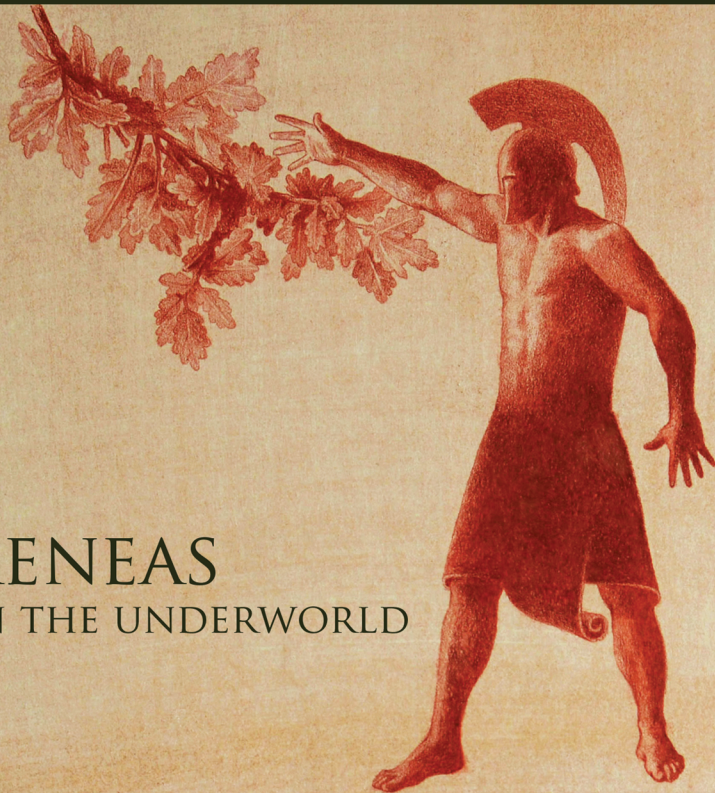


AENEAS
IN THE UNDERWORLD



AENEAS IN THE UNDERWORLD

CHRISTOPHER ADLER

2008~2018

Colin McAllister ~ GUITAR AND RECITATION

with

Russ Callison ~ GUITAR

Karine Garibova and Veronika Afanassieva ~ VIOLINS

Michael Sabatka ~ VIOLA

Jennifer Yopp ~ CELLO

TOTAL TIME 58:40



M • F 25

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AENEAS IN THE UNDERWORLD

ACT I: THE CAVES OF CUMAE

1	Preamble	0:31
2	Scene 1: The Caves of Cumae	5:01
3	Scene 2: Aeneas' Prayer	8:23
	Scene 3: The Prophecy	
4	Scene 4: The Golden Bough	4:38

ACT II: THE UNDERWORLD

5	Preamble	0:36
6	Scene 1: Acheron	14:33
	Scene 2: Rhadamanthus et Tisiphone	
7	Scene 3: Infelix Dido	7:28

ACT III: ELYSIUM

8	Preamble	0:22
9	Scene 1: Songs Worthy of Phoebus	6:32
10	Scene 2: Anchises and the Parade of Heroes	10:36

AENEAS IN THE UNDERWORLD

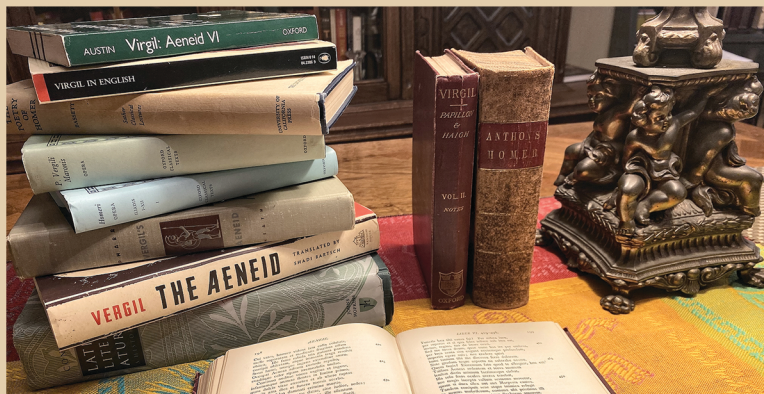
Our journey to *Aeneas in the Underworld* began in 2008 with a modest proposal from performer to composer for a work based on the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, for a solo guitarist who recites the original poem in Classical Latin while performing. Composed by Vergil (Publius Vergilius Maro, 70–19 BCE), the epic poem the *Aeneid* tells the story of the Trojan hero Aeneas, who leaves Troy after its capture by the Greeks and, after many trials, arrives in Italy to begin a settlement that is destined to become Rome. Comprising nearly 10,000 lines of dactylic hexameter, the *Aeneid* is divided into twelve books, the first six of which describe the wanderings of the defeated Trojans, and the latter six their conquering of Latium. Echoing Homer's *Odyssey* as well as the story of Orpheus, in the pivotal and revelatory sixth book the hero Aeneas traverses the underworld, guided by a mystical priestess, the Sibyl. He converses with the shade of his father Anchises in Elysium and is shown a vision of his god-granted fate, as well as a pageant of the great Romans who in future days will establish the Roman Republic and the Empire.

The soloist of the chamber oratorio performs with an Aenean heroic mastery, reciting the libretto in Classical Latin while performing on a classical guitar. The guitar is drastically retuned into creative just intonation tunings, one for each act, and sometimes also prepared with objects or played with implements. This expanded sonic field created by the guitar variously evokes the sounds of water and stone in the volcanic caves of Cumae, the tortures of the damned in the underworld, the sound of exotic ancient instruments, or the drums and dances of the blessed in Elysium. The instrumentation expands with each act, with a second guitar and fixed-media electronics in Act II, and a string quartet in Act III.

Fragments of the rich musical history inspired by Vergil's *Aeneid* and other ancient stories of the underworld, such as that of Orpheus, echo through the composition. In the fourth scene of Act I, Aeneas likens himself to Orpheus while the guitar sounds a fragment of Francesco Landini's *Si dolce non sono*, one of the earliest extant musical references to Orpheus. Under the sibyl's response is a quotation of Claudio Monteverdi's *Orfeo*—a parallel scene in which Speranza (Monteverdi's sibyl) repeats Dante's admonition to those who enter

the underworld: “Abandon all hope, you who enter.” In the third scene of Act II, the hero’s journey reaches an emotional climax as he comes face to face with the ghost of his former lover, Dido, Queen of Carthage. The scene commences with quotations from an aria from Francesco Cavalli’s 1641 opera *Didone*, in which Aeneas sweetly bids final farewell to sleeping Dido, unaware of her tragic self-immolation that is to come. His anguish rises as Dido’s spectral voice utters her final words from Book Four, the famous *Dulces Exuviae*. This text enjoyed great popularity among Franco-Flemish composers in the sixteenth century. A daringly chromatic setting by Marbrianus de Orto, performed by the second guitarist, transports her lament into this scene. And the music that opens the first scene of the final act is a fragmented variation of a celebratory pastoral dance from the first act of Monteverdi’s *Orfeo*, music untroubled by the tragedy that unfolds thereafter.

The libretto of *Aeneas in the Underworld* represents about one quarter of the complete text of the sixth book of Vergil’s *Aeneid*, along with the *Dulces Exuviae* from the fourth book. Colin McAllister has attempted to render the educated pronunciation of Latin as it would have been spoken during the Golden Age of Roman literature. The score is available at christopheradler.com and is discussed further in *Music in the Apocalyptic Mode*, edited by Lorenzo DiTommaso and Colin McAllister (Brill, 2023).



SYNOPSIS AND LIBRETTO IN TRANSLATION

The Latin text of the libretto was compiled from the Oxford Classical Text (ed. R.A.B. Mynors) by Christopher Adler. The English translation was specially commissioned for this project and rendered by classicist Khang Le.

ACT I: THE CAVES OF CUMAE

1

Preamble

VI: 264–267 Gods who have reign over spirits, lifeless shades keeping quiet,
you, Chaos, Phlegethon too, wide places hushed in the darkness,
may gods allow me to say what is heard; by divinity willing,
let that I show the things submerged in the misty and deep earth.

2

Scene 1: The Caves of Cumae

The Trojan flotilla arrives on the stark, rocky shores of Cumae (a volcanic region in modern-day Italy). The caves of Cumae are home to the Sibyl, the mystic prophetess who will foretell Aeneas' founding of Latium and serve as his guide through the underworld. The Sibyl instructs Aeneas to sacrifice seven bulls, and she begins her ritual, inviting possession by the god Apollo.

VI: 1–12 Crying he spoke just so, Aeneas then hurried the reins on the fleet,
and, at last, on Euboean Cumae's shores they glide.
They turn the prows to the sea; then anchors, biting their teeth,
fasten the ships, and the shores are adorned with the curved sterns.
Out from the fleet leaps a handful of eager young men
onto the Hesperian beaches. Some seek the seeds of flame
hidden in flint veins; others besieging the forest
seize the thick woods of the wild and reveal the found streams.
But pious Aeneas looks for the hills where lofty Apollo presides,

and for the vast cave of the far away Sibyl, feared for her secrets,
to whom the Delian prophet Apollo inspires the mind
and the spirit, and reveals the things that will be.

VI: 37–54.1

“Now’s not the time to be idle and watch. It is better to
sacrifice seven young bulls from an unsullied herd,
likewise as many young ewes, chosen as custom prescribes.”
Saying these things to Aeneas—men do not shy from her orders—
the priestess invites the descendants of Teucer into her temple.
Cut from a broad stone wall of a Euboean cliff is a vast cave,
there, where a hundred entrances, mouths of the rivers lead,
from where as many voices rush out, the replies of the Sibyl.
Then they arrived at the entrance, when the virgin exclaimed:
“Time to press fate. The god—behold the god!” Now she abruptly changed:
her expression, her color, her elegant hair, now frayed;
her chest heaved, and her unsteady heart was filling with madness.
Seeming and sounding much more than a mere human, when inspired was she
now by the intimate will of the god, she spoke: “Trojan Aeneas,
Do you withhold your vows and your prayers? Do you delay?
For not til they’re stricken with thundering worship, will the temples be opened.”
And saying such things, she fell silent.

3

Scene 2: Aeneas’ Prayer

*Aeneas implores Apollo to bring relief to the long-suffering Trojans. In humble and measured
prose, Aeneas asks the god to grant the Trojans to settle in Latium.*

VI: 56

“Phoebus Apollo, always you’ve pitied the suffering of Troy.

VI: 62 So let this Trojan fortune follow us no longer.

VI: 65,3–68 And you, o holiest priestess,
prescient of what is to come, I ask for no kingdoms besides
those which are owed to my fate—allow that the Trojans and wandering gods
and the unsettled spirits of Troy make their homes in Latium.”

Scene 3: The Prophecy

In the midst of a frightening ecstatic ritual possession, the Sibyl speaks her prophecy through the hundred mouths of the Cumaean caves. She foretells horrible, bloody wars as the Trojans arrive in Latium, and speaks in obscure allusions to Aeneas' ill-fated wanderings from Carthage to Greece.

VI: 77–101 But not yet broken by frightful Apollo, still in the cave,
the prophetess rages, as if she could cast the great god from her breast;
by that much more, he wearies her mad raving lips, subduing
her untamed heart, and by pressing upon her he shapes her. And now
one hundred mouths, all looming in size, of the temple swing open,
freely of their own will, and they carry the prophecy out through the winds:
“You who at last completed the terrible dangers at sea,
(still, greater burdens await you on land) to Lavinian kingdoms
Trojans will come—dismiss this concern from your heart.
But, they will wish they never had shown. Wars, terrible wars,
Tiber surging with plentiful blood—these I foresee.
Not Simois, nor Xanthus, nor Dorian camps will lack for you;
now there's another budding Achilles, Latian born,
son himself of a goddess; and Juno tormenting the Trojans
never will stop, while you, humble beggar, which Italian peoples

would you not beseech for assistance, nor which of its cities!
The root of your troubles again is a wife, who welcomes the Trojans,
foreign marriage again.
Yield not to evils, but you will go more bravely against them,
go where your fortune allows you. The start of your journey to safety,
found where you think to look least, in a city of Greece, will be opened.”
Such things were proclaimed from her sanctum, and the Sibyl of Cumae
sang of these horrible riddles; in the rumbling cave she echoes,
hiding the truth within shadowy forms. While the prophetess rages,
Phoebus Apollo strikes and turns the spurs in her heart.

4

Scene 4: The Golden Bough

With the ritual concluded, Aeneas make a final, bold request of the Sibyl. Likening himself to Orpheus, Pollux, and Hercules, Aeneas requests to voyage to the underworld to meet his father. The Sibyl concedes to guide Aeneas, but first he must secure from a sacred grove the Golden Bough that will be his token of passage through the underworld.

VI: 119–123

“If Orpheus was able to summon the shade of his wife,
who trusted his Thracian lyre and the chords of his melody—
If Pollux returns his brother withdrawn from their mutual death,
and travels that road so often and back—Need I mention Theseus?
Why, need I mention Hercules? I am of Jupiter’s lineage too.”

VI: 135–143

“If you delight in indulging in maddening toil,
suffer what must be done first. On a shadowy tree lies hid,
gilded and golden, a bough, with its leaves and its willowy sprigs,
said to be cherished by Juno of the Dead; a sacred grove hides it,

and darkness shuts it away, conceals it in shadowy valleys.
None are allowed to descend to the secrets of earth, save he who
earlier harvested, plucked from the tree, the gold-leafed fruit.
This is the gift to be offered to her, the lovely Proserpina ordains.”

ACT II: THE UNDERWORLD

5 Preamble

VI: 268–272 Shrouded they traveled under the night forsaken through shadows,
through the vacant Underworld houses, and unfulfilled regions,
just like a walk under a wavering moon below fleetingly dim light
into the forest, as Jupiter covers the sky in a shadow,
dark gloomy night steals color away from all of the world.

6 Scene 1: Acheron

Aeneas and the Sibyl arrive on the banks of the River Acheron, where they are confronted by the filthy and frightening figure of Charon, the ferryman who transports the souls of the dead into the underworld. Charon warns away the living souls, but the Sibyl assuages him and Aeneas displays the Golden Bough. Relenting, he ferries them safely through the swirling waters of the Acheron.

VI: 295–303 Here lies the path which flows to Tartarean Acheron’s waves.
Here the abyss disorderly billows, swelling with filth in its
vast whirlpool, and then it heaves all its silt to the Cocytus.
Charon the ferryman serves these frightening waters and rivers,
horrid in filth; his matted gray beard falls down from his chin,
eyes like a flame, his foul cloak hangs in a knot from his shoulders.
With a pole he pushes the raft, attends to the sails, and

ferryes the bodies of dead in his ship, red, rusted of iron.

VI: 388–391 “Come, whoever you are, being armed, who reaches our waters,
say, from there where you stand—not a step more—why do you come here?
This is the land of the shades, of sleep and dream-bringing darkness.
Impious it is, to ferry the living in Stygian vessels.”

VI: 399–407.1 “No traps here, nor any such trickery—cease from your anger.
Nor do our spears carry threat; let the cave’s great doorkeeper
endlessly fume, let him terrorize bloodless, lifeless shadows.
Grant that Proserpina stay without shame in the house of her uncle.
Trojan Aeneas, renowned for his piety and fervor in battle,
plummets to the deepest shadows of Erebus, seeking his father.
If the sight of devotion as this affects you in no way,
still this bough you’d know.”

VI: 407.2–416 His heart settled down from its rising anger.
Nor was there more than this. Admiring the laudable gift,
shown by the fateful maiden, seen for the first of a long time,
Charon turned the gloomy gray ship and drew to the stream’s bank.
Then he made room on his boat; he cast other spirits away,
spirits which rested along his seats. From the bank he welcomes
lordly Aeneas. Under his weight the ship sewn together
groaned, and bursting at seams, she took to the murky great waters.
Finally crossing the river, in mire so shapeless and gleaming,
into the shallows, safe, she releases Aeneas and priestess.

Scene 2: Rhadamanthus et Tisiphone

Voyaging through the underworld, they come across a great fortress, from which horrible screams and the sounds of wicked torture emanate. The Sibyl recounts the diverse punishments meted out to the damned by king Rhadamanthus and the guardian Tisiphone.

- VI: 548–549 Quickly Aeneas looks back, and under a cliff on his left, he spies a great fortress, proud, and encircled by walls standing threefold.
- VI: 552–561 Vast is the gateway before them, and columns, strong and unyielding, such that the strength of mankind, nor heavenly gods themselves have power to break them in war. Standing iron, it raises its turrets skyward. Tisiphone, sitting clad in a stained bloody mantle, sleeplessly watches the courtyard, guarding by day and night. Here are heard screaming laments, and echoing savage lashes. Then come the rattles of iron and chains shaken violently. Stricken with terror Aeneas stands still, gazing upon the clamor. “What sight of terrible deeds? O maiden, reveal by what torment punished and burdened are they? What grieving so great to the heavens?”
- VI: 563 “No one pure is permitted to cross that torturous threshold.
- VI: 625–627 “Not even if my mouths and tongues were numbered a hundred, voice made of steel, could I explain the forms of these evils, nor could I possibly mention the names of all these punishments.
- VI: 566–572 “Cretan Rhadamanthus rules harshly; both punishing and hearing their deception, forcing confessions, when one might, among gods, delight in meaningless secrets, into his death too late he delays his guilty atonement.

Vengeful and armed with her whip, without pause, Tisiphone leaping strikes the offenders, harrows and plagues them, brandishing fierce snakes wild in her left hand. There she calls her cruel band of sisters.

- VI: 614.4–620 “Don’t ask to be taught these punishments, or which gods or fortunes bury these mortals. Some roll a boulder immense, and some hang tightened to wheels’ spokes. Wretched Theseus sits, and shall be seated forever, Phlegyas then most wretched of all bears a warning makes known to all shades with his great voice: ‘You, being warned, know justice, and never offend the divine gods.’”

7

Scene 3: Infelix Dido

Crossing the fields of mourning, Aeneas encounters the shade of Dido, Queen of Carthage. Overcome with grief and guilt, he realizes his responsibility for her death, having abandoned her in the night despite their passionate love. He was driven by fate and the will of the gods, but her shade nevertheless passes, refusing to acknowledge him. Her dying soliloquy resonates in memory, cursing Aeneas and the Trojans.

- VI: 440–444 Not far away appear fields extending in every direction. Mourning they are, and everyone calls the fields by that name so. Here, secret paths hide those which stony Love ruins in cruel waste; forests of myrtle conceal. In death, no pains are forsaken.
- VI: 450–466 There Phoenician Queen Dido, fresh from her wound, in that forest wandered; whom the hero of Troy, as he first stood near her, recognized shrouded in shadows—just as one in the month’s dawn sees or thinks he has seen the moon and its rising through night’s clouds.

Tears poured forth, and sweetly with love Aeneas thus told her:
“O unfortunate Dido, is it true, the message that reached me,
news which heralded death and the end you pursued by a sword drawn?
Oh, was I then the cause of your death? By the heavens I promise,
even by gods, and if any such faith lies under the deep earth,
Queen, unwilling, unwishing was I to depart from your city.
But, the demands of the gods, which compel me to travel these shadows,
and to traverse these unkind lands and night everlasting,
drove me from your fine kingdoms. Nor could I even have trusted
that I could possibly bear this torture so great as I left you.
Stop in your course, don't go—don't take yourself out of my sight.
Whom do you flee? This time, by fate, is the last I address you.”

IV: 651–662

[Dido:] “Spoils so sweet, before when the fates and the gods were permitting,
take this spirit of mine, and deliver me free from these troubles.
Lived have I, and finished the course which Fortune has given.
Now the phantom of me will go, great, under the earth's soil.
Famed is the city I founded; I saw my own walls rising lofty.
And I, avenging my husband, punished my enemy brother.
Fortunate, oh too fortunate, then would I be, but if only
Trojans and ships of the Trojans never had touched my land's shores.
Unavenged shall we perish,
but let us perish. Thus, thus, it is pleasing to pass to the shadows.
Trojan Aeneas, cruel, may he feast this fire in his ship's sight,
and may our omens of death, of demise carry on, always with him.”

VI: 467–476 Saying these things, Aeneas attempted to soften her spirit as she was burning and staring intently, and stirring, he shed tears. But she, averting her gaze to the ground, held steadfast. And no more was her visage affected by the speech he attempted, than if a stone flint slab or cliff of Marpissa had stood there. She, unfeeling to him, betook herself thence and escaped him into the shade-covered woods, where her earlier husband Sychaeus answers her troubles and cares, and there shares his love with her equal. But no less, Aeneas, still struck by her unfair misfortune, follows afar with his tears, and he pities her as she departs him.

ACT III: ELYSIUM

8 **Preamble**

VI: 638–640 The ritual finished at last, the offering brought to the goddess, then they arrived at the prosperous places, idyllic and grassy fields of the fortunate groves, and the restful seats of the blessed.

9 **Scene 1: Songs Worthy of Phoebus**

Arriving at the gates of Elysium, Aeneas plants the Golden Bough, completing his offering to Proserpina, goddess of the underworld. In the blissful fields of Elysium, blessed souls—heroes of war, priests, artists and poets—exercise, play, sing and dance. Here, too, is Orpheus, strumming his lyre.

VI: 642–644 Some, in the grassy gymnasium, exercise, working their bodies; there they compete in games and wrestle in sand shining golden. Others perform, springing feet into dances, singing their poems.

- VI: 648–650 Here is the ancient family of Teucer, noblest descendants,
bold, great-spirited heroes, born during years even better:
Ilus, Assaracus too, and Dardanus, Troy’s famous founder.
- VI: 656–665 Lo and behold, he spies more left and right in the meadow,
feasting and singing lighthearted hymns and dancing in rhythm,
all through the fragrant laurel’s grove, where the Eridanus
churns, spouting from springs upwards to the forest.
Here are the men who suffered their wounds in defending their country,
priests who remained untempted and pure, when life still endured them,
poets who, pious and true, sang verses worthy of Phoebus,
those who refine their lives through arts just newly discovered.
those who, living with merit, imparted a memory in others—
Each of their brows are crowned with a wreath of snowy white ribbon.
- VI: 645–648 Likewise Orpheus, the Thracian priest, adorned in a long, flowing mantle,
strums the seven ringing strings of his lyre in agreement,
plucking away now and then with an ivory plectrum, now with his fingers.

10

Scene 2: Anchises and the Parade of Heroes

Finally, Aeneas is tearfully united with the shade of his father, Anchises. Gazing upon souls lined up to return to the world, Anchises narrates the forthcoming destiny of the Trojans, to be forged by the reborn souls now before them: Rome will be founded in Latium. His message to these great Romans is to show mercy to the defeated, and to conquer the proud.

- VI: 687:1–2 “Have you come at last?
- VI: 692–93 “Driven in what strange lands were you, and on so many oceans!
Now, I welcome you, son—you were thrown into such great dangers.”

- VI: 699–702 Thus he spoke, and wetted his cheeks with plentiful weeping.
Thrice he tried to offer his arms and embrace his father;
thrice the fatherly shade eluded the hands bound vainly,
much like soft-blowing breeze, or a dream, ephemeral, fleeting.
- VI: 710–712 Then, unknowing Aeneas, shuddered, dreaded the sight, and
searched for some reason—which were the rivers flowing afar off,
who were the men that crowded the banks in such a procession.
- VI: 713.4–715 “Souls, to whom Fate has permitted a second
body be due; they drink from the waters of Lethe,
which free them from care, and leave them lasting oblivious.
- VI: 756–759 “Come now! The Trojan descendants, what glory shall follow you henceforth,
sons and grandchildren’s sons who should stay in Italian families,
spirits distinguished and noble, and those to come as our namesakes—
these I’ll reveal in my words, and I’ll teach you your destiny fated.
- VI: 763 “Silvius, bearing an Alban name, your son, last born.
Capys ...
Numitor ...
Silvius Aeneas ...
- VI: 777–778.1 “Truly indeed, Mars’ son shall join as his grandfather’s ally: Romulus
- VI: 791–794.2 “Here is the man, here he is, who you heard was promised so often:
Caesar Augustus, descendent of gods, who will found once more new
Golden Ages, in Latium’s fields, once governed by Saturn.
- VI: 801 “Truly, not even great Hercules crossed so much of the world’s breadth.

“Tullus...

Ancus...

Torquatus...

Camillus ...

VI: 828–829 “Oh, such a battle between them, if they should reach out to life’s light,
oh, what battles and armies they’ll rouse, what butchery, carnage!

Cato ...

Cossus ...

the two Scipios ...

Fabriceius ...

Serranus ...

Marcellus ...

VI: 851–853 “You, o Roman, remember to govern the people with power—
yours will be these skills—to enforce the custom of peacetime,
spare and show mercy to those you defeat, and conquer the haughty.”



ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



Colin McAllister is Director of Humanities and Assistant Professor in the Department of Visual and Performing Arts at the University of Colorado Colorado Springs. He was a 2021-2022 Daniels Fund Ethics Initiative Fellow and the 2020 recipient of the Letters, Arts, and Sciences Outstanding Teaching Award. His performances as a guitarist and conductor have been hailed as ‘sparkling....delivered superbly’ (San Francisco Chronicle), ‘ravishing’ (San Diego Union Tribune) and ‘an amazing tour de force’ (San Diego Story), and he has recorded for the Summit, Innova, Centaur, Naxos, Albany, Old King Cole, Vienna Modern Masters, Carrier and Tzadik labels. His research interests include contemporary music performance and pedagogy, musical modernism, and the apocalyptic paradigm as manifested in varying phenomena—literature, music, and art.

Colin is the guitarist and conductor for the ensemble NOISE, and a co-founder of the soundON Festival, held every January in La Jolla, California. He is the founder and director of Through a Glass Darkly: Annual Symposium on Apocalyptica, a collaboration between UCCS, Concordia University Montréal, McGill University, and Colorado College.

A dedicated performer of contemporary repertoire, Colin has given over 100 first performances, including the U.S. premiere of works by leading European composers Chaya Czernowin, Franco Donatoni, Brian Ferneyhough, Beat Furrer, Vinko Globokar, Helmut Lachenmann and Rolf Riehm. He has performed throughout North America and Europe including the Monday Evening Concerts, New Music Miami, San Francisco sfSound, Darmstadt International Music Festival, Festival Hispanoamericano de Guitarra, Dallas Festival of Modern Music, Foro Internacional de Música Nueva Manuel Enríquez in Mexico City, PRISMS New Music, Seattle Transport Jazz,

Breda Jazz Festival, Colorado College Summer Music Festival, and the Centro Mexicano para la Música y las Artes Sonoras (CMMAS). As a guest artist, he has appeared with the Colorado Springs Philharmonic, Chamber Orchestra of the Springs, San Diego Opera, San Diego Symphony, Colorado Symphony, and the La Jolla Symphony. His publications include *Music in the Apocalyptic Mode* (co-edited with Lorenzo DiTommaso, Brill, 2023), the *Cambridge Companion to Apocalyptic Literature* (2020), and the *Cambridge Gloss on the Apocalypse*, a translation of an eighth-century Latin commentary on the Revelation of John (Brepols, Corpus Christianorum in Translation, 2020). He has two works with Productions d'OZ: *The Vanguard Guitar* and *Fourteenth Century Counterpoint: Music of the Chantilly Codex*. *The Vanguard Guitar* was praised by Soundboard magazine as 'a great success...not only a primer of modern techniques, but also a library of current performance practices'. His two guitar instructional courses: Learning to Play Guitar: Chords, Scales and Solos and Playing Guitar Like a Pro: Lead, Solo and Group Performance are produced by The Great Courses. Colin is endorsed by PRS Guitars and is an Artist Partner with Taylor Guitars.



Christopher Adler is a composer, performer and improviser living in San Diego, California. His stylistically diverse compositions are informed by an abiding fascination with the traditional musics of the world, and research into topics such as the traditional musics of Thailand, Laos and Korea, Russian futurism, the application of mathematics to music, and improvisation. His most recognized works include mathematically-based works for percussion such as *Signals Intelligence* and *Pines Long Slept in Sunshine*, and *Zaum Box*, a collection of ten settings of Russian futurist poetry for solo speaking percussionist prepared as a limited-edition box set of uniquely formatted scores with a video realization by Katelyn Rose King and cinematography by Ute Freund. He champions the Lao/Northeast Thai bamboo free-reed mouth organ, khaen, as a concert

instrument, and is actively composing, commissioning, and recording new works for the instrument. He has performed these works across the U.S. and Asia, and has released them on a multi-volume series New Music for Khaen, as well as on Tzadik, Centaur, and other labels. He is a Professor of Music and Director of Asian Studies at the University of San Diego, pianist and composer-in-residence with NOISE, a frequent performer for San Diego New Music, and a co-founder of the soundON Festival in La Jolla, CA. As a recording artist on piano and khaen, he has appeared on labels including Tzadik, Innova, Centaur, Circumvention/Accretions, Titicacaman, pMENTUM, Nine Winds, Traditional Crossroads and Vienna Modern Masters.



Violinist **Veronika Afanassieva** was born and raised in Novosibirsk. She started playing the violin at the age of seven and studied over the next several years with Arnold Kobylansky, Alexei Kiselev and Marc Meinbach, earning an MM degree at the Gnesins' Russian Academy of Music in Moscow, Russia. Veronika is a founding member of the Veronika String Quartet, which started its career in 1989 under the tutelage of Borodin String Quartet cellist Valentin Berlinsky. After moving to the U.S., she continued her violin studies with Ralph Evans and Kurt Sassmannshaus. She also studied chamber music with Henry W. Meyer and members of the Fine Arts Quartet. Veronika was an artist-in-residence at Colorado State University Pueblo from 1999 to 2011. She has also additionally managed to have an extensive group of private students.

At the tender age of 16 **Russ Callison** sold a pig to buy his first guitar. A native Texan transplanted to Colorado, Russ has performed extensively through the U.S., including tours of Texas, as soloist at the soundON Festival in La Jolla, and off-Broadway in New York, as well as internationally, including a residency in France with his guitar & cello duo Solazur, a tour of Scotland with guitar duo Derelict Hands, and at the Bali Arts Festival in 2019 as a member of Gamelan Tunas Mekar. He has released two albums as a chamber musician, the first by guitar duo Derelict Hands, *Eyes to the Future* with guitarist Calum Borthwick, and the second by guitar/cello duo Solazur, *Mercurial*, with cellist Katie Burns. As a dynamic instructor Russ teaches privately and extensively performs outreach with 501(c)3 Lead Guitar.

Violinist **Karine Garibova**, a founding member of the Veronika String Quartet, was born and raised in Moscow, Russia. She began playing violin at the age six and later studied at the Gnesin Russian Academy of Music in Moscow with Irina Svetlova, Yelena Mazor and Khalida Akhtyamova. In 1992, Karine earned a Doctor of Musical Arts in String Quartet performance from the Gnesin Academy and began her professional career. Since 2000 Karine has performed with the Colorado Springs Philharmonic under the direction of Josep Caballé-Domenech, and in 2004 became the Orchestra's Associate Principal Second Violin. Past positions include serving on the faculty of Colorado State University Pueblo and residency at Lancaster Festival, Ohio. Mrs. Garibova teaches privately in Colorado Springs and coaches the Colorado Springs Youth Symphony and the Alpenglow Music Programs. Karine has also held substitute positions on the faculty of Colorado College

and Denver University. Mrs. Garibova is currently on the faculty of Pikes Peak State College. Karine extends her collaboration in chamber music performances with musicians from Colorado to Russia. Among those are memorable sessions with Lawrence Leighton Smith and colleagues from the Moscow Virtuosi.

An avid chamber musician, orchestral performer, and teacher, **Michael Sabatka** has served as Associate

Principal Violist of the Colorado Springs Philharmonic since relocating to Colorado in 2018. In previous stops along his journey, he performed regularly with the Boise Philharmonic, Huntsville Symphony, Chattanooga Symphony, and Alabama Symphony, as well as serving as a graduate teaching assistant at Boise State University and the University of Alabama. He holds degrees in viola performance from Oberlin Conservatory of Music and Boise State University.

Cellist **Jennifer Yopp** has lived in Colorado Springs since 1991, at which time she joined the Colorado Springs Symphony, and she has played with the CS Symphony/Philharmonic ever since. Jennifer has played with the Hausmusik string quartet since 2001, which has fed her primary love of chamber music. She has also been a soloist with the Chamber Orchestra of the Springs and Breckenridge Music Festival, and she is currently a





member of the Sunriver (Oregon) Music Festival. Jennifer has performed in numerous chamber music concerts locally and maintains a private teaching studio, having registered teacher training courses with the Suzuki Association of the Americas. She is an alumna of Indiana University and Portland State University.

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by Michael Lascuola at the Ent Center, University of Colorado Colorado Springs
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