

***The Red Bandana Choral Symphony is a choral symphony composed by Scott Nathan Louis. Commissioned by MusicWorks of Arts Angels, the piece tells the story of 9/11 through poetic verse and orchestral music.***

The first movement is based on the poem, *No Man is an Island*, by John Donne from 1694. The second movement focuses on the heroic rescue of several people by Mr. Welles Crowther, who has come to be known as *The Man In The Red Bandana* (for the red bandana he wore to shield his face from smoke while helping others to safety). In this movement the chorus puts to song words that Welles called out during the rush to the stairs. The third movement captures the chaos and rescue down the stairs, growing louder and louder until the chorus is drowned out by the orchestra, musicalizing the collapse of the floors. The final movement, entitled *No Goodbyes*, includes quotes from Gandhi, the Dali Lama, and others with the peaceful message of humanitarianism and sacrifice. In all, this piece is designed for remembrance and reflection on how, even in the darkest times, acts of selflessness enable the human spirit to shine.

*The Red Bandana is dedicated to those who struggle to make sense out of senseless acts; who work to bring order to a chaotic world; and who face down ignorance and hatred with compassion and love for their fellow human beings.*

John Donne

No man is an island,  
Entire of itself,  
Every man is a piece of the continent,  
A part of the main.  
If a clod be washed away by the sea,  
Europe is the less.  
As well as if a promontory were.  
As well as if a manor of thy friend's  
Or of thine own were:  
Any man's death diminishes me,  
Because I am involved in mankind,  
And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;  
It tolls for thee.

Wells R. Crowther

"I found the stairs. Follow me."  
"Only help the ones that you can help."  
"Everyone who can stand, stand now. If you can help others do so."

Dali Lama

Appearance is something absolute, But reality is not that way  
Everything is interdependent, not absolute.

Rabindranath Tagore

I slept and dreamt that life was joy.  
I awoke and saw that life was service.  
I acted and behold, service was joy.

Mahatma Gandhi

There are no good-byes, where ever you'll be, you'll be in my heart.