

NED ROREM
Evidence of Things Not Seen

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Look not to things that are seen, but to that which is unseen;
for things that are seen pass away, but that which is unseen is forever.
—Corinthians II, 4:18

It is at once by poetry and through poetry, by music and through music,
that the soul divines what splendors shine behind the tomb.
—Edgar Allan Poe, *The Poetic Principle*

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.
—Hebrews, II:1

If in the world of Elvis song is a trillion-dollar business, in the world of serious classical music song is the least remunerative of expressions. Song, in English, particularly by Americans, is more rarefied still, partly because historically the form's intimacy never meshed with the massive concepts of our pioneer composers, and partly because we have no recital tradition for singers. You can count on one hand the number of vocalists who subsist as recitalists, and even they prosper more than the composers. Today, re-creation takes priority over creation. The Three Tenors, intoning arias by dead Italians, earn more in one evening than what a live American composer earns in a lifetime.

Nevertheless, I embarked on the madness of a composer's career by writing songs. The first ones, at age fourteen, were settings of Cummings. By age forty I had written 400 songs, on texts of over 100 authors, from Anonymous to Ashbery, Freud to Kafka, Wylie to Whitman. My singular reputation, such as it is, has always centered around song, probably because there is so little competition. Whatever my music is worth, I flatter myself that my taste in texts is first-rate. For it was not the human voice that first drew me to song (I am not obsessed with the voice, much less am I an opera buff), but poetry as expressed through the voice. I am un-American by not being a specialist; as a child I never anguished about which to be when I grew up, a composer or a writer. Why not be both? (No, I don't set my own words to music, but that's another story.) If eventually I composed many a non-vocal work, such work emerged from a sense of duty: one is supposed to branch out. Though probably every non-vocal work by every composer—be it a toccata for tuba or sonata for snare drum—is a song in disguise. Music *is* song and inside all composers lurks a singer striving to get out.

For decades I've dreamed of an *Art of the Song*, a glorified chamber piece for four solo voices with piano, to be presented as an entire program. The challenge would be less musical than theatrical. A composer always has musical ideas or he wouldn't be a composer, but when he proposes to link these abstract ideas to concrete words—words by authors who never asked to be musicalized—he must find words which (at least for him) need to be sung. If these words are intended for a cycle rather than for a single song, then there must be a sense (at least for him) of inevitability in their sequence, because the same song in a different context takes on new meaning. If the chosen words are by different authors, then these authors must seem to share a certain parenting (at least for him) even though they may be separated by centuries. (I say *words* rather *poems*, since many of the texts I use are prose.)

Last year The New York Festival of Song, in tandem with the Library of Congress, agreed to sponsor this dream. I am warmly grateful to these organizations. In plotting the format of the present work, composed mostly in 1997, I chose 36 texts by 24 authors. Wystan Auden, Paul Goodman (a childhood idol), and Walt Whitman, all of whom I had used dozens of times before, are here represented by five, four, and three poems each. William Penn, who, as we Quakers say, speaks to my condition, is represented by two prose selections, as are Stephen Crane and the eighteenth-century hymnodist Thomas Ken. The other eighteen authors provide one song each. The sendoff by Roethke, “From Whence Cometh Song,” I used once before in another version, and would not have set it again, but no other poem seemed more apt. The verses of Wordsworth, Browning, and Elizabeth Barrett, though world famous, are new to my pen. Edna Millay, another childhood idol, remains close to my heart. Like Penn, John Woolman was a Quaker thinker whose prose dates from the early 1700s; his pacifism, like that of the more ironic Langston Hughes, contrasts with the sometimes warlike Kipling. Kipling’s contemporary countrymen, Oscar Wilde and A. E. Housman, with their Victorian poignancy, contrast in turn with the American poignancy of the very late Jane Kenyon. The prose passages from the French of Colette and of Julien Green are, in my translation, the final paragraphs respectively of their semi-autobiographical works, *L’autre sommeil* and *L’Etoile vesper*. Robert Frost, along with Dickinson and Whitman, is probably the American poet most often used by musicians; his elegiac “Come In” fits perfectly here. So does Baudelaire’s English verse, and that of Yeats, which is arranged for trio. Mark Doty’s weighty harangue, “Faith,” from his *Atlantis*, specifically concerns the tragedy of AIDS, as does the penultimate song, drawn from the late Paul Monette’s *Love Alone*.

Two of the songs, Green’s “He Thinks Upon His Death” and Goodman’s “Boy with a Baseball Glove,” were composed 45 years ago, and have waited all this time to find a home. (In 1984, I did reshape the Goodman song, minus the words, into the third movement of a Violin Concerto.) Mark Doty still thrives in Provincetown. I have personally known six of them, though none, I think, have known each other; the interrelationship depends solely on my whimsical juxtapositions, as does their continuity within the cycle.

The order of songs relies on subject matter. The opening group, *Beginnings*, is just that—songs about moving forward, and the wistful optimism of love, with a concluding hymn-text from the eighteenth century to be sung by a congregation in the morning. (Although an atheist, I am sincere in my dozens of settings of so-called sacred texts; I do believe in Belief, and in the great art, starting with the Psalms of David, that has sprung from religious conviction.)

The second group, *Middles*, about coming of age, horror of war, romantic disappointment, concludes with another hymn, this one for evening. The last group, *Ends*, about death, concludes with an admonishment from William Penn, echoing a definition of Faith in Corinthians II: Look not to things that are seen, but to that which is unseen; for things that are seen pass away, but that which is unseen is forever.

Non-vocal music is never literal, can never be proven to “mean” anything. Tone poems mean only what the composer tells you, in words, they mean, and the representation is general: the sea, love, death, weather, but never knife or green or elbow or Tuesday. Song settings, meanwhile, can mean only what their texts tell you they mean; no one composer is more right than another in his interpretation of the same text. Nevertheless, certain conventions, that shift with the centuries, ascribe specific meaning to ambiguous sound. Minor modes, for instance, signify sadness, while

stately rhythms signify weddings. Since words speak louder than music, but since music, precisely because of its meaninglessness, can heighten or even change the sense of words, I try, in word-settings, to avoid the conventions. I don't compose "war music" for war scenes or "love music" for love scenes, preferring to contradict—but can you prove it's a contradiction?—the expected. Thus I'm sometimes criticized for missing the point of a poem. Still, it's not for a composer to review his own music, since that music speaks louder than his words.

None of the texts is especially upbeat; even Auden's nonsensical quatrains seem less funny than scary. Ten years ago I may not have chosen them. But they now seem endemic to this autumnal moment, as I look back on a youth "which foresaw in the light of a summer day the end of all life."
— *Ned Rorem*

In a big *New York Times* story that ran just before the premiere of *Evidence of Things Not Seen*, Ned Rorem lamented the lack of interest in new music. Even sophisticated, literate people had very little knowledge or curiosity about it, he said. But this has not been our experience at The New York Festival of Song, where Rorem's songs have always had an honored place in our programs. In 1993, we threw him a 70th Birthday Tribute concert at our first home, the Greenwich House Music School. It attracted the largest audience of any concert we ever gave at that hall. Three years later, in May of 1996, we invited Rorem to be one of ten composers we commissioned to write a suite of "American Love Songs" for vocal ensemble and four-hand piano, in order to create a collage-style companion piece to the Brahms *Liebeslieder Waltzes*. His song, a hauntingly beautiful setting of Thom Gunn's "My Sad Captains," was the very first piece to arrive, months before the deadline. It came with only one request: he wanted it to end the concert. After Michael Barrett and I read through the song, we knew we'd have no trouble granting his wish. No matter what the other composers created, this would be the perfect valedictory statement. And unlike his colleagues, who spent time at rehearsals painstakingly showing us how they wanted their music to be played and sung, Rorem chose to hear his piece for the first time on the night of the performance. "You'll know what to do with it," he said.

Apparently we did, because soon after this, Rorem invited Michael and me over to tea to discuss a new idea. He wanted to write a *magnum opus* called *The Art of the Song*, in his words, "a glorified chamber piece for four solo voices with piano, to be presented as an entire program." I knew he meant business when I saw the size of the sachertorte he had bought for the occasion. In truth he needn't have exerted himself. I think Michael and I knew from the beginning that we wanted to midwife the birth of such a piece, although we both had some qualms about the proposed title. Our indefatigable executive director, Gideon Schein, was enthusiastic about the project ("But get him to change that title," he asked), and once he persuaded the Library of Congress to participate in the commission, we were off and running.

The new work became, of course, *Evidence of Things Not Seen*. In spite of Ned's qualms, the premiere, at Weill Hall at Carnegie Hall in January 1998, was sold out and people were scrounging for tickets as if Callas were staging a comeback recital. We played the piece without intermissions, and asked the audience to hold its applause until the work was over. The ovation at the end for the composer was overwhelming. The second performance was at the Library of Congress, where this disc was recorded in April 1998. The reaction was, if anything, even more enthusiastic.

Evidence of Things Not Seen has many sources of power. The first is its overarching principle: to

delineate the human condition from youth to old age through poetry and music. It portrays early joys and discoveries, midlife crises and questions, and reflections on mortality and loss with the depth that only a mature artist can offer. For any songwriter, the choice of texts is a crucial element in the creative process. Some, like Brahms and Strauss, were able to extract musical truths from banal poetry. But Rorem has always prided himself on his taste in lyrics. The “libretto” he created for *Evidence* is one of the work’s glories.

All of the songs were newly written except two: “Boy with a Baseball Glove” and “He thinks upon his death,” which were written in 1953 and used for the first time in *Evidence* (although Rorem had used the former as the theme for the middle movement of his violin concerto). He found a way to build in a strong forward motion by including a series of interlocking songs in each section, what might be called a “medley” in another musical idiom. The first three songs tumble into one another, as do the last five; in the second section there is an unbroken suite of songs about war and political leaders. These ensemble pieces give way to moments of repose and pure, spun-out melody (like “Come In” and “Their Lonely Betters”) much the way recitatives and *concertato* sections prepare for the arias in Italian operas.

The musical language of the piece will be familiar to those who know and love Rorem’s music, but within that language there are many dialects. There is straightforward, flowing tonality in solo songs and in ensembles like the piercingly beautiful “Requiescat,” but there is also a kind of recitative/dialogue with the piano (“Now is the dreadful midnight,” and “Dear, though the night”), a *capella* four-part hymn writing (at the end of Sections One and Two, very challenging to perform), coloristic pieces in which the musical form echoes the text in a kind of tonal onomatopoeia (“On an echoing road,” “The Sick Wife,” “The Old Men,” “His Beauty Sparkles”), and intensely rhythmic declamatory pieces (“The Comfort of Friends [O the rapes],” “Faith”).

Rorem’s vocal writing presents certain challenges. He demands a long breath of his singers; one soprano muttered, “He must think we can all sustain phrases like Leontyne.” He sometimes puts the verbal stresses on unaccented notes, as French composers do. There are some tough vocal leaps, and his rhythms are not easy to master. The two duets “Life in a Love” and “On an echoing road” were a cinch for each of us to learn by ourselves at home, but stabilizing the counterpoint of the ensemble demanded extraordinary concentration and never became automatic. Nevertheless, the music in *Evidence* has a soaring *cantante* line, thrilling to hear and, when finally mastered, to sing. The many ensemble pieces are dazzling in their variety, from rich massed chords to eerie effects in octaves, from intricate contrapuntal intertwining to simple parallel movement.

“I didn’t spare the pianists in this piece,” Ned somewhat sheepishly confessed as he handed the score to us. We didn’t expect him to. After all, he has often gone to bat for his songs on the concert platform as piano-partner, and his stage experience shines through in his keyboard writing. He constantly finds ways to combine melody, poetry, and piano-writing with evocative rightness. As in Schubert’s songs, a piano motive can paint several elements at once. In his setting of Mark Doty’s AIDS poem “Faith,” the *perpetuo moto* rhythm gives expression to the bounding dog, the anxious speaker, the progress of the disease, and the life-giving impetus of faith. There is a great deal of rapid-fire virtuoso writing. A long piano lick toward the end of “As I Walked Out One Evening,” to be played *molto con fuoco*, is probably the showiest example. These are technical workouts, to be sure, but the reward comes in the beautiful harmonies he gives the pianist. I once heard him praise the chords of a Debussy song using the word “edible,” and I would describe many of these songs in the same way—particularly the slow music. He doesn’t use American jazz rhythms, but he does re-

import the jazz chords that Poulenc and Ravel borrowed and translated into French. Ned's chord voicings, those sexy clusters of tones used in gentle dynamics, often remind me of that most elegant of jazz pianists, Bill Evans. They can be hedonistic and sensuous, as in "Boy with a Baseball Glove" and "A Glimpse," but they can also evoke the profound lassitude and sadness of "The Sick Wife," one of the finest songs in the entire work.

The idea of leitmotifs is certainly foreign to Ned's nature. "Too German," I can hear him saying. Nevertheless, it's worth mentioning two thematic elements that bind the work together. The first is heard at the very beginning of the cycle, the leaping interval of a ninth on "From Whence Cometh Song." It recurs at several crucial moments, most obviously at the beginning of "How Do I Love Thee" and "The Old Men." The other appears initially in the second song, when the quartet sings "I myself am good fortune," a brief theme that Rorem had first used to heart-stopping effect at the climax of "My Sad Captains." This soaring melody, really a romanticized version of the first motive, makes furtive appearances in the cycle, and finally caps the last song of *Evidence of Things Not Seen* as a radiant climax.

Ned Rorem's music has been an integral part of my life—and I daresay a part of the life of any English-singing musician of my generation—since my teenage years. At age sixteen, I discovered one of his most famous songs, "The Lordly Hudson," and fell in love with it. It eventually dawned on me that the "Hudson" of the title was in fact the river right outside my bedroom window. Somehow I had assumed that all art music was about faraway romantic places. Rorem's song offered me something more than its intrinsic beauty and majesty; it also told me that art could flourish in my own backyard.

There is often something plaintive, simple, and guileless in Ned's music. These aren't words I'd use to describe Ned or his extravagant, exhibitionistic literary persona. In fact, there are several Ned Rorems, and at any given moment one of them may be contradicting another. But *Evidence of Things Not Seen* brings all the contradictory sides of his nature together—the sensualist, the pacifist, the outspoken critic, the sympathetic observer. Through our beloved Ned Rorem, the art of the song lives—and thrives.

—*Steven Blier*

Part One: Beginnings

1. FROM WHENCE COMETH SONG

(Theodore Roethke)

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller, Kurt Ollmann

Michael Barrett, pianist

From whence cometh song?
From the tear, far away,
From the hound giving tongue,
From the quarry's weak cry.

From whence, love?
From the dirt in the street,
From the bolt stuck in the groove,

From the cur at my feet.

Whence, death?
From dire hell's mouth,
From the ghost without breath,
From the wind shifting south.

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2. THE OPEN ROAD

(Walt Whitman)

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller, Kurt Ollmann
Michael Barrett, pianist

Afoot and light-hearted, I take the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.
Henceforth I ask not good fortune—I myself am good fortune.

3. O WHERE ARE YOU GOING

(W. H. Auden, from "Five Songs")

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller, Kurt Ollmann
Michael Barrett, pianist

"O where are you going?" said reader to rider,
"That valley is fatal when furnaces burn,
Yonder's the midden whose odors will madden,
That gap is the grave where the tall return."

"O do you imagine," said fearer to farer,
"That dusk will delay on your path to the pass,
Your diligent looking discover the lacking,
Your footsteps feel from granite to grass?"

"O what was that bird," said horror to hearer,
"Did you see that shape in the twisted tree?
Behind you swiftly the figure comes softly,
The spot on your skin is a shocking disease."

"Out of this house"—said rider to reader,
"Yours never will"—said farer to fearer,
"They're looking for you"—said hearer to horror,
As he left them there, as he left them there.

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4. THE RAINBOW

(William Wordsworth)

Monique McDonald, Rufus Müller, Kurt Ollmann

Michael Barrett, pianist

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each in natural piety.

5. HOW DO I LOVE THEE ...

(Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

Delores Ziegler

Steven Blier, pianist

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and the Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

6. LIFE IN A LOVE

(Robert Browning)

Delores Ziegler, Kurt Ollmann

Steven Blier, pianist

Escape me?
Never—
Beloved.

While I am I, and you are you,
So long as the world contains us both,
Me the loving and you the loth,
While the one eludes, must the other pursue.
My life is a fault at last, I fear—

It seems too much like a fate, indeed!
Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed—
But what if I fail of purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up to begin again,—
So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.
While, look but once from your farthest bound,
At me so deep in the dusk and dark,
No sooner the old hope drops to the ground
Than a new one, straight to the self-same mark,
I shape me—
Ever
Removed!

7. THEIR LONELY BETTERS

(W. H. Auden)

Monique McDonald

Steven Blier, pianist

As I listened from a beach-chair in the shade
To all the noises that my garden made,
It seemed to me only proper that words
Should be withheld from vegetables and birds.

A robin with no Christian name ran through
The Robin-Anthem which was all it knew,
And rustling flowers for some third party waited
To say which pairs, if any, should get mated.

None of them was capable of lying,
There was not one which knew that it was dying!
Or could have with a rhythm or a rhyme
Assumed responsibility for time.

Let them leave language to their lonely betters
Who count some days and long for certain letters;
We, too, make noises when we laugh or weep:
Words are for those with promises to keep.

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8. HIS BEAUTY SPARKLES

(Paul Goodman)

Monique McDonald, Rufus Müller

Steven Blier, pianist

His beauty sparkles, his big eyes blaze
his moist teeth gleam, and his wide smile

turns up a lamp that was aglow,
his laughing-wrinkles crackle like a campfire,
the flush across his neck
is like the slowly burning ruby
I drowned in swimming for tomorrow
west into the blushing sun.

(From *Collected Poems*, Random House, 1972. Used by Permission of Sally Goodman.)

9. BOY WITH A BASEBALL GLOVE

(Paul Goodman)

Rufus Müller

Steven Blier, pianist

See now the beauty with the glove
and hands on's hips and head held high
arrests me, to be in love
when on an easy way was I.

In Eire would the same
be standing with a fish
and canvas clothes and legs astride upon
the landing
and make the Irish poet pause.

Each time to pleasure had with ease
since won, I go without a care,
a Messenger from overseas appears
and arrests me there.

(From *A Warning/ At My Leisure* (5 X 8 Press, 1939). Used by Permission of Sally Goodman.)

10. A GLIMPSE

(Walt Whitman)

Kurt Ollmann

Steven Blier, pianist

One flitting glimpse, caught in an interstice,
Of a crowd of workmen and drivers in a bar-room around the stove
late of a winter night, and I unremarked in a corner,
Of a youth who loves me and whom I love, silently approaching, and
seating himself near, that he may hold me by the hand,
A long while amid the noises of coming and going, of drinking and
oath and smutty jest;
That we two, content, happy in just being together, speaking little,
perhaps not a word.

11. I AM HE ...

(Walt Whitman)

Rufus Müller

Steven Blier, pianist

I am he that aches with love;
Does the earth gravitate? does not all matter, aching, attract all matter?
So the body of me to all I meet or know.

12. LOVE CANNOT FILL ...
(Edna St. Vincent Millay)
Delores Ziegler
Steven Blier, pianist

Love cannot fill the thickened lung with breath,
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone;
Yet many a man is making friends with death
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.
(From "Love Is Not All" (Sonnet XXX of *Fatal Interview*) by Edna St. Vincent Millay. From *Collected Poems*, HarperCollins. Copyright © 1931, 1958 by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Norma Millay Ellis. All rights reserved. Text used by permission of Elizabeth Barnett, literary executor.)

13. THE MORE LOVING ONE
(W. H. Auden)
Kurt Ollmann
Steven Blier, pianist

Looking up at the stars, I know quite well
That, for all they care, I can go to hell,
But on earth indifference is the least
We have to dread from man or beast.

How should we like it were stars to burn
With a passion for us we could not return?
If equal affection cannot be,
Let the more loving one be me.

Admirer as I think I am
Of stars that do not give a damn,
I cannot, now I see them, say
I missed one terribly all day.

Were all stars to disappear or die,
I should learn to look at an empty sky
And feel its total dark sublime
Though this might take me a little time.
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14. HYMN FOR MORNING
(Thomas Ken, 1709)
Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller, Kurt Ollmann

Steven Blier, pianist

Wake my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay this morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent moments past
And live this day as if the last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal king.

Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Part Two: Middles

15. I SAW A MASS ...
(John Woolman, 1720–72, Journal)
Delores Ziegler
Michael Barrett, pianist

... I saw a mass of matter of a dull gloomy color ... and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be, and live, and that I was mixed in with them, and henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being.

16. THE COMFORT OF FRIENDS (O THE RAPES...)
(phrases from William Penn, 1644–1718, in *The Comfort of Friends*)
Delores Ziegler
Michael Barrett, pianist

O the rapes, fires, murders, and rivers of blood that lie at the doors of professed Christians! If this be godly, what's devilish? If this be Christian, what's paganism? What's anti-Christian but to make God a party to their wickedness?

Time past is none of thine? 'Tis not what thou wast but what thou art. God will be daily looked into. Did'st thou eat yesterday? That feedeth thee not today.

They that love beyond the World, cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies. Nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same Divine Principle; the Root and Record of their Friendship.

This is the Comfort of Friends, that though they may be said to Die, yet their Friendship and Society are, in the best Sense, ever present, because Immortal.

17. A DEAD STATESMAN

(Rudyard Kipling)

Rufus Müller

Michael Barrett, pianist

I could not dig: I dared not rob:
Therefore I lied to please the mob.

Now all my lies are proved untrue
And I must face the men I slew.

What tale shall serve me here among

Mine angry and defrauded young?

(The words from *A Dead Statesman* by Rudyard Kipling are set to music by permission of A. P. Watt Ltd on behalf of The National Trust.)

18. THE CANDID MAN

(Stephen Crane)

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller, Kurt Ollmann

Michael Barrett, pianist

Forth went the candid man
And spoke freely to the wind—
When he looked about him he was in a far
strange country.

Forth went the candid man
and spoke freely to the stars—
Yellow light tore sight from his eyes.

“My good fool,” said a learned bystander,
“Your operations are mad.”

“You are too candid,” cried the candid man.
And when his stick left the head of the
learned bystander
It was two sticks.

19. COMMENT ON WAR

(Langston Hughes)

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler

Michael Barrett, pianist

Let us kill off youth
For the sake of truth.

We who are old know what truth is—

Truth is a bundle of vicious lies
Tied together and sterilized—
A war-maker's bait for unwise youth
To kill off each other
For the sake of
Truth.

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20. A LEARNED MAN

(Stephen Crane)

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller
Michael Barrett, pianist

A learned man came to me once.
He said, "I know the way—come."
And I was overjoyed at this.
Together we hastened.

Soon, too soon, were we
Where my eyes were useless,
And I knew not the ways of my feet.
I clung to the hand of my friend:
But at last he cried, "I am lost."

21. DEAR, THOUGH THE NIGHT...

(W. H. Auden)

Kurt Ollmann
Michael Barrett, pianist

Dear, though the night is gone
Its dream still haunts today,
That brought us to a room
Cavernous, lofty as
A railway terminus,
And crowded in that room
Were beds, and we in one
In a far corner lay.

Our whisper woke no clocks,
We kissed and I was glad
At everything you did,
Indifferent to those
Who sat with hostile eyes
In pairs on every bed,
Arms round each other's necks,
Inert and vaguely sad.

O but what worm of guilt

Or what malignant doubt
Am I the victim of,
That you then, unabashed,
Did what I never wished,
Confessed another love;
And I, submissive, felt
Unwanted and went out.

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22. REQUIESCAT

(Oscar Wilde)

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Kurt Ollmann

Michael Barrett, pianist

Tread lightly, she is near
 Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
 The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
 Tarnished with rust
She that was young and fair
 Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
 She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
 Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
 Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone
 She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
 Lyre or sonnet,
All of my life's buried here,
 Heap earth upon it.

23. IS MY TEAM PLOUGHING

(A. E. Housman)

Rufus Müller, Kurt Ollmann

Michael Barrett, pianist

“Is my team ploughing
 That I used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
 When I was man alive?”

Ay, the horses trample,
 The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
 The land you used to plough.

“Is my girl happy,
 That I found hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
 As she lies down at eve?”

Ay, she lies down lightly,
 She lies down not to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
 Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty,
 Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
 A better bed than mine?”

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
 I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,
 Never ask me whose.

(From *A Shropshire Lad* by A. E. Housman. By permission of the Society of Authors as the Literary Representative of the Estate of A. E. Housman.)

24. AS I WALKED OUT ONE EVENING

(W. H. Auden)

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller, Kurt Ollmann
Michael Barrett, pianist

As I walked out one evening
 Walking down Bristol Street,
The crowds upon the pavement
 Were fields of harvest wheat.

And down by the brimming river
 I heard a lover sing
Under an arch of the railway:
 “Love has no ending.

“I’ll love you, dear, I’ll love you
 Till China and Africa meet.
And the river jumps over the mountain
 And the salmon sing in the street.

“The years shall run like rabbits
For in my arms I hold
The Flower of the Ages
And the first love of the world.”

But all the clocks in the city
Began to whirr and chime:
“O let not Time deceive you,
You cannot conquer Time.

“In headaches and in worry
Vaguely life leaks away
And Time will have his fancy
To-morrow or today.

“O plunge your hands in water
Plunge them in up to the wrist;
Stare, stare at the basin
And wonder what you’ve missed.

“The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
The desert sighs in the bed,
And the crack in the teacup opens
A lane to the land of the dead.

“O stand, stand at the window
As the tears scald and start;
You shall love your crooked neighbour
With your crooked heart.”

It was late, late in the evening,
The lovers they were gone;
The clocks had ceased their chiming
And the deep river ran on.

(© 1938 by W. H. Auden. Used by permission of Curtis Brown Ltd. All Rights Reserved.)

25. THE SICK WIFE

(Jane Kenyon)

Delores Ziegler

Michael Barrett, pianist

The sick wife stayed in the car
while he bought a few groceries.
Not yet fifty,
she had learned what it’s like
not to be able to button a button.

It was the middle of the day—

and so only mothers with small children
and retired couples
stepped through the muddy parking lot.

Dry cleaning swung and gleamed on hangers
in the cars of the prosperous.
How easily they moved—
with such freedom,
even the old and relatively infirm.

The windows began to steam up.
The cars on either side of her
pulled away so briskly
that it made her sick at heart.

(From *Otherwise: New & Selected Poems*. © 1996 by the Estate of Jane Kenyon. Published by Graywolf Press, St. Paul, MN.)

26. NOW IS THE DREADFUL MIDNIGHT

(Paul Goodman)
Monique McDonald
Michael Barrett, pianist

Now is the dreadful midnight you
have to do what you want to do

not by your will which is afraid
but by my hand upon you laid.

My hand withheld almost too long
moves by lust, its grip is strong

and callous, it has turned to fire
the arpeggios of a lyre

and we love carelessly
who gravely love Saint Harmony.

Resist not, nor can you resist, the cries
that in your bowels rise

while I to song shall modify
and neither of us will ever die.

(From *Collected Poems*, Random House, 1972. Used by Permission of Sally Goodman.)

27. HYMN FOR EVENING

(Thomas Ken, 1709)
Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller, Kurt Ollmann
Michael Barrett, pianist

All praise to thee, my God, this night
For the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace must be.

May my soul on thee repose
And with sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
Amen. Amen. Amen.

Part Three: Ends

28. HE THINKS UPON HIS DEATH

(Julien Green, from *L'autre sommeil*, last paragraph)

Kurt Ollmann

Michael Barrett, pianist

[Pour la première fois, je pensais à ma mort comme à une chose réelle et certaine. L'air tiède agité par la brise, le soleil, l'ombre des feuilles sur mes mains, il me semblait que tout ne parlait que de cela, mais que jusqu' à cette minute je ne l'avais pas compris. Un jour viendrait où mon coeur battrait une fois encore, puis s'arrêterait de souffrir. Pour d'autres que moi le vent passerait murmurant dans les arbres, pour d'autres jeunes hommes au coeur lourd, mais j'écoutais aujourd'hui sans terreur ni regret cette voix inquiète de m'instruire et qui me prédisait dans la lumière d'un jour d'été la fin de toute vie.]

For the first time I thought of my own death as a sure and real thing. The warm air moved by the breeze, the shadow of leaves on my hands, it seemed to me that all things spoke only of that, but until this moment I had not understood. A day would come when my heart would beat one last time, then would cease its suffering. For others the wind would pass murmuring through the trees, for other young men with heavy hearts; but today I listened with neither terror nor regret for this troubled voice to instruct me, and which foresaw in the light of a summer day the end of all life.

(English translation by Ned Rorem. © Julien Green. Used by permission.)

29. ON AN ECHOING ROAD

(Colette, from *L'Etoile vesper*, last paragraph)

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler

Michael Barrett, pianist

[Sur une route sonore s'accorde, puis se désaccorde pour s'accorder encore, le trot de deux chevaux attelés en paire, guidés par la même main. Plume et aiguille, habitude de travail et sage envie d'y mettre fin lient amitié, se séparent, se réconcilient....Mes lents corsaires, tachez à aller de compagnie: je vois d'ici le bout de la route.]

On an echoing road, trotting in unison, now out of step, now as one again, are two horses saddled

together, guided by a single hand. The needle and the pen, the habit of work and the sly urge to quit the habit, make friends with each other, then separate, then reconcile again.... O my slow steeds, pull now together; from here I can see the end of the road.

(© 1946 Editions du Milieu du Monde.)

30. A TERRIBLE DISASTER...

(Paul Goodman)

Rufus Müller

Steven Blier, pianist

A terrible disaster befell me
long ago, no newsy story,
I was in love, my love was not requited,
I missed the easy boat of happiness

since when many a thing is possible
to those who have been fortunate in love
has been impossible to me who lack
conviction the world is ordered for the best.

A disastrous and terrible simple fate
I share in common with many other folk
and maybe we had all been better off
if we had died then when our hearts were broken.

(From *Collected Poems*, Random House, 1972. Used by permission of Sally Goodman.)

31. COME IN

(Robert Frost)

Monique McDonald

Steven Blier, pianist

As I came to the edge of the woods,
Thrush music—hark!
Now it was dusk outside,
Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the woods for a bird
By sleight of wing
To better its perch for the night,
Though it could still sing.

The last of the light of the sun
That had died in the west
Still lived for one song more
In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went—

Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for the stars:
I would not come in.
I meant not even if asked,
And I hadn't been.

(From *The Poetry Of Robert Frost* edited by Edward Connery Lathem, Copyright 1942 by Robert Frost, © 1970 by Lesley Frost Ballantine, © 1969 by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc.)

32. THE OLD MEN ADMIRING THEMSELVES IN THE WATER

(W. B. Yeats)

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller
Steven Blier, pianist

I heard the old, old men say,
'Everything alters,
And one by one we drop away.'
They had hands like claws, and their knees
Were twisted like the old thorn-trees
By the waters.

I heard the old, old men say,
'All that's beautiful drifts away,
Like the waters.'

(The words from *The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water* by W. B. Yeats are set to music by permission of A. P. Watt Ltd on behalf of Anne and Michael Yeats.)

33. END OF THE DAY

(Charles Baudelaire, "La fin de la journée")

Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller
Steven Blier, pianist

*[Sous une lumière blafarde
Court, danse et se tord sans raison
La Vie, impudente et criarde.
Aussi, sitôt qu' à l'horizon
La nuit voluptueuse monte,
Apaisant tout, même la faim,
Effaçant tout, même la honte,
Le Poète se dit: Enfin!*

*Mon esprit, comme mes vertèbres,
Invoque ardemment le repos;
Le coeur plein de songes funèbres,
Je vais me coucher sur le dos
Et me rouler dans vos rideaux,
O rafraîchissantes ténèbres!]*

In fading light
Life dances, twists, and crazily rushes,
impudent and shrill, while
Night rises,
appeasing all, even hunger,
hiding all, even shame,
The Poet whispers to himself:
Finally!

while body and soul
long desperately for rest,
my heart seethes with deathly dreams.
Let me lie on my back
and enshroud myself in your curtains,
O nourishing darkness!

34. FAITH

(Mark Doty, part I, from *Atlantis*)
Kurt Ollmann
Steven Blier, pianist

“I’ve been having these
awful dreams, each a little different,
though the core’s the same—

we’re walking in a field,
Wally and Arden and I, a stretch of grass
with a highway running beside it,

or a path in the woods that opens
onto a road. Everything’s fine,
then the dog sprints ahead of us,

excited; we’re calling but
he’s racing down a scent and doesn’t hear us,
and that’s when he goes

onto the highway. I don’t want to describe it.
Sometimes it’s brutal and over,
and others he’s struck and takes off

so we don’t know where he is
or how bad. This wakes me
every night now, and I stay awake;

I’m afraid if I sleep I’ll go back
into the dream. It’s been six months
almost exactly, since the doctor wrote

not even a real word
but an acronym, a vacant
four-letter cypher

that draws meaning into itself,
reconstitutes the world.
We tried to say it was just

a word; we tried to admit
it had power and thus to nullify it
by means of our own acknowledgement.

I know the current wisdom:
bright hope, the power of wishing you're well.
He's just so tired, though nothing

shows in any tests. Nothing,
the doctor says, detectable;
the doctor doesn't hear what I do,

that trickling, steadily rising nothing
that makes him sleep all day,
vanish into fever's tranced afternoons,

and I swear sometimes
when I put my head to his chest
I can hear the virus humming

like a refrigerator.
Which is what makes me think
you can take your positive attitude

and go straight to hell.
We don't have a future,
we have a dog. Who is he?

Soul without speech,
sheer, tireless faith,
he is that-which-goes-forward,

black muzzle, black paws
scouting what's ahead;
he is where we'll be hit first,

he's the part of us
that's going to get it.
I'm hardly awake on our morning walk

—always just me and Arden now—
and sometimes I am still
in the thrall of the dream,

which is why, when he took a step onto Commercial
before I'd looked both ways,
I screamed his name and grabbed his collar.

And there I was on my knees,
both arms around his neck
and nothing coming,

and when I looked into that bewildered face
I realized I didn't know what it was I was shouting at,
I didn't know who I was trying to protect.”
(From *Atlantis* HarperCollins, 1995. Copyright 1995 by Mark Doty; used by permission.)

35. EVEN NOW...

(Paul Monette, from *Love Alone*, last page)

Rufus Müller

Steven Blier, pianist

... even now the night jasmine is pouring
its white delirium in the dark and I
will not have it if you can't I shut all
windows still it seeps in with the gaudy
oath of spring Oh help be somewhere near
so I can endure this drunk intrusion
of promise where is the walled place where we
can walk untouched or must I be content
with a wedding I almost didn't witness
the evidence all but lost no oath no ring
but the truth sealed to hold against the fate of [one]
... who fears his women
and men too full of laughter far brother
if you should pass beneath our cypresses
you who are a praying man your god can
go to hell but since you are so inclined
pray that my friend and I be still together
just like this at the Mount of Olives blessed
by the last of an ancient race who loved
youth and laughter and beautiful things so much
they couldn't stop singing and we were the song
("Elegy" by Paul Monette from *Love Alone*: "Brother of the Mount of Olives". Copyright © 1988 by
Paul Monette.)

36. EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN

(William Penn, 1693)

Monique McDonald, Delores Ziegler, Rufus Müller, Kurt Ollmann

Steven Blier, pianist

... Faith lights us, even through the grave, being the Evidence of Things not seen. And this is the Comfort of the Good, that the Grave cannot hold them, and that they live as soon as they die. For Death is no more than the Turning of us over from Time to Eternity. Death then, being the Way and Condition of Life, we cannot love to live, if we cannot bear to die ...

Ned Rorem was born October 23, 1923 in Richmond, Indiana. He entered the Music School of Northwestern University at seventeen, and two years later received a scholarship to The Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. He studied composition under Bernard Wagenaar at Juilliard, taking his B.A. in 1946 and his M.A. in 1948. Mr. Rorem has composed three symphonies, four piano concertos, and an array of other orchestral works. He has also written music for numerous combinations of chamber forces, six operas, choral works, ballets, music for the theater, and literally hundreds of songs and cycles. He is the author of fourteen books, including five volumes of diaries and collections of lectures and criticism. He received the 1976 Pulitzer Prize for the orchestral suite *Air Music*.

The New York Festival of Song, Inc. (NYFOS) was founded in 1988 by its co-artistic directors, Michael Barrett and Steven Blier. With a far-ranging repertoire of art songs, concert works and theater pieces, its thematic recitals have included programs from Brahms to the Beatles, from Russian art song to Argentinean tangos, from sixteenth century lute songs to new music. Over the years, NYFOS has particularly stressed the importance of American song by exploring our country's rich musical traditions. NYFOS has also sought to enlarge the repertoire of American vocal music through a notable series of commissioned works. On May 11, 1996 at the 92nd Street Y, NYFOS presented "American Love Songs", a companion piece for Brahms' *Liebeslieder Waltzes* for vocal ensemble and four-hand piano by ten American composers: John Corigliano, Ned Rorem, James Sellars, Bright Sheng, Richard Danielpour, Jeffrey Stock, Davide Zannoni, Dalite Warshaw, John Musto, and Jane Komarov. During the 1996-97 concert season NYFOS featured the world premiere of Lowell Liebermann's *Appalachian Liebeslieder. Evidence of Things Not Seen*, commissioned by NYFOS and the Library of Congress to celebrate Ned Rorem's 75th birthday, premiered at Weill Hall at Carnegie Hall on January 22, 1998. NYFOS reprised the concert at the Library of Congress, the Nantucket Musical Arts Society, the Moab Music Festival, and the Chicago Humanities Festival (taped for broadcast by PBS), and will continue to present it throughout the country during the 1999-2000 season.

NYFOS got its start at the Greenwich House Music School, where it presented its first six concert seasons. In 1994, NYFOS moved to two larger halls, dividing its programs between the 92nd Street Y and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall. In the 1998-99 season, NYFOS moved from the 92nd Street Y to The Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College, which currently presents three of its six subscription concerts. That season also brought NYFOS to the radio airwaves with a

broadcast series on WQXR, hosted by Jamie Bernstein Thomas and Steven Blier.

NYFOS has maintained a busy touring schedule, including engagements at the Vocal Arts Society of Washington, D.C., Wolf Trap in Vienna, Virginia, The University Musical Society in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and London's Wigmore Hall. NYFOS has also presented concerts in other major halls around New York City including Alice Tully Hall, the Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center and Merkin Hall.

In 1995-96, NYFOS launched its Educational Outreach Program as a way to develop future audiences and musicians. The program is designed to expose our city's children to music and to foster the composers, performances and audiences of the next generation. The program currently reaches 450 students in the public high schools.

NYFOS' expanding recording library includes Leonard Bernstein's *Arias and Barcarolles* (1990 Grammy winner); *He Loves and She Loves*, the songs of George Gershwin; *Zipperfly and Other Songs by Marc Blitzstein*; Schumann's Kerner Lieder, Mignon Lieder and Duets; *Unquiet Peace*, with songs by Pfitzner, Eisler, Zemlinsky, Weill, Busoni and others.

Michael Barrett (piano) is co-founder and co-artistic director of The New York Festival of Song with Steven Blier. In 1992, Mr. Barrett and his wife, Leslie Tomkins, founded the Moab Music Festival, of which he serves as music director. Mr. Barrett has distinguished himself as a conductor with major orchestras here and abroad in the symphonic, operatic, and dance repertory. He was the director of the Tisch Center for the Arts at the 92nd Street Y in New York from 1994–1997. A protégé of Leonard Bernstein, Mr. Barrett began his long association with the renowned conductor and composer as a student in 1982. He served as Maestro Bernstein's assistant conductor from 1985 to 1990. He currently serves as music advisor to the Leonard Bernstein estate.

Maestro Barrett has guest-conducted many orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic, the London Symphony Orchestra, the Orchestre de Paris, the Israel Philharmonic, the Orchestre Nationale de France, the Orchestra of Saint Luke's and the American Symphony Orchestra.

A champion of new music, Michael Barrett has conducted and played premieres by Leonard Bernstein, Marc Blitzstein, William Bolcom, Richard Danielpour, Aaron Jay Kernis, Lou Harrison, Toru Takemitsu, David Del Tredici, and John Musto. He has been the music director of operatic and theatrical productions and has collaborated with Jerome Robbins, John Houseman, Sir Peter Hall, David Alden, Christopher Alden, and Gregory Mosher.

Maestro Barrett has recorded for Koch, TER, CRI, and Deutsche Grammophon. He has released two compact discs with the Brooklyn Philharmonic, one as the piano soloist playing Blitzstein's Piano Concerto, with Lukas Foss conducting, and the other as conductor for works of Wilder and Corigliano with oboist Humbert Lucarelli. The DG recording of *The Joys of Bernstein* features Mr. Barrett playing solo piano with Maestro Bernstein conducting. Other recordings include *Songs and Duets* by Robert Schumann with Lorraine Hunt and Kurt Ollmann, *Casino Paradise* by William Bolcom and Aaron Kernis' *100 Great Dance Hits*.

Born in Guam and raised in California, Michael Barrett attended the University of California at Berkeley and is a graduate of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where he studied piano with Paul Hersch. He earned his masters degrees in conducting and in piano performance.

Steven Blier (piano) enjoys an eminent career as an accompanist and vocal coach. Among the many artists he has partnered in recital are Samuel Ramey, Lorraine Hunt, Susan Graham, Frederica von Stade, Kurt Ollmann, William Sharp, Suzanne Mentzer, Dwayne Croft, Roberta Peters, June Anderson, and Arlene Augér. His collaboration with Cecilia Bartoli began in 1994, and has included an appearance at Carnegie Hall, where Mr. Blier played both piano and harpsichord. In concert with Renée Fleming, he has performed throughout North America and Europe, including a recital at La Scala. The 1999–2000 season brings new partnerships with Wolfgang Holzmair and Jessye Norman.

Mr. Blier is the co-founder and co-artistic director, with Michael Barrett, of The New York Festival of Song (NYFOS). Since the Festival's inception in 1988, he has programmed, performed, and annotated more than fifty vocal recitals, with repertoire ranging from Brahms and Janáček to Gershwin and Lennon-McCartney, as well as music from South America, Scandinavia, and Russia. He has participated in an illustrious series of American premieres including works by John Corigliano, Ned Rorem, William Bolcom, John Musto, Richard Danielpour, Bright Sheng, and Lee Hoiby, many of which were commissioned by The New York Festival of Song.

In keeping the traditions of American popular music alive, Mr. Blier has brought back to the stage many of the rarely-heard songs of Gershwin, Arlen, Kurt Weill, and Cole Porter. He has also played ragtime, blues and stride piano works from Eubie Blake to William Bolcom, both as a soloist and in duo-piano evenings with John Musto.

Mr. Blier is on the faculty of The Juilliard School and has been active in encouraging young recitalists at summer programs, including the Wolf Trap Opera Company and the Chautauqua Festival. His writings on opera have been featured in recent issues of *Opera News* magazine. He has also been a regular guest on the Metropolitan Opera's broadcast intermissions. A native New Yorker, he received an honors degree in English literature at Yale University.

Monique McDonald (soprano) is a native of Queens, New York. Her recent roles include Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* with New York City Opera, Tatyana in *Eugene Onegin* with Opera Delaware, Fiordiligi in *Così fan tutte* at the Juilliard Opera Center, and Corinna in Rossini's *Il Viaggio a Reims* at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara. Soon after making her New York City debut at Town Hall in Berlioz's *Les Nuits d'Été*, she was chosen as first-prize winner in the 1997 Palm Beach Opera Competition and was the recipient of the first Leonie Rysanek award in the 1998 George London Competition. In 1996, she was awarded first prize in the Eleanor McCollum Competition at the Houston Grand Opera, and in the 1994 Metropolitan Opera National Competition, she received the Encouragement Award, which is made to younger artists whom the judges consider to have potential for future national recognition. In oratorio, Ms. McDonald has appeared as soloist in Mozart's C minor Mass with the National Symphony Orchestra at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., under the baton of Christopher Hogwood; Mozart's *Exultate, jubilate* with the Orchestre Albert Schweitzer in Strasbourg, France; the Brahms *Requiem*; Dvořák's *Stabat Mater* with the Raleigh Oratorio Society, and Poulenc's Gloria and Verdi's *Requiem* with the North Carolina Symphony.

Ms. McDonald continues her vocal training with Betti McDonald at the Institute for Musical Arts in New York City and at the Juilliard Opera Center. In January 1998, she was chosen by the Marilyn Horne Foundation to participate in James Levine's first public master class at the Juilliard Theater. Her upcoming engagements include Serena in *Porgy and Bess* and Micaela in *Carmen* at the New York City Opera, the title role in Gluck's *Armide* at the Juilliard Opera Center, and a recital for the Marilyn

Horne Foundation.

Rufus Müller (tenor) was born in Kent, England, and was a choral scholar at New College, Oxford. In 1985 he won first prize in the English Song Award in Brighton, and he has since established a distinguished reputation for opera and oratorio throughout Europe, Scandinavia, Japan, and the United States. He has worked with many leading conductors, including Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Roger Norrington, Richard Hickox, Gustav Leonhardt, and Frans Brüggen, and he has given recitals in Wigmore Hall and the Barbican Concert Hall in London as well as on BBC Radio, and in Munich, Tokyo, Madrid, Utrecht, Salzburg, Paris, and New York. In 1999 he was a prizewinner in the Oratorio Society of New York Singing Competition.

Operatic roles include Tersandre in Lully's *Roland* with René Jacobs in Paris, Lisbon, and Montpellier, Giuliano in Handel's *Rodrigo* in Siena, and Lurcanio in Handel's *Ariodante* in Göttingen with Nicholas McGegan, released by Harmonia Mundi USA. Most recently he sang Castor in Rameau's *Castor et Pollux* in Magdeburg, Alessandro in Handel's *Poro* in Halle, and Giove/Anfinomo in Monteverdi's *Il Ritorno di Ulisse in Patria* in Athens, Florence, and Cremona.

He has recorded for DG Archiv, EMI, ASV, and Hyperion, and sang the Evangelist in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* on the United Recording of the acclaimed dramatic production by Jonathan Miller, shown on BBC TV.

Kurt Ollmann (baritone) came to prominence singing Riff on the Deutsche Grammophon recording of *West Side Story* under Leonard Bernstein. He has sung Pelléas at La Scala under Abbado, the Count in *Figaro* at Opera Theater of St. Louis, and *Don Giovanni* in the original Peter Sellars production at Pepsico Summerfare. He has also sung at the Vienna State Opera, the Rome Opera, La Monnaie in Brussels, the Seattle Opera, the Washington Opera, and the Wexford Festival. He created the title role in Peter Lieberon's *Ashoka's Dream* at The Santa Fe Opera in the summer of 1997.

A distinguished orchestral soloist, Mr. Ollmann recently sang *Elijah* in New York, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles, the Britten *War Requiem* in Paris, and *Carmina Burana* and the Mahler Symphony No. 8 in Minneapolis. He has appeared with the London Symphony Orchestra, L'Orchestre de Paris, Rome's Accademia di Santa Cecilia, the New York Philharmonic, and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra as well as with the orchestras of Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, among others. He has also appeared at the Ravinia and Tanglewood festivals.

Kurt Ollmann has sung recitals at London's Wigmore Hall and in Paris, Milan, Geneva, Stuttgart, Montreal, New York, Washington D.C., Chicago, and at Tanglewood. He was one of the original performers of *The AIDS Quilt Songbook*, and made his Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center debut during the 1995 season. He regularly appears with The New York Festival of Song.

His most recent compact discs are Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* (Mercutio) with Plácido Domingo, Gershwin's *Oh, Kay!* with Dawn Upshaw, and *The Music of Paul Bowles*. His long association with the music of Leonard Bernstein also includes recordings of *Candide*, *On the Town*, and *A Quiet Place*. Other recordings include Carly Simon's "family opera" *Romulus Hunt*, Haydn's *Creation*, Kurt Weill's *Street Scene*, and songs of Schumann and Albert Roussel. Kurt Ollmann has been featured in several PBS television specials, including *A Grand Night for Singing* with Tyne Daly, Sylvia McNair, and Frederica von Stade.

Mr. Ollmann made his Los Angeles Opera debut as The Speaker in Peter Hall's production of *Die Zauberflöte* in February 1998. Born in Wisconsin, Mr. Ollmann holds a bachelor of arts degree in romance languages and an honorary doctorate in music from Bowdoin College.

Delores Ziegler (mezzo-soprano) has a repertory that extends from bel canto to verismo. Ms. Ziegler has appeared in the world's greatest opera houses. At the Vienna Staatsoper, she made a debut as the Composer in *Ariadne auf Naxos*, returned for Idamante in a new production of *Idomeneo* and *Dorabella* in a new *Così fan tutte* and for Oktavian in *Der Rosenkavalier*. At Teatro alla Scala she opened the season as Idamante in a new production of *Idomeneo*, and has sung *Dorabella*, *Romeo* in *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* and *Meg Page* in a new production of *Falstaff*. At the Salzburg Festival she opened as Sesto in a new staging of *La Clemenza di Tito*. At the Glyndebourne Festival she was heard as *Dorabella*. At the Paris Opera she sang *Cherubino* and *Idamante*.

Highlights of her many appearances in Germany include *The Composer* in a new production of *Ariadne auf Naxos* in Munich, *Marguerite* in a new staging of *La Damnation de Faust* in Hamburg, and *Salieri's Falstaff* in a new production in Cologne. Other European appearances have included the Florence May Festival, where she sang *Idomeneo*, *Oktavian* and *Dulcinée* in Massenet's *Don Quichotte*, the Athens Festival for her first *Gluck's Orfeo* and Dresden for a rarity, *Bertoni's Orfeo*.

As an interpreter of bel canto, she has had the honor of being the first singer in operatic history to sing *Romeo* in Bellini's *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* at the Bolshoi in Moscow, at the San Francisco Opera, and in Japan. Ms. Ziegler is the most-recorded *Dorabella* in operatic history, first in two audio recordings, one with Bernard Haitink on EMI and another on Teldec with Nikolaus Harnoncourt. She can also be seen as *Dorabella* in a videodisc of the La Scala production with Riccardo Muti and in a film of *Così fan tutte*, which has been televised throughout Europe, this the last project of director Jean-Pierre Ponnelle.

In the United States, this Georgia native has appeared at the Metropolitan Opera as *Oktavian*, *Dorabella*, *Cherubino*, and as *Siebel* in a new production of *Faust*. Her initial appearances at the Lyric Opera of Chicago were as *Dorabella* in *Così fan tutte*. Delores Ziegler has made eighteen recordings that include both concert and opera works.

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- For a complete discography, see the most recent Schwann catalog.
- A Quaker Reader*. Catherine Crozier, organ. Delos 3076.
- Bright Music*, for Flute, Piano, and String Trio. New World 80416-2.
- Eagles*. Atlanta Symphony, Louis Lane conducting. New World 80353-2.
- Eleven Studies for Eleven Players*. New World 80445-2.
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Production credits

Executive producers: Elizabeth Auman and Gideon Y. Schein
Producer: Paul Zinman
Engineers: John Howell, Paul Zinman
Assistant engineer: Michael Donaldson
Digital editing: Paul Zinman, SoundByte Productions, Inc., NYC
Digital mastering: Paul Zinman, SoundByte Productions, Inc., NYC
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