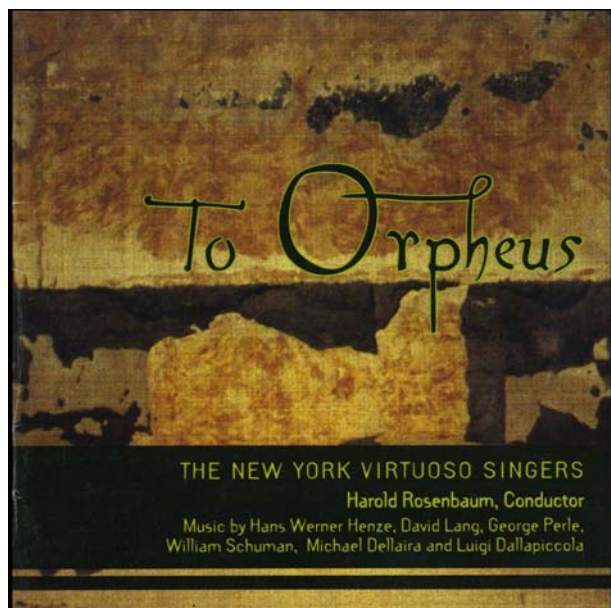


NWCR615

To Orpheus

The New York Virtuoso Singers, Harold Rosenbaum, Conductor



Hans Werner Henze

- Orpheus Behind the Wire* (1983) (22:25)
- I. What was Hell Like? (3:39)
 - II. The Point to be Noted (3:11)
 - III. You Who Survived (5:19)
James Bassi, tenor
 - IV. It has Changed (6:09)
Neil Farrell, tenor
 - V. Orpheus (3:49)

David Lang

- By Fire* (1984) (3:55)
Cynthia Richards Hewes, soprano; Timothy Mount, baritone

George Perle

- Sonnets to Orpheus from Songs of Praise and Lamentation* (13:33)
- I. Sonnet #1 (4:06)
 - II. Sonnet #9 (2:15)
 - III. Sonnet #5 (4:05)
 - IV. Sonnet #19 (2:52)

William Schuman

- Carols of Death* (1958) (10:13)
1. The Last Invocation (3:47)
 2. The Unknown Region (3:45)
 3. To All, To Earth (2:34)

Michael Dellaira

- Art and Isadora* (1987) (5:02)

Luigi Dallapiccola

- Prima serie dei cori di Michelangelo Buonarroti il giovane* (1933) (10:15)
- From Sei cori de Michelangelo Buonarroti il giovane* (1933-36)
- I. Il coro delle malmaritate (5:08)
 - II. Il coro dei malmogliati (5:07)

Members of The New York Virtuoso Singers:

Sopranos: Catherine Aks, Marion Beckenstein, Maureen Haley, Cynthia Richards Hewes, Suzanne Peck*; *Altos:* Phyllis Jo Kubey, Natasha Lutov, Mary Runyan, Nancy Wertsch; *Tenors:* James Bassi, Greg Hostetler, Michael Hume, Neil Farrell; *Basses:* Albert DeRuiter, Elliot Z. Levine, Timothy Mount**, Frank Nemhauser, Kurt-Owen Richards, Mark Wagstrom*
*Henze only, **Dallaira only

Total playing time: 65:52

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Notes

Not since the sixteenth century has music for vocal ensemble been so enthusiastically written and so elegantly performed. Perhaps composers are reacquainting themselves with the tradition of vocal music, a tradition embodying both the history of their craft and its principles. Or perhaps, the omnipresence of computers, synthesizers, and sound-modifying technology has reminded us that no instrument is more rich or more complex than that of the human voice and no composition may be more demanding to write or more satisfying to hear than one written for human voices, unaccompanied, and pure. The six works on this disc are a tiny sample of the literature for unaccompanied chorus of the last sixty years. Though they differ stylistically, they share, above all, an underlying affection for and attention to the human voice.

Hans Werner Henze's (b 1926) demanding *Orpheus Behind The Wire* was composed in 1983 on a powerful, stirring text by radical Edward Bond (author of the libretto to Henze's

opera, *We Come To The River*). The work is in five sections, each scored for a different number and combination of singers varying from four-to-twelve voices. Great control is needed to master the contrast between long, sustained tones and florid, rhythmically demanding passages and to make convincing the depth of dramatic expression contained in Bond's unique telling of the Orpheus legend. Henze (b. 1926), who took an early interest in Schoenberg's work (participating in the Darmstadt seminars given in the 50s by Rene Leibowitz), infuses his serialism with a fundamentally and sincerely political aesthetic position, i.e. music should be accessible, unfettered by stylisms or dogma, and should move its listener to thought and action.

Henze begins the first section, "What Was Hell Like?" by treating each of the twelve parts freely and juxtaposing long, sustained notes with a lyric *sprechstimme*. However, as Orpheus gradually begins to articulate a description of his descent into the underworld, each of the singers begin

repeating a single-measure figure creating an ostinato which depicts the eternal suffering of hell. In "You Who Survived", for soprano, alto, tenor and two basses, Henze is fully operatic. The tenor, a poet who has killed himself, is unabashedly remorseful, plaintively echoing the words of his interlocutors, condemned forever to writing words upon water that no one will ever see. In the final section, "Orpheus," we are brought into the present. Orpheus is only a legend, a symbol, set against an unjust world of dictators, guns, and starving masses. The eight singers, two from each group, proceed sectionally, working as a single, homogenous unit. Their parting words coming to rest on a final B-F#-C-D# tetrachord associating the music of Orpheus with triumph and freedom, and, one supposes, a new world order.

The influence of Henze's political aesthetic and his musical dramatism can be heard in *By Fire*, composed in 1984 by **David Lang** (b 1957). Lang, who holds degrees from Stanford, the University of Iowa, and the Yale School of Music, names Henze as one of his principal teachers along with Jacob Druckman, Martin Bresnick, Roger Reynolds, and Henri Lazarof. The piece, for small mixed chorus, including a soprano and a bass soloist, is based on two texts sung simultaneously. One, a passage from an interview with an unidentified CIA analyst describing the effect of a nuclear test on the local birds ("beautiful creatures, watching them is a wonder"), the other, from Sun Tzu's *The Art of War*, titled, "Attacking with Fire".

At the outset, the CIA agent's words, sung by the soprano soloist and chorus, "outweigh" the Sun Tzu text, which is assigned only to the bass solo. As the piece progresses, first basses, then tenors, and then altos and sopranos begin to appropriate Sun Tzu's words ("A state that has perished cannot be restored, nor can the dead be brought back to life.") leaving in the end only the soprano soloist with the CIA agent's recollection. Lang uses doubling as a means of "assigning weight" to a particular text and adding harmonic and timbral mass. Vocal lines maintain their rhythmic character throughout with recurring and registrally-fixed pitches, i.e. lines do not develop in any sense. The vocalists sound at a constant forte, giving the piece a voice that is insistent and poignant, a frustrated angry plea.

Very different in structure are the "Il coro delle malmaritate" ("Chorus of Unhappy Husbands") and "Il coro dei malmammogliati" ("Chorus of Unhappy Wives") of **Luigi Dallapiccola** (1904-1975). This pair of verses make up the first of three sets (and the only one for unaccompanied chorus) from Dallapiccola's *Sei cori di Michelangelo Buonarroti il giovane (Six Choruses by Michelangelo Buonarroti the Younger)*. Composed between 1933 and 1936, Dallapiccola's settings are a glowing tribute to the Italian madrigal, but they also anticipate the idiosyncratic way he was to shape serialism to his own ends.

Line is of primary importance to Dallapiccola. At the risk of falling into cliché, one can say his insistence on preserving the vocal dramatism, such an important part of his Italian heritage, characterizes all of his best music, much of which happens to be vocal. These two choruses are examples of Dallapiccola's abundant melodic gifts. Treating the verses freely, form emerges as a result of contrasting vocal effects and recurring melodic snatches. The "Chorus of Unhappy Wives," for example, consists of four verses, each six lines of the pattern ABABCC, with the final two lines (CC) of each version being identical. The music of these two lines recurs in more or less the same fashion, rondo-like, as catchy and welcome refrains. The verses may be "comic," but only in that their subject distances them from the more lofty realms of

higher literature. It is their earthiness and humility, which appeals to Dallapiccola, and one hears a music far from burlesque.

Michael Dellaira (b 1949) holds degrees in philosophy and music from Georgetown and Princeton Universities and studied primarily with Milton Babbitt, Paul Lansky, and Robert Parris. He also studied with Geoffredo Petrassi at the Accademia di Santa Cecilia in Rome. More satiric than comic, his *Art and Isadora* (1987) uses John Dos Passos's "biographical portrait" of Isadora Duncan from *The Big Money* (the third novel in his U.S.A. trilogy) as the basis for a timbrally motivated work that also invokes the spirit, if not the style, of the madrigal. *Art and Isadora* is the second in Dellaira's series of portraits from the Dos Passos novel (the other two are based on Rudolph Valentino and the Wright Brothers). Here, he applies serial techniques to vernacular, quasi-tonal material (he composed popular music early in his career), for he views Dos Passos's *Isadora* as an uninhibited, imaginative iconoclast who puts on and takes off European high culture to create an individual, distinctly American art.

The chorus of sixteen singers is structurally divided into four quartets. Four distinct vocal lines then accumulate through the first half of the piece, with phrases and doublings shifting among and between quartets, producing a contrapuntal mass in constant flux. After an interlude where each singer's voice is isolated through the hocketing of a new melodic line, the material of the first half is recalled in a passage where chronological events in *Isadora's* life are recounted simultaneously. This sense of accelerated time occurs as the four quartets come together in a unison finale, signaling *Isadora's* tragic end.

George Perle (b 1915) is a recipient of the Pulitzer Prize and MacArthur Award, and is equally known for his theoretical works on Alban Berg and the twelve-tone system. His "Sonnets to Orpheus" constitutes the second movement of his ambitious *Songs of Praise and Lamentation* (1974) for orchestra and chorus, commissioned by the Dessoff Choirs and dedicated to the memory of Noah Greenberg, founder and director of the New York Pro Musica. The four sonnets which comprise the movement are those numbered 1, 9, 5, and 19 by Rainer Maria Rilke. The first two are scored for single chorus, the second pair for double chorus.

In these sonnets, Perle, through Rilke, renders Orpheus from what seems a precisely measured distance. It is Orpheus, the musician, who emerges, and not the tragic lover. It is song which persists through time and comforts the soul. In Perle's music, the relationship of note to syllable is more formal than dramatic. One should expect no large gestures, histrionics, or word painting. But for the listener with an ear for detail, the complex surface of Perle's music will provide a trove of delights, which grows richer with repeated hearings. For example, the phrase constituting the first three bars of the first Sonnet ("Da steig ein baum") with its greater-than-octave leap in all voices to a pianissimo Db triad is held and then resolved to an 0-1-4-7 tetrachord (coincidentally of the same structure as that which ends the Henze). This is a gesture that recurs in this sonnet like a signature brushstroke.

If Perle's music and aesthetic have been linked with "European academicism," **William Schuman** (1918-1992), by contrast, has long been characterized a "distinctly American" composer. Indeed, Schuman seems to exude Americana writing orchestral pieces that are infused with American imagery, vocal texts from American literature and poetry, aphorisms from American life (*Five Rounds on Famous Words*) borrowed from the American landscape

(*Esses: Short Suite for Singers on Words Beginning with 'S'*), or simply found (*Mail Order Madrigals* adapted from the 1897 Sears Roebuck catalog). His career, too, has a distinctly American quality with a combination of pragmatism and ingenuity. A serious composer with popular musical roots (an early practitioner of jazz, his first published work was a song he co-wrote with lyricist Frank Loesser), Schuman was able to combine his musical ambitions with a successful administrative career, first as director of publications for G. Schirmer, then as president of the Juilliard School and president of Lincoln Center.

Carols of Death (1958), based on three short poems by Walt Whitman, is a simple and austere bonding of word music. Like his secular cantata, *A Free Song* (1943), awarded the first Pulitzer Prize ever in music, the harmonic language of *Carols of Death* is direct and accessible, using chromaticism strictly within the context of extended triadic structures and thus never losing tonal ballast. For instance, in "The Last Invocation," Schuman captures the natural cadences of the poem by applying a single crescendo or diminuendo to each line. The effect is like a slow, soft rhythmic breathing, which climaxes in the final phrases. In "The Unknown Region"

(marked "*misterioso*"), Schuman captures both the anxiety and tranquility of Whitman's final "walk toward the unknown." The piece begins with an extended canonic section on the words "darest thou now," the voices sound dispersed. This makes the contrast with the middle section all the more effective. In this section, all voices come together in rhythmic unison exhorting us to "walk out with me toward the unknown... no map there nor guide, nor voice sounding..." The third in the set, "To All, To Each", recalls more than any other the beauty that comes from simplicity in the hands of a master. Again, it is the precision of the phrasing that works so well. Nearly every word is given to melisma, yet the meaning is clear, the voices unforced and natural. Schuman once said that his music "is always melodic and has a sense of line," that it "can always be sung". He was, of course, referring to his orchestral and chamber music, but we would do well to remember the underlying truth of that statement. The voice gives expression, and a composer who pays particular attention to the voice, keeping in mind its modulations, inflections, and emotional expansiveness, will never be far away from the very source of his art.

Orpheus Behind the Wire
Poetry by Edward Bond

1. I. What was Hell like?

What was hell like?
I'd never seen such a place
Music sounded like silence
(That is hard to imagine?)

What was it like?
No echo came from my music
Wind stole it and took it away
I do not know where it took it
For the first time I walked in silence
The ground was strewn with fine ash

It was an empty street
A secret policeman watched from a window

2. II. The Point to be Noted

It was not permitted
That Orpheus and Eurydice
Rode in the same carriage
Both mounted the ramp
But at different times
They last saw each other
Over a frozen wave of wire
Perhaps their ashes mingled
The point to be noted is this
When Eurydice had been killed
They killed Orpheus

3. III. You Who Survived

You who survived the time of the murderers
Killed yourself
We see you standing up to your waist in the Styx
We call you do not look up or answer
So urgently are you writing all that you have to tell us

You write it on the water
Not one word will be read
As you end it the beginning has already been washed
away

This is the fate of poets who die by their own hands
Where were we when you died?
Was there no-one to help you?
By these events we too are silenced
And our heritage taken to the grave

4. IV. It was Changed

Old now
More strings on this lyre than hairs on my head
I lean on the tree and sit in the grass
To look down on the river
It shines like the scales of a fish
Passing from childhood to youth
Was difficult
I needed the surgeon's knife

And her?
Well that passion is gentle now
Seen through the open doorway
Over the fields of pain
Where the sun softly shines
All shadows have even gone from the river

But there is still music
First it was wild
Earth sang in my throat
Later all sounds came from the tips of my fingers
Now it has changed again
I sing with the earth a cappella
People come to my door
For songs at weddings and at births
And at burials

My music didn't tame beasts
I don't know why men tell such rumours and lies

My music is simple
I strike the notes:
That heron ("a broken stick in the river")

Looks once then goes back to its fishing
But it is true that I went to hell
And like you I lost Eurydice

5. V. Orpheus

Pressed by the weight of the world
By others' burdens we have not shared
With sorrow for friends who sold-out to their enemy
Of dead horses
Of strangers we haven't yet warned
I wish for the still music of Orpheus

And at news too
Of a dictator dead in America
That somewhere the starving have taken bread
From those who argue the moral of guns
In assemblies guarded by guns
And at a flag that flutters in breeze
Where no poor shiver in rags

Then I hear music of Orpheus
Of triumph
Of freedom

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6. *By Fire*

Soprano:

The birds were the things we could see all the time.
Albatrosses will fly for days, skimming a few inches
above the surface of the water.
These birds have tremendously long wings and tails
and beaks that are as if fashioned for another purpose.
You don't see what these birds are about from their
design.
They are just beautiful creatures. Watching them is a
wonder.
That is what I did not expect.

We were standing around, waiting for this bomb to go
off,
which we had been told was a very small one.
We were standing around, and the countdown comes in
over the radio, and we knew roughly where ground zero
would be and about how high.

And suddenly I could see all these birds.
I could see the birds that I'd been watching for days
before, and they were smoking.
Their feathers were on fire, and the light persisted for
some time.

It was instantaneously bright, but it was not
instantaneous,
because it stated and it changed in composition slightly.
Several seconds, it seemed like, long enough for me to see
birds crash into the water.
They were not vaporized. They were sizzling, smoking.
They were being consumed by the heat,
Their feathers were on fire. They were blinded.

And so far there had been no shock.

There were just these smoking, twisting, hideously
contorted birds crashing into things.

And then I could see vapor rising from the inner lagoon,
as the surface of the water was heated by this intense
flash.

I've never seen anything like that.

— interview with unidentified CIA analyst, as quoted by Robert
Scheer. © Robert Scheer. Used by permission.

Bass:

There are five methods of attacking with fire:
to burn personnel, to burn stores, to burn equipment,
to burn arsenals, to use incendiary missiles.
Equipment for setting fires must always be at hand.
There are suitable times and appropriate days on
which to raise fires.

Now in fire one must respond to the changing situation.
When the fire reaches its height follow up, if you can.
If you cannot do so, wait.

When fires are raised upwind do not attack from
downwind.

When the wind blows during the day it will die down at
night.

Those who use fire to assist their attacks are intelligent.
Those who use inundations are powerful.

Now to win these battles and take your objectives but to
fail to exploit these achievements is ominous, and may be
described
as wasteful delay.

If not in the interests of the state, do not act.

If you cannot succeed, do not use troops.

If you are not in danger, do not fight.

For while an angered man may again be happy and a
resentful man again be pleased, a state that has perished
cannot be restored, nor can the dead be brought back to
life.

— "Attacking With Fire" from *The Art of War* by Sun
Tzu, translated by Samuel B. Griffith.

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Sonnets to Orpheus

Poetry by Rainer Maria Rilke

7. I. Sonnet #1

There rose a tree. O pure transcendency!
O Orpheus singing! O tall tree in the ear!
And all was silent. Yet even in the silence
new beginning, beckoning, change went on.

Creatures of stillness thronged out of the clear
released wood from lair and nesting-place;
and it turned out that not from cunning and not
from fear were they so hushed within themselves,

but from harkening. Bellow and cry and roar
seemed little in their hearts. And where before
hardly a hut had to take this in,

a covert out of darkest longing
with an entrance way whose timbers tremble,
you built temples for them in their hearing.

8. II. Sonnet #9

Only one who has lifted the lyre
among the shadows too,
may divining render the infinite praise.

Only who with the dead has eaten
of the poppy that is theirs,
will never again lose
the most delicate tone.

Though the reflection in the pool
often swims before our eyes:
Know the image.

Only in the dual realm
do voices become
eternal and mild.

9. III. Sonnet #5

Set up no stone to his memory.
Just let the rose bloom each year for his sake.
For it is Orpheus. His metamorphosis
in this one and in this.

We should not trouble about other names.
Once and for all
it's Orpheus when there's singing. He comes and goes.
Is it not much already if at times
he overstays for a few days the bowl of roses?

O how he has to vanish, for you to grasp it!
Though he himself take fright at vanishing.
Even while his word transcends the being-here,

he's there already where you do not follow.
The lyre's lattice does not snare his hands,
And he obeys, while yet he oversleeps.

10. IV. Sonnet #19

Even though the world keeps changing
quickly as cloud-shapes,
all things perfected fall
home to the age-old.

Over the changing and passing,
wilder and freer,
still lasts your leading-song,
god with the lyre.

Not understood are the sufferings.
Neither has love been learned,
and what removes us in death
is not unveiled.
Only song over the land
hallows and celebrates.

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Carols of Death

Poetry by Walt Whitman

11. 1. The Last Invocation

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks,

from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness,
unlock the locks with a whisper,
Set ope the doors, O soul.
Tenderly! Be not impatient,
Strong is your hold O mortal flesh,
Strong is your hold O love.

12. 2. The Unknown Region

Darest thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet
nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide, nor voice sounding,
nor touch of human hand,
nor face with blooming flesh,
nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O soul, Nor dost thou,
All is a blank before us.
All waits undream'd of in that region,
the inaccessible land,
The unknown region.

13. 3. To All, To Each

Come, lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,
In the day, in the night,
to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

14. *Art and Isadora*

Adapted from
The Big Money
By John Dos Passos

1. In San Francisco in eighteen hundred and
seventyeight Mrs. Isadora O'Gorman Duncan, a
highspirited lady with a taste for the piano, set
about divorcing her husband, the prominent Mr.
Duncan; the whole thing made her so nervous she
declared to her children she couldn't keep
anything on her stomach except a little
champagne and oysters.

2. Into a world of gaslit boardinghouses ruined
southern belles and basques and bustles she bore a
daughter who she named after herself, Isadora.
Mrs. Duncan turned into an atheist. The
Duncans were always in debt. The rent
was always due. The Duncans weren't Catholics any
more or Presbyterians or Quakers or Baptists;
they were Artists.

3. Isadora had green eyes and reddish hair a
beautiful neck and arms. She could not afford
lessons in conventional dancing so she made up
dances on her own and went to New York in a
production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The
family followed her. They rented a big room in
Carnegie Hall, put mattresses in the corners, and
invented the first Greenwich Village studio.

4. They were always one jump ahead of the sheriff, they were always standing the landlady up for the rent. When the Hotel Windsor burned they lost everything they owned and sailed for London to escape the materialism of their native America. In London at the British Museum they discovered the Greeks.

5. Under the smoky chimneypots of London, they danced in muslin tunics, they copied poses from Greek vases, went to lectures, art galleries, concerts and plays. Whenever they were put out of their lodgings, Isadora led them to the best hotel and sent the waiters scurrying for lobster, champagne and fruits out of season. London liked her gall, her lusty American innocence, her California accent.

6. (*sopranos*) The rest of her life moved desperately on in the clatter of scandalized tongues, among the faces of reporters, hotel managers bringing overdue bills. Isadora drank too much, she could not keep her hands off good-looking young men. She was afraid of nothing; she as a great dancer.

(*altos*) back in Paris it was the top of the world; Art meant Isadora. She met the mythical millionaire. In Paris it was the top of the world. Whatever Isadora did was Art meat Isadora. On her second American tour she took to drinking too much. Isadora was the height of glory and scandal. Whatever Isadora did was Art.

(*tenors*) In St. Petersburg in nineteen o' five, was an artist, her dancing was considered dangerous. In Germany she founded a school with her sister, she had a baby. She went to America in triumph as she'd always planned. She found no freedom for Art in America.

(*basses*) In nineteen hundred after London in Paris she danced with Loie Fuller. In Budapest in a theater she gave her first solo recital. After that she was a diva. Everything was flowers, handclapping, champagne suppers. In Berlin Isadora was the rage the vogue.

7. One day she picked up a good-looking young mechanic who drove a Bugatti race. She made him go to her studio to take her out for a ride; her friends did not want her to go but she'd had a few drinks. She insisted. The mechanic put his car in gear and started. Her friends did not want her to go but she insisted. She got in beside him and turned back and said: "Adieu, mes amis, je vais à la gloire."

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First Series of Choruses by Michelangelo Buonarroti the Younger

15. 1. Chorus of Unhappy Wives

From our misfortune, young maids learn this lesson,
From our misfortune, this lesson, young maidens;
And you'll not say, with bitter, bitter weeping:

Wretched, unhappy women!

Better for us most surely

Shut in a little convent

To have lopped off our tresses

Renouncing names and adornments

To wear black clothes, grey cloths, white clothes,

To castigate our bodies

With cords of rope and scourges

Better for us most surely!

Better for us most surely

To rise and go to matins

With little trembling tapers,

Long ere the cock's a-crowing

To hide in a Bigallo,

Enroll in a Rosano,

End up in a Majano,

At Portico, Bolderone,

Give up all, in Mugnone

Take on a veil at Lapo's,

Or else to hide our head in

A Monticel di buoi

Better for us most surely! Learn then this lesson

And make sure that you think, think, think, be sure!

Or else they'll titter and greet you with: Heigh ho! Go to!

16.II. Chorus of the Unhappy Husbands

Want a wife! Who wants to choose one!

Expert advisers, here we are, here.

Mark our warning, go and get her,

Then find what you've lighted on

On a fury, shrill, intrepid,

On a pumpkin, soft, insipid.

Others' words I took for gospel.

One old man's advice was "do!"

What an outright utter booby!

Stumbling blindly (serves me right!)

On a fury, shrill, intrepid,

Oh, dear me! Drawn on by beauty

All alive with flower and leaf

Bitter fruit I found I'd gathered

For I landed, drunk and lovesick,

On a fury, shrill, intrepid,

On a pumpkin, soft, insipid.

Great aunts, sisters, mothers, grannies,

All get round to prod him on,

Half a dozen busy-bodies

To make sure they've got him down,

On a fury, shrill, intrepid,

On a pumpkin, soft, insipid.

In just four seasons, **The New York Virtuoso Singers** under the direction of its founder/director Harold Rosenbaum has emerged as one of this country's most highly regarded and active professional vocal ensembles. The New York Virtuoso Singers performs choral music of all periods, with a special emphasis on contemporary music. It has performed world, American, and New York premieres by Hans Werner Henze, Randall Thompson, Ronald Roseman, David Lang, Dennis Riley, and Peter Schickele, whose *Here's To The New York Virtuoso Singers* was composed in honor of the chorus. In the spring of 1990 the group was featured on a National Public Radio tribute to composer George Perle. Also that spring, the chorus appeared on WQXR's "The Listening Room." On William Schuman's eightieth birthday in 1991, excerpts from its all-Schuman concert were aired again on NPR. Recently, The New York Virtuoso Singers Concert for Peace was featured on both CBS and local New York television news

programs. Other highlights include concerts at Lincoln Center and the Juilliard School honoring William Schuman, a joint concert with the contemporary music instrumental ensemble, Parnassus, and performances of Morton Feldman with the 1992 Bang on a Can Festival in New York City.

Harold Rosenbaum, conductor, is also known to New York audiences as the founder and conductor of The Canticum Novum Singers (CNS). With CNS, he has conducted over 250 concerts in this country, as well as at the Madeira Bach Festival in Portugal, and in Paris, where he conducted L'Orchestre Philharmonique d'Europe with choirs from France and the United States in four French premieres by Maurice Ravel. With the CNS, Mr. Rosenbaum has also conducted world, American, and New York premieres by Favre, Handel, Schnittke, Berio, Harbison, Schickele, and many others. He has appeared with the chorus in forty radio broadcasts on all of New York's classical music stations.

Production Notes

Recorded in June 1991 at LRP Digital Record Production, NYC.

Recording engineer: Mikhail Liberman.

Editing and remix engineers: David L. Barnes and Alex Greenspan.

Publishers: Henze Schott & Co. Ltd. (European American Music) (BMI); Lang Novello & Co., Ltd. (Theodore Presser) (ASCAP); Perle Boelke-Bomart, Inc. (Music Associates) (BMI); Schuman Merion Music (Theodore Presser) (BMI); Dallaira American Composers Alliance (BMI); Dallapiccola Carish S.p.A-Milan.

Managing Director: Joseph R. Dalton.

Funding for this recording has been made possible in part by a grant from the Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust.