



*Medicine Man* M.D., C.C.E.P.

FOR *general dispensation* DATE: *2015*

Rx

*of orange, yellow, & beige pills  
little ovals of chunky hexagonal treatments  
capsules of heavy metals  
filling the soul with promises  
and loose ends*

Dispense as Written

REFILL *unlimited* TIMES Brand Exchange Permitted



**Medicine Man** is the 5th collaborative Art Song recording between composer Christopher Ludwig and baritone Cliff Ridley. The texts come from poets whose backgrounds and themes spread across time, geography, texture and style. Such an approach may on the surface appear to be whimsical and haphazard, yet in *Medicine Man*, the threads of poetic and compositional colour, mood and imagery are remarkably tight and interwoven. The composer is able to realize this unified tapestry by utilizing consistent stylistic elements and an intuitive process nurtured over years of development and exploration in the Art Song Genre. The long-standing partnership between musicians and composer allowed for the fullest realization of the literary and musical subtleties of *Medicine Man*. The literary and artistic awareness of both musician and composer needed to be equally as keen, imagist and intuitive. *Medicine Man* was created on top of a foundation of prose and is left to dwell in a world outside of regular discourse; in a world of music and prose that is both reality and escapism sculpted into a photograph "...grained with light". This is the "face in sepia", where the listener is not merely a guest at the table but must create their own photograph with each listening. The questions to be asked are, who is the *Medicine Man* and can we trust the treatment?

*All rights secured from Poets/Publishers*

## ***Medicine Man***

(1999, for baritone and piano)

Poem by Christopher Ludwig

I am the medicine man  
of orange, yellow, and beige pills  
little ovals and chunky hexagonal treatments  
capsules and heavy metals  
filling the soul with promises and loose ends

and what deadly toxins may the body endure  
to find wellness?

in the mind  
where sickness manifest  
in sleep and in health  
the body  
that endures the wrath of the mind

and the soul is fed a fortitude of treatments  
all designed to better oneself

in a world  
where there is no rest  
no salvation

for a medicine man  
has no wellness  
no opportunities to rid oneself  
of hefty solitude  
for all his battles must be fought alone  
without the pills

## ***Roped To A Rhino***

(2012, for baritone and piano)

Poem by Rick Keating

I was strolling with my Darling on a lovely spring night  
And we were enraptured with true love delight  
She said "It's just perfect." I said "Ain't it grand?"  
She said "Love is a mystery no one understands."  
"Oh, what can it be?" Then I said. "Well, I Know."  
"Love is two people roped to a Rhino."  
Love is two people roped to a Rhino

My Darling looked at me like she'd just awoke  
Hearing the dumbest words I'd ever spoke  
And that was the end of our Romantic mood  
She said I was vulgar and crazy and crude  
Equating a splendour so sweet and indefinable  
With the coupling of Rhino Cow and big ugly Rhino bull  
With the coupling of Rhino Cow and big ugly Rhino bull

I would have explained what she didn't get  
But wonder of wonders I'm not that stupid yet  
With love in my heart I weathered the storm  
As she lectured me loudly at the top of her form  
People were stopping and watching her fuss  
But it wasn't her fault, it was the Rhinoceros  
It wasn't her fault, it was the Rhinoceros

## ***Fish***

(2012, for bariitone and piano)  
Poem by Rick Keating

In Belize there is a fish  
In the jungle in black pools  
Between the webs of root  
He lurks  
His neat trick coiled around him  
Floundering upward  
Through the murk  
He pauses beneath  
His silvery ceiling  
He likes his life  
He savors a moment

Then shatters the surface  
Hurls himself  
Through a detonation  
Of air and water  
Shatters the surface  
And sinks

Leaving above him  
In the dim beyond  
Above his pond  
Leaving a noise  
A crack  
As loud and slick  
As a rifle shot

That's the kind of trick  
I would like to pull  
If I ever got  
To the surface

Neat trick Fish

## ***Four Poems for Valeska***

(2013, for baritone, violin and piano)  
Poem by Bravig Imbs

I

Pines on this plain of lowering night  
bend down their branches with the sun in sorrow,  
the welling evening wind sweeps under them with moan  
and I am washed over by the northern waves.

O lorn immensity of drowned dead stars,  
to what port has the sunken sun repaired  
and from what mast was this full moon released?

I cannot know but am not discontent--  
I know the darkening harbor of your eyes.

II

Near this slow river slept the dread jaguar  
and on this monstrous lilly-pad he paused.  
The morning sun was mauve and stilled the shrieking  
birds--  
their plumage faded in the mist that rose  
warm from the wide savannahs.

Why have you put such fever in my heart?

III

Wheeling aloft and chanting to the sky  
only the lark had risen again--  
the grass was trounced by rain and beaten down.

Slowly out of the vapors of the earth  
redolent with root and the cold breath of stone,  
breathed there a phantom with unknown eyes  
raised above mine to the soaring bird.

The trembling that was evening shook the air,  
and when the phantom sang I could not tell  
whether the lark was mute or singing still--

so merged with wonder is your voice,  
O lark and phantom of your words . . .

IV

The stars float high and unperturbed  
the gull's wing is folded on the wave.

Forgotten is this shore and desolate and dun  
where is the gleam of the remembered tower.

Make now your orisons and your farewells,  
the hour of voyage and of morning nears---

Does not the sky repeat the rose  
and the clear stars the color of my love?

**Alina Khvatova**  
*painting by Mikhail Scherbakov*

**Edward Curtis**

(2013, for baritone and piano)  
Poem by Ken Catthers

1

it wasn't photography  
he became obsessed with

but the darkroom  
lovely clutter of

developing tanks

trays, negative reels  
pinned loose like fly strip

the whole process  
of emulsion, stop  
bath, hypo...

waiting for the image  
to emerge  
from silver salt

not even knowing  
a name for  
the places

these prints came  
from; the faces  
of those he knew

to be already  
dead surfacing  
through this cold solution  
of tears.

& it was the eyes  
enlarged first:  
white negative

retinas staring  
out from a  
world he thought

vanished with  
his departure.



Edward Curtis cont...

2

wasn't sure any  
of this could  
survive outside  
the darkroom

able to breath  
the dead air  
only so long  
he came out

*the half remembered  
descent through  
the pines*

*to where he had  
set camp  
still with him*

the vantage  
the Haida girl  
had taken him to

where the dim  
outline of the sea,  
shone, smoke

from a shore  
fire weaving trees  
into distance.

3

who's to say  
even now  
that all this  
took place

a man reinvents  
his own world  
losing the facts

creating strange  
metaphors of  
place & people.

if only I could  
shape these words  
into a place

of trees & houses  
you could enter  
into, drop through

a trap door of  
dream & find me  
here --- part of

the fiction: as  
unsure of  
what would

happen next  
as you are.

4

he was old  
by the time  
he got here

his lifetime  
spent capturing  
the image of

a dying race  
Hopi  
Sioux  
Arapaho

never noticing  
his reflection  
fade

on the lense he watched  
the world

grow old through.

things were falling  
apart even then.

at Sointula  
he had to  
reinvent

ritual dances  
to make the  
Kwakiutl worth

filming, provide  
his own head-  
dress to even

approximate  
the authenticity

of how he once  
imagined it  
to be.

Edward.  
you lived in a  
landscape of faces

the skin weathered  
by drought  
freezing

etched with  
the intricate precision  
of seasons.

is this what you  
set out to recover?

this cold stare  
that does not  
turn away?

I am left  
with a face in sepia  
a photograph  
grained with light

& always  
the unseen man  
behind the eye  
that remembers

keeping himself  
separate, diffused

knowing there is  
so little time  
always so little time left  
to get this down.

**Cliff Ridley**  
*painting by Alina Khvatova*



## **Sleep**

(2013, for baritone and piano)  
Poem by Bravig Imbs

I

slowly the ponderous doors of lead imponderous  
pushed by a wedging force unthinking opened  
how like a cloud I floated down the dim green air  
unthinking of the soft violence of odorous winds  
the falling plaint of hidden violins  
and eyes  
following

II

doors unto doors unfolded downward  
and I was like unto a sailing ship  
stern downward sailing on a dim green sea  
unmindful of the rich push of flowery winds  
the melting voices of far seraphims  
and arms  
following

III

slowly the ponderous doors of lead imponderous  
lowered above my head in absolute slow closing  
quiet as a shadow on a dim green wall  
I rested in my dark and ivory vault  
the violins were no more nor eyes nor arms  
hours on hours  
following

## **Proverbs 20:17**

(2014, for baritone and piano)  
English Standard Version (ESV)

Bread gained by deceit is sweet to a man,  
but afterward his mouth will be full of gravel.

## **Proverbs 20:23**

(2014, for baritone and piano)  
New American Standard Bible (NASB)

Differing weights are an abomination to the LORD  
And a false scale is not good.

**Tatiana Khvatova** - *painting by Alina Khvatova*



## ***The Wind Was There***

(2010, for baritone and piano)  
Adaptation from a poem by Bravig Imbs

all was in flight  
wild geese in the sky  
snow from the sky flying  
rivers hastening to the sea

horses running from a fence  
fences running from the ground  
ground fleeing from the sky

all was in flight  
even from a distance  
the wind was there  
swift and imperious  
a fleeing cloud  
the wind  
sharper than fine steel

## ***Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep***

(2013, for baritone and piano)  
Poem by Mary Elizabeth Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep.  
I am not there. I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there. I did not die.

**Christopher Ludwig** - *painting by Alina Khvatova*





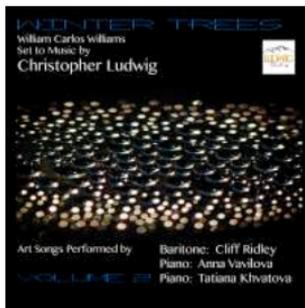
**Ludwig Recordings** is a new and dynamic digital label which specializes in the music of composer and label-founder Christopher Ludwig as well as the music of its roster of artists. Its catalogue of recordings focuses particularly on contemporary art song and the label's aim is to present a mixture of music that is both approachable and forward-thinking.

Find more about Ludwig Recordings and its artists at:

[www.ludwigrecordings.com](http://www.ludwigrecordings.com) or at

[www.chrisludwig.com](http://www.chrisludwig.com)    [www.cliffridley.com](http://www.cliffridley.com)

### The William Carlos Williams Art Song Series



# Medicine Man

Art Songs composed by **Christopher Ludwig**

- |                               |      |  |      |
|-------------------------------|------|--|------|
| 1. Medicine Man               | 2:59 |  |      |
| 2. Roped to a Rhino           | 5:06 |  |      |
| 3. Fish                       | 4:25 |  |      |
| 4. Four Poems for Valeska - 1 | 2:20 |  |      |
| 5. Four Poems for Valeska - 2 | 2:49 |  |      |
| 6. Four Poems for Valeska - 3 | 4:01 |  |      |
| 7. Four Poems for Valeska - 4 | 3:12 | 14. Sleep - 1                            | 1:56 |
| 8. Edward Curtis - 1          | 3:17 | 15. Sleep - 2                            | 2:17 |
| 9. Edward Curtis - 2          | 3:03 | 16. Sleep - 3                            | 2:35 |
| 10. Edward Curtis - 3         | 2:46 | 17. Proverbs 20:17                       | 2:54 |
| 11. Edward Curtis - 4         | 2:27 | 18. Proverbs 20:23                       | 2:16 |
| 12. Edward Curtis - 5         | 2:08 | 19. The Wind Was There                   | 1:48 |
| 13. Edward Curtis - 6         | 3:15 | 20. Do Not Stand at My<br>Grave and Weep | 4:53 |

**Cliff Ridley** • Baritone  
**Tatiana Khvatova** • Piano  
**Alina Khvatova** • Violin



Total Running Time: 61:19

Produced by Frank and Christopher Ludwig  
Recorded at Quantum Sound, Delta, B.C., Canada  
Photography by Clinton "CJ" Johnson

© 2015 Christopher Ludwig SOCAN

