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AAM: SERVING THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

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Requiescat in pace

Raymond F. Glover



Raymond F. Glover, a Founding Member of the Association of Anglican Musicians, died on December 15, 2017, in Alexandria, Virginia.

Born on May 23, 1928 in Buffalo, New York, Ray Glover began his musical life as a young chorister at St. Paul's Cathedral in Buffalo. From there he sang in the choir at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, when he was an undergraduate at the University of Toronto, studying composition with Healey Willan, who became his mentor and friend. His next move was to Union Theological Seminary, where he earned a Master of Sacred Music degree. He then returned to Buffalo as Cathedral Organist and Choirmaster and met Joyce MacDonald (1923-2013), who was

Director of Christian Education. They were married on Easter Monday 1957 and remained partners in many ways throughout their life together.

From Buffalo, they moved to the Christ Church Cathedral in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1962, where Ray built a vibrant music and arts program that reached deep into the urban community on the church's doorstep and beyond into the surrounding suburbs. The highlights of those eleven years at the Cathedral included numerous organ recitals and flower shows, performances of Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, Britten's *Noye's Fludde* and *St. Nicholas*, and a professional recording of the choir to assist in fundraising for its two-week tour of England in 1971.

The 1960s were a time of great change, and Ray played his role in musical response to liturgical reform as a member of the Standing Commission on Church Music. During this decade, Ray taught at Berkeley Divinity School and found time while on the Yale campus to study organ with University Organist Charles Krighbaum. Then in 1966, Ray joined Jim Litton and Gerre Hancock to found the Association of Anglican Musicians (AAM), which he served as President 1969-70.

In 1973, Bishop Jack Spong, then Rector of St. Paul's in Richmond, Virginia, called Ray to become Director of Music. During his time there, he oversaw the building of new choirs, music and arts programs, and a new organ. Ray continued to travel extensively as Chairman of the SCCM's Hymnal Committee, preparing the way for the new hymnal, which he was appointed to edit in 1980.

The Hymnal 1982 was dedicated at Washington National Cathedral in 1985, and Ray went on to edit the four-volume *Hymnal 1982 Companion*. In 1986, Ray was granted an honorary doctorate from Virginia Theological Seminary (VTS), where he later joined the faculty as Professor of Music and Organist (1991-2000). With Marilyn Keiser and Carol Doran he was instrumental in the development of the Leadership Program for Musicians Serving in Small Congregations (LPM). Following his retirement, Ray continued to teach and develop new courses in collaboration with VTS colleagues.

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Editor's Note: Some years ago, during Paul Ellison's editorship of The Journal, we ran a series of "mentor appreciations," in which individual AAM members shared affectionate tributes to those (often other AAM members) who had played an important part in their formation as church musicians. Also, from time to time I receive from a member an appreciative reminiscence of an AAM mentor or friend who has died. Last month, Albinas Prizgintas sent this loving tribute in memory of French organist Michel Chapuis, whose playing and teaching of French Classic organ repertoire was a powerful formative influence upon a generation of organists internationally, and who died on November 12. As I said to Albinas when he submitted it, it is slightly off the beaten track of what we normally publish. However, many members of the Association will surely appreciate it, they themselves having come under Chapuis' influence, either directly or indirectly.

A Remembrance of Michel Chapuis

ALBINAS PRIZGINTAS

"Doucement le jazz, s'il vous plaît," Michel remonstrated one evening regarding the rock 'n' roll music playing in the background. I have often repeated that as a metaphor to fit most any appropriate occasion. Chapuis inhabited earlier times and centuries, kind of a Miniver Cheevy, born too late, and was curious and quizzical about those who only dabbled in their history.

He spoke virtually no English. He confessed he knew the word "table," which he pronounced tay-BULL, followed by a laugh during which he covered his less than perfect teeth. Lenny Bruce thought that the word "lumber" was funny. Perhaps so.

I lived with Michel and family in his eleventh-century *château*, Le Vieux Château in France's Cote d'Or, on two occasions. Also, the maestro visited me and my wife Manon twice in the states, both in New York's Soho, where I rented a house, and in Tucson, Arizona, where I was music director at St. Michael and All Angels. He had come to New York to perform a recital at Lincoln Center's Great Performers at Lincoln Center Series. At that time I was taking jazz lessons with Lee Konitz at his apartment, to modest gain, possibly because I spent most of the hour talking about Michel, which seemed to interest Lee quite a bit. It did little to advance my jazz chops, however.

Michel's wife, Denise, was a remarkable woman. She had taught ear training in the *conservatoire*, and was an excellent sight-reader at the keyboard. She enjoyed playing four-hand music on the piano, in which she pressed me into service on occasion. Also, Denise was well familiar with the marvelous organ at the *collégiale* in Dole, and she knew how to play it. Mother of a large, gifted, and vibrant family, she sometimes sighed, saying that all she was good for anymore was "*faire la casserole*."

My wife Manon, who is a Chevalier des Arts et des Lettres, introduced me to Michel when he was one of the three associate organists at St-Séverin in the Latin Quarter. I was recovering from a Fulbright sojourn in Munich from Juilliard and played

a full-length evening recital at St. Séverin to a packed church, thanks to my wife's and her dad's marketing expertise. The previous week none other than Gustav Leonhardt played a harpsichord recital there. But I did not meet Michel until I took a seminar for which he was well-known in the Pyrenée Mountains of St. Bertrand de Comminges. To describe sumptuous lunch breaks prepared by Béatrice, in the fortress monastery garden of the hotel would not do them justice. Too Marvelous for Words, as the song goes.

Speeding up and down narrow, twisting mountain roads, both hands on the wheel, Michel was in his element: he enjoyed exploring ancient caves with their primitive relic art forms and stalactites. I never recall seeing Michel drinking wine (or practicing the organ): he preferred fruit juice. Michel also would stop at convents and monasteries to demonstrate the organs and accompany chants directly from the *Liber Usualis*—a technique honed in his days as chancel organist at Notre-Dame de Paris.

When I stayed with Michel, he already knew of my interest in blues music, particularly when I supplied music for a seminar *soirée*. That eventually led Michel to introduce me to a piano dealer who sold a piano to the Café de la Concorde in Dijon. I auditioned one evening to rousing response (the glamorous café was virtually across the street from the cathedral). I played five nights a week, commuting from Jouhe to Dijon, playing about five hours a night. I came back to Le Vieux Château, my pockets bulging with francs. Michel delighted in helping me count and wrap the coins. He got a kick out of the custom of tipping the piano player, as well as my surprising success at the café, since for most of his life he had relied on more legitimate earning procedures.

Later, while in Arizona, I arranged for Michel to do a super-successful two-week master class in French classical style at St. Michael and All Angels. I directed a successful weekly concert series there called Tucson Evensong Concerts following the weekly Choral Evensong service. During the university radio interview at Arizona University, Michel said that there are 600-some citations, sources, references, etc. regarding stylistically informed classical French performing style relating to the historically, if I heard right. I had also arranged for Tony Newman to come to Tucson later.

Recently at the Men's Bible Breakfast at Trinity, New Orleans, where I direct the Trinity Artist Series, we were informed that there are 630-something precepts in the Jewish tradition. Strange numerological coincidence!

What prompts my rambling on about Michel Chapuis is learning of his death this past week in Dole, and the funeral service in the *collégiale*.

Never caring for his hands, he could be seen stacking rocks alongside the ample, spacious, and vaulted *grange* across from his *château*. His hands did not have the appearance of those that play effortless ornaments. The prize-winning recordings of the complete works of Bach, Couperin, De Grigny, and others seemed to him of less merit than that he played cymbals in the military band.

His teaching was mostly by example, yet at the same time, it overflowed with musicological and biographical data—e.g. there is a certain *agrément* that only appears in the works of François Roberday! He said Muffat was a very special case—but I'm not sure whether he meant Georg, Theophilus, or

Gottlieb. While I was staying with the Chapuis, I played during Mass at Couperin's church, St-Gervais in Paris, in no small measure thanks to Michel, my wife Manon, and her father Paul Jeunhomme. Now that organ is something to write home about.

About this time, in Paris, I also met another of my musical idols with whom I also performed and to whom I stayed close: Memphis Slim, the noted Chicago blues composer-pianist/singer. I discovered that there was something extraordinary about both Slim and Michel; their musical accomplishments, regardless of how great, were but a byproduct of who they actually were as people. Slim told me I talked too much; he was right, but I only did so to get his attention. Slim visited me in New York, too, where I introduced him to Johnny Winter. I tried to copy both Michel's playing and Slim's. I did hang out with Virgil at the organ when he practiced late on Saturdays at Riverside, but that is another story.

To get back to Michel: His daughter, Claire, at dinner, to break a silence, as the family gathered round the medieval fireplace, offered, "*Albinas est ému*"—"Albinas is moved." I am still embarrassed by that insightful observation, as keeping my emotions in check I considered crucial to my survival. One of the reasons I preferred the organ over the piano is that I had the mistaken impression that it was less expressive, hence, less emotionally revealing!

I want to add these personal notes to complement the formal announcements of Michel's death, and to say that not only has a pioneer and bulwark of *Monuments historiques* in France passed away, but also a person of a very special gift, the likes of which we may not see again for some time. He enkindled and breathed a joyful, ebullient life into the narrow,

ancient niche of music called French Classical. And I must add that he did on two occasions play some Franck and, of course, *la Marseillaise!*

I never was a very good student, so I probably could not have benefited more from my encounter with Michel Chapuis, though I wish I had. I did spend a lot of time partying with his eldest son, the late Jean-Marie, with whom I became close friends. Jean-Marie taught me how to say "*Permettez moi d'avoir l'obligéance à vous offrir un feu*" when offering to light a cigarette. I also recall playing endless pinball (flipper) games with Michel and Denise's youngest, Christophe, at the corner café, just outside the family compound. The café was run by a burly gent, Victor. "*Christophe, reste tranquille!*" ("Christophe, keep calm!"), I heard Denise cry out every so often to her energetic young son. I have often repeated that phrase to myself as well as to my wife. "*Reste tranquille*" became my mantra, and still is.

A further memory (and not the least of them!): the complete set of Frank Zappa, James Brown, and Johnny Hallyday recordings that François, one of his middle sons, possessed. I tried to listen to them all in one day—an impossible goal, just as at St-Bertrand, when I had access to an extraordinary musical library, particularly first editions of Rameau and Widor—whose nine or ten symphonies I tried to read through in one sitting. It was not to be done!

And, of course, the Chapuis dog, Nestor!! *Au revoir, cher Maître et cher Ami!* Thanks for the memories.

— Albinas Prizgintas

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