

To the Verge

My purpose in titling this collection **To the Verge** is to suggest a context for hearing and appreciating this music. Aiken's "verge" is a dangerous precipice above "the dark kingdom" – that vantage point from which our rational minds can view our darker natures. On the verge, we must look down into a noisy eddy in which our obsessions, failures, and fears are tumbled together in irreconcilable contradictions. If we want to grow mentally and spiritually, we must come "to the verge." St. Paul saw us "looking through a glass darkly but now face to face" as a result of our verge experience. Some visitors to the verge inevitably go mad. Most of us, fortunately, use our visit as an opportunity to integrate who we think we are with who we truly are. We come away from the verge with a more accurate sense of self. We become connected to our own song; we discover our own voice.

Luciano Berio's **Sequenza III** with its kaleidoscope of sounds and emotions, suggests a personality teetering on the edge of the verge, ultimately focusing the chaos into order. In **Phonemena** Milton Babbitt forges a powerful emotional unity from an abyss of numerical possibilities. Robert

Cogan's **Polyutterances** creates a world in which emotion and information, coming from every possible source and direction, must be organized into meaning and given a single voice. At the heart of Thomas Stumpf's **Lear's Daughters** is the belief that the artist, in the act of creating, has a unique ability to synthesize contradictory thoughts, emotions and actions. Charles Fussell's **Goethe Songs** reveal two sides of Goethe's spirit – his younger self, the playful and optimistic Cupbearer, and his older self, the pompous and world-weary Poet – reconciled in an atmosphere of love and health.

All of the compositions included on this disc represent a visit "to the verge" both in theme and form, but it is up to the performer to "broadcast live" from the precarious precipice. No music requires more of the singer. The emotional complexity and musical variety demanded by each piece force the performer to explore territory far beyond that of more conventional vocal music. The extremes of range, the sophisticated intervals, the irregular rhythms and the need for a truthful connection to



Eule will ich deinetwegen
Kauzen hier auf der Terrasse,
Bis ich erst des Nordgestirnes
Zwillings- Wendung wohl
erpasse.

Und da wird es Mitternacht sein,
Wo du oft zu früh ermunterst,
Und dann wird es eine Pracht sein,
Wenn das All mit mir bewunderst.

V. Zwar in diesem Duft und Garten

Dichter:

Zwar in diesem Duft und Garten
Tönet Bulbul ganze Nächte;
Doch du könntest lange warten,
Bis die Nacht so viel vermöchte.

Denn in dieser Zeit der Flora,
Wie das Griechenvolk sie nennet,
Die Strohwitwe, die Aurora,
Ist in Hesperus
entbrennet.

Sieh dich um! sie kommt! wie schnelle!
über Blumenfelds Gelänge!
Hüben hell und drüben helle;
Ja, die Nacht kommt ins Gedränge.

Und auf roten leichten Sohlen
Ihn, der mit der Sonn entlaufen,
Eilt sie irrig einzuholen;
Fühlst du nicht ein Liebe-Schnaufen?

For your sake I'll be an owl
and squat here on the terrace,
until I have caught the moment
when the North Star passes through the
Twins, Castor and Pollux.

And then it will be midnight,
when you often awaken too soon,
and then it will be wonderful
if you admire the universe with me.

V. Indeed, in this sweet-smelling garden

Poet:

Indeed, in this sweet-smelling garden
the nightingale sings all night long;
You'll have a long time to wait
for a night as powerful as this.

For at this season of Flora,
as the Greeks call it,
the grass-widow, the goddess of dawn,
burns with love for Hesperus, the evening
star.

Look about you! How quickly she comes
over the lengths of the flowering meadow!
It is bright here and bright there:
yes, the night is endangered.

And now Dawn,
to catch him who ran off with the rising sun,
runs crazily on her rosy soft feet;
Don't you feel her panting with love?

Geh nur, lieblichster der Söhne,
Tief ins Innre, schliess die Türen;
Denn sie möchte deine Schöne
Als den Hesperus entführen.

Epilogue: So hab ich endlich von dir erhardt

Schenke (schläfrig):

So hab ich endlich von dir erhardt:
In allen Elementen Gottes Gegenwart.
Wie du mir das so lieblich gibst!
Am Lieblichsten aber, dass du liebst.

Composer-conductor **Charles Fussell** was Artistic Director of New Music Harvest, Boston's first city-wide festival of contemporary music. He is Co-Director with James Yannatos of the New England Composers Orchestra and Professor of Composition at Boston University.

His works include five symphonies; *Julian* (after Flaubert) for chorus, soloists and orchestra; *Cymbeline*, a chamber drama after Shakespeare; *Specimen Days* for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra; plus smaller scores for various combinations.

Go then, loveliest of boys,
deep within, close the doors;
for she would like to abduct you
as she did beautiful Hesperus.

Epilogue: So it is affirmed from you at last

Cupbearer (sleepily):

So it is affirmed from you at last:
God's presence is in all elements.
How dear you are when you show me this!
But your love is dearest of all.

— CF (translation)

Wilde, a symphony for baritone and orchestra, was runner-up for the 1991 Pulitzer Prize. In 1992, Mr. Fussell received a citation and award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

In addition to advanced degrees in composition and conducting from the Eastman School of Music, Mr. Fussell has received numerous prestigious grants including Fulbright, Ford Foundation, Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities, the Copland Foundation Recording Fund, Yaddo, and Ucross.

Polyutterances

Robert Cogan

We live at the vortex of changing, unexpected personal, global, and historical messages from near and far, trying to make meaningful contact with them. It is this experience that *Utterances*, in its various forms, seeks to evoke. *Utterances* is an open-ended folio for voice whose evolution began in 1977. Its score is a set of such messages; it can be performed by a single solo voice, or by superimposed voices, pre-recorded or live. In this latter form it is called *Polyutterances*.

The open-ended folios that began with *Utterances* have several characteristics: the composer can continually add to them, hence they are never complete; and performers, by selecting pages for a performance and ordering them, as well as by making crucial musical choices within the pages, take on the role of co-creator. The folios take on features of the collage, the mobile, and the improvisation; every performance will be substantially different. The first performer to assume this expanded role in my music was Joan Heller, for whom *Utterances/Polyutterances* was written. She has recorded *Utterances* on Spectrum and

Neuma labels; has performed it throughout the United States and Europe; and has actively participated in creating many of its various versions. In this recording she sings *both* tracks.

— RC

Source texts for this performance

Night.

The wind

Blows landward.

Branches

Creak.

— Archilocus, tr. Guy Davenport

Wimble click crumble chaw

beloo. Clack clack bedrack.

Numb noise, flacklemuch,
chewmanna. Ya, ya, ya.

— Paul Auster

Only the utterance can be beautiful,
sincere or false, courageous or timid.

— Mikhail Bakhtin

I offer you the bitterness of a man who has
looked long at the lonely moon ...

— Jorge Luis Borges

So that I, too, one will find.
Seven times I call you ...
— Bertolt Brecht

Here is the silence; it is everywhere ...
There are no near galaxies; this
as far as any, if not in terms of miles ...
— William Bronk
(used by the author's permission)

All things are on fire; ideas are on fire ...
— Buddha

Cold dark clouds
Mountains tow'r;
Banners great,
Yueh cut short!
— Chiang K'uei

Perfumed purse, jade hairpins,
Modest forehead ...
— Chiang K'uei

Shall the life never be sweet ...
— Margaret Fuller

Love is his light and his darkness,
whose end he cannot see ...
— C.G. Jung

... strangeness, pity, lust, cowardice ...
— Franz Kafka

Like the thundered threat of the angry
death-god a great crash broke the
walls of the ears,

a shattering sound, tearing the tops of
mountains, and wholly filling
the belly of heaven.
— Kalidasa, tr. A.L. Basham

Now doth it rise our river,
our river is Wakiash, good is he.
— Kwakiutl anon., tr. Natalie Curtis

... what is man born of woman?
He curls himself up
and protects his head
While he is kicked with heavy boots;
on fire and running,
He burns with bright flame;
a bulldozer sweeps him into a clay pit.
Her child ... conceived in ecstasy.
— Czeslaw Milosz

one loves only form,
and form only comes
into existence when
the thing is born
born of yourself, born
of hay and cotton struts,
of street pickings, wharves, weeds
you carry in, my bird ...
— Charles Olson

We can never attain a knowledge of things as they are. We can only know their human aspect. But that is all the universe is for us ... I am extremely emotional; anything which affects me shakes my whole being, so that I cannot walk across the floor and can hardly hold a pen. The same cause affects my memory; I cannot think of the words I want to use.

— C.S. Peirce

If I screamed out,
who in the angelic ranks would hear
me? and if suddenly one embraced me,
I would expire in
that stronger being.

For beauty is only terror's
beginning, just bearable. ...

— Rainer Maria Rilke

The way through the world
is more difficult than the way beyond it.

— Wallace Stevens

... at the mystery of a man ...

The pure products of America go crazy ...

— William Carlos Williams

... Yet no clear fact to be discerned: ...

Hush-a-bye baby, thy father's a knight,
thy mother a lady, lovely and bright.

— William Butler Yeats

Robert Cogan enjoys a world-wide reputation as a composer, music theorist, and teacher. He is the author of the prize-winning books *Sonic Design*, *The Nature of Sound and Music* with Pozzi Escot, and *New Images of Musical Sound*. For thirty years he has served as Chair of Graduate Theoretical Studies and Professor of Composition at New England Conservatory in Boston. He has taught, lectured, and his works have been programmed in Brazil, Canada, China, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Korea, the Netherlands, Russia, Sweden, and Switzerland, as well as throughout the United States. Recordings of his works have appeared on the Delos, Golden Crest, Leo, Neuma, and Spectrum labels.

Phonemena

Milton Babbitt

Combining an ear for vocal and instrumental color with an aptitude for numerical possibility, Milton Babbitt expanded Schoenberg's twelve-tone system to include twelve different note values, twelve different intervals between instrumental entrances and twelve different instrumental timbres. Using this theory of composition called "combinatoriality," Babbitt has produced music of startlingly emotional as well as mathematical complexity. **Phonemena** is an example of this principle. The singer is given specific phonemes (24 consonants and 12 vowels), which are treated as are the pitches, rhythms, intervals and timbres, with "combinatoriality." The result is a virtuosic aria, a challenge for both the singer and the listener.

Born in Philadelphia in 1916, **Milton Babbitt** completed his public school education in Mississippi before attending both New York and Princeton Universities. His primary teacher of musical composition was Roger

Sessions, with whom he studied privately for three years. A distinguished teacher, Mr. Babbitt has served on the faculty of Princeton for over fifty years and has taught at both Harvard and the Juilliard School. In addition to his lectures and seminars at major universities throughout the world, he has received eight honorary degrees and virtually every major prize awarded to composers: the New York Music Critics Circle Citations, the National Institute of Arts and Letters Award, the Pulitzer Prize Special Citation, the MacArthur Fellowship, the Guggenheim Fellowship, and the Gold Medal in Music of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Many of Mr. Babbitt's important essays about music currently appear in *Perspectives of New Music*, *Journal of Music Theory*, and *Musical Quarterly*. His recent compositions, among them ***The Joy of More Sextets*** and ***Whirled Series***, continue to enlarge the scope of contemporary music. His most recent recordings can be found on the New World Records, CRI, MG, Music and Arts, and Deutsche Gramophon labels.

— WG

Lear's Daughters

Thomas Stumpf

Ever since I read *Sybil*, the idea of multiple personalities has fascinated me. Do we not all house a number of widely divergent personalities within our souls? Are great works of the theater, whether drama or opera, not externalizations of different personalities within their creator? Does the art-work reintegrate those personalities and fuse them into a "healthy" whole for the creator, as Sybil's psychiatrist was apparently able to do for her? I have tried to fuse a part of Shakespeare's *King Lear* back together by turning the three daughters Goneril, Regan and Cordelia into one. Their music is individually differentiated – Goneril was conceived as a dramatic soprano, Regan as a coloratura, Cordelia as a lyric mezzo – but with thematic relationships and cross-references, and the work must be sung by one singer. The text is adapted not only from the daughters' own words but from comments made about them by others, here transformed into self-revelation (in some cases self-accusation). The resulting increase in emotional range intends the three personalities to become aspects of Everywoman.

The cycle, in three sections, was written very specifically for the extraordinary vocal and dramatic abilities of Joan Heller. She premiered it in Boston in September 1990 (barely a week after its completion) and performed it shortly thereafter in Moscow and St. Petersburg; since then, she has also sung it in New York and Indianapolis. It is intended to become part of the musical theatre piece *Dark Lady*, which received the Kahn Award at Boston University in 1992.

— TS

Different type styles indicate which of the daughters is speaking. Color indicates that all three daughters are speaking together.

Cordelia

Goneril

Regan

Cordelia, Goneril, Regan

Nothing, my lord ...

Which of us shall you say

doth love you most?

Sir,

What shall Cordelia speak?

Sir, I

Love, and be silent ...

I am

silent ...

*Sir, I love you more than words can wield
the matter;*

I am made of that self mettle as my sister, and
price me at her worth.

Dearer than eyesight,

Unhappy that I am,

In my true heart

**Unhappy that I am, I cannot
heave my heart into my mouth:**

Dearer than eyesight,

In my true heart I find she names my very deed
of love;

*Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty,
beyond*

**I love your majesty according to
my bond; no more nor less ...**

*Beyond what can be valued rich or rare, no
less than life,*

Only she comes too short,

**Good my lord, you have begot
me, bred me, loved me.**

**I return those duties back as are
right fit, obey you, love you, and
most honour you.**

*No less than life with grace, health, beauty,
honour,*

Only she comes too short, that I profess myself
an enemy to all other joys and

**Why have my sisters husbands if
they say they love you all? ...**

*As much as child e'er loved, or father
found;*

A love that makes breath poor

and find I am alone felicitate

breath poor and speech unable;

and find I am alone felicitate

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

**Sure I shall never marry like my
sisters, to love my**



felicitate. In your dear highness' love.

**To love my father all ...
So young and so untender?
So young my lord, and true.**

*You see how full of changes his age is; The
observation we have made of it hath not
been little. He always loved our sister most;
and with what poor judgement he now
casts her off appears most grossly.*

'Tis the infirmity of his age. Yet he hath ever but
slenderly known himself.

***The best and soundest of his time hath been
but rash.***

We shall further think of it.

We must do something,

**Nothing
and i' th' heat.**

Nothing, my lord ...

2

Hear, nature, hear! Dear goddess, hear!

Dear goddess, hear!

***Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend to
make this creature fruitful.***

Into my womb convey

convey

sterility,

sterility,

***Dry up in me the organs of increase, and
from my derogate body never spring a babe***

A babe

***to honour me. If I must teem, create my
child of spleen,***

that it may live and be a thwart disnatured
torment to me.

Let it stamp wrinkles in my brow of youth, with
cadent tears

cadent tears

fret channels in my cheeks,

Turn all my mother's pains and benefits to
laughter and contempt, that I may feel

How

***sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a
thankless child!***

a thankless child!

Hang the traitor instantly!

**Alack, 'tis he! Why, he was met
even now as mad as the**

Hang!

as the vexed

Hang!

**As mad as the vexed sea,
singing aloud, crowned with rank
fumiter and furrow-weeds, with
hardokes, hemlock, nettles,
cuckoo-flowers, darnel, and
all ...**

Pluck out his eyes!

and all ...

Pluck out his eyes!

**All blest secrets, all you
unpublished virtues of the earth,
spring with my tears!**

Seek, seek for him ...

Go thrust him out at gates and let him smell his
way to Dover ...

O my dear father!

smell

**Restoration hang thy medicine
on my lips;**

smell his way

and let this kiss

smell his way, let him

**and let this kiss repair those
violent harms that my two
sisters have in thy**

Pluck out his eyes!

reverence made.

**... Was this a face to be opposed
against the jarring winds?**

**To stand against the deep dread-
bolted thunder,**

Go thrust him out

**In the most terrible and nimble
stroke of quick cross lightning?**

and let him smell

**... and wast thou fain, poor
father, to hovel thee with swine
and rogues forlorn in short and
musty straw? Alack, alack!**

**'Tis wonder that thy life and wits
at once had not concluded all.**



the shifting drama must all come together in beautiful singing. The singer of this music must have the courage to go "to the verge" and the technical artistry to report back in a meaningful voice.

—WG



Sir, do you know me?

If I live long, Regan,

Sir, do you know me?

He thinks this lady to be his child Cordelia.

If I live long, Regan,

And so I am,

And in the end meet the old course of death,

And so I am, I am.

Women will all turn

I am, I am.

monsters.

I am, I am.

He thinks this lady to be his child Cordelia.

O Goneril,

And so I am,

You are not worth

I am,

the dust which the rude wind

I am,

Blows in your face ...

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:

Filths savour but themselves.

What have we done,

Tigers, not daughters, what have we performed?

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come — humanity must perforce prey on itself like monsters of the deep.

And Lear's poor fool is hanged!

I'll come no more

Never, never.

Sir, I love you more than

Never, never.

I am made of that self mettle

Never,

appears most grossly

Never,

spring a babe to honour

Never,

Pluck out his eyes!

Never,

meet the old course of death

Never.

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Shirish Korde

Producers

Robert Cogan (*Polyutterances*)

Will Graham (*Goethe Lieder*)

William Moylan (*Phonemena, Sequenza III* and *Lear's Daughters*)

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Anthony Di Bartolo

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***You went to the verge, you say,
and come back safely?***

***Some have not been so fortunate, —
some have fallen.***

From XIV of the *Preludes for Memnon* by Conrad Aiken
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by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.**

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Performers' Biographies

Joan Heller

Joan Heller is a singer of both traditional and avant-garde music. She has sung under the direction of such notable conductors as Seiji Ozawa, Gunther Schuller, Michael Tilson Thomas and Arthur Weisberg. Her extensive repertoire includes vocal orchestral literature, chamber music, song literature, and dramatic solo music. She is one of the founding members of Collage Contemporary Ensemble in Boston. In addition to her solo appearances throughout the United States, Ms. Heller has sung in Europe and the former Soviet Union. During the fall of 1989 and 1990, she gave concerts in four cities – Moscow, St. Petersburg, Yerevan and Kislovodsk – sponsored first by the Composers Union of the USSR and then by the Soviet Concert Organization, Muza. Her other compact disc recordings include Robert Cogan's *Utterances* on Neuma, Irwin Bazelon's *Legends and Love Letters* and *Four ... Parts of a World* on Albany, and Peter Child's *Clare Cycle* on CRI. Ms. Heller has also recorded for Golden Crest, Inner City, RCA/Pablo, Sonory and UNI-PRO.

In addition to concert work, Ms. Heller has been a member of the faculty of Boston University School of Music, Yale University School of Music, Yale at Norfolk, and Boston University Tanglewood Institute. Presently she continues to teach privately and to give masterclasses throughout the United States.

Thomas Stumpf

Thomas Stumpf, born in Shanghai in 1950, received his degrees in piano performance from the Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria, and the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. He won concerto competitions at both institutions and was awarded the Boesendorfer Prize (Vienna, 1970) and the Lilli Lehmann Medal (Salzburg, 1972). He has performed with sopranos Rita Streich and Edith Mathis, clarinetists Richard Stoltzman and Jack Brymer, violist Walter Trampler and cellist Leslie Parnas. He has given numerous recitals with Joan Heller, including two in Moscow and two in St. Petersburg in 1990, and recorded a song cycle by Irwin Bazelon with her for the



Sequenza III

Albany label. He has also appeared with the Hong Kong Philharmonic, the Boston Pops Orchestra and numerous other ensembles.

Stumpf's repertoire ranges from Bach to avant-garde. He has conducted several Mozart concerti from the keyboard and performed the complete solo piano works of Mozart at Boston University. Many American composers have chosen Mr. Stumpf to premiere their works. His own compositions appear on concert programs throughout the United States, Germany and Russia.

Mr. Stumpf also has a distinguished career as teacher and lecturer. He has taught at the New England Conservatory, chaired the Piano Department at the University of Massachusetts at Lowell, and currently is Chair of the Collaborative Piano Department at Boston University.

Luciano Berio

Berio's *Sequenza III* for solo female voice, composed in 1966, is one of a series of musical sequences designed to extend the expressive boundaries of the soloist. This eight-minute aria, which can be performed only by a singer with the most sophisticated vocal techniques, calls for long held notes, extremes of range, whispering, stammering, fierce cries and articulated babbling in an emotionally complex but highly detailed musical structure. Constructed in ten-second sequences, marked in the score with a series of alternating expression marks, this music requires that the singer project forty-four rapidly shifting emotions with a masterful control of breath and imagination. The transitions between spoken and sung elements, conceived as natural and imperceptible, confirm one of Berio's philosophical tenets. Words, music and emotion need not exist in parallel lines as in conventional vocal music. When they are combined into one gesture, the result is an even more direct expression of the human condition.

— WG

give me	a few words	allowing us
to sing	a truth	without worrying
to build a house	for a woman	before night comes

Born in Italy in 1925, **Luciano Berio** has firmly established himself as an important composer and a leader in the development of new forms of vocal music. His compositional language has been influenced by Luigi Dallapiccola, Bruno Maderna, Karlheinz Stockhausen and singer Cathy Berberian, for whom he wrote *Sequenza III*. Experiments with electronic music and serial technique have afforded him a unique perspective for expanding the expressive potential of the human voice. Present in all his vocal writing, no matter how avant-garde the musical style, is a profound knowledge of Italian vocal tradition. In combining respect for beautiful singing with the most current compositional techniques, he has fashioned important and lasting vocal literature, in addition to major orchestral and instrumental chamber works.

— WG

Text by Markus Kutter

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Goethe Lieder

Charles Fussell

The cycle of five Goethe songs began as a single song for an all-Goethe recital by Joan Heller. The series of Cupbearer verses belongs to a collection *The East–West Divan* (divan simply meaning collection) which Goethe wrote in his middle age while under the influence of Persian poetry. The grouping is my own and tells a story from the morning when the Poet wakes up with a hangover, quickly cured by the Cupbearer, to a midnight revelation of oneness with the universe, a sense of well-being, and of night giving way to sleep. Between this red-eyed awakening and evening, Goethe allows his wise child to poke sly fun at the ‘great poet’ (Goethe himself, of course) and his pompous renown in the marketplace. In fact, through his love and devotion, the Cupbearer cures a middle-aged melancholy. I think it not too psychological to see Goethe face to face

with his own young self. The musical setting makes no attempt to evoke a Germanic style. Goethe’s voice is universal, not tied to the Northern European expressionism of the 20th century. Thus, it is subject, I trust, to international interpretation. I have therefore given these poems as simple and direct a voice as I could.

— CF

I. Dem Schenken

Du zierlicher Knabe, du komm herein,
Was stehst du denn da auf der Schwelle?
Du sollst mir künftig der Schenke sein,
Jeder Wein ist schmackhaft und
helle.

Schenke:

Welch ein Zustand! Herr, so späte
Schleichst du heut' aus deiner
Kammer;

Perser nennen's Bidamag buden,
Deutsche sagen Katzenjammer.

Dichter:

Lass mich jetzt, geliebter Knabe!
Mir will nicht die Welt gefallen,
Nicht der Schein, der Duft der
Rose,
Nicht der Sang der Nachtigallen.

Schenke:

Eben das will ich behandeln,
Und ich denk, es soll mir klecken;
Hier! genieß die frischen Mandeln,
Und der Wein wird wieder schmecken.

Dann will ich auf der Terrasse
Dich mit frischen Lüften tränken;
Wie ich dich ins Auge fasse,
Gibst du einen Kuss dem Schenken.

I. To the Cupbearer

Lovely boy, come in,
why are you standing there in the doorway?
You shall be my cupbearer from now on,
and every wine will taste delicious and
clear.

Cupbearer:

What a state of things! Sir, how late
you come creeping out of your room this
morning!

The Persians call that "bidamag buden,"
the English say "a hangover."

Poet:

Leave me alone now, dearest boy!
The world cannot please me,
neither the brightness or fragrance of the
rose,
nor the song of the nightingales.

Cupbearer:

That is just what I intend to set right,
and I think I can manage it.
Here! Enjoy these fresh almonds,
and wine will taste good again.

Then on the terrace I shall
refresh you with cool breezes;
and when I look you in the eye,
you will give the cupbearer a kiss.



Performers' Biographies

Joan Heller

Joan Heller is a singer of both traditional and avant-garde music. She has sung under the direction of such notable conductors as Seiji Ozawa, Gunther Schuller, Michael Tilson Thomas and Arthur Weisberg. Her extensive repertoire includes vocal orchestral literature, chamber music, song literature, and dramatic solo music. She is one of the founding members of Collage Contemporary Ensemble in Boston. In addition to her solo appearances throughout the United States, Ms. Heller has sung in Europe and the former Soviet Union. During the fall of 1989 and 1990, she gave concerts in four cities – Moscow, St. Petersburg, Yerevan and Kislovodsk – sponsored first by the Composers Union of the USSR and then by the Soviet Concert Organization, Muza. Her other compact disc recordings include Robert Cogan's *Utterances* on Neuma, Irwin Bazelon's *Legends and Love Letters* and *Four ... Parts of a World* on Albany, and Peter Child's *Clare Cycle* on CRI. Ms. Heller has also recorded for Golden Crest, Inner City, RCA/Pablo, Sonory and UNI-PRO.

In addition to concert work, Ms. Heller has been a member of the faculty of Boston University School of Music, Yale University School of Music, Yale at Norfolk, and Boston University Tanglewood Institute. Presently she continues to teach privately and to give masterclasses throughout the United States.

Thomas Stumpf

Thomas Stumpf, born in Shanghai in 1950, received his degrees in piano performance from the Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria, and the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. He won concerto competitions at both institutions and was awarded the Boesendorfer Prize (Vienna, 1970) and the Lilli Lehmann Medal (Salzburg, 1972). He has performed with sopranos Rita Streich and Edith Mathis, clarinetists Richard Stoltzman and Jack Brymer, violist Walter Trampler and cellist Leslie Parnas. He has given numerous recitals with Joan Heller, including two in Moscow and two in St. Petersburg in 1990, and recorded a song cycle by Irwin Bazelon with her for the



Schau! die Welt ist keine Höhle,
Immer reich an Brut und Nestern,
Rosenduft und Rosenöle;
Bulbul auch, sie singt wie
gestern.

II. Nennen dich den grossen Dichter

Schenke:

Nennen dich den grossen Dichter,
Wenn dich auf dem Markte zeigst;
Gerne hör ich, wenn du singest,
Und ich horche, wenn du schweigst.

Doch ich liebe dich noch lieber,
Wenn du küssesst zum Erinnern;
Denn die Worte gehn vorüber,
Und der Kuss, der bleibt im Innern.

Reim auf Reim will was bedeuten,
Besser ist es, viel zu denken.
Singe du den andern Leuten
Und verstumme mit dem Schenken.

III. Sommernacht

Dichter:

Niedergangen ist die Sonne,
Doch im Westen glänzt es immer;
Wissen möchte ich wohl, wie lange
Dauert noch der goldne Schimmer?

See, the world is no gloomy cavern,
it's still full of fledglings and nests,
and of the fragrance and oil of roses;
And the nightingale, too, is singing as she
sang yesterday.

II. They call you the great poet

Cupbearer:

They call you the great poet
when you show yourself in the market;
I like to hear when you sing,
and I listen carefully when you are silent.

But I love you still more dearly
when you give a kiss for remembrance;
For the words go past,
and the kiss remains within me.

Rhyme on rhyme should mean something,
but it is better to keep thinking.
Sing to others,
and be silent with the cupbearer.

III. Summer Night

Poet:

The sun has gone down,
yet the western sky still glows;
I should like to know how long
the golden brightness will last.

Schenke:

Willst du, Herr, so will ich bleiben,
Warten ausser diesen Zelten;
Ist die Nacht des Schimmers

Herrin,
Komm ich gleich, es dir zu melden.

Denn ich weiss, du liebst, das Droben,
Das Unendliche zu schauen,
Wenn sie sich einander loben,
Jene Feuer in dem Blauen.

Und das hellste will nur sagen:
"Jetzo glänz ich meiner Stelle;
Wollte Gott euch mehr betagen,
Glänztet ihr wie ich so helle."

Denn vor Gott ist alles herrlich,
Eben weil er ist der Beste;
Und so schläft nun aller Vogel
In dem gross- und kleinen Neste.

Einer sitzt auch wohl gestängelt
Auf den Ästen der Zypresse,
Wo der laue Wind ihn gängelt,
Bis zu Taues luftger Nässe.

IV. Solches hast du mich gelehret**Schenke:**

Solches hast du mich gelehret,
Oder etwas auch dergleichen;
Was ich je dir abgehöret,
Wird dem Herzen nicht entweichen.

Cupbearer:

If you wish, sir, I shall remain,
wait outside these tents;
when night becomes mistress of the
brightness,
I'll come at once to tell you.

For I know you love to gaze
upwards, into endless space,
when they're singing hymns to each other,
those fires in the blue sky.

And the brightest merely wants to say:
"Here I am shining in my place;
If God wanted to give you more light,
you'd shine as brightly as I."

For in God's eyes, everything is splendid,
just because He is the best;
so now all the birds are sleeping
in their large and small nests.

One of them now sits perched
on the boughs of the cypress,
where the gentle wind rocks him
until dew moistens the air.

IV. That's what you've taught me**Cupbearer:**

That's what you've taught me —
or something like that;
Whatever I've heard you say
my heart will always remember.

Eule will ich deinetwegen
Kauzen hier auf der Terrasse,
Bis ich erst des Nordgestirnes
Zwillings- Wendung wohl
erpasse.

Und da wird es Mitternacht sein,
Wo du oft zu früh ermunterst,
Und dann wird es eine Pracht sein,
Wenn das All mit mir bewunderst.

V. Zwar in diesem Duft und Garten

Dichter:

Zwar in diesem Duft und Garten
Tönet Bulbul ganze Nächte;
Doch du könntest lange warten,
Bis die Nacht so viel vermöchte.

Denn in dieser Zeit der Flora,
Wie das Griechenvolk sie nennet,
Die Strohwitwe, die Aurora,
Ist in Hesperus
entbrennet.

Sieh dich um! sie kommt! wie schnelle!
über Blumenfelds Gelände!
Hüben hell und drüben helle;
Ja, die Nacht kommt ins Gedränge.

Und auf roten leichten Sohlen
Ihn, der mit der Sonn entlaufen,
Eilt sie irrig einzuholen;
Fühlst du nicht ein Liebe-Schnaufen?

For your sake I'll be an owl
and squat here on the terrace,
until I have caught the moment
when the North Star passes through the
Twins, Castor and Pollux.

And then it will be midnight,
when you often awaken too soon,
and then it will be wonderful
if you admire the universe with me.

V. Indeed, in this sweet-smelling garden

Poet:

Indeed, in this sweet-smelling garden
the nightingale sings all night long;
You'll have a long time to wait
for a night as powerful as this.

For at this season of Flora,
as the Greeks call it,
the grass-widow, the goddess of dawn,
burns with love for Hesperus, the evening
star.

Look about you! How quickly she comes
over the lengths of the flowering meadow!
It is bright here and bright there:
yes, the night is endangered.

And now Dawn,
to catch him who ran off with the rising sun,
runs crazily on her rosy soft feet;
Don't you feel her panting with love?

Geh nur, lieblichster der Söhne,
Tief ins Innre, schliess die Türen;
Denn sie möchte deine Schöne
Als den Hesperus entführen.

Epilogue: So hab ich endlich von dir erhardt

Schenke (schläfrig):

So hab ich endlich von dir erhardt:
In allen Elementen Gottes Gegenwart.
Wie du mir das so lieblich gibst!
Am Lieblichsten aber, dass du liebst.

Go then, loveliest of boys,
deep within, close the doors;
for she would like to abduct you
as she did beautiful Hesperus.

Epilogue: So it is affirmed from you at last

Cupbearer (sleepily):

So it is affirmed from you at last:
God's presence is in all elements.
How dear you are when you show me this!
But your love is dearest of all.

— CF (translation)

Composer-conductor **Charles Fussell** was Artistic Director of New Music Harvest, Boston's first city-wide festival of contemporary music. He is Co-Director with James Yannatos of the New England Composers Orchestra and Professor of Composition at Boston University.

His works include five symphonies; ***Julian*** (after Flaubert) for chorus, soloists and orchestra; ***Cymbeline***, a chamber drama after Shakespeare; ***Specimen Days*** for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra; plus smaller scores for various combinations.

Wilde, a symphony for baritone and orchestra, was runner-up for the 1991 Pulitzer Prize. In 1992, Mr. Fussell received a citation and award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

In addition to advanced degrees in composition and conducting from the Eastman School of Music, Mr. Fussell has received numerous prestigious grants including Fulbright, Ford Foundation, Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities, the Copland Foundation Recording Fund, Yaddo, and Ucross.

Polyutterances

Robert Cogan

We live at the vortex of changing, unexpected personal, global, and historical messages from near and far, trying to make meaningful contact with them. It is this experience that *Utterances*, in its various forms, seeks to evoke. *Utterances* is an open-ended folio for voice whose evolution began in 1977. Its score is a set of such messages; it can be performed by a single solo voice, or by superimposed voices, pre-recorded or live. In this latter form it is called *Polyutterances*.

The open-ended folios that began with *Utterances* have several characteristics: the composer can continually add to them, hence they are never complete; and performers, by selecting pages for a performance and ordering them, as well as by making crucial musical choices within the pages, take on the role of co-creator. The folios take on features of the collage, the mobile, and the improvisation; every performance will be substantially different. The first performer to assume this expanded role in my music was Joan Heller, for whom *Utterances/Polyutterances* was written. She has recorded *Utterances* on Spectrum and

Neuma labels; has performed it throughout the United States and Europe; and has actively participated in creating many of its various versions. In this recording she sings *both* tracks.

— RC

Source texts for this performance

Night.
The wind
Blows landward.
Branches
Creak.

— Archilocus, tr. Guy Davenport

Wimble click crumble chaw
beloo. Clack clack bedrack.
Numb noise, flacklemuch,
chewmanna. Ya, ya, ya.
— Paul Auster

Only the utterance can be beautiful,
sincere or false, courageous or timid.
— Mikhail Bakhtin

I offer you the bitterness of a man who has
looked long at the lonely moon ...
— Jorge Luis Borges

So that I, too, one will find.
Seven times I call you ...
— Bertolt Brecht

Here is the silence; it is everywhere ...
There are no near galaxies; this
as far as any, if not in terms of miles ...
— William Bronk
(used by the author's permission)

All things are on fire; ideas are on fire ...
— Buddha

Cold dark clouds
Mountains tow'r;
Banners great,
Yueh cut short!
— Chiang K'uei

Perfumed purse, jade hairpins,
Modest forehead ...
— Chiang K'uei

Shall the life never be sweet ...
— Margaret Fuller

Love is his light and his darkness,
whose end he cannot see ...
— C.G. Jung

... strangeness, pity, lust, cowardice ...
— Franz Kafka

Like the thundered threat of the angry
death-god a great crash broke the
walls of the ears,

a shattering sound, tearing the tops of
mountains, and wholly filling
the belly of heaven.
— Kalidasa, tr. A.L. Basham

Now doth it rise our river,
our river is Wakiash, good is he.
— Kwakiutl anon., tr. Natalie Curtis

... what is man born of woman?
He curls himself up
and protects his head
While he is kicked with heavy boots;
on fire and running,
He burns with bright flame;
a bulldozer sweeps him into a clay pit.
Her child ... conceived in ecstasy.
— Czeslaw Milosz

one loves only form,
and form only comes
into existence when
the thing is born

born of yourself, born
of hay and cotton struts,
of street pickings, wharves, weeds
you carry in, my bird ...
— Charles Olson

We can never attain a knowledge of things as they are. We can only know their human aspect. But that is all the universe is for us ... I am extremely emotional; anything which affects me shakes my whole being, so that I cannot walk across the floor and can hardly hold a pen. The same cause affects my memory; I cannot think of the words I want to use.

— C.S. Peirce

If I screamed out,
 who in the angelic ranks would hear me?
and if suddenly one embraced me,
 I would expire in
that stronger being.

For beauty is only terror's
beginning, just bearable. ...

— Rainer Maria Rilke

The way through the world
is more difficult than the way beyond it.

— Wallace Stevens

... at the mystery of a man ...

The pure products of America go crazy ...

— William Carlos Williams

... Yet no clear fact to be discerned: ...

Hush-a-bye baby, thy father's a knight,
thy mother a lady, lovely and bright.

— William Butler Yeats

Robert Cogan enjoys a world-wide reputation as a composer, music theorist, and teacher. He is the author of the prize-winning books *Sonic Design*, *The Nature of Sound and Music* with Pozzi Escot, and *New Images of Musical Sound*. For thirty years he has served as Chair of Graduate Theoretical Studies and Professor of Composition at New England Conservatory in Boston. He has taught, lectured, and his works have been programmed in Brazil, Canada, China, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Korea, the Netherlands, Russia, Sweden, and Switzerland, as well as throughout the United States. Recordings of his works have appeared on the Delos, Golden Crest, Leo, Neuma, and Spectrum labels.

Phonemena

Milton Babbitt

Combining an ear for vocal and instrumental color with an aptitude for numerical possibility, Milton Babbitt expanded Schoenberg's twelve-tone system to include twelve different note values, twelve different intervals between instrumental entrances and twelve different instrumental timbres. Using this theory of composition called "combinatoriality," Babbitt has produced music of startlingly emotional as well as mathematical complexity. **Phonemena** is an example of this principle. The singer is given specific phonemes (24 consonants and 12 vowels), which are treated as are the pitches, rhythms, intervals and timbres, with "combinatoriality." The result is a virtuostic aria, a challenge for both the singer and the listener.

Born in Philadelphia in 1916, **Milton Babbitt** completed his public school education in Mississippi before attending both New York and Princeton Universities. His primary teacher of musical composition was Roger

Sessions, with whom he studied privately for three years. A distinguished teacher, Mr. Babbitt has served on the faculty of Princeton for over fifty years and has taught at both Harvard and the Juilliard School. In addition to his lectures and seminars at major universities throughout the world, he has received eight honorary degrees and virtually every major prize awarded to composers: the New York Music Critics Circle Citations, the National Institute of Arts and Letters Award, the Pulitzer Prize Special Citation, the MacArthur Fellowship, the Guggenheim Fellowship, and the Gold Medal in Music of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Many of Mr. Babbitt's important essays about music currently appear in *Perspectives of New Music*, *Journal of Music Theory*, and *Musical Quarterly*. His recent compositions, among them ***The Joy of More Sextets*** and ***Whirled Series***, continue to enlarge the scope of contemporary music. His most recent recordings can be found on the New World Records, CRI, MG, Music and Arts, and Deutsche Gramophon labels.

— WG

Lear's Daughters

Thomas Stumpf

Ever since I read *Sybil*, the idea of multiple personalities has fascinated me. Do we not all house a number of widely divergent personalities within our souls? Are great works of the theater, whether drama or opera, not externalizations of different personalities within their creator? Does the art-work reintegrate those personalities and fuse them into a “healthy” whole for the creator, as Sybil’s psychiatrist was apparently able to do for her? I have tried to fuse a part of Shakespeare’s *King Lear* back together by turning the three daughters Goneril, Regan and Cordelia into one. Their music is individually differentiated – Goneril was conceived as a dramatic soprano, Regan as a coloratura, Cordelia as a lyric mezzo – but with thematic relationships and cross-references, and the work must be sung by one singer. The text is adapted not only from the daughters’ own words but from comments made about them by others, here transformed into self-revelation (in some cases self-accusation). The resulting increase in emotional range intends the three personalities to become aspects of Everywoman.

The cycle, in three sections, was written very specifically for the extraordinary vocal and dramatic abilities of Joan Heller. She premiered it in Boston in September 1990 (barely a week after its completion) and performed it shortly thereafter in Moscow and St. Petersburg; since then, she has also sung it in New York and Indianapolis. It is intended to become part of the musical theatre piece *Dark Lady*, which received the Kahn Award at Boston University in 1992.

— TS

Different type styles indicate which of the daughters is speaking. Color indicates that all three daughters are speaking together.

Cordelia

Goneril

Regan

Cordelia, Goneril, Regan

Nothing, my lord ...

Which of us shall you say

doth love you most?

Sir,

What shall Cordelia speak?

Sir, I

Love, and be silent ...

I am

silent ...

*Sir, I love you more than words can wield
the matter;*

I am made of that self mettle as my sister, and
prize me at her worth.

Dearer than eyesight,

Unhappy that I am,

In my true heart

**Unhappy that I am, I cannot
heave my heart into my mouth:**

Dearer than eyesight,

In my true heart I find she names my very deed
of love;

*Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty,
beyond*

**I love your majesty according to
my bond; no more nor less ...**

*Beyond what can be valued rich or rare, no
less than life,*

Only she comes too short,

**Good my lord, you have begot
me, bred me, loved me.**

**I return those duties back as are
right fit, obey you, love you, and
most honour you.**

*No less than life with grace, health, beauty,
honour,*

Only she comes too short, that I profess myself
an enemy to all other joys and

**Why have my sisters husbands if
they say they love you all? ...**

*As much as child e'er loved, or father
found;*

A love that makes breath poor

and find I am alone felicitate

breath poor and speech unable;

and find I am alone felicitate

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

**Sure I shall never marry like my
sisters, to love my**



Sequenza III

Albany label. He has also appeared with the Hong Kong Philharmonic, the Boston Pops Orchestra and numerous other ensembles.

Stumpf's repertoire ranges from Bach to avant-garde. He has conducted several Mozart concerti from the keyboard and performed the complete solo piano works of Mozart at Boston University. Many American composers have chosen Mr. Stumpf to premiere their works. His own compositions appear on concert programs throughout the United States, Germany and Russia.

Mr. Stumpf also has a distinguished career as teacher and lecturer. He has taught at the New England Conservatory, chaired the Piano Department at the University of Massachusetts at Lowell, and currently is Chair of the Collaborative Piano Department at Boston University.

Luciano Berio

Berio's *Sequenza III* for solo female voice, composed in 1966, is one of a series of musical sequences designed to extend the expressive boundaries of the soloist. This eight-minute aria, which can be performed only by a singer with the most sophisticated vocal techniques, calls for long held notes, extremes of range, whispering, stammering, fierce cries and articulated babbling in an emotionally complex but highly detailed musical structure. Constructed in ten-second sequences, marked in the score with a series of alternating expression marks, this music requires that the singer project forty-four rapidly shifting emotions with a masterful control of breath and imagination. The transitions between spoken and sung elements, conceived as natural and imperceptible, confirm one of Berio's philosophical tenets. Words, music and emotion need not exist in parallel lines as in conventional vocal music. When they are combined into one gesture, the result is an even more direct expression of the human condition.

— WG

felicitate. In your dear highness' love.

**To love my father all ...
So young and so untender?
So young my lord, and true.**

*You see how full of changes his age is; The
observation we have made of it hath not
been little. He always loved our sister most;
and with what poor judgement he now
casts her off appears most grossly.*

'Tis the infirmity of his age. Yet he hath ever but
slenderly known himself.

***The best and soundest of his time hath been
but rash.***

We shall further think of it.

We must do something,

Nothing

and i' th' heat.

Nothing, my lord ...

2

Hear, nature, hear! Dear goddess, hear!

Dear goddess, hear!

***Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend to
make this creature fruitful.***

Into my womb convey

convey

sterility,

sterility,

***Dry up in me the organs of increase, and
from my derogate body never spring a babe***

A babe

***to honour me. If I must teem, create my
child of spleen,***

that it may live and be a thwart disnatured
torment to me.

Let it stamp wrinkles in my brow of youth, with
cadent tears

cadent tears

fret channels in my cheeks,

Turn all my mother's pains and benefits to
laughter and contempt, that I may feel

How

***sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a
thankless child!***

a thankless child!

Hang the traitor instantly!

**Alack, 'tis he! Why, he was met
even now as mad as the**

Hang!

as the vexed

Hang!

**As mad as the vexed sea,
singing aloud, crowned with rank
fumiter and furrow-weeds, with
hardokes, hemlock, nettles,
cuckoo-flowers, darnel, and
all ...**

Pluck out his eyes!

and all ...

Pluck out his eyes!

**All blest secrets, all you
unpublished virtues of the earth,
spring with my tears!**

Seek, seek for him ...

Go thrust him out at gates and let him smell his
way to Dover ...

O my dear father!

smell

**Restoration hang thy medicine
on my lips;**

smell his way

and let this kiss

smell his way, let him

**and let this kiss repair those
violent harms that my two
sisters have in thy**

Pluck out his eyes!

reverence made.

**... Was this a face to be opposed
against the jarring winds?**

**To stand against the deep dread-
bolted thunder,**

Go thrust him out

**In the most terrible and nimble
stroke of quick cross lightning?**

and let him smell

**... and wast thou fain, poor
father, to hovel thee with swine
and rogues forlorn in short and
musty straw? Alack, alack!**

**'Tis wonder that thy life and wits
at once had not concluded all.**



Sir, do you know me?

If I live long, Regan,

Sir, do you know me?

**He thinks this lady to be his
child Cordelia.**

If I live long, Regan,

And so I am,

And in the end meet the old course of death,

And so I am, I am.

Women will all turn

I am, I am.

monsters.

I am, I am.

**He thinks this lady to be his
child Cordelia.**

O Goneril,

And so I am,

You are not worth

I am,

the dust which the rude wind

I am,

Blows in your face ...

**Wisdom and goodness to the vile
seem vile:**

Filths savour but themselves.

What have we done,

*Tigers, not daughters, what have we
performed?*

**If that the heavens do not their
visible spirits send quickly down
to tame these vile offences,**

**It will come — humanity must
perforce prey on itself like
monsters of the deep.**

And Lear's poor fool is hanged!

I'll come no more

Never, never.

Sir, I love you more than

Never, never.

I am made of that self mettle

Never,

appears most grossly

Never,

spring a babe to honour

Never,

Pluck out his eyes!

Never,

meet the old course of death

Never.

Recording Credits

Executive Producer

Shirish Korde

Producers

Robert Cogan (*Polyutterances*)

Will Graham (*Goethe Lieder*)

William Moylan (*Phonemena, Sequenza III* and *Lear's Daughters*)

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Anthony Di Bartolo

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To the Verge

Joan Heller, soprano, with Thomas Stumpf, piano

1

Sequenza III (1966), for female voice
Luciano Berio

7:38

2 – 7

Goethe Lieder (1987 – 88), for high voice and piano
Charles Fussell

16:52

2

I. Dem Schenken

3:43

3

II. Nennen dich den grossen Dichter

1:59

4

III. Sommernacht

4:23

5

IV. Solches hast du mich gelehret

1:45

6

V. Zwar in diesem Duft und Garten

3:04

7

Epilogue: So hab ich endlich von dir erhart

1:58

8

Polyutterances (1977 –), for two superimposed voices
Robert Cogan

10:25

9

Phonemena (1969 – 70), for soprano and tape
Milton Babbitt

4:14

10

Lear's Daughters (1990), for soprano and piano
Thomas Stumpf

17:13

Total Playing Time

57:03

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Joan Heller – *To the Verge*. Neuma 450-89

give me	a few words	allowing us
to sing	a truth	without worrying
to build a house	for a woman	before night comes

Born in Italy in 1925, **Luciano Berio** has firmly established himself as an important composer and a leader in the development of new forms of vocal music. His compositional language has been influenced by Luigi Dallapiccola, Bruno Maderna, Karlheinz Stockhausen and singer Cathy Berberian, for whom he wrote *Sequenza III*. Experiments with electronic music and serial technique have afforded him a unique perspective for expanding the expressive potential of the human voice. Present in all his vocal writing, no matter how avant-garde the musical style, is a profound knowledge of Italian vocal tradition. In combining respect for beautiful singing with the most current compositional techniques, he has fashioned important and lasting vocal literature, in addition to major orchestral and instrumental chamber works.

— **WG**

Text by Markus Kutter

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Goethe Lieder

Charles Fussell

The cycle of five Goethe songs began as a single song for an all-Goethe recital by Joan Heller. The series of Cupbearer verses belongs to a collection ***The East–West Divan*** (divan simply meaning collection) which Goethe wrote in his middle age while under the influence of Persian poetry. The grouping is my own and tells a story from the morning when the Poet wakes up with a hangover, quickly cured by the Cupbearer, to a midnight revelation of oneness with the universe, a sense of well-being, and of night giving way to sleep. Between this red-eyed awakening and evening, Goethe allows his wise child to poke sly fun at the ‘great poet’ (Goethe himself, of course) and his pompous renown in the marketplace. In fact, through his love and devotion, the Cupbearer cures a middle-aged melancholy. I think it not too psychological to see Goethe face to face

with his own young self. The musical setting makes no attempt to evoke a Germanic style. Goethe’s voice is universal, not tied to the Northern European expressionism of the 20th century. Thus, it is subject, I trust, to international interpretation. I have therefore given these poems as simple and direct a voice as I could.

— CF

I. Dem Schenken

Du zierlicher Knabe, du komm herein,
Was stehst du denn da auf der Schwelle?
Du sollst mir künftig der Schenke sein,
Jeder Wein ist schmackhaft und
helle.

Schenke:

Welch ein Zustand! Herr, so späte
Schleichst du heut' aus deiner
Kammer;

Perser nennen's Bidamag buden,
Deutsche sagen Katzenjammer.

Dichter:

Lass mich jetzt, geliebter Knabe!
Mir will nicht die Welt gefallen,
Nicht der Schein, der Duft der
Rose,
Nicht der Sang der Nachtigallen.

Schenke:

Eben das will ich behandeln,
Und ich denk, es soll mir klecken;
Hier! genieß die frischen Mandeln,
Und der Wein wird wieder schmecken.

Dann will ich auf der Terrasse
Dich mit frischen Lüften tränken;
Wie ich dich ins Auge fasse,
Gibst du einen Kuss dem Schenken.

I. To the Cupbearer

Lovely boy, come in,
why are you standing there in the doorway?
You shall be my cupbearer from now on,
and every wine will taste delicious and
clear.

Cupbearer:

What a state of things! Sir, how late
you come creeping out of your room this
morning!

The Persians call that "bidamag buden,"
the English say "a hangover."

Poet:

Leave me alone now, dearest boy!
The world cannot please me,
neither the brightness or fragrance of the
rose,
nor the song of the nightingales.

Cupbearer:

That is just what I intend to set right,
and I think I can manage it.
Here! Enjoy these fresh almonds,
and wine will taste good again.

Then on the terrace I shall
refresh you with cool breezes;
and when I look you in the eye,
you will give the cupbearer a kiss.



Schau! die Welt ist keine Höhle,
Immer reich an Brut und Nestern,
Rosenduft und Rosenöle;
Bulbul auch, sie singt wie
gestern.

II. Nennen dich den grossen Dichter

Schenke:

Nennen dich den grossen Dichter,
Wenn dich auf dem Markte zeigst;
Gerne hör ich, wenn du singest,
Und ich horche, wenn du schweigst.

Doch ich liebe dich noch lieber,
Wenn du küssesst zum Erinnern;
Denn die Worte gehn vorüber,
Und der Kuss, der bleibt im Innern.

Reim auf Reim will was bedeuten,
Besser ist es, viel zu denken.
Singe du den andern Leuten
Und verstumme mit dem Schenken.

III. Sommernacht

Dichter:

Niedergangen ist die Sonne,
Doch im Westen glänzt es immer;
Wissen möchte ich wohl, wie lange
Dauert noch der goldne Schimmer?

See, the world is no gloomy cavern,
it's still full of fledglings and nests,
and of the fragrance and oil of roses;
And the nightingale, too, is singing as she
sang yesterday.

II. They call you the great poet

Cupbearer:

They call you the great poet
when you show yourself in the market;
I like to hear when you sing,
and I listen carefully when you are silent.

But I love you still more dearly
when you give a kiss for remembrance;
For the words go past,
and the kiss remains within me.

Rhyme on rhyme should mean something,
but it is better to keep thinking.
Sing to others,
and be silent with the cupbearer.

III. Summer Night

Poet:

The sun has gone down,
yet the western sky still glows;
I should like to know how long
the golden brightness will last.

Schenke:

Willst du, Herr, so will ich bleiben,
Warten ausser diesen Zelten;
Ist die Nacht des Schimmers

Herrin,

Komm ich gleich, es dir zu melden.

Denn ich weiss, du liebst, das Droben,
Das Unendliche zu schauen,
Wenn sie sich einander loben,
Jene Feuer in dem Blauen.

Und das hellste will nur sagen:
"Jetzo glänz ich meiner Stelle;
Wollte Gott euch mehr betagen,
Glänztet ihr wie ich so helle."

Denn vor Gott ist alles herrlich,
Eben weil er ist der Beste;
Und so schläft nun aller Vogel
In dem gross- und kleinen Neste.

Einer sitzt auch wohl gestängelt
Auf den Ästen der Zypresse,
Wo der laue Wind ihn gängelt,
Bis zu Taues luftger Nässe.

IV. Solches hast du mich gelehrt**Schenke:**

Solches hast du mich gelehrt,
Oder etwas auch dergleichen;
Was ich je dir abgehört,
Wird dem Herzen nicht entweichen.

Cupbearer:

If you wish, sir, I shall remain,
wait outside these tents;
when night becomes mistress of the
brightness,

I'll come at once to tell you.

For I know you love to gaze
upwards, into endless space,
when they're singing hymns to each other,
those fires in the blue sky.

And the brightest merely wants to say:
"Here I am shining in my place;
If God wanted to give you more light,
you'd shine as brightly as I."

For in God's eyes, everything is splendid,
just because He is the best;
so now all the birds are sleeping
in their large and small nests.

One of them now sits perched
on the boughs of the cypress,
where the gentle wind rocks him
until dew moistens the air.

IV. That's what you've taught me**Cupbearer:**

That's what you've taught me —
or something like that;
Whatever I've heard you say
my heart will always remember.

***You went to the verge, you say,
and come back safely?***

***Some have not been so fortunate, —
some have fallen.***

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