

There once was a time when the distinction between a West Coast and an East Coast composer seemed to be fairly clear. In the program book for the 2003 Juilliard festival *Beyond the Rockies*, which focused on the music of the late Lou Harrison, the traditional distinction is still described: Music of the East Coast is intense, highly professionalized, afraid of prettiness, in general a little tightly wound; that of the West Coast more relaxed, genial, original in the manner of the amateur inventor and enthusiast—the California-born John Cage is cited along with Harrison. In this standard view, the East Coast maintains ties to Europe, both the classical tradition of Europe and its more recent avant-garde movements; the West Coast borrows from Asia—its sounds, instruments, structures, and sense of time. This East-West distinction has always had its exceptions, such as the connection of the New York-based Philip Glass to Indian music, or the California-based John Adams's strong professional links to both Europe and New York. But in recent years, perhaps as West Coast aesthetic attitudes have begun to permeate general American compositional thinking, the exceptions have become increasingly frequent.

Stephen Hartke was born in the East and grew up in Manhattan in the 1960s, but since 1980 he has made Southern California his home. He has emerged as one of the major composers of his generation, with a strong and recognizable compositional voice, shaped, as he himself allows, “by happening to move to California at a formative stage and discovering how liberating it was in the eighties to be away from the East Coast scene and its stylistic schisms.” As several music critics have noted in recent years, Hartke’s music seems to sit on the cusp between East Coast and West Coast sensibilities. Like Adams, Hartke writes music with a gleamingly professional surface, full of delicately calculated instrumental detail. Furthermore, his music has audible antecedents in the European modernism of Olivier Messiaen, (one of Hartke’s personal “three Ms,” along with Machaut and Monteverdi). On the other hand, Hartke’s California years have clearly contributed to his sensuous sound world, his highly innovative instrumental combinations, and his use of Asian elements, mostly notably in his orchestral work *Pacific Rim*, which was written as a portrait of his adopted city of Los Angeles.

Another major element of Hartke’s musical language that is especially relevant to the present CD is his early involvement with the performance of church music, especially of the Medieval and Renaissance eras. Indeed, the two works heard on this recording may be regarded as imaginative reinventions of aspects of liturgy and liturgical drama. *Sons of Noah* is based on “three lost chapters of the Bible” by the nineteenth-century Brazilian novelist Machado de Assis; *Wulfstan at the Millennium* is an imaginary liturgy. They are neither the devotions of an East Coast churchgoer nor the Asian or Native American spiritual travels of a Californian, but in both of these pieces the religious subject matter contributes to the considerable emotional power of the music.

Of *Sons of Noah*, Hartke writes:

“I ran across the Machado short story while living in Brazil; later I translated it from the Portuguese myself and gave that version to Philip Littell for him to base his poem on. His text is really a completely original rewrite of the short story, everything beautifully couched in his own elegantly colloquial language. Machado wrote the story in response to the Crimean War, the first modern conflict between European Christendom and the Islamic world. Hence the combatants in the story are Japhet (Europe) and Shem (the Middle East). Ham (Africa) is a hapless and helpless onlooker, and I’m sure Machado, himself the son of a freed slave and a Portuguese mother, intended the irony.”

Hartke sets Littell’s text for solo soprano, who sings the roles of Noah, his sons Ham, Japhet, Shem, and their wives, as well as serving as narrator and even providing sound effects for the fight. The work is a tour de force, a miniature opera written (as a birthday gift!) for the composer’s wife, Lisa Stidham, who makes the most of the dramatic and musical opportunities here. Littell creates a varying refrain which begins “All are aboard / an ark / all are aboard / an ark that floats / an ark that floats above the earth / atop the flood, that rests over the abyss.” Hartke takes advantage of the refrain’s musical implications, moving from scene-painting to reflective pathos as the regrettable story unfolds. Littell underscores the modern relevance of Machado’s allegory by inserting blanks in the text at the end of Noah’s final prayer: “OH LORD / can you imagine what will happen in / (Fill in the blank, freely, with whatever contemporary territorial aggressions happen to come to mind.)” On this recording, the places selected are Ireland, Israel, Kosovo, and Somalia.

The instrumental forces for *Sons of Noah* are as original and telling as the text: quartets of flutes, guitars, and bassoons. Hartke writes that “the instrumental combination occurred to me one day at USC—it was the day for instrumental juries—and I could hear bassoonists and guitarists warming up in the resonant stairwell adjacent to my office. So I wrote the piece for an ensemble that I knew could be put together with no problem at all at a place like USC. I also liked that its make-up harks back a bit to the sound world of the early Baroque, when massed plucked instruments were commonly used in ensembles that could also include consorts of winds.”

Hartke’s ear for massed ensemble chords is Stravinskian in its precision: Note the beautifully gauged chords accompanying Japhet in Chapter 2 (track 6). Note also the opening depiction of the rain (piccolos and high guitar harmonics), an effect both original and highly theatrical. The lovely coda to Chapter 1 (track 4) is set to the quartet of murmuring guitars. The quartet of flutes in Chapter 3 (track 12) creates a remarkably vivid image of the combatants panting for breath.

The soloistic writing for the instruments is equally telling: Note the passage in track 2 beginning “Could they see that land / under the water?” where the low-register soprano is accompanied by a fourth (B flat-E flat) shifting color between alto flute and bassoon. The ending of Chapter 2, at the words “sevenfold vengeance fell on Cain” (track 10) features solo bassoon in the range of the famous opening of Stravinsky’s *Sacre du Printemps*, here aptly marked “sick at heart.” The tender interlude at track 7, the story of the wolf and the lamb, marked in the score “a fable,” illustrating the contagious nature of the growing lack of trust among the brothers, is preceded by a lovely medieval-influenced trio for two flutes and bassoon.

Another possible echo of Stravinsky is in the formality of the dramatic technique of Littell and Hartke, a certain objectivity they bring to the horrors they depict. They share with many great modernists, and with the Mozart of *Don Giovanni*, an understanding that a strong story told in a direct and vivid way is more expressive than any direct outpouring of emotion, no matter how sincere. Much of *Sons of Noah* seems light in tone, almost cheerful: that delightfully pitter-patting opening, or the lightly syncopated rhythm that opens Chapter 2 (track 5). While the music and words carry rich emotional implications, they are direct and without clutter. This is the rigorous technique of comic opera with a bite, a comedy that examines the sources of evil. It is the tradition of Stravinsky’s *L’Histoire du Soldat*, of the Brecht-Weill *Mahagonny*, of the stylized and largely narrated *Rape of Lucretia* of Britten, and of the chilling political comedy of Judith Weir’s *A Night at the Chinese Opera*. As in all these works, the instrumental deployment is boldly original, the vocal writing is varied and challenging but above all text-based, and the texts themselves deal with the suffering caused by the misuse of power. *Sons of Noah* takes its place in this line of dramatic works. Hartke’s ability to adjust the dramatic pace while maintaining a sense of continuity and musical flow is a quality one can recognize in many of the great opera composers. In fact, Littell and Hartke are already working on their first full-scale opera together, based on the Maupassant short story *Boule de Suif* and commissioned by Glimmerglass Opera.

Wulfstan at the Millennium was commissioned by the Fromm Music Foundation at Harvard University for Parnassus, and is dedicated to that ensemble’s director, Anthony Korf. The composer writes of it:

“Many years ago when I was still a practicing church musician, I dreamt that I had composed a set of propers and responsories for some important but little-known feast day—dozens of pieces of differing lengths and characters, scored for a variety of combinations. I was deeply disappointed when I awoke to discover that my little volume was but a fantasy, that I hadn’t had the foresight to page through it in my dream in order to bring some of it back with me. In a sense, this work is that set of pieces: a collection of stylistically diverse movements evocative in a quite abstract way of a liturgy. It is also something of a work of musicological fiction: music composed as if Léonin, Pérotin, Philippe de Vitry, Machaut, and a host of anonymous medieval English and Cypriot composers had been the direct antecedents of late twentieth-century music—as if the Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, and Romantic periods had never happened. In addition to mirroring the general plan of a musical liturgy, this work also reflects its emotional and dramatic character. The more outward and public movements are the first five. These are then followed by the central, more inward and reflective movements, whose mood is broken abruptly at the end by the vigorous and insistent toccata of the recessional.

“But who, then, was Wulfstan? He was an Anglo-Saxon cleric and scholar at the cathedral of Winchester 1,000 years ago, and the first composer of polyphonic music whose name has come down to us. His work survives in the Winchester Troper, the style of which is echoed from time to time not just in this work but in other pieces of mine as well. Wulfstan also represents, at least for me, the transitory nature of what we do, since, unwittingly, he lived at the height and, at the same time, the final flowering of Old English culture, soon to be changed forever by the upheaval of the Norman Conquest.”

There is a long tradition of composers appropriating earlier music, sometimes in an attempted return to what was perceived as a simpler time (Tchaikovsky looking at Mozart), sometimes by way of musical commentary (Stravinsky looking at Pergolesi), and often as a way of stripping away the accretions of ingrained musical habits. Hartke’s method is among the most radical, skipping over the compositional periods that constitute the bulk of our Western musical history. The jump from medieval to modern has a precedent in certain works of the 1960s by Peter Maxwell Davies, Harrison Birtwistle, and Charles Wuorinen, all of whom in various ways saw medieval music as a way to strip Webern-influenced modernism of its Viennese affect.

For Hartke, the strongest connection between the medieval and the modern is the projection of multiple rhythmic layers. It’s a bold tactic, and calls on the composer’s considerable technical skills, his mastery of rhythm both on the small scale, the creation of immensely attractive combinations, and on the large scale, creating an original and coherent twelve-movement structure. “Conductus” (track 18) seems to comprise several jaunty medieval dances, contrapuntally layered but timbrally separated so as to maintain a marvelous clarity. Similarly, the gentle motion of the Motet (track 20) is soon surrounded by perfectly contrasting rhythmic layers: Note the delicate counterpoint played by the strings with practice mutes.

On a larger level, the contrasting lengths of the movements organize the large span of the work in ways that are both original and satisfying. The chant-based unison antiphons that act as refrains throughout the work glisten in Hartke’s delicate orchestrations. The “inward and reflective” central section of the piece begins with the rich, hushed, and aptly named “Mysterium” (track 21), followed by the “Hymnus *in adventu Alexandri*” (track 22), a refreshingly simple 3-part song. In the “Recessional” (track 27), the dissonance of Messiaen seems to meet that of big-band jazz, always maintaining the medieval point of reference. As Hartke says of this work, “early music got into my blood at a tender age and has stayed there. *Wulfstan* is the piece where I most let it show through.” The composer’s dream of an imaginary feast day has given listeners a musical feast, one that manages to be both fresh and enchantingly soothing.

Wulfstan at the Millennium is not the first piece where Hartke revisits early music: His immensely successful 1988 piano quartet *The King of the Sun* (also available on a New World disc), is a multi-movement work based on a medieval canon; *Wulfstan* is in some ways a technicolor expansion of some of that piece. It is music whose imaginative power and technical mastery allow it to reach across centuries as easily as it transcends regional boundaries. Appropriately for a composer aware of “the transitory nature of what we do,” Stephen Hartke writes music that is built to last.

—*Scott Wheeler*

Scott Wheeler is a composer and conductor who teaches at Emerson College in Boston, where he directs the new-music ensemble Dinosaur Annex. His opera *Democracy: An American Comedy*, was commissioned by the Young Artist Program of the Washington Opera, which is scheduled to premiere the work in 2004.

Sons of Noah

Three Lost Chapters of the Bible

Text by Philip Littell after the
short story *Na arca* by Machado de Assis

Chapter One

1 Nothing to be seen but the sea,
nothing but the sea to be seen . . .
day and night both dark . . .
days and nights of rain . . .
all that can be counted are the dark nights
and the slightly lighter days
as countless drops of rain,
not falling quite as hard now,
days and nights not quite as dark,
drop from the furious sky,
the earth a tear now,
all salt water,
hanging from God's eye,
that will not fall quite yet,
not even now,
not yet . . .

All are aboard
an ark
all are aboard
an ark that floats
an ark that floats above the earth
atop the flood, that rests over the abyss.

Says Noah to his wife, his sons, their wives, and one
of every male and female of the beasts and birds aboard:

2 Soon we will disembark. (*Allelu! Allelu!*)
God has kept his promise
And everybody else is dead (*Alle . . . A . . . A . . .*)
And all the land is ours
And we will live together on the land
in peacefulness and concord; (*Allelu!*)
God has kept his word to me,

and Noah's sons,
Japhet, Shem and Ham, rejoice and stay
behind on deck to talk.
The brothers stayed behind to talk . . .
about *their* land.

Could they see that land
under the water?
No, the water was too muddy.
This was land they could only imagine.
Even so, it appeared quite clearly
to their imaginations.
Thus:

3 Noah and Ham could share the West,
said Japhet, without asking,
and he and Shem, as best of friends,
would go to the East together
and each claim two hundred acres.
Five, said Shem. Agreed, said Japhet
and then Japhet did decree
a natural boundary between
them both: a river.
Shem said, yes, but
what about the water in it, and the fish?
Well, each can fish from his own riverbank . . .
Oh no!
I want a marker in the middle of the river,
like a stick or a stake.

That won't work!

I'll tell you what, *since that won't work*,
why don't I keep the river and all its banks
along which you can build a wall, or something, if you want . . .
Let this be the will of the Lord!

4 Well!
The next words were Get Lost, and worse
and Ham spoke up, remembering the curse
and mark of Cain, and Abel dead,
Ham, who had kept quiet, said,
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

All are aboard
the only ark
all are aboard
an ark that floats
above a void.

Chapter Two

5 Let me call your wives, said Ham.
Japhet, let me call your wife, and yours, too, Shem.

No! No! No women!
We don't need
any woman's opinion.
After all,
this is a serious legal matter now.
No! No! No women!

6 Japhet said *he* wanted the river . . .
Shem said, Well, then, say . . . at least . . .
ten acres that I calculate I lose,
by giving up the river, you can . . .

I can give you ten
which gives five hundred and ten to you
and leaves me with five hundred *minus* ten?
four ninety?! . . . never!
I would rather shed your blood
than ever cheat myself like that!

7 Two friends,
the wolf and lamb,
who had lived, heretofore,
in perfect amity throughout
the many dark and gloomy days
of rain aboard the ark,
heard angry shouting,
ventured out on deck
to find out what the shouting was about
and came upon the brothers' quarrel
and remembered
what they had forgotten
and thereafter
kept a certain distance from each other.

Then Ham said:

8 Let me give my land to you,
I'll give up *all* my land,
Japhet, Shem, please take my land,
Just let me keep the river and its banks as thanks,
It's only twenty acres . . .

Twenty acres each, you mean!
Outrageous! Give you that river? . . .
Go jump in the lake, why don't you!

They boxed his ears
And laughed in his face.
So be it, said Ham, and he shook with rage,
as he went to find his father.

- 9** __Now we're alone.
 __Right.
 __Do you give me what I want
 or do we fight?
 __Fight.
 __Give me the river.
 __Never.
 __Thief!
 __You're the thief!
 __Ow!
 __Oo!
 __Ah!
 __Hah!
 __Oof!
 __Aha!
 __Ow!

That's how it went. And everybody heard it.
And Noah, rushing out,
ran into Ham, going in.
What's going on?
Oh, Father Noah,
don't ask!
What is it, Ham?

- 10** Sevenfold vengeance fell on Cain.
 Worse befell Lamech . . . you remember . . .
 What will become of Japhet and Shem?
 Seven times seven times seven times seven?
 Noah said, I'd better go see . . .

 Men build boats.
 Women weep.
 All are floating
 aboard an ark
 above the deep.

Chapter Three

11 Blood blood blood bloody
bloody bloody bloody faces, fists and broken knuckles
noses collarbones an awful ruckus
cussing broken cheekbones and concussions
Oh the blood and Noah's awful interrupted entrance
Is he dancing? slipping on the blood and falling
Damn I'll whip you both if you don't stop Ham help me up
the wives come in together both the wives start screaming at the men
and screaming at each other Noah says shut up
I don't know which of you is worse and now the wives are wailing
saying all of us are cursed they've killed each other
what is to become of us and look at all
the blood the blood the blood the blood

12 Father Noah, Japhet wanted all my land.
What land? The land
that God said I would get. My land! No, my
land! No, my land! No! God said my land!
Who said so? Noah said! I said what? Yes,
he did. I heard him say so.
You did not! I did you bitch! What did you
call my wife? You heard her!
oh the words the words the words the words

Noah tried to speak

It's mine! It's mine! It's mine! It's mine! It's mine!
the blood the bloody noses fists and eyes and bleeding knuckles
nails and faces ears and hair and tearing
clawing kicking punching scratching biting slapping
crying
sobbing
gasping
stopping

13 Noah spoke:
Anyone who disobeys me
from now on is cursed.
Anyone who disappoints me
who disrupts my family
is cursed,
I'll curse him.
Or . . .
just as easily,
her.
Or them. Or all,
as many as deserve this curse.
This curse
is worse, much worse,
than any other curse . . .
this curse is worse than sevenfold . . .
worse than seven times seven times seven
times seven times seven times seven
(worse than that? they knew he was serious.)
seven hundred times a hundred seven hundred times . . .

And as the curse continued to grow,
Noah went inside.
The others followed.

14 No lamp was lit, though it was dark.
Nothing more was said. All went to bed.
And lay awake.
But most awake was Noah.

Noah looked up at the ceiling of the ark
where an open hatch disclosed a star or two, no moon,
and thought . . .

And he prayed
or, rather, thought ahead
at any rate,
he thought aloud,
My God they're fighting over land they haven't got yet,
land they don't even own!
OH LORD
can you imagine what will happen in
___*___ and ___*___ and ___*___ and ___*___ and . . . ?

15 The brothers and their wives who overheard,
shrugged,
because quite naturally they didn't understand a word!

We are all rather crowded
aboard our ark
all suspended
above the water
in the dark

* = *fill in the blanks with whatever current territorial aggressions come to mind.*

Stephen Hartke's music reflects the diversity of his musical background, from medieval and Renaissance polyphony, of which he was once quite an active performer, to very personal syntheses of various elements from non-Western and popular musics. He was born in Orange, New Jersey, in 1952, and grew up in Manhattan, where he began his musical career as a professional boy chorister. He went on to earn degrees in composition from Yale, the University of Pennsylvania, and the University of California, Santa Barbara, counting among his teachers Leonardo Balada, James Drew, George Rochberg, George Crumb, Peter Fricker, and Edward Applebaum. Since the 1980s he has made his home in California, joining the faculty of the Thornton School of Music at the University of Southern California in 1987. His music, both chamber and orchestral, has come to circulate widely, with major performances including those by the New York Philharmonic, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the London Symphony Orchestra, the BBC Philharmonic, the Moscow State Philharmonic, the Kanagawa Philharmonic, the Canadian National Arts Centre Orchestra, the National Symphony Orchestra, the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, and the symphony orchestras of Albany, Baltimore, Detroit, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Louisville, Memphis, New Jersey, Phoenix, St. Louis, and Utah. He has received awards and grants from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the American Academy in Rome, the ASCAP Foundation, BMI, Chamber Music America, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Fromm Foundation, the Fulbright Senior Scholars Program, the Guggenheim Foundation, the Institute for American Music, the Kennedy Center Friedheim Awards, the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, Masterprize, the McKim Fund of the Library of Congress, Meet the Composer, and the National Endowment for the Arts. Recent commissions have included two extended works for the Hilliard Ensemble, a clarinet concerto for Richard Stoltzman, a symphony for the New York Philharmonic, and summer 2004 will see the premiere of a full-length opera, based on Guy de Maupassant's short story *Boule de Suif*, commissioned by Glimmerglass Opera. Much of Hartke's music is available on CD, with recordings on CRI, EMI Classics, New World Records, and ECM New Series.

Xtet is a chamber ensemble of Los Angeles-based musicians, founded in 1985 to explore and expand the domain of chamber music. "X" equals a variable between two and eleven or more. This ensemble of strings, winds, percussion, harp, and piano performs works for unusual groupings, as well as string quartets and piano trios. They present music from all periods, but are particularly fond of the music of our time. In addition to their activities with Xtet, the performers are members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, and the Long Beach and Pasadena symphonies, as well as members of ballet, opera, and musical theater orchestras throughout Southern California. Xtet regularly appears on the venerable Monday Evening Concerts series at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and at other well-known Los Angeles chamber music venues. As part of the California Arts Council Touring and Presenting Programs, they perform at universities and concert halls throughout California. Xtet is: **Gary Woodward**, flutes; **Emily Bernstein**, clarinets; **John Steinmetz**, bassoon; **David Johnson**, percussion; **Vicki Ray** and **Gloria Cheng**, keyboards; **JoAnn Turovsky**, harp; **Elizabeth Baker** and **Susan Jensen**, violins; **Kazi Pitelka**, viola; **Roger Lebow**, cello; **Dasietta Kim**, soprano; and **Donald Crockett**, conductor.

Donald Crockett, conductor and artistic director of Xtet, is also Professor of Composition and Music Director of the Contemporary Music Ensemble at the Thornton School of Music at the University of Southern California. Commissions have come from the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra (Composer-in-Residence 1991–97), Kronos Quartet, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Stanford String Quartet, Pittsburgh New Music Ensemble, the Charlotte Symphony, the concert bands of the Big Ten Universities, the Core Ensemble, the Debussy Trio, Pacific Serenades, Music from Angel Fire, and the California EAR Unit, among others. He has received grants and prizes from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, American Music Center, Barlow Endowment, BMI, California Arts Council, Composers Inc., Copland Fund, Kennedy Center Friedheim Awards, Meet the Composer, and the National Endowment for the Arts. Active as a conductor of new music, Donald Crockett has presented many world, national, and regional premieres with Xtet, the USC Thornton Contemporary Music Ensemble, and as a guest conductor with the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Pittsburgh New Music Ensemble, Cleveland Chamber Orchestra, the California EAR Unit, and the USC Thornton Symphony.

Soprano **Lisa Stidham** is a native of New Mexico but grew up in Southern California, where she studied with Margaret Norcross, Martial Singher, Donald Stenberg, and Judith Natalucci. Although she hasn't shied away from opera, even touring in Victor Borge's version of *Carmen*, vocal chamber music is her first love. She has sung in concerts and recitals in the United States, Europe, and South America, presenting repertoire ranging from the music of Monteverdi to Villa-Lobos, Mozart to Britten, and especially current American composers, such as John Harbison, Stephen Hartke, and Donald Crockett. Ms. Stidham is also very active as a voice teacher, having served on the faculties of the California Institute of the Arts, the University of Southern California, and other Los Angeles-area colleges and universities. She lives in Glendale, California, with her husband, Stephen Hartke, and their son, Sandy.

Sons of Noah

Lisa Stidham, soprano; David Shostac, Angela Wiegand, Stephen Kujala, flutes and piccolos; Gary Woodward, flute, alto flute, bass flute; William Kanengiser, Brian Head, John Dearman, guitars; James Smith, guitar and mandolin; John Steinmetz, Dave Riddles, William Wood, bassoons; Allen Savedoff, contrabassoon

Wulfstan at the Millennium

Gary Woodward, bass flute and flute; Leslie Reed, English horn; Emily Bernstein, bass clarinet; Steven Becknell, horn; David Johnson, marimba; Vicki Ray, piano; Elizabeth Baker, violin; Kazi Pitelka, viola; Roger Lebow, cello; Bruce Morgenthaler, double bass

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

The Ascent of the Equestrian in a Balloon. London Symphony Orchestra; Andrew Harding, conductor. EMI Classics 5-72826-2.

Caoine. Michelle Makarski, violin. ECM New Series 1587.

Concerto for Violin and Orchestra "Auld Swaara." Michelle Makarski, violin; Riverside Symphony; George Rothman, conductor. New World Records 80533-2.

The King of the Sun. The Dunsmuir Piano Quartet. New World Records 80461-2.

Night Rubrics. Angela Schwartz, cello. New World Records 80461-2.

Oh Them Rats Is Mean in My Kitchen. Michelle Makarski, Ronald Copes, violins. New World Records 80391-2.

Sonata. Vicki Ray, piano. CRI CD 830.

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Symphony No. 2. Riverside Symphony; George Rothman, conductor. New World Records 80533-2.

Wir küssen Ihnen tausendmal die Hände. Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra; Donald Crockett, conductor. CRI CD 669.

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STEPHEN HARTKE (b. 1952)

LISA STIDHAM, SOPRANO; XTET; DONALD CROCKETT, CONDUCTOR

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Sons of Noah (1996) 30:03

Three Lost Chapters of the Bible for Soprano, 4 Flutes, 4 Guitars and 4 Bassoons

Text by Philip Littell after the short story *Na arca* by Machado de Assis

1	Nothing to be seen but the sea	2:46
2	Soon we will disembark	3:12
3	Noah and Ham could share the West	2:39
4	Well!	1:12
5	Let me call your wives, said Ham	1:04
6	Japhet said <i>he</i> wanted the river	1:01
7	Two friends	3:04
8	Let me give my land to you	:51
9	Now we're alone	1:14
10	Sevenfold vengeance fell on Cain	2:31
11	Blood blood blood bloody	1:31
12	Father Noah, Japhet wanted all my land	1:41
13	Anyone who disobeys me	2:14
14	No lamp was lit, though it was dark	2:56
15	The brothers and their wives who overheard	1:49

Lisa Stidham, soprano

Wulfstan at the Millennium (1995) 28:46

Music for 10 Players

16	1. Introit	2:00
17	2. Antiphon I	1:08
18	3. Conductus	4:12
19	4. Antiphon II	1:11
20	5. Motet	4:30
21	6. Mysterium	5:37
22	7. Hymnus <i>in adventu Alexandri</i>	1:39
23	8. Antiphon III	:43
24	9. Responsory	1:36
25	10. Antiphon IV	:48
26	11. Oratio	:54
27	12. Recessional: <i>Toccata</i>	4:11

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