Janaína 1

Knowing distance is how close you want to get with


time \& you and mind = is a phase, knowing distance is the

distance to direct the proximity I require the cotton of your face.

love your face. knowing distance close enough

....
for me to
kiss you without warning, without notice, anytime —
I want to kiss you all the
time — I love —
your face.

Don't worry,
just because you're near
me
once doesn't
mean I'll take
advantage.

Don't want to distress you,
after all, just because you're near,

Am
mean I have to kiss you, but as I like to have the option,

on the other hand, there is nothing I would rather do than have

you—I love you like Brahms, the sleeping lady.
I love you like water when I'm thirsty, like sunlight in the morning. The a

Of loving you is sinful,
just one night of you
and I fan all the gods in

got to spend a minute in my place,
and

not fall in love when they look at you face.
"Memphis Stomp" from *The Firm*

by Dave Grusin

I have no good reason to include this song in my recital other than this: it is damn fun to play.
Memphis Stomp - 9 - 2
PIO28SMX
Three years ago, I told my best friend Dee Dee, a brilliant poet, about an old idea I had once had for a play. The plot concerns a young couple who have been married about three years. Before the story begins, this couple was in a car crash in which one of them died. The play would deal with the year after the accident in the life of the surviving partner, but it would be two stories at once: Philip if he lost Margaret, and Margaret if she lost Philip. Both stories would be told simultaneously to emphasize the differences in their ability to cope.

As soon as I had described this story to Dee Dee, she wanted to make it a musical. We had discussed writing a musical together before, but the prospect was so intimidating that I never thought we’d actually tackle it. The next time I saw her, she handed me the lyrics to “Pie’s Requiem” (Margaret’s nickname is Magpie, which Philip shortened to Pie). I had never composed original music to someone else’s lyrics, and I was ecstatic at how easily it came. Dee Dee and I have been friends for six years and we are creatively very similar—I often feel as though her lyrics are what I would write if I were able, and she feels the same about my music. Because of school and our busy lives, we have finished only four songs in the past three years. My ambition is to finish the musical by summer of 2006 so that it can be produced at Ball State the following year. Since I’ll be graduated and just working in Muncie, I will have more time available.
I spoke to your mother, shot leaving to-

morrow. Your sister was with her, they quarreled all night. Jill loved so much

like you, her hair in dark ringlets. I wanted her out of my
like you were sleeping; that's what I kept hearing; well they must not

know that you snore when you sleep. Or how your eye-lids flutter cause

you're always dreaming, and sometimes you smile with the secrets you keep
cuits like a knife.

I don't think they know you the way that I

know you. They've never seen how you glow when you

sleep. Your cast-iron curls as soft as a
feather, spill across white cotton sheets.

Just like you were sleeping, God—

damnit, who says that? As if I could wake you back

in to my arms. As if I could shake you and
watch your eyes open externally

keep you from harm

know you hate roses, I ordered eight dozen
Ten brought you lies, I throw them away.

Why bring a cope for the day, why remind the living what they'll miss, every day:

A box of flesh on dishplay.
Must they all stare that way?

I can just hear you say:

For folk's sake, Philip, put me under already.

And I'd say you,

Right, Pio; it's time, Pio; good night, Pio; good bye, Pio. Sleep.
tight, ble. I love yes. Good-bye.
PHILIPS' REQUIEM
(piano only)

I lost a soul I never knew.
Wrapped in your scent, I came un

Pulled it together, don't fall —

I lost a soul I never knew.
Wrapped in your scent, I came un

Pulled it together, don't fall —

Death's the only cure for a broken heart.
Bring you back, bring you back. How the hell am I supposed to do that? Let you go, let you go.

Live here in this nightmare, well that's a thing I can't bear!

Where did the story end?
Can we begin again?

Where do I go from here, without you?

Call your mother with arrangements, ask your brother for a tie. Order flowers from the florist, pick the
casket out by five. If I'm moving, I'm not thinking; if I'm thinking, time to move. No-thing

left but those appointments and you.

Bring— you back, bring— you back. 

Some—one stop this train— before it flies— off track.
Let you go,

No, I can't taste, I can't feel. No one's moving, nothing real. Now the funeral is over so the healing should begin they said your

Service was so peaceful should that ease the pain I'm in? I should be happy
I should be grateful
There was no pain,
that you went quick.

I will stop hurting,
I will move on, they were wrong,

Bring you back,

Bring you back,
so somewhere I find a
wind-shield, sky at night.

Are you all right? Are you all right?

Philip, good
DUET for PIE & PHILIP by Danielle Pinó Battei Rhein

When I was 3, I had it figured out.

My 6 I Joe—
I'm standing tall—walking.

But who knew—Twenty five—years— from the

day,

I'd walk into class and find a new d
talking. And now I'm falling, I'm falling,

laughing, I'm crawling, who knew that three

not the eye—of wisdom. From standing, I'm falling, for

walking I'm crawling. I've lost my head, my heart, my soul—
when I was ten, I was on my way.
Wonder woman, and save the day.
But I—
One look at those emerald eyes
and I knew that I'd need you to save my life.

And now I'm failing, I'm failing.

laughing, I'm crawling. My dreams of fame-

and fortune swept away—From flying, I'm falling, from
Then— at the age— of fifteen, of thir-teen.

Then— at the age— of six-teen, when I was ri

I was positive— I'd found the boy I'd

teen,— I was positive— I'd found the girl— I'd

marry. — He was dark. He had tattoos, an

marry. — She was— blonde, and played H
smoked a lot of pot

And he read Rilke. And—he

bass and didn't wear a bra.

And he

broke my heart. And I was sure that I would never love again. But when I

broke my heart.

But when

saw you—I knew that there was nothing I could do. I knew I'd

saw you—I knew that there was nothing I could do.
Except that I was meant to be with you.

And now we're falling, we're falling.

laughing, we're crawling.
bullshit 2

When you're born, it starts, the bullshit.

It won't end until you die.

And in between you'll live through bullshit. And sweet heart that's no reason why.

I won't say there isn't joy and love. But in spite of all of
bullshit 3

The miracle of birth is beautiful and pure. Everybody tells you that it is...
bullshit 4

Any dis...

worth it when it's over just
disc.

what bullshit! re-
member every rip and

The room was filled with blood and drugs and blood and they

ripped you from me - you were screaming, bright, blue - until that moment I.
I never knew that the greatest thing I'd ever done was you.

So, Margaret poop-sy, just hold on.

There won't be much that won't go wrong.
And perfect things — they won't last long —

Life keeps moving, love keeps longing

Men keep cheating! — Sun keeps shining, wind keeps blowing

And it all just keeps on going. And there will be bullshit.
And we will live through it. The bonds will die, husbands will walk out.

But we'll get through this, baby. Keep on fighting. We will get through this, you and I.
This is my favorite song to sing. William Finn wrote it while on vacation, and it has been featured in both his song cycles *Elegies* and (surprise) *Infinite Joy*. In all of his work but this song especially, William Finn accomplishes what I consider my ultimate goal in composing: his music is exquisitely human. It is technically brilliant the majority of the time, but Finn knows when to let a gorgeous melody take precedence over harmonic complexity. He also throws in a clunker of a lyric or an overly sentimental musical phrase every now and then, which just lends his music accessibility, in my opinion.

The other reason I love this song so is its message. The reason I write and play music is for the joy of it. It is a joy that is only intensified by sharing it with others, whether performing for them or with them or just listening. I don’t have a relationship in this world that isn’t affected by music in some way, And this will always bring me joy.
obvious but rise — in the possibilities of

This thing I dare to know... rise —

life... love infinite joy

life... have infinite joy —
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