

The five brief movements of composer Jung Sun Kang and poet Nicholas Hogan's *The Carillonneur* take the form of a mass. Kang worked with Hogan to write complementary music and poetry reflecting Hogan's visit to the carillon of the University of Rochester. In Hogan's words:

The poem "The Carillonneur" was written to capture the internal experience of the Carillon. In Taoism, the black portion of the T'ai Chi (often called the "yin-yang symbol") is associated with inner, feminine, spiritual energy that is often hidden. The white portion of the design represents the outward, active expression of life and is associated with masculine energy. This poem represents the yin nature of the carillon experience to those who, standing outside, hear the outward (yang) expression. Outside, only the chimes are available to the listener. Inside, ironically, the listener sees the thoughtful (yin energy) preparation and yet also hears the intense physical (yang energy) percussive aspect of the instrument as the keys are struck. The carillonneur and her inward journey re-create the creative path each artist takes. The structure of the poem, utilizing elements of the Mass, echoes the ritual quality of creative action, and celebrates the balancing of masculine and feminine qualities which helps us all find the still center wherein the Muse resides.

The Carillonneur

Nicholas Hogan

I. Introit

When the sound arrives
merry and dancing, and
laughing bronze gods
boom in time
across quadrangles verdant
ringed with austere oak
and academic brick

do you look up in wonder?
Imagine, can you,
the fists of these deities
striking music
off of mountains? Or
is it the simple surprise
of this pealing surpassing
Westminster's quartered charms?
It is more.

Come see it with me.
This is how it begins.

II. Gradual

Through library lobby
over the flying geese of the stone floor

past the quiescent stacks
the carillonneur rides upwards
leaving all the words below

Her muscled forearms yank
the elevator cage aside
metallic clash of the old Otis elevator gate
echoes in the hollowed bell tower,
a precursor.

More steps rise ahead, girders support
her solitary climb,
two flights up, close now to cupola
wire mesh to either side.
In a graffiti-tagged plywood wall
a door.
Feel, anticipation.

III. Kyrie

The lock undone, as door swings open
eye seeks instrument, supposing polished wood
finds instead angled steel, tungsten line,
bolt and eyelet, wires traveling upwards
turnbuckles tight, florescent lights
and then, as you focus,
the oaken polished keys
grain exposed, the pegs
taper, extend toward you,
hinting at infinity and the octatonic wonders
that are here, latent, awaiting touch and tread.

She slips off daily shoes,
dons slippers embroidered
with stitching you will never see.
She sits a moment arranging pages,
and then, after breathing,
only then, and for you
she reaches out so tenderly
with curved hands, almost fisted
to stroke the polished fine-grained
oaken pegs and pull the wires down
draw the clappers in
and ring, and ring, and ring, and ring, the bells.

IV. Gloria

Feet flow over the pedals

as across the lawn
under the eaves
the sound of petals floats
lingering in ringing air

final chills of winter
chased away by chimes

above the upturned faces
eyes abstracted, all in-focused
legs reach akimbo, fists and flat hands
caress the aged wood

bronzed beauty rings
unseen, the carillon

V. Credo Percussum

Outside you hear the ringing of the singing-out bells
But inside at the heart of things another thing is happening
Here in the dome high up the carillonneur thumps and thumps
Oak smooth felt feeling thump echo chimes bellow
and pound sing around ring the fisted feelings ding
gently sound ting out th-thump ting-tang th-thump wires pull chimes abound
eighth notes crash bong ring strong sixteenths change, chime, ding and
change-ring, ears fill with sounds until no wait
th-thump and ring, fists slowly ring th-thump and ching
carillonneur eases slows and now below as people breathe
percussive oaken echoes ease inside
as music settles, comes to ringing
simmering, shimmering smile-bringing end, and feet
and fists unclench, breathe,
are still as unring bells
that settle into dusk's light
and her gentle harmonic embrace.