



**Inversion Da Capo presents
Origins
Saturday, January 21, 2023, at 7 PM**

Westminster Presbyterian Church
3208 Exposition Blvd, Austin, Texas 78703
Adrienne Pedrotti Bingamon, Conductor

Joseph Choi, piano

Brendan Fairleigh, clarinet

Brant Bingamon, bass

Cisco Gilliland, drums

Adrienne Inglis and Catherine Spainhour, Audio and Video Recording

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You are welcome to take photos and videos during the concert! Please make sure that devices are kept silent and flashes turned off.

Tag us @inversionensemble on Facebook & Instagram, and @inversionatx on Twitter.

Welcome!

Thank you so much for joining us this evening for Origins, presented by Inversion's treble chorus, Da Capo. We are so excited to connect to our roots tonight while simultaneously creating something entirely new!

The idea for this concert came last year when my friends Suzette Emberton and Steven Sérpa both sent me compositions they were working on. Each is a

distinct work, but has the common thread of being based off of something from history. Et voila—old meets new! Such a broad topic allowed me to explore music from many different cultural traditions, and I hope you'll find it to be an enjoyable and eclectic mix.

We are lucky to be joined by Austin instrumentalists from both the classical and rock worlds in another example of worlds colliding: Joseph Choi on piano, Brendan Fairleigh on clarinet, Brant Bingamon on bass, and Cisco Gilliland on drums.

We are also so happy and grateful to return to Westminster Presbyterian Church, an important spot in Inversion's own origin story as the location of one of our very first concerts back in 2017, and the first venue for Da Capo in 2019. Thank you so much for being here and for taking part in the origin story of some new choral music!

—Adrienne Pedrotti Bingamon, Da Capo Director

Program

To Sit and Dream by Rosephanye Powell

Joseph Choi, piano

To sit and dream, to sit and read,
 To sit and learn about the world.
 Outside our world of here and now—
 Our problem world—
 To dream of vast horizons of the soul
 Of dreams made whole.
 Unfettered, free—help me!
 All you who are dreamers, too,
 Help me make our world anew.
 I reach out my hand to you.

To Sit and Dream sets the poem “To You” by Langston Hughes (1901-1967), an American activist, poet, novelist, and playwright, who was an important figure in the Harlem Renaissance--the cultural center for black intellectuals and artists in Harlem, New York in the 1920's. In his writings, Hughes sought to express the hopes and often dismaying realities of black life in America. A lover of jazz and the blues, Hughes's writings were strongly influenced by these styles of music and the settings in which they were

performed. As a jazz poet, Hughes had a proclivity for writing poetry that fused lyrical lines with syncopated rhythms, and phrasing which could mimic the feel of improvisation. In *To Sit and Dream*, I sought to musically paint Hughes's poignant poetry with jazz harmonic colors, rhythmic syncopation, and improvised speech. The song begins with a piano introduction comprised of a simple "quiet" motive which depicts Hughes's placidity as he sits alone disheartened while reading the newspaper headlines. This motive continues as the voices enter in unison, representing Hughes's inner voice, as he lays the paper in his lap, deep in thought. At measure 16, Hughes drifts into a dream-like trance "outside our world" as the "dream" motive appears in the piano. At measure 18, text painting is employed as the first sopranos (representing "outside our world") and the second altos, (representing "our world") singing an octave apart, provide an ethereal effect above the piano's dream motive. More text painting is utilized in measure 27 where all the voices sing higher in their ranges to depict "vast horizons." I chose to set "unfettered, free. Help me, help me" in an improvisatory sung-speech style to imitate the free-style speech heard in jazz poetry. In the last section which begins at measure 33, Hughes, still in a dream-like trance, finds himself on the streets of Harlem reaching out his hand to any who will join him in making "our world anew." As each person joins Hughes, reaching out their hands to others, a growing crowd of people come together to create a new world characterized by love, peace, equality, and justice for all. This idea is depicted as parts enter successively singing, "I reach out my hand to you." At measure 48, Hughes awakens, the newspaper headlines still before him, and resolves that he may never see such a day—except as he sits and dreams.—Rosephanye Powell

Ayios O Theos ("Holy God") by Timothy Cunningham*

Trad. Greek Orthodox Text

Ἅγιος ὁ Θεός, Ἄγιος ἰσχυρός, Ἄγιος ἀθάνατος, ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς. Δόξα Πατρὶ καὶ Υἱῷ καὶ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι, καὶ νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Ἀμήν.

Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal, have mercy on us. Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and forever and to the ages of ages. Amen.

The Trisagion, or "Thrice Holy," is a hymn that is a part of the opening prayer for many Orthodox services. In this setting, the powerful text of the prayer is combined with a lively and triumphant tone. Open intervals—both harmonically and melodically—create a chant-like atmosphere. As the piece continues, the sparse harmonies of the opening give way to lush, compact extended chords, reflecting on a more personal interpretation of the text. The more complex harmonic language affirmatively settles in a major tonality as the choir sings "Holy Immortal," representing triumph over death.—Timothy Cunningham

Julian's Hazelnut by Adrienne Inglis (ASCAP)*

Brendan Fairleigh, clarinet

The Shewings of Julian of Norwich, Part 1 Lines 148-154

Also in this He shewed a littil thing the quantitye of an hesil nutt in the palme of my hand, and it was as round as a balle. I lokid there upon with eye of my understandyng and thowte, What may this be? And it was generally answered thus: It is all that is made. I mervellid how it might lesten, for methowte it might suddenly have fallen to nowte for littil. And I was answered in my understandyng, It lesteth and ever shall, for God loveth it; and so all thing hath the being be the love of God.

Translation by Barry Windeatt:

And in this vision he also showed me a little thing, the size of a hazelnut, lying in the palm of my hand, and it was as round as a ball, as it seemed to me. I looked at it and thought, 'What can this be?' And the answer came to me in a general way, like this, 'It is all that is made.' I wondered how it could last, for it seemed to me so small that it might have disintegrated suddenly into nothingness, And I was answered in my understanding. 'It lasts, and always will, because God loves it; and in the same way everything has its being through the love of God.'

Born in about 1343 in Norwich, England, Julian survived the Black Plague as a girl of six. She became an anchoress at St. Julian's Church in Norwich where she lived in prayerful seclusion. In 1373, she became very sick at age 30. Near the point of death, a curate showed her a crucifix for comfort. She then experienced a series of intense visions of Christ and recovered from her illness to write eloquently about her "shewings." The beautiful Medieval English text for this piece is from The Shewings of Julian of Norwich, Part I lines 148-154 in which Julian reflects on the vision she experienced about a hazelnut in the palm of her hand. She comes to understand that God loves even a small, ordinary thing like a hazelnut, such that it will not disintegrate but last forever because of God's love for it. In Julian's vision, the hazelnut symbolizes all that is made – all of Creation that God made and loves forever. The music combines Medieval sounds and counterpoint with lush, modern harmonies, woven together with the smooth color and elegant lines of the clarinet. Singers use Original Pronunciation to capture the lyricism of Julian's words. May this piece inspire the same awe and amazement at God's beloved Creation that Julian felt centuries ago. —Adrienne Inglis

El Grito ("The Scream") from Suite de Lorca by Einojuhani Rautavaara

"El Grito" by Federico García Lorca

El eclipse de un grito,
va de monte a monte.
Desde los olivos,
será un arco iris negro
sobre la noche azul.
¡Ay!

Como un arco de viola,
el grito ha hecho vibrar
largas cuerdas del viento.

¡Ay!

(Las gentes de las cuevas
asoman sus velones)

¡Ay!

Translation

The arc of a cry travels from hill to hill.

From the olive trees,

There is a black rainbow over the blue night.

Like the bow of a viola,

the cry has set the wind's long strings to vibrating.

The people of the caves will now bring out their oil lamps.

I know, I know–It's not exactly new music. Finnish composer Einojuhani Rautavaara composed his Lorca Suite for SATB mixed choir in 1973 and arranged it for SSAA voices a couple of years later. I just couldn't resist programming this movement from the Suite since it perfectly encapsulates the primal scream within us all, the scream shared by all humanity since the beginning of our species.

Rautavaara never really wanted to be a choral composer but he was so good that choirs kept commissioning him, so he eventually created a whole body of choral works along with operas, symphonies, concertos, and more. He became the most notable Finnish composer since Jean Sibelius and he died in Helsinki in 2016. — APB

There Will Come Soft Rains by Kevin A. Memley

Joseph Choi, piano

Brendan Fairleigh, clarinet

“There Will Come Soft Rains” by Sara Teasdale
(War Time)

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white,
Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
 Will care at last when it is done.
 Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree
 If mankind perished utterly;
 And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
 Would scarcely know that we were gone.

Sara Teasdale (1884-1933) wrote a number of poems reflecting on the atrocities of the Great War and expressing her pacifism, even when it was illegal for her to do so under the Sedition Act of 1918. In her poem *Spring in War Time*, Teasdale reflected on the gall of Spring to even exist at the same time as war, but in this poem, she presents the perspective of Spring itself and how little the existence of humanity even matters to nature. The wartime imagery of circling swallows and fiery feathered robins is beautifully highlighted by composer Kevin Memley in this piece, originally written for oboe but transposed for this performance for B flat clarinet. — APB

Africa by William Billings, arr. by Moira Smiley

Now shall my inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song!
 Almighty love inspires my heart,
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.
 Why do we then indulge our fear,
 Suspicion and complaint?
 Give me a song and breath to sing,
 Fearless and without restraint.

We travel back to the roots of American choral music for this piece, a traditional shape note hymn from 18th century New England by William Billings, a tanner and municipal stray-hog catcher from Boston. In the shape note singing tradition (often referred to as “Sacred Harp” after the most popular published book of shape note hymns), each notehead has a different shape and corresponding syllable to help people quickly learn the tune: ◀ is “fa”, ● is “so”, ■ is “la”, and so on. Historically, people would come together in a big hollow square to sing to each other in a celebration of music that is more of a gathering than a performance. In fact, there are still active shape note singing conventions all around the country, especially in the South. You’ll notice a more relaxed, forward-facing sound than what you’re used to with traditional Western choral music which creates a joyful, present tone, with a carefree edge. A Sacred Harp veteran from Georgia once remarked, “I’d go a thousand miles to sing this music...I wouldn’t cross the street to hear it.” We hope you’ll feel very differently when you hear this arrangement by Moira Smiley for treble voices, but if not, just start singing along and you’ll get it. — APB

Caritas Habundat in Omnia by Suzette Emberton*

Joseph Choi, piano

Caritas habundat in omnia,
de imis excellentissima super sidera,
Atque amantissima in omnia,
quia summo Regi osculum pacis dedit.

Translation:

Love abounds in all things,
From the lowest depths to the highest stars,
And is loving to all,
For the supreme King gave the kiss of peace.

This composition for treble chorus is based on a plainchant with the same text and main melody originally written by twelfth century Benedictine abbess and composer Hildegard von Bingen. Known as Saint Hildegard and Sybil of the Rhine, Hildegard lived and worked during the period known as the High Middle Ages. She was a rare polymath whose brilliance, innovation, and perseverance enabled her to have success as a composer, writer, visionary, mystic, practitioner of medicine, and founder of scientific natural history in Germany. The original plainchant *Caritas habundat* was written as an antiphon, a short chant meant to be sung in unison during a religious service. The Latin text reflects Hildegard's unorthodox view that the Divine is Love and Love dwells in everything – “from the darkest depths, to the most exalted ones beyond the stars.”—Suzette Emberton

Weevily Wheat arr. Shawn Kirchner

Claudia Carroll
Jenny Houghton
Jen Wang
Olivia Cheesman
Katie Gleason
Cassidy Wallace
Wravan Godsoe

Oh Charlie he's a fine young man, Charlie he's a dandy.
Charlie likes to kiss the girls, and he can do it handy.
I don't want none of your weevily wheat,
I don't want none of your barley;

I want fine flour in half an hour
 To bake a cake for Charlie.
 Coffee grows on white oak trees, rivers flow with brandy.
 Choose you one to roam with you as sweet as 'lasses candy.

Charlie's here and Charlie's there — Charlie's over the ocean.
 Charlie, he'll come back some day, unless he takes a notion.

In October of 2007, I attended a week-long composer's seminar hosted by Alice Parker at her home in rural Massachusetts, along with seven fortunate colleagues. Alice wanted to get us back to the basics — which for her, is, above all, an appreciation for melody itself. One of our assignments was to write a two-part arrangement of a simple folksong. At first I imagined that I would feel stifled by the constraint of limiting my arrangement to only two parts, but as soon as I jumped into the project — sprawled out on my bed in one of Alice's guest farmhouses — the ideas flew, and I had a ball. When you have source material with lyrics that are bursting with life and a melody to match, the arrangement practically writes itself. This is the product of one sunny afternoon's fun, unaltered from its creation except for a leaping octave on the final cadence, an inspiration of Alice herself as we sang it through together around the table in her light-filled studio the next morning.
 — Shawn Kirchner

Riding the Electric Unicycle by Patrick Bass*

Brendan Fairleigh, clarinet
 Joseph Choi, piano

Program note — This piece was inspired by and dedicated to my saxophone professor Christopher Sacco. I picture it as the background to a ride on a electric unicycle (which he is fond of taking). The opening chord is drawing the curtains back to let the sunlight in. It progresses to a solitary early morning ride. The hectic 6+2/8 section is suddenly getting caught up in 5 o'clock traffic. The cadenza is wandering home late at night, lost and confused. Finally a reflection on the journey. Finally, a little about me. My real name is Patrick Bass, I am a composer/multi instrumentalist who is currently trying to study composition and education at FSU. I recently started taking composing more seriously and attempting to land placements in games and concerts. If you would like to see more of my work my TikTok is @madhonks and Twitter handle @MadhonksG.

We Are by Ysaye Barnwell

Carmen Johnson, solo
 Angela Irving

Rosa Mondragón Harris
 Holt Skinner
 Brant Bingamon, bass guitar
 Cisco Gilliland, percussion

For each child that's born, a morning star rises
 and sings to the universe who we are.
 We are our grandmother's prayers,
 And we are our grandfather's dreamings,
 We are the breath of our ancestors,
 We are the spirit of God.
 We are mothers of courage and fathers of time,
 We are daughters of dust and the sons of great visions,
 We're sisters of mercy and brothers of love,
 We are lovers of life and the builders of nations.
 We're seekers of truth and keepers of faith,
 We are makers of peace and the wisdom of ages.
 We are one.

Ysaye Barnwell is a singer, composer, and former member of the GRAMMY-nominated all female African American a cappella troupe Sweet Honey in the Rock. This piece, taken from her 1993 a cappella suite called lessons, brings home the notion that we are all connected. Barnwell is often referred to as a "female bass" but since none of us are, we brought in some reinforcement with an actual bass. — APB

Where Do We Come From? by Susan Meitz*

Where Do We Come From?
 What are we?
 Where are we going?
 When I was a child,
 I learned that everything
 Was made of atoms.
 Electrons and protons and neutrons.
 Now I know of photons, gravitons,
 Fermions, bosons, muons, neutrinos,
 Gluons and quarks!
 And the universe is expanding
 To infinity.
 Big Bang!
 From absence spring matter and time.
 The universe forms, fermions to combine,

Making atoms and galaxies,
 Planets and stars,
 Quasars, black holes,
 Darkness and light.
 We are from stars,
 From supernovas.
 We belong to the universe.
 In an endless loop of creation,
 Which began before time.
 What were we before the stars?
 What were we before time?
 Where do we come from?
 I wonder.
 We flash like shooting stars in the night sky.
 Briefly brilliant
 Where are we going?
 Where will we go?
 I wonder.

Early in my composition process for this piece, I ran across a painting by Paul Gauguin entitled *Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going?* Although the painting portrays the cycle of human life, I was inspired to think more broadly about the inception of the universe. I have held an interest in particle physics since my youth, and I was giddy with the idea of having musicians sing about subatomic particles, especially quarks. In this piece I tried to capture the excitement of learning and the sense of wonder that there will always be more to learn.—Susan Meitz

Old Friends by Paul Simon, arr. Fred Sturm

Adrienne Pedrotti Bingamon
 Cayla Cardiff
 Angela Irving
 Holt Skinner

Old friends, old friends
 Sat on their park bench like bookends
 A newspaper blown through the grass
 Falls on the round toes
 Of the high shoes of the old friends
 Old friends, winter companions, the old men
 Lost in their overcoats, waiting for the sunset

The sounds of the city sifting through trees
 Settle like dust on the shoulders of the old friends
 Can you imagine us years from today
 Sharing a park bench quietly?
 How terribly strange to be 70
 Old friends

In 1968, young pop singers Simon and Garfunkel presented a reflection on aging with this song that imagined lifelong friends reminiscing about days of their youth when the idea of reaching the age of 70 seemed almost impossible. I wonder how strange Simon and Garfunkel must feel now that they themselves are octogenarians.

I sang this arrangement a few years ago as part of a performance with the San Antonio Chamber Choir under the direction of Rick Bjella and I have loved it ever since. It was written for him by Jazz guru Fred Sturm on the occasion of Bjella's retirement from Lawrence University. It went unpublished from 2009 until 2021, but I'm glad it finally gets to be heard by audiences because it's such a beautiful rendition. A new take on an old song written by young singers about old friends remembering how they contemplated old age when they were young. You know, the classic old meets new meets old meets new meets old meets new! – APB

Wytches' Chant by Robbie LaBanca*

Carol Brown, solo
 Cisco Gilliland, drums
 Artha Weaver, percussion

Isis
 Astarte
 Diana
 Hecate
 Demeter
 Kali
 Inanna

Wytches' Chant uses a list of goddesses from various faith traditions. Isis is an Egyptian cosmic goddess who rules over the behavior of the sun, moon, and stars, governing time and the seasons which, in turn, guaranteed the fertility of the earth. Astarte is the Canaanite/Phoenician goddess of love, sex, war, and hunting who developed from the Mesopotamian deity Inanna/Ishtar. Diana is a goddess in Roman and Hellenistic religion, primarily considered a patroness of the countryside, hunters, crossroads, and the Moon. Hecate is a goddess in ancient Greek religion and mythology associated with crossroads, entrance-ways, night, light, magic, witchcraft, the Moon, knowledge of herbs and

poisonous plants, graves, ghosts, necromancy, and sorcery. Demeter is the Olympian goddess of the harvest and agriculture, presiding over crops, grains, food, and the fertility of the earth. Kali is a Hindu goddess who is considered to be the goddess of ultimate power, time, destruction and change in Shaktism. Inanna is an ancient Mesopotamian goddess of love, war, and fertility. She is also associated with beauty, sex, divine justice, and political power.

In this piece, these goddesses are invoked in a slow, gradual build until the texture represents their power before fading away. No matter your personal faith tradition, I hope you will find a connection to the sacred female power represented in this piece and the deities who are lifted up. — Robbie LaBanca

Ophelia Floats by Steven Sérpa*

Maureen Broy Papovich, solo
 Katrina Saporsantos, solo
 Brendan Fairleigh, clarinet
 Joseph Choi, piano

Text

Arthur Rimbaud, musical trans. Steven Sérpa

I.

On the calm black water where the stars sleep
 White Ophelia floats like a great lily;
 Floats very slowly, lying in her long veils...
 –You hear in the distant woods the sound of the hunt.
 For more than a thousand years the sad Ophelia,
 She passed, a white phantom, down the long black river;
 For more than a thousand years her sweet madness,
 It murmured its romance to the evening breeze.
 The wind kisses her breasts and unfolds in a wreath
 Her great veils softly cradled by the waters;
 The trembling willows weep on her shoulder,
 Over her wide dreaming brow the reeds bend down.
 The ruffled water lilies sigh all around her;
 At times she awakens, among the sleeping branches,
 Some nest, from which escapes a slight rustle of wings;
 –A mysterious song falling from golden stars.

II.

O pale Ophelia! beautiful as snow!
 Yes, you died child, carried off by a river!

–The falling winds in low voices
 Spoke to you of bitter freedom;
 It was a breath, twisting your great hair,
 That bore strange rumors to your dreaming mind;
 It was your heart listening to Nature's song
 In the complaints of trees and in the sighs of the night;
 It was the voice of mad seas, a great noise,
 That broke your child's heart, too human and too soft;
 It was a knight, so handsome and pale, a poor fool,
 Who, one April morning, sat mute at your knees!
 Heaven! Love! Freedom! What a dream, you poor, mad girl!
 You melted to him as snow does to fire;
 Your great visions strangled your words
 –And fearful Infinity terrified your blue eyes!

III.

–And the Poet says that under the stars' rays
 You come at night looking for the flowers you picked;
 And that he saw on the water, lying in her long veils,
 White Ophelia floating, like a great lily.

Ophelia Floats was written as a companion to Dominick Argento's song cycle *To Be Sung Upon the Water*. Subtitled "Barcarolles and Nocturnes," Argento's songs create a nocturnal world of watery mystery. My Ophelia lives in a similar world with the eternal flow of water and the cold light of distant stars. She is held in stasis, a moment of serenity frozen, while the double tragedy of lost innocence and lost life ripples around her.

The music of Ophelia Floats is influenced by two of my great musical loves: *mélodie* and salon music of late-19th century and early-20th century France; and "emo," pop-punk music in the United States from the late 1990s through the 2000s. Scales and modes from Debussy and Satie are synthesized with textures and chord progressions from bands like Dashboard Confessional, The Early November, and Something Corporate. Fin-de-siècle France melded to turn-of-the-century America; emo-pop meets belle époque. — Steven Sérpa

Morning Light by Sarah Quartel

Erin Yousef
 Cayla Cardiff
 Cassidy Wallace
 Rebecca Stidolph

It's a long road we travel on this walk that we take,
 It's a path of adventure that leads us away.
 Yet a place travels with us, if it's what we believe,
 Where we gather the strength for the journey we lead.
 There is home in the beauty of a warm autumn day,
 When the breeze in the maples blows trouble away,
 There is home in the voices of the people you love,
 When they call out your name it's like sun from above.
 Call me glad, call me wise,
 It will not be surprising,
 When in the night I may say,
 I'll be home again.
 For when shadows are gone and the sun finds me here,
 I will dance in the light of the morning.
 There is home the melody of a grandmother's song,
 How the voice of a legacy can lead you along.
 There is home in the purpose of the ones come before,
 It my call, it may guide, I will follow once more.
 When the dark evening starts to settle around,
 through the shadows a glimmer of hope can be found.
 When you see it, hold onto it, It is where you belong,
 Look around, look inside, you are never far from home.

Morning Light sets an optimistic text by the composer about home and finding your way. Inspired by American folk songs, its captivating melody and warm harmonies serve as a welcome reminder for the close of our concert: to connect with our roots.

O Antiqui Sancti by Hildegard von Bingen, arr. Michael Engelhardt

Jen Wang, solo
 Brant Bingamon, bass
 Cisco Gilliland, drums

O Antiqui Sancti by St. Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179) from Ordo Virtutum (Patriarchs and Prophets: "Who are these, who seem like clouds?")

Virtues:

O antiqui sancti,
 quid admiramini in nobis?
 Verbum dei clarescit in forma hominis,
 et ideo fulgemus cum illo,
 edificantes membra sui
 pulchri corporis.

Translation:

O ancient holy ones,
why do you marvel at us?
The Word of God gleams brightly within
the human form,
and therefore we shine with him,
enhancing the parts of his beautiful body.

Hildegard von Bingen's *Ordo Virtutum* (Play of the Virtues) is possibly the first sacred musical morality play ever written (c. 1151). The plot is quite basic – Anima (Soul), the main character, finds herself in a cosmic tug-of-war between the Virtues and the Devil, and the forces of good eventually triumph in the end.

The Prophets and Patriarchs open the play by raising the question, "Who are these, who seem like clouds?" *O Antiqui Sancti* is the chorus that the Virtues boldly sing in response. Every note of the original chant melody is represented but it has been radically adapted, making use of contemporary harmony and groove.--Michael Engelhardt

We thought this would make a perfect ending to our evening: celebrating our humanity by colliding worlds with old Austin punk rockers Cisco and Brant, who have given this arrangement a bit of their own style. — APB

SINGERS

SOPRANO

Angela Irving
 Carol Brown
 Claudia Carroll
 Erin Yousef
 Jen Wang
 Jenny Houghton
 Katie Gleason
 Maureen Broy Papovich
 Olivia Cheesman

ALTO

Artha Weaver
 Carmen Johnson
 Cassidy Wallace
 Cayla Cardiff
 Holt Skinner
 Jennifer Inglis Hudson
 Katrina Saporsantos
 Rebecca Stidolph
 Rosa Mondragón Harris
 Wravan Godsoe

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Upcoming Concerts



Planet Home

Saturday, February 25, 2023, at 7:30 PM

Sunday, February 26, 2023 at 3 PM

The Rosette

3908 Avenue B Ste 116, Austin, TX 78751

Helios

Saturday June 3, 2022 at 7:30 PM

Sunday June 4, 2022 at 3 PM

[KMFA](#) 89.5 Classical

41 Navasota St., Austin, Texas 78702

Inversion presents **Helios**, the multimedia work by

[Tim Takach](#).



Star Stuff

June 11, 2023 at 4 PM

Austin Public Library – Central

710 W Cesar Chavez St, Austin, TX 78701

Inversion's brand new youth choir **Nova** under the direction of Juli Orlandini presents its inaugural concert "Star Stuff" with music that inspires exploration and a sense of wonder, connection, and belonging.



Inversion is a collection of vocal ensembles dedicated to commissioning and performing timely new works by living composers. Inversion presents themed concerts on myriad topics including LGBTQIA+ rights, racial justice, immigration, climate change, and democratic rights, as well as space exploration, philosophy, natural science, and the

ancient elements. Inversion advocates for inclusion through outreach with local public schools, college partners, and annual emerging composer contests.



Inversion Ensemble | <https://www.inversionatx.org/>