

Outward Voyage

Christopher Ludwig

music

Ken Cathers

text

Cliff Ridley

baritone

Danielle Marcinek

piano

GEN-B40



RECORDINGS

OUTWARD VOYAGE

Outward Voyage is a near complete setting of Ken Cather's book of poetry put to music by Christopher Ludwig and performed by Cliff Ridley, baritone, and Danielle Marcinek, piano.

Parts of the Outward Voyage book are quoted directly from or deal with ideas and images from the following sources:

Richard Hakluyt, Voyages & Discoveries

Paul Metcalf, Genoa

Carl O. Sauer, Northern Mists

T.H. White, The Beastiary

The poem beginning "bring nothing from board" is derived from Sebastian Cabot's ordinances for the direction of intended voyage to Cathay. 1553

The poem "epistle" starts with a letter from Mr. George Killingworth, agent, home to his parent company from Moscovy. 1555

"Through the flux of life and the shifting sea, the Outward Voyage poems are also an inward voyage, coming to anchor in a present time and place--the Gulf Islands of British Columbia." Cliff Ridley

CREDITS

Produced by

Cliff Ridley & Christopher Ludwig

Recorded & Mixed by Darel Simpson

Audio Mastering by:

Alex De Grace at Suite Sound Labs

Piano Tuning/Technician:

Johann B. Krebs, BC Pianocraft Ltd.

Cover Photograph and Design by Jim

Friesen, www.little-eye-studio.com

Cliff's portrait by Chuk

Danielle's portrait by Christina Trivett

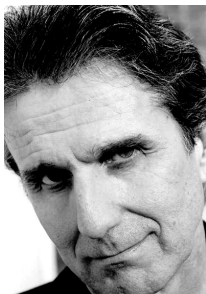
Christopher's Portrait by Russell L. Noel

Ken's photo is entitled "The Author
discovers the only Irish Pub in Odense,
Denmark"

Layout by Scott Hastings

The animal lifts its back out of the open sea above the watery waves, and then it anchors itself in one place; and on its back, what with the shingle of the ocean drawn there by the gales, a level lawn gets made and bushes begin to grow there. Sailing ships that happen to be going that way take it to be an island, and land on it. Then they make themselves a fireplace. But the whale, feeling the hotness of the fire, suddenly plunges down into the depths of the deep, and pulls down the anchored ship with it into the profound.

T.H. White, *The Beastiary*



Cliff Ridley

CLIFF RIDLEY, BARITONE, is a native of Victoria BC and studied at the Victoria Conservatory of Music, the Banff Centre and the Courtenay Youth Music Centre. He worked in the 20th century vocal repertoire with the distinguished Canadian soprano Frances James Adaskin. He was also fortunate to be able to fill out his vocal studies with Selena James and Catherine Wendol in Victoria, and with Robert Irwin and Dorothy Lawson in Winnipeg. Dr. Ridley is also a clinical psychologist and psychoanalyst practicing in Vancouver BC.



Danielle Marcinek

DANIELLE MARCINEK, PIANO, holds a Bachelor of Music degree in performance with distinction from the University of Victoria and an ARCT in piano performance from the Royal Conservatory of Music. She studied with Dr. Robin Wood in Victoria and with Pat Miller in Port Alberni. She has extensive experience in working with choirs in the lower mainland and Vancouver Island, including Surrey Children's Choir, the Bach Children's Choir, and Coastal Sound Music Academy and has been an accompanist at the prestigious International Choral Kathaumixw, in Powell River.

CHRISTOPHER LUDWIG, COMPOSER, holds Bachelor degrees in Music and Education, as well as a Master degree in Composition from the University of British Columbia. Ludwig studied with a variety of composition teachers including Canadian composers Stephen Chatman, Larry Nickel and Robert Pritchard. To date, he has composed over a hundred compositions including four volumes of flute duets, various works for flute choir, as well as numerous orchestral, chamber and vocal works. Ludwig currently teaches flute, music theory, ear training and composition at the Mount Royal Conservatory of Music in Richmond, B.C.



Christopher Ludwig

KEN CATHERS, POET, has been an active writer for over 40 years. He has been published in numerous periodicals and anthologies including "6 Poets of B.C." (ed. Robin Skelton), The Poets of Canada (ed. J.R. Colombo), Skookum Wawa (ed. Gary Geddes), "What Is Already Known" (ed. Sean Virgo) and "Rocksalt" (Mona Furtig, ed.) His fifth book of poetry "Blues for the Grauballeman" was recently published by Ekstasis press. He has a B.A. from the University of Victoria and a M.A. from York Univeristy and works as a Senior Production Operator at Harmac Pulp Mill in Nanaimo. He has been long and happily married to his wife Inge and has two adult sons and four grandchildren.



Ken Catthers

OUTWARD VOYAGE

Part 1

setting out
out here
night vision
marked a spot

Part 2

rid of meridian
bring nothing from board
as long as
fear was not
voyage: it's the disappointment

Part 3

epistle: it may please your worship
draughtsman 1: kept getting it
2: was obsessed with it
3: it was the shipwrights
on this dead surface
once there was
stripcasting the gap
rock cod, ling
kept spinning out
& woke

Part 4

blood tastes salt
saltspring (for john):
there is more silence
found a ryebottle
latitudes: this is what he did
watching him
don't let her

Part 5

& new words
& the legs cramped
this morning

Additional Songs

reflective (piano solo)
night walker
girl in the café
broken sky
wedded
the hand

ART SONG POETRY

Night Walker

(Lyrics from the following 6 poems)

A Death Wish

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Come, thou bleak December Wind.
And blow the dry Leaves from the Tree!
Flash like a Love-thought, thro' me,
Death
And take a Life, that wearies me.

Epitaphy

By Anonymous

Remember my friend as you walk by
As you are now so once was I
As I am now you will surely be
Prepare thyself to follow me.

Despair

By Ada Cambridge

Alone! Alone! No beacon, far or near!
No chart, no compass, and no anchor stay!
Like melting fog, the mirage melts away
In all-surrounding darkness, void and clear,
Drifting, I spread vain hands, & vainly peer,
And vainly call for pilot—weep and pray;
Beyond these limits not the faintest ray
Shows the distant coast whereto the lost may
steer.

O what is Life, if we must hold it thus,
As wind-blown sparks hold momentary fire?
What are these gifts without the larger boon?
O what is Art, or Wealth, or Fame to us

Who scarce have time to know what we desire?
O what is Love, if we must part so soon?

In Darkness let me Dwell

By John Dowland

In darkness let me dwell, the ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair to bar all cheerful light from me,
The walls of marble black that moisten'd still shall weep,
My music hellish jarring sounds, to banish friendly sleep.
Thus wedded to my woes, and bedded to my tomb,
O, let me, living die, living die, till death do come.
In darkness let me dwell.

The Watchman

By Ada Cambridge

Let organ music swell and peal
And priests and people pray;
Let those who can at alter kneel—
I have no heart to stay.
I cannot bear to see it done—
The hands whose work has scarce begun
Locked in these gyves of lead-
The living spirit gagged and bound,
And tethered to one plot of ground—
A prisoner of the dead.

Night Walker

By Chris Ludwig

Heaven knows the night walker
Whose strides owns no pavement
Over the branches and the
backyards
Of the weary

Travel in the garden of night
Where ownership sees no bounds
And the wind has thoughts and
dreams
That blow the office blocks

Meet the wind
Prey on the nightmares and
bedrooms of days
To want and to straddle
All that is not
And all that could be

Girl in the Café

By Ken Cathers

the girl in the café
wears glasses
when she's not working
and moves self-conscious
among the coffees
wanting to believe me
when I tell her
she is beautiful
with her broken nose.

Broken Sky

By Chris Ludwig

And the ground fell
The broken sky, under my skin
And they picked over the pieces
With only crumbs for the birds

And I soar
Fly away from this brokenness

And break the wings
The large and all

And my little wings
Not so small
After all is apart

In the crumbling
When all is done

Nah Nah Nah Nah...

Wedded

By Chris Ludwig

I wondered in my
wanderer
what you meant when
you thought
you loved me so

And as we went
we thought
that notion
abandoned

Why we questioned
only now and then
Where will I be?

I know the outcome
I see it on their faces
at a wedding still

Yet in ritual
Once more important
I remember you

Who you are
Who you were

I feel comfort
even knowing
our end is as theirs

I hope they will
reach a place
such as ours

And as we went
we thought
that notion
abandoned

The Hand

By Chris Ludwig

My hand is alone
Fists and folly

Everything I touch
Crushed fruit in the fingers

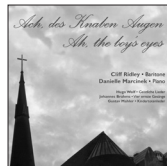
The skin grows grey
Finishing its work ahead of schedule
My hand will slap you in the face
Wake you
Wake you
From this delirium

Detachment
Where I hold you close

Yet elsewhere
In spirit
I meant nothing

I strived and crumbled

Live for you
The mighty hand
Embalmed
In a world clutched by weak flesh



Cliff Ridley and Danielle Marcinek have collaborated on two previous recordings: *Ach des Knaben Augen* (Ah, the boys eyes) featuring the music of Hugo Wolf (*Spiritual Songs*), Johannes Brahms (*Vier Ernste Gesänge*), and Gustav Mahler (*Kindertotenlieder*) as well as the album *Gentle Lady*, do not sings sad songs..., selections from the works of Jean Coulthard and Violet Archer.

‘Outward Voyage’

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...and, perhaps like Ishmael on board the Pequod, he was hunting back towards the beginning of things; and like the voyage of the Pequod, - or of any of the various caravels of Columbus that struck fierce weather returning from the Indies...his voyage "home," was disastrous...

Paul Metcalf, Genoa

Outward Voyage

1. Outward Voyage Parts 1 – 2	14:01
2. Outward Voyage Part 3	8:09
3. Outward Voyage Parts 4 – 5	10:56
4. Reflective (Piano Solo)	3:12
5. Night Walker	11:17
6. Girl in the Café	2:06
7. Broken Sky	2:05
8. Wedded	3:06
9. The Hand	2:11

Total Running Time 57:08

As a traveller to unknown parts, Columbus was of course expected to bring back tales of fish growing on trees, men with tails, and headless people with their eyes in their bellies...

Paul Metcalf, Genoa



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