The Astronaut's Tale

Charles Fussell

Libretto by Jack Larson

Monadnock Festival Ensemble
James Bolle, conductor
The Astronaut’s Tale,
a chamber opera

Music by Charles Fussell
Libretto by Jack Larson

Narrator ........... Jack Larson
Ab ............ William Hite, tenor
Ann .......... Judith Kellock, soprano
Old Man .... James Maddalena, baritone

The Monadnock Festival Ensemble

Ole Bohn, violin
Astrid Schween, cello
Laura Gilbert, flute
Steven Jackson, clarinet
Gregory Miller, French horn
Craig McNutt, percussion
Hugh Hinton, piano & synthesizer

James Bolle, conductor
The Composer

Composer Charles Fussell was Artistic Director of New Music Harvest, Boston’s first city-wide festival of contemporary music and Co-Founder and Director of the New England composer’s Orchestra. He is currently a member of the Composition faculty at Boston University. His works include five symphonies; Julian (after Flaubert) for chorus, soloists and orchestra; Cymbeline, a chamber drama after Shakespeare; Specimen Days for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra; plus smaller scores for various combinations. Wilde, a symphony for baritone and orchestra, was runner-up for the 1991 Pulitzer Prize. In 1992, Mr. Fussell received a citation and award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Symphony No. V was premiered by the New Hampshire Symphony and James Bolle in November 1996. In addition to advanced degrees in composition and conducting from the Eastman School of Music, Mr. Fussell has received Fulbright, Ford and Copland Foundation grants, grants from the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities, and numerous commissions. His music is published by G. Schirmer, Lawson-Gould and Fallen Leaf Press. His Specimen Days, with Boston’s Cantata Singers conducted by David Hoose, and Being Music, with the Lydian String Quartet, were released by Koch Records in 1997. His Symphony No. V was released on Albany Records in 2003.

The Librettist

Jack Larson is a distinguished playwright and librettist who has received awards from the Rockefeller, Ford and Koussevitzky Foundations. A California native, Mr. Larson’s play “The Candied House” was the premier attraction at the Bing Theater of the Los Angeles County Museum. Another work “Cherry, Larry, Sandy, Doris, Jean, Paul,” with John Ritter, was first seen off Broadway and was later mounted at the Edinburgh Festival. A short play, “Chuck,” was the first program on WNET’s “Theatre in America” series. The Los Angeles Philharmonic commissioned and performed his adaptations of Berlioz’ Lelio, his concert adaptation of the Goethe-Beethoven Egmont (later performed at Carnegie Hall with the New Jersey Symphony) and his translation of Stravinsky’s The Soldier’s Tale which was narrated by John Houseman, performed by John
Rubenstein and Werner Klemperer and directed by James Bridges. Mr. Larson has collaborated on song cycles with Ned Rorem, David Diamond and Paul Chihara and on The Relativity of Icarus with Gerhard Samuel which was subsequently performed by the Joffrey Ballet. His collaborations with Virgil Thomson include the opera Lord Byron — released on compact disc by Koch International, conducted by James Bolle — as well as The Cat and the choral work Fanfare for Peace. Mr. Larson was honored by Harvard University for his “contribution to the arts” and was given an evening of his work by the Poets’ Theatre at the Hasty Pudding. The bow-tie Mr. Larson wore as Jimmy Olsen in the Superman television series is on display at the Smithsonian as part of its popular culture exhibit.

From the Composer

The Astronaut’s Tale was mostly written during a generous two month fellowship at Yaddo in Saratoga Springs in June and July of 1996, and was completed the following winter. It is conceived as a numbers-opera; arias, duets, trios, with prelude and interludes, all connected by a narrator.

The story traces a young man’s life from his first experience of loss, his dog killed by a car, the appearance of a mysterious Einstein-like guide, his youthful desire to become an astronaut, marriage, and the fulfillment of his ambition.

The setting is our own time with its confrontation of science and religion. The opera concludes with a meditation on the nature of the cosmos and our experience of life and death within.

—Charles Fussell
Libretto
The Astronaut's Tale
music by Charles Fussell and words by Jack Larson

"If I would be a young man again and had to decide how to make my living, I would not try to become a scientist or scholar or teacher. I would rather choose to be a plumber or a peddler in the hope to find that modest degree of independence still available under present circumstances.

Albert Einstein

November 1954

Narrator
Countdown, time minus fifteen years to liftoff,
The astronaut to be is a farm boy.
He plows the fields, keeps feed in the trough,
But his thoughts, his eyes are on the sky.
Counting, how many eggs in the hen house?
How many quarts of milk from the cows?
It’s sunrise, he wonders about the sun.

Astronaut
Again;
All that warmth and light.
It’s going to be a good day if at school
I can just get my algebra right.

Narrator
It’s hard for him to learn mathematics.

Astronaut
The sun rises and the sun sets.
For ten thousand years it has.
And all that’s green absorbs its rays.
With rain the plants give fruit and seed,
To sow again, to reap, to feed.
And there’s the faint moon, still sunlit.
It was so bright earlier, Chico barked at it.

Narrator
Chico is a dog that never leaves him,
goes to school with him.

Astronaut
Where is he? Chico, come.
Chico!
The sound of car brakes in the distance and a dog being run over.
Where did he go?
Chico!

Narrator
Counting, time minus fifteen years,
less an hour.
The astronaut to be has dug a grave
For his dog, killed on the road by a car.
He’s crying for his dog, he can’t be brave.
Counting, how often they’d played on the spot
Full of life, happy with balls to be caught.
Now his dog is dead in the earth.

Astronaut
Where are the eyes he watched me with?
Where in that crushed head
are the smells that made his tail wag?
Where are the remembered bones, fields and
jumped fences, cats chased, his spotted trees?
Where now in that brain is his love for me?

Narrator
An old wanderer who makes his way
peddling things, fixing things,
Happens upon the astronaut to be
who’s crying.

An old man, rumpled, with longish white hair,
enters, weary from the weight of a large peddler’s backpack.

Old man
Young man, can I help you?
Astronaut
Not today with Chico dead.
And I’m no good at math
and have an algebra test.

Narrator
The old peddler grabs about in his bag again
and takes out a small computer.

Old man
What you need is this pocket calculator.
And with this little card
you program it for algebra,
Then it will solve your problems for you.
Now numbers, their properties and relations
Will be represented by letters,
symbols and signs.
It will solve for you equations,
Even polynomials, continued fractions.

Astronaut
I couldn’t afford to buy it.
We, the farm, my mom and dad
are deep in debt.
We borrow to sow and borrow to reap:
The profit’s too low, the interest too steep.

Old man
Think of that.
Poor Ab, I’ll tell you what,
I’ll give you this computer if you give me back
that bandanna your tears have stained.

Narrator
The astronaut to be and the old peddler
make the exchange.

Old man
Now Ab, I’ll see you through the years,
And recall you, Ab, by your tears.

Narrator
Countdown, time minus thirteen years
to liftoff,
The astronaut to be is a computer whiz.
His family’s farm has been auctioned off,
But his computer and its games are his.
How many space ships blasted off the screen?
What is the skill? What does it mean?
Now, Ab the astronaut to be, has a girlfriend.
He challenges her to space-age games
that he always wins.

Ann
There are the lights and sounds of the finish of a
computer space game “Galaxy.” Ab is defeating his
girlfriend, Ann.

Ann
Ab, you’re too good at this for me.
But it’s all you do anymore, and what has it
got to do with the rest of your life really?
I mean, how will it help you get
a farm of your own?
Astronaut
I don’t want one.
I always thought I’d have my dad’s,
But we lost it and that’s that.
You slave all your life, sunlight to moon dark,
Good days, drought or downpour,
always hard work,
Worry at the cow’s death, at the colt’s birth,
Feeding, reaping, killing, trapped on the earth,
Debts for no fault of your own,
then with no thanks
One day it’s taken away by the banks.
What I want is to get off the ground
like this game but for real,
To be an astronaut in a real space shuttle,
To fly to the stars,
Be the first man on Mars.

Ann
Oh Ab, be serious.

Astronaut
I am, I want to join the astronauts.
To be the first man on the moon was great,
But think of being the first man
on another planet,
To land, to walk on Mars,
untouched for 4 1/2 billion years.

Ann
Where do you get such ideas?
And why would Mars be billions of years old

When the bible says the earth
is ten thousand years old?

Astronaut
I used to believe that too.

Ann
Every word in the bible is true.
What do you mean, “used to believe?”
Ab, you were saved.
Next you’ll be telling me
we’re descended from monkeys.

Astronaut
Maybe.

Ann
If you believe that and
want to do all that space shuttling,
If you could lose your tail
why can’t you just grow wings?

Astronaut
I don’t have to grow wings, I have a brain.
Men use their brains to conquer space and
what their brains can’t do their computers can.

Ann
Who’s putting these ideas in your head?

Astronaut
An old man, Peccavit the peddler,
came to me the day Chico died.
He’s taught me things from time to time, and
he gave me my first little computer.
Ann
Ab, you’ve always been my favorite boy at school, and I’ve hoped, and loved wearing your letter-man’s sweater, But, I don’t know how to say this well, The way you’re talking, I don’t know if I want to go on seeing you because I think you’re going to end up in hell.
Ann exits.

Narrator
Here is a farm boy without farmland, A believer with changing beliefs, A would-be flyer short of wing-span, A youth on the threshold of his life. What is he going to do to do what he wants to? His father says he has to get a job like he has working for a neighbor. His mother says he has to help his father. His girlfriend says he has to have faith and everything will be all right. He doesn’t believe it. With his feet on the ground, his eyes on the sky, what does he believe now? What has the peddler taught him to know?

Astronaut
In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

Peccavit the peddler appears.

Old man
There was no darkness, no depth, no space, Only a finite universe One trillionth the size of a proton: Then bang and immediate inflation, A universe the size of a small ball; Now there is space in a cosmos expanding from not anything, to all.

Astronaut
And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

Old man
But light is not what it appears. It is particle as well as wave, energy, that in fields of gravity, curves.

Astronaut
And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day. And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.
Old man
There is no division; the universe is whole,
All the same energy from the farthest star to
the nearest pebble,
Merely mass multiplied
by the squared speed of light.

Astronaut
And God said, Let the waters under the heav-
en be gathered together unto one place, and let
the dry land appear: and it was so.

Old man
The earth viewed from space
looks like a single cell,
And in its giant chemical reactions the
primordial earth restructured like one as well.

Astronaut
And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass,
the herb yielding seed, and the fruit trees
yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in
itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

Old man
Microstructure of matter
chemically mutated into living forms,
Single cells that copied themselves
and by sunlight transformed
Through photosynthesis
the whole earth’s atmosphere.
Their filling the air with oxygen
took 2,000 million years.

Astronaut
And God said, Let there be lights in the firma-
ment of the heaven to divide the day from the
night: and Let them be for signs, and for
seasons, and for days and years.

Old man
Not for signs, not for seasons;
The sun, the stars, the galaxies were there
billions of years before there were ears to hear
them or eyes to see them,
There, in gravity, warping light, space and
time into other dimensions in the grand
geometry of the universe;
A field of energy, unified, microcosm to macro-
cosm, everything affecting everything else.
Old man
Not in God's image;
only the cosmos is the image of God.
Man is its shepherd, his mind for its imagin-ing, his tools its measuring rod.

Astronaut
But the bible for the religious—

Old man
Religion of fear and morals I won’t discuss.
But the noblest force behind scientific research
is the “cosmic religious sense.”
The only deeply religious men of our largely
materialistic age are the
earnest researchers of science.

Astronaut
I want to research, I want to explore,
I want to be an astronaut and
go to the moon and beyond.

Old man
Ah, to ride the curves of space and time
you have to escape our gravity’s bond.

Astronaut
How?

Old man
Listen to me now.
Because the universe is whole, everything,
depending upon the relative motion of the
observer, is ultimately equivalent to
and transforms into everything else.

Matter is equivalent to energy,
acceleration to gravity, time to space.
To escape gravity,
you must accelerate beyond it.
To do that you must be an astronaut
propelled by a rocket.
To be an astronaut you must first join NASA
or the Air Force.

Astronaut
Of course.

Narrator
There was a young farmer thought bright.
Who sped about faster than light.
He went out one day
In a relative way
And came back the previous night.
Countdown, time minus six years to liftoff.
The astronaut to be had joined the Air Corps.

Astronaut (marching)
Sound-off one two three, four,
one two sound-off

Narrator
You had a good home and you left.

Astronaut
You’re right! One two three four.

Narrator
You had a good home and you left.

Astronaut
You’re right!
Narrator
Sound-off!

Astronaut (writing a letter)
Dear Ann:

My mom says you asked after me and asked to be remembered. She says your marriage to Bud didn’t work out and you’ve been divorced a while. I’m sorry. I know how much marriage meant to you. I never did the thing. You may know I’m in the Air Force, stationed at Edwards in California in a special unit, Aerospace Research Pilot School. I fly a great plane, an X-15 that’s as computerized as all those things you hated. Of course, I’m in hog heaven.

Your old boyfriend and Lt.
Ab

Ann (writing a letter)
Dear Ab:

I was so happy to get your letter. We all hear about all the wonderful things you’re doing serving our country and we’re all so proud of you. It seems very frightening testing those new airplanes, but you were always so brave and had your head in the sky. I just didn’t understand. I guess you are going to be an astronaut after all. I always followed you and knew you never got married. I never thought I could say this but I’m so happy to be divorced from Bud. It’s not all his fault, because it seems, I guess, that I can’t have children but he just kept trying to have them with everyone else. Well, you
never know. Enough of that gab.
   So truly happy to hear from you,
   Ann

Narrator
Time minus thee years to liftoff and counting,
A second marriage for her, a first for him.
She’s joined the jet jockeys worried wives wing;
He’s new boy in the astronaut program.
They count on their nights
on the town in Houston
To celebrate their lives, plug for his mission.

Ab, Ann and the old man, Peccavit, celebrate in a
Houston, Texas restaurant-nightclub.
A band plays Texas two-step music.

Astronaut
A bourbon and water, a whiskey sour,
a glass of wine;
To your health, Ann, to yours, Sam, to mine.
They toast each other.
Do you know at NASA they teach us etiquette?
How an astronaut behaves in public.
He never has more than one drink, a highball.
He speaks in a firm voice
and always speaks well
Of God, country and Mom’s pie.
He’s always neat,
Clean shaved, brushed and polished from head to feet.

Old man (Peccavit toasting)
To showing your best face,
Speaking in your nicest voice,
To lifting up like an eagle,
To doing good and making the sun smile.

Ann (toasting)
To astronaut wives, their tea socials; chins up,
Smile; work for your men over a teacup.
Do you know, Sam,
I used to think you were Satan himself.
And your computers and talk
about the universe just the babble of devils.

Astronaut
If Sam hadn’t tied me up with computers
I couldn’t be an astronaut.
I never could get math
or all the other calculations straight.

Old man
Now you’re tied to the grandest computers
and spaceships charting the stars.

Astronaut
Yes and that darned Voyager
already beat me to Mars.
All those pictures of red dust and moons
and no life or canals.

Old man
There are some who think that is the
beginning of the sense of it all,
That of all the planets of the trillion of stars in
all the galaxies of the universe.
That only our earth has life
and its men and women consciousness.
That only the mind of man can encompass
Chico, the little dead dog here of earth and
the dog star Sirius, far in the universe.

**Astronaut (makes a toast)**
To the dancing cosmos and the dance floor
Come on Ann, let’s dance some more.

*He takes her to dance to two-step fiddle music.*

**Narrator**
Countdown, time minus minutes
to his first space mission.
The weather’s clear,
the shuttle is all systems go.
But not to Mars, to dock with a space station.
He’s distracted from tech work he has to do,
Throttle check, fuel check. He’s lost his wallet,
His I.D. and his credit cards with it.
His wife has to know what cards to cancel.

**Astronaut**
American Express, Chevron, National.

**Narrator**
Computer check; launch commit criteria.

**Astronaut**
Propellant loads, pressures,
measurements are proper.
What other cards to cancel? Neiman Marcus,
Master Card, A.T.M., I can’t think what else.

**Narrator**
Start of the liquid oxygen drainback.
Crew access arm beginning to retract.
Countdown,
time minus five minutes and holding.
Verify A.P.U. switches and positioning.

**Astronaut**
Auxiliary power units positioned proper.

**Narrator**
Throw propellant isolation valve switches.

**Astronaut**
Roger.

**Narrator**
Hydrazine fuel flowing.
Perform A.P.U. prestart.

**Astronaut**
Coming up on the four minute
thirty second mark.

**Narrator**
Sweaty palms time.

**Astronaut**
Sweaty palms.

**Narrator**
Flight recorder on
To play back after landing of entire mission.
We’re smooth towards liftoff.
Time minus four minutes.
We have a go for A.P.U. start.
Astronaut
Mark A.P.U. start.

Narrator
The astronaut has closed his visor.
The ignition circuits have been armed.
The fuel valve heaters have been turned off.
Time minus three minutes forty seconds.
Motor ignition sequence starts.
Elevons, rutter move in pattern.
The shuttle is on internal power.
Air to surface checks completed,
And they are in launch position.
Coming up on the three minute point,
External oxygen valve is closed.
Shuttle now is onboard supply.
Main engines are in start position.
Coming up on the two minute point
Flight pressurization is underway.
Liquid oxygen is at flight pressure,
Hydrogen ignitors have been armed,
Time minus one minute and counting.
Switching command to the onboard computer.
Time minus thirty seconds and counting,
We are go for auto sequence start.
Hydraulic power units have started.
Time minus twenty seconds and counting,
We are go for main engine ignition,
4, 3, 2, 1, zero and lift off!
And off to the U.S. space station before Mars
W e are go at throttle up.

Astronaut
Go at throttle up, Roger.
A Al Right!

Narrator
Velocity four thousand feet per second.
The trajectory is depressed!

Astronaut
Feel that baby go!
There's a lot of wind.
And crud on the window.
Going to throttle up through
mach one point five.
“Uh-ho.”

On the large screen where the space game Galaxy
was projected earlier, the memorable cloud-type
image of the 1986 Challenger explosion takes form.

Ann
Oh God!

Old man
No God.

Ann
God, don’t let this happen.

Narrator
Checking Flight Control.
The craft has exploded.

Ann
Ab! Ab! My Ab. My Ab.
God, don’t let this be. Don’t let him be dead
Or let me be with him up in heaven.
Ann prays.

God which is in heaven and earth,

Old man
They are one.
In the beginning was the word.
The word was one.

Ann
Hallowed by thy name
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth
as it is in heaven.

Old man
It is the same.

Narrator
Counting, time plus some time after liftoff.
The wife and old friend wait for word
of life and death.
He takes the bandanna from his knapsack
He once gave Ab for his tears,
then once took back.

Old man
Ann, here’s a bandanna stained
with Ab’s boyhood tears
For his dead dog. With it I’ve seen him
through the years.

Ann
A measure of wheat for a penny, and
Three measures of barley for a penny.
I heard the voice of the fourth beast
Say, come and see, and I looked and,
behold, a pale horse;
And his name that sat on him was Death,
and Hell followed with him.

Old man
I sent my soul into the invisible
Some letter of that afterlife to tell.
When bye and bye my soul returned to me
It answered, I myself am
both heaven and hell.

Narrator
Counting, time plus some more time
after liftoff.
With old words,
the friend and the wife console each other,
Hers of the bible, his of the poet-astronomer.
And she counts the credit cards
she has to cancel.

Ann
Nieman-Marcus for the suit he bought on sale.
Our American Express, his A.T.M.
The gas card for our trip.
Oh, what does it all mean?
A suit for three hundred dollars,
gas for twenty.
A house a hundred thousand,
My love, his for me.

Old man
He’s in you, in me, dog and dog star,
here and there.
All that was, ever is, and is everywhere.

Ann
Which was and is and is to come.
Behold a door was opened in heaven.
There a throne was set and One sat
On the throne. Round about it, a rainbow
Like unto an emerald. And round
The throne four and twenty elders
In four and twenty seats, all clothed
In white, their heads crowned in gold,
And round about there were four
Winged beasts with faces of a lion,
A calf, a man and an eagle, full of
Eyes within and they rest not day
And night, saying holy, holy, holy,
Lord God Almighty, which was, and is,
And is to come.

Old man
Not be a jeweled rainbow,
not in cloud-capped skies;
Our Astronaut’s dream
was to be in outer space,
But our afterlife is in the inner space
where we dream.

By the energy of matter’s universal scheme
Planetary life is nourished in the spheres,
Seasoned in sunshine, reasoned in light years,
From the outside stars to flesh to eyes to mind.
When we come to the last breath
of humankind
It’s into inner space that the dreamer goes,
In that continuum of mind
dreamt in the cosmos.

Narrator
Counting, time and space-time
and the timeless.
Word and world, insect, reptile,
beast and man,
All matter, in its inter-relatedness
In the universe its energy began.
Mind to mind that was, that is and will be
From and to the instant of eternity.
The Performers

**William Hite** has appeared as soloist with many ensembles, including the American Symphony Orchestra, Washington Bach Consort, New York City Ballet, National Arts Centre Orchestra (Ottawa), Handel & Haydn Society, Boston Baroque, Tafelmusik, and Philharmonia Baroque. He sang in the premiere of Charles Fussell’s opera *The Astronaut's Tale* in Boston in 1999 and has also sung in premieres of operas by Glass, Antoniou, and Spratlan. He has performed in a number of opera with the Boston Early Music Festival. His festival appearances in North America include Tanglewood, Santa Fe, Banff, and Vancouver, and in Europe, Academie Musicales (Saintes), Aix en Provence, and the Holland Festival Oude Muzieke. He teaches voice at Boston University.

**James Maddalena** created the role of Richard Nixon in the world premiere of John Adams’ *Nixon in China* at the Houston Grand Opera telecast nationally on the PBS “Great Performances” series and which won an Emmy Award. Mr. Maddalena can be heard on the Grammy Award winning Nonesuch recording. His credits include working with companies such as New York City Opera, Houston Grand Opera, The Washington Opera, San Francisco Opera, Atlanta Opera, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, Frankfurt Opera, Opera de la Monaie (Brussels), Australia’s Adelaide Festival, The Netherlands Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, and Opéra National de Lyon.

**Judith Kellock** has been featured with the St. Louis Symphony, the Minnesota Orchestra, Brooklyn Philharmonic, New World Symphony, Honolulu Symphony, Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, Greek Radio Orchestra, Cayuaga Chamber Orchestra, West Virginia Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Green Umbrella Series, and orchestras throughout New England. Festival performances include Aspen, Arcady, Stockbridge Chamber Concerts, and Music Festival of the Hamptons. She is a founding member of the new music group “Ensemble X.” Ms. Kellock has sung major operatic roles in Italy and Greece, toured with the Opera Company of Boston, and performed with the
Mark Morris Dance Company in Brussels. She has recorded for the Koch International, Turnabout, Sine Qua Non, Fleur de Son, Albany, and Gasparo labels. She is a member of the performing faculty of Cornell University.

Conductor James Bolle was born in Evanston, Illinois. He studied French horn and violin, and began organizing and conducting groups while still in high school. He continued his studies at Harvard, Aspen Antioch (BA), and Northwestern University (MM), and was awarded the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters by both Franklin Pierce and Notre Dame colleges. A composition student of Darius Milhaud, he studied conducting with Joseph Rosenstock and Richard Lert. His compositions have been performed in the U.S., Israel, and Canada, and include an opera which was recorded on Serenus Records. He was director of the Chicago Community Music Foundation for seven years and has served as conductor of the Saskatchewan Jubilee Festival and the Musica Viva series in Chicago and New York City. In 1966 he founded Monadnock Music and in 1974 he was asked to organize and direct the New Hampshire Symphony Orchestra and served as its Music Director for 28 years. He has been guest conductor in the U.S., Israel, Europe, and most recently in Russia. He has recorded for Musical Heritage, Monitor, Titanic, Serenus, CRI, Albany, Gasparo, and Koch International and has served on advisory panels for the Massachusetts Arts Council and the National Endowment for the Arts. In 1987 he received a special award from Artisjus, the Hungarian Music Publishing Bureau, and he is the recipient of Columbia University’s prestigious Ditson Conductor’s Award. He has been guest lecturer at Duke University and Boston University. He was Artist Laureate of New Hampshire from 2000-2002.
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