

IN MEMORIAM



BENJAMIN MICHAEL HAMMOND

February 20, 1967 - October 29, 1996

Ben was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin on February 20, 1967. His family moved to Bedford Hills, New York, the following year. Ben attended the Hackley Middle School and Fox Lane High School, where he was captain of the varsity lacrosse and soccer teams. He played guitar in the school's jazz band and was selected for New York's All-State Jazz Band. Ben also played violin in the school orchestra, frequently as concertmaster, and sang in both the chorus and chamber choir. In his senior year, he organized the school's Oxfam hunger relief effort.

Ben entered Harvard College in the fall of 1985, majoring in chemistry with Professors David Evans and E. J. Corey. With two other Harvard students (his younger brother, Tom, and Shankar Ramaswami), Ben formed a rock-band trio called Men of Clay. The band played at many Harvard events. Ben wrote some of the group's songs, both music and words. He also played in the Harvard Mozart Orchestra and was musical director of Harvard's dance outreach program called Citystep.

After touring and recording with Men of Clay for three years, including a memorable concert-dance at The Shepherd School of Music, Ben went to work with Kirkegaard and Associates, an acoustics firm in Downers Grove, Illinois. He helped develop many projects, especially in sound reinforcement and concert hall acoustics. He was responsible for the outdoor sound system for the new Seiji Ozawa Hall at Tanglewood, Massachusetts, and played an important role in the acoustical refurbishing of both the Houston Symphony Orchestra's Jones Hall and Jordan Hall at the New England Conservatory in Boston.

In September of 1994 Ben was admitted to the M.D./Ph.D. Program in Speech and Hearing, a joint M.I.T./Harvard Program in Health Sciences and Technology. In his research work he combined his interests in music, architectural acoustics, and brain physiology. He was currently studying the way in which the fibers of the auditory nerve convey reverberant and non-reverberant speech patterns from the cochlea to the brain. He worked in the laboratory of Bertrand Delgutte at Massachusetts Eye and Ear Hospital in Boston. In July Ben presented his research results at an international conference in Keele, England. The presentation was based on a computer model he had developed to explain auditory nerve impulse patterns. These studies are related to certain forms of hearing loss and to problems of central nervous system integration of spoken and musical sound. His friends and colleagues at M.I.T./Harvard are preparing Ben's recent work for posthumous publication.

While an undergraduate at Harvard, Ben taught organic chemistry in the School of Continuing Studies. At the time of his sudden and unexpected death at the end of October, he was teaching acoustics at M.I.T. Ben looked forward to a career in research, teaching, and acoustical design.

CONCERT PROGRAM

February 12, 1997

8:00 p.m.

Stude Concert Hall

The Shepherd School of Music

Rice University

String Quintet in C Major, D. 956

Franz Schubert

I. Allegro ma non troppo

(1797-1828)

Kenneth Goldsmith, violin Martha Strongin Katz, viola

Kathleen Winkler, violin Paul Katz, cello

Norman Fischer, cello

Louange à l'Éternité de Jésus from **Quatuor pour la Fin du Temps**

Olivier Messiaen

(1908-1992)

Norman Fischer, cello

Pierre Jalbert, piano

Sonata in C Major, K. 330

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

II. Andante cantabile

(1756-1791)

Dean Shank, piano

Renewing to Serve

Samuel Jones

from the oratorio **The Temptation of Jesus**

(b. 1935)

text by Thomas Merton

He who attempts to act for others or for the world without deepening his own self-understanding, his freedom, his integrity and capacity to love, he will not have anything to give to others.

He will communicate to them nothing but the contagion of his own obsessions, his aggressiveness, his egocentered ambitions, his delusions about ends and means, his doctrinaire prejudices and ideas.

The world cannot be a problem to anyone who sees that ultimately Christ, the world, his brother and his own inmost ground: all are made one and the same in grace and redemptive love.

William Murray, baritone

Jeanne Kierman, piano

***Chorale Fantasy on
"Christ Lay in the Bonds of Death"***

*Ingolf Dahl
(1912-1970)*

Trumpets

Brian Seitz

Peter Wiseman

Jeffrey Castle

Mitchell Wechsler

Horns

Elizabeth Matchett

Wade Butin

Trombones

Steven Wills

Sean Reed

Gregory Harper

Tuba

Bryan Smith

Conductor

David Kirk

INTERMISSION

***Serenade in B-flat Major, K. 361
"Gran Partita"***

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

III. Adagio

Oboes

Robert Atherholt

Janet Rarick

Basset Horns

Benjamin Freimuth

Dawn Dale

Double Bass

Paul Ellison

Clarinets

David Peck

Xin-Yang Zhou

Bassoons

Benjamin Kamins

Michael Sundell

Conductor

Larry Rachleff

Horns

William Ver Meulen

Martina Snell

Kennst du das Land
(Knowest Thou The Land)

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

TRANSLATION:

*Knowest thou the land where the lemons bloom;
In the dark foliage the gold oranges glow,
A gentle wind wafts from the azure sky,
The myrtle grows so still, the laurel high,
Doest thou know it perchance?
Yonder! Yonder I want to go with thee, oh my beloved,
Knowest thou the house? On columns rests its roof,
The hall is shining and the chamber gleams,
And marble statues stand and look to me:
What have they done, poor child, to thee?
Doest thou know it perchance?
Yonder! Yonder I want to go with thee, oh my protector
Knowest thou the mountain and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks in the fog its road;
In caverns sleeps the dragons' ancient brood,
The rock is falling, and over it the torrent,
Doest thou know it perchance, doest thou know it perchance?
Yonder, yonder leads our road! Oh father, let us go.*

Auf ein altes Bild
(On an Old Painting)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

text by Eduard Mörike

TRANSLATION:

*In the summery haze of a green landscape, by cool water,
sedges and reeds, see how the Child in innocent freedom
plays while seated in the Virgin's lap! And there in the
blissful forest, alas, the Cross tree is already in green leaf!*

Joyce Farwell, mezzo-soprano
Thomas Jaber, piano

Graceful Ghost Rag

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

Sergiu Luca, violin
Brian Connelly, piano

Ave Maria

Josquin des Prez
(ca. 1440-1521)

Anna Christy
Honey Meconi

Matthew Pittman
Matthew George

Ave Maria gratia plena
Dominus tecum virgo serena

Hail Mary, full of grace
the Lord be with you, fair virgin

Ave coelorum Domina
Maria plena gratia
coelestia terrestria
mundum replens laetitia.

Hail, Queen of the heavens
Mary full of grace,
filling the world
with heavenly and earthly joy.

Ave cujus nativitas
Nostra fuit solemnitatis,
Ut lucifer lux oriens
Verum solem praeveniens.

Hail to her whose Nativity
was our solemn feast,
the morning star bringing forth light
preceding the true sun.

Ave pia humilitas
Sine viro foecunditas
Cujus annunciatio
Nostra fuit salvatio.

Hail holy humility,
fruitful without man,
whose annunciation
was our salvation.

Ave vera virginitas
Immaculata castitas
Cujus purificatio
Nostra fuit purgatio.

Hail true virginity
undefiled chastity
whose purification
purged our sins.

Ave praeclara omnibus
Angelicis virtutibus,
Cujus fuit assumptio
Nostra fuit glorificatio.

Hail, admirable
in all angelic virtues,
whose assumption
was our glorification.

O mater dei
Memento mei.
Amen.

O mother of God
remember me.
Amen.

String Quintet in C Major, D. 956

Franz Schubert

II. Adagio

Kathleen Winkler, violin *Martha Strongin Katz, viola*
Kenneth Goldsmith, violin *Norman Fischer, cello*
Paul Katz, cello



My brother Ben
by Tom Hammond

Ben was an amazingly gifted person: a great athlete, captain of both varsity lacrosse and soccer in high school, a brilliant musician, excelling on the violin and mastering the guitar. He was a technician and craftsman able to build his own guitars, speakers, and stage lights. And according to those who knew his work well, Ben was a scientist and mathematician of a rare order.

Everything he touched had such quality. He was a leader, able to touch people's lives in ways that inspired them to new heights, though no one ever surpassed Ben in dedication, concentration, enthusiasm, curiosity or joy.

In Boston, a few days after his death, one after another of Ben's colleagues, teachers, students, and friends got up and spoke about different facets of him, his warmth, his generosity, his respect for everyone, his humor, his passionate hunger for understanding, his happiness, his realness.

For me, two qualities were among Ben's most special. One was his silliness. He could be so playful and childlike sometimes. Two Christmases ago, he came home from the grocery store having purchased a big romaine lettuce, a potato, some pine nuts and toothpicks. Taking these into the kitchen, he proceeded to put together this bizarre, bird-like Christmas angel: the romaine lettuce placed upside down in a jar so the leaves hung down like ruffled wings, the potato he carved and shaped and stuck on top of the lettuce for a head, where he stuck a pine nut for a beak, two black peppers for eyes and a row of match sticks on top like a mohawk tuft of hair. We didn't know if he had lost his mind, but he marched it into the living room where the Christmas tree was and set the matches on fire so that after they burned down, the creature's hair was black and curly. I always admired Ben's unselfconsciousness about just doing something like that. He never held back. He took everything by storm.

The other quality was Ben's passion. He did everything with passion, but nowhere was it more evident or on fire than in his music. Ben played the greatest guitar solos I have ever heard. Sting described rock-'n'-roll as "burning from the first bar," and Ben always burned from the first bar. My parents and I have been listening to an incredible song he wrote called, "There." It has a guitar solo that takes the song to a positively volcanic pitch and then somehow gracefully lays it back on its feet. It was as if the whole band had to lift itself to meet Ben, and when we carry on, it is tremulous, as though we are thoroughly shaken and changed. And we are. The solo begins like a sudden war alarm or trumpet blare that just seems to say, "Lookout. Here I come." That fire was at the core of everything Ben did. It was the fire that refined his pain and passion into love and beauty. He was the most alive person I ever knew, and he lives on in his music. What Frost said of Emerson's writing, I say of Ben's playing: cut those notes and they bleed.

Of all Ben's gifts, though, I think his greatest was as a brother. Ben was always so thrilled by my successes. I had a swim meet in junior high school, and Ben brought all his friends to cheer me on. It pumped me up so much that I swam possessed. I don't think I came up for one breath, and though I'd never even raced in that stroke before, I won the heat. When I looked up from the pool, there was Ben standing above me with his fists in the air and pure elation on his face. He pulled me up out of the pool and gave me a big bear hug, soaking himself, but he didn't care, he was so proud. At each new stage of my life, when it meant leaving behind old familiar ways and people, Ben was there with unstinting love and compassion. My older brother, he was like my guardian angel on earth, now in heaven. It is so easy for me to think of him as an angel because that is what he was like on earth.

And I am thankful that in heaven, Ben has what he strove all his life to attain, understanding. He now understands all of this. The mysteries have been revealed to him, and his greatest joy on earth was discovery. One day we too will understand. Until then, we honor him, we love him, we remember him, and we miss him. Ben, God bless you. And God bless us.

