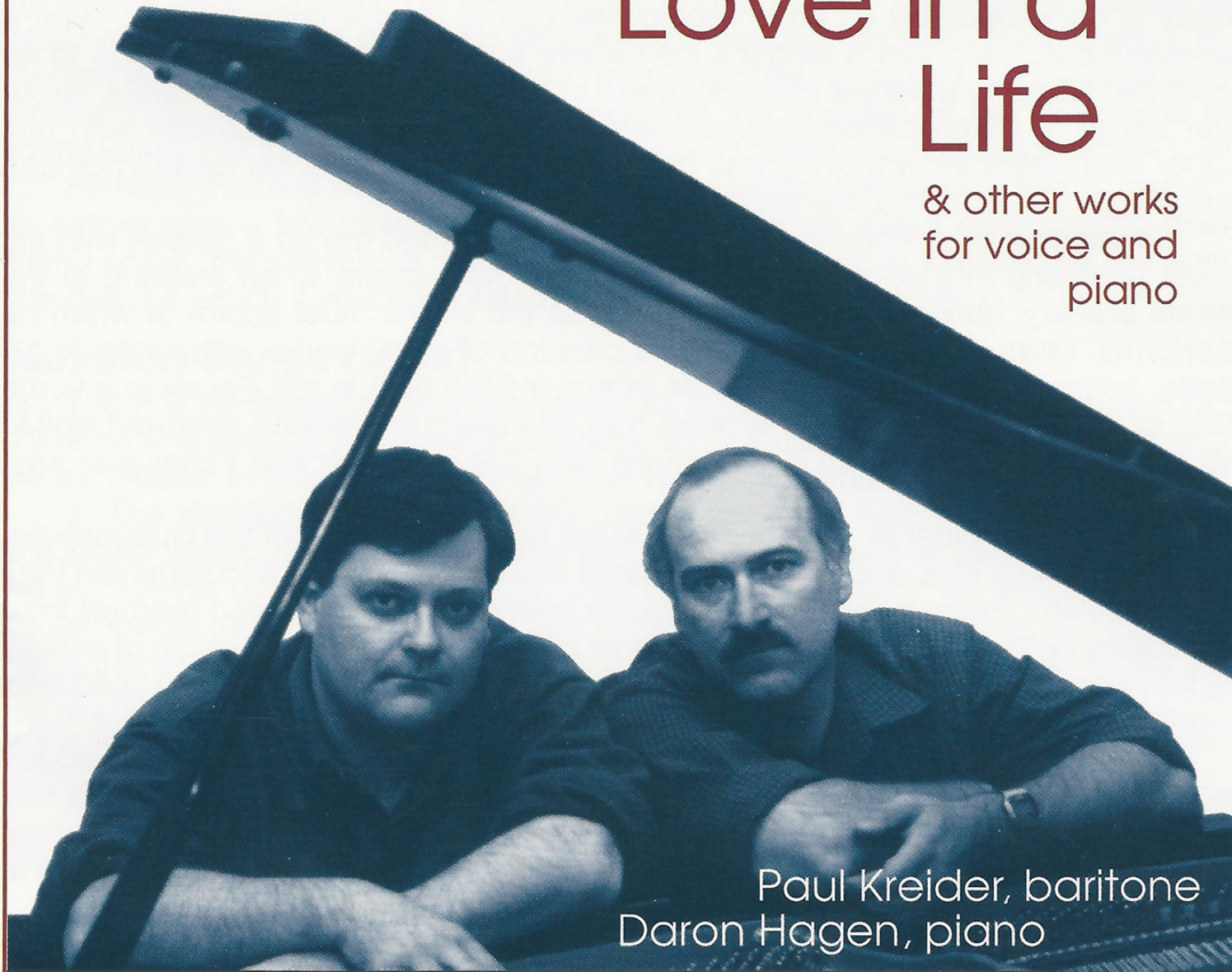


Daron  
Hagen

# Love in a Life

& other works  
for voice and  
piano



Paul Kreider, baritone  
Daron Hagen, piano

## LOVE in a LIFE & Other Works for Voice & Piano

by Daron Hagen

When a singer sings, he has nowhere to hide. He is the matador to the listener's bull. A pianist can still depress the keys, a violinist still stop the strings, even a wind player can still count on the instrument to respond if they are ill. But a singer's body is his instrument — an unpredictable one at that. A cold, a tickle, even a stressful day, can turn a singer's instrument against him. Since even the tone-deaf can sing, the potential exists for there to be enjoyed a more immediate, stronger sense of identification between singer and listener than possible with any other instrument. How moving and human the singer's lot: as his experience and artistry grows with time, his instrument decays!

Because of this, working with singers has provided me as a person with my most gratifying musical experiences. An artist must aspire when creating to the same bravery, honesty and vulnerability that the singer must aspire to when he performs. I turn again and again to the creation of vocal works, especially to art song, because I sense that the genre brings out the best in me. Factor in a fierce love of the written word and the belief that an instant or emotion captured well in words and music has been immortalized, and it is a wonder that I compose anything but song.

I met Paul Kreider in June of 1992. At the Gala Reopening of the Guggenheim Museum in New York, and at the invitation of *House Beautiful*, I accompanied Paul and Carolann Page in selections from my opera, *Shining Brow*. I learned from rehearsing with Paul that he had somehow a truer, more dead-on sense of exactly what I was after when I notated my vocal music than anyone with whom I had ever worked. If I could be a real singer, I would want to have a voice just like his.

Exactly seven years later, from June 12<sup>th</sup>-14<sup>th</sup>, 1999, Paul and I recorded the songs on this CD in the cavernous quiet of the haunting, empty Ham Concert Hall on the University of Nevada Las Vegas campus. The sessions were an inspiration. I had never worked with someone more willing to risk *everything* as an artist in performance in an effort to capture the *truth* in a song or role. Paul's range of expression (vocal, psychological, and emotional) seemed limitless during the ses-

sions, as did his commitment to the material and his willingness to "go for it" as an artist. Kreider seemed fearless. He charged the bull!

Two of the cycles, *The Heart of the Stranger* and *Love in a Life* (both dedicated to Paul), are collections of songs written over a period of nineteen years. Assembling the cycles required the revisiting of songs I had not looked at for a long time, as well as the composition of new songs in order to flesh the cycles out. Included also on the CD are the *Muldoon Songs* (commissioned by tenor Paul Sperry), the arietta "And Her Scent, Was it Musk?" from *Shining Brow* and Kane's Seduction Scene from *Bandanna*. Despite the fact that the material on the CD covers so many years and includes not just song but opera, there *is* a unifying theme — love.

Perhaps the best way to provide context for songs which cover two decades is to simply give a few shreds of anecdotal information about each, letting them stand or fall themselves as music. The title of each song is followed by the poet, the date on which it was completed, and the place it was written.

### Muldoon Songs (1989)

The first performance of these songs as a cycle took place on February 12<sup>th</sup>, 1992 on a Friends & Enemies of Contemporary Music Concert at the Greenwich Music House, in New York City. Paul Sperry was accompanied by the composer.

**1. The Waking Father** (11/28/89 Cassis, France) I had met Paul Muldoon at the MacDowell Colony two months before and had resolved to write a cycle based on his poems. (Little did I know that, over the next ten years, we would also write three operas together!) This song was written at the Camargo Foundation, where I was the recipient of a residency, specifically to serve as a "big opener" for the set.

**2. Thrush** (8/1/89 MacDowell Colony, Peterborough, New Hampshire) I first sang and played this song, as well as *Bran*, as part of a joint-presentation of work with Muldoon at the artist colony.

**3. Blemish** (11/24/89 Cassis) The song is bi-tonal, with one hand in a "blue" key and the other in a "brown" key.

**4. Mink** (11/28/89 Cassis) Composed specifically to counter-balance the brevity of *Blemish*.

**5. Bran** (7/26/89 MacDowell) Muldoon, a marvelous reader, recited this poem



just before I first performed my setting of it, explaining that “Bran” was the name of the Labrador in the poem.

**6. *Holy Thursday*** (11/26/89 Cassis) The recurring two-bar pattern is based on the two bar bridge from the Gershwin song “The Man I Love.” Years later, I used the music of this song to underpin part of the “Workmen’s Chorus” in the second scene of *Shining Brow*. It is my favorite song.

### Love in a Life (1998)

These songs were arranged into a cycle for this CD. As the title suggests, they all concern themselves in some way with love.

**1. *Love in a Life*** — Robert Browning (11/2/81 Philadelphia) The first song I wrote as a student of Ned Rorem’s at the Curtis Institute. I recall this one going through many drafts.

**2. *Youth, Day, Old Age, and Night*** — Walt Whitman (12/2/81 Philadelphia) The second. Ned often asked us to set poems that he himself had set. In this case, I made a setting that contrasted sharply with his. I recall that it was Ned’s idea to sling the voice low on the word “darkness.”

**3. *Congedo*** — Nuar Alsadir (8/24/98 Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, New York) When I first met this poem’s author at Yaddo and asked to read her work, she gave me this poem to read at breakfast. I was so moved by it that I spent the day setting it and performed the result for her after dinner.

**4. *Ample Make This Bed*** — Emily Dickinson (3/13/89 New York City) Dedicated to Robert La Rue, this song was written in the course of an hour on a baby grand piano that I recall was manhandled up five stores of winding stairs to a strange attic apartment in which I then lived on St. Mark’s Place in the East Village.

**5. *The Waking*** — Theodore Roethke (9/23/93 Annandale-on-Hudson, New York) My favorite poem. The phrase “this shaking keeps me steady” alludes to the melody to which Norman Stumpf set the same words when we were students at the Curtis Institute a decade earlier. The song is dedicated to his memory and was written between lessons at Bard College where, for nine years, I taught.

**6. *The Green for Pamela*** — Roland Flint (5/30/85 MacDowell Colony) My reaction to this prose poem, when Roland gave it to me to read at the MacDowell

Colony, was so violent that setting it to music was the only way I could come to terms with it. More of a *scena* than an art song, the singer moves back and forth between nostalgia and “thinking out loud.” The song is dedicated to Roland.

**7. *Just Once*** — Anne Sexton (10/18/81 New York City) Written on the train from Philadelphia to New York on the way to a lesson with Ned and dedicated to Michaela Paetsch.

**8. *Love*** — Thomas Lodge (10/30/81 Philadelphia) Dedicated to Margaret Bergamini, my oldest friend and marked “passionate, yet rueful.”

### And Her Scent, Was it Musk? from *Shining Brow* (1992)

This little arietta is the first private moment we have as an audience with architect Frank Lloyd Wright. He is singing about Mamah Cheney, a client to whom he has just pitched plans for a new home. During it’s course, his wife Catherine enters, overhears. One of the reasons I love working with Paul Muldoon is that his libretto ultimately does have Wright figuring out the scent, late in the second act — it is that of the “plain pine box” in which she is to be buried.

### The Heart of the Stranger (1999)

**1. *Symmetry*** — Andrei Codrescu (4/16/99 New York City) Newly-written to open the cycle. The vocal part is marked “agreeably.”

**2. *Evening Twilight*** — Charles Baudelaire (2/23/89 New York City) Written to precede the Verlaine poem which follows and dedicated to the artist Rosamund Casey who earlier that month had given me a painting.

**3. *It Weeps in My Heart*** — Paul Verlaine (2/22/89 New York City) Paul Kreider’s high G in this track knocks me out. I recall that it was raining out when I wrote this song.

**4. *To Nobodaddy*** — William Blake (6/16/99 New York City) Written as a musical greeting to Emerson Rhoads, my godson, on the day of his birth.

**5. *Dawlish Fair*** — John Keats (8/8/90 New York City) One of Keats’ Elizabethan poems. I recall that this setting came very quickly, easily, in one swoop, before having dinner with composer Paul Moravec, to whom it is dedicated.

**6. *Under the Night Sky*** — Kim Roberts (7/26/91 Sweet Briar, Virginia) Another

"colony song" – this one written at the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts and dedicated to composer David Del Tredici, who was also there at the time. Kim read the poem after dinner one night.

**7. O, When I Was in Love With You** – A. E. Houseman (1/18/80 New Berlin, Wisconsin) Written for (and dedicated to) my brother Kevin, with whom I performed the premiere a few weeks later on a recital in the Morphy Recital Hall at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

**8. An Irony** – Gwen Hagen (5/16/99 New York City) The poem was written in 1951 by my mother, who died in 1984. Periodically, I set some of her verse as a way of reconnecting with her. Assembling this cycle presented such an opportunity, since I was looking for "another take" on love and her poem seemed well-suited. It is dedicated to tenor Barry Busse.

**9. Specimen Case** – Walt Whitman (9/27/83 Philadelphia) Another piece of text assigned to me when I was a student by Ned, who had used it in his cycle *War Scenes*. I recall setting it in the Barber-Menotti studio at Curtis just before a lesson. A decade later, I recycled the piano part as the accompaniment to Frank Lloyd Wright's final aria in *Shining Brow*.

**10. Song** – Theodore Roethke (5/18/99 New York City) Newly-written to close the cycle, highlighting Paul's lower register. I have always found this poem to be very disturbing.

### Seduction Scene from *Bandanna* (1998)

Paul Muldoon and I wrote the role of James Kane, a morally bankrupt labor organizer from Chicago, especially for Paul Kreider. The *Seduction Scene* from *Bandanna* is set after closing time in an empty cantina somewhere near the Texas-Mexico border. Kane is alone with a Young Girl of sixteen who waits tables there.

The cycles "Muldoon Songs (1989)," "Love in a Life (1999)," "The Heart of the Stranger (1999)," and the opera "Bandanna" are published by Carl Fischer, Inc. (ASCAP), New York, NY. The opera "Shining Brow" is published by E. C. Schirmer Music Company (ASCAP), a division of ECS Publishing, Boston, MA.

## TEXTS MULDOON SONGS (1989)

Poetry of Paul Muldoon

### 1 1. The Waking Father

My Father and I are catching sprinklies  
Out of the Oona river,  
They have us feeling righteous,  
The way we have thrown them back.  
Our benevolence is astounding.

When my father stood out in the shallows  
It occurred to me  
The sprinklies might have been piranhas,  
The river a red carpet  
Rolling out from where he had just stood.

Or I wonder now if he is dead or sleeping.  
For if he is dead I would have his grave  
Secret and safe;  
I would turn the river out of its course,  
Lay him in its bed, bring it round again.

No one would question  
That he had treasures or his being a king,  
Telling now of the real fish farther down.

### 2 2. Thrush

I guessed the letter  
Must be yours. I recognized  
The cuttle ink,  
The serif on  
The P. I read the postmark and the date,  
Impatience held  
By a paperweight.

### Thrush (cont.)

I took your letter at eleven  
To the garden  
With my tea.  
And suddenly the yellow gum secreted  
Halfwayup  
The damson bush  
Had grown a shell.  
I let those scentless pages fall  
And took it  
In my feckless hand. I turned it over  
On its back  
To watch your mouth  
Withdraw, Making a lean, white fist  
Out of my freckled hand.

### 3 3. Blemish

Were it indeed an accident of birth  
That she looks on the gentle earth  
And the seemingly gentle sky  
Through one brown, and one blue eye.

### 4 4. Mink

A mink escaped from a mink farm  
in South Armagh  
is led to the grave of Robert Nairac  
by the fur-lined hood of his anorak.



**5 5. Bran**

While he looks into the eyes of women  
Who have let themselves go,  
While they sigh and they moan  
For pure joy,

He weeps for the boy on that small farm  
Who takes an oatmeal Labrador  
In his arms,  
Who knows all there is of rapture.

**6 6. Holy Thursday**

They're kindly here, to let us linger so late,  
Long after the shutters are up.  
A waiter glides from the kitchen with a plate  
Of stew, or some thick scup,

And settles himself at the next table but one.  
We know, you and I, that it's over,  
That something or other has come between  
Us, whatever we are, or were.

The waiter swabs his plate with bread  
And drains what's left of his wine,  
Then rearranges, one by one,  
The knife, the fork, the spoon, the napkin,  
The table itself, the chair he's simply borrowed,  
And smiles, and bows to his own absence.

**LOVE IN A LIFE (1999)****7 1. Love in a Life**

I. Room after room,  
I hunt the house through  
We inhabit together.  
Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her —  
Next time, herself! — not the trouble behind her  
Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume!  
As she brushed it, the cornice-wreath blossomed anew:  
Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave of her feather.

II. Yet the day wears,  
And door succeeds door;  
I try the fresh fortune —  
Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.  
Still the same chance! she goes out as I enter.  
Spend my whole day in the quest, — who cares?  
But 'tis twilight, you see, — with such suites to explore,  
Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune!

— Robert Browning

**8 2. Youth, Day, Old Age, and Night**

Youth, large, lusty, loving — youth full of  
grace, force, fascination,  
Do you know that Old Age may come after you  
with equal grace, force, fascination?

Day full-blown and splendid — day of the  
immense sun, action, ambition, laughter,  
The night follows close with millions of suns,  
and sleep and restoring darkness.  
— Walt Whitman

**9 3. Congedo**

These days extend — like holes  
in stockings, they extend —

Love, have I mentioned my melancholy?  
You become that in your absence.

In presence you break: morning light,  
running radio to water to coffee

and cleaving in clank, saucer  
to spoon like rest only upward.

I come to you that way. But you —  
you pace: your many hallways one room

in the center a table where we drank.  
This is not your moment. Ahead

or behind, you dwell out of skin,  
rest the sorrowful folds before me.  
— Nuar Alsadir

**10 4. Ample Make This Bed**

Ample make this Bed —  
Make this bed with Awe —  
In it wait till Judgment break  
Excellent and Fair.

Be its Mattress straight —  
Be its Pillow round —  
Let no Sunrise' yellow noise  
Interrupt this Ground —  
— Emily Dickinson

**5. The Waking**

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.  
I learn by going where I have to go.

We think by feeling. What is there to know?  
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me, which are you?  
God bless the Ground! I shall walk softly there,  
And learn by going where I have to go.

Light takes the Tree; but who can tell us how?  
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Great Nature has another thing to do  
To you and me; so take the lively air,  
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.  
What falls away is always. And is near.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I learn by going where I have to go.

—Theodore Roethke

**12 6. The Green for Pamela**

After she had witnessed and somehow survived her twin brother's death, my daughter Pamela and I would lie across the bed, staring out the windows at dusk, and see what human faces and animal shapes we could see or make in the waving green tops of the trees.

When the streetlights came on, it was different, and beautiful still: the leaves, resuming green, were on our side of the lamp, the lamp lighting the tree and shining through to us, like daytime – cleaner, though, and greener.

But it was best just before the lights came on: we would be there and talk and wait for a little dark and a little wind to make the trees move and sigh and whisper....

It's been three years and I don't remember now if I knew those nights I was leaving, I don't think so. But we had already left the happy shouting, the dancing, wrestling and marching games before bed.

And we were looking for a quiet way to translate night into the green human faces and animal shapes we knew to move in the sun all day and to wait all night for our return, resuming green.

—Roland Flint

**13 7. Just Once**

Just once I knew what life was for.  
In Boston, quite suddenly, I understood;  
walked there along the Charles River,  
watched the lights copying themselves,  
all neoned and strobe-hearted, opening  
their mouths as wide as opera singers;  
counted the stars, my little campaigners,  
my scar daisies, and knew that I walked my love  
on the night green side of it and cried  
my heart to the eastbound cars and cried  
my heart to the westbound cars and took  
my truth across a small humped bridge  
and hurried my truth, the charm of it, home  
and hoarded these constants into morning  
only to find them gone.

— Anne Sexton

**14 8. Love**

Turn I my looks unto the skies,  
Love with his arrows wounds my eyes;  
if so, I gaze upon the ground,  
Love then, in every flower is found;  
Search I the shade to fly my pain,  
Love meets me in the shade again.  
Want I to walk in secret grove,  
e'en there I meet with sacred love.  
If so, I bathe me in the spring,  
e'en on the brink I hear Him sing.  
If so, I meditate alone,  
He will be partner to my moan.  
If so, I mourn, He weeps with me,  
And where I am there will He be.

— Thomas Lodge

**15 And Her Scent, Was it Musk? from *Shining Brow* (1992)**

Libretto: Paul Muldoon

(WRIGHT *is alone, his 'pencil in his hand'.)*

And her scent. Was it musk?

Not musk. Cedar perhaps. Perhaps night-scented stock.

It all goes back to those Froebel blocks

my mama gave me as a child.

La Belle Dame sans Merci, The Lady of Shalott –

these were my first patrons; I was their Master Builder.

Not stock. Saxifrage. A flower to split a boulder  
in the prairie of men's hearts;

(*Unbeknownst to him* CATHERINE WRIGHT *comes into the office.*)

Mamah has pierced my heart like an arrowhead.

**THE HEART OF THE STRANGER (1999)****16 1. Symmetry**

Sooner or later  
everyone finds out who his Murderer is  
and most times it lies in bed next to him  
holding him by the murder weapon.  
For a monk it is harder to guess,  
weapon and Murderer belong to another world:  
there are no identities to point out  
only reflections.

Sometimes a word blows up like a bomb.

— Andrei Codrescu

**17 2. Evening Twilight**

Twilight, how gentle you are and how  
tender! The rosy glow that still lingers on  
the horizon, like the last agony of day  
under the conquering oppression of  
night; the flaring candle-flames that stain  
with dull red the last glories of the  
sunset. O night! O refreshing darkness!

— Charles Baudelaire

**18 3. It Weeps in My Heart**

It weeps in my heart  
As it rains on the town.  
What is this dull smart  
Possessing my heart?

Soft sound of the rain  
On the ground and the roofs!  
To a heart in pain,  
O the song of the rain!

It weeps without cause  
In my heart-sick heart.  
In her faith, what? No flaws?  
This grief has no cause.

'T is sure the worst woe  
To know not wherefore  
My heart suffers so  
Without joy or woe.

— Paul Verlaine

**19 4. To Nobodaddy**

Love to faults is always blind,  
 Always is to joy inclin'd,  
 Lawless, wing'd, & unconfin'd,  
 And breaks all chains from every mind.

— William Blake

**20 5. Dawlish Fair**

Over the hill and over the dale,  
 And over the bourn to Dawlish,  
 Where ginger-bread wives have a scanty sale,  
 And ginger-bread nuts are smallish.

Rantipole Betty she ran down a hill  
 And kick'd up her petticoats fairly:  
 Says I I'll be Jack if you will be Gill.  
 So she sat on the grass debonnairly.  
 "Here's somebody coming, here's  
 somebody coming!"

Says I 'tis the wind at parley;  
 So without any fuss and hawing and humming  
 She lay on the grass debonnairly. —

"Here's somebody here, and here's  
 somebody there,"

Says I hold your tongue you young Gipsey.  
 So she held her tongue and lay plump and fair,  
 And dead as a Venus tipsy.

O who wouldn't go to Dawlish fair,  
 who wouldn't stop in a Meadow,  
 [who] wouldn't rumple the daisies there,  
 And make the wild ferns for a bed do?

— John Keats

**21 6. Under the Night Sky**

Lying out under the night sky in October,  
 until even my teeth were cold,  
 and you oblivious to all  
 except those clusters of stars movingly  
 slowly  
 on their great wheel  
 and singing in contrapuntal harmony,  
 if we were clever enough to hear,  
 to the melody of the planets.

Teeth can't feel cold, you said,  
 naming each cluster,  
 Richard Nixon, you said,  
 and pointed until I could see:  
 the broad forehead, the ski-slope nose.  
 Nineteen-fifty-eight Cadillac, with fins,  
 the constellation Frigidare.

I leaned closer for warmth  
 but you weren't giving any away.  
 You loved instead the feel of the words  
 as they formed in your mouth,  
 bruised words as empty as threats.

I stopped hearing and after awhile  
 the stars stopped forming  
 high-rise apartments, actresses,  
 the shape of Tennessee,  
 and became just teeth  
 not sensitive the way I knew them but  
 teeth as you had described:  
 inert stones in the mouth.

— Kim Roberts

**22 7. O, When I Was in Love With You**

O, When I was in love with you  
 then I was sweet and brave  
 and miles around the wonder grew  
 so well did I behave.

But now the fancy passes by  
 and nothing will remain.  
 And miles around they'll say that I  
 am quite myself again.

— A.E. Houseman

**23 8. An Irony**

There was a silver sycle  
 The shape of a curving tear  
 And it rose at the handle  
 A double hand-clasp in length.  
 It was swung through the tender wheat  
 And it shed a tear

To see the young field bleeding.

— Gwen Hagen (1951)

**24 9. Specimen Case**

Poor Youth, so handsome, athletic, with  
 profuse shining hair. One time as I sat  
 looking at him while he lay asleep, he  
 suddenly, without the least start,  
 awaken'd, open'd his eyes, gave me a  
 long steady look, turning his face very  
 slightly to gaze easier, one long, clear,  
 silent look, a slight sigh, then turn'd  
 back and went back into his doze  
 again. Little he knew, poor death-  
 stricken boy, the heart of the stranger  
 that hover'd near.

— Walt Whitman

**25 10. Song**

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 its groove,  
 From the cur at my feet.

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

**26 SEDUCTION SCENE from Bandanna (1998)**

Libretto: Paul Muldoon

*It is after closing time in an empty cantina  
 somewhere near the Texas Mexico  
 border. KANE is alone with a YOUNG  
 GIRL of sixteen who waits tables there.*

KANE  
 Why do you shrink / from Senor Kane?  
 Why should a link / deny its chain?  
*(He traces his finger down between her  
 breasts.)*

Is that some sort of charm  
 between your breasts?  
*(She draws away. He smiles.)*  
 Why don't you rest / your head in my arms,  
 lily-white one, lest / you come to harm?  
 Why would a drain / shy away from its stink?



### Seduction Scene (cont.)

Across the bridge / that hangs between  
poverty and privilege / let me lead the way,  
lily-white one, / oh so tightly furled, / across  
the bridge of bones / into the liminal zone, /  
into the other world.

Under the arch, along the stays, / across the  
span / of a finger and thumb splayed like a  
fan, / let me lead the way / across the bridge  
of bones.

Oh, Jovancita. Let me take  
you down the back alley  
along which I led Jake  
and Cassidy and Morales.

**(The girl is now attentive.)**

Those three cottonwoods  
mistook a sewer for a stream.

Little buttress. Little beam.  
I've only just understood  
I hit upon that scheme  
simply because I could.

**(The girl is rapt. He strokes her cheek, but  
sings to himself.)**

**Simply because I could.**

They all let me lead the way, lily-white one,  
oh so tightly furled,  
across the bridge of bones / into the liminal  
zone,  
into the other world.

**(KANE begins slowly tracing with his  
finger a line from the girl's fingertip, up  
her arm, to her lips, as he sings.)**

Under the arch, along the stays, across the

span / of a finger and thumb splayed  
like a fan, / they let me lead the way /  
across the bridge of bones.

**(Having reached her chin, KANE tilts  
her face upwards towards his as though  
he is going to kiss her. She is dazzled.)**

Now I see you look to Señor Kane  
as if you could bring balm to his bane.

**(KANE continues holding her chin with  
one hand. With the other, he begins  
slowly tracing a path from the girl's chin  
downwards. The YOUNG GIRL takes a  
sudden intake of breath as KANE  
reaches his destination. He snatches  
his hand away.)**

I know your type. / I recognize that nod.  
How did you get that rash?

**(KANE pushes her face away from his  
in disgust.)**

Little guttersnipe. / You'll want me to pay  
in the hardest cash.

**(KANE turns his back to her.)**

Just like Maria and Ella May / and Martha  
and Maude / and Mona and Marianna  
who would have let me lead the way, lily-  
white ones, / all so tightly furled,  
across the bridges of their bones  
into the liminal zone, / into the other world.

**(He addresses her directly.)**

I don't want to seem arch, but I never stay  
when things have gone according to plan  
and, for the simple reason that I can,  
I'll be making my merry way  
across the bridge of bones.

**(KANE moves off, after giving the  
bewildered YOUNG GIRL a final look.)**

**DARON HAGEN**, a native of Milwaukee, enrolled at the University of Wisconsin–Madison at the age of 17. He was first noticed two years before that by Leonard Bernstein, whose enthusiastic reaction to Hagen's first orchestra piece ultimately helped gain him entry at age 19 to the Curtis Institute of Music, where he studied with Ned Rorem. While still a student there, his music was introduced by the Philadelphia Orchestra. He began his professional career during his studies with David Diamond and Joseph Schwanter at the Juilliard School by fulfilling commissions from the New York Philharmonic and other major American orchestras. International popular and critical acclaim greeted his 1993 opera, *Shining Brow*, based on the life of American architect Frank Lloyd Wright. Commissions, honors, and awards have come from the Rockefeller Foundation, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the Kennedy Center, Columbia University, BMI, ASCAP, and the Barlow Endowment. His extensive catalog of works includes two symphonies, five concertos, pieces for chorus and orchestra, four operas, five song cycles, two ballets, and numerous chamber works. Daron Hagen is on the faculty of the Curtis Institute of Music and was, from 1988 to 1997, a member of the faculty at Bard College. During the Spring of 1997 he was also on the composition faculty of the City College of New York.

**PAUL KREIDER** serves as Chair of the Department of Music at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. His many performing credits include numerous roles with the Lyric Opera of Chicago for six seasons, and as principal baritone with the Landestheater Salzburg for three years. His most recent appearance was the world premier of *Ashoka's Dream* at the Santa Fe Opera in 1997. Paul Kreider has performed with world renowned singers, conductors and stage directors including Leonard Bernstein, Claudio Abbado, Jean Pierre Ponnelle, Plácido Domingo and Kiri Te Kanawa. International credits include the Vienna State Opera, Maggio Musicale in Florence, Rome, National Opera of Slovenia, and Tokyo, Japan. His television appearances include PBS national telecasts from the Lyric Opera of Chicago in *Eugene Onegin*, *Madama Butterfly*, and Samuel Barber's *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Kreider has also been recorded in *La Bohème* directed by Leonard Bernstein on the Deutsche Grammophone label. He has appeared in operas with Minnesota Opera, Lake George Opera, Atlanta Opera, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, Marin Opera, Chicago Opera Theater, and the Arizona Opera companies. His symphonic credits include the Great Woods Festival under Michael Tilson Thomas, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Austria's Mozarteum Orchestra, and the Nevada Symphony.