

on all that strand  
long no sound  
until unbidden go  
steps sole sound  
long sole sound  
on all that strand  
at end of day

**Francis Bacon,**  
*New Atlantis:*

We have also sound-houses, where we practise and demonstrate all sounds and their generation. We have harmonies which you have not, of quarter-sounds and lesser slides of sounds. Divers instruments of music likewise to you unknown, some sweeter than any you have; together with bells and rings that are dainty and sweet. We represent small sounds as great and deep; likewise great sounds, extenuate and sharp; we make divers tremblings and warblings of sounds, which in their original are entire. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters, and the voices and notes of beasts and birds. We have certain helps, which, set to the ear do further the hearing greatly. We have also divers strange and artificial echoes, reflecting the voice many times, and as it

were tossing it; and some that give back the voice louder than it came, some shriller and some deeper; yea, some rendering the voice, differing in the letters or articulate sound from that they receive. We have also means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes, in strange lines and distances.

**Milan Kundera:**

....köstlich langsam zerrannen die Sekunden

**Michel Houellebecq,**

*Extension du Domaine de la Lutte:*

.... il me faudra au contraire élaguer. Simplifier. Détruire un par un une foule de détails. J'y serai d'ailleurs aidé par le simple jeu du mouvement historique. Sous nos yeux, le monde s'uniformise; les moyens de télécommunication progressent; l'intérieur des appartements s'enrichit de nouveaux équipements. Les relations humaines deviennent progressivement impossibles, ce qui réduit d'autant la quantité d'anecdotes dont se compose une vie. Et peu à peu le visage de la mort apparaît, dans toute sa splendeur. Le troisième millénaire s'annonce bien.

**Rudolf Kelterborn**

*Erinnerungen an Shakespeare*

O me !,  
This sight of death is as a bell that warns my old age .....

*(Romeo and Juliet, V/3, Lady Capulet)*

There is a willow grows askant the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;

Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds

Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,

When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,

And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,  
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds

*(Hamlet, IV/7, Queen)*

White his shroud as the mountain snow...  
Larded all with sweet flowers .....

And will 'a not come again ?

And will 'a not come again ?

*(Hamlet, IV/5, Ophelia)*

What's in a name ? That which we call a rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet

*(Romeo and Juliet, II/2, Juliet)*

O, speak again, bright angel! - for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy, puffing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*(Romeo and Juliet, II/2, Romeo)*

Thou knowest that the mask of night is on my face .....

*(Romeo and Juliet, II/2, Juliet)*

Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

*(Romeo and Juliet, II/2, Juliet)*

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep

*(Romeo and Juliet, II/2, Juliet)*

**Cléo Palacio-Quintin**

*Le chant des nébuleuses*  
texte de Jessica Vigneault

**1. Nébuleuse Trifide**

Seule

Nébuleuse

Parmi tant de nébuleuses

Rayons fulgurants

Rose framboise

Un bouquet d'anémones

**C**OMPOSER COMPANIONS is a program designed to help demystify the world of new music, matching audience members with professional composers who serve as personal audio "tour guides" for live concerts. To arrange to have a composer guide for an evening at no cost (courtesy of the Canadian Music Centre Ontario Region and participating new music presenters) call the CMC Ontario Office at 416-961-6601 ext. 207 or e-mail [composercompanions@musiccentre.ca](mailto:composercompanions@musiccentre.ca)

**COMPOSER  
COMPANIONS**



Donner vie  
À l'inertie  
À des étoiles  
Sans bruit  
Détonner...  
Ma beauté fuse,  
Diffuse...  
  
Un nuage d'hydrogène  
Rougi par le temps  
Tant d'espace  
M'arrache  
Mon temps  
Vous me voyez vieillir  
Sans voir briller mes enfants

Alors  
Un miroir de poussière  
Reflète l'étoile voisine  
La lumière passe...  
Le temps s'étire  
Derrière le bleu

Seule  
Je suis nébuleuse Trifide

## 2. Nébuleuse de la Lyre

Seule  
Nébuleuse  
Parmi tant de nébuleuses...

Seule  
Si dense  
Si seule  
Qui danse

Sous mon arc-en-ciel  
En anneau de poudre de pierres  
Naine blanche  
Je me meurs  
Lentement  
Je m'éteins  
Je ne brille  
Que pour vous

Seule  
Qui danse  
Si dense  
Si seule

Des débris tombent  
Lentement  
Sur mes joues noires  
Froides et vides  
Pleines de feux depuis  
si longtemps brûlés  
Que le voyage entretient encore...  
Je meurs sans rêves  
Je m'endors  
Petit météore

Si seule  
Si dense  
Je danse  
Seule  
  
Nébuleuse de la lyre...

## 3. Nébuleuse du Crabe

J'...J'...  
J'e...J'...  
J'ex...J'...  
J'ex...J'...  
J'expl...  
J'explose.  
J'explose!

Plose  
Ex exprime  
Extirpe  
La rage

Je ex  
Suis actement  
Super extra  
Nova ordinaire

Exode ultra rapide  
De mes entrailles  
Cinglantes  
Traçant ma mort  
À toute allure  
Par une robe d'étoiles

Un pulsar  
Qui bat  
C'est mon cœur  
Dans la nuit

J'...J'...J'...  
J'expl...J'exp...  
J'...J'...  
J'explo...  
O... o... se!!

Je meurs éparpillée dans mon espace  
Je suis la nébuleuse du Crabe

Seule  
Nébuleuse  
Parmi tant de nébuleuses

**Thomas Kessler**

*Dichterlesung*

**R. Murray Schafer,**  
*The Tuning of the World:*

Man likes to make sounds to remind himself that he is not alone. From this point of view total silence is the rejection of the human personality.

Man fears the absence of sound as he fears the absence of life. As the ultimate silence is death, it achieves its highest dignity in the memorial service.

Since modern man fears death as none before him, he avoids silence to nourish his fantasy of perpetual life.

**Samuel Beckett:**

on all that strand  
at end of day  
steps sole sound  
long sole sound  
until unbidden stay  
then no sound