly Greenland
Casey Grubb
Anna Hade
Erin Hall
Vincent Hood
Scott Huffard
Kate Infield

Mari Jeter
Alexa Krepps
Kasey Krupa
Kristall King
Christy LaBarca
T.C. Maney
Kristin Maruszewski
Justin Merrill
Kim Morgan
Meghan O'Neil
Jeremy O'Shea
Erin Pierce
Alexandra D.
Rodomsky
Nicole Schied
Bryan Streets
Tim Voigt
Peter Walz

**Sixth Grade
Mount Nittany
Middle School**

Jessica Blasko
Carlos Cruz
Lacey Earnest
Amanda Fetzer
Kathleen Fitzgerald

Niyum Gandhi
Lesli Garland
Emily Gordon
Sivan Grunfeld
Gayle Hameister
Alaina Hampton
Kylie Hurvitz
Lyndsey Hylbert
Rob Jackson
Britta Jensen
Alex Jenkins
Victoria Kassab
Kip Kilmer
Kristen Maines
Christian Miller
Rebecca Roan
Kathy Shillen
Kylene Shutes
Connie Stanton
Erin Straw
Whitney Stringer
Renee Valenza
David Zweig

**Sixth Grade
Park Forest
Middle School**

Don Aguillo
Jennifer Barnett
Jared Capellari
Kareem Dabbagh
Sarah Ebken
Jennifer Engle
Phillip Etherton
John Gingerich
Tonya Heeman
Kelli Hoover
Stephanie Johns
Danya Katak
Zachary King
Shaina Kline
Lindsay Kunkel
Erin McDonald
Geoff Murphy
Lindsay Northup-
Moore
Sam Poffley
Sharon Pruszko
Ryan Salizzoni
Abigail Smith

Hadley Spanier
Tyler Stimely
Eric Woolley
Julia Yost

**Seventh Grade
Park Forest
Middle School**

Cecile Allen
Michael Aubuchon
Robert Baker
Ashley-Diana Baker
Elizabeth Barth
Maureen Barton
Seth Bishop
Laura Chisolm
Emily Chiswick-
Patterson
Bernice Chung
Kimberly Cohick
Erica Cox
Alexandra Dauler
Maureen Ferguson
Kristy Firth
Colleen Flickinger
Jessica Fry
Matthew Garrison

Virginia Glon
Kathryn Goins
Rebecca Griffith
Ashley Hagg
Amanda Hellyer
Morgan Homan
Jeanne Hoover
Erin Karten
Kavya Kasturi
Sheri Kowach
Eric Kurec
Jan Letowski
Carri Lindberg
Bethany Ling
Emily Mills
Megan Morath
Joanna Muha
Melissa Peragine
Steven Phillips
Tiffany Porterfield
Cara Pugliese
Megan Russler

PERFORMING ARTISTS

Carla Saupe
 Laura Savino
 Holly Shenk
 Colleen Simeral
 Michelle Smith
 Cristen Stump
 Stephanie Sunner
 Maria Telegraphis
 Katielyn Watson
 Jeff Will

**Eighth Grade
 Mount Nittany
 Middle School**

Megan Bannon
 Sarah Bellman
 Fran Betlyon
 Emily Bitner
 Lindsay Byers
 Megan Cady
 Jeremy Carles
 Becky Cole
 Nicole Czakon
 Jessica Fischer
 David Francis
 Becky Fye
 Erin Giardina

Amanda Gottschall
 Becky Harner
 Neil Hoy
 Reidar Jensen
 Katie Kauffman
 Kimberly Keeseey
 Sharon Klimczyk
 Lisa Leath
 Carrie Lisle
 Ksenia Lvova
 Julian McBride
 Shannon Meyer
 Kelly O'Brien
 Ania Okoniewski
 Amanda Pighetti
 Robyn Ricketts

Barbara Roan
 Jami Ruble
 Shanna Servant
 Roger Shaffer
 Kate Slobounov
 Leslie Smutz
 Jennifer Struble
 Dyanna Stupar
 Kelly Weimer
 Melissa Witt
 Winter Yearick
 Stephanie
 Yebernetsky

**Eighth Grade
 Park Forest
 Middle School**

Grace Guisewhite
 Heather Kopp
 Tamara Billett
 Christina Montovina
 Emme Stokes
 Jacki John
 Emily Keiser
 Lauren Kenny
 Juan Maldonado
 Renea Hall
 Cliff Billett
 Jessica Stem
 Carolyn Janssen

Kaitlin Barthmeier
 Vanessa Snow
 Abbey Foard
 Emily Rinehart
 Liz Prosek
 Corrina Stokes
 Erik Clayton
 Betsy O'Connor
 Ashlee Lay

THE PENN STATE UNIVERSITY CHOIR

The University Choir is a 120-voice mixed ensemble composed of students from every college. The choir performs a variety of literature representing all musical periods in its two major campus concerts per year. Founded in 1948, the choir holds a long-standing and distinguished place within the School of Music. Off campus performances in recent years included the annual conference of the Pennsylvania Music Educators Association and the Eastern Division of The Music Educators National Conference.

Anthony T. Leach
 CONDUCTOR

Tony Leach is an instructor of music and music education at Penn State where he is a candidate for a Ph.D. in music education. He leads Essence of Joy, a choral ensemble that specializes in performances of sacred and secular music from the African-American culture. He is director of the Gospel Choir at The Milton Hershey School in Hershey, minister of music and organist at The St. Paul Baptist Church, Harrisburg, and music director of the Capital Area Music Association. Mr. Leach is also the university supervisor for the Partnership for Music Teacher Excellence Program at Penn State. Born in Washington, D.C., Tony taught for fourteen years and served as guest conductor for choral festivals for elementary, junior and senior high school students in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Nebraska. He is active in the Music Educators National Conference, the American Guild of Organists, and the American Choral Directors Association.

Soprano I

Kristen Bauer
 Cari Barone
 Michelle Barton
 Carrie Jo Hoy
 Teresa Keeler
 Shannon Love
 Kristen Lunetta
 Danielle Scarfo
 Meredith
 Topalanchik
 Marian Welch
 Cheryl Williams

Soprano II

Nichole Alwine
 Michelle Cragle
 Julie Dahar
 Renee Guarniere
 Sarah Hannah
 Anna Hazelton
 Whitney Jackson
 Mandana Khaiyer
 Deborah Lapp

Tiffany A. Melhuish
 Mandy McTighe
 Melanie Moriarty
 Eileen Penn
 Katrina Price
 Jill Regan
 Laura Smith
 Caroline Spindler
 Angela Vecere
 Laura Watters

Alto I

Katie Ammerman
 Amanda Beer
 Eileen Black
 Jennifer Boudway
 Shawna M. Gluck
 Carrie M.
 Hoffacker
 Chrissie Hunt
 Kristin Hunter
 Susan Lipson
 Penny London
 Meredith Michener

Jessica Schwenzer
 Sarah Renzi
 Jennifer Rodgers
 Stacey Weidner
 Beth Wilmus

Alto II

Kyle S. Assed
 Andrea Chen
 Megan Deiger
 Betsy Edgar
 Lisa Kunkle
 Lori Kunkle
 Meredith Lamm
 Katherine Morgan
 Laura L. Preston
 Lisa Ruch
 Diana Scott
 Melissa Segall
 Andrea Soltysik
 Melinda St. Louis
 Jenny Wang
 Donna Ward

Tenor I

Patrick Allison
 Karim Aref
 Eric Brinser
 Todd Fennell
 Eric Grover
 Dennis Kalup
 Frank N. Perney
 Scott Stipe
 Nam Truong

Tenor II

Chad Capela
 Corey DeWitt
 Brent Dobbins
 Jason Hetrick
 Matt Linnane
 Jason Rudd
 Douglas Stewart
 Chris Trautman
 Sammy Zakaria

Bass I

Jesse Benner
 Darren Bennett
 Chris Boltz
 Justin Bucks
 Damon Evans
 Jeremy Goldman
 Aaron Henning
 Jim Hinckley
 Tom Lancaster
 Bernie Liang
 Stephen Lutz
 Carter McWilliams
 Scott Nycum
 Vincent Puliti
 Michael Torphey
 Walter Walker
 Allen Wolfe

Bass II

Steven Allison
 Jeremy Baker
 Karl Bonsell
 Chris Bygott
 Jim Lenaway
 Ed McCaffrey
 Evan McNamara
 Michael D. Perloff
 Jason Roberts
 Jeffrey Strine
 Tom White

THE HI-LO'S

The Hi-Lo's, a select ensemble from the Penn State Glee Club, has been entertaining audiences with exciting performances since their founding in 1933. The repertory of this men's ensemble includes English madrigals and glees, folksongs from around the world, and African-American spirituals.

Bruce Trinkley
D I R E C T O R

Tenor I
Michael L. Cinotti
Todd Ermer
Jason Hetrick

Tenor II
S. Windale Lett

Jeremy Goldman
Eric Grover

Bass I
Corey DeWitt
J. Michael Klopp
Jordan Ullman

Bass II
Kenneth Audo
Jeremy Baker
Kurtis A. Williams

STATE COLLEGE AREA HIGH SCHOOL CONCERT CHOIR

The State College Concert Choir has enjoyed the leadership of beloved music directors including Dr. Frances Andrews, Richard Thorne, and James Langton. The choir rehearses twice weekly and is involved in high school life by sponsoring the annual Homecoming Spirit Assembly and a variety of other student-centered music assemblies. The choir presents winter and spring concerts and sings at the baccalaureate service as part of commencement activities. On May 8, the choir will present the Schubert *Mass in G* and compositions by current concert choir members, Nora Kroll-Rosenbaum and Michael D. Costello.

Jessica Barth
D I R E C T O R

Jessica McNall Barth is a native of Pleasant Gap who attended the State College High School A Capella Choir concerts as a child. After graduating from Penn State, she became a teacher and has taught voice, choral music, and musical theatre for more than twenty years in both the Bellefonte (1971-1989) and State College school districts (1989-1991 and 1993 to the present). Jessica Barth has served as director of music at the State College University Baptist and Brethren Church and the State College Presbyterian Church. She has been a member of the State College Choral Society and Madrigal Singers, the State College Community Theatre, the board of directors for Centre County Junior Miss, and organized and directed the Kinder Choir for the Central Pennsylvania Festival of the Arts. She owned and operated The Vocal Center for Singing and Acting.

Soprano

Emily Ayoub
Erin Bonski
Erin Bucher
Kimberly Burkhard
Rebecca Bywater
Elizabeth Carson
Kathryn Hatch
Nora Kroll-
Rosenbaum
Sarah Kroll-
Rosenbaum
Kelly Kutz
Meredith Miller

Non Rozelle
Jenny Sawyer
Megan Smutz
Heather Wolnick
Jody Wachob

Alto

Briany Ackley
Priscilla Campos
Anne-Marie Cucuel
Laura D'Ambrosia
Adrienne Favorite
Julie Foster
Carrie Gale
Jennifer Haring

Marykate Herr
Jenni Howard
Samantha Huckabee
Nabila Ingemut
Cristen Janassen
Abigail Marks
Whitney McCormick
Renee Mitchell
Amy Mixer
Kristina Musser
Kyrie Quigley
Sarah Rito
Karen Rockower
Amanda Swanger

Melissa TerHorst
Sarah Thomas
Heather Williams

Tenor

Matthew R. Ascah
Robert Berger
Egan Budd
Robert Campbell
Eamonn Farrell
Robert Groves
Jami Rodgers

Bass

Colin Bitner
Doug Burns
Bo Chang
Michael D. Costello
Michael Damalski
Peter Ferrin
David Garmire
Tod Hartman
Christ Hillner
Jason Jackson
Jacob M. Muha
Jesse O'Neill
Kevin Rockower

Ryan Rodgers
Josh Rathmell
Ben Smith
Chaim Steinberg
Brian Victor
Kevin Waltz

PENNSYLVANIA CHAMBER CHORALE

The Pennsylvania Chamber Chorale is one of the newest music ensembles in central Pennsylvania. This professional chamber group was formed by Douglas Miller three years ago. The Chorale has been the choir for the recent performances of Handel's *Messiah* with the Pennsylvania Centre Chamber Orchestra, and has presented multiple performances for State College's First Night celebrations.

D. Douglas Miller
C O N D U C T O R

Pat Farrell
Margaret Hayes
Sylvia King
Miriam Locklin

Christine Mullen
Suzanne Nagle
Charissa Ondeck
Asa Carns

Gregory Demme
Donald Hall
David Richards
Marshall Urban
David Yocum

PERFORMING ARTISTS

THE ALARD STRING QUARTET

The Alard String Quartet was formed in 1954, and came to Penn State in 1962 as quartet-in-residence. It continued in that capacity until 1988, playing as many as six to eight quartet concerts each year and participating in other faculty recitals. Individual members of the quartet also performed as soloists with the university orchestra.

Violin	Viola	Cello
Joanne Zagst	Raymond Page	Leonard Feldman
Donald Hopkins		

THE CASTALIA TRIO

The Castalia Trio derives its name from an ancient fountain on Mount Parnassus which is sacred to the Muses and considered a source of poetic inspiration. Established in 1991, the trio members are faculty artists from Penn State's School of Music. They have performed in Vienna, Stuttgart, Prague, and Munich. They anticipate a New York debut in the spring of 1997.

Piano	Violin	Cello
Marylène Dosse	James Lyon	Kim Cook

THE PENNSYLVANIA QUINTET

The Pennsylvania Quintet is the resident wind faculty chamber ensemble for Penn State. Founded in 1984, the Quintet has appeared in concert on both sides of the Atlantic, including the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., Arizona's Sedona Chamber Music Festival, and the Schleswig-Holstein Musik Festival in Germany. Performances by the Quintet can be heard on compact disc recordings "American Wind Music" and "20th Century Wind Chamber Music." The Quintet has been featured on National Public Radio's "Performance Today."

Flute	Oboe	Clarinet	Horn	Bassoon
Eleanor Duncan Armstrong	Tim Hurtz	Smith Toulson	Lisa O. Bontrager	Daryl Durrant

CONDUCTOR

PU - Q I J I A N G

Pu-Qi Jiang, the director for the Music at Penn's Woods summer festival, is an associate professor at Penn State and teaches symphonic literature, advanced orchestral conducting and other related courses. He has been the music director, associate conductor, and conductor for several professional orchestras in China since the 1970s. He was appointed assistant conductor of the Cincinnati Philharmonia Orchestra for performances in Paris and London in 1989 and conducting assistant for the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra for the 1991-1992 season. Before coming to Penn State in 1993, Pu-Qi Jiang held the position of music director of the Ohio University Symphony Orchestra. He began his formal training in China and graduated with an orchestral conducting diploma from the Shanghai Conservatory of Music. His graduate degrees are from the College Conservatory of Music, the University of Cincinnati.

NARRATOR

J a n e R i d l e y

Jane Ridley is an associate professor in the Department of Theatre Arts at Penn State. She heads the movement area in the Professional Acting Training Program. Her career as a professional actress, choreographer and teacher spans twenty-five years. She has worked in television, radio, and on the stage in England and the United States. She holds membership in the Society of American Fight Directors, Actors Equity Association and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists.

SOLOISTS

Elizabeth E. Asmus

HARP

Elizabeth Ethers Asmus worked in New York City for ten years as a soloist, chamber, and orchestral musician. A graduate of the Juilliard School of Music, she was principal harp with the Virginia Opera Company and the New York Chamber Ensemble. As a member of the New York Harp Ensemble (a quartet of harps), she toured Europe and the United States. Recordings include *An Evening with the New York Harp Ensemble* and *Christmas with the New York Harp Ensemble*. Now residing in State College, Elizabeth is harpist with the Nittany Valley, Williamsport and Harrisburg symphonies. She is a teacher as well as performer.

Holly Anderson

SOPRANO

Holly Anderson, a junior from Philadelphia, is enrolled in Penn State's music education program. Last semester, she performed the role of Marcellina from *Fidelio* in the opera program and gave her own junior recital. Holly has been in the concert choir for three years and is currently vice-president.

Susan Boardman

SOPRANO

Susan Boardman, an associate professor of music at Penn State, teaches voice and directs the Penn State Opera Theatre. Prior to joining the faculty in 1993, she taught voice, vocal pedagogy, and opera at the University of Miami in Florida for seventeen years. Dr. Boardman, a lyric soprano, has appeared with the Florida Family Opera of the Greater Miami Opera Association, Gold Coast Opera Theater, Florida Philharmonic Orchestra, Gusman Hall Chamber Players, Festival Miami, Dranoff Double Piano Symposium, Miami Bach Society, Nittany Valley Symphony, and the Pennsylvania Centre Chamber Orchestra. In presenting solo recitals in Europe and the United States, she has become known as a singer of new music and has premiered a number of vocal works.

Kimberly Burkhard

SOPRANO

Kimberly Burkhard, a senior at the State College Area High School, has studied voice for ten years and is a student of Robert Trehy. She was selected for District, Regional, All-State and All-Eastern choruses. She is president of the State College High School Concert Choir and is a member of the State College Choral Society. Last summer, she attended Westminster Choir College's Vocal Institute and was chosen as a soloist and member of the Chamber Choir. Kimberly takes private saxophone lessons and plays in the State High Concert, Symphonic, and Jazz bands. She enjoys performing with the State College Area High School Thespian Troupe #5029. She is preparing for the role of Constance Lane in the musical, *Good News*.

Suzanne Roy

SOPRANO

Suzanne Roy has a special interest in twentieth-century music, especially songs composed by Americans. She has premiered several songs by Bruce Trinkle. Suzanne Roy has performed extensively in the United States and France with symphonies and in recitals of chamber music, opera, and oratorio.

Barbara Hess

MEZZO-SOPRANO

Austrian by birth, Barbara Hess has released a recording featuring German emigrant songs and folk tunes and is a featured artist with the Barokk Folk's recording distributed by Music for Little People which received the Parents Choice Gold Award. She has sung Medieval and Renaissance songs with the Nova Consort and has appeared annually at the Central Pennsylvania Festival of the Arts singing Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, and Rodgers and Hart favorites. She created thematic programs to complement the work of visual artists in the Palmer Museum of Art. She presented her New York City debut at Weill Recital Hall in 1992.

Richard Kennedy

TENOR

Richard Kennedy teaches studio voice and courses in English, Italian, French, and German diction for singers. After earning degrees from Indiana University, Professor Kennedy was the first recipient of the Artist Diploma at the Boston University School for the Arts. He has studied at the Franz Schubert Institute in Austria, the Jeunesses Musicales du Canada, and at the Tanglewood Institute. An active performer, Richard Kennedy has sung with symphony orchestras throughout the United States and has performed solo recitals throughout North America and Austria. He was an international finalist in the Opera Company of Philadelphia/Luciano Pavarotti International Voice Competition.

Norman Spivey

BARITONE

Norman Spivey is assistant professor of voice and vocal pedagogy at Penn State. He earned the Doctor of Musical Arts degree from The University of Michigan and was awarded a Fulbright grant (1987-1988) and a Woolley award from La Fondation des Etats-Unis (1988-1989) for study of the French art song in Paris. While in France, Dr. Spivey sang with L'Opera de Nancy, L'Opera de Nantes, L'Opera de Lille, and toured as Papageno in *The Magic Flute*. He continues with oratorio and recital appearances. In March 1996, he will premiere the recently discovered *Quatre Poemes de Max Jacob* of Francis Poulenc. He has been awarded fellowships to the Aspen Music Festival (1992) and the Institute for Advanced Vocal Studies in Paris (1993). Dr. Spivey was selected to participate in the Fourth Annual Internship for Young NATS (National Association of Teachers of Singing) Teachers at the University of Colorado at Boulder (1994) and is currently serving as president of the Allegheny Mountain Chapter of the National Association of Teachers of Singing.

SPECIAL THANKS TO

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