

Savage Winter

American Opera Projects and
Pittsburgh Opera

Music by Douglas J. Cuomo
Directed by Jonathan Moore

DATES: NOV 7—10 at 7:30pm
LOCATION: BAM Fisher (Fishman Space)
RUN TIME: Approx 1hr 15mins
no intermission

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Savage Winter

Written and Composed by

Douglas J. Cuomo

Text based on the poem *Winterreise* by

Wilhelm Müller

Directed by

Jonathan Moore

Performers

The Protagonist: Tony Boutté (tenor)

Guitar/Electronics: Douglas J. Cuomo

Conductor/Piano: Alan Johnson

Trumpet: Sir Frank London

Scenery and properties design

Brandon McNeel

Video design

Joseph Seamans

Lighting design

Cindy Limauro

Sound design

David Bullard

Music Director

Alan Johnson

Production Manager

Robert Signom III

Production Coordinator

Scott H. Schneider

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Supertitles Operator

Ellen Máirín Johnston

Production Assistants

Alissa Jaquin, Joel Kalow,
Cal Silberstein, Holly Wright

Production Photographer

Steven Pisano Photography

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Savage Winter is a co-production of American Opera Projects & Pittsburgh Opera

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Text adapted by Douglas J. Cuomo from the original poems by Wilhelm Müller. Used by arrangement with European American Music Distributors Company, sole US and Canadian agent for Schott Music Corporation, New York, NY, publisher and copyright owner.

ABOUT

Savage Winter

DIRECTOR'S STATEMENT

Winterreise. Winter Journey.
A journey in winter.

The idea of Journey, Pilgrimage, Camino, seems to be something embedded in our race memory as humans. A deep, pan-cultural need for an epic journey to enlightenment. The Ur narrative. A young aboriginal warrior on solo walkabout in the wilderness. The grail knight who must travel on a new path alone through the forest. The 40 days and nights in the desert. The Camino. The Way. The Mythical Journey. Large, towering archetypes suffused with numinous power. I made a solo 400-mile Camino on foot from the Basque country to Catalonia in Spain with just a backpack a few years ago. Of course, a journey of this sort is a physical route through a topographical, empirically testable landscape. But it is also a journey of an interior kind. It is a paradigm of the bigger journey of life. It is a journey through one's interior landscape too.

Someone, at the very end of my Camino, said, "Bien Camino" ("Have a good Camino," normally said at the beginning or during the journey). Initially I thought he made a mistake. But of course he realized, unlike me at the time, that at the end of my specific Camino I had just begun the rest of my life's Camino.

I'm interested in the idea of certain points in our lives being moments of great epiphany. Epiphanos. A manifestation or revealing. They can be revealed in the resonance of ecstatic revelation. Or, it would appear more often, they may manifest as moments of crisis. There comes a point it seems where one has to take deep stock of oneself. To choose. "Here I stand, I can do no other."

These epiphanic moments can happen at any age. And several times along the Way.

Some people choose to go on a silent retreat to embark on this interior journey to find this deep authenticity. Others are thrown kicking and screaming from the wreckage of their workaday lives into a degree of self-awareness.

Still others might ignore the call to grow and change altogether and spend the rest of their lives frozen into the rictus of a smile that might be, in fact, a silent scream.

It seems to me that both the Müller/Schubert original and this piece, inspired with loving awe by that original source material, are concerned with the deep existential questions. The timeless questions of the quest for authenticity and individuation, and of course the experience of the painful "pangs of despised love" as my countryman, Shakespeare, has it. Indeed, when the Fates and the Furies come crashing down on us, we might even join Hamlet in the primal question at the nub of it all: "To be or not to be."

The room in which our protagonist finds himself is of course a recognizable, physical space. But it is also a metaphysical one. He is here on a journey of reflection, confronting his demons, his fears, his grief for his lost love, and feelings of pain and rejection. He feels primal, animal pain. He is like a wolf in a cave, licking his wounds. He needs to go alone on a journey into the winter of his soul and hopefully find a thawing, a discovery of the truth that will possibly set him free.

I was reflecting on ideas around the Desert Fathers and Mothers, painters, prophets, hermits, "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet," sequestering themselves from the world for short or lifelong periods in order to journey to the center of their souls. And return to the world perhaps with insights gained from such an interior pilgrimage.

We are not sure at the end whether or not our protagonist finds what he is seeking. Or indeed what choice he will make. But choose he must.

You too are invited on this journey. And so it is in that spirit that I wish you, "Bien Camino..."

—Jonathan Moore, Director

ABOUT

Savage Winter

COMPOSER'S STATEMENT

I always loved Schubert's *Winterreise* and at some point a number of years ago I got the idea of adapting the underlying text—the poetry cycle of Wilhelm Müller (also called *Winterreise*)—and creating a piece around it. I'm generally not a negative or depressive person, though I've certainly gone through periods of internal darkness and despair, but there was something in this poetry that was enticing to me—a look at this darker side of a person's internal landscape. It's a meditation on life, lost love, faith, and death. Extremely dark but also quite beautiful and moving.

Even before I began adapting the text (which I did before writing the music) I knew I wanted to compose this piece in a state as close to automatic writing as I could. I had a vision of the music flowing like water effortlessly from my pen. This desire was a conscious reaction to what I had just finished — my first large work, *Arjuna's Dilemma* (BAM Next Wave 2008), which for me was, though very satisfying, also very painstaking. Here my goal was to break free and let the music determine where I would go as I wrote it. I realized that if I adapted the text without any preconceived rules I could let the music do just that; I could change it as I was composing to fit my inspiration in the moment.

I kept this freedom within a defined overall structure however—I stay strictly within the form of the Schubert song-cycle. There are 24 poems in the original, and I re-interpret the text of each in a different way. For a few poems I use more or less literal translations of the original, and two others are purely instrumental. For the rest I used the Müller as a springboard, re-imagining the words for my own purposes. I took great liberties in doing this, and allowed myself to go wherever instinct led. In some cases my text is a distillation, at other times a tangential exploration. Key emotional phrases are repeated, sometimes obsessively.

I chose to write for piano, electric guitar, trumpet, and electronics, an unusual combination but one that I felt would support the spare sonic landscape I imagined, one that would match the inner world of "The Man," our protagonist. I'd used electronics often in writing music for television and film, but this was the first time I'd felt inspired to use this sonic palette for more "serious" music for the stage. I built a world of slow-motion grooves, unfamiliar moaning, crackling wind, of whirring and spinning things. The soundscape is like a musical prism to be held up to the light, refracting the roiling and inchoate insides of a man in a highly charged and unsteady orbit.

Both the trumpet player and guitarist improvise a fair amount; before I was a composer I was a jazz guitarist so that's a part of my musical DNA. But also there are influences from the sounds of electronica, loop-based music, distorted rock guitar, and of course contemporary art song. And though the text has a very clear (though elastic) relationship to Müller's original poems, the music doesn't reference Schubert at all until the very last poem, *The Hurdy-Gurdy Man*, which quite clearly pays its respects to that master composer.

This is at times a hard-edged piece, filled with acute angles, but it is also a world of miniatures—intimate, stark, and delicate. Operatic in its heightened emotion, with moments of great power and great stillness. The Protagonist is singing a long and evolving mad scene as he searches for faith and grapples with his (and our) ideas of love, human connection, loneliness, desire, betrayal, faith, and finally the nature of existence itself.

—Douglas J. Cuomo, Composer

Who's Who

TONY BOUTTÉ

The Protagonist/Tenor

Tony Boutté was described in a recent issue of *Opera News* as “possessed of a radiant, communicative tenor.” A native of Louisiana, Boutté made his operatic debut as Orfeo in Stephen Wadsworth’s groundbreaking Monteverdi Cycle with Skylight Opera. He has sung extensively, nationally and abroad, including New York, London, Paris, and Los Angeles, and made his Carnegie Hall debut in 2006 singing Handel’s *Messiah*. He has performed and recorded numerous premieres, including John Eaton’s *Benjamin Button*, Cuomo’s *Arjuna’s Dilemma* (BAM Next Wave 2008), Michael Gordon’s *Chaos*, Bang on a Can’s *Carbon Copy Building*, and *In the Penal Colony* by Philip Glass. His festival appearances include Salzburg, Aspen, Bard, Schleswig-Holstein, Settembre, Aldeburgh, and Versailles. Boutté’s extensive recording catalog includes works by Lully, Handel, and Bach, as well as multiple world premiere recordings. Recent releases include Fauré songs (Edition Peters Sounds) and music of Boismortier (Centaur) with Arcanum Ensemble. He recently joined the faculty of Sam Houston State University (TX) and is artistic director of New American Voices, an initiative created to champion new American works for voice through the collaboration of singer and composer. tonyboutte.com.

DAVID BULLARD

Sound design

David Bullard’s design credits include *War of the Worlds* by Annie Gosfield and Yuval Sharon premiere with LA Philharmonic; *The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee* (Cleveland Playhouse); *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time* (St. Louis Rep, Cincinnati Playhouse); *Ainadamar* (Frost School of Music); *The Secret Garden* (Cincinnati Playhouse, Baltimore Center Stage); *Three Tales* (LA Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall); *NETworks presents: Anything Goes* (National Tour); *Men’s Lives* (Bay Street Theatre); *Ninth and Joanie* (LABrynth Theatre); *Amadeus* (Old Globe Theatre—Critics Circle Nomination); *One Night Only: A Night with Al Pacino* (International Tour); *On Golden Pond* (National Tour); and *The Unexpected Man* (NY and LA—Drama Desk and Lortel nominations) He has also done live and studio work for the Metropolitan Opera, New York Philharmonic, Steve Reich, and Meredith Monk, as well as museum installations for the Smithsonian Institution and the National Track & Field Hall of Fame with EAR Studio.

DOUGLAS J. CUOMO

Composer/Guitar/Electronics

Douglas J. Cuomo has composed for the concert, operatic, and theatrical stages as well as television and film. His work includes *Doubt*, premiered by Minnesota Opera; *The Fate of His Ashes: A Requiem for Victims of Power*, premiered by Seraphic Fire; *Black Diamond Express Train to Hell*, premiered by the American Composers Orchestra (Carnegie Hall); *Arjuna’s Dilemma*, 2008 BAM Next Wave, (and in 2016 becoming the first opera ever performed in Nepal); *Only Breath*, commissioned by Maya Beiser (International Festival of Arts and Ideas); and *Kyrie*, premiered by Chanticleer (Metropolitan Museum of Art). His work has been performed by artists including Denyce Graves, Christine Brewer,

Taka Kigawa, Ashley Bathgate, Young People’s Chorus of New York, and Chris Botti. Work for television and film includes themes for HBO’s *Sex and the City*, *NOW with Bill Moyers*, *Wide Angle*, and music for *Homicide: Life On The Street* and over 30 film scores. He has lectured extensively across the US on music, collaboration, and creativity. Cuomo co-leads the band Turquoise Lake with Afghani singer Humayun Khan.

ALAN JOHNSON

Music director/Piano

As music director, conductor, pianist, and vocal coach, Alan Johnson has prepared, performed, and premiered works in opera, theater, and dance since 1986. Among his many awards are an Obie for sustained excellence in music direction and a Joseph Jefferson Award for outstanding music direction (*The Sound of a Voice* and *Hotel of Dreams*, composed by Philip Glass). His previous BAM appearances include *Hydrogen Jukebox* (Glass, Winter/Spring 1991) and *Arjuna’s Dilemma* (Cuomo, Next Wave 2008). His long association with Philip Glass has included music direction for premieres in opera (*In the Penal Colony*, *The Sound of a Voice*); dance/theater (*Provenance Unknown*, *The Mysteries and What’s So Funny*, *Henry IV Parts I and II*, *Cymbeline*, and *In the Summer House*); and music preparation for premieres of *Book of Longing*, *The Making of the Representative for Planet 8*, *Hydrogen Jukebox*, *Orphée*, and *La Belle et La Bête*. Johnson is music director at John Duffy Institute for New Opera at the Virginia Arts Festival and received a 2016 Rockefeller residency in Bellagio, Italy. He is currently on a recital tour of opera excerpts by Anthony Davis.

CINDY LIMAURO

Lighting design

Cindy Limauro designs for opera, theater, dance, and architecture. She is a design partner in C&C Lighting, a member of United Scenic Artists and IALD. Recent produc-

tions with Pittsburgh Opera include the world premiere of *Ashes & Snow*, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Rake’s Progress*, and *Aida*. Other credits include *Mister Roberts* starring Martin Sheen for Burt Reynold’s Jupiter Theater and the world premieres of *The Three Sisters* for Opera Columbus and *Dracula*, *The Musical* and *Nonsense* in Rome. Other design collaborations include Pittsburgh Ballet, Baltimore Opera, Cincinnati Ballet, Quantum Theater, Maryland Ballet, City Theater, and Pittsburgh Public Theater. Her work has appeared in two international exhibits, the 2007 Prague Quadrennial and the 2005 World Stage Design in Toronto. C&C Lighting projects include Gulf Tower Weather Beacon, and other award-winning projects including Hunt Library, Pausch Memorial Bridge, Carnegie Museum of Natural History Hall of Dinosaurs, and Carnegie Museum of Art Chariot of Aurora.

SIR FRANK LONDON

Trumpet

Sir Frank London is a Grammy-award winning trumpeter and composer. A member of the Klezmatics, he has played trumpet with Lester Bowie, David Byrne, Pink Floyd, They Might Be Giants, LL Cool J, Hector LaVoe, Itzhak Perlman, Jane Siberry, Mel Tormé, LaMonte Young, and John Zorn and is featured on over 500 CDs. His compositions include the Yiddish-Cuban opera *Hatuey Memory of Fire* (with Elise Thoron); *Salomé: Woman of Valor* (with Adeena Karasick); the folk-opera *A Night in the Old Marketplace* (with Alex Aron and Glen Berger); *1001 Voices: Symphony for a New America* (with Judith Sloan & Warren Lehrer); and Tony Kushner’s *A Dybbuk*. In 2019 he will premiere *Ghetto Songs* at Hamburg’s Elbphilharmonie; *From Shtetl to Stage* at Carnegie Hall, and *Kurt Weill* in New York. London was knighted by Hungary for his work advancing Jewish and multicultural Hungarian music and culture.

BRANDON MCNEEL

Set design

Brandon McNeel's many opera credits include *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Pittsburgh Opera; *La Rondine*, *Manon*, *Gianni Schicchi*, and *La Scala di Seta*, Curtis Opera; and *La Bohème*, Opera Columbus. Theater credits include *Fall*, Huntington Theatre Company; *Under the Skin* and *Ruined*, Everyman Theatre; *The Miracle Worker*, national tour, Montana Repertory Theatre; *Sawbones* and *The Diamond Eater*, HERE; *Tartuffe*, The New School; *Sweeney Todd*, Carnegie Mellon; *Blind Angels*, Theatre for the New City; and *The Head Hunter*, Producers Club. As an associate designer, McNeel has worked with colleagues Derek McLane, David Gropman, Paul Tate DePoo, Narelle Sissons, David Korins, Lee Savage, Dane Laffrey, among others—with productions at many distinguished regional theaters, major opera companies, and Broadway. Brandon McNeel is a Brooklyn-based designer, originally from Powell, WY. He holds a BFA from the University of Montana in the wonderful city of Missoula, and his MFA degree from the Carnegie Mellon University School of Drama.

JONATHAN MOORE

Director

Jonathan Moore is a London-based award-winning British/Irish actor, published playwright, librettist, and director who has worked in Britain and internationally (Royal Shakespeare Company, English National Opera, National Theatre, West End, Shakespeare's Globe at the invitation of Mark Rylance, Royal Opera House, Scottish Opera, Opera North, BBC TV and Radio, Almeida, Donmar, Arcola, The Gate, La Fenice Venice, Chicago Opera Theater, Long Beach Opera, Savannah Festival, Munich Biennale, and many more.) He directed (and co-adapted the libretto for) the world premiere opera *Greek* by Mark Anthony Turnage which received an Olivier Award nomination (Munich Biennale, ENO, and at BAM Next Wave

2018) and co-directed the BBC Film version (Royal Philharmonic Society Award and a Midem Award at Cannes). This past summer he directed his own new revival of the work in a 30th anniversary production for the Arcola Grimeborn Festival in London, which received universal acclaim.

He co-starred in his own play *Treatment* for the BBC TV film version opposite Gabriel Byrne. His play *Inigo*, about Ignatius of Loyola and the Jesuits, has been published in English and Spanish and performed globally. Last year he co-wrote/directed *Invention of Morel* (music, Stewart Copeland), at Chicago Opera Theater and recently revived this year at Long Beach Opera. He directed the world premiere of *Savage Winter* at Pittsburgh Opera earlier this year. He has directed premiere operas by Henze, Schnittke, Turnage, Muller-Wieland, MacMillan, Nyman, and Berkeley, among many others. He has worked with artists as diverse as Ludovico Einaudi, Joe Strummer of The Clash, punk band Killing Joke, classical violinist Daniel Hope, jazz artist Uri Caine, bassist Jah Wobble, reggae star Eddie Grant, and industrial band Test Dept.

Moore's other awards include two Edinburgh Festival Fringe First Awards; best director, best libretto awards (Munich Biennale); runner up for the Verity Bargate Award; and a nomination for an Olivier Award. He has been a guest speaker on the arts at Oxford University, London School of Economics, and as a panelist at Opera America in New York. He was featured on the cover of *Time Out* and has had an entry in Who's Who since 2007. Future projects include text and direction of a world premiere opera by Michael Nyman, a new music theater piece by Ludovico Einaudi, a feature film script commission, and developing a new musical. jonathanmooreuk.com

MELISSA ROBILOTTA

Stage manager

Melissa Robilotta's work in opera includes productions of *Porgy and Bess*, *The Cunning Little Vixen*, *The Barber of Seville*, and *Stomping Grounds* at the Glimmerglass Festival; *The Passenger* at Florida Grand Opera; *María de Buenos Aires* at Fort Worth Opera; *Pagliacci* and *Gianni Schicchi* at Utah Opera; and *Anna Christie* at Encompass New Opera Theatre. Her work off-Broadway includes *Plenty* and *Barbecue* at The Public Theater; *Skeleton Crew* at Atlantic Theater Company; and *A Day by the Sea* at Mint Theater Company. Regionally, her work includes the Williamstown Theatre Festival and the Shakespeare Theatre of New Jersey. She holds a BA from Christopher Newport University in Newport News, VA, and an MFA from University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.

JOSEPH SEAMANS

Video design

Joseph Seamans began designing projections in 2012 after a 40-year career making PBS documentaries and independent films including projects for *NOVA*, *Frontline*, *National Geographic*, and *Mister Rogers Neighborhood*. For Pittsburgh's Quantum Theatre he has created projections for *María de Buenos Aires*, *Ainadamar*, *Mnemonic*, *All the Names*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Ciara*, *Red Hills*, and *Chatterton*. He also designed projections for Pittsburgh's Microscopic Opera's productions of *Thérèse Raquin*, *Night of the Living Dead*, and *Frida*. This is Seamans' first production with American Opera Projects.

ROBERT SIGNOM III

Production manager

Robert Signom III has been working in production for over 15 years. As production manager, he has worked for Tri-Cities Opera, Opera Saratoga, Signature Theatre, Gotham Chamber Opera, Aspen Opera Theatre

Center, Ensemble Studio Theatre, HERE Arts Center, NJPAC, and many others. As stage manager, he has called over 50 productions in New York, and more regionally. He is an Eagle Scout and a graduate of New York University's Tisch School of the Arts.

SCOTT H. SCHNEIDER

Production coordinator

Scott H. Schneider has been the production manager for the Bronx Opera Company for 11 seasons. Other credits include *The Preacher and The Shrink* and *An Error of the Moon* (The Beckett Theatre); *The Megille of Itzik Manger* and *Kulturefest NYC* (National Yiddish Theatre Folksbiene); *She Loves Me* (Caramoor); *Marie Galante* (Opera Français de New York); *Darkling* (American Opera Projects); and *Joy* (The Actors' Playhouse). He has worked as stage manager for opera and theater productions off-Broadway, regionally, and on tour. His design credits include lighting for Centenary Stage Company, dell'Arte Opera Ensemble, and Club Med International. Schneider is the former treasurer of Stage Managers' Association, a graduate of Wesleyan University, and artistic director of Bad Dog Productions.

INTUITIVE PRODUCTION MANAGEMENT

Production manager

Intuitive Production Management is a New York-based theatrical production firm specializing in opera, off-Broadway, dance, and live events. Founded by Robert Signom III and Scott H. Schneider, its mission is to bring superior production values and personalized support to each performance. intuitiveprodmgmt.com

AMERICAN OPERA PROJECTS

Producer

Currently celebrating its 30th anniversary, Brooklyn's American Opera Projects (AOP) is at the forefront of the contemporary opera movement through its commissioning, developing, and producing of opera and music theater projects, training programs for student and emerging composers and librettists, and community engagement. *Savage Winter* is AOP's third co-production with Pittsburgh Opera, where the opera had its world premiere in February, and the fourth AOP production to appear at BAM following *Hagoromo* starring Wendy Whelan (Next Wave 2015) and *As One* (part of the Professional Development Program, 2014), which has since become the most produced American opera written in the 21st-century with over 25 new productions since its premiere. aopopera.org

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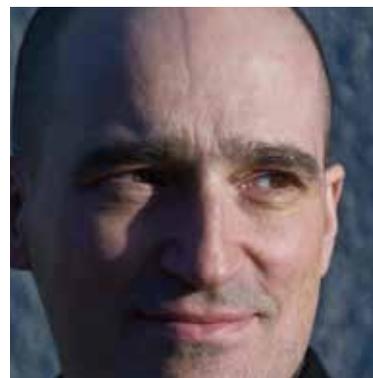
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Sir Frank London Photo: Adrian Buckmaster

Savage Winter

Libretto

Composer: Douglas J. Cuomo, with text based on Wilhelm Müller's *Winterreise* poetry cycle, adapted by the composer.

1. GOOD NIGHT

I arrived a stranger a stranger I depart.
In May wildflowers bloomed and I was blessed.
We spoke of love even marriage.
Now the world is so desolate.
The path concealed beneath the snow.
I must go now in this ink black night, alone.
As my companion only grey shadows thrown by the moon,
The sound of the dogs and the tracks of deer on the white snow.
Why should I stay to be driven out?
Let dogs howl before their master's gate.
Love delights in wandering God made it so!
Beloved good night!
I will not disturb you when you dream or spoil your rest.
You shall not hear my footsteps.
Softly softly the door is closed.
As I pass I write only good night on your gate,
So that you might see I thought of you.

2. THE WEATHERVANE

I hear the wind whistling outside my lover's house.
My lover's house, my lover's house.
Did I mention?
That's my lover's house.
That is my lover's house.
Am I deluded?
It could be.
But I think the wind is mocking me.
I may be deluded, maybe I'm deluded.
Could it be mocking me? The wind.
Well look at that weather vane,
Aha, look at that weather vane.
Aha, how did I miss it?
I should have seen it,
The sign fixed on the house.

The sign fixed on the house.
I should have known it,
No one faithful could live here
I can tell by the weather vane.
The wind has spun around my head
Inside the house and out.
Inside that house they don't care about me or my grief.
No one faithful could live here
I can tell by the weather vane and the wind.

3. FROZEN TEARS

Frozen drops fall from my cheeks.
Have I then not noticed
I have been weeping?
Ah tears, my tears,
Are you so cold that you turn to ice?
Like the cold morning dew?
And yet you well up so scaldingly hot
From your source within my frigid heart,
As if you would melt all the ice of winter.

4. NUMBNESS

In vain I seek his footprints in the snow,
Where we walked hand in hand through green meadow.
I will kiss the dirt
And use my burning tears
To pierce ice and snow
Until I see the earth below.
Where shall I find a flower?
Where shall I find green grass?
The flowers are dead the grass is so pale.
Oh shall I take no memory from here?
And when my sorrow dies
Who will speak to me of him?
My heart is dead
His image cold and rigid locked within it.
I can't warm my heart,
For if it melts again his image too will float away.

5. THE LINDEN TREE

By the gate behind the well stands a linden tree
Sitting in its shade I had many a sweet dream.
In its bark I've carved many a word of love,

In joy and sorrow.
Joy and sorrow, I felt both these things
Yet I was drawn to it, ever was I drawn to it.
And just today I had to walk past it in the dead of night.
But even in the pitch black dark I felt the need to close my eyes.
And its branches rustled as if they were calling me,
Saying come to me, come to me my friend.
Here you will find rest my friend rest.
The cold wind blew straight on my face.
My hat flew from my head, I did not turn back.
I am many hours journey from that place.
Still I hear the rustling of leaves
Calling to me, "here you will find rest my friend."

6. THE DELUGE

[Instrumental]

7. A SHARP STONE

I carve with a sharp stone
The name of my beloved
On this icy crust.
My heart sees itself there.

8. RETROSPECT

The soles of my feet are burning
Though I walk on ice and snow.
I do not want to breathe again
'Til the town is out of sight.
I stumbled on every stone
In my haste to leave that town.
The crows throw ice upon my head
Down from the roof of every house.
Oh town, I remember how you received me.
The thrush sat with the nightingale outside your window,
Each trying to sing the most beautiful song.
Trees blossom clear water flows from the fountain.
And when I first saw his eyes my fate was sealed.
When I think of that day now,
I wish I could look back once more
And stumble my way back to town
To stand again before his door.

9. SPARK

I see a light.
Half blind I follow it,
Into the rocks I descend.
How shall I find, find a way out of here?
That does not trouble my mind.
I often stray from the path
But what does it matter
since every path leads to one goal?
All of our joys,
All of our sorrows
Are nothing but sparks in the night.
A fracture in this earth pulls me in.
Calmly I wend my way down.
Every river will reach the sea.
Every sorrow will reach its grave.
When I am done I will be free.
When all is dark I will be free.
In the abyss I will be free.
Under the earth I will be free.
All of my grief will reach its grave.

10. REST

As I lie down to rest
I see how tired I am.
But to move is to forget.
It was too cold to rest,
The wind was harsh but blew me on.
When at last I found shelter
My limbs could not find rest,
So hot their wounds did burn.
You too my heart,
So wild in storm and fight.
Now in this calm you feel the serpent's bite.

11. DREAM OF SPRING

I had a dream last night.
I saw flowers clear as day, bright flowers.
Also meadows,
Green meadows, shining green in the warm sun.
And bird calls, happy bird calls.
But then the cock crowed and my eyes awoke.
It was cold.
Dark.
I heard ravens on the rooftop.
And look,

on the window pane, who painted
these leaves?
Are you laughing at the dreamer who saw
flowers in the winter?
I dreamed of love.
Oh joy and rapture!
I dreamed of love and rapture.
But then the cock crowed and my
eyes awoke.
Now I sit here alone and reflect upon
my dream.
I close my eyes once more.
My heart still beats so warmly.
Leaves on my window, when will you
turn green?
When will I hold love again in my arms?

12. LONELINESS

Like a dark cloud drifts through clear skies.
When a faint breeze blows in the fir tops.
Thus I go with weary steps through bright
joyful life, alone.
Alone, greeted by no one.
Alas that the air is so calm.
Alas that the world is so bright.
When storms were raging I was not
so wretched.

13. THE SENTINEL

Ah my heart, my marrow!
Though I am done, you my heart still wait.
Keeping vigil, hearing only silence.
Though I am done, you are my marrow,
A sentinel unmoved by facts, moved only
by fate.
This movement is first a murmur,
Then a single beat, then another
then another.
Then a trickle then a stream, a surge,
a torrent,
An eruption that spills over with hope.
Hoping to hear something, anything,
anything.
Though I am done, you my heart continue
to wait.
Keeping vigil hearing only silence.
So long with no word,
With nothing, silence, nothing.
Though I move forward

With strength and without suffering,
You my heart are a sentinel who hopes to be
invaded,
looking back full of suffering and without
strength.
You wait for even just a visit in a dream.
“Please visit in a dream,” you say
“Please visit in a dream.”
Though I am done, my heart is my marrow,
A sentinel unmoved by facts, moved only by
fate.
It waits for you and says “please, please,
please, please”.

14. THE GREY HEAD

The frost has sprinkled a white sheen upon
my head.
I thought, “already I’m an old man” and I
rejoiced!
But soon it melted away.
Now I shudder at my youth.
How far it is until the grave.
Between sunset and the light of morning
Many a head has turned grey.
But who will believe it?
Mine has not done so throughout this
whole journey.

15. THE CROW

[Instrumental]

16. LAST HOPE

A leaf.
My leaf, my hope.
It trembles.
I tremble, it falls.
I sink to my knees,
Weeping on the grave of my hope.

17. IN THE VILLAGE

Dogs bark! Chains rattle!
People sleep in their beds,
Dreaming of things they do not possess!
By tomorrow morning all will have vanished.
Let your dogs bark and drive me away.
Allow me no rest.
I am finished with all dreams.
Why should I linger among slumberers?

18. STORMY MORNING

The storm has ripped the sky.
Tattered clouds fly about,
Red flames between them.
My heart sees itself painted in the sky.
It is nothing but winter cold and savage.

19. DELUSION

Ah delusion.
Delusion is a godsend.

20. SIGNPOST

But then why do I avoid the roads the other
travelers take
And furtively seek hidden paths?
I have done no wrong that I should
shun mankind.
What foolish yearning drives me into
the wilderness?
Signposts stand on the road pointing to
the town,
And I wander on restlessly,
But seeking rest.
I see my own signpost,
Immovable before my eyes.
I must travel a road
from which no one has ever returned.

21. THE INN

My journey has brought me to a graveyard.
Here I will rest for the night.
Green funeral wreaths,
You must be the sign
Inviting weary travelers into the cool inn.
Are all the rooms in this house taken?
I am weary,
So weary and mortally wounded.
Do you still turn me away you pitiless tavern?
Onward, press onward.

22. COURAGE

When the snow flies in my face
I shake it off.
When my heart speaks in my breast
I don’t listen.
I sing loudly and merrily.
I sing to drown it out.
I do not hear what it tells me,
I have no ears.

I do not feel the hurt.
Pain is for fools.
Fool! Coward! Be brave!
Happily I step into the world,
Against wind and storm.
If there is no God on Earth then we must be
as gods.

23. THREE SUNS

I saw three suns.
I looked ‘till my eyes hurt.
Long and hard
To be sure.
But there they stayed.
I prayed they would never leave me,
But now I know.
These suns were not meant for me.
These are not my suns.
Look on other people’s faces.
Not long ago,
like them I had three suns.
Now the two best have set,
If only the third one would follow.
I would feel better in the dark.

24. THE HURDY-GURDY PLAYER

There, beyond the village
stands a hurdy-gurdy player.
With fingers numb he plays as best he can.
Barefoot on the ice,
He totters to and fro.
And his little plate remains forever empty.
No one wants to listen,
No one looks at him,
And dogs growl around the old man.
He lets everything go on as it will.
He plays and his hurdy-gurdy never stops.
Strange old man, shall I go with you?
Will you turn your hurdy-gurdy to my songs?



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