



Cal
PERFORMances



Program Book

Sunday, November 1, 2026, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Ema Nikolovska, mezzo-soprano
Sean Shibe, guitar

Orlando Variations:
Songs about Love and Identity from Dowland to Dylan

Jules MASSENET (1842-1912) "Ô Souverain, ô juge, ô père,"
from *Le Cid* (1884)

John DOWLAND (1563-1626) Praeludium (late 16th century)

Selections from *The Firste Booke of Songes*
(1597)

Come Again, Sweet Love doth Now Invite
Come, Heavy Sleep
Think'st Thou Then by Thy Feigning

Sasha SCOTT (b. 2002) 1000 parts of you (2024)

...

Linda Catlin SMITH (b. 1957) Dark Light (2026)

Thomas ADÈS (b. 1971) "Blanca," from
The Exterminating Angel (2015-2016)

Detlev GLANERT (b. 1960) "Hexensabbat," from *Orlando-Lieder*
(2004)

Franz SCHUBERT (1797-1828) "Einsamkeit," from *Winterreise*, D. 911 (1827)

GLANERT "Lied der Wehmut,"
from *Orlando-Lieder* (2004)

ADÈS "Habanera," from *The Exterminating Angel*

INTERMISSION

Nahre SOL (Alice Gi-Young Hwang, b. 1991) This Other Here (2026)

Maddie ASHMAN (b. 2001) Split (2026)

Cassandra MILLER (b. 1976) Dream Memorandum
(It Reminded Me of the Truth) (2024)

Hans ABRAHAMSEN (b. 1952) “See the small, limpid well-spring,”
from *Two Inger Christensen Songs* (2017)

SCHUBERT “So laßt mich scheinen,” from *Gesänge aus
Wilhelm Meister*, D. 877, No. 3 (1826)

Alex PAXTON (b. 1990) Be Kind (2026)

...

DOWLAND Orlando Sleepeth (late 16th century)

Pauline VIARDOT (1821–1910) Aimez-moi (1886)

Bob DYLAN (b. 1941) Masters of War (1962–1963)
Based on Traditional/American arranged
by Jean Ritchie (1922–2015)

Laurie ANDERSON (b. 1947) O Superman (1981)
(with electronics by Sasha Scott)

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one that honors our venues as places of respite, openness, and respect.
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PROGRAM NOTES

Orlando as Collage

A Note from Ema Nikolovska

Why bother with programming or “curation” at all? It is a question that has appeared many times in my thoughts and in conversations with friends, colleagues. A response: to digest, to triangulate, to make connections in unlikely spaces.

Flurries of sound and images are launched onto our senses daily, often uncomfortably although we are used to it by now. Virginia Woolf’s character Orlando, having lived for centuries, expresses the

overwhelming spirit of the modern age when she’s speeding through London in a convertible in 1928:

Nothing could be seen whole or read from start to finish. What was seen begun—like two friends starting to meet each other across the street—was never seen ended. After twenty minutes the body and mind were like scraps of torn paper tumbling from a sack and, indeed, the process of motoring fast out of London so much resembles the chopping up small of

identity which precedes unconsciousness and perhaps death itself that it is an open question in what sense Orlando can be said to have existed at the present moment.

Such growing stimuli inevitably become ingredients for experiments in collaging, and this is where curation becomes fun and exciting. Being alive in 2025 means we have access to many time periods of stories and sounds simultaneously, and a central curiosity in my work with Sean (as a duo and for our individual projects) is: what happens when these sounds coexist? The “ancient” and “modern” are in dialogue, sewn together in this sound quilt, as are the realistic and uncanny—the familiar becomes unfamiliar and vice versa. A sort of “third entity” emerges from the alchemical interaction of these found objects.

In our program, we play around with many “Orlandos” from various sources (often relating to knights, adventurers, troubadours) and indeed we ourselves become Orlandos through the process. At the root of it all is Virginia Woolf’s Orlando: a character who has inspired generations of readers (and us) with their sheer optimism, curiosity, openness to the world, playfulness, and audacity. The mutability of our identity—the “thousands of selves within”—remind us that we will always be a surprise to ourselves and also, to allow surprises from others; the spirit of this project is to find those surprises.

Woolf’s novel was itself experimental, thwarting the concept of the western novel and approach to telling stories, a revolution in post-modern literature—almost a parody on biography and any linear concept of “self,” and additionally a stream-of-consciousness whirlwind. Such structures and ideas from Woolf are a fertile playground for programming that is abstract enough to involve the audience’s imaginations as active participants, so they can fill

in certain prompts for story and sense as they move through the experience.

Sean and I have grown in our programming practices through following the instincts that emerged from our exploration of this character, scavenging for sound worlds and poetry that could be relevant: we have expanded our ideas about what 70 minutes of music can be, morphing into this hybrid of concert and theater, electric and acoustic, and inventing ways to create halls of mirrors, illusions, elisions. How fitting that it was in London’s Bloomsbury neighborhood (where Virginia Woolf lived and worked for a time) where we first met! Woolf herself was a master curator, engaging with rhythm of language, pacing of images and poetry, and her literary collages have left a huge impression on our creative practice.

Woolf’s *Orlando* reminds us that the only boundaries and binaries that exist are the ones we create for ourselves; our imagination has the power to restrict, or to connect and extrapolate. Orlando’s story (whether it is the character as seen by Woolf, Ludovico Ariosto, or ancient French poetry) is a celebration of the infinite potential for adventure in any moment, the unreality of time and space, and the freedom that is to be found between our ears.

Dreaming Orlando

A Note from Sean Shibe

Ema and I met when living together in London, and we made music together for the first time one evening in 2019. In a dark subterranean setting, our smiles grew as we worked through the songs that we had found, with murmurs of “yeah,” “nice,” “right on ...”

Whiteboards and post-its were useful, but engaging with the general flavor of the Orlando tales was even more important than reflecting details accurately. When comparing and selecting highlights from a

plethora of tellings of an epic, one cannot render a full composite—at least not in a single evening recital. What we show is where those tellings took us.

The version we love most is Virginia Woolf's fantastical romp through space and time, described through scenes that feel like dreams. At one point, Orlando wakes up, realizes England has become damp, and decides to go to Constantinople. And why not?! She (both Woolf and Orlando, I suppose) insists; and we are compelled to obey a new set of rules. Characters and creatures explode into scenes without invitation or reason. A type of chaos is embraced. Through Woolf we found the way forward. Logic is restriction. Keep moving.

The planning periods, I feel, reflected the array of place and period and person I experienced when reading Woolf's *Orlando* for the first time. Meeting Sebastian Blue (who had a tattoo of Orlando Gibbons on their arm, wore a leather flight cap, and looked after the nunnerly crown of Hildeward) in Bern; watching Cassandra Miller and Ema sing and make bird noises to one another while I lay on the ground in an attic; melodica-duet listening sessions rendered feverish through flu and Carragelose nasal spray; all of this felt right. I remember the cold; cars full of bags and instruments trundling around dimly lit Victorian streets; and the mind-fog of trying to wrestle something ungraspable into logic. Orlando had been in us from our first musical meeting, but actually contorting our vestigial ideas into a full and coherent program took a huge and—at least for myself—unprecedented effort.

Our Orlando is therefore—and out of necessity—not a full history (listening to anyone's dream in detail is a terrible experience), but a sort of turbo-dream. It is a program put together during meetings that felt otherworldly. Cassandra has even written a piece for us that remembers our own dreams. In retrospect, this was—perhaps—inevitable.

Our Orlando is chaotic, in part because the tale is chaotic, but also because Ema and I are. We want to tell you more, and when we can we will.

Musical Portraits of Orlando

A Note from Aiden Feltkamp

The knight immortal, the troubadour ever-changing, the lover constant: Orlando adventures in all their/her/his forms, uncovering who they truly are. Tonight's program explores the non-linear journey between the multiple iterations of Orlando through disparate times, genders, and media, inspired by written stories such as the Old French *Chanson de Roland*, Ludovico Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*, and Virginia Woolf's *Orlando: A Biography*.

Orlando's experience with war begins with the *Chanson de Roland* (written c. 1040)—one of the oldest surviving works of French literature—and continues with his part in *Orlando furioso* (1532). These poems focus on the duties of a knight, as well as courtly love and the chivalrous adventures that ensue. Virginia Woolf forces Orlando to consider his identity in her 1928 novel, making him both long-lived and gender-fluid. Inspired by her first female lover and fellow writer, Vita Sackville-West, Woolf created an Orlando who not only shifts from a man into a woman and steps up in social class from a court page to a noblewoman, but who explores their gender expression and sexuality. The novel follows Orlando's centuries-spanning adventures through both physical countries and meta-physical ways of being.

Ema Nikolovska and Sean Shibe's program follows Orlando's kaleidoscopic existence via the four musical signposts of Sasha Scott's "1000 parts of you," Cassandra Miller's "Dream Memorandum," Detlev Glanert's *Orlando-Lieder*, and Laurie Anderson's "O Superman." Along the way, we touch upon music by Dowland, Massenet, Bob Dylan, and others.

Both Sasha Scott and Cassandra Miller contend with Orlando's identity in their works (both premiered in 2024), deriving inspiration from Woolf's novel. "1000 parts of you" by Scott, a Londoner and recent graduate from the Royal College of Music, mirrors her cover of "O Superman," employing voice, guitar, and electronics. About this piece, she said, "[Chapter 6 of *Orlando*] led me to contemplate how we all as humans have what feels like thousands of different selves and parts of us, which all make us who we are. When I was thinking about this, I visited the exhibition *Infinity Mirror Rooms* by Yayoi Kusama. I was really moved and struck by the infinite amount of reflections there were in the mirrored room, and how it almost felt like a simulation of Orlando's introspection. I wanted the sound world to feel infinite and contemplative, yet consuming and overwhelming."

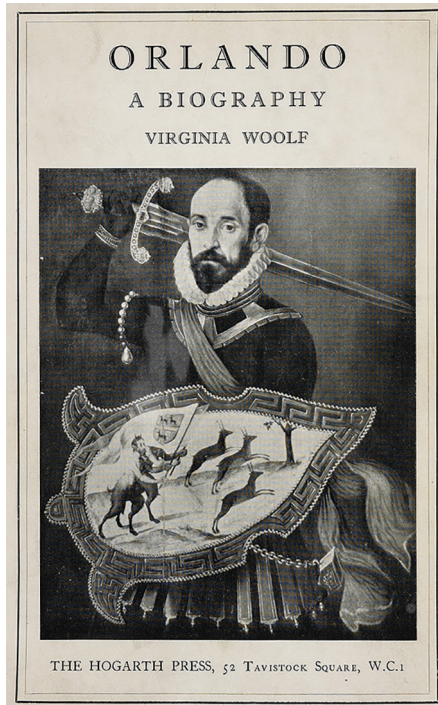
Miller, a Canadian composer and previous Associate Head of Composition at London's Guildhall School of Music & Drama, created her "Dream Memorandum ('It Reminded Me of the Truth!)" from the voice memo of her conversation with Ema Nikolvskaya about the overarching themes of Woolf's novel. Speaking about her process, Miller said, "I asked Ema to re-learn excerpts of her voice memos to me, and to

speak them in concert accompanied by Sean. I find the sound of Ema's voice to be magical, evocative, and intelligent—and, fortunately for the transcription process, quite tonal. Her flights of insight manifest in an effervescent F major, and her most profound reflections have a rich D-minor cadence."

While adventuring the musical landscape, we continuously return to Detlev

Glanert's *Orlando-Lieder*. This set of songs explores facets of Orlando's personality while providing a musical scaffolding for the entire recital. The texts, although inspired by Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*, are new poems by writers Margareth Obexer and Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdorff. This work had its complete world premiere in Berlin in 2005, with Aron Brieger and Juliane Tief. Glanert's propensity for

harmonic complexity in his vocal work shines through these songs, although he swaps his usually dense soundscape for the sparse narrative style common to the troubadours and *trobairitz* of the Middle Ages. The voice moves freely over the lute-like accompaniment of the guitar, Glanert's emotion-forward compositional voice lending itself well to these texts that focus on passion and adventure.



Cover of the 1928 edition

This troubadour-esque sound serves as a connective thread throughout the recital, exemplified by Dowland's work and coloring the wartime songs of Bob Dylan and Laurie Anderson. When placed alongside Dylan's "Masters of War," a Cold War protest song from 1963, Anderson's "O Superman" displays the effects of war on Orlando's identity and hampered ability to create community. Having started as an indie avant-garde artist, Anderson burst onto the commercial scene with "O Superman," taking the number two spot on the UK singles chart in 1981. The song began as part of *United States*, an eight-hour stage work that spanned two evenings and included musical numbers alongside purely visual segments, spoken word pieces, and animated vignettes. Both the stage work and the song explore life in the United States, with the song focusing on how new technology can change communication between individuals during wartime. This song is sometimes called "O Superman (for Massenet)" because Anderson was inspired by the aria "Ô souverain, ô juge, ô père" from Massenet's opera *Le Cid*. The opening line of the piece ("O Superman, O Judge, O Mom and Dad") mirrors the translated

opening line of Massenet's aria ("O sovereign lord, O judge, O father"), but the text diverges after that. The original recording of "O Superman" utilizes looping electronics and a vocoder, allowing Anderson's voice to serve as both a constant beat and an accompanying, chordal Greek chorus. This cover version, created by Sasha Scott, emulates the electronic accompaniment of the original while adding an acoustic element through the use of guitar. Orlando's adventure continues through and beyond this program, their identity changing as they repeatedly reflect upon it. Who and what will they become next?

Aiden K. Feltkamp began their artistic life at the age of five in New York playing a quarter-size cello and now they create opera, poetry, and prose as a writer and performer. Their work centers on stories from marginalized communities and spans the serious and the ridiculous, the real and the surreal. Most recently, they wrote the libretto for Emily & Sue, an opera about Emily Dickinson's queerness, and curated New Music Shelf's award-winning New Music Anthology for Trans & Nonbinary Voices, Vol. 1.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Ema Nikolovska

Mezzo-soprano

Mezzo-soprano Ema Nikolovska was born in Skopje (North Macedonia), raised in Toronto, and lives in Berlin. She is a recipient of the Borletti-Buitoni Trust Award and has held residencies and honors including being named a BBC New Generation Artist, YCAT Artist, Wigmore Hall Artist in Residence, and Elbphilharmonie "Fast Lane" Artist, as well as winning the International Vocal Competition 's-Hertogenbosch. She trained as a violinist at the Glenn Gould School in Toronto and as a singer at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama (London) and the Internationale

Opernstudio of the Staatsoper Unter den Linden (Berlin), with mentors including Helga Tucker, Edith Wiens, Brigitte Fassbaender, Barbara Hannigan, and Thomas Hampson.

Operatic highlights of the 2026-27 season include the Komonist in *Ariadne auf Naxos* (Canadian Opera Company), Cherubino in *Le nozze di Figaro* (Staatsoper Berlin), and Phèdre in Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie* (concert performance at Paris' Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Les Musiciens du Louvre). Recent roles include Orlando in Olga Neuwirth's *Orlando* (Komische Oper Berlin), Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier* (Staatsoper Berlin), and The Woman in George Benjamin's *Picture A*

Day Like This (Royal Ballet and Opera; Opéra National du Rhin).

On the concert platform this season, she is a soloist in J.S. Bach's *St Matthew Passion* with the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchester for their Asia tour and Leipzig concerts celebrating the 300th anniversary of the work; and sings Mahler's *Rückert Lieder* with the Orquesta Sinfónica del Principado de Oviedo and Britten's *Phaedra* with Ensemble O/Modernr, and gives recitals at Wigmore Hall with Jonathan Biss and Sir András Schiff. She has performed at major international venues, among them Carnegie Hall, Suntory Hall, Philharmonie de Paris, Hamburg Elbphilharmonie, and Amsterdam Concertgebouw, and for festivals such as Verbier, Salzburg, and Aix-en-Provence. Along with Sean Shibe, musical partners in recent years include Martha Argerich, Charles Richard-Hamelin, Kunal Lahiry, Malcolm Martineau, Howard Watkins, Julius Drake, Wolfram Rieger, and Ensemble Intercontemporain (for a special centenary anniversary performance of Boulez's *Le Marteau sans maître*).

Sean Shibe

Guitar, Electric Guitar, Electronics

Sean Shibe continues to establish himself as a boundary-pushing force in contemporary classical music. The 2026–2027 season features two world premieres: Mark-Anthony Turnage's classical guitar concerto *Caught Hand* (with the Swedish Chamber Orchestra) and David Fennessy's electric guitar concerto *The Noise* (with the RTÉ Concert Orchestra and the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, in collaboration with New Music Dublin). He returns to the Philharmonia Orchestra, programs a BBC Philharmonic concert, and appears with The Hallé under Thomas Adès in Francisco Coll's concerto *Turia*.

A committed recitalist and chamber musician, Shibe makes regular appearances at prestigious halls and festivals including the Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, 92NY, Wigmore Hall, and the Aldeburgh Festival. The current season includes the current North American tour of his critically acclaimed program *Or-*

lando Variations program with mezzo-soprano Ema Nikolovska, and recitals at Heideberger Frühling and Dublin International Chamber Music Festival.

Highlights of last season include debuts at the Edinburgh International Festival, Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, London Symphony Orchestra, and Philharmonia Orchestra, and residencies at the Southbank Centre in London and Casa da Música in Portugal. Recent collaborations have included The Hallé, BBC Scottish Symphony, and the first electric guitar concerto at the BBC Proms — Mark Simpson's *Zebra*.

Shibe is an ardent champion of contemporary music, taking a hands-on approach to commissions and working with composers to experiment with and expand the guitar repertoire. Premieres to date include works by Thomas Adès, Oliver Leith, Cassandra Miller, Sasha Scott, Daniel Kidane, David Fennessy, Shiva Feshareki, David Lang, Freya Waley-Cohen, James Dillon, and Mark Simpson. He is equally committed to the canon, regularly pairing bold, new pieces with his own transcriptions of J.S. Bach's lute suites and 17th-century Scottish lute manuscripts.

Shibe's critically acclaimed recordings include *Profesión* (2024 *BBC Music Magazine* Award) and *Broken Branches*, with tenor Karim Sulayman (2024 Grammy nomination). Shibe's 2026 Pentatone release, *Vesper* (featuring world premiere recordings of works by Adès, Dillon, and Harrison Birtwistle), was nominated for a *Gramophone* award and received the Golden Guitar Award ("Chitarre d'oro") for Best Solo Album.

Shibe studied at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland with Allan Neave, the Kunst-Universität Graz, and in Italy under Paolo Pegoraro. A guitar professor at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, he has received a 2012 Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship, the 2018 Royal Philharmonic Society Young Artist Award, and the 2022 Leonard Bernstein Award. Shibe was a 2023–2024 ECHO Rising Star.

Sunday, November 1, 2026, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Ema Nikolovska, *mezzo-soprano* Sean Shibe, *guitar*

Orlando Variations: Songs about Love and Identity from Dowland to Dylan

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

*Please note that the correct title for the Maddie Ashman song
in the first half of this afternoon's program is "pearls."*

JULES MASSENET

Ô Souverain, ô juge, ô père

O souverain, ô juge, ô père,
Toujours voilé, présent toujours,
Je t'adorais au temps prospère
Et te bénis aux sombres jours!
Je vais où ta loi me réclame,
Libre de tous regrets humains!

O souverain, ô juge, ô père,
Ta seule image est dans mon âme
Que je remets entre tes mains!

"O sovereign lord, O judge, O father," from *Le Cid*

O sovereign lord, O judge, O father,
always hidden, always here,
I worshipped you in times of plenty
and bless you in these dark days!
I will go where your law decrees,
free from all mortal regrets!

O sovereign lord, O judge, O father,
your image alone is in my soul,
that I give up into your hands!

JOHN DOWLAND

Selections from *The Firste Booke of Songes*

Come Again, sweet love doth now invite

Come again, sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces, that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams;
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Gentle Love,
Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart,
For I that to approve,
By sighs and tears more hot than are
thy shafts,
Did tempt, while she for mighty triumph
laughs.

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Come, heavy sleep

Come, heavy sleep, the image of true death,
And close up these my weary weeping eyes,
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital
 breath,
And tears my heart with Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n
 cries.
Come and possess my tired through-worn
 soul,
That living dies till thou on me be stole.

Think'st thou then by thy feigning

Think'st thou then by thy feigning
Sleep, with a proud disdain,
Or with thy crafty closing
Thy cruel eyes reposing,
To drive me from thy sight,
When sleep yields more delight,
Such harmless beauty gracing.
And while sleep feigned is,
May not I steal a kiss,
Thy quiet arms embracing.

O that my sleep dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
Of lively sense bereaving:
Then should my love requite
Thy love's unkind despite,
While fury triumph'd boldly
In beauty's sweet disgrace:
And liv'd in sweet embrace
Of her that lov'd so coldly.

LINDA CATLIN SMITH

Dark Light

[text extracted from Virginia Woolf's
Orlando, chapters 1, 4 and 5]

Everything was different.
The sun blazed or there was darkness.
The flower bloomed and faded.
The sun rose and sank.
The lover loved and went.

There was something stirring in the air ...
the stars looked down, glittering,
positive, hard, from a cloudless sky.
All was darkness; all was doubt;
all was confusion.

... and then the lights went out and the stars
rose and tangled themselves about the sky.

Everything appeared in its tenderest form,
There was something stirring in the air ...

THOMAS ADÈS

"Blanca," from *The Exterminating Angel*
[Tom Cairns]

Over the sea,
Over the sea,
Where is the way?
Birds, tell me!

Over the sea
On islands of gold
A mighty tall nation
Of giants stroll.

A mighty tall nation
Upright and pure,
Ruled by a king
Like none before.

Gardens the king has
Over the sea
Where birds of paradise
Nest in the trees

Over the sea,
Over the sea,
Where is the way?
Birds, tell me!

DETLEV GLANERT

Hexensabbat

[Margareth Obexer and
Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdor,
after Ludovico Ariosto]

Wilde Waldgesellen stellen sich dem Ritter
in den Weg.
Auf den Menschenkörpern stecken zischende
Dämonenfratzen.
Affen und Katzen stampfen mit Bocksfüssen
auf.
Bärentatzen, scharrende Wesen mit
Zentaurenleibern,
Dazwischen grinsende junge Männer
und alte Greise,
Die Haut von einem Ledermantel nicht
zu unterscheiden.
Ohne Zügel, ohne Sattel, schiessen
sie an ihm vorbei,
Andere reiten gemächlich auf Ochs und Esel.

Ein junger mann springt auf einen Zentauren,
Andere greifen sich Kraniche.
Auf einer Riesenschildkröte reitet in der
Mitte der Hauptmann,
Dessen trunkenen Kopf zwei Gnomen stützen,

Dessen trunkenen Kopf, Hauptmann,
trunkenen Kopf,
Stützen Gnomen, trunkenen Kopf, stützen,
trunkenen Kopf,
Trunkenen Kopf, zwei Gnomen, zwei
Gnomen, zwei Gnomen,
Zwei Affen, Katzen, Wesen, Männer,
Greise, zwei Gnomen, zwei Gnomen,
zwei Gnomen.

So torkeln sie inmitten grauser Fratzen
gradewegs wie aus der Hölle!

“The Witches’ Sabbath,”

from *Orlando Lieder*

*The witches’ sabbath: a grotesque gathering
blocks the knight’s path. Apes, cats,
half-human creatures, youths, and leathery
old men cavort and ride on the backs of
beasts. The high priest rides a giant tortoise,
two gnomes holding up its drunken head.*

Wild forest creatures block the knight’s path.
Hissing demon faces sit upon human bodies.
Apes and cats stamp about on cloven hooves.
Bear paws, scratching creatures with
centaur bodies,
among them grinning young men and
ancient old men,
whose skin is indistinguishable from a
leather cloak.
Without reins, without saddle, they shoot
past him,
while others ride leisurely upon oxen
and donkeys.
A young man leaps onto a centaur,
others seize hold of cranes.
Upon a giant tortoise rides, in the midst of
them, the captain,
whose drunken head is supported by two
gnomes,
whose drunken head, captain, drunkenhead,
gnomes support, drunken head, support,
drunken head,
drunken head, two gnomes, two gnomes,
two gnomes,
two apes, cats, creatures, men, old men, two
gnomes, two gnomes, two gnomes.

And so they stagger amid grimacing faces,
straight on, as though straight out of hell!

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Einsamkeit

[Wilhelm Müller]

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh' ich meine Strasse
Dahin mit tragem Fuss,
Durch helles, frohes Leben,
Einsam und ohne Gruss.

Ach, dass die Luft so ruhig!
Ach, dass die Welt so licht!
Als noch die Stürme tobten,
War ich so elend nicht.

GLANERT

Lied der Wehmut

[Margareth Obexer and
Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdor,
after Ludovico Ariosto]

Einsam, stumm, blickt er, die Augen
Traurig verloren
In den Himmelsraum hinein.
Er mag schon Stunden in den Tiefen
Der Gestirne wandern, bewegungslos,
Am gleichen Platz, die Füße lahm.
Nicht suchend, niemals wieder findend,
Die Hände wie zur letzten Ruh gefaltet, still.

"Loneliness," from *Winterreise*, D. 911

[Translation by Richard Stokes]

Like a dark cloud
drifting across clear skies,
when a faint breeze
blows through the fir tops:

I go on my way
with dragging steps,
through life's bright joys,
lonely and ignored.

Alas, why is the air so calm!
Alas, why is the world so bright!
While storms were still raging,
I was not so wretched

"Song of Wistfulness," from *Orlando-Lieder*

*A song of melancholy longing: he stands
gazing for hours into the depths of space,
in search of nothing, finding nothing.*

Alone, silent, he gazes, his eyes
Sadly lost
Into the expanse of the heavens.
He may have wandered for hours in the depths
Of the stars, motionless,
In the same place, his feet grown lame.
Not searching, never finding again,
His hands folded as if for their final rest, still.

ADÈS

"Habanera,"

from *The Exterminating Angel*

[Tom Cairns]

I think they watch us from time to time
From the front from the back from the sides
The rancorous eyes of hens
More dreadful than the rotting water of
grottoes
Incestuous as the eyes of the mother who
died on the gallows.
I think I will have to die with my hands in the
quagmire ...
I think that if a son were born to me
He would remain eternally watching the
beasts
copulating in the late afternoon!

NAHRE SOL

This Other Here

[Melissa Studdard]

Texts unavailable at time of printing.

MADDIE ASHMAN

pearls

[Jessa Brown, adapted from

Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*]

as she spoke the first stroke of the midnight

sounded near

thursday eleventh

cold breeze off the river brushed her face

with breath of fear

the breeze of the present

look up anxious at the sky

all the clouds come now with the roaring

roaring in my ears, oh!

calling here She!

she cried baring her breast up to the moon

shine bright

shine brighter

so the pearls at her neck shone at midnight

as if noon over

october rush comes

all her pearls seem to burn

and they burn

and they turn

and they twist

glare

and they fire

and they shine

and they blaze

every pearl like a flare

cutting the darkness

just one wild bird

CASSANDRA MILLER

Dream Memorandum

(It Reminded Me of the Truth)

Excerpts of Ema's voice notes sent to

Cassandra in Spring of 2024, in response

to questions and prompts from Cassandra

HANS ABRAHAMSEN

"See the small, limpid well-spring,"

from *2 Inger Christensen Songs*

[Inger Christensen; trans. Jakob Holtze]

see the small, limpid well-spring,

all dried up and winding

its way up the mountain again.

and the bottomless roses

that marshland encloses

lay pollen to rest in the fen

in the days without end

imprinted in stone they in time signify

the cumulus letters engraved in the sky

like scripture as when *Archaeopteryx* flew

across the celestial dizzying blue

in days without end

in days without end

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

So lasst mich scheinen

[Johann Wolfgang von Goethe]

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes dunkle Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

"So let me seem, from

Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister, D. 877, No. 3

[Translation by Richard Stokes]

Thus let me seem till thus I become.
Do not take off my white dress!
I shall swiftly leave the fair earth
for that dark dwelling place below.

There, for a brief silence, I shall rest;
then my eyes shall open afresh.
Then I shall leave behind this pure raiment,
this girdle and this rosary.

And those heavenly beings
do not ask who is man or woman,
and no garments, no folds
enclose the transfigured body.

True, I lived free from care and toil,
yet I knew much deep suffering.
Too soon I grew old with grief;
make me young again for ever!

ALEX PAXTON

Be Kind

be kind to yourself
be kind to the others
be the kind of person that kind of doesn't
mind which way the wind blows

be kinder to yourself
be kinder to the others
be the kinder person that has that kind
of mind that knows the wind blows

just stay a little
just breath a little bit deeper, for longer,
now grow older
and hold me just a little bit longer and kind
of like you remember that it won't last
forever or even
much longer than this moment

just stay a little more
just breath a little bit more deeper, for longer,
now grow older more
and hold me just a little bit more longer and
kind of like you remember that it won't
last forever or
even much longer than one moment more

take a little time a little more
time allowed for us to be together
Kindly

hold still
stop jiggling your leg
be mindful of the others

touch me like you have tentacles and they
can feel music in my body even where
there is nothing playing

can you not see that i am only just surviving
reviving the last remaining fragments of
something that used to glue us together
trying to justify merely being alive so ...

hold still, stop jiggling your leg touch me like
you have tentacles and they can feel
music in my body
even when there is nothing playing on my
phone

PAULINE VIARDOT

Aimez-moi

[Anonymous]

En regardant ce front plein de candeur
Et vos doux yeux qui me pénètrent l'âme,
J'ai de l'amour senti naître la flamme,
Et j'ai perdu tout pouvoir sur mon cœur.

Lorsque j'admire, charmé, tant de vertus

Que, chaque jour, je vois en vous paraître,
Mon cœur à vous se donne et tout mon être
Il est à vous, il ne m'appartient plus.

Aimez-moi donc, ô mon suprême bien,

En tous lieux permettez-moi de vous suivre,
Vôtre à jamais, sans vous je ne peux vivre,
Ni loin de vous, cela je le sens bien.

Love me

Gazing on your brow full of innocence
And your sweet eyes that pierce my soul,
I feel love's passion rise in me,
And I have lost all control of my heart.

When, under your spell, I admire so many
virtues

That I see bourgeon in you each day,
My heart yields to you – all my being
Is yours and no longer belongs to me.

Love me, therefore, O my most precious
possession,

Permit me to follow you wherever you go
And be yours forever; I know well
That I cannot live without you, nor far
from you.

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

BOB DYLAN

Masters of War

**[Based on Traditional/American
arranged by Jean Ritchie]**

Come, you masters of war

You that build the big guns

You that build the death planes

You that build all the bombs

You that hide behind walls

You that hide behind desks

I just want you to know

I can see through your masks

You fasten all the triggers

For the others to fire

Then you sit back and watch

While the death count gets higher

You hide in your mansion

While the young peoples' blood

Flows out of their bodies

And is buried in the mud

Let me ask you one question

Is your money that good?

Will it buy you forgiveness?

Do you think that it could?

I think you will find

When your death takes its toll

All the money you made

Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die

And your death will come soon

I'll follow your casket

On a pale afternoon

I'll watch while you're lowered

Down to your deathbed

And I'll stand over your grave

'Til I'm sure that you're dead

LAURIE ANDERSON

O Superman

(with electronics by Sasha Scott)

O Superman. O judge. O Mom and Dad.

Mom and Dad.

O Superman. O judge. O Mom and Dad.

Mom and Dad.

Hi. I'm not home right now. But if you want
to leave a

Message, just start talking at the sound of
the tone.

Hello? This is your Mother. Are you there?

Are you

Coming home?

Hello? Is anybody home? Well, you don't
know me,

But I know you.

And I've got a message to give to you.

Here come the planes.

So you better get ready. Ready to go.

You can come

As you are, but pay as you go. Pay as you go.

And I said: OK. Who is this really? And the
voice said:

This is the hand, the hand that takes.

This is the

Hand, the hand that takes.

This is the hand, the hand that takes.

Here come the planes.

They're American planes. Made in America.

Smoking or non-smoking?

And the voice said: Neither snow nor rain
nor gloom

Of night shall stay these couriers from
the swift

Completion of their appointed rounds.

'Cause when love is gone, there's always
justice.

And when justice is gone, there's always
force.

And when force is gone, there's always
Mom. Hi Mom!

So hold me, Mom, in your long arms.

So hold me,

Mom, in your long arms.

In your automatic arms. Your electronic arms.

In your arms.

So hold me, Mom, in your long arms.

Your petrochemical arms. Your military arms.

In your electronic arms.