

FRANK LOESSER: *Adelaide's Lament* from *Guys and Dolls*  
Text: Loesser

*It says here:*

The av'rage unmarried female, basically insecure,  
Due to some long frustration may react  
With psychosomatic symptoms, difficult to endure,  
Affecting the upper respiratory tract.

In other words, just from waiting around for that plain little band of gold,  
A person can develop a cold.  
You can spray her wherever you figure the streptococci lurk,  
You can give her a shot for whatever she's got but it just won't work.  
If she's tired of getting the fish-eye from the hotel clerk,  
A person can develop a cold.

*It says here:*

The female, remaining single, just in the legal sense  
Shows a neurotic tendency. See note:  
Chronic, organic syndromes, toxic or hypertense,  
Involving the eye, the ear, and the nose, and throat.

In other words, just from worrying whether the wedding is on or off,  
A person can develop a cough.  
You can feed her all day with the Vitamin A and the Bromo Fizz  
But the medicine never gets anywhere near where the trouble is.  
If she's tired of getting a name for herself and the name ain't "his,"  
A person can develop a cough.

And furthermore, just from stalling and stalling and stalling the wedding trip,  
A person can develop La grippe.  
When they get on the train for Niag'ra and she can hear church bells chime,  
The compartment is air-conditioned and the mood sublime...  
Then they get off at Saratoga for the fourteenth time,  
A person can develop La grippe,  
La grippe, La post-nasal drip,  
With the wheezes, and the sneezes, and the sinus that's really a pip!

From a lack of community property and a feeling she's getting too old,  
A person can develop a bad, bad cold.

*MUSIC*  
AT STANFORD

**BODY PARTS:  
MUSICAL  
REFLECTIONS  
ON MEDICINE**

**Arunima Kohli  
SOPRANO**

**Su Mi Park  
PIANO**

**CAMPBELL RECITAL HALL  
SUNDAY, 23 APRIL, 2017  
7:00 P.M.**



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## PROGRAM

### I DECONSTRUCTION

**Hilaire Belloc Songs, Op. 75 (1965)**

No. 2: *The Microbe*

**Vincent Persichetti**

(1915–1987)

**Body Parts Songs (2010)**

1. *Preliminary Studies for the Frankfurt Readings 1984:*

*study 1: the mouth as servant*

*study 2: the role of the tongue*

*study 3: on the effects of the saliva*

**Michael Nyman**

(b. 1944)

**IRIS OTANI, BEN-HAN SUNG, ANDREW LAN, AND STEPHANIE ATWOOD, violin**

**JENNIE YENG AND BRIGHT ZHOU, viola**

**DELENN CHIN AND ROBIN ABS, cello**

**TERESA DAYRIT, conductor**

### II MALADIES – MADNESS

**Drei Lieder der Ophelia, Op. 67 (1919)**

*Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb vor andern nun*

*Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag*

*Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß*

**Richard Strauss**

(1864–1949)

### III THE PHYSICIAN AS COMPOSER

**Для берегов отчизны дальней (1881)**

**Alexander Borodin**

(1833–1887)

**Море (баллада) (1870)**

**Borodin**

**У людей-то в дому (1881)**

**Borodin**

### INTERMISSION

**THEODORE CHANLER:** *Meet Doctor Livermore*

Text: Leonard Feeney

Meet Doctor Grosvenor Livermore,  
That most discreet psychopathic M.D.;  
Greet him, and tell him what you most abhor,  
And let him look at you suspiciously.

He'll be unsurprised as anything;  
He will always have known you of yore;  
And a nice little vice,  
Disguised as anything:  
Well, that's what Doctor Livermore is for.

So sit down, and listen to him chatter,  
The while he tells you what to tell him is the matter;  
And if you fear what he's afraid that you have got:  
If you're a split personality nut,  
A completely unmotivated mutt;  
If your innate decency is everything but,  
There is no need to shiver more,  
Once you meet Doctor Livermore.

**DOUGLAS MOORE:** *Now, Doctor Gregg, you have gone too far (Lola's Aria)* from *Gallantry*

Text: Arnold Sundgaard

Now, Doctor Gregg, you have gone too far.  
Now, Doctor Gregg, you have cut too deep.  
Until this moment I've kept my peace.  
Until this hour I have sealed my lips.  
But I'll keep my silence no longer.

If you were merely a man, Doctor Gregg,  
I would never speak so harshly.  
But you are more than a man, you are a doctor!  
Deemed and respected,  
Deemed and admired as a surgeon and leader in your profession.

Now, Doctor Gregg, all the world must know.  
Now, Doctor Gregg, all the world must see  
That beneath that smiling mask  
Lurks the soul of a beast.  
For now I shall expose you.

Donald, Donald, sleep on my love,  
In your dreams so little suspecting  
That while you sleep your life is in danger.  
Here lying helpless at the mercy of this smiling monster.  
Now, Doctor Gregg, you have gone too far.

from down below up to the solar plexus  
the tip of an indefinite sapphire pyramid  
from under which a vortex comes up [a] salty empire  
of a water banter  
a panther or aquatic tigress  
a she male  
breathing sapphire

I breathe my health  
I breathe my non-terminal unhealth  
from the base of my stomach  
I don't know whether I am a man or a woman  
I relax the tissue underneath  
as it comes up a maelstrom  
of programming features for this continent which I am  
and a micro chain explodes inside my breath  
and bees sting the open lips of froth.

**SAMUEL BARBER:** *I do not like thee, Doctor Fell*  
Text: Tom Brown

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!  
The reason why, I cannot tell.  
But this I know and know full well,  
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!

**HENRY MOLLICONE:** *Five Love Songs*

III. *Doctor Fell*  
Text: Brown

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.  
The reason why I cannot tell.  
But this one thing I know full well:  
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

## IV MALADIES – AIDS

from **The AIDS Quilt Songbook**  
*A Certain Light* (1992)

**Elizabeth Brown**  
(b. 1953)

*Perineo* (1993)

**Libby Larsen**  
(b. 1950)

## V PERSPECTIVES ON PHYSICIANS

**Nursery Songs, or Mother Goose Rhymes Set to Music**  
(ca. 1918–22)  
c. *I Do Not Like Thee, Dr. Fell*

**Samuel Barber**  
(1910–1981)

**Five Love Songs** (1910-1981)  
III. *Doctor Fell*

**Henry Mollicone**  
(b. 1946)

**Meet Doctor Livermore** (ca. 1940s)

**Theodore Chanler**  
(1902–1961)

from **Gallantry** (1958)  
*Now, Doctor Gregg, you have gone too far* (Lola's aria)

**Douglas Moore**  
(1893–1969)

## V THE PATIENT PERSPECTIVE

from **Guys and Dolls** (1950)  
*Adelaide's Lament*

**Frank Loesser**  
(1910–1969)

*Arunima Kohli would like to thank her patrons, Dr. Fred M. Levin and Ms. Nancy Livingston, for their generous support through the A. Jess Shenson Memorial Scholarship. She would also like to thank Dr. Audrey Shafer, Jacqueline Genovese, and the Stanford Medicine and the Muse Program for their support.*

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**AN ADDITIONAL NOTE TO PARENTS:** *We appreciate your effort in bringing your children to a live music performance. Out of respect for other audience members and the performers, we count on you to maintain their quiet and attentive behavior. Thank you.*

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## PROGRAM NOTES

### BACKGROUND

This evening's recital began as an attempt to connect the two major areas of my life: medicine and music (specifically, singing). Although I initially conceived of it as a project directly reflecting upon my own medical school experience, I was quickly struck by the rich web of interaction between these two disciplines. Not only has music played a vital role in healing since antiquity, but the canon of Western music abounds with musical depictions of illness, from the nefarious doctor in Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* to the tuberculosis-stricken heroine of Verdi's *La Traviata*. Musicians have often struggled with illness themselves: witness Beethoven's deafness or Schumann's tragic bout with syphilis. Inspired by this wealth of material, I decided to present a program exploring the intersection of medical science and musical art. While it was surprisingly challenging to find musical works that were directly related to medicine, typing "medicine," "medical," "doctor," "healing," "physician," and other medicine-related terms into the Stanford Library Catalog turned up some surprising finds. I would particularly like to thank Wendy Hillhouse and Laura Dahl for their assistance in choosing music.

Medicine and music have been linked for millennia. Apollo, the Greek God of healing, is also the God of music, and Hippocrates, the father of Greek medicine, played music for his patients. Music and dance were important components of shamanistic healing rituals. In the Bible, David plays the harp to rid King Saul of a bad spirit. Mkhitar Heratsi, the father of Armenian medicine and author of the *Treatment of Fevers*, prescribed listening to "much songs of the singers, the sound of the strings, and pleasant melodies" for the treatment of fevers. Musical therapy was also widely used in early Islam. During the Renaissance, when medical theory and treatment was dominated by the four humors (sanguine, melancholic, choleric, phlegmatic), music was regarded as a way to restore imbalances between the temperaments, and thus heal diseases caused by these imbalances.

More recently, books written for mass audiences such as Oliver Sacks' *Musophilia*, Daniel Levitin's *This is Your Brain on Music*, and Aniruddh Patel's *Music, Language, and the Brain* have highlighted, in particular, the relationship between music and the brain. Multiple studies have been published that indicate learning an instrument or listening to music can mitigate memory loss due to aging, and listening to music can help decrease anxiety and pain in a number of medical conditions, including cancer and burn victims. Dance has been found to improve the symptoms of Parkinson disease. Moreover, physicians have constantly turned to music, as performers, composers, and listeners. This is particularly well-illustrated by Lisa Wong's book *Scales to Scalpels: Doctors Who Practice the Healing Arts of Music and Medicine*, about the Longwood Symphony

*I breathe my health*  
respiro mi no terminal enfermedad  
*from the base of my stomach*  
no sé si soy hombre o mujer  
*I relax the tissue underneath*  
*as it comes up a maelstrom*  
*of programming features for this continent*  
*which I am*  
y explota una cadena dentro de mi aliento  
y las abejas pican los labios abiertos  
de la espuma

I don't know whether I am a man or a woman  
I breathe  
from the groin, from the perineum  
I breathe from the perineum  
and I relax  
I hold out my now empty  
I breathe in my trust  
from the perineum  
up into the center of my chest  
I am an instrument  
of god, I am god, as it comes up  
from the perineum  
in and out  
I open up from behind  
I inhale from behind and from underneath  
from the base of my stomach  
from a drum membrane  
I open up  
I don't know whether I am a man or a woman  
I trust and sing  
and lo and behold  
from behind a raw air pumps up  
as a reward to those who breathe  
it plays music  
it passes through my nostrils, mouth shut  
I am a tiger  
I breathe every loose end of god  
every finger end  
from the perineum  
where the seams are so recent  
and the fingers can tell  
that you are young

(continued)

LIBBY LARSEN: *Perineo*

Text: Roberto Echavarren

Translation: Echavarren

No sé si soy hombre o mujer

respiro

desde la ingle, desde el perineo

y me relajo

*I hold out my now empty*

*I breathe in my trust*

*from the perineum*

*up into the center of my chest*

*I am an instrument*

*of god, I am god as it comes up*

*from the perineum*

*in and out*

*I open up from behind*

*I inhale from behind and from underneath*

desde la base del estómago

desde una lonja de tambor

me abro

*I don't know whether I am a man or a woman*

*I trust and sing*

*and lo and behold*

*from behind a raw air pumps up*

*as a reward to those who breathe*

*it plays music*

*it passes through my nostrils, mouth shut*

*I am a tiger*

respiro los tentáculos de dios

la punta perdida de sus dedos

por el perineo

donde las costuras todavía son recientes

y los dedos juzgan

que eres joven.

*from down below up to the solar plexus*

*the tip of an indefinite sapphire pyramid*

*from under which a vortex comes up [a] salty empire of a water banter*

*a panther or aquatic tigress*

*a she male*

*breathing sapphire*

Orchestra, a Boston-based orchestra comprised of medical professionals, but there are examples of physician-musicians in every community, no matter the size.

Music, too, is full of medicine. Some of the most well known composers were famously afflicted with diseases such as syphilis (among them Schumann, Schubert, and Wolf) and tuberculosis, which affected both their composition abilities and the music they produced. There is constant speculation on the medical causes of Beethoven's deafness and Mozart's death, among others. Madness and tuberculosis are common themes in musical works, and particularly in opera — Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* and Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Puccini's *La Bohème* and Verdi's *La Traviata*. And there are plenty of doctors in opera — they just tend to be villainous basses, using their positions to carry out some nefarious scheme, as in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* or Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*. In fact, I found it extremely difficult to find positive depictions of physicians in music — one of the more sympathetic characters is Violetta's physician in *La Traviata*, who supports her as she battles tuberculosis until her death, but he is overshadowed by figures such as the doctor in Berg's *Wozzeck*, who experiments on the title character, using him as a research subject, eventually driving Wozzeck to madness. These representations are not only seen in opera: Fritz Spiegl's *MuSick Notes: A Medical Songbook* is a collection of Victorian and Edwardian parlor music about doctors and medical treatments, all of which almost uniformly portray doctors as, at best, quacks, and at worst, charlatans actively doing harm for their own profit. It is an unfortunate history borne of a time when medicine was far less precise, but the theme of distrust carries through even into even more modern works, such as the musical *Next to Normal* (2008), which depicts a psychiatrist who cares about his patient but is still experimenting with treatments for the central character's bipolar disorder — the song *My Psychopharmacologist and I* notably ends with the character saying, "I don't feel anything," and the doctor saying, "Patient stable."

At Stanford, the intersection between medicine and music is even more overt. Stanford Medical School holds an annual symposium every April, "Medicine and the Muse," celebrating the intersection of arts and the humanities with medicine, which features a keynote speaker from the arts, as well as medical students "highlight[ing] their artistic talents through performances of song, dance, music, poetry, film and exhibits of artwork and photography." The Stanford Medicine Music Network brings together medical professionals from the Stanford healthcare organizations who are interested in performing music and has hundreds of members. Annual symposia on Music and the Brain have been held in collaboration between the Music Department and Medical School. And all this is just the tip of the iceberg. I have been fortunate to attend medical school at an institution that supports the arts in medicine and am extremely grateful to have the opportunity to share all of this with you.

## I: DECONSTRUCTION

The first two years of medical school are focused on teaching students the basic science of medicine, starting with molecular biology and moving through to teaching about normal physiology and disease of each of the organ systems of the body. These first two years, then, are about breaking both medicine and the human bodies into their component parts; hence, my choice of Vincent Persichetti's setting of Hilaire Belloc's well-known poem "The Microbe" and Michael Nyman's *Body Parts Songs*.

**HILAIRE BELLOC** was an Anglo-French author, satirist, and historian, regarded as one of the Big Four of Edwardian Letters (the others being H.G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, and G.K. Chesterton). His view of the world was strongly influenced by his Catholic faith; he envisioned Europe as a "Catholic society" and was an outspoken critic of capitalism and socialism, advocating for the socioeconomic system of distributism. As a poet, he is best known for his satirical writings, particularly his *Cautionary Tales for Children*, which includes such poems as "Jim: Who ran away from his Nurse, and was eaten by a Lion," and "Rebecca: Who Slammed Doors for Fun and Perished Miserably." The poem "The Microbe," here set in a deceptively simple fashion that at times almost seems to echo a nursery-rhyme by Vincent Persichetti, one of the foremost American composers and teacher from the 20th century, comes from Belloc's *More Beasts (for Worse Children)*, published in 1897, and combines both Belloc's satirical view of the world and his skepticism. The microscope had been invented, and microbes had certainly been observed by then, but Belloc's narrator is still skeptical of these fantastic "beasts."

The British minimalist composer **MICHAEL NYMAN** had already demonstrated an interest in the intersection of medicine and music in his one-act opera *The Man Who Mistook his Wife for a Hat* (1986), an adaptation of the Oliver Sacks case study by the same name, well before he wrote *Body Parts Songs* as a commission for the artistic director of the Festival of Pollença in Mallorca. *Body Parts Songs* contains eight sets, each with text by a different poet that ranges from the humorous to the downright salacious. The first of these sets, *Preliminary studies for the Frankfurt readings 1984*, takes text from Ernst Jandl (1925–2000), an Austrian writer and poet who, inspired by Dada, wrote experimental poetry characterized by German word play. These three poems are all focused around the mouth and its various components, with a very literal focus on functionality that is played to humorous effect. The strangely prosaic nature of the text is further highlighted by the minimalist piano and string quartet accompaniment.

## II: MALADIES – MADNESS

This is the first of two sets in this recital about illness, drawn from two historical extremes. Madness is as old as humanity itself, though it has been regarded very differently over the years. Ancient myths from traditions all over the world

**ELIZABETH BROWN:** *A Certain Light*

Text: Marie Howe

He had taken the right pills the night before.  
We had counted them out

from the egg carton where they were numbered so there'd be no mistake.  
He had taken the morphine and prednisone and amitriptyline

and florinef and vancomycin and halcion too quickly  
and had thrown up in the bowl Joe brought to the bed — a thin string

of blue spit — then waited a few minutes, to calm himself,  
before he took them all again. And had slept through the night

and the morning and was still sleeping at noon — or not sleeping.  
He was breathing maybe twice a minute and we couldn't wake him,

we couldn't wake him until we shook him hard, calling *John wake up now*  
*John wake up — Who is the president?*

And he couldn't answer.  
His doctor told us we'd have to keep him up for hours.

He was all bones and skin, no tissue to absorb the medicine.  
He couldn't walk unless two people held him.

And we made him talk about the movies: *What was the best moment in*  
*On the Waterfront? What was the music in Gone with the Wind?*

And for seven hours he answered, if only to please us, mumbling  
*I like the morphine, sinking, rising, sleeping, rousing,*

then only in pain again. But wakened.  
So wakened that late that night in one of those still blue moments

that were a kind of paradise, he finally opened his eyes wide, and the room  
filled with a certain light we thought we'd never see again.

Look at you two, he said. And we did.  
And Joe said, *Look at you.* And John said, *How do I look?*  
And Joe said, *Handsome.*

**BORODIN:** *У людей-то в дому*  
Text: Nikolay Nekrasov  
Translation: Richard Miller

У людейто в дому чистота,  
лепота,  
а у насто в дому теснота,  
духота.

У людейто для шей с  
солонинкою чан,  
а у насто во шах таракан!

У людей кумовья ребятишек дарят,  
а у нас кумовья твой же хлеб  
приедят!

У людей на уме поговорить с  
кумой,  
а у нас на уме, не пойти бы с  
сумой? Эх!

Кабы так нам зажить, чтобы свет  
удивить:  
чтобы деньги в мошне, чтобы рожь  
на гумне;  
чтоб шлея в бубенцах,  
расписная дуга;  
чтоб сукно на плечах, не  
посконьдерюга;

чтоб не хуже других нам почет  
от людей,  
поп в гостях у больших, у детей  
грамотей;  
чтобы детки в дому, словно пчелы  
в меду,  
а хозяйка в дому, что малинка  
в саду!

The haves have houses all nice and clean,  
clean and nice,  
but our houses are all close and cramped,  
full of lice.

The haves' stew pot's brimming with  
mutton and beef,  
but in ours all you'll find are some  
roaches and fleas!

The haves' granddads just beat on the kids,  
but our granddads eat up our bread  
and our grits!

All the haves have to think of is chewing  
the fat,  
but all we think about is, Where's our  
next meal at? Ekh!

Oh, if we lived like them we would light  
up the world:  
we'd have cash in the purse and corn in  
the barn;  
buy a harness with bells and a  
fancy oxbow,  
and some shirts made of linen instead  
of sackcloth;

And at last we would get some respect  
from the haves,  
the priest would stop by and the kids  
would learn reading;  
and the kids would be happy as bees in  
the honey,  
and the housewife would bloom like  
a raspberry bush!

depict madness as a result of the gods (multiple gods in Hinduism), extreme stress or trauma (Orpheus), or possession by dark forces (e.g., the Devil in Christianity), among others. At the same time, madness was seen in many cultures as a mark of communion with the heavens, and the visions of many of the great ancient mystics and sages are now thought to be explained by psychiatric causes. Foucault's *Madness and Civilization: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason* argues that in the Renaissance, madness was viewed as a kind of wisdom, but that this changed with the Age of Reason in the 17th century, when the mad were separated from society and confined in institutions, which then in the "modern" experience transitioned to institutions run by medical doctors, whose aims were both to confine and cure the mad. In the current era, mental illness is a complicated field in which much is still left to understand, and in which we still struggle to deliver good, effective, empathetic treatment, and to understand the biological bases underlying the treatments that we do have.

Madness is as ubiquitous in all art forms as it has been in history. Certainly one of the most enduring images of madness in art is the character of Ophelia from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, who tragically goes mad toward the end of the play and eventually ends up drowning. The characters in the play interpret Ophelia's madness as a result of her grief for her father, killed (by mistake) by Hamlet, her suitor. However, other analyses interpret Ophelia's madness as a response to Hamlet's rejection of her earlier in the play ("I loved you not"), or to being torn between conflicting views of her sexuality from her family (her father and brother), who view her as virginal and pure and urge her to guard her virtue against Hamlet, and from Hamlet, who distrusts her and views her as a whore, his view of women tainted by the fact that he has learned his mother married his father's murderer.

**RICHARD STRAUSS's** *Drei Lieder die Ophelia* sets three of the songs Ophelia sings after she has gone mad, with text taken from Karl Simrock's translation. The settings themselves vividly illustrate Ophelia's madness. The first movement, *Wie erkenn ich mein treulieb vor andern nun*, set over a haunting repeating melody in the piano, speaks of true love and loss, which can be interpreted to be about Hamlet and his abandonment of Ophelia. The text of the second movement, *Guten morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag*, with its discussion of sex and faithless men, is often taken to indicate that Ophelia and Hamlet had sex before Hamlet then threw her over in pursuit of revenge, with this loss of virtue and subsequent betrayal seen as a possible cause for her madness. The rapid tempo and alternating octaves in the piano indicate a frantic energy, which can be taken to represent mania, anger, or both. The text of the third movement, *Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß*, is a song of mourning, and is widely interpreted to be an elegy for Ophelia's father, Polonius. The rippling watery piano figurations in the third movement foreshadow Ophelia's impending death by drowning.

### III: THE PHYSICIAN AS COMPOSER

As noted above, there have been numerous physician-musicians, including composers. One of the more notable physician composers is ALEXANDER BORODIN, a Russian composer of Georgian origin who was a member of the Mighty Handful, a group of five Russian composers (Mily Balakirev, César Cui, Modest Mussorgsky, and Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov) focused on creating distinctly Russian classical music. Borodin entered the Medical-Surgical Academy in St. Petersburg in 1850, where he pursued a career in chemistry; upon graduation, he practiced as a surgeon in a military hospital for a year and then pursued further study in Europe. In 1862, he returned to the Imperial Medical-Surgical Academy in St. Petersburg, where he taught and conducted research in chemistry. He is particularly known for his work on aldehydes, and is co-credited with the discovery of the Aldol reaction (with Charles-Adolphe Wurtz). In 1872, Borodin, an advocate for women's rights and education, established the School of Medicine for Women in St. Petersburg. Borodin also started taking lessons from Balakirev in 1862, and composed from then until his death.

Borodin is most known for his opera *Prince Igor*, two string quartets, *In the Steppes of Central Asia*, and his symphonies. Lesser known are his 16 songs: four written between 1852 and 1855, and 12 written between 1867 and 1885. The three songs in this set are chosen from the latter and represent Borodin as a mature composer. *Для берегов отчизны дальней* ("For the Shores of Your Far Homeland"), the first, is perhaps the best known of Borodin's songs and is believed to be inspired in part by the death of Mussorgsky in 1881. *Море (баллада)* ("The Sea (a ballad)") is a dramatic piece in rondo form, with contrasting sections of turbulence and calm reflecting the tempestuous seas, further dramatized by the numerous key changes. *У людей-то в дому* ("The Haves at Home") is a comical piece that makes light of the (unenviable) plight of the Russian peasant, written in the manner of Mussorgsky. It is the only song written by Borodin for voice and orchestra.

My ability to perform this set owes a great deal to Jennifer Rosenfeld, who very kindly took several hours out of an afternoon in February to help me figure out how to pronounce Russian.

### IV: MALADIES – AIDS

This is the second set of pieces about illness, and deals with one of the newest human diseases, Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS), the end-stage of the disease caused by the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV). AIDS was first recognized in the United States in 1981, in clusters of intravenous drug users and previously healthy homosexual men. Originally called Gay-Related Immunodeficiency (GRID) in the media before the epidemiology of the disease was better understood, the disease was particularly devastating to the gay community, and, consequently, artistic communities, in part because of the

BORODIN: *Море (баллада)*

Text: Borodin

Translation: Richard Miller

Море бурно шумит,  
волны седые катит.

The sea wildly roars,  
driving the gray waves ashore.

По морю едет пловец молодой и  
отважный,  
везет он с собою товар дорогой,  
непродажный.

A young and bold sailor sails the  
open ocean,  
carrying with him a merchandise beyond  
all value.

А ветер и волны навстречу  
бегут  
и пеной холодной пловца  
обдают.

And the wind and the waves bear down  
on his boat  
and drench the sailor in a froth stiff  
and cold.

С добычей богатой он едет  
домой:  
с камнями цветными, с парчой дорогою,  
с жемчугом крупным, с казной золотой,  
с женой молодою.

With rich booty and trinkets homeward  
he sails:  
with colorful stones, with costly brocade,  
a magnificent pearl, a treasure of gold,  
and a comely young wife.

Завидная выпала молодцу доля:  
добыча богатая, вольная воля и нежные  
ласки жены молодой...

To the sailor had fallen an enviable lot:  
rich booty, the freedom to roam far  
and wide, and the tender caresses of  
a comely young wife.

Море бурно шумит,  
волны седые катит.

The sea wildly roars,  
driving the gray waves ashore.

Борется с морем пловец удалой,  
не робеет;  
казалось, он справится с бурной волной  
одолеет.

The brave sailor battles the sea  
without yielding or bending;  
it seems he is handling the furious waves  
and is winning.

Но ветер и волны навстречу  
бегут  
и лодку от берега дальше несут.

But the wind and the waves bear down  
on his boat  
and carry it farther and farther from shore.

Он силы удвоил,  
на весла налег,  
но с морем упрямым он сладить не мог.

He redoubles his strength,  
leans into the oars,  
but the stubborn sea he cannot overcome.

Лодка все дальше и дальше плывет,  
лодку волною в море несет.

The boat's drifting farther and farther away,  
The boat's carried out by the waves to  
the sea.

Там, где недавно лодка плыла,  
лишь ветер гулял да седая волна.

And where the boat not long ago sailed  
now only the wind and the gray waves  
play.



ALEXANDER BORODIN: *Для берегов отчизны дальней*

Text: Alexander Pushkin

Translation: Richard Miller

Для берегов отчизны дальней  
ты покидала край чужой;  
в час незабвенный, в час печальный  
я долго плакал над тобой.

Твои владеющие руки  
меня старались удержать;  
томленья страшного разлуки  
твой стон молил не прерывать.

Но ты от страстного лобзанья  
твои уста оторвала;  
из края вечного изгнания  
ты в край иной меня звала.

Ты говорила: "В час свиданья,  
под небом вечно голубым,  
в тени олив и мирт лобзанья  
мы вновь, мой друг, соединим."

Но там, увы, где неба своды  
сияют в блеске голубом,  
где под скалами дремлют воды,  
уснула ты последним сном.

Твоя краса, твои страдания  
исчезли в урне гробовой,  
исчез и поцелуй свиданья...  
Но жду его: он за тобой!...

For the shores of your far homeland  
you abandoned this foreign place;  
and in that sad, unending moment  
I weeped and weeped over your face.

Your arms, already cooling,  
tried to keep me close by;  
the terrible languor of leaving  
your wail begged to prolong.

But you tore your lips away from  
our long and passionate embrace;  
and from this land of endless exile  
you called me to another place.

You said: "At the appointed hour,  
under the ever-azure sky,  
shaded by olive trees and myrtles,  
we'll kiss, my friend, you and I."

But there, alas, where the heavens  
shine in their azure glory deep,  
where under cliffs nod gentle waters,  
you drifted off into the last sleep.

Your beauty and your sufferings  
have disappeared into the grave,  
and vanished, too, your kiss of greeting...  
I wait for it — you owe it to me!...

stigma that accompanied the diagnosis of the disease and the resulting lack of urgent action from world governments. Until the first antiretroviral cocktails were made available in the early 1990s (zidovudine, better known as AZT, became available in 1987, but did not effectively combat viral resistance), the diagnosis of HIV/AIDS was practically a death sentence.

In 1992, William Parker, a baritone who was HIV-positive, frustrated with the treatment of the HIV/AIDS epidemic in the musical community ("For singers, we are being pretty unvocal about AIDS"), contacted 18 prominent composers, including William Bolcom, Lee Hoiby, Libby Larsen, and Ricky Ian Gordon, and asked them to compose music directly addressing HIV/AIDS. The songs produced were debuted on June 4, 1992, in Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, by Parker and baritones Kurt Ollmann, William Sharp, and Sanford Sylvan, in a benefit concert, and were then collected and published as *The AIDS Quilt Songbook*, with profits from the book and CD produced donated to the AIDS Resource Center. Parker died of AIDS less than a year after, in March 1993.

As written by Jeffrey Stock in the dedication to the songbook, "Several of these songs deal only metaphorically with AIDS, but most confront the painful details of the disease and its attendant havoc." Over the years, many additions have been made to these songs, including the CD *An AIDS Quilt Songbook: A Song for Hope*, released November 2014, which brought together such names as Joyce DiDonato, Yo-Yo Ma, Isabel Leonard, and Sharon Stone, with profits donated to the Foundation for Aids Research (amfAR). These are among some of the most powerful pieces of music I have ever encountered, and I am humbled to be able to present them as part of my recital.

*A Certain Light*, by ELIZABETH BROWN, sets Marie Howe's incredibly moving poem about her brother's struggle with AIDS, and the struggle she and her brother's partner experienced as his caregivers. The complex rhythms (triplets, quintuplets, sextuplets, etc.) of the piece, with chromatic movements and slides in the vocal line, emulate the human speaking voice. A personal letter from Elizabeth Brown states,

*When I was looking for a text, a friend suggested I contact Marie Howe, whose brother has since died of AIDS. A whole cycle of poems written during his illness are contained in her book What the Living Do, published by Norton in 1998, but the song was written earlier, when there were five or six poems. I asked her to read some of them to me, and chose "A Certain Light" because of how she read it, and because of how she sounded reading her brother's actual words. Marie first heard the song at the dress rehearsal for the concert at Alice Tully Hall. [...] William Sharp sang A Certain Light, and when he got to the part where Marie's brother John speaks, she involuntarily moved towards him on the stage [...] because she said it sounded so much like her brother. I wrote the song to conform as much as possible to the natural speech rhythms of the poem.*

*Perineo*, LIBBY LARSEN's setting of Roberto Echavarren's unpublished poem, is, on the other hand, more of an affirmation of life, energy, and what it means to be alive — but again, there is the sense that this life is fleeting, the ability to breathe uncertain, reflected in such lines as "I breathe my health / I breathe my non-terminal unhealth." The constantly shifting meter of the piece reflects this uncertainty, as do the alternating sections of frantic movement and stillness. As Larsen writes,

*I became involved in the AIDS Quilt Songbook when Will Parker asked if I would set the text "Perineo" for him to sing. He stressed the energy of the poem and insisted that I set both the Spanish and English and that I "not hold back." Will felt very deeply about the text, Roberto Echavarren's fierce poem of life and the center of being. "I hold out my now, empty. I breathe in my trust. ...I breathe in my health... in and out... in and out." This is a poem of will, the will to be, the will to breathe, deeply, from the ancient well of breath; to live and love and propel the spirit beyond the life of the body, even while the body is dying.*

The piece ends with specific instructions to the singer to breathe, and then to "catch breath suddenly," suggesting the piece ends in death.

## V: PERSPECTIVES ON PHYSICIANS

As a future physician, I have very mixed feelings about the pieces in this set. On the one hand, a recital examining the intersection of medicine and music is incomplete without songs about doctors; on the other hand, as mentioned above, I was unable to find songs that were appropriate for this recital that depicted physicians in a sympathetic light. I will settle for stating that I do not necessarily agree with the portrayals of doctors presented in these pieces,

The first two pieces in this set are settings of the same text, Tom Brown's nursery rhyme "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell." Tom Brown purportedly got into trouble while he was a student at the Oxford University of Christ Church, for which he was sent to the Dean, Dr. John Fell. Dr. Fell planned to expel Brown, but offered him a reprieve if he could extemporaneously translate the 30-second epigram of Martial: "Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare; / Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te." The translation of this later became the text of this nursery rhyme.

SAMUEL BARBER wrote *Nursery Songs*, Op. VII, or "Mother Goose Rhymes set to Music," when he was between the ages of 8 and 12. The settings are all quite simple, and set low to suit Barber's own voice at the time, with "an occasional high note beyond my voice for effect." He first collected these pieces in 1923, at which time he wrote, "The mistakes in notation, the harmonical [sic] errors, the poor constructions — they have not been omitted. They are as I first wrote them, before I knew the tiresome rules of harmony."

*Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag*

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag,  
so früh vor Sonnenschein.  
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag  
will Euer Valentin sein.

Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,  
tät auf die Kammertür,  
ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid  
ging nimmermehr herfür.

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!  
ein unverschämt Geschlecht!  
Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er kann,  
fürwahr, das ist nicht recht.

Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mit mir,  
verspricht Ihr mich zu frein.  
Ich bräch's auch nicht  
beim Sonnenlicht  
wärest du nicht kommen herein.

*Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß*

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß,  
leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!  
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß —  
fahr wohl, meine Taube!

Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's,  
der mir gefällt —  
Und kommt er nimmer mehr?  
Er ist tot, o weh!  
In dein Totbett geh,  
er kommt dir nimmermehr.

Sein Bart war weiß wie Schnee,  
sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu.  
Er ist hin, er ist hin,  
kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:  
Mit seiner Seele Ruh  
und mit allen Christenseelen!  
Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,  
And dugged the chamber door.  
Let in the maid that out a maid  
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie, for shame!  
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't.  
By Cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me,  
You promised me to wed."  
He answers, "So would I ha' done,  
by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed."

*Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß*

They bore him barefaced on the bier,  
Hey, non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,  
And in his grave rained many a tear.  
Fare you well, my dove.

For bonny sweet Robin is  
all my joy —  
And will he not come again?  
No, no, he is dead,  
Go to thy deathbed.  
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll.  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan,  
God ha' mercy on his soul.  
And of all Christian souls,  
I pray God. God be wi' ye.

study 2: the role of the tongue

The tongue is set inside the mouth  
it is contained within it.  
it plays a role in eating drinking talking  
a vital role also in kissing and in spitting  
and lets itself be seen by opening the mouth  
or sticking out of it  
that way it licks or flicks or licks things out  
by means of the saliva it stays wet  
you can accident'ly bite it off  
it produces tastes

study 3: on the effects of the saliva

the saliva is the wet stuff in the mouth  
it keeps your tongue from growing stiff  
also the insides of your cheeks  
it keeps your gum roots and your gums from drying out  
it gives your teeth their special shine  
it is forever getting swallowed back  
it processes your food  
so it can slide more smoothly down your gullet  
it also lets you spit it out  
also it lets you spit at someone  
it's as always self-renewing  
it is a trusted servant of the mouth.

**RICHARD STRAUSS:** *Drei Lieder der Ophelia*

Texts: Shakespeare, translated into German by Karl Simrock

*Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb vor andern nun*

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb  
vor andern nun?  
An dem Muschelhut und Stab  
und den Sandalschuhn.

How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.

Er ist tot und lange hin,  
tot und hin, Fraülein!  
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,  
ihm zu Fuß ein Stein.  
O, ho!

He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone,  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone,  
Oh, ho!

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,  
viel liebe Blumen trauern.  
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß,  
o weh! vor Liebesschauern.

White his shroud as the mountain snow  
Larded all with sweet flowers,  
Which bewept to the ground did not go  
With true-love showers.

**HENRY MOLLICONE'S** *Five Love Songs* were composed for his friend, soprano Maria Spacagna. Per the composer, "I selected poems dealing with both the pleasurable and the painful experiences of love." His setting of Brown's "Doctor Fell" is far more playful than Barber's dark, minor setting. Mollicone changes the word "like" to "love," and directs the singer to sing "whimsically, coquettishly, in a conversational tone." This, combined with the wandering, playful piano interludes and the "quiet laugh" at the end, suggest that this piece may be a rejection of a romantic suit (real or imaginary) pressed by Doctor Fell, but whether the speaker is serious or joking is unclear, and left to both the singer and the audience to determine.

**THEODORE CHANLER**, an American composer best known for his songs, set multiple poems by Leonard Feeney, an American Jesuit priest. Feeney was a controversial figure, articulating a strict interpretation of Roman Catholic doctrine and arguing against what he saw as its liberalization. The origin of the poem "Meet Doctor Livermore" is unclear, as is Feeney's motivation for writing this; however, given his beliefs and background, one may suppose that Feeney is mocking psychiatrists and their offerings of judgment on one's morality and personality. Chanler's setting is certainly playful, and emphasizes the satirical humor of the poem.

**DOUGLAS MOORE** is best known for his operas *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (1938) and *The Ballad of Baby Doe* (1956). His one-act opera *Gallantry* (1958), with libretto by Arnold Sundgaard, is a parody of soap opera, including sung commercial interruptions. The soap opera is set in a hospital, and revolves around a love triangle between the surgeon Doctor Gregg, anesthetist Lola Markham, and Lola's fiancé Donald Hopewell. Lola's aria *Now, Doctor Gregg, you have gone too far* is sung to Doctor Gregg in the operating room. After discovering that Doctor Gregg, who tried to kiss her earlier in the opera, is married, and that the patient on the table is Donald, Lola threatens to expose Doctor Gregg and prevents him from stabbing Donald with his scalpel. Doctor Gregg exemplifies the physician's role as villain, common throughout opera. At the same time, the aria highlights the privileged role of doctors in their communities and professions, implying that physicians have a responsibility to be "more than a man" — a simultaneous exhortation and expectation.

## VI: THE PATIENT PERSPECTIVE

The final piece of this recital, *Adelaide's Lament* from the musical *Guys and Dolls*, is a humorous depiction of psychosomatic reactions to frustration and stress (which can indeed cause a "bad, bad cold") — in this case, the nightclub singer Miss Adelaide's frustration with Nathan, her fiancé of 14 years who still refuses to marry her, resulting in a chronic cold.

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## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

**ARUNIMA KOHLI** is finishing her last year of medical school at Stanford University School of Medicine, where she is double-concentrating in Biomedical Ethics and Medical Humanities and the Molecular Basis of Medicine. She is also an active member of the Stanford Music and Medicine Network (SMMN) and has performed for the last three years at the medical school's annual "Medicine and the Muse" event. She graduated from Stanford in 2011 with a major in Biology and a minor in English, after which she worked for two years as a research assistant in the lab of Dr. Kari Nadeau in the Stanford medical school's division of Allergies and Immunology.

She has been singing for as long as she can remember and is currently studying with Wendy Hillhouse, with whom she has been studying since 2010. She is a member of the Stanford Chamber Chorale, with which she has toured to China, Japan, Hawai'i, and Washington, D.C., and sings with local Bay Area chamber choir Convivium. She has also sung with the Stanford University Singers and has participated in many productions with the Stanford Savoyards. In February 2017, she played the title role in the Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe* with the Stanford Light Opera Company. This June, Arunima will be moving Sacramento to start her residency in Family Medicine at UC Davis.

She would like to thank her family and friends for their incessant support, and the Stanford Department of Music for giving her a home for the past ten years.

**SU MI PARK**, a native of South Korea, has performed in numerous recitals as collaborative pianist in venues including Seoul Arts Center (Korea), National Chang Kai Shek Cultural Center (Taiwan), in Australia and the U.S. During the 2008 Stanford China Music Tour, Dr. Park performed as orchestral pianist in Shanghai and Beijing. She has Master's and Doctoral degrees from the Eastman School of Music, majoring in Piano Accompanying and Chamber Music. A graduate of the Sydney Conservatorium High School, she also has a Bachelor of Music degree in Piano Performance (Distinction) from the Australian National University School of Music. Dr. Park formerly served as a vocal coach at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. She has worked as the rehearsal pianist for the Stanford Symphonic Chorus since 2000 and is currently a staff collaborative pianist and vocal coach at Stanford.

**TERESA DAYRIT** studies Materials Science and Engineering and Music. You can usually find her in the lab researching electrochromic windows, learning to conduct an orchestra, or hiking and camping around California.

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## "BODY PARTS" STRINGS

Violin I	Violin II	Viola	Cello
Iris Otani	Andrew Lan	Jennie Yang	Delenn Chin
Ben-han Sung	Stephanie Atwood	Bright Zhou	Robin Abs

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## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

**VINCENT PERSICHETTI:** *Hilaire Belloc Songs*

No. 2. *The Microbe*  
Text: Hilaire Belloc

The Microbe is so very small  
You cannot make him out at all,  
But many sanguine people hope  
To see him through a microscope.  
His jointed tongue that lies beneath  
A hundred curious rows of teeth;  
His seven tufted tails with lots  
Of lovely pink and purple spots,  
On each of which a pattern stands,  
Composed of forty separate bands;  
His eyebrows of a tender green;  
All these have never yet been seen  
But Scientists, who ought to know,  
Assure us that they must be so...  
Oh! let us never, never doubt  
What nobody is sure about!

**MICHAEL NYMAN:** *Body Parts Songs*  
1. *Preliminary Studies for the Frankfurt Readings 1984*  
Texts: Ernst Jandl, Jerome Rothenberg

*study 1: the mouth as servant*

the mouth should allow itself to open and shut  
that way it can be used for eating drinking speaking  
it also can be used for spitting  
and it can play a part in laughing,  
also in kissing and in vomiting  
and you can also breathe through it  
you can get more things going with your mouth  
than with your ears  
also more things than with your nose  
but sadly you can't hear or smell with it  
though you can smell (or stink) because of it.