

GEMUTLICHKEIT

A BOOKLET OF SCHUBERTIAN MEMORIES

**With special thanks to the person responsible for all this,
without whom many of our lives may have taken
an entirely different turn:**

**The one and only
Carl Zytowski**

**Edited (only slightly) and presented
in the chronological order
in which they were received
by Steve McGaw ('79-'84)**

A span of 31 years of singing with The Schubertians covers a multitude of memories, enough for a book, many covered in the past journals we have written about our tours.

Our first concert in February, 1964 was especially memorable to me: sixteen of you joining me for the last section of my Schubert recital in Campbell Hall. We had such a great reception that the question arose: is there any more music like this that we can do? And so The Schubertians were born.

Not long after, our invitation to a choral conference at Chapman College gave us an indication of the unique speciality and character of our group, with a rousing reception by an audience. There followed on a number of tours, to Hawaii, and then to Europe for the first time, recording concerts in Amsterdam, Zurich, Munich and Vienna, singing a concert in Schubert's birthplace.

The pattern was set, with festival appearances in England and Scotland, a house concert in Aldeburgh, England with Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears as our hosts, and later two festival concerts with Pears. English friends invited us to sing in ancient churches all over Britain; there was a concert in the Pump Room for the Cheltenham Festival, and the recording for broadcast by the BBC of our concert at St. John's Smith Square, London on my 65th birthday.

Our 1989 tour took us to Eastern Europe, where we had great adventures in Russia, especially the concert in Leningrad at the Glinka Capella. Another special evening was the concert at Tartu University in Estonia, where the audience stood and joined in singing our final song; and another at a church service in Warsaw, Poland, where the elderly ladies in the audience wept as we sang a Polish hymn, all of this just a few months before the Soviet bloc broke apart.

Most especially, I have had the pleasure of discovering and performing great music with more than 200 of you, and of your continuing friendship. My special thanks to each.

Z

My fondest memory involves not the Schubertians, but the Men's Glee Club, of which I think we all were members. It was our custom to wear a gray blazer with the university emblem, a white shirt, black tie, and black slacks for concerts and tours. Dave Lenhardt (who at the time was my roommate) came up with a unique idea one year. He arranged for all of us to have white turtleneck shirts instead of white shirts, but these turtlenecks were "special."

On an appointed day, we all showed up for rehearsal wearing the turtlenecks instead of our usual "street" clothes. One member had been assigned the risky duty of delaying Z. for just a few minutes before the beginning of the rehearsal in case there were latecomers. I will never forget the look on Z's face as he walked in and saw 30 guys wearing white turtlenecks sitting in their usual rehearsal positions. For the first time in my memory, Z was speechless. But the best happened next. On a cue from Dave, we all turned our backs to Z and he saw 30 LARGE Carl Zytowskis looking back at him!!! Dave had arranged to have Z's portrait pressed onto the back of each turtleneck.

On tour that year, at each concert we had to show the audience Dave's handiwork, taking off our blazers and turning around for the audience to see. Z. was in Heaven.

Steve Wilson '68-'69, '71-'73

I was a member in (I think) 68-71...we were the first big travelers...a trip to Hawaii in one year and then the first European concert tour the next. Because I'm "old" with a touch of CRS, I don't remember much detail...just very pleasant snippets, here and there...in Oahu, half of us at the Kahala Hilton and half at the Hilton Hawaiian Village Rainbow Tower...dolphin pools, beautiful flower arrangements, Kahala lobby concerts, Mai Tai's, snorkeling at Hanauma Bay...a mongoose. A white piano and Paul Bishop playing Simon and Garfunkel as we tried to harmonize...

My first trip to Europe...London, the lights of Piccadilly Square, the challenge of crossing the road and wondering which way to watch for cars, the sparsely attended concert at the London Welsh Club with all the members gone because of a soccer game with France, stepping off the red double-decker bus before it stopped and cracking my head on the pavement...riding the Tube and meeting a cute redhead who later attended our concert. The English countryside, the town of Bath, and the sauna, actually walking around inside Stonehenge (fantastic)... "Wow, we're in Europe!" The continent...trains, a radio show in Hilversum, Netherlands, awakening to a fresh snow in Munich, the famous clock tower, the Hof Brau house (I still have my beer stein) and pretty waitresses in dirmdls. Rehearsals and concerts, Z fighting vocal illness, Les Lizama putting on his wig to cover his long hair, princesses, palaces, gardens, appreciative audiences, the "risk" of singing in their language and I don't know what I'm saying...the Schubert Geburtshaus, meeting former Schubes in Stuttgart, and leaving Paul Hess (this time, on purpose) in Germany...the homecoming, the recording with the Stonehenge album cover, and the "triumphal return" concert...my surprise at the tears spontaneously streaming down my face during Zur Guten Nacht.

Since that time, I've been lucky enough to settle in Santa Barbara. I took that BA degree in Environmental Biology and went immediately into the insurance business, and successfully very much enjoy that profession, almost 37 years later. In 1975 I started

singing Barbershop Harmony and still enjoy that pastime with both chorus and quartets. Through Barbershop I have again traveled the world, to such exotic places as New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, Russia...and Indianapolis...! I married Sue in '85, a wonderful woman with three children, and then in 1989 we had one of our own, Courtney. I now have nine grandchildren and "little Courtney" is 18 and this fall, after we tour Europe with her high school Jazz Choir, she'll be going off to college as a vocal jazz major, ...and I'm sure she'll be famous. Currently, she's the tenor in my Barbershop quartet, and that's a great way to spend time with your kid. And I'm no longer surprised when music and memories bring tears to my face.

Brent Anderson

Actually most of my most vivid memories are of glee club tours. I do remember a Schubertian trip to La Jolla where Richard Smith introduced me to my first cocktail - a CC Sour. And, I remember a glee club tour including the strip clubs of Inglewood. There are other more personal memories of magic banter with Jack Huber and many seemingly insignificant, though meaningful to me conversations, with my friend, Newell Hendricks. Beyond that, as is probably true for most of us, I remember the joy of the Gemutlichkeit singing of the Schubert gems.

Biographically, I am still married to the woman that I married (Diane) while still in college. We have one son, Jeff, who is a professional keyboard player and trombonist most visible nightly on the Jimmy Kimmel Live show. I taught high school and some junior college choral music for many years, worked as a contracts manager in the aerospace industry for a while, and finally found my niche as a high school band and jazz band director. I was honored last year as the state jazz educator of the year by the California Association for Music Education (CMEA). And, I am looking forward to singing with Mr. Z and the other aging Schubertians in a few weeks.

Bob Babko

I owe everything vocally to Z. I am still singing actively. I live on Orcas Island almost in Canada. We have less than 4000 people on the island. Yet there is a huge amount of artistic talent, mainly retired. The Orcas Choral Society is limited to no more than 50 singers, and I am more or less the lead bass and Assistant Director. We put on three concerts a year with very challenging music due largely to the efforts of our leader, who although she is a she, is as dedicated, driven, and committed to excellence as Z.

Who knows why Z took me on as a vocal student? I was pretty raw talent. I never dreamed of singing in the Schubertians or even an opera! What the Schubertians did for me and my life was huge. Great teacher, great music, and above all music for the heart.

I sincerely hope I can make the reunion. If I cannot, then please give my regards to all of those superb Schubertians and Mr. Z -- the genius who made us what we are, created a dream, infected us with fine music, and in my mind, my children and my grandchildren, defined art in its purest form (yes, they have all heard about the Schubertians and Mr. Z).

Eric Gourley

Schub story:

We were in a rehearsal. While we were switching to a new piece, the inimitable Steve Telian said : "Hey everybody, I've got a great Polack joke". Z stiffened, furrowed his eyebrows, and said in a "dangerous" tone of voice, "You know, there ARE Polish people present." There was a pall over the rehearsal, with a long pause, whereupon Steve broke the tension saying, "That's OK, I'll tell it slowly." Everyone (including Z) exploded in laughter.

Jonathan Pevsner

Schubertian Memories, by **Stanton Carey** (73-75)

Since graduating with my MA in music from UCSB in 1976, I have traveled many roads. First teaching at Oshkosh, by gosh, and then El Paso , Texas, then Wisconsin, and now Phoenix. My job is to teach the little kids how to appreciate music! I am single, but have three beautiful children. These kids have been exposed to music all their lives. I think they are better for it.

My greatest memories of being a Schubertian center around our trip of '75. We frisbeed around Vienna in the park and saw the Mozart memorial. We sang in Germany to audiences that loved the Schubert men's music. Grand churches and cathedrals also in England were our acoustical heavenly spaces. A radio show done in Zurich, Switzerland allowed me to sing the F# on "Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun." And how lucky was I to sing "Standchen" for the Austrians in Salzburg, back when my voice was at it's peak.

For those with me in Aldeburgh, hearing Peter Pears sing "Down By the Sally Gardens" was breathtaking. We saw Britten sitting in a wheelchair listening to the music, and our song was loved by him. Soon after that night, he passed away. I was privileged to be a part of the group and I thank Mr. Zytowski for teaching me so much about singing. My memories of the group will always stay golden in my mind!

JAMES KENNEY 1973-1975, 1978-1979. Baritone and Bass sections.

The following is not the nostalgic musing of an unchecked sentimentalist, but rather the Gospel Truth According To Little Known Schubertian Lore. The most significant professional endeavor-and probably most overall awesome experience-I ever undertook was

my year of graduate study at the Guildhall School of Music in London. I never would have envisioned such a thing if it weren't for the first of two "Tours of Duty" in Europe with the Schubs (1975) and the exposure to the world it afforded. But that alone wouldn't have been enough. Further credit must be given to John Powell, whom I just happened to run into the next year one sunny day in Santa Barbara after I had finished my Bachelor's Degree. He made the suggestion and convinced me I could get into a conservatory in London. So from the bottom of my heart, I thank you Mr. Z, and John for so powerfully influencing the course of my professional life and opening up paths to such profound and wonderful experiences.

I realize it might be construed as a Schubertian Sacrilege, but my favorite piece while in the group was and still is Britten's "The Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." And my fondest performance memories are singing it on Zurich Radio and for Britten himself and other assorted luminaries at the Red House in Aldeburgh in 1975. Remember, guys?! And then there was that rock star-like mob scene and autograph signing after our performance in Augsburg, but our tight schedule sadly didn't allow for Groupie Time.

About moi: I received a bachelor's degree in piano and voice in 1975, that Guildhall degree in 1978 and my Master's in voice at UCSB in 1979 where I was Mr. Z's T.A. I sang at the Académie Ravel in St. Jean de Luz, France the following summer, and finished my formal academic training with a summer at the Music Academy of the West in Montecito in 1982. I've specialized more in oratorio, recital and chamber works over the years and am now semi-retired from performing. Since 1981 I have been teaching entry level music courses (and the History of Rock Music.) full time with the Ventura County Community College District and hope to retire in another six or seven years. My textbook for college voice classes, "Becoming a Singing Performer" was published in 1986. I have a very rewarding voice studio with the Ojai Valley School where I've taught for over a dozen years and plan to do so until the final curtain! I've practiced yoga fairly seriously for about twenty years now and enjoy swimming as well. I live in Ojai with my terrific 16 year old daughter April (I took her on her first European vacation to England and France last summer), and am thoroughly enjoying my bachelorhood these days.

Since we last saw each other I've been doing the one thing I always hoped to: working as a full-time musician. Right after graduating I tried to get things started in L.A. but a disastrous strike by the musicians' union made things tough at the time. In 1985 I decided to head to New York and I've been here ever since. I've had a typical freelance career, working all kinds of jobs ranging from jazz clubs to concert halls, recording sessions and even cruise ships. The latter, while not the greatest work, has allowed me to see parts of the world I probably wouldn't have otherwise. All my best!

Howard Begun

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Hello fellow Schubs,

Just thought I'd drop a note and say hi. I am on sabbatical and living in Strasbourg with my family (wife Helen, son Christopher who's 13), where I've been teaching a seminar at the Université de Nancy, doing a little research, and enjoying the nice Alsatian wines. I probably won't make it to your reunion, but my thoughts are with you. Drink a tankard of beer for me!

Best wishes,

John S. Powell

School of Music, Univ. of Tulsa,
600 S College, Tulsa, OK 74104

Yes, I AM A MASTER of procrastination!

I'm Scott Whitaker

I sang 2nd tenor in the group, from '75-'77

I am a professional singer and teacher of singing

For fun, I garden, cook, kiss my wife, sing (in any order all the time!)

Nope, no children.

My favorite memory is from the Schub Summer tour of England and Scotland in 1977. In a London train station heading for the last concert, the whole group in concert tuxes, w/ our too-heavy black music folders, started walking in line, chanting pseudo chant and periodically banging our foreheads with our folders. Hommage à *Monty Python* for sure. Everyone looked at us, and I think Z was trying to ignore us, or at least disassociate, though he was dressed like the rest.

regards, **Scott Whitaker**

Mark Tanney

I graduated from UCSB in 1977 with a degree in music composition. Shortly thereafter I moved to Los Angeles, my old home town. I immediately obtained a copy of the Los Angeles Times and checked the "Help Wanted" ads. Being quick on my feet I noted right away that there were few ads offering employment for "Composers." At that point I decided to move on to Plan "B."

I had always enjoyed cooking, so I commenced a career as a chef. I was fortunate to work in some good restaurants in L.A. with some fine chefs. I took to cooking like a duck to Sauce a l'Orange, and continued with that line of work for the next 18 years or so, working in restaurants, hotels, country clubs and a few catering companies in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Tampa, FL, and Port Townsend, WA. I'm happy to say that during my five years in Port Townsend I was involved in two good choral groups and singing was again a big part of my life at that time.

When I was about 42 years of age I started to wonder if I would always be able to hold up to the physical demands of the chef's life and, as much as I loved Port Townsend, I thought it might be time to make a change. I decided to go to law school and I moved to San Diego to attend Thomas Jefferson School of Law, graduating at the end of 1998.

After graduating law school I went to work as a clerk for a federal judge in Birmingham, AL for a couple years, and then in September of 2000 I started working for a law firm in Washington, D.C. I've been a lawyer here since, and I now live with my wife and son in Rockville, MD.

Schubertian Memories

I have so many fond memories of my Schubertian years, '76 and '77, but I guess the highlight would have to be the tour to England and Scotland. We sang in some major landmark locations like St. Martin in the Fields on Trafalgar Square and the awe inspiring St. Edmundsbury Cathedral. And we also sang in some small neighborhood churches and auditoriums. The memories from both the big and the small venues are equally wonderful. The attendees were always very appreciative, and the concerts were often quite moving, especially for us. Once in a while we were pretty good.

One of the most fun parts of that trip was our time in Edinburgh, Scotland, participating in the Edinburgh Festival Fringe. The main part of the Edinburgh Festival is of course a significant musical happening populated with world class performers, and it was thrilling for us to consider ourselves part of such a thing, even if just from the fringe. We sang twice and had a number of people come back for the second performance, which we appreciated very much.

We shared a camaraderie on that trip and throughout the Schubertian time in general that is hard to describe and has never been duplicated in my life. And we owe it all, of course, to our leader, Professor Carl Zytowski. What a wonderful thing he created for a lucky few. I guess you would have to call it the gift that keeps on giving.

On a trip to England in Summer of 85 I was one of two or three drivers of the van with all the members and suitcases. Every morning I would announced that the van was ready to go and would say "Let's get loaded!" Many Schubs would interpret that differently that what I meant. I also made sure that I started our daily run with a "good" joke that was well received!?

I am now working for Crosstown Traders, a catalog company located in Tucson. I am working as an EDI Coordinator for the Inventory Planning Dept. I have been with them for 17 yrs in various capacities.

I also have worked with two different churches as the choir director, one in Santa Maria, CA and the other in Tucson, AZ. I also am a member of the Arizona Symphonic Winds and also have been with them for 17 years playing percussion. I also have sung with a group called the Arizona Repertory Singers. I believe that Dan Manship may still be a member of that group.

Auf wiedersehen
Ray Martinez 84-85

On Mar 17, 2007, at 7:15 PM, Stephen McGaw wrote:

Guten Tag, Schubes:

I sense that many of you are reverting to your old ways of procrastination. Isn't that what they taught us at UCSB? The reminiscences are dribbling in...If you're reading this, you probably have the time to jot down the following on a return email:

Your name: **Jameson (Jim) Marvin**

Your years of Schube participation: 1964

What you do for a living: Director of Choral Activities; Harvard University; Cambridge, MA; Conductor Harvard Glee Club, Radcliffe Choral Society, H-R Collegium Musicum; Senior Lecturer on Music at Harvard: teach beginning and advanced conducting; masterpieces of choral literature; Renaissance performance; Vocal music of the Renaissance and Baroque.

What you do for fun (if it's different from the previous answer):

Same as previous answer plus gardening (when there is no snow....) and barbecuing (same conditions apply); mostly, I love to just be with my family

Whether the fun listed above has resulted in any marriages or children:

Polly is my wife - 25 years; health-care administrator; Graham is my son - 17 years old (jr. in high school) - wants to make movies - we are heading for California in April to look at film schools, including UCSB

The absolute funniest event the you still remember from the "days of Schubes"

I was Assistant Conductor of the Santa Barbara Glee Club; we took a tour to Southern California and sang at (among other venues) Disneyland; Mr. Z asked me to conduct the Glee Club in a German folk song that I especially liked (Muss i denn); I was conducting the Glee Club in my typical enthusiastic manner, inhaled abruptly, and into my mouth flew a fly - totally choked on it - Muss i denn, didn't go so well after that..

FOR EXAMPLE: I remember someone placing a Playboy photo in Z's score before one of our opera performances. We all knew where it had been located in the score and waited expectantly for Z's reaction as he turned the page. As I recall, all we got was a raised eyebrow! On with the show!

I remember vividly "the raised eyebrow" - I received it many times!! The first time was when met Mr. Z - when I was a Freshman in 1959, and had come up from my home town, Glendale, for Freshman week, wearing Freshman green beany, I came to Z's door (to whom I had been directed to inquiry about choral singing); Z said, "come in", and I entered. He looked up at me and "raised the eyebrow", and said, "don't tower". I immediately sat down!

Carl Zytowski is a marvelous mentor - it is seldom that I conduct a rehearsal with the Harvard Glee Club, that I don't think of him. His humor, his unparalleled taste in choral literature, his remarkable musicianship, his voice!, his rapport with the Glee Club, with the University Chorus, and with the Schubertians. Z is an uncommon artist, with a breadth of musical accomplishments truly fitting the description "master of arts". I hold Carl Zytowski with the greatest respect, and deeply value his support and friendship. I believe I was also his first "roasted swan" in his opera production of Orff's Carmina Burana.

Warmly,

Jim Marvin '64

Name: **Rob Ooghe** (1984-1986)

What I do for a living: Bank officer

What I do for fun: Well, still am able to do some singing. I've been freelancing the SF church music scene, mostly around the holidays. Most recently, I've been singing with St. Dominic's in Pacific Heights for occasional Lent gigs and Holy Week, but have given up the regular church job to be able to spend more time with my kids, Josh (9) and Gwen (7). I still get on my bike regularly and brew beer and make wine from time to time (though not as frequently as before the kids took my weekends away).

My funniest Schub memory: You might hear this more than once. While we were all lined up waiting to be called on to stage at Harvard University for a Men's Chorus festival put on by Schub alum, Jameson Marvin, Mike Dean dropped his music binder backstage. Mike's binder, full of our entire repertoire for an upcoming England tour, didn't just fall, it exploded, scattering music everywhere. Mike, flustered, gathered up his music into a jumbled pile and stuffed it back into his binder as quickly as he could while Mr. Z's eyebrows pierced the thick air. Of course, Mike had to read our entire selection out of someone else's binder, but I don't believe we ever sang so well.

--Rob

Your name...**Tim Hill**

Your years of Schube participation...1976 – 1977

What you do for a living...Teach math at the local junior high school.

What you do for fun (if it's different from the previous answer)...Bicycle touring, hiking, mountain climbing

Whether the fun listed above has resulted in any marriages or children... no marriage, no kids!

The absolute funniest event the you still remember from the "days of Schubes"...

I can't pick out a particularly funny event; EVERYTHING was fun when I was in the Schubes! It was particularly fun when I got to do most of the driving in England. We had rented two Range Rovers, and not only was the driver's side on the wrong side of the car, (with the gear shift on the driver's left), but we also got to drive on the wrong side of the road! Driving became a team effort, with me operating the gas pedal (derv pedal?), clutch, and steering wheel, and David Burdine shifting the gears... It's amazing that we had no accidents and no tickets! One of my most memorable times with the Schubes was when we visited Stonehenge. The sense of history made me feel like I was in some kind of time machine, a witness to what people were doing so long ago.

I was in Schubs 80-84. Toured England with the group in 82. I've been working high-tech jobs since finishing school. Now managing projects at Kaiser Permanente, deploying medical imaging systems into the hospitals and clinics.

Here are a few memories:

- 1) One member of our group forgot there was a concert one Sunday afternoon and instead was spending the afternoon drinking on DP. When he got a call from Z shortly before the concert, he replied "Your (mama)..." but Z hung up before he could finish.
- 2) I remember accompanying the group on *Fruhlingsgesang*, and picking perhaps an overenthusiastic tempo. Within 1 bar I received this look from Z both terrified and threatening....I slowed down.
- 3) I remember hearing that story that during the first performance of *Thomas of Canterbury*, the guards carrying murdered Thomas offstage and out of the church were trying not to bust up. Apparently, under the death shroud, Thomas (Jon Pevsner) was saying "I'm not dead yet. I'm feeling better. I think I'll go for a walk now..."
- 4) I remember after we finished the first performances of *Thomas of Canterbury*, we met at the regular Schub rehearsal (TT 4-5:30). Z thanked us all for our efforts, and told us that, now that *Thomas* was done, his next project was going to be a piece for us. Without missing a beat, Bob Clough, reflecting the sentiments of many in regards to Z's non-traditional melodies and harmonies replied "What drug are you going to try THIS time??"
- 5) I remember one spring Sunday out at Z's....swimming, food, drinks. It was one of those hot early summer days....crystal blue skies with some white white clouds floating around, the sun streaming down all the way to the ground. Chuck Chung brought korean bbq and cooked it on Z's reasonably new gas grill. I remember the spicy beef and the steamed rice rolled in a crisp lettuce leaf while in a patch of shade in the backyard around the pool.
- 6) I remember Z's hospitality when we'd drop in occasionally. He was always ready to make us a cup of tea, usually currant tea with lemon.
- 6.1) I remember on the flight over to England, we found 4 parts seated closely together on the plane and we broke into a delicate rendition of *Feasting I Watch* from the Elgar set "From the Greek Anthology". Z was shaking his head and admonishing us not to do it (it would create some bad sounds and ruin the songs for the tour performances). We poo-pooed it and went ahead. It went ok, and we got applause throughout the plane.
- 6.2) I remember going to the basement of Canterbury cathedral and ~6 of us singing Byrd's "Be Unto Me" under and arched ceiling, hearing the sound resonate, blend, and drift off. It was magical, and we were all glad we had seized the moment.
- 7) I remember how special it felt when, during my very first quarter in men's chorus (first quarter at school), I and a few other newbies were invited out to Z's one evening for tea, cookies, and some pleasant conversation. I felt special and recognized, and that I had chosen a good place to go to school.
- 8) I remember my untraditional debut with the Schubs, when I was asked to accompany the group down to LA for a meeting of some Viennese society and their winter party or concert. Z had programmed "Al Par dal Ruscialetto" and asked me to fill out the four-handed piano accompaniment with Ted Rose. As a treat, after that I was allowed to join the group for a few songs. I was on a stool in the middle back. I can still remember the thrill of the enveloping sound coming to life around me, and thinking "Yes! This is totally cool, and I'm going to find my way into this group!"
- 9) I remember being on tour in England, and Z had gotten into the habit of inviting each of us to introduce ourselves, what we were studying, and any future plans. Several people were graduating and going onto other interesting things. Kyle Heron got ribbed because, although he was graduating at the end of the year, he didn't know what he was going to do. Somebody ribbed him that he said approximately "Hi, I'm Kyle and I play clarinet." So, at the next concert, we're listening to the familiar introductions and suddenly we hear "Hi, I'm Kyle Heron, I'm from Los Angeles, California, and I'll be entering law school in the fall." More than half the group nearly lost it, and I still remember Bob Bernstein's face turning beet red with stifled laughter. Z didn't ask us to introduce ourselves any after that. Fast forward 10 years or so, and who shows up but Dr Kyle Heron, Anesthesiologist. Go figure!
- 10) I remember music history classes citing various reasonably dull well-known examples pieces to illustrate modulation and how dramatic it got in the mid-to-late classic period. Then I looked at numerous Schubertian pieces, like *Nachthelle* and *Mondenschein* in particular, in which Schubert modulates by a major third at the drop of a hat...no big deal. Instead of just studying it or listening to it, I was learning and performing it, and with great pleasure.
- 11) I remember sometimes being frustrated at how critical and demanding Z was of us, but the upside of that is that when he paid us a compliment, it really meant a lot. We knew we had earned it.
- 12) Schubertians was my fraternity. All in all, they are among the best and most meaningfully enduring recollections of my time at school. I look back at it fondly.

How's that? --**Alan Prochaska**

I am **Craig Crawshaw**, Schubertian from 1969-1972.

I was on the first Schubertian overseas tour (Hawaii) and the first European tour and on the first Schubertian LP recording.

I am a full time pastor in Santa Barbara, now at Oaks Bible Church. Before that I was pastor of music and worship at Trinity Baptist Church for 33 years (since UCSB days).

I married my high school sweetheart, Joanne, and we are still happily married with 2 children, 4 grandchildren and 2 more on the way.

I love writing and arranging music, playing golf, skiing and collecting Disney (Carl Barks) painting, lithos and comic books.

I have had the privilege of publishing 4 children's musicals as well as handbell arrangements and choral arrangements.

One of the funniest memories of the Schubertians was Les Lizama's side splitting telling of the story of Cinderella and her Gairy Fodmother.

SCHUBERTIAN REMINISCENCES

I am **Ray Sims**, member from '73 to '76. After graduation I attended UCLA School of Medicine, took my residency in Internal Medicine at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center/UCLA, and then moved to Ojai where I opened a solo practice. I have also become certified in Geriatrics. I married Lorann in 1979, and have 2 daughters, Kate, a graduate of Scripps College, Claremont in 2006, now pursuing her masters in Art and Architecture at UCLA while working full time at Baker in the Pacific Design Center, and Lauren, a second year student at Scripps College, studying for a double major in Political Science and Economics as well as studying piano.

My recollections of the group started during my first year at UCSB while in Men's Chorus, after being accepted to the group, with Chris Joliffe(sp.) telling me "this will all be yours" during a joint concert at the local Coral Casino. Naturally, memory dims of all those hours of practicing and rehearsals. I do remember vividly that steely glare and raised eyebrows of Z when we failed to get things right. However, he would always be very supportive also. I recall pleasant visits to his home for additional rehearsals.

Being in the group gave me the ability to see much of the world I would not have otherwise seen, including trips to the Bay Area with singing at Mills College, and to the Pacific Northwest including Seattle and Vancouver, sparking return visits periodically thereafter. I recall cutting my thumb 15 minutes before going onstage at Simon Frazier University, but was able to stop the bleeding and the performance proceeded without incident.

When I joined, I had a strong ambition to go to Europe in concert, like the legendary 1971 group. We organized money-raising events, and in fall of 1975, we departed for 30 days in Europe and England, with 17 concerts and a radio broadcast in Zurich. All that travel for only about \$300 for the entire month! Highlights included the train travels, seeing Vienna, much of Germany, and England, singing at Joan Cross' 75th birthday at Benjamin Britten's home where we sang for him, including Britten and the 4 Faure pieces which he loved, as well as meeting Sir Peter Pears. We also met Ursula Vaughn-Williams and Imogene Holst, great connections to music. We sang at Schubert's grave in Vienna, were applauded in the streets after our concert in Augsburg, sang among the flowers in East Anglia, England, attended the Opera in London where they had a **real** stage fire, and enjoyed mutually singing for a Viennese choir before sitting down for dinner with them. I recall Schubes driving fearlessly in England, my 21st birthday in London, big English breakfasts, and pristine Zurich. I enjoyed the group camaraderie very much, on our trips as well as throughout my 3 years in the group.

The gift of the Schubertians continued to give to me after I graduated through the annual reunion concerts at Lotte Lehman. I had a great time performing Standchen with a German Mezzo at LACMA in 1997 through Rod Punt and broadcast on KUSC, and had the honor of a first time ever group performance at my wedding in 1979. I continue to reflect happily on these memories and appreciate being able to be part of a great and special tradition.

Your name: **Steven P. Venti**, not to be confused with Steven F. Venti, the well known Dartmouth economist.

Your years of Schube participation: As I recall, I left the group midway through my second year, in late '81 or early '82, and missed out on the tour of England that summer.

What you do for a living: I've been in Japan for well over twenty years now, and after spending considerable time teaching ESL for a living until I became fluent in Japanese, have now been interpreting and translating exclusively for about ten years. I have a small number of publications to my credit. Those familiar with the Japanese author Kenji Miyazawa might enjoy reading my translation of the poem /Ame nimo makezu/, available on my website: <<http://www.bhk-limited.com>>. Also, if any of you have ever owned a '03 Honda Accord, you can now take some perverse pleasure in claiming to know (of) someone who was involved in the development of that vehicle, albeit in the exceedingly minor role of project team interpreter. As minor a role as it was, however, it was the experience of a lifetime for me.

Several years ago, during the time I was working at Honda, in fact, I had the pleasure of being treated to dinner by Mr. Z when he was in Tokyo. Other than an occasional email to my old buddy, Kurt Berentsen, however, I have fallen out of touch with other Schubertians. Hope you all have a good time at this reunion.

What you do for fun (if it's different from the previous answer): When I'm not translating fiction, I can be found making life miserable for my teenaged son.

Whether the fun listed above has resulted in any marriages or children I am, not doubt, yet another in a long list of Schubertians who married only to wake up one day and slap themselves on the forehead, proclaiming: "Thou Fool!" Mitigating my own lack of aptitude for convivial cohabitation is the presence of a son, now 15, who does a fair job of keeping his parents from murdering each other.

The absolute funniest event the you still remember from the "days of Schubes": When I was first invited to join the Schubertians, my total experience singing in choirs amounted to the two quarters I had been singing in the Mens' Chorus, so honestly, I was usually too busy just trying to keep up with my own part to notice anything humorous going on around me. I do, however, remember having been given the duty of conducting a small off-stage choir in the first performance of /Thomas of Canterbury/, and the very first time we rehearsed that part of the opera was rather humorous. About ten of us had been stationed in the vestibule of the rehearsal hall (in the wing opposite the entrance to Lotte Lehman Hall) and as our entrance approached, I began to wave my arm to the beat, looked at my singers with a big, encouraging smile, and gave a crisp downbeat. It was all for naught, though, because they all had their heads in the music and none of them saw my downbeat nor sang an audible note on their entrance. Needless to say, the rehearsal came to a grinding halt, and Mr. Z was immediately in the vestibule, wondering out loud why a music major wasn't able to follow a score well enough to give a simple downbeat. There was nothing funny about it at the time, but I have often got a giggle or two out of the thought of what my own face must have looked like the instant I realized that no one was paying any attention to me and we weren't going to be making an entrance.

Regards,
Steve Venti

Your name: **Artie Alvidrez**

Your years of Schube participation: 1972-1975

What you do for a living: Software QA Manager

What you do for fun (if it's different from the previous answer): Train and race ironman distance triathlon

Whether the fun listed above has resulted in any marriages or children: My wife Patty trains and races with me

The absolute funniest event the you still remember from the "days of Schubes": Throwing a dead fish onto the stage at LLCH while performing "Here Comes The Avant Garde"

Jack Dare 1976-77

Director of I.T. for a small magazine, directory and web publishing company in the Chicago suburbs.

My wife (for 29 years), Laura is a librarian at a community college. For the last 25 years, I've enjoyed singing with a professional choral ensemble, the New Classic Singers. During the six months of the year when the Chicago weather allows, we do some gardening and spend weekends on our boat. Our sons are both recent University of Illinois grads. Jeff is in his first year as a high school choral director at Champaign Central High School, and Tyler (who is also a cellist) has started a PhD program at Purdue in Acoustical Engineering.

I fondly remember the '77 tour of England and Scotland, driving around the countryside crammed into two white Land Rover-ish vehicles, tuxedos and all. The news of Elvis' death reached us on the BBC radio mid-tour, and the Brits seemed to make a bigger deal of it than we Californians. Somehow we still managed to find Stonehenge and all our concert venues, without getting lost (much).

Liebchen und der Saft der Reben
teilen meines Herzens Glut,
und beseligen mein Leben:
sie ist reizend, er ist gut.

Auf wiedersehen!

Robert Englebretson

(Schubertians 1991-1994; now a linguistics professor at Rice University in Houston)

Steve McGaw's e-mail today with the subject line 'final call' reminded me of the English pub closing call: "Time, gentlemen, please." Some of us remember the inevitability of that phrase all too well, especially while traveling through the UK with fellow Schubertians or, closer to home, struggling not to get lost during a performance of *Timepiece*. It also reminded me, as Mr. Z so aptly taught us during rehearsals: tardiness is not to be tolerated—unless accompanied by cookies. Since cookies don't transmit very well over e-mail and won't survive being pasted into a booklet of reminiscences anyway, I offer these recollections instead. I had the privilege of singing in the group from 1991 until 1994. These three brief years of Schubertian history witnessed at least one 'first', one 'last', and one event so bizarre that it was both a 'first' and a 'last'—I'll call it an 'anomaly'.

THE FIRST: In March 1992 we released the first-ever Schubertians Compact Disc. In those days, digital technology was still new enough to be mysterious, alluring, and expensive, and CD's could not be produced locally. We had to send the master recording off to a company to press them for us, and the more copies they pressed, the cheaper the unit price was per CD. A run of 500 would "only" cost \$10 per disc. But if we had more pressed, the unit cost would be even cheaper. Somehow, several of us managed to talk Mr. Z into ordering many hundreds more CD's than we could ever possibly sell. I'm sure Mr. Z still has a case or two left. In fact, in addition to the CD proudly on

display in my own collection, I also have two, new and unopened Schubertians CD's, still in shrink-wrap, in a box of odds and ends from grad school. Be on the lookout on EBay!

THE ANOMALY: Sometime during 1992-1993, the then-chancellor of UCSB, Barbara Uehling, requested us to sing at a high-powered university fund-raising event. We had done this before: a couple madrigals or glees, concluding with a signature Schubert song or two. Only, this time, things would be a little different. As we learned a week before the event, the Chancellor herself would be joining us on stage, and we were to be her "backup singers" on a piece of her own choosing. Her choice? A snappy little torch song called *Am I Blue* (Clarke & Akst, 1929). The first two verses immediately captivated us: "Am I blue? You'd be too! If each plan with your man done fell through. ... Was I gay? Till today. Now he's gone and we're through, am I blue!" Such poetry! I proffered a translation into German (which Mr. Z would not allow us to sing) the longing and passion of which is only surpassed by Schubert's plaintive *Sehnsucht*. Just as we thought the Chancellor was satisfied with the piece she had chosen, on the day before the performance, she decided that it would be "inappropriate" for her (and for us too, apparently) to sing the word 'gay' in the second verse, and she changed it to 'happy': "Was I happy? Till today. Now he's gone and we're through, am I blue!" This was undoubtedly the first and only time that the Schubertians ever sang a piece which had also been covered in the 70s by Bette Midler—and it was the last time the Schubertians ever sang at the bidding of Chancellor Uehling.

THE LAST: In March 1994, I was privileged to take part in what would turn out to be the group's final UK tour. Anyone who has ever been on a Schubertian England tour knows exactly how incredibly special this is. Singing in cathedrals, small country churches, and schools; walking through Oxford and Cambridge; touring London. And all of this under the guidance and mentorship of Mr. Z. We were truly fortunate. I would like to thank all members of that tour for the wonderful time. And especially, I would like to thank Mr. Z for enriching our lives, for helping us strive for high and worthy goals, and for being a mentor and friend to so many.

A short bio --

I transferred to UCSB as a Junior in 1985 (I recall being on the 6-year plan, my parents were so proud...), and quickly hooked up with the Schubes, which was an experience I will never forget. Twenty years later, I still remember many of the songs quite well (which is making rehearsal a LOT easier, lemme tell you!). I ended up majoring in Music (Voice), and learned a lot from Z. I was fortunate enough to be allowed to perform some solo stuff while there (Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle*, among others). After college, I performed some solo and choral work back home in Sonoma County. I worked briefly with John Fahey and Rob Ooghe Then family, and more family -- I am currently married, with a lovely wife, Lisa (whom you might meet in March), 17-year-old son Nathan (up-and-coming vocalist), 6-year-old Sophie, 3-year-old twins Madeline and Benjamin, one dog, two cats. A VERY busy household!

I have a couple of memories that burble to the surface with frequency -- the England tour, and more particularly Ripon. We sang at the Ripon 1100 festival, in a church with horrendous acoustics -- we couldn't hear each other, or the piano. We were a bit of a mess that day, and Z really let us have it with the eyebrows that time. For some reason, we grew a pair as a group, and after the concert there was some heated discussion as we defended ourselves against post-performance criticism. I am oddly proud of that night...

I also remember wandering (okay, okay, staggering) into a bar (also in Ripon, or was it Cheltenham?) with most of the group, and performing "Phyllis is My Only Joy" for the denizens therein...

I remember singing at Cheltenham (good gig), and meeting Bill Ives of the King's Singers, who joined us for lunch, and was impressed enough to write some songs for our group. It was kinda like meeting a rock star for us (without the long hair and drugs, of course).

There was the time Z really, really wanted to take the group on a walking tour of Blenheim Castle, and Darryl Joyce and I really, REALLY didn't want to go -- so we "borrowed" one of the vans and ended up at a video bar in Oxford. Some locals began to give us a hard time about President Reagan, we responded by cracking on Margaret Thatcher, and we got along fine with them after that... I remember a gig at Pacific University (Pacific Grove, Oregon, an hour west of Portland). It was clear and cold (cold for us was 45 degrees), and since the sun was out, all the kids on campus were laying out on the quad, shorts and tshirts, while we were practically in parkas! We thought they were crazy, they thought we were wimps. Also on that tour, stopping at an intersection, and seeing that we were equidistant between the towns of Kansas City and Roy (yes, both in Oregon!). It's funny what memories stand out...

Kevin Snyder

I am a charter member of Schubertiad, but my association with UCSB goes back to the first year on the "new" Goleta campus in 1954, when I arrived as a freshman on the open plains of the vast campus, where the renovated barracks were separated by large empty spaces (so that any bombs which might fall on the marine base it once was would not hit a cluster of buildings). Carl Zytowski had been on the faculty for a few years before that.

Mr. Z (all professors were Dr. or Mr. in those days) was a director of choral groups, and I became a music major because of my association with him and the performing groups. Many memories of my undergraduate days and later in a masters degree program, are often brought to mind. Foremost perhaps was the dress rehearsal of Vaughan Williams' cantata, *Dona Nobis Pacem*, with its Walt

Whitman texts of death on the battlefield, which was held on November 22, 1963, about an hour after the news of President Kennedy's assassination reached the campus. Mr. Z insisted that we go ahead with the rehearsal, even though there was little doubt that the performance that evening would be postponed. Through the tears and shock at that rehearsal, he realized that working on this moving music and the activity of singing was probably the best thing we all could have been doing that hour of that day. He made only a few comments, telling us that he recalled the day that President Roosevelt died and the fears that accompanied that experience while we were still at war. Although there were many who weren't quite sure about it then, he assured us that we would come through this unsettling experience as a people and as a nation. We rehearsed.

I learned many lessons from Mr. Z in choral groups, opera workshops, classes, and two church choirs, but perhaps the most important for me was his constant message that the worst thing you could do in your life, no matter what talents you may or may not have, was to settle for less than the result that your best effort was capable of producing. He never would accept "good enough" from himself or from us, and I have tried to live up to this goal throughout my life.

Another strong lesson has stayed with me. During my undergraduate days there was another choral director and professor at UCSB. He was a distinguished, nationally recognized educator in the field of teaching voice in class lessons. But he was in the last years of his teaching, and to us know-it-all late-teenagers, he was a bit ancient and out-of-touch. On one occasion, when a group of us were having lunch with Mr. Z, one of us, mistaking the light-hearted banter of our relationship as license to criticize anything we pleased, made disparaging comments about the old professor. Immediately Mr. Z drew to his formidable height, strongly informing us that our tender years did not give us the right to express such judgments in his presence. We all felt chastised, but even then I took the lesson to heart and remembered it for all of my days in college and university teaching: colleagues are worthy of respect, and though a student may be encouraged to ask for advice on how to approach problems with another instructor, simple criticism or fun-making will not be tolerated. A faculty works together for the good of the students and the department, and nothing is gained from allowing students to vent indiscriminately to another faculty member.

Mr. Z holds a high place in my pantheon of teachers over the many years of my schooling, and he has been influential in many aspects of my musical life. I am proud to be a member of the Schubertiad family.

David Docter - BA'59 and MA'65

Retired Chairman of the Music Department at Normandale Community College, Bloomington, Minnesota

I joined the Schubertians a few days into my freshman year, and I must confess the thing that impressed me most at that time was Z's temper. I had never experienced anything like it. In high school, the choir director had yelled at kids for routine misbehavior, but here, the director seemed to be personally affronted if we so much as missed a note (that is, unless you raised your hand). I remember having dinner with an experienced Schub, Mark Robinson, and complaining about this to him.

"You realize it's all a put-on, don't you?" he asked me.

"It is *not!* There's no way he could fake that!" I said.

Mark shrugged. "All I know is, during the last big blow up, I could have sworn he winked at me."

Later I ran into another older Schub, Jeff Faustman. "Boy, Z really laid into you the other day," I said.

"Yeah."

"I thought it was totally undeserved," I said conspiratorially.

"I didn't," said Jeff. "I deserved everything he dished out. I don't know where my brain was, but it wasn't in the music."

This was something new to me. It seemed that none of these guys were bothered at all by this director's anger. Later that term, Z blew up over some minor infraction (at least, I thought it was), and stormed out of the rehearsal room. We waited a few moments in abashed silence, and then one of the graduate students said, "Okay, let's take it from the beginning" . . . and we finished off the rehearsal.

It took me a while to understand that these tantrums were not really the main story. They were a *symptom* of something bigger: Z's intense drive to get the best music he possibly could out of us. For me, an overconfident kid who had never faced a choral challenge in his life, the experience was transformative. After those first tantrums, my black Schubertian folder joined my homework stack, and I studied my part as assiduously as I did my other subjects. I understood, for the first time, that music was an intellectual as well as a spiritual and an artistic enterprise. The discipline this fostered would eventually help get me through a grueling graduate program in musicology and bring me to where I am today, the chair of a music department at a small liberal arts college in Illinois. I have no doubt that had it not been for Z, I wouldn't have had the musical discipline to get this far.

In my senior year in the Schubertians, when I was finally the old guy in the group and we had an influx of fresh fish, Z erupted during one of our rehearsals. By this time, instead of being shocked or defensive, my first thought was, "Man, we really deserved that. These new guys had better start learning their notes." And right then, in the middle of the explosion, Z turned and winked at me.

Don Meyer

1984-88

Your name: Lance Terpstra

Your years of Schube participation: 1992-1995

What you do for a living: Attorney/Construction

What you do for fun (if it's different from the previous answer)

Family and music.

Whether the fun listed above has resulted in any marriages or children

Married Sara (then Swanson) in 2000. Have three kids Josiah (5), Katrina (3), and Hudson (2). You can check us out on our blog address: <http://www.terpstrawest.blogspot.com/>.

The absolute funniest event the you still remember from the "days of Schubes"

Difficult to pick among the many, but here is my pick... While on the 1994 UK tour we were performing in Manchester, which I believe was our final performance of the tour. Towards the end of the performance, we took a bow (or something close to it) and Dan Thomas placed his binder behind his back. Standing opportunisticly behind him, I could not resist and took his binder-when he immediately started grasping around for his binder (while still facing forward, he was always to consume performer!) I handed him my binder. Of course, as luck would have it, Z indicated Dan was to lead the next piece, whereupon he opened the binder to his dismay. which of course led to one red-faced Dan, and me being fingered from the proverbial lineup. Of course, at the conclusion of the performance all was forgotten, as the tour was concluded in exemplary fashion with Scott Jorgensen thoroughly splitting his grey trousers and throwing them in the nearest trash bin.

Lance K. Terpstra

RTS Systems & Design

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I'm Professor of Music at SUNY Cortland in Cortland, NY. I graduated from Ball State University in Indiana with a doctorate in conducting. My hobbies are fishing and playing softball (even at the tender age of 60!), plus traveling with my daughter to Scotland as often as possible. I've been divorced for 10 years, but I share custody with my ex-wife. My current passion is the Spanish language and culture. I'll be heading for Spain in April for a sabbatical research project in Spanish music.

Steve Wilson 68-69, 71-73

David Lichtenstein

Accompanist, 1974-75

I'm a programmer/analyst at Kaiser Permanente's Northern California regional headquarters, and have been in the IT field for over 20 years.

As a singer, I've performed over 25 seasons with the Oakland Symphony Chorus and five with the San Francisco Symphony Chorus. I'm still active as an accompanist in the Bay Area, principally with the 150-voice Berkeley Community Chorus. I've also accompanied the Oakland Symphony Chorus and served as both rehearsal and pit orchestra pianist for several Bay Area opera and musical theater companies. I took advantage of prolonged periods of underemployment during the IT downturn to master the alto saxophone, and have performed in the sax section of three Big-Band jazz ensembles.

No marriages or kids.

Travel has been a passion, and I must effusively thank the Schubertians for it. My first forays outside the North American continent were with Z and company on the second European tour. I enjoyed Europe so much that I jumped ship and stayed on the road five months after the Schubs returned! (This was by prior arrangement, since I had already graduated.) I even sent the Schubs a postcard from Kenya! Whenever I can "arrange" to be between jobs I'll go out into the world with my backpack for a few months at a time, most often to Southeast Asia and Latin America.

Your name: **Daniel Eliason**

Your years of Schube participation: Two, 1984, 1985?

What you do for a living: Computer programmer. Aren't we all, almost?

What you do for fun (if it's different from the previous answer): Hiking, biking, gardening. For seven years while I was still in SB, I played in the UCSB Middle Eastern Music Ensemble and learned a thing or two about rhythm (finally!) and maqqam.

Whether the fun listed above has resulted in any marriages or children: The Middle Eastern Music Ensemble resulted in my recently having a daughter with another former member; we are married and living in Sleepy Hollow, NY.

The absolute funniest event you still remember from the "days of Schubes":

I recall a day where we sang two concerts. The first was at Trinity Episcopal downtown SB in the afternoon; the second was in the evening for a federation of public school teachers in Santa Ynez over the mountains. The Trinity show was hideous - a classically depressing interval of missed cues, flat entries, and overall lackluster energy. The audience did applaud, but not much else can be said for that show. Z was visibly angry. We were visibly cowed, those that weren't simply disgusted.

We got off the stage, got to our cars, and headed up "over the pass" to the next engagement in Santa Ynez. I missed the Y in the highway, and ended up at the intersection with 101 north of Solvang. OOPS! That's twenty minutes away from the right place. After speeding back to the turn-off, making the correct turn, and finally arriving twenty minutes late (after the warm-up), faces were quite long in greeting. We formed up and went on. I think there was an attitude of "what will come, will come - let's do it."

The first notes were stunning! And the show was stunning! It was the best I show I was in, after the worst, in the same day.

-Dan (eliason@acm.org)

I moved to Germany in 1984 and married Barbara in 87. We have a quartet of wonderful musical kids (M17, F15, F13, M10) and are very happily married, thank God. We'd be even happier if I were there in Hamburg with them, but a year ago I moved to the Boston area for Dunkin' Donuts / Baskin-Robbins, where I work as an international marketing manager. The job is great, but it's rough sometimes, because I see the family only about once a month for a few days.

I can't make the reunion unfortunately, but I understand you have the fun job of collecting memories.

Here's one of my favorites, from the '79 England tour:

Remember the evening when a number of us were being hosted at a big farmhouse, there was no pub around, and we gathered after hours in a darkened utility room to quietly discuss aspects of Romantic choral music over a beer or four? We're having a good time, but after a while the hallway door opens and a man's silhouette demands in a British accent, "What's going on?" We freeze, holding our breath and thinking "Oh no; we're in trouble now; we'll get sent home, etc.". The guy repeats the question, then lets us suffer in silence for what seems like a week. At one point I knock over a bottle and am convinced my academic career is over right there. The guy then starts laughing and turns the light on, and it's ... Jim McClung. We just about busted a gut stifling our laughter, because we still had to be quiet so as not to wake the real host!

Another time, I think it was '79 again, we were doing the tourist thing, exploring a dimly lit Gothic church with vaulted ceilings, when we found ourselves in the chancel under high arches and our voices suddenly sounded ten times bigger than usual. We knew what we had to do. We grabbed as many Schubes as we could find, pulled an approximate Bb out of the air and sang Byrd's Viri Galilei: very softly at first so we wouldn't disturb anyone, then with growing confidence and joy as we felt the rightness -- and the honor -- of singing "Alleluia" in that sacred space.

Take care,

Jon Gable

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David Burkart, 1989-1990.

On behalf of pension plans, I invest in commodities such as crude oil, gold and corn, which is fun, challenging and seems to be in the news recently. For enjoyment, I read a lot, some of which overlaps with what I do for a living, not not much. I have been married for almost nine years and we do not have children. My most memorable Schubertian moments were when we toured Estonia. Being hosted by the Tallinn Polytechnic Institute men's choir at their castle retreat was :one. Another was at the University of Tartu where the bust of Lenin was covered by a board and everyone illegally stood up at the singing of the banned national anthem (except our Soviet guide, I suspect). Unique experiences that I could not have had except for the existence of the Schubertians. Thank you.

Your name: **SCOTT ECKERN**

Your years of Schube participation: 1977-1980

What you do for a living: Artistic Director and Chief Operating Officer of California Musical Theatre (Music Circus and Broadway Sacramento)

What you do for fun (if it's different from the previous answer): Spend time with family.

Whether the fun listed above has resulted in any marriages or children: I married Paula Kay Miller in 1981 while in graduate school at Brigham Young University and we will celebrate 26 years of marriage in June. We have three children Lauren (21) Erik (18) Bryan (13). Lauren graduates from BYU in April 2007 and Erik starts at BYU in the fall of 2007.

The absolute funniest event the you still remember from the "days of Schubes"

I don't have a funniest event. I have a sentimental memory of Z. He served as my best man at my wedding and sang two songs at a wedding breakfast. I was able to accompany on piano. His willingness to travel to Salt Lake City to be a part of this event spoke to his commitment to the members of the group. He taught me lessons of attention to detail and respect of talent and the individual. Lessons that I still incorporate in my leadership role in the arts today. He created an ensemble by being a part of the ensemble and we transcended a teacher-student relationship. We became his peers, his colleagues. We became united in the music we shared together not only with the group of our time but with all those who came before and who came after. That is why we are gathering together for this event. We are connected together through Z and the music. My involvement with the Schubertians changed my life and I am grateful to Z and proud to be a member of such a great brotherhood.

Jonathan Pevsner

My family and I set up a website for friends to follow my cancer journey: www.caringbridge.com. At the site, click on "visit", and then fill in jonathanpevsner (with no space) as the site you want to visit. Once there you can read "My story" for a brief biography, "My Journal" for my comments during the journey, and the "Guestbook", to read the comments others have left, which have been very inspirational for me. You may also leave notes in the guestbook if you wish, which are always appreciated.

I've lost my voice, perhaps from chemo side effects; no one is sure. I still hope to regain it. But before I did, I had started recording some music, some of which I posted. Some of the most fun were some tunes I had sung with the Schubertians in college, that I recorded overdubbing all 4 parts myself (tenor to bass). They, and some others, are posted at www.pevsner.com/jon; you should be able to hear them if you are using a Windows computer that has Windows Media Player. If you are using a Mac, it's a little harder, but you can download them to your computer and then listen to them using I-tunes (free at www.apple.com). Enjoy.

Schube 75-79

Wife Madeline, kids Rachel 17, Ben 15, Caleb 13

Fun: watching Star Trek DVD's

Unfun: treating my metastatic lung cancer with chemo and radiation. Unfortunately, going for palliation and life elongation; cure not possible

Funny events; already gave you the Polish joke event (earlier). Others: On my last Schub performance: All Saints Tooting in London on the '79 tour, I stood to announce the translation of Die Nachtigall. Whenever I got to the words "raises a magical tone...", Dan Sommer, under cover of his notebook, goosed me, so that it came out "...rAAAAIIllses a magical tone...". I got him back the next year when I returned as a guest artist (I had graduated) playing the title role in Z's opera "Thomas of Canterbury". I was ritually murdered on stage, and carried off through the audience under cover of a shroud. Dan happened to be the monk next to my left shoulder, so under cover of the shroud, and so only he could hear, I said in my best Monty Python "...I'm not quite dead yet..."

Another story: Right before a concert, Jim McClung and I were on our way to my office (as manager of the Men's Chorus) to get my music, and then to his locker to get his music. All of a sudden he hits his forehead. "Oh my God, I gave Mindy my key ring so she could take the car. It's got my locker key on it. I can't get to my music! Z's going to kill me! What am I going to do?" I tried to comfort him, but he was both inconsolable and uncontrollably agitated. Then we got to my office. There were two Schub notebooks on my desk. Yes, he had forgotten to bring his keys. He had also forgotten his music in my office the day before. Another famous McClung "double space-out"!

David Nelson (1975 – 1977)

Job: Currently working at a music professor at Cerritos College where I teach theory and composition, electronic music, and a variety of other things. I have two more years until retirement, upon which we will move to Truckee, CA and build a log home on our 20 acre parcel. And hopefully have more time for composition.

For fun: Composition, snowboarding, backpacking, playing violin and guitar, music software creation, environmental and political activities, keeping track of my two daughters (one of which goes to UCSB), and travel

Children: Two daughters, Kate and Elizabeth. Kate will graduate from Chapman University this year with a degree in film and will leave in the fall for Paris where she hopes to work in the French film industry. Mon dieu! Elizabeth is studying at UCSB to become a genetic researcher and is currently a sophomore living in Isla Vista. I try not to think about that.

Marriage: I re-married last March following the death of my first wife Nikki in 1999 after a valiant battle with breast cancer. I recently finished a Requiem in her memory that will hopefully be performed soon. It is a little difficult finding willing ensembles since it is for full orchestra and choir, lasting about two hours.

Funny Schubertian stories: I remember Scott Whitaker and myself adding notes to major triads at the end of the songs to create dominant major 9ths and #9 chords. Much to the chagrin of Z. A little theory is a dangerous thing...

Looking forward to the end of the month,

David Nelson
20911 E. Walnut Canyon Road
Walnut, CA 91789
909 5942527
909 2636396
musficta@earthlink.net

Dear Schubertians.

I regret that I also am now unable to attend. I am glad that this has been a polarizing event to get us all in contact with one another though. Singing in the Schubertians is a great honor, as well as great fun. To all of you, I wish you the best. If any of you are ever in Ashland Oregon, please feel free to visit. My home is open to you.

Sincerely,

Derek Rosenlund
derekar@charter.net

Dave Docter

Answers to questions – I sent reminiscences some weeks ago.
1964 - a founding member

Retired from teaching choral music groups and music history at the largest community college in Minnesota.
Currently working as an archivist for the Minnesota Orchestra. Its 100+ years of history include lots of unordered materials.

Three children: Our son directed the film Monsters, Inc. and wrote Toy Story. He has three Academy Award nominations for work at Pixar-Disney. One daughter teaches at Cleveland Institute of Music and plays viola in the Cavani String Quartet. Other daughter plays cello in the Metropolitan Opera in NYC.

Scott Humble 70-71, 82-83

I am a public school administrator. I just finished ten years as Superintendent of the Forestville Union School District. Although my current administrative gig (Principal of an intermediate school) is tons of fun (as would be evident to most people), I enjoy skiing with my wife and four boys, playing guitar, being in the pit orchestra (on bass) for my youngest son's school musicals (Tom Sawyer, Wizard of Oz, Aladdin), singing in church (not in the choir, just quietly to myself), and that thing which resulted in my large family. I met the mother of my children, my wife Teresa, while on the Schubertian's first European tour. She was working for Daimler-Benz in Stuttgart and came to our concert at the Amerikahaus. The rest is, as they say, geography.

Though there were many hilarious times with the Schubertians, I probably won't remember the funniest ones until we sing Edit Nonna a number of pints...er..times. There were many thrilling times when the sound was just right and the overtones resounded out of the arches of a cathedral and the whole was many times greater than the sum of its parts and we all had shivers down our spines. One of my sons, Tristan, (now in the Brown University Choir) learned and then taught 11 male members of his touring high school choir to sing Zur Guten Nacht and Dessen Fahne. They performed the songs once more in Vienna and also in Prague.

I remember the tea with Princess Pilar von Bayern in her private apartments at Nymphenburg Palace in Munich and the private guided tour of the Amalienburg Palace which she arranged for the Schubertians.

Once we all had turtlenecks made with Z's picture on the back. When he wasn't looking we turned the picture to the front and displayed his wry countenance to himself. (Well, we thought it was funny.) Then there was the hilarity of discovering that we were sharing our hotel in London (The Hotel Eros on Piccadilly Circus) with several busloads of Swedish high school girls on a spring tour.

But enough, nay, too much. Since it's electronic, I know that you can easily edit (nonna) away what you deem excessive.

Friend of Franz,
Scott

Kyle Heron 80-81 (I think)

I'm a doctor. I specialize in Pain Management (used to be an Anesthesiologist) and live in Modesto.
For fun; I ride bikes and fly my airplane. (maybe I shouldn't say the last part)

I have a 2-year-old redheaded daughter with an ex-girlfriend - still not married.

I remember when we were on our England tour and Z would let us introduce ourselves. Everyone would say their name and what year they were in and if they were going to grad school the following year. One time I say that I was to be entering law school the next fall (I think that's what Keith Pikus or someone else would say. Only for them it was true. I was the number one drop-out in the group.) My comment caused such a ruckus (everyone was cracking up and could barely sing the first song) that Z never let us introduce ourselves again on the tour.

Graduated UCSB 1969. Schubertian from 1966-1969.

Married in 1982. Lived in California until 1987. Moved to Connecticut, where my wife attended Yale University on a Scholarship. She received her Master's Degree and we lived there for 6 years. In 1994, we moved to Zurich, Switzerland when my wife was hired by the Zurich Opera House, and we lived in Zurich for 3 years. Our daughter was born in Zurich in 1997 (I became a Dad at 55 years old!!). We moved to Ulm, Germany, 1998. My wife sang in many Opera Houses in Western Europe, and what a great time it was to see so many European cities and meet so many singers and conductors. We are no longer married. I left Germany in 1999, but my former wife and our daughter still live in Germany. My passion is Barbershop singing. I am in a Barbershop Chorus and two Barbershop Quartets. I have won the Southern California District twice (with two different quartets, in the Senior Division, and came in 6th Internationally in 2004).

Yours for a song,

David Livingston

Just an observation that with all these emails flying back and forth amongst past members, the watershed years of 1984-1988 have been terribly under-represented. Seeing as 84-88 was the acme of Schubertian evolution, I find this practically criminal. Thus this email.

Look forward to seeing all this weekend.

Dan Manship
85-88

Daniel Manship wrote:

"the watershed years of 1984-1988 have been terribly under-represented. Seeing as 84-88 was the acme of Schubertian evolution, I find this practically criminal."

Ah yes, previous generations do have a way of revising their own places in history. So far, in chronological order, we've got claims to: "the Best Looking and Best Sounding group" (not clear if this actually applies to their singing though, or just to when they're being quiet on a poster!), the most modest group, and "the acme of Schubertian evolution" (or was it acne?--I always get those mixed up.)

But just to set the record straight, the pinnacle of Schubertian achievement didn't happen until the early 90s. The proof? Our most notable claim to fame is that we were the only group superlative enough to send Mr. Z into official retirement--two times! And he still can't get away from us. :)

--Robert Englebretson

Well, those of us in the 60's may not have had the upstart cheek of you youngsters, but we were the founding fathers of all future Schubertians. So there! **Rodney Punt**

Dear Schubertians of all years,

It is important to relate that only the '70-'71 group, the first group to tour in Europe and the only group to sing for a crowned head of Europe (the last Princess of the Hohenzollerns, Prinzess Pilar von Bayern, in her private apartments in the Schloss Nymphenburg), that group alone, I say, was so engaging, so skilled, and so metempsychotic as to render our beloved director speechless, nay, mute, from the prospect of performing with us. That group, I contend, was truly a watershed group (and it wasn't just because of the beer). Some few of them have remained in Santa Barbara just to prolong and protect the reputation of that illustrious collection of hale fellows and to keep Herr Direktor safe.

Scott the Humble

In a message dated 3/27/2007 12:20:11 A.M. Pacific Daylight Time, shumble@sonic.net writes:
"that group alone, I say, was so engaging, so skilled, and so metempsychotic"

Metempsychotic??? How did you find out? We thought we hid that pretty well.

Les Lizama

Remembering the UCSB Schubertians

*On the occasion of the reunion concert of March 31, 2007
UCSB Lotte Lehmann Hall*

by Rodney Punt

Can it already be 43 years since the debut of UCSB Schubertians? As we gather this afternoon around a treasured musical table, we once again raise our voices in song, this time in the 210th birth-year of Franz Schubert. In so doing we remember the past as we celebrate the present.

Though I was not in the first group, as a freshman I was witness to its debut. Carl Zytowski gave a faculty recital on February 26, 1964, recreating a famous musical tradition, the *Schubertiad*. These were gatherings of song, dance, and conviviality centered on the music of Franz Schubert, which the composer's Viennese friends regularly put together in the early decades of the 19th century. During his lifetime, Schubert's solo and male part-songs, along with his charming dance arrangements, were his most popular compositions. By way of revival of this long forgotten genre of Schubert's legacy, Mr. "Z" cobbled together an ad hoc group from the UCSB Men's Glee Club to perform those male part-songs with tenor solo. And the rest is (our) history.

Every Schubertian has the story of his journey to the composer's unique music. Mine was kindled during school days well before the UCSB Schubertians when I played Schubert's music on the piano at home and on clarinet in the orchestra. I also collected recordings of the symphonies. Fortunately my educational path was to lead to UC Santa Barbara where more Schubertiana awaited.

I remember the first day of freshman orientation in 1963. At the music complex, I saw a tall, aristocratic-looking man, his hair a tad fuller than was then customary. He appeared to me slightly aloof despite an enigmatic smile. (Perhaps he was amused at the bewildered faces of the new arrivals). I approached him timidly and blurted out, "You look like a musician." He kindly replied, "Yes, I direct the choruses and opera here. I'm Carl Zytowski. Do you sing?" With my answer in the affirmative, I had an invitation to join the Men's Glee Club. From that moment my experience at UCSB was enriched with a musical continuity centered on the Glee Club and, and from 1965 until graduation in 1968, the Schubertians. In addition to Schubert's part-songs, I was introduced in a vocal coaching class to the solo Lieder, learning (with a modestly equipped voice) chestnuts like *Frühlingstraum*, *Der Einsame*, and *Der Wanderer an den Mond*, among others.

During those years, the UCSB Schubertians gave many concerts in California. We had no foreign or even national travels. But we established the essential traditions and paved the way for those who followed in our footsteps with greater world triumphs. As the Glee Club and Schubertians manager, I did help with travel arrangements to local venues like the Fillmore and Santa Paula Women's Clubs, and engagements in Los Angeles and Northern California. Our one potential trip out of state, an invitation to sing at a national choral director's conference in Seattle, was scuttled when the Western Airlines jet we were boarding at LAX had engine trouble. I've never regretted that airline going out of business, and am grateful for us all the problem was discovered on ground.

Despite the modest scope of those early years, one concert did achieve an incredible triumph. We were invited to sing at a large gathering of choral groups at Chapman College on March 25, 1966. Sitting in the audience awaiting our turn, we heard group after group conjuring miraculous choral effects on stage, each more impressive than the previous. A bit weak-kneed at the prospect of a compare and contrast with these virtuoso performers, it was suddenly our turn. First up, *Die Nachtigall* received warm applause. But it was *Nachthelle* that inspired us into a true musical rapport with Mr. Z's "damnable high tenor." At the conclusion of the floating cadence, a thunderous applause burst out, every person in the room on their feet clapping and shouting for what seemed an

interminably long time. We were instant heroes and demigods to the mere mortals who had sung before us. And we drove home later that evening transported on *Zaubermeister* wings.

The funniest experience I had came at the last concert of my years at UCSB. It may have been with the Men's Glee, but fellow Schubertian Jeffrey Babcock and I sang next to each other in a piece called *The God in the Fire* by Alan Hovhaness. It featured a male chorus with timpani glissandi, a nice aural effect when properly executed. Unfortunately on that evening one of the drum pedals hadn't been oiled and it squeaked during every glissando. The two of us tolerated this until the anticipation of each successive squeak attacked our funny bones. We tried desperately to restrain impulses, endured serious pain suppressing the insuppressible, and eventually succumbed to muted giggles. Mr. Z saw us guffawing and was less than pleased, the distinct upward curl of that famous eyebrow telegraphing his annoyed opprobrium.

Among my most cherished recollections of the UCSB Schubertians are of the music itself. Singing those compositions, we were secret visitors to the world of early Romanticism and in some mysterious way communed with Franz Schubert and his circle of friends. We basked in vivid images drawn from Nature by Austrian and German poets and an ecstatic dream-world of melody, harmony and rhythm that the composer created in such abundance. For me Schubert captures more compellingly than any other musical creator the joy of life's radiant beauty and the sadness of its fleeting quality.

Here are some of my favorite part-songs, of which there are too many to list all: *Nachthelle* (primus inter pares), *Mondenschein* (similar but more Italianate in style), *Grab und Mond* (chilling depictions of night), *Im Gegenwärtigen Vergangenes* (unpronounceable title with text by Goethe and that evocative tenor solo), *Ständchen* (gentleness expressed in music and that lovely alto solo), *Die Nachtigall* (the ultimate lyrical statement and the most popular part-song in Schubert's lifetime), *Der Gondelfahrer* (gliding along and passing the A-flat bells of St. Marks), *Sehnsucht* (those aching, stringent harmonies), *Wein und Liebe* (catchy rhythms with a wonderful élan), *Naturgenuss* (a flowing perpetual motion), *Die Nacht* and *Liebe* (romantic treasures on a small scale), *Wehmuth* (pedal point on the baritone's "F" through several key changes), *An den Frühling* (that innocent simplicity), *Zur guten Nacht* (the only way to close an evening) and lastly a masterpiece we never sang during my tenure, a cosmic lullaby with countless close modulations, *Ruhe, Schönstes Glück der Erde*. Another favorite work, not a part-song and never presented on a UCSB Schubertians program, is the lovely solo melodrama, *Abschied von der Erde*, which Carl Zytowski graciously agreed to perform at my request for two private concerts.

Lifelong friendships have emerged from the UCSB Schubertians. I have been pleased to continue the relationship with the Schubertians by arranging concerts of the full group in performances, many broadcast on *Sundays Live*, or as ad hoc ensembles in various performances in the Los Angeles area, including one as recently as June of 2005 in which I was honored with an award by the German government for the support and promotion of their culture in the USA. On that occasion, Carl Zytowski sang the tenor solo in the Trinklied, *Brüder unser Erdenwallen* to his usual perfection. Each year I privately celebrate Schubert's birthday on January 31 with a circle of friends who work with me on *Sundays Live*. We play CDs until the wee hours of the morning.

The occasional reunion concerts of the UCSB Schubertians have been memorable, if not as accurate as those of our student days. For the 20th reunion in 1984 we established the Carl Zytowski vocal scholarship at UCSB, now fully endowed. We had a memorable 30th anniversary in 1994, one for the 200th birthday of Schubert in 1997 (I later employed an ad hoc group for two Los Angeles performances for the birthday year) and finally the last one before today in 1999, when Scott Whittaker first performed the tenor solo in *Nachthelle*, a duty he encores this afternoon. I hope these opportunities for occasional reunions continue until the last Schubertian breath expires.

By a "divine spark" (Beethoven's reported comment about him) Schubert brought to life in vivid musical settings the poetic images of his contemporaries. It is a musical legacy that continues today to express our universal human condition. In the men's part-songs especially, he was writing for his circle of friends - poets, playwrights, painters, civil servants, merchants, idlers, even military people. Most in his circle, like us Schubertians, were not professional musicians, but multi-talented young people with diverse backgrounds and diverging futures. Schubert's friends went in and out of love affairs, pondered philosophical and theological questions, despaired of life's disappointments, enjoyed the raptures of Nature, and liked to drink and get rowdy and play games. They formed a fellowship uncommonly alive, engaged in the world of the spirit as much as the world of the flesh, and in search of rich experience and the revelation of truth. At UCSB, we also inhabited that spirit.

These memories and the unique history of this group underscore my sincere gratitude for having had the experience of belonging to the UCSB Schubertians. Through that special journey together, with our beloved Franz Schubert and his latter day interpreter and our guide, Mr. "Z", we join voices in eternal song and hearts in embrace with Schubertians past and future.

Rodney Punt was a member of the UCSB Schubertians from 1965 to 1968. He has had a long career as an arts manager, early on as Assistant Dean of the USC School of Performing Arts and for nearly a quarter century as Assistant or Acting General Manager of the City of Los Angeles Cultural Affairs Department. Since 2001 he writes arts and culture reviews for Martini Republic and other publications, and serves on boards of various community organizations, producing occasional music programs. His wife Ruth and he enjoy hiking, reading, concerts, film, world travel, and entertaining. They have two boys, Daniel, who manages business affairs at the ABC Family Channel, and Nick, completing his MBA at Stanford University to pursue a career developing educational software.

I'm **Steve McGaw**, the editor-in-chief of this booklet, and as such, I've reserved the right to get in the last word (procrastination may also have something to do with it). I sang with the Schubertians from my first quarter at UCSB in 1979 through my last in 1984 – 15 consecutive quarters in all! And through those 5 remarkable years I gained an appreciation for vocal music that I carry to this day.

I've sung with numerous groups, including the Grace Cathedral choir, the San Francisco Lieder Ensemble (with Jon Pevsner), Die Mannerstimmen (you read that right!), the Bay Area Lutheran Chorale (where I met my wife Kris), and currently with the Lyric Arts Ensemble.

Kris and I married in 1993, our son Michael was born in 1997, and we moved to Redmond, WA to settle near her family in 1998. Our identical twins Andrew and Eric followed shortly thereafter (Surprise!) and we now have a houseful of musical joy! I supplement this "joy" by working as a construction manager for a residential general contractor helping all the recent software millionaires in the area build their dream houses. A bit of a stretch for a voice major, but I recall someone once referred to architecture as "frozen music." And this winter in particular, there's been a lot of freezing in Seattle.

And now to the fun stuff. In receiving reminiscences from numerous Schubertians, I found myself marveling at how similar many of the stories are, yet they span a period of three decades! So here are a few more memories that I haven't seen mentioned elsewhere:

- Z telling (and retelling) us the story of being referred to as that "damnably high tenor"
- Bringing cookies if you were late to Men's Chorus – once someone even brought brownies with an "extra" ingredient
- An exuberant chorus member directing us in the singing of Happy Birthday while we all stood on our stools
- Jim McClung removing his fake front tooth when we least expected it
- Mike Shirley's inimitable "Howzit Goin'?"
- Referring to others such as ourselves as "Tourons" (a cross between tourists and morons, I suppose) while on tour in England
- Z's upturned thumb hiding behind his music indicating we were under the pitch (again!)
- Graduating to the back row and a taller stool
- Singing songs about Hound Dogs, Garden Club-ubs, and Clam Chowder whose lyrics and music I can't seem to shake

And finally, the legacy which no doubt many of us carry with us to this day, despite the many, many years that have passed:

- Raising my hand in rehearsal when I make a mistake!

Thank you Z for being my mentor, and thank you fellow Schubes (I can add an "e" if I want) for providing me with such fond memories and great laughs!

This booklet is dedicated to our friend and brother in music, the quintessential Schubertian, Jonathan Pevsner.