

Leo Smit (1921 - 1999)

Georgine Resick, soprano • Warren Jones, piano

from The Ecstatic Pilgrimage, Cycle 4

Beyond Circumference (1989) (30:07)

[Eighteen Songs about Death, Faith and Immortality]

Texts by Emily Dickinson

1	The Sun kept setting – setting – still	2:05
2	I died for Beauty – but was scarce	2:10
3	Of Course – I prayed –	0:48
4	Tw'as the old – road – through pain –	2:35
5	I shall know why – when Time is over –	1:14
6	Of Tolling Bell I ask the cause?	1:01
7	I saw no Way – The Heavens were stitched –	1:12
8	I heard a Fly buzz – when I died –	1:28
9	Go slow, my soul, to feed thyself	1:33
10	After great pain, a formal feeling comes –	2:27
11	I've seen a Dying Eye	0:56
12	At least – to pray – is left – is left –	1:00
13	I went to Heaven –	1:27
14	The first Day's Night had come –	2:52
15	We dream – it is good we are dreaming –	2:49
16	What if I say I shall not wait!	1:01
17	That Such have died enable Us	0:31
18	Departed – to the Judgment –	1:32

Three Poems of Marcia Willieme (1997) (7:17)

19	And All the Air is Still	3:14
20	Bus Tour: Boston in the Rain	1:52
21	In the Celestial Computer	1:59

from The Ecstatic Pilgrimage, Cycle 3

The Marigold Heart (1989) (23:34)

[Fifteen Songs about Love, Loss and Renunciation]

Texts by Emily Dickinson

22	So well that I can live without –	0:38
23	What shall I do – it whimpers so –	1:25
24	There came a Day at Summer's full,	3:21
25	My Life had stood – a Loaded Gun –	2:16
26	Extol thee – could I? Then I will	0:55
27	Me prove it now – Whoever doubt	1:44
28	Title divine – is mine!	1:20
29	There is a pain – so utter –	0:54
30	That first Day, when you praised Me, Sweet,	1:20
31	Wild Nights – Wild Nights!	1:19
32	Is it too late to touch you, Dear?	0:38
33	I reason, Earth is short –	1:29
34	A Wife – at daybreak I shall be –	2:28
35	The face I carry with me – last –	1:49
36	I have no Life but this –	1:00



Leo Smit, ca. 1925

I was born in Philadelphia in 1921 and lived over a Chinese laundry; migrated first to Cincinnati, following my father, violinist with Fritz Reiner; to Moscow at the age of eight with my mother, where I

scholarshipped with Dmitri Kabalevsky (who taught me *adagio*); then via Curtis Institute scholarship to New York City and Isabella Vengerova (who taught me *legato*) and José Iturbi (who taught me *forte*); Nicolas Nabokov, who taught me music and ordered my first composition (father now with Arturo Toscanini at NBC); Igor Stravinsky, who rehearsed me as pianist at age 15 in three of his ballets for George Balanchine's American Ballet; and Aaron Copland, who freed my last lingering musical inhibitions, and who conducted my *Capriccio for String Orchestra* so beautifully one lovely afternoon at the Ojai Festival. Then Valerie Bettis, who danced to my music (*Virginia Sampler, Yerma*), lifting it off the ground; an afternoon with Béla Bartók, when I played Schumann, Debussy, and his *Mikrokosmos*, and he brought me a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice with a rare smile; the golden years in Rome with the high-spirited companionship of Alexei Haieff, Harold Shapero and



Leo Smit

Lukas Foss; later in California, drawn into the galactic mind of Fred Hoyle, who guided me down the Grand Canyon ('Even Bartók cannot compete with Nature's stridency', I overheard him saying to the Canyon) and who taught me some of the facts of matter in a great and subtle masterpiece, the Universe; the profound poets Theodore Roethke (who asked me for the "poop" on Mozart), W.H. Auden (who had the "poop" on Mozart), and Anthony Hecht (who loved the "poop" on Mozart); Frank Brown, whose vast knowledge and dramatic gifts brought the ancient Roman world to life; Paul Pascal, who translated amorous Ovid and bawdy

Martial for my private pleasure, and Naomi Pascal, who taught me how to write English (I already knew how not to); the painters Jennings Tofel, who gave me drawing lessons when I was five, Seymour Drumlevitch and Harriet Greif, who allowed me to watch how pictures are painstakingly made, and Eugene Berman, who mentally drew me as a pianist-centaur (did he know that Liszt had been so described?); Leonard Bernstein, who set a high-jump while conducting the climax of my *Second Symphony*; Mary Goodwin and her friends from the Taos pueblo—singing, dancing and drumming under the New Mexican night sky filled with infinity of cold, clear stars; and Emily Dickinson, who has been running my life for the past ten years and inspiring me to write songs to eighty-three of her stupendous poems.

-Leo Smit
April, 1999

The Ecstatic Pilgrimage of Leo Smit

The 76 songs on poems of Emily Dickinson which comprise Leo Smit's *Ecstatic Pilgrimage* are the major creative work of the composer's final years, perhaps the defining work of his entire life. Grouped into six thematically organized cycles, the songs begun in 1988 and completed in 1991, represent not only an extraordinary response to the poetry itself but also a declaration of personal affinity by the composer towards the poet. The music, ultimately, exists on its own but something needs saying, or at least speculating upon, concerning Leo's devotion to Dickinson and his obsessive preoccupation with her thinking and her life.

That Leo was a musician of exceptional gifts was understood early in his life. He was a child of Russian-born parents who wanted him to be a musician. His father, a violinist in the Philadelphia Orchestra, especially dreamed of a piano virtuoso in a

conventional career. His mother, alone, took the young boy back to Russia in the early 30's for six months, perhaps with an eye to repatriation. During that period, Leo studied with Dmitri Kabalevsky. But mother and son returned to the US and Leo entered Curtis as a student of Isabelle Vengerova and José Iturbi.

Nicholas Nabokov gave to him the idea of being a composer and an opportunity—the call for a rehearsal pianist for the Kirstein/Balanchine premiere of Stravinsky's *Jeu de cartes*. Leo got the job, much to the consternation of his father, and discovered that the contact with Stravinsky introduced him to an embodiment of music which his projected life could not fulfill. Though he gave a Carnegie Hall debut in 1938 and was taken under the management of Arthur Judson for a few years, the die was cast. He would for the rest of his life be a supreme pianist who found composition his preferred ambition.

He continued to perform of course and was the second pianist, after William Kapell, to play the Copland *Sonata*. The relationship with



Leo Smit and Lukas Foss

Copland was enduring and in 1978 Leo recorded Copland's complete solo piano works for CBS Records. There was recognition, too, of his own music, notably a NY Critic's Circle Award in 1957 for his *First Symphony*, premiered by Charles Munch and The Boston Symphony, and publication by Broude, Boosey and Hawkes and Carl Fischer. A full professorship at SUNY Buffalo in 1962, which lasted until his retirement in 1984, insured a prominent academic life. In 1966 Bernstein gave the NY Philharmonic premiere of the *Second Symphony* and his close friend Lukas Foss, who assumed the post as music director of the Buffalo Philharmonic from 1963 through 1971, insured numerous appearances as pianist and composer with that orchestra.

Life was good. For Leo and some of his closest contemporaries however, notably Harold Shapero and Alexei Haieff, Stravinsky's abdication of tonal neo-classicism for a personal serial style, engendered a depreciation of their own work. Despite the achievement of some notable works from the 60's and

70's, there is a strong sense in Leo's music of this period of an absence of compass, of direction. This was what he was searching for and this is what he found in the poetry of Emily Dickinson. And with Dickinson he found not only a creative compass but also an idealized soulmate.

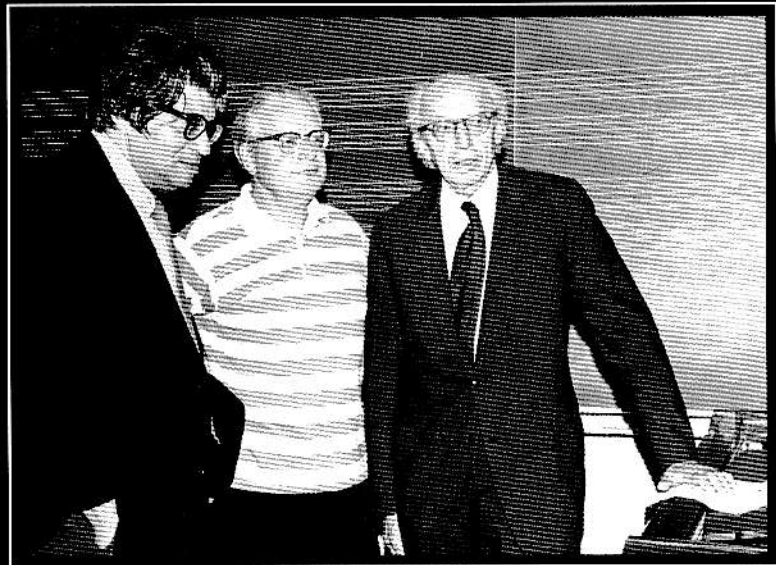
While Leo was certainly a gregarious person, very much alive to the possibility of deep attachments, there was within him the nature of a hermit. For whatever reasons, he found himself in later years often alone, shuttling back and forth between Buffalo and Southern California. No longer teaching, performing less and less, his immense musicality (by which I mean the hands on knowledge of a vast repertoire, deeply understood) sought an outlet. The result is these songs.

In listening to them one is struck by their consistency. They get right to the text. While there are some that set up quite elaborate and pictorial piano figuration at the start ("Wild Nights", for example), most of them quickly establish a simple piano/

vocal relationship and then proceed to investigate an intervallic/registral patterning which takes place in the realm of very abstract composition. It isn't that the words aren't illustrated or inflected, but there is something else pushing the music forward, and that is the unleashing of a creativity no longer concerned with historical or even personal self-consciousness. The songs are about the satisfaction of finding the notes in the words.

Leo referred to the composing of these songs as the happiest time in his creative life. Many were the occasions when I would go over to his house in Buffalo to find him having just put the final notations on the fair copy of a just completed song. So many of them were written in a single sitting with no second thoughts. And then he would proceed in his distinctive baritone and inimitable touch to invoke his recreation of Emily, solacing himself in the ecstasy of sounding her vision of life which had become his own.

Nils Vigeland
March, 2006



Morton Feldman, Leo Smit, and Aaron Copland

I knew Leo Smit since our teens in the 30's when our families summered at L. Kenosia near Danbury, Ct. When he wasn't practicing on his Baldwin, and heard around the lake, we played chess and tennis. He had recently done his debut piano recital at Carnegie Hall and had already worked with Stravinsky. While he was better known as a pianist he liked to think of himself in the tradition of pianist-composer. His list of compositions is considerable, with some works still to be performed and/or recorded. His First Symphony earned him the New York Music Critics award. I heard him and did informal tapings for him often, and I was pleased to help him produce a semi-commercial piano LP which he called "The Masters Write Jazz."

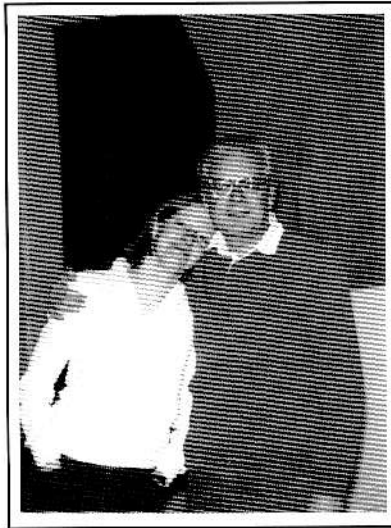
I met Marcia Willieme when we were both members of Amnesty International in Westport, Ct. Though born in New York, she had lived with her husband, Andre, and children, John and Anne, in Brussels for 13 years. There she was a member of the



Marcia Willieme

English Comedy Club and a co-founder of The American Theater Company. She worked for some years as a copy-writer and wrote poetry from an early age. She developed Bookaset and published LaFontaine. She was the daughter of the distinguished philosopher James Burnham whom I was pleased to be able to visit in Kent, Ct.

I introduced Marcia and Leo some time in the 80's but did not think to show him her poems until after her death. He liked and wanted to set



Judith Sherman and Leo Smit

them. Wanting for my part to preserve the poems worthily, and pleased at the prospect of this partly posthumous collaboration, I promptly commissioned Leo. On one of my several visits to Leucadia, Ca., shortly before Leo's death, he played them for me with the help of his familiar falsetto voice and allowed me to tape him. I don't think

he ever heard them done properly and this recording will be my own first chance to get to know them well. Leo liked "confessional" poets like Anne Sexton and of course was especially enamored of Emily Dickinson, with whom he might be said to have had a love affair, and whose musical settings were the principal compositions of his last years.

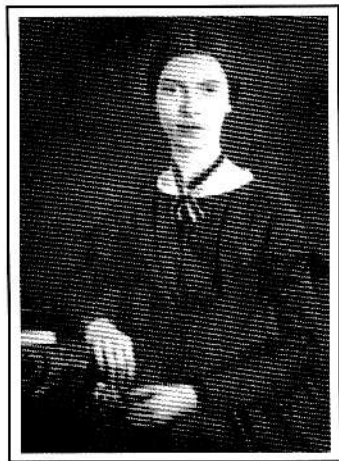
His decision to do these poems by Marcia I take to be a comparable tribute both to their quality and to his judgment.

-Morris Grossman
March 5, 2007

Beyond Circumference

[Eighteen Songs about Death, Faith and Immortality]

Texts by Emily Dickinson



Emily Dickinson

1 I.
The Sun kept setting – setting – still
No Hue of Afternoon –
Upon the Village I perceived
From House to House 'twas Noon –

The Dusk kept dropping – dropping – still

No Dew upon the Grass –
But only on my Forehead stopped –
And wandered in my Face –

My Feet kept drowsing – drowsing – still
My fingers were awake –
Yet why so little sound – Myself
Unto my Seeming – make?

How well I knew the Light before –
I could see it now –
'Tis Dying – I am doing – but
I'm not afraid to know –

2 II.
I died for Beauty – but was scarce
Adjusted in the Tomb
When One who died for Truth, was lain
In an adjoining room –

He questioned softly "Why I failed"?
"For Beauty", I replied –
"And I – for Truth – Themselves are One –
We Brethren, are", He said –

And so, as Kinsmen, met a Night –
We talked between the Rooms –
Until the Moss had reached our lips –
And covered up – our names –

3 III.
Of Course – I prayed –
And did God Care?
He cared as much as on the Air
A Bird – had stamped her foot –
And cried "Give Me" –
My Reason – Life –
I had not had – but for Yourself –
'Twere better Charity
To leave me in the Atom's Tomb –
Merry, and Nought, and gay, and numb –
Than this smart Misery.

4 IV.
'Twas the old – road – through pain –
That unfrequented – one –
With many a turn – and thorn –
That stops – at Heaven –

This – was the Town – she passed –
There – where she – rested – last –
Then – stepped more fast –
The little tracks – close prest –
Then – not so swift –
Slow – slow – as feet did weary – grow –
Then – stopped – no other track!
Wait! Look! Her little Book –
The leaf – at love – turned back –
Her very Hat –

And this worn shoe just fits the track –
Herself – though – fled!

Another bed – a short one –
Women make – tonight –
In Chambers bright –
Too out of sight – though –
For our hoarse Good Night –
To touch her Head!

5 V.
I shall know why – when Time is over –
And I have ceased to wonder why –
Christ will explain each separate anguish
In the fair schoolroom of the sky –

He will tell me what "Peter" promised –
And I – for wonder at his woe –
I shall forget the drop of Anguish
That scalds me now – that scalds me now!

6 VI.
Of Tolling Bell I ask the cause?
"A Soul has gone to Heaven"
I'm answered in a lonesome tone –
Is Heaven then a Prison?

That Bells should ring till all should know
A Soul has gone to Heaven

Would seem to me the more the way
A Good News should be given.

7 VII.

I saw no Way – The Heavens were stitched –
I felt the Columns close –
The Earth reversed her Hemispheres –
I touched the Universe –
And back it slid – and I alone –
A Speck upon a Ball –
Went out upon Circumference –
Beyond the Dip of Bell –

8 VIII.

I heard a Fly buzz – when I died –
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air –
Between the Heaves of Storm –

The Eyes around – had wrung them dry –
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset – when the King
Be witnessed – in the Room –

I willed my Keepsakes – Signed away
What portion of me be
Assignable – and then it was
There interposed a Fly –
With Blue – uncertain stumbling Buzz –

Between the light – and me –
And then the Windows failed – and then
I could not see to see –

9 IX.

Go slow, my soul, to feed thyself
Upon his rare approach –
Go rapid, lest Competing Death
Prevail upon the Coach –
Go timid, should his final eye
Determine thee amiss –
Go boldly – for thou paid'st his price
Redemption – for a Kiss –

10 X.

After great pain, a formal feeling comes –
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs –
The still Heart questions was it He, that bore,
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round –
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought –
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone –

This is the Hour of Lead –
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow –

First – Chill – then Stupor – then the
letting go –

11 XI.

I've seen a Dying Eye
Run round and round a Room –
In search of Something – as it seemed –
Then Cloudier became –
And then – obscure with Fog –
And then – be soldered down
Without disclosing what it be
"Twere blessed to have seen –

12 XII.

At least – to pray – is left – is left –
Oh Jesus – in the Air –
I know not which thy chamber is –
I'm knocking – everywhere –

Thou settest Earthquake in the South –
And Maelstrom, in the Sea –
Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth –
Hast thou no Arm for Me?

13 XIII.

I went to Heaven –
'Twas a small Town –
Lit – with a Ruby –
Lathed – with Down –

Stillier – than the fields
At the full Dew –
Beautiful – as Pictures –
No Man drew.
People – like the Moth –
Of Mechlin – frames –
Duties – of Gossamer –
And Eider – names –
Almost – contented –
I – could be –
*Mong such unique
Society –

14 XIV.

The first Day's Night had come –
And grateful that a thing
So terrible – had been endured –
I told my Soul to sing –

She said her Strings were snapt –
Her Bow – to Atoms blown –
And so to mend her – gave me work
Until another Morn –
And then – a Day as huge
As Yesterdays in pairs,
Unrolled its horror in my face –
Until it blocked my eyes –
My Brain – begun to laugh –
I mumbled – like a fool –

And tho' 'tis Years ago — that Day —
My Brain keeps giggling — still.
And Something's odd — within —
That person that I was —
And this One — do not feel the same —
Could it be Madness — this?

[15] XV.

We dream — it is good we are dreaming —
It would hurt us — were we awake —
But since it is playing — kill us,
And we are playing — shriek —

What harm? Men die — externally —
It is a truth — of Blood —
But we — are dying in Drama —
And Drama — is never dead —

Cautious — We jar each other —
And either — open the eyes —
Lest the Phantasm — prove the Mistake —
And the livid Suprice

Cool us to Shafts of Granite —
With just an Age — and Name —
And perhaps a phrase in Egyptian —
It's prudent — to dream

[16] XVI.

What if I say I shall not wait!
What if I burst the fleshy Gate —

And pass escaped — to thee!
What if I file this Mortal — off —
See where it hurt me — That's enough —
And wade in Liberty!

They cannot take me — any more!
Dungeons can call — and Guns implore
Unmeaning — now — to me —

As laughter — was — an hour ago —
Or Laces — or a Travelling Show —
Or who died — yesterday!

[17] XVII.

That Such have died enable Us
The tranquilizer to die —
That Such have lived,
Certificate for immortality.

[18] XVIII.

Departed — to the Judgment —
A Mighty Afternoon —
Great Clouds — like Ushers — learning —
Creation — looking on —

The Flesh — Surrendered — Cancelled
The Bodiless — begun —
Two Worlds — like Audiences — disperse —
And leave the Soul — alone —

Three Poems of Marcia Willienc

[19] I. And All the Air is Still

The sun has sunk beneath the western rim
And all the birds are still
The pinpricks in the sky appear
And shine with light so chill

The bird have stilled; the shadow won
The trees are black against the grey
The spider has her patterns spun
The flowers' hearts are hid away.

Will morning bandage up her wounds
In gauze of blue so fine
Will birds bestir themselves to sing
A song of the divine

In gauze of finest blue
Will birds bestir themselves to sing
Will I, will you.

[20] II. Bus Tour: Boston in the Rain

On the left is the USS Constitution
On the right is the Old North Church

On the left is the BU boathouse
On the right is Faneuil Hall
On the left is my heart beating dully
On the right is a bank and a bar
On the left is the past now behind me
On the right is a cloud and a star

Are all Independence Days so ambiguous
Having gained that which for you struggled
so long

Does the pain have to be so pernicious
Does the joy have to be so forlorn
Is the act of creation so callous
Is the act of forsaking so incredibly
devastating?

[21] III. In the Celestial Computer

In the celestial computer
All is accounted.
One sparrow wounded
One lost lamb
And I have lost my love.

Enter data:
Where? When? Why?
Press H for Help
Display
And pray.

The Marigold Heart

[Fifteen Songs about Love, Loss and Renunciation]

Texts by Emily Dickinson

22 I.

So well that I can live without –
I love thee – then How well is that?
As well as Jesus?
Prove it me
That He – loved Men –
As I – love thee –

23 II.

What shall I do – it whimpers so –
This little Hound within the Heart
All day and night with bark and start –
And yet, it will not go –
Would you untie it, were you me –
Would it stop whining – if to Thee –
I sent it – even now?

It should not tease you –
By your chair – or, on the mat –
Or if it dare – to climb your dizzy knee –
Or – sometimes at your side to run –
When you were willing –
Shall it come?
Tell Carlo –
He'll tell me!

24 III.

There came a Day at Summer's full,
Entirely for me –
I thought that such were for the Saints,
Where Resurrections – be –

The Sun, as common, went abroad,
The flowers, accustomed, blew,
As if no soul the solstice passed
That maketh all things new –

The time was scarce profaned, by speech –
The symbol of a word
Was needless, as of Sacrament,
The Wardrobe – of our Lord –

Each was to each The Sealed Church,
Permitted to commune this – time –
Lest we too awkward show
At Supper of the Lamb.

The Hours slid fast – as Hours will,
Clutched tight, by greedy hands –
So faces on two Decks, look back,
Bound to opposing lands –

And so when all the time had leaked,
Without external sound
Each bound the Other's Crucifix –
We gave no other Bond –
Sufficient troth, that we shall rise –

Deposed – at length, the Grave –
To that new Marriage,
Justified – through Calvaries of Love –

25 IV.

My Life had stood – a Loaded Gun –
In Corners – till a Day
The Owner passed – identified –
And carried Me away –
And now We roam in Sovereign Woods –
And now We hunt the Doe –
And every time I speak for Him –
The Mountains straight reply –

And do I smile, such cordial light
Upon the Valley glow –
It is as a Vesuvian face
I had let its pleasure through –

And when at Night – Our good Day done –
I guard My Master's Head –
'Tis better than the Eider-Duck's
Deep Pillow – to have shared –

To foe of His – I'm deadly foe –
None stir the second time –
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye –
Or an emphatic Thumb –
Though I than He – may longer live

He longer must – than I –
For I have but the power to kill,
Without – the power to die –

26 V.

Extol thee – could I? Then I will
By saying nothing new –
But just the truest truth
That thou art heavenly.

Perciving thee is evidence
That we are of the sky
Partaking thee a guaranty
Of immortality

27 VI.

Me prove it now – Whoever doubt
Me stop to prove it – now –
Make haste – the Scruple! Death be scant
For Opportunity –
The River reaches to my feet –
As yet – My Heart be dry –
Oh Lover – Life could not convince –
Might Death – enable Thee –

The River reaches to My Breast –
Still – still – My Hands above
Proclaim with their remaining Might –
Dost recognize the Love?

The River reaches to my Mouth –
Remember – when the Sea
Swept by my searching eyes – the last –
Themselves were quick – with Thee!

[28] VII.
Title divine – is mine!
The Wife – without the Sign!
Acute Degree – conferred on me –
Empress of Calvary!
Royal – all but the Crown!
Betrothed – without the swoon
God sends us Women –
When you – hold – Garnet to Garnet –
Gold – to Gold –
Born – Bridalled – Shrouded –
In a Day –
Tri Victory
“My Husband” – women say –
Stroking the Melody –
Is this – the way?

[29] VIII.
There is a pain – so utter –
It swallows substance up –
Then covers the Abyss with Trance –
So Memory can step
Around – across – upon it –
As one within a Swoon –

Goes safely – where an open eye –
Would drop Him – Bone by Bone.

[30] IX.
That first Day, when you praised Me, Sweet,
And said that I was strong –
And could be mighty, if I liked –
That Day – the Days among –

Clows Central – like a Jewel
Between Diverging Golds –
The Minor One – that gleamed behind –
And Vaster – of the World's.

[31] X.
Wild Nights – Wild Nights!
Were I with thee
Wild Nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile – the Winds –
To a Heart in port –
Done with the Compass –
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden –
Ah, the Sea!
Might I but moor – Tonight –
In Thee!

[32] XI.
Is it too late to touch you, Dear?
We this moment knew –
Love Marine and Love terrene –
Love celestial too –

[33] XII.
I reason, Earth is short –
And Anguish – absolute –
And many hurt,
But, what of that?
I reason, we could die –
The best Vitality
Cannot excel Decay,
But, what of that?

I reason, that in Heaven –
Somehow, it will be even –
Some new Equation, given –
But, what of that?

[34] XIII.
A Wife – at daybreak I shall be –
Sunrise – Hast thou a Flag for me?
At Midnight, I am but a Maid,
How short it takes to make a Bride –
Then – Midnight, I have passed from thee
Unto the East, and Victory –
Midnight – Good Night! I hear them call,

The Angels bustle in the Hall –
Softly my Future climbs the Stair,
I fumble at my Childhood's prayer
So soon to be a Child no more –
Eternity, I'm coming – Sire,
Savior – I've seen the face – before!

[35] XIV.
The face I carry with me – last –
When I go out of Time –
To take my Rank – by – in the West –
That face – will just be thine –
I'll hand it to the Angel –
That – Sir – was my Degree –
In Kingdoms – you have heard the Raised –
Refer to – possibly.

He'll take it – scan it – step aside –
Return – with such a crown
As Gabriel – never capered at –
And beg me put it on –

And then – he'll turn me round and round –
To an admiring sky –
As one that bore her Master's name –
Sufficient Royalty!

I have no Life but this —
To lead it here —
Nor any Death — but lest
Dispelled from there —

Nor tie to Earths to come —
Nor Action new —
Except through this extent —
The Realm of you —



Leo Smit and Igor Stravinsky

Georgine Resick, a native of Pennsylvania, is an internationally recognized soprano in both the operatic and concert fields. She made her operatic debut as Sophie in Massenet's *Werther* with the Washington Opera with Nicolai Gedda in the title role. A protégée of the late George London, she received two National Opera Institute Young Artist Awards before spending six years as principal lyric soprano at the Cologne Opera; she then moved on to the same position at the Deutsche Oper am Rhine in Düsseldorf. She has sung a wide variety of leading roles with the Vienna State Opera, the Chicago Lyric Opera, the Paris Opera, the Houston Grand Opera, and with opera companies in Rome, Nice, and Berlin, among others. Renowned for her Mozart and Strauss interpretations, Ms. Resick has appeared at the festivals of Salzburg, Edinburgh, Lucerne, and Schwetzingen, where she made a film of Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. A favorite at the Drottningholm Court Theater in Stockholm, her L'Oiseau Lyre recording with them of Despina



Warren Jones and Georgine Resick

in Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* won the Grand Prix du Disque. Ms. Resick appears frequently as soloist with orchestra and has been Soprano in Residence at the Marlboro Music Festival, the Fontana Festival, and at the Strings in the Mountains Festival. Recent appearances include Zerlina in gala performances of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* for the Israel Philharmonic's 50th Anniversary Season, conducted by Daniel Barenboim, and performances of

The *Four Last Songs* of Richard Strauss with the San Diego Symphony.

Ms. Resick holds the post of Professor of Voice at the University of Notre Dame, where she founded *con tempo*, a contemporary chamber music ensemble. She has taught at the New England Conservatory in Boston and the American University in Washington, D.C. She holds a Bachelor of Music (*magna cum laude*) from American University in Washington, D.C., and the Artist's Diploma from Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. Other awards she has received include: American University Performing Arts Hall of Fame, Howard Foundation Fellowship, Lilly Foundation Fellowship, the Outstanding Development Prize of the State of North Rhine/Westphalia, and the Martha Baird Rockefeller Young Artist Fellowship. Ms. Resick speaks German, French, Italian and Russian, and also sings in Spanish, Swedish, Polish, Portuguese, and Czech.

An adventurous recitalist, Ms. Resick has

in recent years championed unknown and neglected song literature. She has sixteen recordings on such labels as Deutsche Grammophon, L'Oiseau Lyre, and Schwann, including the solo compact discs "Songs of Alexander Grechaninov" (BRIDGE 9142), "Men's Songs, Women's Voices" (BRIDGE 9152), and *Visions Intérieures* (BRIDGE 9168A/B).

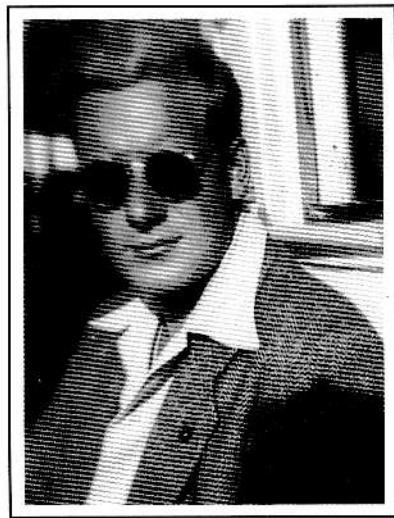
Warren Jones frequently performs with many of today's best-known artists, including Stephanie Blythe, Denyce Graves, Håkan Hagegård, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Ruth Ann Swenson, Bo Skovhus, Samuel Ramey, James Morris, John Relyea, and Anthony Dean Griffey. In addition, he has collaborated with instrumentalists Joseph Alessi and Michael Parloff and the Juilliard, Borromeo, and Brentano Quartets. In the past he has partnered such great singers as Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, and Martti Talvela. The Boston Globe termed him "flawless"; The New York Times, "exquisite"; and The San Fran-

cisco Chronicle said simply, "He is the single finest accompanist now working."

Mr. Jones has often been a guest artist at Carnegie Hall and in Lincoln Center's Great Performers Series, as well as the festivals of Tanglewood, Ravinia, and Caramoor. His international travels have taken him to recitals at the Salzburg Festival, Milan's Teatro alla Scala, the Teatro Fenice in Venice, the Maggio Musicale in Florence, the Opéra Bastille in Paris, London's Wigmore Hall and Queen Elizabeth Hall, the Konzerthaus in Vienna, Suntory Hall in Tokyo, and the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. Mr. Jones' recordings on Sony, Decca, RCA Victor, EMI, and Deutsche Grammophon have garnered widespread critical acclaim.

Mr. Jones is a member of the faculty at the Manhattan School of Music in New York City and teaches and performs each summer at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, California. For ten years he was Assistant Conductor

at the Metropolitan Opera and for three seasons served in the same capacity at San Francisco Opera. Mr. Jones was born in Washington, DC, grew up in North Carolina, and currently resides in New York City.



Leo Smit

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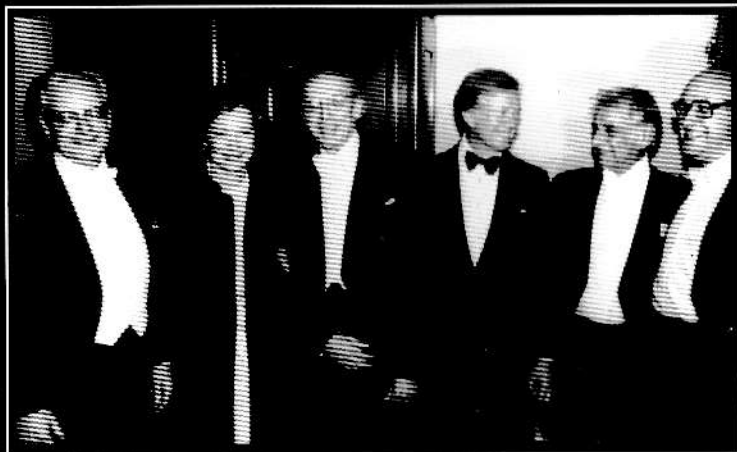
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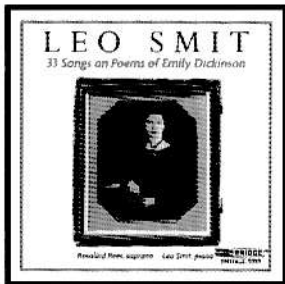
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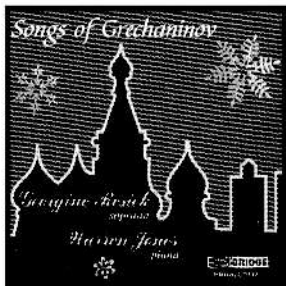
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