

*Celebration*

"We are moved by your radiance.  
I have brought you this gold crown. I spliced its flowers together  
Only the bees looking for flowers in spring go freely through the cool grass.  
Your voice is distinct in my ears.

Now blessed lady, take this! Embellish your gold hair.  
No man alive approaches my good luck to ride with you.  
Though your face I never see, may my love go throughout life,  
as strong at the finish as now, at the turning point.  
This comes from a faithful hand."

*(Dec 27, 1995  
Hippolytus worships Artemis and purity)*

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*Try to Make Yourself a Work of Art*

Try to make yourself a work of art like me--  
you can't! See?  
Only me.  
What your mind, so sound and safe, cannot know.  
This was my plot.

*(Dec 28, 1995  
jealous Aphrodite curses Hippolytus, and his purity)*

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*Chorale*

"Could you shift my weight a little?  
And prop my head straighter?  
What I most want--what I have spoken aloud--is eating me alive."

*(Jan 3, 1996 early morning  
Phaedra's reveals her strange and sudden shameful passion for stepson Hippolytus)*

"All leave in silence"

*(Jan 3, 1996 midday  
Chorus sings after Phaedra's suicide)*

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*The Falling Age*

"A rock there is where, as they say, the ocean dew distills.  
And from its beetling brow, there pours a copious stream  
for pitchers to be dipped therein.  
'Twas here I had a friend washing robes of purple in the trickling stream,  
and she was laying them out to dry on the face of a warm and sunny rock.  
From her I heard the tidings..."

See, here the wretched sufferer comes.  
His youthful flesh and golden hair  
have lost their beauty.  
Oh, what pain!  
What double grief has fallen on these halls  
and swooped on them  
from heaven."

*(Jan 5, 1996 midday  
a stranger witnesses Hippolytus' suffering)*

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*Goddess Eyes*

"I can see you, but my eyes are not allowed to cry...  
But in your dying you are dear to me."

*(Jan 5, 1996 early evening  
Artemis sings as Hippolytus falls)*

"A plotting goddess tripped him  
and he fell"

*(Jan 5, 1996 late night/early morning  
Chorus sings after Hippolytus falls)*

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*So Lillies*

So lillies, so tenderly  
when my dreams reflect them.  
Seeming fragrant, ah! Were sun in their grief!

Your white  
of the dream,  
unbinding my hands with my head, while enclosed in your violet grace.

So lost,  
boredom and fountains.

Wickedly,  
eyes.  
When will they turn around?

*(Jan 6, 1996 early evening after mourning  
Artemis performs a song at the train station)*

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Quotes from either Robert Bagg's or E.P. Coleridge's version of Euripides' *Hippolytus*.  
"Chorale" loop (track 8) an excerpt from a chorale by J.S. Bach.

Recordings are positioned by an aural logic rather than in the chronological order shown above.  
After Phaedra's suicide, all chorus men speak the last line of their tragedy of choice.

**Saxophone:** Casey Anderson (Track 2, 6, 8)

**Ensemble:** CalArts New Century Players (Track 3)

**Chorus:** Casey Anderson, Scott Cazan, Darryl Holter, James Klopfeisch, Matthew David McQueen, Sepand Shahab, Mark So (Track 8)

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**Mastering:** Matthew David McQueen

**Album artwork:** Jesselisa Moretti