

# Contents

Foreword by A.B. Spellman	vii
Foreword by David McAleavey	vii
Foreword by Grace Cavalieri	viii
Preface	ix
Theoretical Introduction	xi
Acknowledgements	xiii
MASS FOR NANKING'S 1937	1
A COUNTERPOINT FOR YANGTZE AND HUDSON RIVERS	5
MESMERIZED AT SIR ROBERT BLACK COLLEGE	9
LITTLE FACE	10
A CLUSTER OF "5W + 1H" AND "ING" MOTIF	11
DISTANT BLESSING FOR MOTHERS OF SILENT VICTIMS	12
A PARTRIDGE'S WEeping SONG	13
BALLET SHADOW MESMERIZED BY SYMPHONY STAR BRIGHT	14
A SOLILOQUY FOR JOHN BROWN AT HARPERS FERRY	15
ALONE, IN TONE	16
CAPITAL HILL & WALL STREET – THE GREED	17
APPASSIONATA ARIA ON PRAISING	18
A DUO CONCERTO FOR MOON & NOON	19
THEME & VARIATIONS ON CURVE OF LIFE	21
A FUGUE OF TONE RHYMING	23
A MINUET OF DREAM	29
ARPEGGIO ON MOON TO NOON	30
STURM UND DRANG: PULSING TONES IN LIFE	31
FANTASIA ON A STREAM OF DREAM	32
A CANTABILE FOR ONE MORE MANTILLA ON WALL STREET	33
A CADENZA OF PASSION	34
A SONATINA THEMED ON STARLIGHT	35
ON WINGS OF GRAND DRAGON	36
A RECITATIVE ON STRINGING	40
About the Author	43
Photo Gallery	44

## MASS FOR NANKING'S 1937

### Stanza I

The butcher--  
 hands on bone flipping,  
 boned through like combs,  
 every single park bloodied by gun,  
 knifed to cave after cave of wounding,  
 a Messiah's frame, mad overturned thunder,  
 12-13-1937 for Japan in years of our memorization,  
 irrelevant pen it mini-civilized, year off civilization,  
 of an Emperor's name, a flag turned blunder,  
 life under wave over wave of pounding,  
 below a darkened and wrinkle sun,  
 stone flown to bits by bombs,  
 a land in blood weeping--  
 The rupture.

Seven weeks,  
 thousands of hundreds,  
 even many minor, females,  
 a page of devil lines recalled--  
 Raped under chilled katana by a gang of killers.  
 The female-homed samurai,  
 male deformed in volunteer.  
 Being shaped shielded agenda bang for healers,  
 stage for de civil signs scored--  
 junior/senior, not only males,  
 thousands of millions,  
 seventy years.

\*Katana was a sword used by Japan's army officers during the Second World War.

Weep,  
with peers,  
underground passion of rings,  
pain never make past saddened alone,  
moon's cold long badly atoned a country,  
emotion of the rape harked by map wrapping,  
year 2007 torched against sin under global integrity.  
Hear heaven's vocal sincerity torching with dignity,  
a nation to shape among marks of gap lapping,  
wound's old song sadly toned each entry,  
an ever main pick for a heartened tone,  
extra-sound of lotion on strings,  
with no fears--  
A rip.

Dears, thou unrested--  
Let hearing renew: Tone to heal, stone peeled, thy tear sealed.  
Dears, be rested.

## Stanza II

Japan in years of memorization for nineteen thirty-seven,  
 pounding wave over wave of bombs/stones on life.  
 In name of Emperor, under the flag,  
 sun turned to wrinkle and dark.  
 Bone, after butcher's hand,  
 flipping.  
 Weeping  
 blood upon ruptured land,  
 gun overturned each single park,  
 framed as Messiah, thunder of mad.  
 Wounding cave after cave, combed bones by knife,  
 pen it a year off civilization, mini-civilized be irrelevant.

Recalling lines of devil page:  
 Hundreds of the thousands,  
 females, even de minors,  
 weeks for seven,  
 gang raped--  
 under de killers' chilled katana.

Samurai homed from female,  
 volunteer deformed as a male.

New healers' shielded agenda:  
 Bang shaped--  
 Years for seventy,  
 females/males/seniors,  
 over millions of thousands,  
 scoring signs for a civil stage.

Global integrity torched against sin in two thousand seven.  
 By emotion, wrap up such map being harked of rape,  
 weep with peers for rings of passion underground.  
 A country atoned bad long by de cold moon,  
 saddened past never make de pain  
 alone...

Tone,  
 heartened pick thou an ever-main,  
 toned each entry of sad song off old wound.  
 Rip, with no fears, strings in lotion of extra-sound.  
 Of a nation, lapping over gap marked among shape,  
 Vocal sincerity with torch accompanied a dignity up heaven.

Unrested thou dears--  
 We do hear: May our tone, peel the stone, seal thy tear.  
 Be rested, dears.

[December 13, 2007; revised in 2010]

(Original Message in Chinese)

<金陵祭>  
 天涯咫尺祭金陵 簫管壓弦傾輓情  
 起板招魂冤不息 落紅離岸覓淒聲

Note: Heading toward the 70th Anniversary of Nanking Massacre Memorial Concert, we, the American team, arrived in Nanjing on December 11 at 1 AM after a bus trip of five hours from Shanghai Airport. I got the score on the same day at 12 noon. Our twelve American singer teammates listened to the local orchestra (comprised of additional players from Korea, Russia, Hong Kong, Singapore, Macao and Taipei) and choir's second rehearsal at 1 PM under MuHai Tang's baton the same day on Dec 11. I waited until 4 PM to coach the first rehearsal for our American singer team -- from reciting the romanized Chinese song text to running through the score and practicing by parts; I was completely relieved by 5:30 PM when we finished our first but only rehearsal. By that time, I knew we would be ready! Suddenly the accompanist student from Beijing pointed to our tenor teammate and said, "I got your DVD." At this moment, I then realized that Thomas Young, a faculty of Sarah Lawrence College, came to sing with the local choir for this memorial concert without telling his soloist status as one of America's three best known tenors. The first concert was doing fine on the 12th. By December 13, everybody voiced out fully moving on the stage. Together with Tang on the podium, I, as the choir conductor, thanked in tears under the audience's repeated standing ovation. Returning to hotel, I was not able to sleep while my ears were in echo of the first song that I learned from my father (who worked for *The Flying Tiger* in 1942) -- "Defend The Yellow River"; I drafted a poem and continuously revised it that eventually expanded into a two-stanza "Mass".

# A COUNTERPOINT FOR YANGTZE AND HUDSON RIVERS

*Dedicated to Professor Chou Wen-Chung*

## Stanza I

In sequence,  
 pressing on millions under fear  
 filmed for the Chinaman fantasia,  
 off-tuned premium of New West's integrity.  
 Thou young never mused with peers instrumental for Olympic.  
 Yangtze, river here, ever used to contrapuntal cum an epidemic.  
 Opium ruined across Old East's sovereignty,  
 down-named de Sick Man of Asia,  
 multi-powers' crashing sphere  
 of influence.

"And the Fallen Petals",  
 handing forms via sunflower,  
 orchestrated passion in miniature,  
 scoring over an Ocean, by one young clever.  
 Recalling forever, a nation's wounded River,  
 penetrated stations infrastructure,  
 landing storms of gunpowder  
 amid rubbles of metal.

Reverse pace  
 beyond financial favor,  
 porting on land with fan,  
 tone for theme of de cream,  
 step relieved on Hudson River,  
 shouldering multi-cultural passion,  
 wonder on Mosaic virtue of equality.  
 Under historic Statute of the Liberty,  
 heading toward municipal fashion,  
 map for stationing with silver,  
 clone over film of a dream,  
 sporting in band of men,  
 different ethnic color,  
 diverse race.

With no replacement,  
off mud of unsung history,  
share variety of single tone,  
harking for a voice of dignity,  
uproot form to another century,  
siding cell hot for the flowery bud,  
weep blessing fallen petal of ye fine,  
no cease of gonging by free-will clever.  
Kiss lines of tree along a tri-state River,  
keep messing broken metal in mind,  
inside melting pot of de new blood,  
root from my mother's country,  
marking choice of nationality,  
bear variables of poly zone,  
in flood for a sunk misery,  
once in displacement.

## Stanza II

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 pounding wave over wave of bombs/stones on life.  
 In name of Emperor, under the flag,  
 sun turned to wrinkle and dark.  
 Bone, after butcher's hand,  
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 Weeping  
 blood upon ruptured land,  
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