



# Thélème

Ivo Haun voice

Jean-Christophe Groffe voice, direction

Ziv Braha lute, viola da gamba

Leonardo Borlotto viola da gamba [5]

Alexandra Polin

Liz Rumsey

Ryosuke Sakamoto

Nikki Buzzi vocal edits, synthesizer [6, 8, 18]

*special guest*

Sting vocals [18]

<b>JOHN CAGE Song Books</b>	
1. Solo for Voice 49 - The Year Begins to Be Ripe	1'12
<b>JOHN DOWLAND The Second Booke of Songs</b>	
2. Dye not before thy day	1'51
3. Mourne, mourne, day is with darkness fled	1'49
4. Sorow, sorow Stay, lend true repentant teares	3'04
<b>JOHN CAGE</b>	
5. Five	5'
6. Song Books: Solo for Voice 91	6'06
7. <b>JOHN DOWLAND</b> Lady if you So Spight mee	2'21
<b>JOHN CAGE</b>	
8. Eight Whiskus	5'38
9. Dream	5'58
<b>JOHN DOWLAND</b>	
10. I Saw my Lady weepe	4'57
11. Flow my teares, fall from your Springs	3'52
12. A Dream	3'46
<b>JOHN CAGE</b>	
13. She Is Asleep	8'
14. A Room	2'26
<b>JOHN DOWLAND The Second Booke of Songs</b>	
15. Tymes eldest Sonne, old age the heire of ease: First part	1'15
16. Then Sit thee downe, & Say thy <i>Nunc demittis</i> : Second part	1'04
17. When others Sings <i>Venite exultemus</i> : Third part	1'20
18. <b>STING &amp; DOMINIC MILLER</b> Shape of My Heart	4'17



# all we get is life

Philippe Bringel & Jean-Christophe Groffe

*I must find a way to let people be free without their becoming foolish.*

John Cage<sup>1</sup>

Some four hundred years apart, the *Second Booke of Songs or Ayres* by John Dowland (1563-1626) and the *Song Books* of John Cage (1912-1992) bring together pieces of great expressive sobriety. The former, in the songs for two voices and lute selected here, offers a sort of very delicate three-way conversation; the latter, behind an apparent simplicity that sometimes verges on the facetious, is the result of a work of concentration intended to reduce music to its essential elements, among which silence also has its rightful place. In short, it seems that John Cage and John Dowland share a sense of intimacy.

According to Cage, the composer's ambition is to "contribute to an initiative". Such a project implies a radical redefinition of the roles traditionally assigned to those involved in musical creation. Instead of being a solitary architect organizing sounds according to a form destined to be invariable, the composer effectively

instigates an event to which he invites his peers. In this encounter set up by him, the indications that he has notated on a score naturally come into play, but the musicians have their say, and the public, which is no longer just an audience, becomes a partner which is also called on to react. As is true of any encounter, circumstances – place, time, sound environment, the moods of the various participants – are important, forming part of the musical event in their own right. On a good day (as failure is obviously possible, in which case Cage, while regretting it, acknowledges it with good humour), everyone leaves such encounters a little changed, perhaps being more attentive to those around them, or even to their own place in the order of the world. This is because Cage's sense of invention, however explosive it may seem, is all about concentration, and rests as much on a desire to start from scratch with regard to the past as it does on a determination to regenerate music

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1 John Cage, *A Year from Monday: New Lectures and Writings*, Middletown, 1967, p. 136.

by paying renewed attention to its fundamental principles.

The pieces presented here use very few means, and there is certainly nothing demonstrative about the composer's gesture: with John Cage, the sounding material reaches a point of extreme delicacy. This minimalism is underscored here by very close miking, a way of dispelling John Cage's reticence about recording his pieces ("I really don't believe that's where music is";<sup>2</sup> he used to explain, remaining true in this respect to the social, highly vibrant and one might say circumstantial concept that he had regarding his art) as well of doing justice to this inventor's son's taste for all the tools that technology could provide, whether intended to facilitate everyday life or used for artistic purposes.

This commitment to concentration naturally reaches its apogee in the pieces specifically entitled "solos". The sole reference-point for the performer in both *Eight Whiskus* and *Solo for Voice 91* is a text in which language itself has been subjected to methodical operations of destructuring and recomposition. Chris Mann's poem on which *Eight Whiskus* is based, after having been reduced to its first three words ("Whistling is did"), themselves viewed as a simple succession of letters, was entrusted to a

computer program in order to re-arrange these essential elements in the form of "mesostics", in which the letters, printed in capitals on the score, reappear within various words, which form new poems. Reduced to their first and last syllables respectively, the words "Whistling", a memory of the original text, and "haiku", a particularly concentrated form to which Cage likes to compare the texts resulting from these operations, give *Whiskus* its surprising and mischievous title. In *Solo for Voice 91*, similar principles lead to the scattering of the letters making up the name of Marcel Duchamp in the course of a text that offers no overall meaning – but listeners sensitive to such verbal juxtapositions can freely allow the most diverse associations of ideas to surface in their minds. Such music is clearly at odds with any form of declamation, and the singer has a right to feel destabilized by such a radical absence of lyric support. All that are left are sound waves with no harmonic foundation, syllables freed from any syntax: pure matter, in short, reduced to its essential elements, and all the more suitable for freely regeneration by virtue of its first having been pulverized. Made available for new experiments, this material is readily associated by Cage with various electronic effects: here, for example,

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2 Interview with William Duckworth, reprinted in William Duckworth, *Talking Music*, New York, 1995, p.28.

the choice has been made to apply an *autotune* effect to *Solo for Voice no. 91* in order to immerse the listener in a particular sonic atmosphere, which could be a modern transposition of what the composer elsewhere calls “the popular hi-fi manner”.<sup>3</sup>

*She is Asleep* and *The Year Begins to Be Ripe* each shed light on this minimalist aesthetic in their own way. In the first piece, John Cage abandons all text in favor of a pure vocalise; in the second, he sets phrases taken from Thoreau’s *Journal* to music. *She Is Asleep* is a confirmation – and a radical one – of Cage’s dismissal of anything – including words – that might seem secondary while working with sound. As for *The Year Begins to Be Ripe*, the choice of a text by Thoreau, for whom Cage had a profound admiration, inevitably evokes the experience of returning to nature with which the philosopher is associated. The place given to Thoreau in the *Solos for Voices* thus corresponds to the same ideal of stripping down cultivated by Cage, based on paying heightened attention to the place of the individual in the order of the world. In these two pieces, a lute accompaniment underlines the principle of extreme concentration governing such sonic experiments – discreetly percussive in *The*

*Year Begins to Be Ripe*, in *She Is Asleep* the lute takes the part provided for prepared piano by John Cage. For this instrument, as for the voice, it is therefore a subtle sounding material – provided by striking the neck of the instrument, by damping strings – that Thélème have taken the “initiative” of shaping in a spirit consistent with the delicate aesthetic of the works in question.

Cage’s concern to limit the scope of the composer’s subjective intervention in the creative process led him, on the one hand, to make use of various tools suited for the mechanical definition of certain compositional choices, particularly ones of a structural nature, and, on the other hand, to leave a great deal of freedom to his performers, to whom he only addressed a few general notes regarding his intentions. For *Five*, for example, the composer limits himself to indicating certain notes on the score, associated with time intervals within which they can be played for a duration that is freely determined by the performer. Making use of this freedom, Thélème entrust the piece to a consort of viols, thereby choosing – as elsewhere with the lute – to make it resonate with the Renaissance.

The same curiosity for aesthetic correspondences was behind a new version of *Shape of My Heart*. Since *Songs of the Labyrinth*,

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3 The expression appears in the introductory performance directions for *Solo for Voice 49*.

we've known of Sting's fondness for Dowland: this time, the artist has lent himself to the reverse game of a rewriting by Thélème, in the spirit of the Renaissance, of this air in the form of a passacaglia. Layers of modular synthesiser and various vocal transformations, realised with virtuosity and elegance by Nikki Buzzi, meet the lute, invited to gently underline the refined melancholy of this timeless ballad.

Two mirrored reveries – John Cage's *Dream*, a piece for prepared piano assigned here to the lute, and John Dowland's *A Dream*, a masterpiece of the instrument's repertoire – suggest, by way of a wink rather than a demonstration, the element of intimacy shared by the two composers' works. This recording also features Dowland's complete works for two voices - in this case a tenor and a bass - with lute accompaniment: the opening pieces of the *Second Booke of Songs* are therefore joined by *Lady if you So Spight mee* from the *Musical Banquet*. The same instrumentation corresponds to a certain commonality of inspiration: all these songs sketch out the contours of a love story whose protagonists successively pass through states of exaltation and despair which,

in accordance with common experience as established by a refined literary tradition, are the lot of lovers. In order to express these states of mind, Dowland employs a delicately figurative compositional style (of which the famous *Flow my teares* is certainly the most striking example), so closely linked to the text that one is tempted to attribute the authorship of these verses to the musician himself, given that only the author of the Italian original of *Lady if you So Spight mee*, Cesare Rinaldi, is known for certain. The spatial reduction inherent in the subject matter, which focuses not even on the relationship between two individuals, but specifically on the impression that it makes on both their hearts, is naturally suited to very small musical forces.

Dowland's *Bookes of Songs* were printed in such a way that all the musicians in a circle around a table could read their parts facing them. This use of the *table book* is a concrete sign of the concentration and intimacy implicit in such vocal practice. This is an aesthetic continued by John Cage in his own way when he explains that "beauty yet remains in intimate situations" and that, in short, "the pleasure here would be in friendliness (...), and thus in music".<sup>4</sup>

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4 John Cage, *A Composer's Confessions*, lecture given in Vassar College, February 28<sup>th</sup>, 1948, Paris: Allia, 2020.



# all we get is life

Philippe Bringel & Jean-Christophe Groffe

*I must find a way to let people be free without their becoming foolish.*

John Cage<sup>1</sup>

À quelque quatre cents ans d'intervalle, le *Second Booke of Songs or Ayres* de John Dowland (1563-1626) et les *Song Books* de John Cage (1912-1992) rassemblent l'un et l'autre des pièces d'une grande sobriété d'expression. Le premier propose, dans les airs à deux voix et luth retenus ici, une sorte de dialogue à trois tout en délicatesse ; le second, derrière une apparence de simplicité qui confine parfois à la facétie, est le résultat d'un travail de concentration propre à ramener la musique à ses éléments essentiels, parmi lesquels le silence a d'ailleurs toute sa place. Il apparaît ainsi que John Cage et John Dowland ont un trait d'intimité en partage.

Selon Cage, l'ambition du compositeur doit être de « contribuer à une initiative ». Pareil programme implique une redéfinition radicale des rôles traditionnellement dévolus aux parties prenantes de la création musicale. Au lieu d'être un architecte solitaire organisant les

sons selon une forme destinée à ne plus varier, le compositeur devient en effet l'instigateur d'un événement auquel il convie ses semblables. Dans cette rencontre qu'il sollicite, les indications qu'il a portées sur une partition entrent naturellement en jeu, mais les musiciens ont leur mot à dire, et le public, qui n'est plus seulement un auditoire, devient un partenaire appelé à réagir lui aussi. Comme il est vrai de toute rencontre, les circonstances – lieu, moment, environnement sonore, états d'âme des uns et des autres – ont leur importance, et constituent un élément à part entière de l'événement musical. Dans les bons jours (car un échec est évidemment possible, et Cage, alors, tout en s'en désolant, le reconnaît avec bonhomie), chacun quitte de telles rencontres un peu changé, plus attentif peut-être à ceux qui l'entourent, voire à la place qui est la sienne dans l'ordre du monde. C'est que l'inventivité de Cage, tout explosive

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1 John Cage, *A Year from Monday: New Lectures and Writings*, Middletown, 1967, p. 136

qu'elle paraisse, relève à tout prendre de la concentration, et repose, autant que sur le désir de faire table rase du passé, sur la volonté de régénérer la musique par une attention retrouvée à l'égard de ses principes fondamentaux.

Fort peu de moyens dans les pièces proposées ici, et à coup sûr nulle démonstration dans le geste du compositeur : au point où la porte John Cage, la matière sonore est d'une délicatesse extrême. Ce minimalisme est souligné en l'occurrence par une prise de son très rapprochée, façon tout à la fois de conjurer la réticence que manifestait John Cage à l'égard des enregistrements de ses pièces – « I really don't believe that that's where music is<sup>2</sup> », expliquait-il, fidèle en cela à la conception sociale, vivante et pour ainsi dire circonstancielle qu'il avait de son art – et de rendre justice au goût que nourrissait ce fils d'inventeur pour tous les outils susceptibles d'être fournis par la technologie, qu'ils soient destinés à faciliter la vie courante ou employés à des fins artistiques.

Un tel parti pris de concentration est naturellement porté à son comble dans les solos proprement dits. *Eight Whiskus* comme *Solo for Voice 91* offrent pour seul point d'appui à l'interprète un texte dans lequel la langue elle-

même a subi des opérations méthodiques de déstructuration et de recomposition. C'est ainsi que le poème de Chris Mann sur lequel repose *Eight Whiskus*, après avoir été réduit à ses trois premiers mots (« Whistling is did »), eux-mêmes envisagés comme une simple succession de lettres, a été confié à un programme informatique aux fins d'une redistribution de ces éléments essentiels sous forme de « mésostiches » consistant à faire réapparaître ces lettres, imprimées en capitales sur la partition, au sein de divers mots qui composent de nouveaux poèmes. Réduits respectivement à leurs première et dernière syllabes, les mots « Whistling », souvenir du texte original, et « haiku », forme éminemment concentrée à laquelle il plaît à Cage de comparer les textes résultant de ces opérations, donnent leur titre étonnant et malicieux à ces *Whiskus*. Des principes voisins aboutissent, dans *Solo for Voice 91*, à disséminer les lettres composant le nom de Marcel Duchamp dans le cours d'un texte qui n'offre aucune signification d'ensemble – mais l'auditeur sensible à de telles juxtapositions verbales peut librement laisser affleurer à son esprit les associations d'idées les plus diverses. Une telle musique s'inscrit manifestement en faux contre toute déclamation, et le chanteur

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2 Entretien avec William Duckworth, repris dans William Duckworth, *Talking Music*, New York, 1995, p. 28.

peut à bon droit être déstabilisé par l'absence aussi radicale d'un appui lyrique. Il ne s'agit plus que d'ondes sonores sans fondement harmonique, de syllabes affranchies de toute syntaxe : une matière pure en somme, réduite à ses éléments essentiels, et d'autant mieux apte à être librement régénérée qu'elle a d'abord été pulvérisée. Rendue disponible pour de nouvelles expériences, cette matière est volontiers associée par Cage à diverses manipulations électroniques : le choix a été fait ici, par exemple, d'appliquer à *Solo for Voice 91* un effet d'autotune propre à plonger l'auditeur dans une atmosphère sonore marquée, qui pourrait être une transposition moderne de ce que le compositeur appelle ailleurs « the popular hi-fi manner <sup>3</sup>».

*She Is Asleep* et *The Year Begins to Be Ripe* éclairent chacune à sa façon cette esthétique minimaliste. Dans la première pièce, John Cage renonce à tout texte au profit d'une pure vocalise ; dans la seconde, il met en musique des phrases tirées du *Journal* de Thoreau. *She Is Asleep* confirme ainsi, et de manière radicale, le congé signifié à tout ce qui – paroles comprises – peut paraître accessoire dans le travail du son. Quant à *The Year Begins to Be Ripe*, le choix d'un texte de Thoreau, auquel Cage vouait une

admiration profonde, renvoie inmanquablement à l'expérience de retour à la nature à laquelle la figure du philosophe est associée. La place qui lui est faite dans les *Solos for Voices* correspond donc au même idéal de dépouillement cultivé par Cage, fondé sur une attention aiguë à l'égard de la place de l'individu dans l'ordre du monde. Dans ces deux pièces, un accompagnement de luth est de nature à souligner le principe de concentration extrême qui gouverne de telles expériences sonores : discrètement percussif dans *The Year Begins to Be Ripe*, le luth prend en charge dans *She Is Asleep* la partie de piano préparé prévue par John Cage. Pour cet instrument comme pour la voix, c'est donc une matière sonore subtile – fournie par un manche frappé, par des cordes étouffées – que Thélème a pris « l'initiative » de façonner dans un esprit conforme à l'esthétique délicate des œuvres en question.

Le souci qu'avait Cage de limiter le champ de l'intervention subjective du compositeur dans le processus de création l'a conduit, d'une part, à faire usage de divers outils aptes à déterminer mécaniquement certains choix d'écriture, en particulier d'ordre structurel, et, d'autre part, à laisser à ses interprètes, auxquels il n'adresse que quelques notes d'intention générales, une

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3 L'expression figure dans les indications d'interprétation liminaires du *Solo for Voice 49*.

très grande liberté. Pour *Five*, par exemple, le compositeur se contente d'indiquer sur la partition certaines notes assorties à des intervalles de temps dans le cadre desquels elles peuvent être jouées selon une durée librement décidée par l'interprète. Faisant usage de cette liberté, Thélème confie la pièce à un consort de violes et choisit par là – comme ailleurs avec le luth – de la faire entrer en résonance avec la Renaissance.

La même curiosité pour les correspondances esthétiques a présidé à la réalisation d'une version nouvelle de *Shape of My Heart*. On connaît, depuis *Songs of the Labyrinth*, le goût de Sting pour Dowland : cette fois, l'artiste s'est prêté au jeu inverse d'une réécriture réalisée par Thélème dans l'esprit de la Renaissance de cet air en forme de passacaille. Des nappes de synthétiseur modulaire et diverses transformations vocales, réalisées avec virtuosité et élégance par Nikki Buzzi, y rencontrent le luth, invité à souligner doucement la mélancolie raffinée de cette ballade intemporelle.

Deux rêveries en miroir – *Dream* de John Cage, pièce pour piano préparé confiée ici au luth, et *A Dream* de John Dowland, chef-d'œuvre du répertoire de cet instrument – suggèrent, à titre de clin d'œil plutôt que de démonstration, le commun intimisme des œuvres des deux

compositeurs. De Dowland, cet enregistrement donne à entendre par ailleurs l'ensemble de l'œuvre pour deux voix – en l'occurrence un ténor et une basse – avec accompagnement de luth : les premiers airs du *Second Booke of Songs* sont ainsi assortis de la pièce *Lady if you So Spight mee* issue du *Musicall Banquett*. À une même distribution correspond une cohérence certaine d'inspiration : tous ces airs esquissent les contours d'une relation amoureuse dont les acteurs traversent les états successifs d'exaltation et de désespoir qui, conformément à l'expérience commune telle qu'une tradition littéraire raffinée l'a fixée, constituent le lot des amants. Dowland met au service de l'expression de ces états d'âme une composition délicatement figuraliste – dont le célèbre *Flow my teares* est certainement l'exemple le plus éclatant – si étroitement liée au texte qu'on est tenté d'attribuer la paternité de ces vers au musicien lui-même (seul l'auteur de l'original italien de *Lady if you So Spight mee*, Cesare Rinaldi, étant connu de façon certaine). Le resserrement de l'espace inhérent au propos, qui se concentre non pas même sur la relation de deux individus, mais précisément sur l'impression qu'elle produit dans le cœur de l'un et l'autre, s'accommode naturellement d'un effectif musical très réduit.

Les *Bookes of Songs* de Dowland étaient imprimés de telle façon que chacun des musiciens installés en cercle autour d'une table pût lire sa partie face à lui. Cet usage du *table book* est le signe concret de la concentration et de l'intimité que supposait une telle pratique vocale. C'est là une esthétique que John Cage perpétue à sa façon lorsqu'il explique que « la beauté se cantonne à un cadre intime », et qu'en somme « le plaisir réside dans la convivialité, et donc dans la musique <sup>4</sup>».

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4 "Beauty yet remains in intimate situations [...]. The pleasure would be in friendliness [...], and thus in music". (*A Composer's Confessions*, conférence donnée au Vassar College le 28 février 1948, éditions Allia, Paris, 2020, pp. 33 et 42).

### **Solo for Voice 15**

Using a typewriter equipped with contact microphones (four channels, preferably, speakers around the audience, highest volume without feedback), typewrite the following statement by Erik Satie thirty-eight times:

*L'artiste n'a pas le droit de disposer inutilement du temps de son auditeur.*



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SOLO FOR VOICE IS

DIRECTIONS

THEATRE USING ELECTRONICS

(RELEVANT)

Using a typewriter equipped with contact microphones (four channels preferably, speakers around the audience, high volume without feedback), typewrite the following statement by Erik Satie thirty-eight times:

L'artiste n'a pas le droit de disposer inutilement du temps de son auditeur.

SOLO FOR VOICE 23  
0'00" No. 2

DIRECTIONS

THEATRE WITH ELECTRONICS (IRRELEVANT)

On a playing area (e.g. table, chessboard) equipped with contact microphones (four channels preferably, speakers around the audience, highest volume without feedback)

Play a game with another person (e.g. chess, dominoes) or others (e.g. scrabble, bridge).





### **Solo for Voice 23**

On a playing area (e.g. table, chessboard) equipped with contact microphones (four channels, preferably, speakers around the audience, highest volume without feedback)

Play a game with another person (e.g. chess, dominoes) or others (e.g. scrabble, bridge).

**Solo for Voice 54**

Leave the stage by going up (flying) or by going down through a trap door. Return in the same way wearing an animal's head.



255

(DELICVARTY)

THEATRE

SOLO FOR VOICE 54

DIRECTIONS

Leave the stage by going up (by use) or by going down through a trap door. Returns in the same way wearing an animal's head.

1. **John Cage** Solo for Voice 49 - The Year Begins to Be Ripe

The birds seem to delight in the first fine days of the fall in the warm hazy light (robins, bluebirds. In families on the almost bare elms, phoebes and probably purple finches). Now the year itself begins to ripe, ripened by the frost like a persimmon.

[*Autumn*, from the *Journal* of Henry D. Thoreau, 1892]

2. **John Dowland** Dye not before thy day

Dye not beefore thy day, poore man condemned,  
But lift thy low looks from the humble earth,  
Kisse not dispaire and see sweet hope contemned:  
The hag hath no delight, but mone for mirth,  
O fye poore fondling, fie be willing,  
To preserue thyself from killing:  
Hope thy keeper [is] glad [for] to free thee,  
[And] Bids thee goe and will not see thee,  
Hye thee quickly from thy wrong,  
So shee endes hir willing song.

3. **John Dowland** Mourne, mourne, day is with darknesse fled

Mourne, mourne, day is with darknesse fled,  
                    What heauen then gouernes earth,  
O none, but hell in heauens stead,  
                    Choaks with his mistes out mirth.

Mourne, mourne, looke now for no more day  
Nor night, but that from hell,  
Then all must as they may  
In darkenesse learne to dwell.  
But yet this change, must needes change our delight,  
That thus the Sunne should harbour with the night.

#### 4. **John Dowland** Sorow sorow Stay, lend true repentant teares

Sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares  
To a woefull wretched wight,  
Hence, dispaire with thy tormenting feares:  
Doe not, O doe not my poore heart affright.  
Pitty, help now or neuer,  
Mark me not to endlesse paine,  
Alas I am condemned euer  
No hope, no help ther doth remaine,  
But downe I fall,  
And arise I neuer shall.

#### 6. **John Cage** Solo for Voice 91

a utility aMong swAllows is theiR musiC.  
thEy produce it midair to avoid colliding.  
aDvanced stUdy: suitCases.  
home'll be Africa.

crème fraîche followed by three kinds of Potatoes.  
don't you ever want to win? (impatience.)  
how do you manage to live with just one sense of humor?  
she must have Persuaded him to smile.

avoid women And gold, Sri rama krishna advised.  
"But that is not the way to Cross the stream.  
follow me."  
me? i sleep easily under any acoustic condition.  
as he said: lullaby.  
he said.  
i do not believe that i am.  
he was, as he also said, a breather.  
he could breathe effortlessly.

we remember that he had stopped working.  
even though we're now Conscious he never relaxed for a moment.  
remove god from the world of ideas.  
remove government, politics from society.  
keep sex, humor, utilities.  
let private property go.  
they told me someone who had a problem engaged him in a discussion of it.  
he gave no advice but the other left relieved.

but who will Do all the work (the décor for walkaroudtime)?  
and to prepare the lecture  
he had agreed to prepare proved less interesting than to change his Mind  
about doing so.  
on the other hand it amused him to Perform as a professional musician.

we rented an automobile, and drove across Italy  
from one hill to another, two hundred miles to Spoleto.  
since other men make art, he cannot.  
time is valuable.

you must hang your paintings on the walls.  
"i can't stand to look at them."  
that's why you must hang them on the walls.  
questions i might have learned to ask  
can no longer receive replies.  
the telegram came.  
i read it.  
death we expect  
but all we get is life.

#### 7. **John Dowland** Lady if you so spight mee

Lady, if you so spight me,  
Wherefore do you so oft kisse and delight mee?  
Sure that my hart opprest and ouer-cloyed  
May breake thus ouerioyed,  
If you seeke to spill mee,  
Come kisse me sweet, and kill mee.  
So shal your hart be eased,  
And I shall rest content and dye well pleased.

## 8. John Cage Eight Whiskus

1                   time reality Worked  
                          much  
                          n jam train  
                          Snug  
                          Ta  
                          em in a gLass  
                          n hls teeth t th  
                          aNy  
                          llke  
                          keepS winning in  
                          i woulDn  
                          fInger  
                          unDerstate th battler overstate th run call it fetteration but don time

2                   Wz sittin n  
                          tH  
                          raIn  
                          Syllable  
                          iTs  
                          generaL  
                          someone earths a thlrd  
                          N doc  
                          drInk  
                          arSe by but  
                          Dumb  
                          goln hom n woke  
                          t brooD



3

queue for tWo  
say tHe  
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10. **John Dowland** I Saw my Lady weepe

I saw my Lady weepe,  
And sorrow proud to bee aduanced so:  
In those faire eies where all perfections keepe,  
Hir face was full of woe,  
But such a woe (beleeue me) as wins more hearts,  
Then mirth can doe, with hir intysing parts.  
Sorrow was there made faire,  
And passion wise, teares a delightfull thing,  
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare,  
Shee made hir sighes to sing,  
And all things whith so sweet a sadnesse moue,  
As made my heart at once both grieue and loue.  
O fayrer then ought ells,  
The world can shew, leaue of in time to grieue,  
Inough, inough, your ioyfull looks excels,  
Tears kills the heart belieue,  
O striue not to bee excellent in woe,  
Which onely breeds your beauties ouerthrow.

11. **John Dowland** Flow my teares, fall from your Springs

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!  
Exilde for euer: let mee morne;  
Where nights black bird hir sad infamy sings,  
There let mee liue forlorne.  
Downe, vaine lights, shine you no more!  
No nights are dark enough fore those

That in dispaire their last fortunes deplore,  
Light doth but shame disclose.  
Neuer may my woes be relieued,  
Since pittie is fled,  
And teares, and sighes, and grones my wearies days  
Of all ioyes haue deprivued.  
From the highest spire of contentment  
My fortune is throwne,  
And feare and grieffe, and paine for my deserts  
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.  
Harke you shadowes that in darcknesse dwell,  
Learne to contemne light.  
Happied, happie they that in hell  
Feele not the worlds despite.

15. **John Dowland** Tymes eldest Sonne, old age the heire of ease: First part

Time's eldest sonne,  
Olde age the heyre of ease,  
Strenghts foe, loues woe, and foster to deuotion,  
Bids gallant youths in marshall prowes please,  
As for himselfe, hee hath no earthly motion,  
But thinks sighes, teares, vowes, praiers, and sacrifices,  
As good as shawes, maskes, iustes, or tilt deuices.

16. **John Dowland** Then Sit thee downe, & Say thy *Nunc demittis*: Second part

Then sit thee downe,  
And say thy *Nunc Demittis*,  
With *De profundis*, *Credo* and *Te Deum*,  
Chant *Miserere* for what now so fit is, as that, or this,  
*Paratum est cor meum*,  
O that thy Saint would take in worth thy hart,  
Thou canst not please hir with a better part.

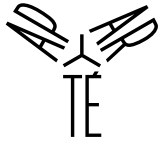
17. **John Dowland** When others Sings *Venite exultemus*: Third part

When others sings *Venite exultemus*,  
Stand by and turne to *Noli emulari*,  
For *Quare fremuerunt vse oremus*  
*Viuat Eliza* for an *ae mari*,  
And teach those swains that liues about thy cell,  
To say *Amen* when thou dost pray so well.

18. **Sting & Dominic Miller** Shape of My Heart

He deals the cards as a meditation  
And those he plays never suspect  
He doesn't play for the money he wins  
He don't play for respect  
He deals the cards to find the answer  
The sacred geometry of chance  
The hidden law of a probable outcome

While the numbers lead a dance  
I know that the spades are the swords of a soldier  
I know that the clubs are weapons of war  
I know that diamonds mean money for this art  
But that's not the shape of my heart  
He may play the jack of diamonds  
He may lay the queen of spades  
He may conceal a king in his hand  
While the memory of it fades  
I know that the spades are the swords of a soldier  
I know that the clubs are weapons of war  
I know that diamonds mean money for this art  
But that's not the shape of my heart  
That's not the shape  
The shape of my heart  
If I told you that I loved you  
You'd maybe think there's something wrong  
I'm not a man of too many faces  
The mask I wear is one  
But those who speak know nothing  
And find out to their cost  
Like those who curse their luck in too many places  
And those who fear are lost  
I know that the spades are the swords of a soldier  
I know that the clubs are weapons of war  
I know that diamonds mean money for this art  
But that's not the shape of my heart  
That's not the shape of my heart  
That's not the shape  
The shape of my heart.



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Mixage : Hugo Scremin & Nikki Buzzi [6, 8, 18]

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