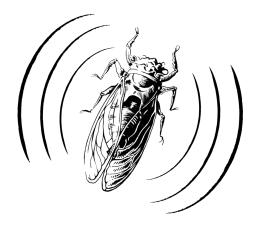
## From the Editor

## Re-emergence

Mark Nabholz

In the deep south where my family and I live, it is time for the cicadas to return. These unusual, hard-shelled, winged bugs live underground nourished by tree sap, emerging every seventeen years to mate. In the process they create a racket—their mating call can reach 80 to 100 decibels, approaching the volume of a rock concert.



The last time the cicadas emerged Mark Zuckerberg was launching Facebook from his college dorm room, Luciano Pavarotti turned in his last *Tosca* at the Met, and the final episode of *Frasier* aired on NBC. George W. Bush was the U.S. president, Tony Blair was prime minister of the United Kingdom and, per usual, Vladimir Putin held sway in Russia.



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That's a long time underground!

For choral musicians, the COVID-19 shutdown feels like a very long time underground. We've survived by a variety of means, happily none of which involves tree sap. And, as thankful as we all are for Zoom and other technologies, the privilege of singing in person has never been more appreciated—even treasured—than it now is. Proving once again, I suppose, that we don't appreciate what we have until it's gone.

Upon emerging from this pandemic underground I, for one, will strive never again to see rehearsals as "exhausting" or, worse yet, "drudgery." I will find renewed joy in the never-ending search for great repertoire. I will look for new ways to view my art and the tools of the craft. To borrow and reapply Bernstein's famous quote, I will "make music more intensely, more beautifully, more devotedly than ever before."

What are your post-COVID commitments? *For music*,

