AN AIDS QUILT
SONGBOOK: SING FOR HOPE

JAMIE BARTON | NICOLE CABELL | SASHA COOKE | ADRIENNE DANRICH
JOYCE DIDONATO | ANTHONY DEAN GRIFFEY | ISABEL LEONARD | ESTER
LYNCH | MELODY MOORE | DANIEL OKULITCH | SEAN PANIKKAR | KEITH
PARES | SUSANNA PHILLIPS | MATTHEW POLENZANI | RANDALL SCARLATA
MICHAEL SLATTERY | NOAH STEWART | MONICA YUNUS | CAMILLE ZAMORA

YO-YO MA CELLO | ANTHONY MCGILL CLARINET

SHARON STONE | ANSEL ELGORT SPOKEN WORD
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<td>1.</td>
<td>Across the Sea (Kevin Oldham)</td>
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<td>Joyce DiDonato, Kenneth Merrill</td>
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<td>Autumn (Robert Chesley</td>
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<td>Noah Stewart, Kenneth Merrill</td>
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<td>Walter de la Mare)</td>
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<td>3.</td>
<td>Run Away (Ricky Ian Gordon)</td>
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<td>Ordinary (Fred Hersch</td>
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<td>Herschel Garfein)</td>
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<td>No Giggly Time (Herschel Garfein)</td>
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<td>“What Lips My Lips Have Kissed” (Edna St. Vincent Millay)</td>
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<td>Sharon Stone</td>
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<td>Hold My Hand (Mary Carol Warwick</td>
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<td>Sam Stewman)</td>
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<td>ATRIPLA! (Eric Reda)</td>
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<td>Her Final Show (Drew Hemenger</td>
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<td>Rafael Campo)</td>
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<td>Hold On (Gilda Lyons</td>
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<td>Pueblo Indian Prayer)</td>
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<td>Morning Lullaby (Cristina Pato</td>
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<td>Lester Lynch, Cristina Pato</td>
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<td>Frank Logan)</td>
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<td>12.</td>
<td>“Year That Trembled And Reel’d Beneath Me”</td>
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<td>Ansel Elgort</td>
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<td>“Look Down Fair Moon” (Walt Whitman)</td>
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<td>Herschel Garfein)</td>
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<td>Retro (Glen Roven</td>
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<td>Litany (John Musto</td>
<td>Langston Hughes)</td>
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<td>“Everyone Sang” (Siegfried Sassoon)</td>
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<td>One Child (Gregg Kallor</td>
<td>Sara Cooper)</td>
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<td>Zero Plus Anything (Tania León</td>
<td>Jane Hirshfield)</td>
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<td>Let it Go (Carol Barnett</td>
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<td>If I... (Lori Laitman</td>
<td>Emily Dickinson)</td>
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<td>Wendell Berry)</td>
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On World AIDS Day in 2012, Sing for Hope presented *AIDS Quilt Songbook @ 20*, a celebratory concert marking the twentieth anniversary of the classical music world’s first organized response to the AIDS crisis. Initially inspired by the NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt, the Songbook was conceived in 1991 by HIV-positive baritone William Parker. “For singers, we are being pretty unvocal about AIDS,” said Parker, who brought together prominent composers and recitalists and, at Lincoln Center on June 4, 1992, premiered a collection of new songs about AIDS, designed to be ever-expanding until a cure would be found.

Sing for Hope traces its roots to the AIDS crisis. When the promising young tenor Frank Logan passed away at Houston’s Omega House AIDS Hospice, a group of friends came together to sing for life, hope, and a cure, seeding a model for artist/community partnership. As students at Juilliard in the early 2000s, we continued to envision a go-to resource for arts volunteerism...
that would throw open doors and explore the healing power of “art for life’s sake,” to quote Yo-Yo Ma. Today a non-profit “artists’ peace corps” in its seventh year, Sing for Hope maintains a roster of more than 1,500 artists – musicians, dancers, painters, actors – who volunteer in under-resourced schools, hospitals, AIDS hospices, elder care facilities, veterans’ homes, and centers for at-risk youth, bringing the arts to places that can benefit from a shot of hope. And in our flagship project, we place 88 vibrantly colored Sing for Hope Pianos throughout New York’s parks and public spaces for anyone and everyone to play, then donate the pianos to our partner communities – a celebration and symbol of “art for all.”

The songs on this album span a range of perspectives, illuminating our interconnectedness and our strength as well as our protests, the ravages of disease, and the toll of loss. The composers of the songs that open the collection – the ecstatic “Across the Sea” and the introspective “Autumn” – were both lost to AIDS, and “Run Away” explores a survivor’s attempts to love again following the loss of a life partner. “What Lips My Lips Have Kissed” depicts bygone loves who continue to resonate in an evening rain, a lonely tree. In “Ordinary,” “ATRIPLA!,” “Her Final Show,” “No Giggly Time,” and “Retro,” we bear witness to the everyday medical realities of HIV/AIDS, from Kaposi’s sarcoma to safe sex education to the quandaries of living and loving in the age of antiretroviral cocktails. “Morning Lullaby” brings the voice of a young man, writing a letter to his best friend and choosing not to share that he is ill with the disease that will end his life 5 months later.

In “Away, But Not Far Away,” we feel the weight of 20 years of the plague; years that may have placed the disease farther from our home address, and still – despite the separation of hemispheres – “not far away.” In “Union,” based on the 2011 news coverage of Cuba’s first legal gay-transgender wedding, we have a snapshot of a euphoric moment in a life, previously unimaginable, and in “Zero Plus Anything” and “One Child,” visions of a world where a cure is possible. In the two Whitman poems, we hear of young lives brutally cut short; “If I...,” “Litany,” and “Hold My Hand,” remind us that it is the solace of our fellow humans, of community, that carries us through.
“Hold On” is an incantatory prayer of strength and communion that reaches beyond death. And “Let It Go,” “The Far Shore,” “At Last,” and Sassoon’s poem, “Everyone Sang,” speak to transcendence, which may come through breakthrough cures, more just allocation of medical resources, more humane societies, or, in the words of “At Last,” by passing through “the narrow doorway... into the land of the wholly loved.”

As our title indicates, this album is not “The” AIDS Quilt Songbook, but rather “An” AIDS Quilt Songbook – just one of a great many iterations uniting artists and communities in support of men, women, and children living with HIV/AIDS. We think that Will Parker would have recognized in this collection his own particular blend of art and activism, and we hope it will inspire even more artists to share their art in communities via Sing for Hope or other arts outreach groups. Twenty-two years after the original AIDS Quilt Songbook’s premiere, it is our honor to present these few woven threads of ours: to sing for those lost, to sing for a cure, and to sing for hope.

MONICA YUNUS AND CAMILLE ZAMORA
Co-Founders, Sing for Hope

HERSCHEL GARFEIN
Volunteer Artist, Sing for Hope

Left: Sing for Hope Volunteer Artist Marissa Pontecorvo and a resident share songs at Greenwich Village’s Bailey-Holt House, the nation’s first congregate residence for men and women living with AIDS; the donated Sing for Hope Piano is by Volunteer Artist Nick Stavrides.
Right: Sing for Hope Volunteer Artist Michelle Musgnug with students at Haven Academy charter school in the Bronx. Photo credit: Shawn Hoke
A MESSAGE FROM amfAR

As jazz legend Charlie Parker once said, “Music is your own experience, your thoughts, your wisdom. If you don’t live it, it won’t come out of your horn.” Over the past 30 years, music has been a balm and a refuge for people living or coping with HIV, or, in far too many cases, dying of AIDS. As a passionate music lover, I can tell you that music has been the liferaft that has kept me afloat on many of the darkest days of this epidemic. And, as many of the songs in this collection attest, music is the perfect medium for channeling and expressing the powerful emotions engendered by HIV/AIDS – sorrow, loss, love, as well as resilience and hope.

Since the beginning of the epidemic in the early 1980s, songwriters and recording artists have supported the fight against AIDS in countless ways, not least by raising many millions of dollars through benefit concerts, donated royalties and proceeds, and outright contributions. That collective generosity has benefited individuals and communities worldwide and has contributed to the enormous progress we’ve made on AIDS over the past three decades. At amfAR, we have moved on from the desperate search for effective treatments that characterized the 1980s and 90s to a directed search for a cure for HIV that today fills us with hope and optimism that we can and will end this epidemic. But our job is far from over. The collaborative teams of researchers that we’re supporting around the world urgently need the resources that will enable them to overcome the complex scientific challenges that remain.

We are enormously grateful to the songwriters, artists, musicians, and others who have so generously contributed to the making of this CD. The proceeds we receive from its sale will help us get to our goal: a cure for HIV and an end to an epidemic that has already claimed close to 40 million lives. When that day comes, we’ll pause to pay tribute to the friends and loved ones we’ve lost to AIDS. Then we’ll turn out the lights at amfAR. And we’ll sing till it hurts.

KEVIN ROBERT FROST
CEO, amfAR, The Foundation for AIDS Research
I know a place where my heart has built a home…
Where my thoughts have made my friends…
Where my spirit longs to be…
I know this place across the sea.

I know a place where the sky is bright with gold…
Where the water shimmers clear…
Where the wind blows wild and free…
I know this place across the sea.

Some say it’s heaven I dream of; they’re not quite right.
I know the way to get there – no, you don’t have to die.
Follow the lead and look inside your heart.
It’s not so far that we travel; just turn around.  
Oceans of waves to lift us – take a deep breath and soar.  
Watch and expect the other side.  
It’s almost in sight.  
Let sun blitz the night – and rise!

I know a place where my dreams turn into life…  
Where my love can have no end…  
Where my wishes start to be…  
I know this place across the sea.  

I know this place and if you can come along…  
Leave your cares and things behind…  
Take a hand and follow me.  
I know this place… oh, such a place.  
I know this place across the sea.
There is a wind where the rose was;
Cold rain where sweet grass was;
And clouds like sheep
Stream o’er the steep
Grey skies where the lark was.

Nought gold where your hair was;
Nought warm where your hand was;
But phantom, forlorn,
Beneath the thorn,
Your ghost where your face was.

Sad winds where your voice was;
Tears, tears where my heart was;
And ever with me,
Child, ever with me,
Silence where hope was.

IN MEMORIAM ROBERT CHESLEY 1943-1990
Somebody just ran away with my heart.
Somebody just ran away.
Somebody took all the roses and tore them apart.
Run away. Run away. Run away.

Somebody just ran away with my soul.
Somebody just ran away.
Capture him quick with the heart and the soul that he stole.
Run away. (etc.)

Somebody needed to act like a fool.
Somebody felt they would die.
Somebody wanted to go
But they couldn’t say why.
Somebody had to be careless and cruel.
Somebody else had to cry.
Run away. (etc.)
Somebody please run away.

Somebody just ran away with the moon.
Somebody just ran away.
Somebody ran with the knife and the fork and the spoon.
Run away. (etc.)

Somebody just ran away with the stars.
Somebody just ran away.
Shot them away as if they were just headlights on cars.
Run away. (etc.)

Somebody left like they’d never been there.
Somebody else stayed behind.
Somebody had to drive somebody out of their mind.
Somebody dared to pretend that they cared.
Somebody had to be blind.
Run away. (etc.)
Somebody please run away.
The NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt is a powerful visual reminder of the AIDS pandemic. More than 48,000 individual 3-by-6-foot memorial panels — most commemorating the life of someone who has died of AIDS — have been sewn together by friends, lovers and family members. On October 11, 1987, when the Quilt was displayed for the first time on the National Mall in Washington, D.C., it was visited by half a million people in a single weekend.
Sixteen pills in the morning,
Fourteen pills at night;
Thirty pills each day, combined,
In magic ways still undefined,
Give me an ordinary life.

They can be shaped like a diamond or a depth charge,
Hieroglyphs and runes inscribed;
In colors bright like evergreen
and robin’s egg and tangerine—
My recipe for ordinary life.
One ordinary morning
In gratitude or gloom,
(You were still sleeping in the other room)
I took all my bins and bottles down,
Sat on the floor and circled them around me.

Soon, and without warning,
I was reciting all their names:
Raltegravir, Efavirenz
Zidovudine, Miraviroc
A pharmaceutical rosary, quite ad hoc.

Soon, and without warning,
I was reciting all their names,
And begging for the blessing they convey:
To let me stay with you forever,
To let us both grow old together,
Until I die in some ordinary way.

The first clinical trial of an antiretroviral drug, zidovudine (AZT), was conducted in 1986, signaling a breakthrough in the treatment of HIV. Efficacy was greatly improved by the introduction of the drug ‘cocktail’ in 1995, combining three different types of antiretrovirals. Antiretroviral therapy is now the cornerstone of HIV clinical care in the US and other developed countries. UNAIDS has set a global target of 15 million people in low- and middle-income countries to receive antiretroviral therapy by 2015. It is estimated that this could lower worldwide AIDS-related mortality from 1.7 million in 2011 to about 800,000 in 2025.
Come in, come in, sit down girls.
Come sit, sit, sit.
There's a small foil packet on your seat, missies:
Pick it up, open it!

Hello... Hi. What is it that's so funny, miss?
Please tell us all why you laugh at this.
It is no giggly time, no giggly, giggly time.

No jiggly, giggly time. No giggly time.

There are three plastic penises coming round.
Yes take, take, take.
Now unroll your condom from the pack.
Leave a little room at the top for slack.
Oh ah! Oh ah! ha! Gentle, gentle I meant.
Always go easy, be sexy;
The condom is not punishment.
And it’s no giggly time (etc.)

Now, listen! Listen!
Girls... I’m telling you only what I wish
someone had told me.
I want you to make a living, stay strong, go
back home healthy,
Marry your boyfriend,
Have healthy babies. Yes.

But you have to do this for yourselves.
I won’t be there to help you.
So you must keep my words.
Carry them in your hearts
And here’s what you must say...

It’s simple it’s simple it’s simple (Repeat)

Let a condom go onto you before you ever go

into me. Again.
Let a condom go onto you before you ever go
into me.
Kar-a-o-ke! Ka-ra-o-ke!
Let a condom go onto you before you ever go
into me. Again. Let a let a condom,
Before you ever, ever, ever go...

And when a big American sex tourist say,
“For unprotected sex I pay double.”
Just say it again! Say it then!

Let a condom go onto you before you ever go
into me.
My youth and beauty are worth double pay
but no one takes my health away!

And it’s no giggly time, no laughing time (etc.)
No ah ha ha ha.

Prostitutes and other sex workers are uniquely vulnerable to HIV infection. In many developing
countries with inadequate HIV/AIDS policies, grassroots organizations have sprung up that send
former sex workers – often HIV-positive themselves – into towns and cities to distribute condoms,
discuss safe-sex practices and promote testing among active sex workers. Despite the notable
success of groups like Aboya in Senegal, SWOP in Kenya and Naripokkho in Bangladesh, it remains US
policy to deny overseas funding to any HIV/AIDS program that does not “actively oppose prostitution.”
"We must have safe places where people can discuss and be treated. Forty-four million people are already dead from AIDS. What logic is there in not discussing the word?"
–Sharon Stone

Members of the “National Community of Women Living with HIV/ AIDS in Uganda”. "A Closer Walk" - Worldwide Documentaries, Inc. Photo credit: Craig Braden
HOLD MY HAND

WORDS BY SAM STEWMAN
MUSIC BY MARY CAROL WARWICK
MATTHEW POLENZANI TENOR
GREGG KALLOR PIANO

Sing no sad sweet songs of sorrow.
There’s time enough for that tomorrow,
Come instead and hold my hand.
Speak of pleasure past and planned.
For moments few are moments gold!
For what we give is all we hold.
ATRIPLA!
A prescription medication used alone as a complete regimen or with other medicines to treat HIV-1 infection in adults. ATRIPLA does not cure HIV and has not been shown to prevent passing HIV to others.

Atripla can cause serious side effects:
Dizziness, drowsiness, stomach ache, nausea, Vomiting, diarrhea, headache, gas, Light colored stools, dark colored urine,

Your skin or the whites of your eyes turning yellow.
Trouble concentrating.
Unusual muscle pain, abnormal weakness. (These may be signs of lactic acidosis)
If you have HIV and hepatitis your liver disease may become more excited if you stop taking ATRIPLA.
Strange thoughts, trouble with kidneys, Trouble with sleeping, angry behavior.
Getting a mild rash is somewhat common, but in some patients it can be a problem, so if you do please call your doctor.

Changes in body fat. The causes and long term effects are not known. Severe depression. Skin spots and freckles may also occur.

Do not use Atripla with the following medications: La-la-la-la… (etc) This list is not complete.

Ask your doctor if Atripla is right for you. Individual results may vary.
She said it was a better way to die
Than most; she seemed relieved,
almost at peace,
The stench of her infected Kaposi’s
Made bearable by the Opium applied
So daintily behind her ears: “I know
It costs a lot, but dear, I’m nearly gone.”
Her shade of eyeshadow was emerald green;
She clutched her favorite stones.
Her final show
She’d worn them all, sixteen necklaces
of pearls,
Ten strings of beads. She said they gave her hope.
Together, heavy as a gallow’s rope,
The gifts of drag queens dead of AIDS.
“Those girls,
They gave me so much strength,” she whispered as
I turned the morphine up. She hid her leg
Beneath smoothed sheets. I straightened her red wig
Before pronouncing her to no applause.
Transgender communities in the US are among the groups at highest risk for HIV infection, and they receive a disproportionately low amount of appropriate drug therapies. The CDC has detailed widespread “health-care provider insensitivity” as a contributing factor. In Her Final Show, the poet and physician Dr. Rafael Campo allows his patient to maintain her dignity and identity in her last moments of life.

Hold on to what is good,
Even if it’s a handful of earth.
Hold on to what you believe,
Even if it’s a tree that stands by itself.
Hold on to what you must do,
Even if it’s a long way from here.
Hold on to your life,
Even if it’s easier to let go.
Hold on to my hand,
Even if I’ve gone away from you.

Hold on to what is good,
Even if it’s a handful of earth.
Hold on to what you believe,
Even if it’s a tree that stands by itself.
Hold on to what you must do,
Even if it’s a long way from here.
Hold on to your life,
Even if it’s easier to let go.
Hold on to my hand,
Even if I’ve gone away from you.
My Camille: It is 6:45am here and I just had a dream about you and Julie and Lisa and Sam and Sarah. We were in high school and you were dressed up as Joni Mitchell and lip-synching “The Way I Love You” in front of all of us.

What a strange dream that I cannot attempt to explain the clarity of. Only that it made me wake up feeling very lonely and displaced and sad. I want to fly to Texas right now, and play with you. But isn’t it true that our lives are too complicated now - and we haven’t really begun them? I’m scared of how our lives may whirl us away further and further from each other.

Then again, it isn’t even 7:00 o’clock in the morning, possibly too early for me to make any sense of anything. Except to say: just look at the impact you’ve had on me - one little dream of you and I want to come home to stay. Life is scaring me. Let’s stay friends and then it won’t be so bad. (I love you very much.)
Omega House, Houston’s first AIDS hospice, was founded by a group of friends in 1986. Frank Logan, a promising tenor and a junior at Manhattan School of Music, spent his final days at Omega House in 1995. Like other early AIDS care organizations, Omega House/Bering Omega has evolved beyond its grassroots hospice origins and today offers a continuum of HIV care, from counseling to dentistry to financial services. Bering Omega is Sing for Hope’s longest-running community partner, and Frank’s influence continues to resonate in our model for community arts volunteerism.

IN MEMORIAM FRANK LOGAN 1970-1995

Peer group at HOYMAS (Health Options for Young Men with AIDS/STI), Nairobi, Kenya. Photo: Chris Vail. Courtesy of amfAR.
“As artists, we have the power to open people’s minds and hearts, and that’s particularly important when we think about AIDS. There’s still so much prejudice and inertia around the disease. Art can help to dispel that, and to ignite hope. And hope is key as we work for a cure.”
—Ansel Elgort

AIDS ward, Tambaram Sanatorium, Chennai, India
“A Closer Walk” - Worldwide Documentaries, Inc. Photo Credit: Craig Braden
Twenty years ago, the plague took my son,
Left me an image that never goes away.
The plague took my lover, my friend, my brother
Left me an image that never goes away.

At the end, his mind was tangled,
His body in agony.
His beautiful face was marred.
Left me an image that never goes away.

But he reached beyond his pain.
He said “Bury me furiously!”
He said, “Scatter my ashes on the White House lawn.
In the future, no one must go,
Desperate and shunned,
To wherever I am going.”

Can we find a place beyond the pain?
Away, but not far away.
Let boundaries vanish, an essence remain.
Away, but not far away.

Let me reach the meaning beyond the pain.
Away, but not far away.
Let boundaries vanish, an essence remain.
Away, but not far away.

Twenty years have passed
Since the plague took my son
And moved like a shadow to distant lands.
The plague took my lover, my friend, my brother
I see his image in distant lands.

Away, but not far away.
The charge to “bury me furiously!” is from a testimonial by AIDS activist Mark Lowe Fisher (1953 – 1992). Fisher was a member of ACT UP (The AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power) formed in 1987 to take non-violent direct action to end the AIDS crisis. ACT UP galvanized public attention through demonstrations, political funerals in the streets of New York, and confrontations with the media, lawmakers and public agencies. One of the group’s actions was to dump the ashes and bone fragments of AIDS victims on the White House lawn in 1992. Through its protests, ACT UP succeeded in lowering the cost of drug therapies, speeding up the US drug-approval policy, and vastly increasing public awareness of HIV/AIDS.

Top: The ACT UP political funeral of Mark Lowe Fisher, New York City, November 2, 1992. His body was carried to the Republican Presidential Campaign Headquarters. Photo by Tom McKitterick

Bottom: ACT-UP, City Hall, New York, March 28th, 1989. Photo by Tom McKitterick
Oh my Goddess, oh my Goddess
death is like so retro!
they said it doesn’t happen anymore
and here I am, the son of Pan
a trembling hand, an open sore
going the way of village whores
and Nineties dinosaurs

So retro, so retro
to look so abused
like gypsies, ‘mos and Jews
from the Slaughterhouse News
a cocktail, a cocktail

it sounds so Bohème
until the bar closes
and so does the dream

There was a moment I was free
screwing Mary merrily
no condoms, no worries
no need to believe
Mary merrily, quite contrarily
darling of the disco
now see how she bleeds
oh my Goddess, my Goddess
see how she bleeds!
I do, I do, I do, I do, I do.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

In her face he does not see
The man she never was.
Te quiero, te ofrezco, te aprecio.
Traditional words he longed to say.

In his smile she only sees
His joy, his pride, his promise.
She does not see his illness.
Te amo, te honro, soy tuya.

She remembers the childhood weddings
With neighbor boys.

In his vows:
Te quiero, te ofrezco, te aprecio.
Traditional words ring out truths.

In her vows:
“I love you, I honor you, I am yours.”
Yes, I do. Yes, I do. [Repeat]
No longer pretend,
No longer a neighbor boy groom.
Mi alma baila, baila, baila…

... as they dance their first dance.
“I love you, I love you, I love you.”
Yes, I do. Yes, I do. [Repeat]
He whispers his vows in her ear.
Yes, I do… Yes…

I am witness to this joy.
I am witness to this joy.
Yes, I am. Yes, I am. [Repeat]
Yes...
To a man and a woman
Who thought love had forgotten them.

The first transgender wedding in Cuba’s history was celebrated in Havana in 2011. Ignacio, an HIV-positive young man who had been imprisoned for political dissidence, wed Wendy, who had left her government job to have sex reassignment surgery. Since Wendy carried an identity card with a female name, they were able to evade Cuba’s laws against same-sex marriage.
We do not get a human life
Just for the asking.
Birth in a human body
Is the reward for good deeds
In former lives.
This life waxes and wanes,
It does not last long.

A leaf that falls
Does not return to the branch.
Behold the Ocean of Transmigration
With its swift, irresistible tide.
O pilot of my soul,
Swiftly guide my ship to the far shore...
LITANY

WORDS BY LANGSTON HUGHES (1902-1967)
MUSIC BY JOHN MUSTO
SASHA COOKE MEZZO
JOHN MUSTO PIANO

Poem © 1959 by Langston Hughes. Used by permission.
By arrangement with Peermusic Classical

Gather up
In the arms of your pity
The sick, the depraved,
the desperate, the tired,
All the scum of our weary city
Gather up

In the arms of your pity.
Gather up
In the arms of your love –
Those who expect
No love from above.

EVERYONE SANG

POEM BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON (1886-1967)
READ BY SHARON STONE
Fingertips
Flushed cheeks
Moments turning into weeks
Into years
Into lives
Into a future where a baby survives.

A moment when a child lives
Is a moment I never thought I would see
And the moment when this miracle child
Smiled at me
Far away on TV.
A child who lived when you could not.
One child is everything.
Is a lot.

Is this the moment?
Is this the time?
Is this when we leave it all behind us?
When soon only whispers will remind us
Of those awful scorching decades that took so many lives?
One child.
One child.

In 2011, a baby born in Mississippi was diagnosed with HIV at birth and, in a research program sponsored by amfAR, immediately given antiretroviral therapy. The results were astonishing: within a few weeks her body was completely free from the virus. At 18 months, the child’s mother removed her from follow-up care. At 23 months, when she returned to the program, the child was found to still have an undetectable viral load, despite having stopped taking antiretrovirals for 5 months. Disappointing news followed in June 2014, when on a routine visit, detectable levels of the virus were once again found in her body. Nevertheless, the “Mississippi baby” could represent a watershed moment in AIDS therapy.

Four less one is three. Three less two is one. One less three is what, is who, remains. The first cell that learned to divide learned to subtract. Recipe: add salt to hunger. Recipe: add time to trees. Zero plus anything is a world.

This one and no other, unhidden, by each breath changed. Recipe: add death to life. Recipe: love without swerve what this will bring. Sister, father, mother, husband, daughter. Like a cello forgiving one note as it goes, then another.
let it go
it’s only the body
in vulnerable flower
only beauty
let it go
it’s only mean measurable truth
and scant that we can know

let certainties dissolve
let limits go
it’s only childish affectation
what we call noble pride

burn all those callow hero-books
and let the great tales fade
let music deafen us
and keep us numb
on a solitary note
as we stumble to our dim partner’s
lead, and dance ourselves to death
let go
this thin
vibrating dust
let magic all dissolve
If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one Life the Aching
Or cool one Pain

Or help one fainting Robin
Unto his Nest again
I shall not live in Vain.
We come at last to the dark and enter in. We are given bodies newly made out of their absence from one another in the light of the ordinary day. We come to the space between ourselves, the narrow doorway, and pass through into the land of the wholly loved.
PIANISTS

THOMAS BAGWELL

SCOTT GENDEL

RICKY IAN GORDON

LORI LAITMAN

KENNETH MERRILL

JOHN MUSTO
FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION, PLEASE VISIT
www.singforhope.org
www.amfar.org

TECHNICAL CREDITS
Tracks 1-5, 7-9, 11-17, 20-22
Recorded and Edited by Seth Huling, Bob Hanlon and Carl Cassella at GPR Studios.
Additional recording by TJ Byrnes.
Tracks 10, 19, and 23
Recorded and Edited by Marlan Barry at Dubway Studios. (Merter Oğuz Yıldığım, Assistant Engineer; Salvatore Buscaino, Technical Assistance).
Spoken word tracks 6 and 18
Recorded and Mixed by Art Wright at jumP Los Angeles.
Spoken word track 12
Recorded and Mixed by TJ Byrnes at GPR Studios

Entire Album Mixed and Mastered by Marlan Barry.

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AN AIDS QUILT SONGBOOK: SING FOR HOPE

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JOHN MUSTO

CRISTINA PATO
GLEN ROVEN

SONGS BY
ROBERT ALDRIDGE
CAROL BARNETT
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HERSCHEL GARFEIN
SCOTT GENDEL

RICKY IAN GORDON
DREW HEMENGER
FRED HERSCH
GREGG KALLOR
LORI LAITMAN

TANIA LEÓN
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JOHN MUSTO
KEVIN OLDHAM
CRISTINA PATO

PAOLA PRESTINI
ERIC REDA
GLEN ROVEN
KAMALA SANKARAM
MARY CAROL WARWICK

POEMS BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON, EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, WALT WHITMAN

TOTAL PLAYING TIME 1:17:34

All profits from this recording are donated to amfAR, The Foundation for AIDS Research. Learn more at www.amfar.org

PRODUCED BY
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