



MYTHS AND ACCIDENTS

VOCAL MUSIC OF DOUG LOFSTROM

RYAN DE RYKE, baritone
DANIEL SCHLOSBERG, piano
KIMBERLY JONES, soprano
RYAN TOWNSEND STRAND, tenor
DOUG LOFSTROM, conductor

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Three Scenes from the opera Two Soldiers*

- | | | | |
|----|------|-------------------|------|
| 1. | I. | Dark Clouds Above | 4:39 |
| 2. | II. | Duo Soliloquy | 9:53 |
| 3. | III. | Dream Sequence | 6:05 |

Myths and Accidents

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|----|------|---------------------------|------|
| 4. | I. | Prologue | 4:17 |
| 5. | II. | Ballad of the Harp Weaver | 8:01 |
| 6. | III. | Looking to Eurodice | 6:02 |

All Must End

- | | | | |
|-----|------|-----------------------|------|
| 7. | I. | Birth | 1:58 |
| 8. | II. | Eden | 3:03 |
| 9. | III. | The Wind and the Rain | 1:52 |
| 10. | IV. | Pontoocuce | 3:10 |

Three Sandburg Songs

- | | | | |
|-----|------|--------------|------|
| 11. | I. | Killers | 3:37 |
| 12. | II. | Bones | 2:24 |
| 13. | III. | Rim of a Hat | 4:14 |

Total playing time 59:23

Ryan De Ryke, baritone
Ryan Townsend Strand, tenor
Kimberly Jones, soprano
Daniel Schlosberg, piano
*Doug Lofstrom, conductor

INTRODUCTION

I first met Ryan De Ryke and Daniel Schlosberg in 2014 when they appeared in my composition class at Columbia College Chicago. They had been hired to give a lecture-demonstration about setting words to music for my class which was about to compose songs based on pre-existing texts. They were first-rate in their explanations and materials – and then they performed. After some Schubert songs (their specialty) and a few art songs in English, they performed *So in Love* by Cole Porter. I was hooked!

I contacted them later and suggested we might record some of my songs. The first batch we tried was *Three Sandburg Songs*, which I had just finished. The first of those – *Killers* – was an experiment I tried using spoken word and extended piano techniques, which I had previously recorded.

We recorded the three songs in Columbia's Sherwood Theater in 2017 with my engineer, Steve Yates, recording audio and video. *Killers* was recorded in a bare-bones version, to which we later added my previous piano musings. In 2023, we recorded the new cycle *All Must End*, which I had written with Ryan's voice in mind. The lyrics are written or chosen within the broad theme of life, death and the passage of time. Again, we recorded audio and video, but this time at Steve's studio.

Later in 2023, we tackled the ambitious cycle *Myths and Accidents*, which had been written twenty years earlier. Both piano and vocal parts are technically and emotionally demanding and Ryan and Daniel delivered exquisitely nuanced results.

Two of the songs feature the lyrics of Al Day, my long-time collaborator. The ill-tempered rant of *Prologue* offers a scathing indictment of modern life, contrasting with the temporary relief of a "pleasant little day". *The Ballad of the Harp Weaver*, based on Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem, tells the moving story of a starving mother and child and a miraculous conclusion.

Looking to Euridice is Al Day's take on the Orpheus myth rendered in modern-day street-talk. Orpheus bargains with "big boy Hades" and later is torn apart by the "wild girls of summer." Again, the technical and emotional demands are ferocious, and Daniel and Ryan rise to the occasion.

In 2023 and 2024, as Ryan, Daniel and I finished recording the voice-and-piano music, I came back to the music from the opera *Two Soldiers* – my first collaboration with Al Day in 1989 – and decided to record three scenes. This would necessitate finding two other

singers – Kim Jones and Ryan Townsend Strand – together with the original chamber orchestration. The recording occurred on August 22, 2024 and came out splendidly! These vocal recordings – three song cycles and three scenes from *Two Soldiers* – comprise the lineup for the Album *Myths and Accidents*.

Doug Lofstrom 2025



Doug Lofstrom

Two Soldiers: Act I, Sc. 5 – Dark Clouds Above

IVAN: Dark clouds above, thin ice below;
Three days, my love, 'til I go.

MARINA: Hearts beat together; our lives entwined;
Three days, my love, no more...

BOTH: I (you) will leave you behind;
I (you) will march to the war, my love.

IVAN: No nights alone with you.

MARINA: No more days of peace.

IVAN: Three days I'll be with you.

MARINA: For three days we'll share a life,

IVAN: Three days you'll be with me

MARINA: A life together as one.

BOTH: Three days we'll be together....
Three days we'll live as one.

MARINA: Dark clouds above us; thin ice below;
No turning back; you must go.
You will leave me behind
You will march to the war.

IVAN: Men march together. Hearts beat as one.

BOTH: In three days, my love, you'll (I'll) be gone...

You (I) will leave me (you) behind.
You (I) will march to the war, my love.
Our nights will go with you (me).
Our love will endure.

Two Soldiers: Act II, Sc. 1 – Duo Soliloquy

SCENE 1a. Ivan is outdoors on sentry duty.

IVAN: I love the distance.
I like to look ahead and never see the end.

My land goes on forever, my people, too.

I love the singing wind,
The way it moves the wheat, the trees,
The way it always touches me,
And always leaves me here...

I love this land,
The water, air and trees,
Life and death, joy and pain, love and fear,
All go on forever...

Nothing here is wrong
Neither is it right.
Everything is balanced, simply being...

SCENE 1b. A German troop train on the way to the front.

HANS: I have no dream but destiny; I have no way but one.
I have my nation's hope in me; I know where I belong.

Will my honor find its place there?
Will my fearful heart be strong?
Though it's strange, I feel no fear now;
I feel as if I'm going home.
I have no dream but destiny and my destiny has come.
To Russia and to Germany,
War's come to everyone...

Maybe there's a Russian soldier,
On his train, like I'm on mine,
Coming to his fateful moment,
As I must come to mine.

He comes to me in ignorance.
And though I've doubts and fears,
I know enough, I see enough,
To teach him what draws near.

The brave new world...
The shining hour...
My brother, can't you hear?

The train stops. Hans steps down from the train and continues.

My brother, can't you hear?

I feel as if I've stroked my grave;
Embraced my deepest fear...
A Russian soldier like myself
How strange a thought to bear!
My enemy, my enemy, my brother!

The train starts suddenly.
I feel in need of asking your forgiveness.
For I can't stop now...

He gets on the train as it picks up speed.

Though I go to fight my enemy,
I feel I'm going home;
To live the dream of destiny...
To live the dream of destiny!
I can't stop what's begun...
I can't stop what's begun...

Scene 1c. Ivan is seen outdoors again.

IVAN: What's coming from the distance,
From this land that never ends?
What speaks the word, "forever"?
Closer now, "forever"...
What's coming on the wind?
What touches me and leaves me cold?

Hear the wheat hush in anger.
Hear the trees tremble still...
Water, forest, sky and earth say:
"Life or death... Life or death!"
All go on forever...
Nothing here is wrong;
Neither is it right...
Everything is balanced, simply being...

Two Soldiers: Act III, Sc. 8 – Dream Sequence

MARINA: Ivan!

IVAN: Marina!

BOTH: Now the sun can shine and our hearts can be
healed.
Now the walls are gone and our love stands
revealed.
Now we can return to the land that we love,
Be like seeds to the soil, and be born once
again;
Now we are born once again...

Now our sins are gone and our heads are held
high.
Honesty and love joins the earth to the sky.
Listen! Listen! All's forgiven!
Now we never shall part.

MARINA: Children crying, I hear sorrow, aching.

IVAN: Mothers mourning, I hear weeping, wailing.

MARINA: No more sorrow!

IVAN: There'll be no more dying!

BOTH: Peace has come once again!

Like a new-born baby peace lies cradled,
Growing, thriving all over this land.
Like a baby, we'll feed it, we'll love it, protect it,
Watch it, help it, love it, guide it...
Now the sun will rise; dry the tears from your
eyes.
Now the walls will crumble and we both shall
rise
To a new day of wisdom, a new day of freedom

We can live for love for the rest of our lives
Honest... open... living... caring...
Loving... loving...

They are interrupted by the spectre of Hans. Marina backs away, but Ivan is drawn to him.

IVAN: Soldier! The day I saw you on the battlefield,
my life was changed forever.

HANS: Ich weiss....(I know...)

IVAN: I had a vision when I looked in your face.
I saw myself as in a mirror.
Your whole life reflected before my eyes,
intertwined with mine...

HANS: Ich weiss...

IVAN: I could no more kill you than my own father,
brother...

HANS: Ich bin Vater, Kinder, Bruder... (I am father, son,
brother...)

IVAN: Bruder! Yes!!
We are brothers, even though you, a German
soldier,
came to conquer my land and kill my people.

HANS: Brudern, wir sind Brudern...

IVAN: Yes! Brothers! We are brothers...
Even though we're different, we're so much the
same...

HANS: Danke... (Thank you...)

IVAN: I just couldn't kill you; I saw myself as in a
mirror...

HANS: Danke...

IVAN: As in a mirror...

HANS: Danke...

Alan Robert Day

Myths and Accidents:

Prologue

Today went by like any other day
I wrote a little, read a little,
I developed a headache.
I took a powder for my pain,
I spent an hour in the bath.
Very pleasant - extremely pleasant.

Today went by like any other day
I calmed my breath but not my thoughts
The mail came early - nothing useful.
I took a walk and saw some wonderful heavenly clouds,
stretching 'cross the sky.
Just delightful - quite delightful.

Today went by like any other day
But all in all, it wasn't exactly a day of glory
Nor of joyfulness, nor love..
It was the kind of day that falls to me lately,
Reasonable, livable, mostly tolerable.
The average day of a disconnected soul.

Days without special aches,
Days without special fears,
Without particular sadness, without despair.
Days when I calmly wonder if it isn't time to have an
accident while shaving.

I've known other days...
Angry ones - wicked ones -
Evil ones - of stultifying idiocy,
When in our distracted world, sucked dry by financiers,
(All) mankind grins back with the smile of a sanitized
carnival.
And the world cries out with the clamor of it's shills and
hustlers,
Thieves and madmen, and shrill cheap music
'Til it reaches an intolerable pitch.
I'm almost content with a lovely little day, a painless day,
A pleasant little day, like today.

Alan Robert Day

The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver

"Son," said my mother,
When I was knee-high,
"you've need of clothes to cover you,
and not a rag have I.

"There's nothing in the house
To make a boy breeches,
Nor shears to cut a cloth with,
Nor thread to take stitches.

"There's nothing in the house
But a loaf-end of rye,
And a harp with a woman's head
Nobody will buy,"
And she began to cry.

That was in the early fall.
When came the late fall,
"Son," she said, "the sight of you
Makes your mother's blood crawl, --

"Little skinny shoulder-blades
Sticking through your clothes!
And where you'll get a jacket from
God above knows.

"It's lucky for me, lad,
Your daddy's in the ground,
And can't see the way I let
His son go around!"
And she made a queer sound.

That was in the late fall.
When the winter came,
I'd not a pair of breeches
Nor a shirt to my name.

I couldn't go to school,
Or out of doors to play.
And all the other little boys
Passed by our way.

"Son," said my mother,
"Come, climb into my lap,
And I'll chafe your little bones
While you take a nap."

And, oh, but we were silly
For half an hour or more
Me with my long legs,
Dragging on the floor,

A-rock-rock-rocking
To a mother-goose rhyme!
Oh, but we were happy
For half an hour's time!

But there was I, a great boy,
And what would folks say
To hear my mother singing me
To sleep all day,
In such a daft way?

Men say the winter
Was bad that year;
Fuel was scarce,
And food was dear, so dear!
A wind with a wolf's head
Howled about our door,
And we burned up all the chairs
And sat upon the floor.

All that was left us
Was a chair we couldn't break,
And the harp with a woman's head
Nobody would take,
For song or pity's sake.

The night before Christmas
I cried with cold,
I cried myself to sleep
Like a two-year old.

And in the deep night
I felt my mother rise,
And stare down upon me
With love in her eyes.

I saw my mother sitting
On the one good chair,
A light was falling on her
From I couldn't tell where.

Looking nineteen,
And not a day older,
And the harp with a woman's head
Leaned on her shoulder.

Her thin fingers, moving
In the thin, tall strings,
Were weav-weav-weaving
Wonderful things.

Many bright threads,
From where I couldn't see,
Were running through the harp-strings
Rapidly,

And gold threads whistling
Through my mother's hand.
I saw the web grow,
And the pattern expand.

She wove a child's jacket,
And when it was done
She laid it on the floor
And wove another one.

She wove a red cloak
So regal to see,
"She's made it for a king's son,"
I said, "and not for me."
But I knew it was for me.

She wove a pair of breeches
Quicker than that!
She wove a pair of boots
And a little cocked hat.

She wove a pair of mittens,
She wove a little blouse,
She wove all night
In the still, cold house.

She sang as she worked,
And the harp-strings spoke;
Her voice never faltered,
And the thread never broke,
And when I awoke, --

There sat my mother
With the harp against her shoulder,
Looking nineteen,
And not a day older,

A smile 'bout her lips,
And a light about her head,
And her hands in the harp-strings
Frozen dead.

And piled up beside her
And toppling to the skies,
Were the clothes of a king's son,
Just my size.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

looking to euridice

when you're born to lift the sun into the sky
on the strength of strings and wood
you don't expect your love to die
you didn't think she ever could
she's your reason for believing
your passion for the truth
that your fingers brought to being
when you were looking to euridice

she never was the one you called your muse
your muse was just a silent partner in the deal
no she was who you had to use
she was love tied to a wheel
she'd roll to your embrace
till fate spit on the mirror
the one you used to find your place
when you were looking to euridice

so you walked into that basement
it was filled with bargain souls
and you begged the big boy hades
to fill your aching hole
and though your playing did not move him
his bride took up the cause
she even begged for him to give in
'cause you were looking to euridice

so Mr. H caves in a bit
and he lets you have your bride
he says "as long as you just look ahead
she can take that daylight ride
but should you start to feel the need
and should you turn and look around
your bride will take the final bleed
for your eyes will drop her down
and she will fall into my arms
and I will hold her fast
and you will lose her on that day
when you are looking to Euridice"

you take a step, she takes a step
you take a chance, she does as well
another step or two she follows you
you can almost feel her breathing
look ahead, feel the ground
you've almost beat Hells lost and found
six more steps
another five
you can almost see the morning sky

so like we guessed you had to look
and like he said she fell away
you looked because you had to look
you looked because she was your love
you looked because you thought you owned your love
and you could never let her go
she fell into that final blue
indeed, when you were looking to Euridice

now you're lost and now you wander
all self-possessed to meet your match
in those wild girls of summer
who eat their passion and burn their past
they pull you east, then drag you west
they throw you to the north and south
just like you they could not see
when you were looking to Euridice

Alan Robert Day

All Must End:

Birth

Timidly crossing the brink of eternity,
To feel and glimpse the blazing light
Within the womb of Mother Earth.

Crossing the infinite bound'ry of sentience,
To sense and feel, to see and hear,
To comprehend the earthly realm,
To take a breath, to venture forth,
To leave behind the emptiness.

Doug Lofstrom

Eden

I knew not there was a serpent's sting,
Whose poison shed
On men, did overspread
The world; nor did I dream of such a thing
As sin, in which mankind lay dead.
No thorns chok'd up my path, nor hid the face
Of bliss and earthly innocence, no cloud eclips'd the place.

Joy, pleasure, beauty, life,
Love, kindness, glory, light,
My eyes and ears and heart
Did fill me with delight.
They all were brisk and living souls to me,
Yea, pure and full of immortality.

Profound, the pure effects of love
My first enjoyments on the earth did prove;
They were so great, and so divine, so pure;
So fair and sweet,
So true; when I did meet
Them here at first, they did my soul allure,
And drew away my infant feet
Quite from the works of men; that I might see
All life in its original simplicity.

Thomas Traherne (adapted by the composer)

The Wind and the Rain

The wind and the rain pass away;
Also the leaves, also the grass.
The flesh and bone pass away;
All pass away, must pass away
Into eternity, such is our destiny,
Into the peace of oblivion.

Traditional Mayan (adapted by the composer)

Pontocuce

All dies!

All dies! and not alone
The towering trees and men and grass;
The poet's forms of beauty pass,
The noblest deeds are soon undone.

All dies!

The workman dies, and after him, the work;
Wherever there's a breath of life, the spectres lurk
All monuments to heaven and to men,
Become unstructured matter at the end.

All dies, all dies!

All who feel life's spring in prime,
Who're swept by winds of their place and time,
Pass the ropes the coffin round, and let descend;
Prayer and anthem - let them sound;
All life must end.

Light and shade in equal measure
Revolve since ages long ago.
Let go of pain, let go of pleasure;
For all that death claims here below,
Let go, let go!

All dies, all dies!

The grass may die, but in spring rain
Upward thrusts and lives again;
Over and over, age after age
It lives, it dies and lives again.

Summer and winter, pleasure and pain
Everything everywhere in God's reign,
All ends, and then begins again:
Wane and wax, and wax and wane:
Over and over again and again
Ending ever and beginning again—
Ever, forever beginning again!

Herman Melville (adapted by the composer)

Three Sandburg Songs:

Killers

I am singing to you
Soft as a man with a dead child speaks;
Hard as a man in handcuffs,
Held where he cannot move:

Under the sun
Are sixteen million men,
Chosen for shining teeth,
Sharp eyes, hard legs,
And a running of young warm blood in their wrists.

Their red blood runs on the green grass;
Their warm blood soaks the dark soil.
And the sixteen million are killing ... and killing and
killing.

I never forget them day or night:
They beat on the door of my memory;
They pound on my heart and I answer back to them,
To their homes and women, dreams and families.

I wake in the night and smell the trenches,
And hear the low stir of sleepers in lines.
Sixteen million sleepers and pickets in the dark:
Some of them long, long sleepers for always,

Some of them tumbling to sleep to-morrow for always,
Fixed in the drag of the world's heartbreak,
Eating and drinking, toiling ... on a long job of killing.
Sixteen million men.

Bones

Sling me under the sea.
Pack me down in the salt and wet.
No farmer's plow shall touch my bones.
No Hamlet hold my jaws and speak
How jokes are gone and empty is my mouth.

Long green-eyed scavengers shall pick my eyes,
Purple fish play hide-and-peek,
Sling me under the sea.

And I shall be song of rolling thunder,
I shall be crash of sea,
Down on the floors of salt and wet.
Sling me under the sea.

Fling me down under wind and wave,
Where earthly cares can't disturb my bones.
No Hamlet hold my jaws and speak
How jokes are gone and empty is my mouth.

Down with the green-eyed scavengers,
Down among the lost cadavers,
Down beneath the wind and wave,
Sling me under the sea.

Carl Sandburg

Rim of a Hat

Passing through huddled and ugly walls
By doorways where women
Look from their hunger-deep eyes,
Haunted with shadows of hunger-hands,

WHILE the hum and the hurry
Of passing footfalls
Beat in my ear like the restless surf
Of a wind-blown sea,
A soul came to me
Out of the look on a face.

Eyes like a lake
Where a storm-wind roams
Caught me from under
The rim of a hat.

Tender as dew, impetuous as rain,
A poise of the head that no sculptor has caught
And nuances spoken with shoulder and neck,
Her face in an incessant flurry of moods
As many as skies in a delicate change
Of cloud and blue and flimmering sun.

We may but pass as the world goes by
And take just a look of eyes into eyes...

Passing from huddled and ugly walls,
I came sudden, onto a blue burst of lake,
Long lake waves breaking under the sun
On a spray-flung curve of shore;

And a fluttering storm of gulls,
Masses of great gray wings
And flying white bellies
Veering and wheeling free in the open.

We may but pass as the world goes by
And take just a look...
Just one single look...
And take just a look of eyes into eyes...

Carl Sandburg

Poems originally from *Chicago Poems*, by Carl Sandburg
New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1916

1. Killers (#67)
2. Bones (#111)
3. Rim of a Hat (excerpts from three poems):
The Harbor (#5), Under a Hat Rim (#47)
and A Dream Girl (#130)

All have been adapted by the composer.

DOUG LOFSTROM

Bassist and composer Doug Lofstrom has been performing and composing since the 1970's, and his diverse scores and recordings reflect his ongoing involvement in jazz, folk, theater, dance and symphonic music. In the 1990's, he was composer-in-residence for the Metropolis Symphony Orchestra and during the 80's, musical director of Chicago's Free Street Theatre. His works have been performed by the St. Louis, Atlanta and Oregon Symphony Orchestras, and the Present Music and CUBE chamber ensembles.

Highlights of his work include scores for the Pittsburgh Ballet, Midwest Ballet and Natya Dance Theatres. Commissions include three concertinos for the New Philharmonic Orchestra and three works for the Evansville, IN "music telling" group Tales and Scales. In 2001, Lofstrom formed The New Quartet, a versatile chamber ensemble which performs his original music and arrangements of modern classics, jazz and world music. He has been on the music faculty of Columbia College Chicago since 1986, and founded and directed their New Music Ensemble from 2000 until 2016.

Many of his more recent works involve voices – either as soloists or chorus – including the music represented on this album. Other music has been composed or arranged for specific ensembles: Columbia's New Music Ensemble, Doug Lofstrom and the New Quartet, and most recently the jazz/spoken word group The Last Word. Lofstrom feels keenly the need for his music to be performed and has spent much of his career creating opportunities for that to happen.

No matter its origins, genre or presentation, Lofstrom's music strives for clarity, rhythmic vitality and directness of expression. His music – whether performed live or recorded – exists to create a bridge between himself and his audience, where communication can flourish on many levels.

RYAN DE RYKE, BARITONE

Ryan de Ryke is an artist whose versatility and unique musical presence have endeared him to audiences in the worlds of song, musical theater, early music, oratorio, and concert music. He has performed at many of the leading international music festivals including the Aldeburgh and Edinburgh Festivals in the UK and the summer festival at Aix-en-Provence in France, garnering significant acclaim as both a recitalist and singing actor. Ryan studied at the Peabody Conservatory with John Shirley Quirk, the Royal Academy of Music in London with Ian Partridge, and at the National Conservatory of Luxembourg with Georges Backes. He is also an alumnus of the Britten-Pears Institute in the UK and the Schubert Institute in Austria where he worked with great artists of the song world such as Elly Ameling, Wolfgang Holzmair, Julius Drake, Rudolf Jansen, and Helmut Deutsch.

Although Ryan's first love is song, he is also known for his work in the Early Music community. His performances with Haymarket Opera have been heralded by the Chicago Tribune among their top 5 list, and his interpretations of oratorio are enthusiastically received. Ryan is also an accomplished recording artist who rose to attention with his first CD, "A Wanderer's Guitar," on which he collaborates with guitarist Brandon Acker to present Schubert songs. He also appears on the CD "Final Fantasy, Distant Worlds," conducted by Arnie Roth of Mannheim Steamroller.

During the pandemic, Ryan starred as the eponymous role in a film of Handel's "Apollo and Dafne" which was streamed by The Metropolitan Opera and The Royal Opera House Covent Garden. Ryan is particularly proud of his latest CD released by Naxos with pianist Eva Mengelkoch of songs by Albrecht Mendelssohn. The American Record Guide hails his "warm and expressive" singing on this album while Fanfare declares that the songs from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," "fit the baritone like a glove."



DANIEL SCHLOSBERG

Pianist Daniel Schlosberg leads a kaleidoscopic musical life. He has appeared with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in numerous chamber music and new music concerts, and also as featured soloist in subscription performances of Messiaen's "Trois Petites Liturgies." He has a passion for contemporary music, was a founding member of Yarn/Wire, and has given the world premiere of Augusta Read Thomas's "Starlight Ribbons" for solo piano and the US premiere of Kaija Saariaho's Calices with violinist Austin Wulliman. He has recorded for the Albany, Bridge, Bright Shiny Things, Centaur, Navona, New World, Nimbus, Jacaranda and Permelia labels.

In the art song realm, he was on staff at Ravinia's Steans Music Institute and was the founder of the Baltimore Lieder Weekend. His release with soprano Laura Strickling, 40@40, reached #1 on the Billboard charts and garnered the duo a GRAMMY nomination. Other recent projects include Mahler/Zemlinsky: Symphony No 6 (arr. 4-hands) at the National Gallery of Art and Ravinia, and multiple appearances at Bargemusic in Brooklyn. His most recent release is "Mere Mortals" with violinist Caitlin Edwards.

Based in Chicago, he is on faculty at the University of Notre Dame, where he is also advisor to the student Table Tennis Club. danielschlosberg.com.



KIMBERLY JONES, SOPRANO

Soprano Kimberly Eileen Jones is an alum of the Ryan Opera Center with the prestigious Lyric Opera of Chicago. Her performances there include the slave girl, Margru, in the world premiere of Anthony Davis' *Amistad*, which was released nationally on the New World recording label. She also portrayed the feisty Olga in *Fedora*, Princess Xenia in *Boris Godunov*, and the spitfire Despina in *Così Fan Tutti*.

Kimberly performed in Houston Grand Opera's colorful production of *the Magic Flute* (Papagena), and reprised her role of Xenia in *Boris Godunov*. Also with Houston, she participated in their production of *Porgy and Bess*, as Clara. This tour graced the international

stages of La Scala in Milan, the Bastille in Paris, and the Bunkamura in Tokyo, Japan. For her portrayal of Clara, she was nominated for Best Supporting Actress by the NAACP Awards.

She has received a 3Arts grant, George London grant, Sullivan grant, and a Licia Albanese Encouragement grant. She received three grants from the MacAllister Awards competition, was awarded the Richard Gold Career Grant from the Lyric Opera of Chicago, was presented in Opera's Now magazine's "Who's Hot in Opera". Miss Jones is on the voice faculty at Roosevelt University and DePaul University.

RYAN TOWNSEND STRAND, TENOR

Ryan Townsend Strand is a Minnesota native whose "beautiful vocalism" (*San Francisco Chronicle*) and "expressive poise" (*Chicago Classical Review*) have afforded him an expanding career as a concert and oratorio soloist. Strand most recently was a featured soloist performing Beethoven's 9th Symphony with the Illinois Philharmonic. Strand made his professional Chicago opera debut in Haymarket Opera Company's production of Alessandro Scarlatti's *Gli equivoci nel sembiante* (Armindo). Other operatic productions include Handel's *Beauty's Truth* (Pleasure) & *Così fan tutte* (Ferrando) with Transgressive Theater Opera; Mark Adamo's *Little Women* (Laurie), Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea* (Nero), and Ricky Ian Gordon's *The Grapes of Wrath* (Al Joad) with Northwestern Opera Theater.

Strand commissioned and premiered *Letters to Jackie*, a newly conceived song cycle based on the letters sent to Jacqueline Kennedy by the American people following the assassination of her husband. The song cycle represents the collective grief of a nation and the power of community and healing in a time of great tragedy and has recently been released on Sono Luminus Records.

ALAN DAY

Alan Robert Day has been hailed "Most Promising Songwriter" by Chicago Magazine and has appeared in clubs and colleges throughout the United States and on radio and TV shows such as WFMT's "Midnight Special" and WTTW's "Sound Stage." In 1996, he formed the Al Day Trio, which released the critically acclaimed CD "Guest House" in 2003.

Day has collaborated with Hollywood composer and producer Jim Jacobsen in the group Naked Davis, Jr., with whom he released the cutting-edge CD "Troubled." In 2017, he formed the jazz/spoken word group The Last Word with pianist Bob Long, poet Marc Kelly Smith and bassist/composer Doug Lofstrom. Beyond collaborating as a musician and writer with Last Word members, Day has written librettos for several of Lofstrom's musical theater works, including the opera "Two Soldiers."



L-R: Doug Loftstrom, Kimberly Jones, Ryan de Ryke



L-R: Ryan Townsend Strand, Kimberly Jones, Doug Lofstrom, Ryan de Ryke and Daniel Schlosberg

Two Soldiers recorded at North Shore Baptist Church, Chicago, IL, August 22, 2024
Myths and Accidents recorded at Steve Yates Recording, Morton Grove, IL - July 23, 2023
All Must End recorded at Steve Yates Recording, Morton Grove, IL - Jan. 10, 2023
Three Sandburg Songs recorded at Sherwood Concert Hall, Columbia College Chicago, Chicago, IL - 2017

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