



## MING TSAO (\*1966)

Die Geisterinsel (2010–2011) *chamber opera*

based on works by William Shakespeare and Johann Rudolf Zumsteeg 50:18

- |    |                               |    |   |
|----|-------------------------------|----|---|
| 1  | Steine                        |    |   |
| 2  | Blumen                        |    |   |
| 3  | Tiefer ins Leben              | 14 | Serenade (2012) 12:24                       |
| 4  | Schrecken, die uns drohn      |    | for mezzosoprano and 12 musicians           |
| 5  | In der Hülle dieses Sklaven   |    |   |
| 6  | Fremdling höre meinen Willen  | 15 | If ears were all that were needed... (2007) |
| 7  | Vor des nahen Sturmes Grimmen |    | for guitar solo 2:26                        |
| 8  | Traurige Korallen             |    |   |
| 9  | „Where the Bee sucks“         |    |   |
| 10 | Der Sturm                     |    | <b>TT: 65:26</b>                            |
| 11 | Geisterchoral                 |    |   |
| 12 | Ich heiße Caliban             |    |   |
| 13 | Sandfall                      |    |   |

- 1-13 Staatsoper Stuttgart · Orpheus Vokalensemble · Stefan Schreiber *conductor*  
Tajana Raj *mezzosoprano* · Claudio Otelli *bass* · Daniel Kluge *tenor*  
Hans Kremer · Stefan Merki *speaking voices*
- 14 Ensemble Gageego! · Rei Munakata *conductor* · Cecilia Vallinder *mezzosoprano*
- 15 Seth Josel *guitar*

Recording: 1-13 TRITONUS Musikproduktion; 14, 15 Element Studio

Recording venues and dates: 1-13 Mozartsaal Liederhalle Stuttgart, 18–20 February 2013;

14, 15 Element Studio Göteborg, 25 November 2012

Recording supervisors, engineers, mastering: 1-13 Markus Heiland; 14, 15 Linus Andersson;

Producers: Barbara Fränzen, Peter Oswald

Graphic design: Gabi Hauser, based on artwork by Jakob Gasteiger

Publisher: Edition Peters

## Die Geisterinsel

Miranda: Tajana Raj *mezzosoprano*  
Prospero: Claudio Otelli *bass*  
Fernando: Daniel Kluge *tenor*  
Caliban: Hans Kremer and Stefan Merki *speaking voices*

## Orpheus Vokalensemble

Michael Alber *choir director*

## Staatsoper Stuttgart

Andreas Noack *flute*  
Michael Kiefer *oboe/English horn*  
Stefan Jank *clarinet*  
Gunter Pönisch *clarinet/bass clarinet*  
Andreas Spannbaauer *trumpet*  
Karen Schade *horn*  
Bernard Leitz *trombone*  
Birgit Eckel *piano*  
William Girard *celesta*  
Jürgen Spitschka *percussion*  
Philippe Ohl *percussion*  
Christian Kiss *guitar*  
Cristina Stanciu *violin*  
Martin Wissner *violin*  
Xaver Paul Thoma *viola*  
John Campbell White *violin*  
Michael Sistek *double bass*  
Stefan Schreiber *conductor*

## Serenade

### Ensemble Gageego!

Cecilia Vallinder *mezzosoprano*  
Kate McDermott *clarinet*  
Ragnar Arnberg *bass clarinet*  
Carolina Grinne *oboe/English horn*  
Per Ivarsson *trumpet*  
Jens Kristian Sogaard *trombone*  
Mattias Johansson *violin*  
Johanna Persson *viola*  
My Hellgren *violin*  
Jonas Larsson *percussion*  
Martin Ödlund *percussion*  
Mårten Landström *piano*  
Seth Josel *guitar*  
Rei Munakata *conductor*

### **If ears were all that were needed...**

Seth Josel *guitar*

- 1-13 Commissioned by: Staatsoper Stuttgart in 2011  
14 Commissioned by: Levande Musik Göteborg in 2012  
15 Commissioned by: Jürgen Ruck for  
"Caprichos Goyescos" in 2006

273

Fl.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Ob.

Trpt.

Hrn.

Tbn.

Mir.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Perc. 1

Perc. 2

Cym.

Lyrics:  
 O wel-che nie er-leb-te Schwü-h-le      Deh- net scha-den-froh die Sonn-ne  
 Wol ken.      Wol ken.      Wo ken.      Wo ken.  
 Wol ken.      Wol ken.      Wo ken.      Wo ken.

with soft plastic mallets

Die Geisterinsel (bars 273-275, Detail) © Edition Peters

## Die Geisterinsel

Stefan Schreiber

*Die Geisterinsel* [The Ghost Island] by Ming Tsao, after the eponymous singspiel by Johann Rudolf Zumsteeg, Kapellmeister at the Württemberg court and a contemporary of Mozart, is a chamber opera for singers and actors. But unlike in Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* or Strauss's prologue to *Ariadne auf Naxos*, the purpose of this combination of forces is not to set up a contrast. Here, the text spoken by the two actors who play Caliban is of a fragmented character and interlocks with the rhythmical and metric structure—thus seeming to arise directly from the kaleidoscope of sounds and noises in a more or less onomatopoeic way. And the singers, in the context of this work's music, hardly ever manage an actual sung line, but instead respond to the complex world of sounds around them with speech-like musical lines that are quite peculiarly shaped indeed.

These spoken lines are notated in the score much like the Sprechgesang developed by Schönberg, and one can, in fact, make out echoes of Schönberg's works in the singers' parts: in Miranda's lines—which are often just stage-whispered and contain only the initial bits of individual sung notes, with numerous breaks at those fleeting moments between exhalation and inhalation—individual phrases from *The Book of the Hanging Gardens* appear as distant memories, and some of the sentences uttered by Prospero take after the intonation of Schönberg's "Moses" (from *Moses und Aron*). But Schönberg's earnest pathos has disappeared from Prospero's language—gone are the leaps over large intervals so characteristic of Sprechgesang,

and the part's overall vocal range is situated approximately a fifth lower than that of "Moses", thus demanding far less breath support from the singer than he would need to employ at higher pitches. And it is precisely this comparison that makes clear just how far the two composers' aesthetic ideas—despite all the commonalities exhibited by their respective concepts—depart from one another on account of their differing historical and cultural points of reference.

Schönberg developed his concept of the speech-like vocal line from his examination of the melodrama, a genre that had experienced a resurgence in the Wilhelmine Empire—and the way in which he did so reflected the formality typical of his era's style of verbal expression, with its back-and-forth between idealization and exaggeration. He enriches his world of sound with the finely shaded in-betweens peculiar to this art of recitation, encapsulating its pathos in the law of the respective individual musical forms. Ming Tsao's formal stringency in his composition of the spoken lines for the singers in *Die Geisterinsel*, however, is oriented on a spoken-word aesthetic which runs counter to that of the melodrama.

In one of our first looks at the score together, I thought that I perceived an inner relationship with the verbal art of Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet. I asked Ming whether he knew their films—and he confirmed to me that he indeed does view this artist-couple's oeuvre as an important point of artistic orientation. Ming Tsao's musical language exhibits parallels to aspects of their filmic aesthetic such as the contrasting

si je passe trop haut ou trop bas, tout est flambé. ||  
 ne faut pas qu'il y ait une seule maille trop lâche. ||  
 un trou par où l'émotion, la lumière, la vérité s'échappe. ||  
 je mène, comprenez un peu, toute ma toile à la fois, ||  
 d'ensemble, je rapproche dans le même plan la même loi, tout ce qui s'éparpille... ||||  
 tout ce que nous voyons, n'est-ce pas, se disperse s'en va, la nature est  
 toujours là même, mais rien ne demeure d'elle, de ce qui nous apparaît. ||→  
 Notre art doit, lui, donner le frisson de sa durée. || (4)  
 avec les éléments, l'apparence de tous ses changements, il doit nous la faire goûter éternelle  
 Qu'est-ce qu'il y a? ||  
 nous l'élle? Rien peut-être. Peut-être tout. ||  
 tout, comprenez-vous? Alors je joins ses mains errantes... ||  
 je prends, à droite, à gauche, ici, là, partout, ||  
 ses tons, ses couleurs, ses nuances, je les fixe, je les rapproche... ||  
 ils font des lignes. ||  
 (ils deviennent des objets, des rochers, des arbres, sans que j'y songe.) ||→  
 ils prennent un volume, ils ont une valeur. ||  
 si ces volumes, si ces valeurs correspondent sur ma toile, dans ma sensibilité, ||  
 aux plans, aux taches, ||  
 que j'ai, qui sont là sous mes yeux, ||  
 eh bien! ma toile joint les mains, elle ne vacille pas. ||  
 elle ne passe ni trop haut ni trop bas, elle est vraie, elle est dense, elle est pleine... ||  
 Mais si j'ai la moindre distraction, ||  
 la moindre défaillance, surtout si j'interprète trop un jour, ||  
 sur une théorie aujourd'hui en faveur, qui contrarie celle de la veille, si je pense en peignant, si j'interromps,  
 batratras, tout fout le camp. ||  
 -- Comment, si vous intervenez?  
 L'artiste ||  
 n'est qu'un réceptacle de sensations, un cerveau, un appareil enregistreur. ||  
 S'il intervient, ||  
 il l'ose, lui, chétif, se mêler volontairement à ce qu'il doit traduire, ||  
 il y infiltre sa petitesse, son oeuvre est inférieure. ||  
 L'artiste, en somme, serait donc pour vous inférieur à la nature. ||  
 Je n'ai pas dit cela, d'art. ||  
 est une harmonie parallèle à la nature, ||  
 n'intervient pas volontairement... entendez-moi bien. ||→  
 toute sa volonté doit être de silence, il doit faire taire en lui toutes les  
 voix des préjugés, oublier, oublier, faire silence, être un écho parfait. ||→  
 Alors sur sa plaque sensible, ||  
 tout le paysage s'inscrit. ||  
 Pour le fixer sur la toile, l'extérioriser, le médier interviendra ensuite, ||  
 mais le médier respectueux qui, lui aussi, n'est prêt qu'à obéir, ||  
 à traduire inconsciemment, tant il sait bien sa langue, ||  
 le texte qu'il déchiffre, les deux textes parallèles, la nature vue, la  
 nature sentie, qui toutes deux doivent s'amalgamer... ||||  
 Le paysage ||  
 serfite s'humilie, se pense en moi, le objectif, le projeté, le fixe sur ma toile. ||  
 d'ailleurs, (de la nature) ||  
 l'odeur toute bleue des pins, qui est à l'air au soleil, doit épouser ||  
 l'odeur verte des prairies qui fraîchissent là chaque matin, avec l'air des pierres  
 le parfum de marbre lointain de la Sainte-Victoire. ||→  
 Il faut le rendre. ||  
 Et dans les couleurs, sans littérature. ||  
 Quand la sensation est dans sa plénitude, elle s'harmonise avec tout l'être. Le  
 tourbillonnement du monde, au fond d'un cerveau se résout, dans le même mouvement ||  
 que perçoivent, chacun avec leur rythme propre, les yeux, les oreilles, la bouche, le nez... ||  
 Tenez, si je ferme les yeux, et que j'évoque ces collines de Saint-Marco,  
 c'est l'odeur de la scabieuse qu'elles m'apportent. ||

Text for Paul Cézanne (1989)  
 by Jean-Marie Straub and  
 Danièle Huillet

toute ma toile à la fois  
 mots = conséquence = conséquence logique plus que technique!  
 ne s'agit de x 2 de la couleur  
 S. Huillet  
 4. 28

of expressive musical gestures and noises, as well as the breaking of sonic surfaces against the flow of the musical structure.

Straub and Huillet frequently shaped the spoken texts of their plays and films according to musical categories, and their working notes also employed musical terminology. On the basis of an overall manner or tonality that was independent of the characters and somewhat documentary in nature, they worked together with their performers to develop a highly precise spoken score comprised of breaks and emphases—often pitted against that flow of thoughts that would be considered natural—as well as changes in the register and rapidity of speech. It is in such a way that Ming Tsao, as well, composed the spoken lines for his *Geisterinsel*, as becomes clear in Prospero's very first words: "This island || was like | a wilderness – the wilderness became a garden." Here, the "musified" language no longer aims to carry its listeners on the waves of thoughts and feelings, as it would in a melodrama, instead steering their attention to details of intonation and thus encouraging intense concentration on the text.

Translation: Christopher Roth

## Die Geisterinsel (2010–2011)

Tracing the lyrical line from Shakespeare to J. H. Prynne  
 Ming Tsao

In 1609, William Strachey was aboard the *Sea Venture* when she wrecked on the coast of Bermuda. Ten months later, he and the other survivors reached Jamestown, Virginia the first British colony in the new world. Strachey then wrote a long, narrative letter addressed to an "excellent lady" back in England, later published as *A true reportory of the wracke* describing the experience of the shipwreck in which he writes, "our knowledge taught us how much we owed to the rites of nature and not neglect the means of our own preservation" (which forms the text for Fernando's letter in Scene 6 *Die Geisterinsel*).<sup>1</sup>

### CHAP. VI

*A true reportory of the wracke, and redemption of Sir THOMAS GATES  
 Knights; upon, and from the Ilands of the Bermudas: his coming to  
 Virginia, and the estate of that Colonie then, and after, under  
 the government of the Lord L. L. WARRER,  
 July 15, 1610. written by WILLIAM  
 STRACHY, Esquire.*

### §. I.

*A most dreadful Tempest (the manifold deaths whereof are here so life  
 described) their wracke on Bermuda, and the descrip-  
 tion of thofe Ilands.*



Excellent Lady, know that upon Friday late in the evening, we brake ground  
 of the Sound of Plymouth, our whole Fleet then consisting of foure good Ships  
 and two Pinnaces, all which from the last second of June, vnto the twenty third  
 of July, kept in friendly confide together not a whole watch at any time, lea-  
 uing the light each of other. Our count when we came about the height of be-  
 twene 26. and 27. degrees, we declined to the Northward, and according to

William Strachey, *A true reportory of the wracke*, 1609

<sup>1</sup> William Strachey, "A true reportory of the wracke" in William Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Virginia Mason Vaughn and Alden T. Vaughan (eds.) (London: Arden Shakespeare, 1999), pg. 291. Stefan Flach has translated Strachey's letter into German for my libretto.

Deutsche Texte auf unserer Homepage unter  
[www.kairos-music.com](http://www.kairos-music.com)

Strachey's letter, along with other documents such as Michel de Montaigne's *Of the Canibales* (translated by John Florio in 1603) are said to have influenced William Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Indeed, Montaigne writes, "In this new world, they preserved a communication where things are never represented simply as they are, but rather as they appear, or as they would have them appear, in order to gain the reputation of



# THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*As Prospero will of T. Under and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and his Mate.*

*Ship-master.*

*Ship-master.* What chance?

*Ship-master.* Good: Spoke to th' Masters: full

hathes, fullers, &c. or we can see some ground,

hathes, fullers, &c.

*Enter Caliban.*

*Caliban.* High my heart, cheerily, cheeryly my heart:

year, year: Take in the toppe-foyle: Tend to th' Masts

white: Blow till thou best thy vantage, if come e-

ough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Ferdinand,*

*and Gonzalo.*

*Alonso.* Good: Prospero have over where's the Ma-

ster? I pray the gods.

*Prospero.* I pray you keep below.

*Alonso.* Where is the Master, Sebastian?

*Prospero.* Do you see there him? I pray you see our labours,

Keep your Cabines: you do shift the thumbe.

*Alonso.* Nay, good be patient.

*Prospero.* Why the Sea is hence, when care take care

for the mine of Knight's Cabines: Hence: a terrible

vision.

*Alonso.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard:

*Prospero.* Now that I must beseech thy selfe. You are

a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to th'

finer, and make the passion of the Ocean, ore will not

beard a whisper: We your authorities: If you cannot,

give thanks you have had so long, and make your

selfe ready in your Cabine for the mildness of the

harmes, ife in him, Cheerly good hearts: out of

our way: Live.

*Alonso.* I have great comfort from this fellowes: he

had beene drowning: much he loves home, his complexion

is perfect: Calibanes: I had full good Fate to his han-

dling, make the top of his destiny: one could see one

owm doth little advantage: If he be not better to bee

living, or else is miserable.

*Enter Ferdinand.*

*Prospero.* Drown with the toppe-foyle: your joyes, your

joyes, your joyes: Try with Madne-esse, he plays:—

*Alonso.* Any more? *Enter Sebastian, and Antonio of Gonzalo.*

of judgment."<sup>2</sup> Such words could certainly have formed a basis for Prospero's character. Shakespeare's *The Tempest* (1610–1611) is an example of his late style, a style that Adorno, in reference to the late style of Beethoven, likens to "ruptured" fruit. Shakespeare, in his late work, utilizes techniques that are quite similar to those of Beethoven's late work, such as extreme compression of the line through omissions and elisions, obsessive repetitions, choices that somehow defamiliarize expression in their respective styles of writing.

*The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th state  
To what tune pleas'd his ear,*

(William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*: 1.2.82-85)

In the Shakespeare example above, extreme omission disturbs the order of the pentameter through the sheer quantity of accents and stuffs as many ideas as possible into lines that can barely contain them. Techniques such as ellipses, irregular meters, and elisions, removing connections between clauses and convoluting the syntax are ways to exert a constant pressure on the sound and sense as the poet (or composer) concentrates expression. As Charles Olson writes, verse in late Shakespeare "already shows forth the weave of accent, quantity, breath which makes prosody the music it is: a very close music, sharp, long and stopped, all in a small space of time."<sup>3</sup> This "very close music"

requires one not only to read the lines but to speak them as well, gauging the movement of the tongue against the teeth as well as the intake of breath; a physicality that is at the core of my own music. I was commissioned by the Staatsoper Stuttgart to rework a relatively unknown opera of the same title by Johann Rudolph Zumsteeg, a contemporary and champion of Mozart. The librettist was Wilhelm Friedrich Gotter who based his libretto on Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Gotter's libretto, written in a high Classical German style reminiscent of Goethe, imbues Shakespeare's text with Enlightenment values of that time. Caliban, an ambiguous figure at the very least in Shakespeare's text, is turned into a buffoonish villain in Gotter's libretto in order for good and evil characters to be clearly delineated. Shakespeare's story is open ended (Prospero leaves the island to Caliban) but Gotter's libretto is closed (Caliban throws himself into the ocean and Miranda and Fernando are subsequently married). The witch Sycorax is only a memory



F. W. Gotter.

William Friedrich Gotter, *Die Geister Insel* (Libretto), 1797

in Shakespeare's text whereas in Gotter's libretto she remains an evil spirit who terrorizes people when they fall asleep. So many differences between the two texts only highlight the differences in cultural and class values between Shakespeare and Gotter's audiences. In my reworking of the Zumsteeg opera, and consequently of the Gotter libretto, I condensed the story to focus only on Prospero, Miranda, Fernando (or Ferdinand in Shakespeare's play), Caliban and the Geisterchor (a choir of spirits that belong to the island). I chose two actors to portray Caliban, representing qualities that have either been taught by Prospero through learning his language or that are closer to the wilderness of the island where he was raised.



Johann Rudolph Zumsteeg, *Die Geister Insel*, 1798

<sup>2</sup> Michel de Montaigne, *The Complete Essays*, Donald M. Frame (trans.) (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1965), pg. 152.

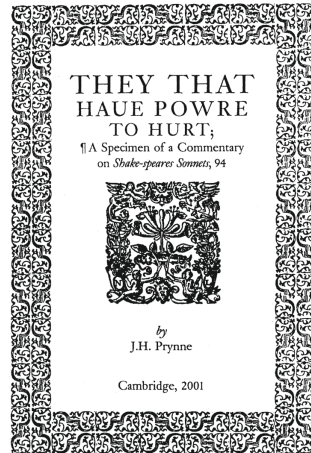
<sup>3</sup> Charles Olson, *Collected Prose* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997), p. 274.

The opera consists of one act divided into 13 scenes as follows:

1. **Steine** (Choir with stones)
2. **Blumen, meine ganze Habe** — Miranda (Choir off stage)
3. **Tiefer ins Leben** — Miranda/Choir
4. **Schrecken, die uns drohn** — Miranda/Prospero
5. **In der Hülle dieses Sklaven** — Caliban (Choir and Miranda/Fernando off stage)
6. **Fremdling, höre meinen Willen** — Fernando/Prospero (Choir off stage)
7. **Vor des nahen Sturmes Grimme** — Fernando
8. **Traurige Korallen** — Prospero/Miranda/Fernando
9. **"Where the Bee sucks"** — Prospero
10. **Der Sturm** (Choir with Timpani Drums)
11. **Geisterchoral** — Choir
12. **Ich heiße Caliban** — Caliban/Choir
13. **Sandfall** (Choir with pebble stones)

Throughout the opera, Prospero instructs Miranda and Fernando to count corals in order not to fall asleep and succumb to the unconscious world of dreams where Prospero's language holds no power. By Scene 9, they do eventually fall asleep, including Prospero who cannot resist the "dulcet tones and fragrances of enchanted sleep." The music during this scene draws from Robert Johnson's *Where the Bee sucks* (1660) which was used in Shakespeare's original production of *The Tempest*, in order to show the leakage of Shakespeare's world into Gotter's, symbolizing the waning of Prospero's power.

In the text *They That Haue Powre to Hurt: A Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeares Sonnets, 94*, Cambridge poet J. H. Prynne in near exhaustive depth draws out the historical and linguistic nuance from each word of Shakespeare's Sonnet 94.



J. H. Prynne, *They That Haue Powre to Hurt*, 2001

Beginning with the word "They," Prynne comments "we do not know who they are." "They," most likely, refer to a class of beings who have learned to self-regulate their power: the power of beauty in Miranda's case and the power of language in Prospero's if we think of the sonnet as spoken by Caliban, which I have done in Scene 5. "It is not that the human figures here

are presumably dark within the inner world of the poem, since to each other they must at least have been extremely close; rather just that to the outside view they present as anonymous, beyond any reasonable perspective. The reader infers an uneasy distance, perhaps widening, between the implied speaker and the persons of whom he speaks."<sup>4</sup> Because of this widening distance, one senses a hidden violence in the sonnet waiting to be released. My strategy was to find isolated words that Caliban speaks in Gotter's libretto that could forcibly intrude into the smooth sonnet form, to break it open and release that violence, often through the sound or meaning of the intruding words. The goal, in Scene 5, was to bring the language of Gotter's libretto slowly and progressively "to the desert" (which is then mirrored in my treatment of Zumsteeg's music) by eventually detaching sound from sense, where the word ceases to mean and becomes only a vibration or sonic disturbance. Unwanted residues such as noise infiltrate the original music, pulling it out of its limited cultural space in order to reveal relationships connecting my musical language to Zumsteeg's original opera by abruptly shifting scales between the two.

Prospero, Miranda and Fernando in my opera are the characters from the Gotter libretto: refined and conveying a late 18<sup>th</sup> century moral character, who do not have the psychological conflicts that they have in Shakespeare's play. Caliban, on the other hand, is the character from Shakespeare that extends through Robert Browning's *Caliban upon Setebos* and

W.H. Auden's *The Sea and the Mirror*, who is self-reflective and often ruminates about his condition. The opera is structured through a juxtaposition of Gotter scenes (Prospero, Miranda, Fernando) and Shakespeare scenes (Caliban) that exist in temporally and culturally different spaces. By Caliban's second appearance (Scene 12), I have used up all of the interesting words from Caliban's text in the Gotter libretto. We are left with "Ich heiße Caliban," the first words anyone learns to speak when learning a new language, reducing the Caliban lines from the Gotter libretto to its essence, so to speak. In that vacuum the lyricism of Shakespeare's Caliban emerges. In this scene, Caliban is someone who reflects on the inherent power inequalities in learning a dominant, foreign language and how in that process one becomes alienated from their native tongue. I set the lyricism of Shakespeare's words against the repetitive refrain of "Ich heiße Caliban," where Caliban's words are occasionally picked up by the choir and stripped apart into simple animal utterances. The words "Ich heiße Caliban" also refer to Montaigne's essay *Of the Canibales*, where the Indians of South America were colonized, in part, through identifying and naming them as cannibals. Caliban needed to be named by Prospero in order to educate and control him.

The manner in which my music is composed inhabits the stylistic grammar of Zumsteeg's opera, the Classical style in the manner of Mozart and Haydn, in such a way that the musical rhetoric is made foreign from within by a complication of syntax influenced by Shakespeare's late style of writing. Much of the rhythmic meter was derived from the jagged, jarring meters found in *The Tempest*. The exaggerated assonance and consonance of Prospero's lines create a sense of

<sup>4</sup> J. H. Prynne, *They That Haue Powre to Hurt: A Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeares Sonnets, 94* (Cambridge: J.H. Prynne, 2001), p. 3.

poetic excess that I tried to capture in the music by concentrating expression with the use of elisions and compressions of the original material. My aim was to create a compact musical space in which ideas unfold through excess by way of irregular rhythmic forces (shifting meter, polyrhythms, sudden drifts in pacing) that twist and deform the Classical phrasing of progression in order for a new kind of lyricism to surface.

### *Serenade* (2012)

Hölderlin – Schönberg

Ming Tsao

Quotations allow a composition to provide shelter for “sounds in exile,” that is, sounds which have exhausted whatever energy that was once attributed to them and that now only persist as congealed, fossilized clichés. My saturation of a composition with these references, which I call Spätklang – “the ashes of burned out meanings” – a reference to Paul Celan’s Spätwort in order to evoke their toxic currency, brings them back into the space of composition by structurally blending them together with noise and sound into a “Strukturklang” [structure-sound] so that I can build music from this used up and now “toxic stuff” of our inherited (and colonializing) musical culture.<sup>5</sup> The allusion to tonal materials in a composition must offer more than an alternative to materials conditioned by noise, serial and stochastic processes, computer technologies, etc. where the quotations behave primarily as small islands of humanist consolation.

<sup>5</sup> Paul Celan, “Edgar Jené and The Dream About The Dream” in *Collected Prose*, Rosmarie Waldrop (trans.) (New York: Routledge, 2003), pg. 6.

Rather than “dodging them into alley-ways while they pass, or lingering in safe places like gardens” these materials should commingle and challenge “the notion that either is the other’s residue, excess or rubbish.” As Reeve and Kerridge write of Prynne’s poetry: “Rubbish is what results from the smash-up, when different discourses do not occupy the cultural places to which they have been directed, but cross the tracks and collide.”<sup>6</sup>

In some instances, the apparent quotation can offer the severest of contrasts with moments of lyricism, such as the impassioned shouts that surface through the lyricism of the late Beethoven works “as if the composer’s hand were intervening with a certain violence.”<sup>7</sup> These “shouts” in late Beethoven are used less as material to be developed and act more as invocations, similar to the way in which the poet Hölderlin calls out historical names as signs in his later poetry to achieve an aura of concentrated significance. Hölderlin allows the objective quality of the language to speak, like late Beethoven where all interstitial (transitional) material is cut away. He creates an intentionless language, “the naked rock of which is everywhere exposed,” as an ideal, a revealed language.<sup>8</sup> The more Hölderlin in his late work came close to the things of the world (and his ability to capture their

<sup>6</sup> N. H. Reeve and Richard Kerridge, *Nearly Too Much: The Poetry of J.H. Prynne* (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 1995), pg. 9.

<sup>7</sup> Theodore Adorno, *Beethoven: The Philosophy of Music*, Edmund Jephcott (trans.) (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1993), pg. 189.

<sup>8</sup> Theodore Adorno, “Parataxis: On Hölderlin’s Late Poetry,” in *Notes to Literature*, Volume 2, Shierry Weber Nicholsen (trans.) (New York: Columbia University Press, 1992), pg. 137.

essence in poetic images), the more he experienced their separateness and their disparateness (and separation from any kind of narrative through paratactic constructions) approaching the danger that they may signify nothing, pointing only to themselves: as

#### *Hälfte des Lebens*

Mit gelben Birnen hängen  
Und voll mit wilden Rosen  
Das Land in den See,  
Ihr holden Schwäne,  
Und Trunken von Küssen  
Tunkt ihr das Haupt  
Ins heilignüchterne Wasser.

Weh mir, wo nehm’ ich, wenn  
Es Winter ist, die Blumen, und wo  
Den Sonnenschein,  
Und Schatten der Erde?  
Die Mauern stehn  
Sprachlos und kalt, im Winde  
Klirren die Fahnen.

Friedrich Hölderlin’s *Hälfte des Lebens* (1804), Michael Hamburger (trans.)<sup>9</sup>

*Serenade*, for mezzo-soprano and large ensemble, combines this late poem of Hölderlin with elements of Schönberg’s own *Serenade* where he too uses parataxis to juxtapose a light serenade style (such as the opening *Marsch*) with the Sonnet *Seine Seele besucht sie im Schlaf* by Petrarca of Movement 4 as well as with the meditative *Lied ohne Worte* of Movement 6. Such juxtapositions in Schönberg’s work open up spaces charged with tenderness and violence, revealing re-

walls, weathervanes. Through paratactic constructions of which the two strophes of *Hälfte des Lebens* is an example, he discovers relations, correspondences, constellations of meaning within the field of history and finally within language itself.

#### *Half of Life*

With yellow pears hangs down  
And full of wild roses  
The land into the lake,  
You loving swans,  
And drunk with kisses  
You dip your heads  
Into water, the holy-and-sober.

But oh, where shall I find  
When winter comes, the flowers, and where  
The sunshine  
And shade of the earth?  
The walls loom  
Speechless and cold, in the wind  
Weathercocks clatter.

pressed and concealed relations between various musical discourses. I pick up the residue that refuses to disappear (fossilized clichés and tonal patterns as well as noise) from Schönberg’s work, the moments that are expelled from such concealed relations, as fragments to frame Hölderlin’s text. Such a framing

<sup>9</sup> Friedrich Hölderlin, *Poems and Fragments* (London: Anvil Press, 2004), Michael Hamburger (trans.), pg. 460 – 61.

brings out the materiality of the music which bridges extreme expressionistic abstraction with a “documentary” distanciation of noise and spoken voice. The voice, through its rhythm and intonation, is spoken in

such a way that does not psychologize or romanticize Hölderlin’s language, but allows the words of the text to resonate beyond the conventions of syntax and to connect with the music in unpredictable ways.

*Serenade* (p. 30, bars 202-210) © Edition Peters  
Waste as Spätklang with allusions to Richard Strauss’ *Der Rosenkavalier* expelled from the “smash-up” between my materials and Schönberg’s *Serenade*.

***If ears were all that were needed...*** (2007)  
Ming Tsao

*“If ears were all that were needed to appreciate it, no one could listen more intelligently; but it is feared that he is applauding what is soundless.”*

Francisco Goya  
(Los Caprichos #38, 1797–1798)



*“Dulcissimo!”*

My strongest association with the guitar is hearing detuned open strings on old guitars. The sounding of open strings on a guitar constitutes its “fingerprint” where slightly detuned strings make the instrument vibrate in unusual ways. One can sense the “fingerprint” of the instrument differently in how the sound resonates unevenly throughout its body. *If ears were all that were needed...* consists primarily of strumming the open strings and hearing strange fragments of folk melodies, which I associate with the tradition of the guitar, appear. These melodies emerge from the resonances of the sound through the use of attackless harmonics, as if lyricism is conveyed only in the guitar’s sound disappearing.

Deutsche Texte auf unserer Homepage unter [www.kairos-music.com](http://www.kairos-music.com)



## Die Geisterinsel

**Steine** (Chor mit Steinen)

**Blumen, meine ganze Habe** — Miranda (Chor im Hintergrund)

**Tiefer ins Leben** — Miranda/Chor

**Schrecken, die uns drohn** — Miranda/Prospero

**In der Hülle dieses Sklaven** — Caliban (Chor and Miranda/Fernando im Hintergrund)

**Fremdling, höre meinen Willen** — Fernando/Prospero (Chor im Hintergrund)

**Vor des nahen Sturmes Grimme** — Fernando

**Traurige Korallen** — Prospero/Miranda/Fernando

**“Where the Bee sucks”** — Prospero

**Der Sturm** (Chor mit Pauken)

**Geisterchoral** — Chor

**Ich heiße Caliban** — Caliban/Chor

**Sandfall** (Chor mit Kieselsteinen)

## Die Geisterinsel

### Libretto

Texte von (a) W. F. Gotter *Die Geisterinsel* (1798), (b) William Shakespeare *Sonnet 94: They that have power to hurt*, (c) William Strachey *A True Reportory* (1610), (d) Christop Martin Wielands deutsche Übersetzung von Shakespeares *The Tempest, Der Sturm oder Die bezauberte Insel* (1762).

*Grundsätzliche Anmerkung: Wann immer englische Zeilen in Anführungszeichen im Libretto zu lesen sind, sollten sie so gesprochen werden, als ob der Schauspieler/die Schauspielerin sie zitieren würde.*

### Steine

*Der Chor erzeugt Geräusche, indem er Steine aneinanderschlägt und –reibt. Es entsteht der Eindruck, dass die Geister, die von dem Chor dargestellt werden, in einer Art Geheimsprache miteinander kommunizieren.*

*Dann hört man, wie Miranda und Fernando im Hintergrund laut zählen.*

*Miranda und Fernando (jeder zählt für sich):*

Eins, zwei, drei – acht, neun, zehn

### Blumen, meine ganze Habe

*Miranda tritt auf und pflückt Blumen.*

*Miranda:*

Blumen, der Insel ewigliche Gabe

„The summer’s flower is to the summer sweet

Though to itself it only live and die“

Blumen, meine ganze Habe

### Tiefer ins Leben

*Miranda mit dem Chor:*

Wolken verschweben

Tiefer ins Leben

Hoffend zu schauen

Lindert den Schmerz

Stilles Vertrauen

Heilet das Herz

*Miranda:*

Hört wie mein Sehnen ruft

Und wie sein Klang

Mein Ohr verzaubert

O welche nie erlebte Schwühle!

Dehnet schadenfroh die Sonne

### Schrecken, die uns drohn

*Miranda:*

Schlaf soll meine Sehnsucht kühlen

Zu den süßesten Gefühlen

*Prospero im Hintergrund:*

Diese Insel glich einer Wildniß

Die Wildniß ward ein Garten

„We rightly do inherit heaven’s graces“

*Prospero tritt auf.*

*Prospero (zu sich selbst sprechend):*

Meine Tochter ist geborgen

Ihre Jugend, ihre Entfernung von der Welt

Entschuldigen sie

*Prospero sieht Miranda und spricht sie an.*

*Prospero:*

Heute geht das neunte Jahr zu Ende

Unser Schicksal hängt an diesem Tage

Ich muss dich ohne Beistand überlassen

Denn gelähmt ist meine Macht

*Miranda:*

Teilt mir eure Warnung mit

Ich lausche bang auf jeden Ton

Doch winket mir der Schlaf

*Prospero:*

Es kehrt die Zauberin Sycorax

Calibans Mutter

zu kränkevoller Rache

Hierher zurück.

Muß ich –

*Miranda schließt ihre Augen.*

*Prospero:*

Du schläfst? Erwache!

*Miranda:*

Schlaf? Was sagt Ihr?

*Prospero:*

Er ist die Wirkung des Fluches

Den die wütende Sycorax uns zurückließ

Dir fallen die Augen zu

*Miranda (im Halbschlaf):*

Auf deiner Lippe stirbt der Ton

### In der Hülle dieses Sklaven

Auf einem anderen Teil der Insel erscheint Caliban. Er wird von zwei Sprechern verkörpert – Caliban 1 spricht den englischen, Caliban 2 den deutschen Text, wobei es zu Überlappungen kommt. (Hin und wieder hört man außerdem, wie Miranda und Fernando im Hintergrund laut zählen.)

Caliban 1: „They that have power to hurt and will do none“

Caliban 2: schlägt ohnmächtig hört ihr diesen Mund

(Chor): schlägt

Caliban 1: „That do not do the thing they most do show“

Caliban 2: Fuß und Zunge gelähmt ohne Sprache

Caliban 1: „Who moving others are themselves as stone“

Caliban 2: verfluchen deine Macht stumm und lahm machen

Caliban 1: „Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow“

Caliban 2: süßeste Gefühle wollt' ich ihm lähmen

(Chor): schlägt

Caliban 1: „They rightly do inherit heaven's graces“

Caliban 2: alle drei seid ihr verwandelt mein Reich fängt an

(M/F): eins, zwei, drei

Caliban 1: „And husband nature's riches from expense“

Caliban 2: beim festlichen Schweigen ich rede aus dem Tone

Caliban 1: „They are the lords and owners of their faces“

Caliban 2: Schlägt die Träumer mit Arm, Fuß und Zunge

(Chor): Schlägt

Caliban 1: „Others but stewards of their excellence“

Caliban 2: Sklaven eins, zwei, drei

(M/F): acht, neun, zehn

Caliban 1: „The summer's flower is to the summer sweet“

Caliban 2: ein Unrath von Worten

Caliban 1: „Though to itself it only live and die“

Caliban 2: falsche beide

(M/F): eins, zwei, drei

Caliban 1: „But if that flower with base infection meet“

Caliban 2: das Vögelchen hat ausgespien

Caliban 1: „The basest weed outbraves his dignity“

Caliban 2: Erdenwurm schon verwandelt

Caliban 1: „For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds“

Caliban 2: und spiegle mich

Caliban 1: „Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds“

Caliban 2: tief bei Schlangen und Eidechsen

### Fremdling höre meinen Willen

Aus der Ferne hört man Geräusche eines Sturms.

Fernando und der männliche Chor im Hintergrund:

Wehe! Wehe!

Weh uns Armen!

Gott der Hilfe, hab' Erbarmen!

Brich des Sturmes Wut!

Fernando tritt auf.

Fernando:

Ich kämpfte mit den Wogen

Dem Tod entrann ich kaum

Umstöhnt mich noch

Der Brüder Angstgeschrei

Prospero erscheint.

Prospero:

Fremdling

Stör! O stör

Nicht die Ruhe dieses Gartens

Den ich gehegt habe

Wie meine Tochter

Drum schweig und füge dich!

Fernando:

In meinem bebenden Munde

Ist meine Zunge schon gefesselt

Prospero:

Eine Seele, rein von Schuld

Hat ein Recht auf meine Huld

Ich bin Vater – und wache

Über meines Kindes Ehre

Fernando:

Meine Seele, frei von Schuld

Hat ein Recht auf deine Huld

Prospero:

Doch kenne ich die Menschen

Und diese Kenntnis lehrt mich

Gegen dich kalt und verschlossen zu sein

„Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow“

Drum sei mein Wille

Fremdling deine Pflicht!



© Martin Sigmund (Fernando), Produktion 2011, Regie: Matthias Rebsch, Kostüme: Sabine Hilscher

### **Vor des nahen Sturmes Grimme**

*Fernando liest den folgenden Text:*

Es war vergangenen Freitag, da wir aus der Meerenge von Plymouth ausliefen. Unsere Flotte bestand aus sieben Schiffen, das eine so robust wie das andere, die im freundlichen Verbund einander folgten, ohne dass eines das andere aus dem Blick verloren hätte.

Da wir unseren Kurs schon eine ganze Weile gehalten hatten, begab es sich, dass schwere Wolken über uns aufzogen. Der Wind begann auf ungewöhnlichste Weise zu pfeifen und von Nordost näherte sich sobald ein Sturm, wie er schauderhafter, ja abscheulicher nicht hätte sein können. Es war, als verlöre der Himmel alles Licht und zöge uns in eine immer tiefer werdende Dunkelheit hinab, die umso furchtbarer war, als gleichzeitig die Schreie und das Raunen des Windes in unsere Ohren drangen.

Über vierundzwanzig Stunden tobte der Sturm mit einer Macht, die stärker war als alles, was wir uns hätten vorstellen können. Mögen Gebete, die in unseren Herzen waren, uns auch auf die Lippen gekommen sein – sie wurden überdröhnt von den Schreien der Offiziere, nichts war zu hören, was uns Beistand bedeutete, nichts war zu sehen, was uns hätte Hoffnung geben können.

Man konnte nicht sagen, dass es regnete. Das Wasser ganzer Flüsse fiel vom Himmel herab und wenn es einmal so schien, als würde es weniger werden, erhoben sich die Winde sogleich noch tosender und bösariger. Es gab nicht einen Moment, in dem wir nicht das Umstürzen und Zerbersten unserer Schiffe befürchten mussten.

In dem Maße, wie mir die Hoffnung schwand, verlor ich auch den Wunsch, in dem Sturm noch weiterzuleben. Es wurde immer weniger ersichtlich, warum wir unsere Leben erhalten sollten. Und doch taten wir genau dies. Mag sein, dass der Mensch an jeder einzelnen Stunde hängt, die ihm auf Erden verbleibt, mag sein, dass wir genug Einsicht in das Walten der Natur hatten, um nicht zu vergessen, dass die Menschen am Ende immer danach streben, sich und andere zu erhalten.

Doch als niemand von solchem Glück mehr träumte, zeigte sich das Land. Wir erkannten Bäume, die der Wind am Ufer hin und her bog. Da es jedoch unmöglich war, unsere Schiffe zu retten und Anker zu legen, ging es nurmehr darum, möglichst nah dem Strand auf Grund zu laufen.

Wir erkannten, dass die Insel eine jener gefürchteten Inseln der Bermudas war, auf denen Donner, Stürme und Gefahren aller Art so verbreitet sind, dass sie den Namen „Teufelsinseln“ tragen. Und doch war es uns eine Freude, dass dieser scheußliche und verhasste Ort die Insel unserer Rettung wurde.

## Traurige Korallen

*Miranda und Fernando zählen unabhängig voneinander Korallen oder kleine Steine. Das Sturmgeräusch wird lauter.*

*Miranda und Fernando:*

Eins, zwei, drei – acht, neun, zehn

*Prospero (er gibt Miranda und Fernando Anweisungen):*

Die Nacht bricht ein  
Ihr müßt euch beide  
Der Stille weihn  
Hier sind Korallen  
Mir unverborgen  
Ist ihre Zahl  
Ihr zählt bis morgen  
In ernstest Sorgen  
Die ganze Zahl

*Miranda:*

Traurige Korallen  
Zählen soll ich euch

*Fernando:*

Wer euch zählt, Korallen  
Zählt der Wüste Sand

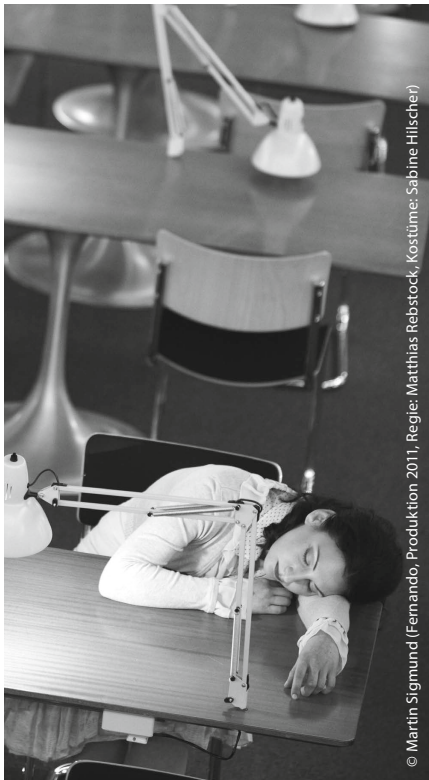
*Prospero:*

Schweigt und zittert!  
Wacht und zählt!

*Miranda und Fernando kämpfen gegen den Schlaf,  
indem sie weiter laut zählen.*

## „Where the Bee sucks“

*Einige Zeit ist vergangen. Miranda und Fernando sind  
bereits teilweise eingeschlafen.*



© Martin Sigmund (Fernando, Produktion 2011, Regie: Matthias Rebstock, Kostüme: Sabine Hilscher)

*Prospero (als er sieht, dass Miranda nicht mehr wach ist):*

Nein! Des Zauberschlafes Düfte  
Euch umwallen schon  
Die Wildniß ward ein Garten

*Prospero versucht die Schlafenden aufzuwecken, schafft  
es jedoch nicht. Er spricht zu Caliban als ob dieser  
anwesend wäre.*

*Prospero:*

Verächter der Güte!  
Wie viel Mühe hab' ich nicht verschwendet  
Dich der tierischen Roheit zu entreißen  
Du krochst auf allen Vieren  
Ich lehrte dich den Gang des Menschen  
Du belltest wie ein Hund  
Ich verlieh dir die Sprache

*Prospero wirkt ebenfalls müde, er spricht immer  
langsamer.*

*Prospero:*

Ich verlieh dir die Sprache  
„For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds“

*Prospero legt sich auf den Boden.*

## Der Sturm

*Die Sturmgeräusche werden immer lauter und wilder,  
bevor sie schließlich verstummen. Wenn der Sturm  
verschwunden ist, schläft auch Prospero.*

## Geisterchoral

*Chor:*

Winde und Wogen  
Es schwindet die Ferne  
Sonne und Sterne  
Es winkt das Land

## Ich heiße Caliban

*Auf einem anderen Teil der Insel erscheint Caliban.  
Er wird erneut von zwei Sprechern verkörpert. Wann  
immer deutsche Zeilen in Anführungszeichen zu lesen  
sind, sollten sie von Caliban so gesprochen werden, als  
würde er sich an Worte erinnern, die ihm zur Zeit seiner  
„Erziehung“ gesagt wurden.*

*Caliban 1:*

„Was gibt's hier—Mensch oder Fisch?  
Ein Fisch: Es riecht wie ein Fisch  
Füsse wie ein Mensch, und seine Flossfedern wie Arme“

*Chor:*

Fisch, Fisch, Fisch

*Caliban 2:*

Ich heiße Caliban  
Sie packten diese Worte in mein Ohr hinein.  
„Es können unter Millionen nur wenige sprechen  
so wie wir  
Vier Füße und zwei Stimmen—das ist ein recht feines  
Ungeheuer.  
The basest weed outraves his dignity“

*Caliban 1:*

„Aber wie zum Teufel hat es unsre Sprache gelernt?  
Du liederlicher Fisch du, sie sollten einen Vasallen  
aus dir machen  
Mach dein Maul auf. Hier ist etwas  
Das dir die Sprache geben wird.“

*Caliban 1 und 2:*

Ich heiße Caliban

*Caliban 1:*

Ihr lehrtet mich reden, und der ganze Vortheil  
den ich davon habe,

ist, dass ich fluchen kann.

Dass die Pest den Tyrannen befallt dem ich diene.  
Ich will vor ihm niederknien und ihn zu Tode beißen,  
Ihm den Hirnschädel spalten, oder ihm mit einem Pfahl  
den Bauch aufreißen, oder  
ihm mit meinem Messer die Gurgel abschneiden -  
aber ich muss ihm vorher seine Bücher nehmen.

*Chor:*

Spalten, Beißen, Reißen  
Krebse, Ottern, Quallen  
Brüllen, Heulen, Rasseln  
Kröten, Schröter, Fledermäuse

*Caliban 2:*

Lass dich an einen Ort führen, wo Quallen wachsen,  
Wo alle in Weichtiere verwandelt werden, wo ich  
Am ganzen Leibe von Seeschlangen wurd gebissen,  
die mit ihren gespaltenen Zungen so abscheulich um  
mich herum zischen,  
Dass ich toll werden möchte.  
Klimpernde Instrumente  
Sumsen um mein Ohr, und manchmal Stimmen  
Die mich wieder einschlüpfen würden: dann däucht's  
mir im Traum...

*Caliban 1:*

Ich heiße Caliban

*Caliban 2:*

Kröten, Schröter, Fledermäuse  
Diese Insel ist voll von Getöse,  
Tönen und anmutigen Melodien, die belustigen und  
keinen Schaden tun  
Ich sage, durch Zauberei gewann er diese Insel

*Caliban 1:*

*(Er spricht zu Prospero, als ob dieser anwesend wäre.)*  
Und da liebt ich dich, und zeigte dir die ganze Wildniß  
Und deine Tochter  
Ihren Leib wollt' ich berühren,  
Hab ihn geküsst  
Und die Liebe gespürt  
Mit einem seltsamen Getöse von  
Brüllen, Heulen, Rasseln mit Ketten, und andern  
verwirrenden Tönen

*Caliban 2:*

Die Geister hören mich  
Ich werde meine Musik umsonst haben

*Caliban 1:*

Und die anderen  
„They that have power to hurt“  
Ich weiß nicht, wer sie sind

**Sandfall**

*Während Caliban spricht, erzeugt der Chor Geräusche,  
indem er in Intervallen kleine Kiesel auf verschiedene  
Untergründe (Blätter, Holz, Plastik, Metall) fallen lässt.  
Wenn Caliban zuende gesprochen hat, werden die  
Intervalle immer kleiner, so dass das Aufprallgeräusch  
der Kiesel schließlich zum einzigen Geräusch wird.*



© Martin Sigmund (Miranda, Produktion 2011, Regie: Matthias Rebstock, Kostüme: Sabine Hilscher)

## **Die Geisterinsel**

**Steine** (Choir with stones)

**Blumen, meine ganze Habe** — Miranda (Choir off stage)

**Tiefer ins Leben** — Miranda/Choir

**Schrecken, die uns drohn** — Miranda/Prospero

**In der Hülle dieses Sklaven** — Caliban (Choir and Miranda/Fernando off stage)

**Fremdling, höre meinen Willen** — Fernando/Prospero (Choir off stage)

**Vor des nahen Sturmes Grimme** — Fernando

**Traurige Korallen** — Prospero/Miranda/Fernando

**“Where the Bee sucks”** — Prospero

**Der Sturm** (Choir with Timpani Drums)

**Geisterchoral** — Choir

**Ich heiße Caliban** — Caliban/Choir

**Sandfall** (Choir with pebble stones)

## **Die Geisterinsel**

Libretto – English translation

Texts from (a) W. F. Gotter *Die Geisterinsel* (1798), (b) William Shakespeare Sonnet 94: *They that have power to hurt*, (c) William Stratchey *A True Reportory* (1610), (d) Christoph Martin Wieland’s German translation of Shakespeare’s “The Tempest”, *Der Sturm* oder *Die bezauberte Insel* (1762).

*General note: Whenever lines appear in quotation marks, the actors/singers should speak them as if quoting.*

### **Stones**

*The choir produces sounds from stones by striking and rubbing them together. Seemingly natural sounds begin to take on the aura of a secrete code for communication among the spirits, at which point Miranda and Fernando can be heard counting in the background.*

*Miranda and Fernando in background*

*(counting independently):*

One, two, three – eight, nine, ten

### **Flowers, my only possession**

*Miranda appears gathering flowers.*

*Miranda:*

Flowers, the island’s eternal gift

“The summer’s flower is to the summer sweet

Though to itself it only live and die”

Flowers, my only possession

### **Deeper into Life**

*Miranda with choir:*

Fly away clouds

To look more deeply,

more hopefully, into life

soothes the pain

Silent trust

heals the heart

*Miranda:*

Hear how my senses call

and how their sounds

bewitch my ears

O what unique seduction

is gloatingly stretching the sun!

### **Terrors that threaten us**

*Miranda (reclining):*

Sleep shall cool my longing

for the sweetest sensations

*Prospero in the background:*

This island was a wilderness

The wilderness became a garden

“We rightly do inherit heaven’s graces”

*Prospero arrives.*

*Prospero (to himself):*

My daughter is safe

Her youth, her distance from the world,

excuse her

*Prospero sees Miranda and addresses her.*

*Prospero:*

Today the ninth year is ended

Our destiny depends on this day

I must leave you without succour

as my power is broken

*Miranda:*

Tell me of your warning

I listen anxiously to every tone

Yet sleep is beckoning me

*Prospero:*

The sorceress Sycorax,

Caliban’s mother,

is returning

to take revenge

Must I –

*Miranda closes her eyes.*

*Prospero:*

You’re asleep? Wake up!

*Miranda:*

Sleep? What do you say?

*Prospero:*

It is the effect of the curse

the raging Sycorax has left us

Your eyes are almost shut

*Miranda (half-asleep):*

The sound dies upon your lips...

### In the Mantle of this Slave

*Caliban appears in a different area of the island. Two male speakers represent him. One speaker speaks the English text and the other the German text, both of which often overlap (while the choir occasionally interjects).*

*Miranda and Fernando can be heard occasionally counting independently in the background.*

*Caliban 1:* „They that have power to hurt and will do none“

*Caliban 2:* Strike unconscious do you hear this mouth

*(Choir):* Strike

*Caliban 1:* „That do not do the thing they most do show“

*Caliban 2:* Foot and tongue paralyzed without Language

*Caliban 1:* „Who moving others are themselves as stone“

*Caliban 2:* to curse your power render mute and lame

*Caliban 1:* „Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow“

*Caliban 2:* his sweetest feelings I wanted to lame

*(Choir):* Strike

*Caliban 1:* „They rightly do inherit heaven’s graces“

*Caliban 2:* all three you are transmuted my rein begins

*(M/F):* one, two, three

*Caliban 1:* „And husband nature’s riches from expense“

*Caliban 2:* at the festive silence I talk out of tone

*Caliban 1:* „They are the lords and owners of their faces“

*Caliban 2:* Strike the dreamers with arm, foot and tongue

*(Choir):* Hit

*Caliban 1:* „Others but stewards of their excellence“

*Caliban 2:* Slaves one, two, three

*(M/F):* eight, nine, ten

*Caliban 1:* „The summer’s flower is to the summer sweet“

*Caliban 2:* a filth of words

*Caliban 1:* „Though to itself it only live and die“

*Caliban 2:* false pair

*(M/F):* one, two, three

*Caliban 1:* „But if that flower with base infection meet“

*Caliban 2:* the birdy has spit out

*Caliban 1:* „The basest weed outbraves his dignity“

*Caliban 2:* worm of the earth already transformed

*Caliban 1:* „For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds“

*Caliban 2:* and reflect me

*Caliban 1:* „Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds“

*Caliban 2:* down deep with snakes and lizards

### Stranger Hear my Will

*Sounds of a storm can be heard in the distance.*

*Fernando and Male Choir in background:*

Woe! Woe!

Woe to us poor souls!

God of help, have mercy!

Break the tempest’s wrath!

*Fernando arrives.*

*Fernando:*

I struggled with the waves,

I barely escaped death

Around me it still groans

my brothers’ fearful crying

*Prospero suddenly appears.*

*Prospero:*

Stranger,

do not disturb! O do not disturb

the peace of this garden

which I have tended

like my daughter

So silence and comply!

*Fernando (terrified):*

In my trembling mouth

my tongue is already shackled

*Prospero:*

A soul free of guilt

has a right to my grace

I am the father – and I watch over

the honor of my child

*Fernando:*

My soul, free of guilt,

has a right to your grace

*Prospero:*

But I know Mankind

And that knowledge has taught me

to be cold and reserved towards you

“Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow“

Therefore my will,

stranger, is your duty!



© Martin Sigmund (Fernando, Produktion 2011, Regie: Matthias Reber, Book, Kostüme: Sabine Hilscher)

### **Before the Wrath of the Approaching Storm**

*Fernando reads the following text:*

Know that upon Friday late in the evening, we broke ground out of the sound of Plymouth, our whole fleet then consisting of seven good ships, kept in friendly consort together, not a whole watch at any time losing the sight of each other.

We had followed this course so long when the clouds gathering thick upon us, and the winds singing and whistling most unusually, a dreadful storm and hideous began to blow from the northeast, which at length did beat all light from heaven, like a hell of darkness turned black upon us, so much the more fuller of horror that the ears lay so sensible to the terrible cries and murmurs of the winds and distraction of our company.

For four and twenty hours, the storm had blown in a restless tumult so exceedingly as we could not apprehend in our imaginations any possibility of greater violence. Prayers might well be in the heart and lips, but drowned in the outcries of the officers: nothing heard that could give comfort, nothing seen that might encourage hope.

It could not be said to rain. The waters like whole rivers did flood the air and were no sooner a little emptied but instantly the winds spoke louder and grew more tumultuous and malignant. There was not a moment in which the sudden splitting or instant oversetting of the ship was not expected.

I had as little hope as desire of life in the storm, and in this, it went beyond my will and reason why we should labor to preserve life. Yet we did, either because so dear are a few lingering hours of life in all mankind or that our knowledge taught us how much we owed to the rites of nature and not neglect the means of our own preservation.

But when no man dreamed of such happiness, we discovered land. The very trees were seen to move with the wind upon the shore side. But having no hope to save our ship by coming to an anchor, we were forced to run her ashore as near the land as we could and safe into the island.

We found it to be the dangerous and dreaded island, or rather islands, of the Bermuda, where such tempests, thunders, and other fearful objects are seen and heard about them that they are called commonly 'The Devil's Islands'. Yet it pleased us to make even this hideous and hated place both the island of our safety and means of our deliverance.



### Mournful Corals

*Miranda and Fernando are sitting and counting corals or small stones independently.*

*The sounds of the storm continue to develop.*

*Miranda and Fernando:*

One, two three – eight, nine, ten

*Prospero (instructing Miranda and Fernando):*

The night approaches

You both must consecrate

yourselves to silence

Here are corals

From me their number

is not hidden

Count till morning,

in earnest care,

their entire number

*Miranda:*

Mournful corals

I must count you

*Fernando:*

Whoever counts you, corals,

counts the desert's sand

*Prospero:*

Be silent and tremble

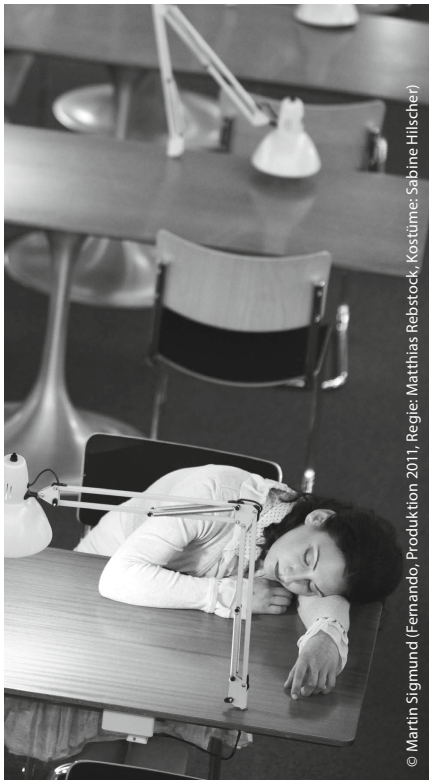
Keep watch and count!

*Miranda and Fernando continue counting while*

*fighting sleep.*

### „Where the Bee sucks“

*Some time has passed. Miranda and Fernando have gradually fallen asleep.*



© Martin Sigmund (Fernando), Produktion 2011, Regie: Matthias Rebstock, Kostüme: Sabine Hilscher

*Prospero (upon seeing Miranda and Fernando succumbing to sleep):*

No! The airs of enchanted sleep

already gather around us

The wilderness became a garden

*Prospero tries to wake the sleeping pair. Unsuccessful,*

*he speaks to Caliban as if he were present.*

*Prospero:*

Despiser of benevolence!

How much effort have I wasted,

trying to extract you from the bestial crudity

in which I found you!

You crawled on all fours,

I taught you to walk like a human

You barked like a dog,

I gave you Language

*Prospero, appearing tired, slows down his speech.*

*Prospero:*

I gave you Language...

“For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds”

*Prospero lies down.*

### The Storm

*The sounds of the storm become louder and wilder*

*before eventually disappearing.*

*As the storm disappears, Prospero has fallen asleep.*

### Ghost Chorale

*Choir:*

Wind and waves

Remoteness is waning

Sun and stars

The Land is waving

### My Name is Caliban

*Caliban appears in a different area of the island. He is represented by two male speakers. Whenever lines appear in quotation marks, Caliban should speak them as if recollecting words once spoken to him during his education with Prospero.*

*Caliban 1:*

“What have we here—a man or fish?

A fish: He smells like a fish

Legged like a man, and his fins like arms”

*Choir:*

Fish, Fish, Fish

*Caliban 2:*

“My name is Caliban”

They cram these words into my ears

Few in millions can speak like us

Four legs and two voices—a most delicate monster

“The basest weed outbraves his dignity”

*Caliban 1:*

“Where the devil should he learn our language?

A debauched fish, make a vassal of him

Open your mouth. Here is that

which will give Language to you”

*Caliban 1 and 2:*

“My name is Caliban”

*Caliban 1:*

You taught me Language, and my only profit is I know how to curse.

A plague on the tyrant that I serve

I will kneel to him and bite him to death,

And there one may brain him

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, or cut his wezand with a knife  
But one must first possess his books

*Choir:*

Batter, Bite, Brain  
Crabs, Adders, Hiss  
Shriek, Howl, Jingle  
Toads, Beetles, Bats

*Caliban 2:*

Let me take you to a place where the jellyfish grow,  
Where all be turned to barnacles and where am I  
all wound with adders who with cloven tongues  
do hiss me into madness  
and send me into bedlam  
A thousand twangling instruments  
will hum about my ears, and sometimes voices  
that will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming...

*Caliban 1:*

“My name is Caliban”

*Caliban 2:*

Toads, beetles, bats  
The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not  
I say, by sorcery he got this isle

*Caliban 1:*

*(speaks to Prospero as if he were present.)*

Upon which I loved you and showed you all its qualities,  
and your daughter  
Upon her flesh should come by touching  
did kiss her  
and feel her filthy love and strive against it  
with strange and several noises of

shrieking, howling, jingling chains, and more diversity  
of sounds all horrible

*Caliban 2:*

The spirits hear me,  
I shall have my music for nothing

*Caliban 1:*

And the others,  
“They that have power to hurt”,  
I know not who they are

**Sand Fall**

*As Caliban is speaking, the choir produces sounds of small stones falling by letting them drop at different rates on different types of surfaces (leaves, wood, plastic, metal). After Caliban speaks, the rate of the stones falling increases and becomes, for a while, the only sound.*

English translation by John Crutchfield,  
Stefan Flach and Ming Tsao

## Ming Tsao

Ming Tsao, born 1966, is Professor of Composition at Göteborg University in Sweden and holds a PhD in Music Composition from the University of California, San Diego, an MA in Mathematics from the San Francisco State University, an MA in Ethnomusicology from Columbia University and a BM in Music Composition from the Berklee College of Music. Further studies have included logic and philosophy at the University of California, Berkeley. He was invited to Stanford University for a year where he studied composition privately with Brian Ferneyhough. Performance projects include the opera *Die Geisterinsel* for the Staatsoper Stuttgart in 2011 and his full realization of Stockhausen's *Plus Minus* successfully premiered in the Wittener Tage Festival 2013. His compositions have been performed by ensembles such as the Arditti Quartet, ensemble recherche, ELISION Ensemble, Ensemble SurPlus, Ensemble ascolta in venues such as the Donaueschingen Festival, Wien Modern, Wittener Tage Festival, Maerz Musik, Darmstadt New Music Courses. He is currently working on a song-cycle *Mirandas Atemwende* with text by Paul Celan and J. H. Prynne to be premiered in 2015. Books by Ming Tsao include *Abstract Musical Intervals: Group Theory for Composition and Analysis*.

## Orpheus Vokalensemble

Orpheus Vokalensemble was founded as a professional and international chamber choir in 2005 as part of Landesakademie Baden-Württemberg. The choir worked together with many renowned choir masters such as Gunnar Eriksson, Lone Larsen and Michael

Alber. Amongst other artistic partners for various projects are Klavierduo Stenzl, Ming Tsao, SWR Sinfonieorchester Baden-Baden/Freiburg, Ars Antiqua Austria, Concerto Köln and many more. Numerous composers wrote works for the choir such as Bo Hansson, Knut Nystedt, Urmas Sisask, Gregor Hübner, Bo Holten, Jürgen Essl, Thomas Jennefelt, Hans Schanderl, Wolfram Buchenberg and Gunnar Eriksson. The choir performed at many festivals (Europäisches Musikfestival Stuttgart, Bodenseefestival, Internationaler Vokalherbst Kloster Malgarten, Festspielhaus Baden-Baden and many more) and recorded multiple radio programs for SWR.

## Ensemble Gageego!

The Swedish ensemble Gageego! was founded in 1995 in a quest to explore new musical forms, play music in a technically polished, highly artistic manner and present it understandable for everyone. The group works regularly with Swedish and international artists such as Peter Eötvös, Heinz Karl Gruber, François-Xavier Roth and Pierre-André Valade. In addition to concert performances in Sweden, the group has toured Russia, Denmark, and Austria where they were guest artists at the Vienna concert for the “Lange Nacht der Neuen Klänge”. Furthermore is Gageego! engaged in the New:Aud programme of the European Union, a project that focuses in developing new forms of artistic communication between performers and audiences. Gageego! collaborates with 30 other ensembles in reaching that goal. Since several years Gageego! performs a recurring concert series in their home city of Gothenburg.

## Stefan Schreiber

Stefan Schreiber, born in Duisburg, Germany, started his artistic education with piano lessons and following studies in piano and conducting with David Levine and Wolfgang Trommer in Düsseldorf. Between 1992 and 1997 he worked at Wuppertaler Bühnen and following at the Operas Deutsche Oper am Rhein, Staatsoper Hannover and Staatsoper Stuttgart. Among his last work realizations as a conductor is the premiere of Helmut Lachenmann's *GOT LOST* as well as the stagings of Fredrik Zeller's *U-Musik*. *Bunker* and Daniel Ott's *Paulinenbrücke*. His recent works at the operas include premieres of Fabio Vacchi's *Girotondo* and Jennifer Walshe's *Taktik*. In 2014 he will conduct *Doppelgänger* by David Marton and *stop listening start screaming*, an opera of modern surveillance by Jorge Sanchez Chiong.

## Rei Munakata [reimunakata.com](http://reimunakata.com)

Rei Munakata, born in Yokohama, Japan, in 1976 was raised both Japan and China. He studied conducting with Michael Adelson at Connecticut College, USA and Per Andersberg, Jorma Panula, and Cecilia Rydinger-Alin at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Stockholm, Sweden. He is currently the artistic director and the principal conductor of the Curious Chamber Players, a Stockholm based contemporary music ensemble. Over the last years he has led the group to numerous world premiere performances all over the world. Furthermore Rei Munakata is also the conductor of the ensembles Scenatet in Århus and Mimitabu in Göteborg. Among his other frequent collaboration partners are ensembles and formations such as Ensem-

ble Gageego!, Kammerensemble Neue Musik Berlin and Oslo Sinfonietta. Over the years the conductor appeared at numerous new music festivals such as Darmstädter Ferienkurse, IMPULS Graz, Connect Malmö and Sound Scotland. Munakata is regularly invited to give workshops in conducting, composition, and orchestral technique in music colleges and schools such as Birmingham Conservatoire of Music, Cambridge University, University of Aberdeen and Höögskolan för Musik och Scen vid Göteborgs Universitet.

## Seth Josel [josel.sheerpluck.de](http://josel.sheerpluck.de)

Seth Josel, originally from New York, now residing in Berlin, studied guitar the Manhattan School of Music and Yale University. He received a Fulbright-Hays grant from the United States government and an Artists Stipend from the Akademie Schloß Solitude, Stuttgart. Seth Josel has appeared at several major European festivals including the Salzburg Festspiele, Ars Musica and Donaueschinger Musiktage. From 1991 till 2000 he was a permanent member of the Ensemble Musikfabrik NRW and in 2007 he was co-founder of the quartet Catch. In recent seasons he has been guesting regularly with KNM Berlin, Ensemble SurPlus of Freiburg as well as with the Basel Sinfonietta. Seth Josel has collaborated and consulted closely with such composers as Louis Andriessen, Gavin Bryars, Mauricio Kagel, Helmut Lachenmann, Tristan Murail and James Tenney.

## Daniel Kluge

Tenor Daniel Kluge, born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, began his musical education as a choir boy with the Aurelius Sängerknaben in Calw, Germany. Later on he studied at Karlsruhe's University of Music and completed his education by attending to master classes held by Roman Trekel, Julia Varady, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Markus Hadulla, Mitsuko Shirai and Hartmut Höll. Since 2010/11 he is member of the ensemble of the state opera of Stuttgart and sang the following roles in many prestigious operas and plays: Normanno (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), Remendado (*Carmen*), Flavio (*Norma*), Dr. Blind (*Die Fledermaus*). Furthermore he participated in new stagings of *Der Schaum der Tage* and *Nabucco*. In 2013/14 he will participate as Chick in *Der Schaum der Tage* als, as John Darling in *Peter Pan*, as Tanzmeister in *Ariadne auf Naxos* and as Spoletta in *Tosca*. Additionally he sings in *Tristan und Isolde*.

## Tajana Raj [tajana-raj.com](http://tajana-raj.com)

Tajana Raj studied at the Academy in Würzburg, Germany with Leandra Overmann and graduated in 2006 in singing, musical education and music theatre. Following she worked as an ensemble member of Stuttgart's state opera beginning in 2006/2007. There she played numerous roles such as Hänsel in *Hänsel & Gretel*, Olga in *Eugen Onegin*, Suzuki in *Madama Butterfly*, Cherubino in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Idamante in *Idomeneo* as well as Carmen. Tajana Raj performed as a guest at several international theatres, operas and festivals such as Komische Oper Berlin, Croatian National Theatre in Zagreb, Nationaltheater

Mannheim, Theater Ulm, Oper Leipzig, Edingburgh Festival and at Salzburger Festspiele, where she sang the role of Judith in the production of the same name.

## Hans Kremer

Hans Kremer studied acting at the Academy of Music and Theatre in Hannover. In 1980 he followed director Jürgen Flimm to work at Schauspiel Köln and in 1982 he was celebrated as „Actor of the Year“ by the magazine „Theater heute“. The next stop in Kremer's career was Thalia theatre in Hamburg where he worked for the following fifteen years. In 1986 he was awarded the „Boy-Gobert-Preis“ for the title role in Peer Gynt. Later on, from 2001 up to 2009, he was a member of the ensemble of Münchner Kammerspiele under Frank Baumbauer, an ensemble he continued to play with since 2012. During his career he worked with many famous directors such as Ruth Berghaus, George Tabori, Robert Wilson, Alexander Lang, Joshi Oida, Andreas Kriegenburg, Luk Perceval, Jossi Wieler, Thomas Ostermeier and Johan Simons. Aside from his stage works Hans Kremer regularly performed for TV and film productions with directors such as Andreas Dresen, Margarethe von Trotta and Reinhard Hauff. Together with his partner and fellow artist Isabelle Krötsch he founded the artistic collective Freies Feld with the goal to provide a viable basis for interdisciplinary art projects.

## Claudio Otelli

Claudio Otelli studied at the University of Music and Performing Arts in Vienna and supplemented his education with a masters degree with Aldo Danieli in Italy. He started his career as ensemble singer at Vienna's State Opera. Since 1994 he is a freelance artist. Over the years he would sing at stage productions and concerts all over Europe, the USA and Japan with his broad repertoire consisting of classical works as well as contemporary compositions. Claudio Otelli sang amongst others at the Bavarian State Opera, La Scala in Milan and Stuttgart's State Theatre. His artistic presence at internationally renowned festivals such as the Festival of Santa Fe or Bregenzer Festspiele ensured him important collaborations with other artists such as Peter Eötvös, Sylvain Cambreling and Christoph Marthaler. Amongst Otellis most important roles are Il Conte in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Wozzeck in *Wozzeck*, Scarpia in *Tosca* and Dr. Schön in *Lulu*.

## Stefan Merki

Stefan Merki, born 1963 in Switzerland, studied acting at the Academy of the Arts in Berlin. His very first roles included performances of works by Benno Besson, Hans Neuenfels and Katharina Thalbach at Schillertheater in Berlin. Furtheron he was a guest actor at Schaubühne am Lehniner Platz Berlin, at Thalia Theater Hamburg and following at Theater Aachen. In 1996 Stefan merki became part of the ensemble of Deutsches Schauspielhaus Hamburg. Since 2001 he is a member of Münchner Kammerspiele and works for the radio, television stations and film producers besides his stage career.

Sämtliche KünstlerInnen-Biographien unter /  
All artist biographies at /  
[www.kairos-music.com](http://www.kairos-music.com)

## AGATA ZUBEL

NOT I  
Klangforum Wien  
Clement Power  
Agata Zubel

0013362KAI

## LUCIA RONCHETTI

Dramaturgie  
Neue Vocalsolisten Stuttgart  
Arditti Quartet  
Susanne Leitz-Lorey  
Erik Borgir  
Hannah Weirich

0013232KAI

## GEORGES APERGHIS

Contretemps . SEESAW  
Parlando . Teeter-totter  
Donatienne Michel-Dansac  
Uli Fussenegger  
Klangforum Wien  
Emilio Pomárico  
Sylvain Cambreling

0013222KAI

## DAI FUJIKURA

ice  
International Contemporary Ensemble  
Jayce Ogren  
Matthew Ward

0013302KAI

## BEAT FURRER

Wüstenbuch  
Klangforum Wien . Trio Catch  
Tora Augestad . Sébastien Brohier  
Mikhail Dubov . Hélène Fauchère  
Eva Furrer . Uli Fussenegger  
Vladislav Pesin

0013312KAI

## BERNHARD LANG

Die Sterne des Hungers  
Monadologie VII  
Sabine Lutzenberger  
Klangforum Wien  
Sylvain Cambreling

0013092KAI

## ENNO POPPE

Arbeit . Wespe . Trauben  
Schrank . Salz

ensemble mosaik  
Daniel Gloger . Ernst Surberg

0013252KAI

## BERNHARD GANDER

Monsters and Angels  
Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin  
Arditti Quartet . ænm . Ruth Rosenfeld  
Krassimir Sterev . Anders Nyqvist  
Hsin-Huei Huang . Ensemble Resonanz  
Neue Vocalsolisten Stuttgart  
ORF Radio-Symphoniorchester Wien ...

0013272KAI

## KURTÁG'S GHOSTS

Bach . Bartók . Beethoven . Boulez  
Chopin . Haydn . Janáček . Ligeti  
Liszt . Machaut . Messiaen  
Mussorgsky . Purcell . Scarlatti  
Schubert . Schumann . Stockhausen

Marino Formenti

0012902KAI

CD-Digipac by  
optimal media GmbH  
D-17207 Röbel/Müritz  
[www.optimal-media.com](http://www.optimal-media.com)

© & ℗ 2014 KAIROS Music Production  
[www.kairos-music.com](http://www.kairos-music.com)  
[kairos@kairos-music.com](mailto:kairos@kairos-music.com)

**KAIROS**

