

# Crazy Jane

*Patrick Mason, baritone*

*David Starobin, guitar*

*Daniel Druckman, percussion*

1) **Songs of Parting** (2007) (2:47)

I. Ten Thousand Miles

Paul Lansky

(b. 1944)

**Three James Tate Songs** (2007) (9:18)

(baritone and guitar)

2) I. Poem (I Can't Speak for the Wind) (3:03)

3) II. Never Again the Same (3:18)

4) III. From an Island (2:44)

David Leisner

(b. 1953)

5) **Crazy Jane** (1975) (2:14)

Ronald Roxbury

(1946-1986)

6) **The Idea of Order at Key West** (2007) (10:16)

Akemi Naito

(b. 1956)

7) **Songs of Parting** (2007)

II. Stay Awhile (3:49)

Paul Lansky

**The Brief Light** (2010) (12:09)

(baritone and guitar)

John Musto

(b. 1954)

8) I. When You Danced (2:03)

9) II. Song (1:41)

10) III. The Voices (1:46)

11) IV. The Brief Light (1:40)

12) V. The Summons (3:03)

13) VI. I Have Drifted (1:52)

**The Ghosts of Alhambra** (2009) (18:57)

(Spanish Songbook I)

George Crumb

(b. 1929)

14) I. Alba (Dawn) (2:59)

15) II. Las Seis Cuerdas (The Six Strings) (3:58)

16) III. Danza (Dance) (1:25)

17) IV. Paisaje (Landscape) (3:02)

18) V. ¡Ay! (1:59)

19) VI. Malagueña (2:45)

20) VII. Memento (2:24)

21) **Songs of Parting** (2007)

III. When I'm Gone (5:25)

Paul Lansky

### Notes by Patrick Mason

I want to state at the beginning that these notes are utterly personal. It is one of the great blessings in my life to be able to know and work with David and Becky Starobin, Daniel Druckman and these amazing composers and I hope that this comes out in the following. Through the efforts of David and Becky, Crazy Jane has received important compositions from a wide variety of living composers. For CJ, a group committed to new works, nothing is as rewarding as this and we are very grateful.

The group name, Crazy Jane, did not come directly from the poems of William Butler Yeats (in whose work Jane made her debut), but from a 1970s setting by Ronald Roxbury of poet Dale Driscoll's homage – Ronnie had a crush on Dale, I think. Anyway, we three middle-aged, white, new-music geeks took the name, whimsically, though disdaining the irony.

The disc opens with, and is peppered by, settings of a folk song variously known as “Ten Thousand Miles”, “The Lonesome Dove”, and “Fare Thee Well”. Paul Lansky wrote *Songs of Parting* for CJ with a portable or easily obtainable percussion setup in mind (big thanks for that, Paul). Lansky has worked with folk song material in the past (he began musical life as a folk guitar player) and folk songs appear on his *Folk Images* (BRIDGE 9060). In *Songs of Parting* Paul uses the folk melody in straightforward fashion in the first song and then begins to fragment, repeat and extend parts of it in the subsequent settings. The interplay of the guitar and percussion have a folk feel as well, repeating and developing patterns of accompaniment but taking them far beyond arpeggios and strums to formations of greater intricacy and interest.

### Songs of Parting I: Ten Thousand Miles

So fare you well, my own true love,  
O fare you well for a while,  
I'm going away but I'll return  
If I go ten thousand miles.

If I prove false to you my love,  
The earth may melt and burn,  
The sea may freeze the sky may fall,  
If I no more return.

Oh don't you see that lonesome dove,  
Who flies from pine to pine,  
She's mourning for her own true love,  
Just like I mourn for mine.

### Songs of Parting II: Stay Awhile

Come back my own true love,  
You're my own true love,  
For if I ever had a friend on this earth it is thee.

Hush up my own true love,  
I hate to hear you cry,  
We best of friends must soon part.

O my dearest dear,  
The time draws near,  
You and I must part.

Come back my own true love,  
You're my own true love,  
Stay a while with me.

### **Songs of Parting III.: When I'm Gone**

Will you miss me my love,  
After I am gone,  
I'll stay a while,  
In just a day or two I'll be gone.  
Who will shoe your pretty little foot,  
Who will glove your hand,  
Who will kiss your red ruby lips,  
When I'm in a foreign land.  
Although I'm far away,  
I'll see your face before me,  
And in my heart you'll stay  
Where I will always love you.

Paul Lansky's texts are freely drawn from *The True Lover's Farewell*,  
as transcribed in Cecil Sharp's **English Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians**.

David has known guitarist/composer David Leisner for many years, and they are also colleagues at Manhattan School of Music. And I have known Leisner's playing and writing as well. He has a significant catalog of solo vocal music, much of it with guitar. Not only was I excited to have songs from someone who writes so well for both guitar and voice, I was also pleased that he chose to set these poems by James Tate. I'd describe my relation to Tate's work as deep admiration for one who pitches his tent in mayhem's back yard, my own camping spot for quite a while now. The almost violent contrasts in the first two songs are jarring and delicious. "I Can't Speak for the Wind" has a cowboy feel in the guitar writing and in the yodelly vocal jumps. And terror never seemed so appealing as it does in "Never the Same Again". I love singing with David (Starobin, I mean) when he gets to cover the guitar in such an extravagant and carnal fashion. Leisner clearly knows the emotional temperature of stupefaction survived, which this poem so bracingly explores. After all that, the fogbound quiescence of "From an Island" is both settling and unsettling.

### **Three James Tate Songs Poem (I Can't Speak for the Wind)**

I don't know about the cold.  
I am sad without hands.  
I can't speak for the wind  
which chips away at me.  
When pulling a potato, I see only the blue haze.  
When riding an escalator, I expect something orthopedic to happen.  
Sinking in quicksand, I'm a wild appaloosa.  
I fly into a rage at the sight of a double-decker bus.  
I'm a double-agent who tortures himself  
and still will not speak.

I don't know about the cold,  
But I know what I like I like a tropical madness,  
I like to shake the coconuts  
and fingerprint the pythons, --  
fevers which make the children dance.  
I am sad without hands,  
I'm very sad without sleeves or pockets.  
Winter is coming to this city,  
I can't speak for the wind  
which chips away at me.

from *Viper Jazz* (1976)

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### Never Again the Same

Speaking of sunsets, last night's was shocking.  
I mean, sunsets aren't supposed to frighten you, are they?  
Well, this one was terrifying.  
People were screaming in the streets.  
Sure, it was beautiful, but far too beautiful.  
It wasn't natural.  
One climax followed another and then another  
until your knees went weak  
and you couldn't breathe.  
The colors were definitely not of this world,

peaches dripping opium, pandemonium of tangerines,  
inferno of irises, Plutonian emeralds, all swirling and churning, swabbing,  
like it was playing with us, like we were nothing,  
as if our whole lives were a preparation for this,  
this for which nothing could have prepared us  
and for which we could not have been less prepared.  
The mockery of it all stung us bitterly.  
And when it was finally over we whimpered and cried and howled.  
And then the streetlights came on as always  
and we looked into one another's eyes --  
ancient caves with still pools and those little transparent fish  
who have never seen even one ray of light.  
And the calm that returned to us was not even our own.

from *Shroud of the Gnome* (1997)

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### From an Island

Fogged in all day, the long, low horns announcing  
the passing of another ghostship.  
But we see nothing. It's as if a curtain had been dropped.  
Go back into yourself, it says. None of this matters  
to you anymore. All that drama, color, movement --  
you can live without it. It was an illusion,  
a tease, a lie. There is nothing out here but smoke

from the rubble that was everything,  
everything you wanted, everything you thought  
you needed. Ships passing, forget it.  
Children bathing, there's no such thing.  
Let go, your island is a mote of dust.  
But the horns of the ghostship say, remember us,  
we remember you.

from *Worshipful Company of Fletchers* (1994)

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Anyone who worked with or otherwise knew Ronald Roxbury will smile broadly at the mention of his name. A more exuberantly creative person never lived, nor did the 70s musical avant-garde have a more joyous voice. As noted above, Roxbury wrote "Crazy Jane" in the 1970s. It was one of four settings of poems by the young Dale Driscoll. Two of these songs included parts for various items from our kitchen; aluminum bowls and wine glasses, filled with water. (When David and I performed CJ at the Wiltz Festival in Luxembourg, the kitchen at our hotel was gracious enough to let us borrow some of their stuff, after trying out a number of pans for the right quality of boing). Ronnie unrealistically expected the guitarist to play the 'percussion' himself. The music is written, as much of Roxbury's music was at this time, on one-line staves. Pitches, rhythms and dynamics are relative but the composer maintains amazing control of the structure, nonetheless. Thirty-plus years after I first performed "Crazy Jane" I still have a familiar sense of the melody and an always-renewed delight in how the song organizes itself so elegantly, and with such a random comity.

## Crazy Jane

She'd wedge herself between the trees  
And scream at trucks passing by  
Mothers ran to get her out  
Crazy Jane smiled at the passing geese  
She'd always sit where the highway bends  
And look caterpillars in the eye  
Truckers stopped to pick her up  
Crazy Jane smiled at the passing wind  
When the night came out and parents died  
She'd catch the moon with her guitar  
Children counting out the stars  
Stopped to hear her lullabies  
The bishop stole Crazy Jane one night  
and brought her to a pilgrim state  
She sings her song to the flies on the wall  
Or sits there smiling with all her might

*Text* © 1974 by Dale Driscoll. By kind permission of the author.

I discovered Wallace Stevens' poem, "The Idea of Order at Key West" when I was in my early 20s. I memorized it and would recite it in situations both apt and not. I even fell in love and moved to Key West for a spell in 1976 (another story). But I never thought that anyone would try to set the poem, let alone as successfully as Akemi Naito has done. The work captures the gentle feel and sound of the water in the Florida Keys and the constant awareness one has there

of seemingly endless dimensions: the depths beyond the reefs, the distant horizon and the forever blue of sky. Naito pairs sound painting with song writing in such a graceful way, creating melodies that are easily vocalized and surrounding those melodies with a wash of evocative sonorities and patterns. It is a kind of dream come true to get to sing these words that have been inside me for decades.

### **The Idea of Order at Key West**

She sang beyond the genius of the sea.  
The water never formed to mind or voice,  
Like a body wholly body, fluttering  
Its empty sleeves; and yet its mimic motion  
Made constant cry, caused constantly a cry,  
That was not ours although we understood,  
Inhuman, of the veritable ocean.

The sea was not a mask. No more was she.  
The song and water were not medleyed sound  
Even if what she sang was what she heard,  
Since what she sang was uttered word by word.  
It may be that in all her phrases stirred  
The grinding water and the gasping wind;  
But it was she and not the sea we heard.

For she was the maker of the song she sang,  
The ever-hooded, tragic-gestured sea

Was merely a place by which she walked to sing,  
Whose spirit is this? we said, because we knew  
It was the spirit that we sought and knew  
That we should ask this often as she sang.  
If it was only the dark voice of the sea  
That rose, or even colored by many waves;  
If it was only the outer voice of sky  
And cloud, of the sunken coral water-walled,  
However clear, it would have been deep air,  
The heaving speech of air, a summer sound  
Repeated in a summer without end  
And sound alone. But it was more than that,  
More even than her voice, and ours, among  
The meaningless plungings of water and the wind,  
Theatrical distances, bronze shadows heaped  
On high horizons, mountainous atmospheres  
Of sky and sea.

It was her voice that made  
The sky acutest at its vanishing,  
She measured to the hour its solitude.  
She was the single artificer of the world  
In which she sang. And when she sang, the sea,  
Whatever self it had, became the self  
That was her song, for she was the maker. Then we,  
As we beheld her striding there alone,

Knew that there never was a world for her  
Except the one she sang and, singing, made.

Ramon Fernandez, tell me, if you know,  
Why, when the singing ended and we turned  
Toward the town, tell why the glassy lights,  
The lights in the fishing boats at anchor there,  
As the night descended, tilting in the air,  
Mastered the night and portioned out the sea,  
Fixing emblazoned zones and fiery poles,  
Arranging, deepening, enchanting night.

Oh! Blessed rage for order, pale Ramon,  
The maker's rage to order words of the sea,  
Words of the fragrant portals, dimly-starred,  
And of ourselves and of our origins,  
In ghostlier demarcations, keener sounds.

"The Idea of Order at Key West", copyright 1936 by Wallace Stevens and renewed 1964 by Holly Stevens, from *THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WALLACE STEVENS* by Wallace Stevens. Used by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, a division of Random House, Inc.

In April of 2010 CJ gave a concert at Symphony Space on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. The program included much of the music on this disc. Several days later, we went into the recording studio to begin putting some of this material down. We also began receiving emails from John Musto, who had been at the concert. The first one contained an attachment with the score of "Song". Two other pieces for guitar and voice followed in the next few days and the other three songs several months later. They were settings of poems by James Laughlin, a poet I admire for his clarity and for the courage he has in addressing the messier side of love/lust.

Musto had set Laughlin earlier in the song cycle, *Viva Sweet Love*, which John and I recorded in 2007 (Bridge 9286). Incredibly, the six songs in *The Brief Light* were John's first compositions using guitar and John's writing for that instrument was idiomatic and polished. I was not surprised. I had heard John play guitar years before at a party in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, and I knew he could get around on six strings. I have also heard him play accordion at a St. Patrick's Day party, by the way – amazing!

I have long admired John's work, so receiving songs written for us was a real thrill. The Spanish flavors in "When You Danced" (rasgueado for the guitar and improvisational turns for the voice), and the gentle, raggy sway of "Song" are, for me, typical Musto. He seems to know what the underlying soundtrack of the poems has been all along. I am still undecided whether John's setting of "The Voices" is as confessional as Laughlin's poem or is actually a homily for the benefit of those still troubled by paradox. I am really grateful that he had the guts to set "The Summons", as disturbing and evocative a poem as any Laughlin wrote, with the exception of "Experience of Blood". In "The Summons", Musto contrasts the echoing drumbeats of a violent past with a present made up of shamelessly caressing musical elements. The valedictory tone of "The Brief Light" and "I Have Drifted", call from Musto the simplest, barest of writing. The melancholy of these poems and the sincerity of the music don't disguise, however, the fact that the poet is still on the make, one way and another.

## The Brief Light

### 1. When You Danced

When you danced  
For me those steps of flamenco there was no  
music but you clap-

ped your hands and arched your  
back & stomped with your heels

& your skirts flew and a smile  
of radiant delight was on your

face and my thoughts went back  
to Tarragona so many years ago

when I joined the ring of dan-  
cers with Cynthia in the square

oh she is long gone I know not  
where but you brought her back

to me for a moment & gave me  
yourself even more beautiful.

### 2. Song

O lovely lovely so lovely  
just fresh from a night of

it lovely oh I saw you at  
nine in the morning coming

home in the street with no  
hat and your coat clutched

tight but not hiding your  
evening dress lovely and

fresh from a night of it  
lovely you stopped at the

curb for the light & your  
eye caught mine lovely so

lovely and you knew that  
I knew and you knew that

I wanted you too so fresh  
from a night of it lovely.

### 3. The Voices

It is sin it is sin it is a  
Deadly sin whines the tired old voice in

The back of his head you'll  
Take her love but you can't give yourself  
It will end in misery & end  
In remorse it is sin whines the tired old

voice it is love it is love  
sings the voice in the heart you will bring

her a happiness she has never  
known before you'll bring her to life and

she'll burn with love's won-derful fire  
but it's sin no it's love cry

the voices together and sadly  
and happily madly he enters  
again the soft  
and delectable  
battle of Love.

### 4. Occidit brevis lux (The brief light sinks)

Is it the end of the world to  
Indulge an old man who adores

you for you are young & lovely  
and have the excitement of a

dozen who knows perhaps even a  
score of lovers before you but

for him the stars are waning and  
he feels the sadness even the terror

of the long night that is coming on  
he knows that nox est una

perpetua dormienda (\*) that longest  
night when he'll see you no more.

\* night is an endless sleeping (Catullus V.)



## 5. The Summons

He went out to their glorious  
War & went down in it and his  
Last belief was

Her love as he breathed flame  
In the waves and sank burning  
Now I lie under

His picture in the dark room  
In the wife's bed and partake  
Of his unknown

Life does he see does he stand  
In the room does he feel does  
He burn again

Later I wake in the night while  
She sleeps and call out to him  
Wanderer come

Return to this bed & embody the  
Love that was yours and is hers  
And is mine  
And endures.

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## 6. I have drifted

I have drifted  
off to sea from you but  
you were not abandoned

Ariadne we were playing  
in the sand like child-

ren we waded in the sea  
a current carried me a-

way but left you on the  
shore your life is yours

again I cannot will no  
harm you more your eyes

were soft & sad I loved  
you as I never loved be-

fore but now the ancient  
sea has carried me away.

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George Crumb is, of course, a major figure in contemporary American music and continues to write pieces of astonishing power and compositional depth. David's relationship with Crumb began in 1970, when Crumb paid a visit to Peabody Conservatory, where David and I were undergraduates. Over the years, Crumb has written several pieces for David, and Bridge Records has produced an ongoing series of recordings, *The Complete Crumb Edition*.

With *The Ghosts of Alhambra* (Spanish Songbook I) (2009), Crumb has returned to the poetry of Federico Garcia Lorca, whose work he set so famously in *Ancient Voices of Children* and many other pieces. Crumb scholar, Dr. Steven Bruns, provides the following notes: "In Crumb's first song, "Alba" (Dawn), the chiming of morning bells echoes throughout. "Las Seis Cuerdas" (The Six Strings) is an introspective meditation on one of the poet's favorite symbols, the guitar as a powerful, even oracular "voice." The third movement is a rapid, breathless "Danza" that follows somewhat freely the regular patterning of Lorca's poem, in which each verse is announced with the same refrain. The fourth song, "Paisaje" (Landscape) is a dream-like picture of the olive grove at night, a poem that had caught Crumb's attention as early as the 1970s, when he sketched a very different setting for voice and piano. In the fifth song, "¡Ay!", the surreal qualities of the poem inspire a range of uncanny tone colors. The singer dramatically recites the text in a kind of heightened speech with rapid shifts in dynamics and timbre. The "dark, menacing" sixth song, "Malagueña", revisits the same poem that Crumb had set in his *Madrigals* (1965). In Andalusian tradition, a malagueña was always serious and dramatic, relating tales from the coastal city of Málaga. In this case, the tavern is a hangout for mariners whose risky livelihood makes death a familiar visitor. The final song, "Memento", opens with delicate echoes of the guitar and vibraphone timbres heard at the opening of the first song. Once again, Lorca emulates folk poetry by using a refrain ("Cuando yo me muera"), and Crumb's gently rocking minor-third interval recalls the simple chants of childhood."

## The Ghosts of Alhambra

Texts by Federico García Lorca from *Poema del canto jondo*

### I. Alba

¡Campanas de Córdoba  
en la madrugada!  
¡Campanas de amanecer  
en Granada!  
Os sienten todas las muchachas.  
Las niñas de España,  
de pie menudo  
y temblorosas faldas,  
que han llenado de luces  
las encrucijadas.  
¡Oh, campanas de Córdoba  
en la madrugada!  
¡Y oh, campanas de amanecer  
en Granada!

### II. Las Seis Cuerdas

La guitarra,  
hace llorar a los sueños.  
El sollozo de las almas  
perdidas  
se escapa por su boca  
redonda.  
Y como la tarántula,  
teje una gran estrella  
para cazar suspiros,  
que flotan en su negro  
aljibe de madera.

### Dawn

Bells of Córdoba  
in the early hours!  
Bells of dawn  
in Granada!  
They hear you, all the girls.  
Young girls of Spain  
with tiny feet  
and trembling skirts  
who've filled the crossroads  
with lights.  
Oh, bells of Córdoba  
in the early hours!  
And oh, bells of dawn  
in Granada!

### The Six Strings

The guitar  
makes dreams weep.  
The sobs of lost  
souls  
escape through its round  
mouth.  
And like the tarantula  
it weaves a large star  
to trap the sighs  
floating in its black  
wooden cistern.

### III. Danza

En la noche del huerto,  
seis gitanas  
vestidas de blanco  
bailan.

En la noche del huerto,  
coronadas  
con rosas de papel  
y biznagas.

En la noche del huerto,  
sus dientes de nácar,  
escriben la sombra  
quemada.

Y en la noche del huerto,  
sus sombras se alargan  
y llegan hasta el cielo  
moradas.

### IV. Paisaje

El campo  
de olivos  
se abre y se cierra

como un abanico.  
Sobre el olivar  
hay un cielo hundido  
y una lluvia oscura  
de luceros fríos.  
Tiembra junco y penumbra  
a la orilla del río.

### Dance

In the night of the garden,  
six gypsy women  
dance  
in white.

In the night of the garden,  
crowned  
with paper roses  
and jasmine.

In the night of the garden,  
their teeth—mother-of-pearl—  
inscribe the burnt  
darkness.

And in the night of the garden,  
their shadows grow long  
and purple  
as they reach the sky.

### Landscape

The field  
of olive trees  
opens and closes

like a fan.  
Above the olive grove  
a foundering sky  
and a dark rain  
of cold stars.  
Bullrush and penumbra tremble  
at the river's edge.

Se riza el aire gris.  
Los olivos  
están cargados  
con gritos.  
Una bandana  
de pájaros cautivos,  
que mueven sus larguísimas  
colas en lo sombrío.

#### V. ¡Ay!

El grito deja en el viento  
una sombra de ciprés.

(Dejadme en este campo  
llorando.)

Todo se ha roto en el mundo.  
No queda más que el silencio.

(Dejadme en este campo  
llorando.)

El horizonte sin luz  
está mordido de hogueras.

(Yo os he dicho que me dejéis  
en este campo  
llorando.)

#### VI. Malagueña

La muerte  
entra y sale

The grey air ripples.  
The olive trees  
are laden  
with cries.  
A flock  
of captive birds  
moving their long long  
tails in the gloom.

#### ¡Ay!

The shout leaves a cypress shadow  
on the wind.

(Leave me in this field  
crying.)

Everything has broken in the world.  
Nothing but silence remains.

(Leave me in this field  
crying.)

The lightless horizon  
is bitten by bonfires.

(I have already told you to leave me  
in this field  
crying.)

#### Malagueña

Death  
goes in and out

de la taberna.

Pasan caballos negros  
y gente siniestra  
por los hondos caminos  
de la guitarra.

Y hay un olor a sal  
y a sangre de hembra,  
en los nardos febriles  
de la marina.

La muerte  
entra y sale  
y sale y entra  
la muerte  
de la taberna.

#### VII. Memento

Cuando yo me muera,  
enterradme con mi guitarra  
bajo la arena.

Cuando yo me muera,  
entre los naranjos  
y la hierbabuena.

Cuando yo me muera,  
enterradme, si queréis,  
en una veleta.

¡Cuando yo me muera!

of the tavern.

Black horses  
and sinister people  
pass along the sunken roads  
of the guitar.

There's an odor of salt  
and female blood  
in the feverish spikenard  
along the shore.

Death  
goes in and out,  
out and in  
of the tavern goes  
death.

#### Memento

Whenever I die,  
bury me with my guitar  
beneath the sand.

Whenever I die,  
among orange trees  
and mint.

Whenever I die,  
bury me if you wish  
in a weathervane.

Whenever I die!



**C**razy Jane's roots go back to 1969, when Patrick Mason and David Starobin met in Baltimore, and began performing together. Starobin later met Daniel Druckman (they were for many years members of New York's new music ensemble, *Speculum Musicae*) and soon thereafter, the trio Crazy Jane was formed.

Baritone **Patrick Mason** has been praised by critics and audiences for his performances of an enormously wide range of repertoire spanning the last ten centuries. Patrick Mason has made recordings for Sony, l'Oiseau Lyre, Erato, Nonesuch and CRI. His long association with Bridge Records was crowned in 2006 when his CD of *Songs of Amy Beach* (BRIDGE 9182) was nominated for a Grammy Award in the "Best Vocal" category. Mason's commitment to contemporary music has resulted in performances and recordings with many of this era's most notable composers including Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, Elliott Carter, and George Crumb. Mason's recording of the dual lead in Tod Machover's opera, *VALIS*, was named 'Best of the Year' by *The New*

*York Times*. Mason studied voice at the Peabody Conservatory with Francesco Valentino and art song with Ellen Mack. As the vocal coordinator of the John Duffy Composer's Institute Patrick Mason works with young singers and composers to create and hear new works for the musical stage. Patrick Mason is a professor at the University of Colorado at Boulder, where he is a Berton Coffin Faculty Fellow.

**David Starobin** was called by *Soundboard magazine* "arguably the most influential American classical guitarist of the twentieth century", and was given a lifetime achievement award and inducted into the Guitar Foundation of America's "Hall of Fame" (2011). Composers including Elliott Carter, George Crumb, Lukas Foss, Poul Ruders, Gunther Schuller and Milton Babbitt have dedicated new works to him, producing a repertoire of more than 300 new scores. Among Starobin's honors are a Harvard University Fromm Grant, Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Career Grant, ASCAP's Deems Taylor Award, and Peabody Conservatory's "Distinguished Alumni Award." David Starobin

currently holds the "Fondation Charidu Chair in Guitar Studies" at the Curtis Institute of Music, and also teaches at Manhattan School of Music, where he held the "Andres Segovia Chair" (1993-2004). In 1981 Starobin founded Bridge Records, Inc. where he is currently the company's Director of Artists and Repertoire.

Percussionist **Daniel Druckman** is active as a soloist, chamber, orchestral musician, and recording artist. He has performed throughout the United States, Europe and Japan, and has appeared as soloist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the American Composers Orchestra. He has recorded for Angel, Bridge, DG, Nonesuch, Sony, and New World Records. Daniel Druckman is a member of the New York Philharmonic and the New York New Music Ensemble, and teaches at the Juilliard School, where he is the Director of the Juilliard Percussion Ensemble.

From his pioneering work in computer music through his fresh and engaging instrumental music of the past decade, **Paul Lansky**

has become a leading voice in contemporary American music. Born in New York City in 1944, Lansky attended Queens College, studying composition with George Perle and Hugo Weisgall and at Princeton University, where he worked with Milton Babbitt and Earl Kim. Paul Lansky has been on the faculty at Princeton since 1969, where he is now William Shubael Conant Professor of Music. Until the mid-1990s, the bulk of Lansky's work was in computer music, for which he was honored in 2002 with a lifetime achievement award by SEAMUS (the Society for Electroacoustic Music in the United States). Lansky's recent instrumental music eschews attempts to "break new ground," relying instead on a fresh approach toward tonality and harmony that references musical traditions of various kinds, from Machaut to Stravinsky. Paul Lansky has received awards from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Guggenheim, Koussevitsky and Fromm Foundations, Lila Wallace/Reader's Digest, ASCAP and the American Academy of Arts and Letters. In 2000 he was the subject of a

documentary film "My Cinema for the Ears". His music is well represented on recording including a dozen CDs on the Bridge label ([www.BridgeRecords.com](http://www.BridgeRecords.com)), and his music is performed and broadcast widely.

*Fanfare Magazine* described the music of **David Leisner** as "rich in invention and melody, emotionally direct, and beautiful". His music has been performed worldwide by such eminent artists as Sanford Sylvan, Paul Sperry, Juliana Gondek, Susan Narucki, D'Anna Fortunato, Patrick Mason, Eugenia Zukerman, David Starobin, Benjamin Verdery, St. Lawrence String Quartet, Los Angeles Guitar Quartet, Cavatina Duo, Arc Duo, as well as orchestras around the US. An extensive discography includes the much-praised Cedille CD, *Acrobats*, performed by the Cavatina Duo, and his compositions are published mostly by Theodore Presser Co. Recent works and commissions include *Das Wundebare Wesen* for baritone Wolfgang Holzmair and solo cello, *A Timeless Procession* for Holzmair and string quartet, *Vision of Orpheus* for the St. Lawrence Quartet

and Leisner, *Embrace of Peace* for the Fairfield Orchestra, and *Battlefield Requiem* for cellist Laurence Lesser and the New England Conservatory Percussion Ensemble. Leisner also maintains a busy career as a concert guitarist, and is currently the co-chair of the guitar department at the Manhattan School of Music.

**Ronald Roxbury** was born in 1946 in Fruitland, Maryland and entered the Peabody Conservatory in 1965 receiving undergraduate and graduate degrees in composition. His principal composition teachers were Stefan Grove, Earle Brown and Richard Rodney Bennett. In 1967 Roxbury began to notate his scores using a single-line staff, while simultaneously developing other methods of graphic notation. These he employed in a series of highly characterful theater pieces, ranging from such titles as *Le Werewolf s'amuse*, "for stand-up cabaret-type performer with wolf-mask and tuxedo, and three percussionists." *Le Sofa de Solfege*, "for guitarist and alluring siren on a sofa singing solfege"; *Gemini*, for percussion

and piano (the twins Gordon and Jay Gottlieb "performing in a large bag (womb)," and *Esau Wood*, "for three players with carpentry instruments, and Marlene Dietrich imitator." After leaving Baltimore, Roxbury moved to New York. He participated in the first production of Leonard Bernstein's *Mass* at the Kennedy Center, appeared with the original company of Phillip Glass's *Einstein on the Beach* in tours of Europe and the United States and performances at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. He also performed and toured with the Gregg Smith Singers and wrote several pieces for the ensemble, including the one-act opera *Leda and the Velvet Gentleman*, recorded by Smith for Grenadilla Records with Roxbury and his close friend, William Bland, performing the four-hand piano part. Ronald Roxbury died of AIDS in New York in 1986. His last piece was a setting of Walt Whitman's "Goodbye My Fancy," written for his long-time friends David Starobin and Patrick Mason, who have recorded the work (BRIDGE 9022). His approximately 80 compositions are housed at the Peabody Conservatory Library in Baltimore.

Born in Tokyo in 1956, **Akemi Naito** began studying piano at the age of five and composition at the age of fourteen. She received her undergraduate and graduate degrees in Music Composition from the University Division at the Toho Gakuen School of Music and became a member of school's faculty from 1980 until 1991. She was awarded the Takeji Prize in 1982 and was a finalist of the Music Today Composition Award in 1982 and 1988. Ms. Naito received a grant from the Asian Cultural Council, which enabled her to come to New York City in 1991, where she currently resides. Akemi Naito is a recipient of awards from the American Music Center, Aaron Copland Fund for Music, the Bellagio residency from the Rockefeller Foundation, Chamber Music America, the New York Foundation for the Arts, consecutive ASCAP Standard Awards since 1998, and resident fellowships from Yaddo, MacDowell Colony and Millay Colony for the Arts. Her CD "Mindscapes" was released by Bridge Records (BRIDGE 9204). Her compositions can also be heard on EML, ALM and URTEXT. Her works have been published

by HoneyRock and AUGEMUS. The composition of *The Idea of Order at Key West* was funded in part by the Composer Assistance Program of the American Music Center.

**John Musto** is regarded as one of the most versatile musicians before the public today. His artistry as composer and pianist was made abundantly clear in 2006 when he appeared as soloist in the premieres of his own Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 2 in the space five months. Musto has cultivated a richly allusive and eclectic style, his work embracing the many strains of contemporary American concert music, enriched by sophisticated inspirations from ragtime and the blues. These qualities lend his vocal music a particularly strong profile, ranging from a series of operas written in collaboration with librettist Mark Campbell (four operas to date) to a large catalog of art songs. Musto's Collected Songs have been published, and CDs of his songs have appeared, performed by soprano Amy Burton, baritone Patrick Mason, and the composer at the piano (BRIDGE 9286); and Centaur,

with baritone Alexander Hurd accompanied by Jacob Greenberg. His opera *Bastianello* is also available (BRIDGE 9299). John Musto earned degrees in piano performance at the Manhattan School of Music under Seymour Lipkin and Paul Jacobs. He has been a visiting professor at Brooklyn College and is a frequent guest lecturer at the Juilliard School and the Manhattan School of Music. John Musto's compositions have been recorded for Hyperion, Harmonia Mundi, MusicMasters, Innova, Channel Classics, Albany Records and New World Records.

**George Crumb's** reputation as a composer of hauntingly beautiful scores has made him one of the most frequently performed composers in today's musical world. From Los Angeles to Moscow, and from Scandinavia to South America, festivals devoted to the music of George Crumb have sprung up like wildflowers. Crumb is the winner of the 1968 Pulitzer Prize, and a 2001 Grammy Award. George Crumb studied at the Mason College of Music in Charleston, West Virginia and at the University of Illinois, Champaign-

Urbana under Eugene Weigel. He continued his studies under Boris Blacher at the Hochschule für Musik, Berlin and received a D.M.A. in 1959 from the University of Michigan, after studies with Ross Lee Finney. Crumb's music often juxtaposes contrasting musical styles. The references range from music of the western art-music tradition, to hymns and folk music, to non-Western musics. Many of Crumb's works include programmatic, symbolic, mystical and theatrical elements, which are often reflected in his meticulously notated scores. Awarded honorary doctorates by numerous universities and the recipient of dozens of awards and prizes, Crumb makes his home in Pennsylvania, in the same house where he and his wife of more than 50 years raised their three children. George Crumb's music is published by C.F. Peters and the ongoing series of "Complete Crumb" recordings, supervised by the composer, is being issued on Bridge Records.

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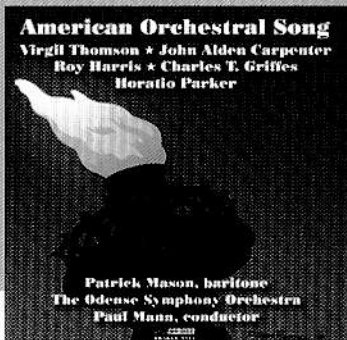
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