

DONALDS 09

MORTEN S. DANIELSEN



MORTEN SKOVGAARD DANIELSEN (1967-2009)

Donaldsog

Morten E Nørskov | speak

Eir Inderhaug | vocal and speak

Jens Bruno Hansen | vocal and speak

Morten S. Danielsen | piano, celeste, percussion and slapstick

Sebastian Eskildsen | electronics

Mads Kjølby | guitar

Kristen Williams | piano and speak

Allan Von Schenkel | bass and speak

Hélène Navasse, Helene Simonsen | flutes

Kasper Hemmer Pihl | saxophones

Henrik Schmidt | clarinet

ACT ONE

1	I'm Dolly, I'll wait on you tonight	1:42
2	Coming right up at the greatest pace	1:19
3	What an odd thing to say to me	5:09
4	Five senses, three holes	1:48

ACT TWO

5	Someone me killed me last night	6:38
6	Wo! Man, woman	3:44
7	We accept nothing	3:53
8	You cannot be coy	3:20
9	Intermezzo. A conversation	2:51
10	This year I'm a stray black cat I	5:44
11	This year I'm a stray black cat II	3:48

ACT THREE

12	Three and self-absorbed like very few	3:54
13	Even if the two of us	4:34
14	We disappear like centuries, like doves	5:45
15	Someone me killed me last night	5:27

ACT FOUR

16	He is a war, it goes on endlessly	3:38
17	He loved the soft porn of the city	7:06
18	Finally we stand divided	4:13

Total: 74:30



Morten Skovgaard Danielsen

A CONTRARY PERFECTIONIST

The sound of shattered glass came as a shock in the Other Opera's almost blacked-out hall. The concert, or whatever you could call it, had otherwise been strange enough until then. Balloons and empty bottles everywhere. Morten walked around in the darkness smoking a cigarette, now and then grabbing an electric guitar, or sat down at a piano. The composer Jexper Holmen played a little clarinet, or read out the menu of a pizzeria in an odd cartoonish voice, while his colleague Jens Hørsving sat by the light of a reading lamp and controlled all the computer sounds – and the visual artist Peter Land's video projections were blown up on the back wall.

Until then MORTEN SKOVGAARD DANIELSEN had been an obvious talent in contemporary composition music – without being significantly noticed outside the musical milieu. But now, as this classically trained composer smashed a crystal vase – or was it a glass table? – with a baseball bat, the sound echoed far beyond the boundaries of the musical scene. For what was happening here? Had punk invaded the classical concert hall – and what were these angry young men actually up to?

It was an attempt to find out that led to my first meeting with Morten. Along with a

colleague I had decided to devote a whole session of *Lyt til Nyt*, a radio programme about contemporary music, to Messrs. Holmen and Skovgaard Danielsen. We agreed to meet them at the scene of the crime, The Other Opera. With them they had an acoustic guitar, an oversized cuddly toy and, in Morten's case, a litre-and-a-half bottle of iced tea, the colour of which suspiciously recalled white wine. He looked like the tail end of a long party. While Jexper was very accommodating, Morten sat down to pluck at the guitar. He may have agreed to be interviewed, but he didn't seem to feel like talking to us. Or was it just his modesty he was covering up? Was it pain one could glimpse in his glowering gaze?

We turned on all the charm we could – after all we had to get in interview in the can. And we did manage to get him to talk – although it was pretty dark and impenetrable: there were two things he hated about scored music; one was listening to it; the other was writing it; and anyway music paper was just something you used to wipe your arse, he proclaimed. He didn't want to be part of the “classical” concert form, he wanted to make contact with the public in a way that was social and relevant, the way it is in rock concerts, so he had to “throw a brick through the window” to say “listen to me!”. But he was no angry young man; in fact he

was only angry at himself. “Why?” I asked of course, for things were going well for him, he was writing good music that people liked. But that only made him hate himself even more; it “was no fun to be Morten Skovgaard Danielsen, for it hurt like hell”, as he explained.

Had we got hold of him on a day when he had a hangover? Was he really so morose? Or were we witnessing a gloomy self-staging meant to cover up something he didn’t want to talk about? And then there was all his brooding about the Nirvana singer Kurt Cobain, who burned his candle at both ends until he took his own life at the age of 27. Morten regarded Cobain as his “spiritual brother”. And then there was that white wine-coloured iced tea. Was the man really an alcoholic, or was it just part of his “live hard, die young” style? Was it just a raw attitude he had assumed to cover a far too vulnerable sensitivity? We couldn’t make him out.

The same goes for his untamable urge to create. Some time after the interview he remarked to me that an opera was something that could be written in 24 hours. It was probably an ill-considered remark, and in fact he forgot all about it until I reminded him later of what he had so rashly claimed – and then Danielsen suddenly lit up. The terms were discussed and of course the authenticity had to be in order: the number of instruments was to be five, the number

of singers three, and then I was to give him eleven words with accompanying character descriptions and tempos. They were handed to him in the hotel room in which he had installed himself with a keyboard, the time of day was noted, and then he went to work. When I visited him after the first six hours he had already written twenty minutes of music with text. And he managed it: after 24 hours, when I turned up to fetch the work, he had already been finished for three hours, and I took the sealed score of *Absence* home with me. And not much time passed before he wanted me to help with the practical aspect once again: now it was to be nine songs in eleven hours! Insane as these projects might seem, this was a model he could use. A certain period of time was made available, and when that had passed the work was finished. Rumour had it that back home Morten had a whole packing crate of scores that only lacked the final touch – but which never got it. The music publisher Edition Samfundet was more than willing to publish Morten’s music and had begged him for scores, but had never received anything.

By his own account Morten was an old-fashioned romantic – and sentimental with it. A kind of modern Robert Schumann mixed with Marilyn Manson and Kurt Cobain. He had grown up in a highly intellectual home, he had sung since he was ten

months old and played the piano since he was three – everything had always come easy to him. He knew his Goethe and his Thomas Mann and all the other classics. And as he said in a later radio interview, he was just eleven years old when he made up his own motto: “It isn’t what you do, it’s what you ought to do”. In other words nothing is ever good enough. And when something isn’t finished, can you blame it for not being perfect?

When he went to the Royal Danish Academy of Music he was extremely zealous about learning the “academic style”. In a programme I later made for Pilot-Radio he said that as a very young composer he had been afraid: afraid of writing something that was banal, afraid of disappointing intellectually; and that led to a self-deception, and that was what made him turn with horror from all that was established.

“I couldn’t conceive of the situation of not making art, or thinking things or creating – but on the other hand I quite basically couldn’t resign myself to being in the role I was in,” as he explained.

Such a categorical dissociation from something he had grown up with cannot have been unproblematical. For Morten was a child of scored music, no matter how much he tore at the strings of an electric guitar or screamed out his – allegedly staged – desperation, as on the CD *Shotgun Diary*.

In addition, what does a perfectionist who rejects all the frameworks and rules do? With what yardstick does he measure the perfection of what he creates? Can this have tormented him, even though he claimed that he was very satisfied that his musical ideas had now been liberated from all systemic thinking? Can this have led to his great difficulties managing his life and his talent, and actually made him claim that he liked to play his cards wrong, because he thought that was “developing the hard way” and in general it was “the only exciting thing I can find in my role as a so-called artist or composer”, as he expressed it himself.

“So what is it that you ought to have done?” the radio journalist finally asked in the above-mentioned interview, but Morten simply crossed his arms up in front of him. There was no answer. We can only guess what it was that Morten Skovgaard Danielsen thought he ought to have done. But the concentrated power of expression in what he did cannot be denied. The shock in the dark hall of The Other Opera, the sound of the shattered glass, is still echoing.

Jakob Wivel, 2010

SYNOPSIS

It’s crystal clear: the three male Donalds are having an identity crisis, or, depending on your perspective, several. The female Donald

is at the centre of their erotic attention and the male Donalds' behaviour is sort of obsessive-compulsive, induced by alcohol or just another case of *La Comédie humaine*. The three Donalds may be one, Dolly may not exist; Shakespeare, with Blake as prompter, might have written the damn thing on a bad day; the love story never gets going; no one dies and no one really comes to life except when the words are sung – as they certainly are. It's a pretty sad tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing and so forth, but along the way there are some gripping moments I consider worthwhile. And in between courting, drinking and general mayhem, reality seems to peek in.

Dolly's character in particular fluctuates between her mental Beetleville (the small home town she has internalized with all its values and so on) that epitomizes the insecurity of modern woman and her tough attitude and cocksure flirtation skills in the city. She is like every woman I know – with my most sincere apologies to everyone in particular. The three stooges or Donalds are self-absorbed and a means to no end: one part realism (Donald Donald), one part imagery (Donald Dream), and one part shamanism (Donald Blake). And they do exist, both in and outside mental institutions. If they were to become one, something grand could happen; but they won't, they will flog them-

selves with everyday stupidity till the day they die. Most men have some insight, very few do anything but suffer from that insight. I am a romantic and that first never-forgotten glimpse of eternal bliss, that brief moment where everything came together, when the sky opened and I somehow didn't get hold of the offered hand but saw the meaning of it all, that is what the opera is about. I guess. Anyway, it was supposed to all fall into place in *The Other Opera* – but now it probably won't. The composer, Morten Skoffgaard, decided to leave the building, leaving our building unfinished. May he rest in peace.

Morten E Nørskov, 2010

THE PERFORMERS

The Norwegian soprano EIR INDERHAUG was born in Stavanger and was recognized early as a great talent. In 1997 she moved to Denmark, where she trained at the Royal Danish Academy of Music and the Opera Academy. After just two years of study she made her debut at the Royal Danish Theatre in the role of Barbarina in *The Marriage of Figaro*, and before her official debut in 2003 she had already been engaged by the Opera in Nürnberg. From 2003 until 2005 Eir Inderhaug worked at the Deutsche Oper am Rhein, which is based in Düsseldorf. Since then she has worked freelance and appears at among other opera houses the Bayerische

Staatsoper, Komische Oper in Berlin, the Opera in Copenhagen and the Gothenburg Opera. She sings a very broad repertoire from Baroque opera to musicals, both the great soprano roles such as Pamina in *The Magic Flute* and Adele in *Die Fledermaus* and virtuoso coloratura roles such as Fiakermili in Strauss' *Arabella* and Olympia in *The Tales of Hoffmann*. For Dacapo Eir Inderhaug has earlier recorded the title role in Poul Rovsing Olsen's opera *Belisa*.

The Danish bass JENS BRUNO HANSEN was born in Hjørring and studied musicology. He began his singing career in the Chorus of the Danish National Opera and the Danish National Choir/DR. Since 1995 he has been permanently engaged by the Royal Danish Theatre in Copenhagen. At the Opera in Copenhagen he has worked with directors such as Peter Konwitschny and David McVicar and conductors like Ion Marin, Marc Soustrot and Thomas Dausgaard. Jens Bruno Hansen has sung classical bass roles like Osmin in *The Abduction from the Seraglio*, the Commendatore in *Don Giovanni* and Don Basilio in *The Barber of Seville*. He is also a frequently used oratorio singer. He takes a particular interest in contemporary and experimental music drama. He has appeared in world premieres of many new Danish operas at the Royal Theatre and at

the Aarhus Summer Opera and The Other Opera in Copenhagen, including Mogens Christensen's *Systema Naturae*, John Frandsen's *Tugt og Utugt i Mellemtiden*, Andy Pape's *Leonora Christine* and most recently Bo Holten's *The Visit of the Royal Physician*, which he has also recorded for Dacapo.

MORTEN E. NØRSKOV, born in 1967, is an editor of literary periodicals including *Graf*. Studied Comparative Literature, Danish and English. He made his literary debut in 2002 with *Styr på dyr*, a dream about children for adults, and in 2006 this was followed by the novel *Mand i uddrag*. Most recently he has written the work *Kviksølvs mongolen*.

The composer MORTEN SKOVGAARD DANIELSEN, who died in 2009, just 42 years old, was one of the most original personalities in Danish musical life. He began his composing career along classical lines, but at an early stage went his own way in a constant search for new paths. As a result he completely rejected the classical composition music in which he had been trained.

Morten Skovgaard Danielsen was born in Odense. He studied composition in Copenhagen at the Royal Danish Academy of Music with the Nestor of Danish music, Ib Nørholm, and with the electronic music composer Ivar Frounberg. A few years after

taking his diploma in 1996 he changed his attitude to composition music, and with a starting point in the grunge rock of the time he began to create spontaneous, wild works that were rarely notated musically.

Morten Skovgaard Danielsen had his music performed at leading Nordic festivals, and he was awarded several prizes and distinctions. He was himself active as a musician on piano and guitar, and he also worked with poetry and video art. He knew no boundaries. "In my music and texts I am searching for the "Rimbaudian" statement –

the elimination of all inhibitions in favour of the nakedly sensing," he said.

In the course of his short life, Morten Skovgaard Danielsen was able to create over a hundred works, ranging from modernist scored works for chamber ensembles and orchestra to electrically amplified noise music. Powerful expressions of self-destruction recur in many of his works, for example in the musical performance *Shotgun Diary* and the CD projects *The Kurt Cobain Songs* and *Sleep My Darling Junkie, Sleep*.

Jens Cornelius, 2010



Eir Inderhaug and Jens Bruno Hansen

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Donald Dream
Donald Blake
Donald Donald
(Donald) Dolly Donald

ACT ONE

1 I'm Dolly, I'll wait on you tonight

*Speak: Morten E Nørskov
Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen
Piano: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen*

*In a Russian restaurant in the capital in the year
XXXX. Donald Blake has no past, nor does he live
anywhere in particular. Donald Dream accompa-
nies him, constantly disagreeing with both Blake
and the narrative itself. Donald Donald is also
present. They merge into a common vision. A kind
of sleep. A frenzy. It's inexplicable.*

WAITRESS

I'm Dolly, I'll wait on you tonight

DREAM

Have you spared an eye for us
If so we'll be waiting on you every night
The three of us are Donald

DOLLY

I'm Donald by family
Born an bred in Beetleville

THE DONALDS
We are Donald
We are Donald
Mayday mayday
We are Donald
A group of one
Mayday mayday

Why, Dolly Donald, what a name
Serve us steak or what you will
For what will happen in Beetleville
Will happen to us tonight
Some beer would be nice too

2 Coming right up at the greatest pace

*Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen
Piano & celeste: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen*

DOLLY

Coming right up at the greatest pace
A moment to be at ease
They're stored in a dusky place
300 steps below

BLAKE

Can we get to them now?

DOLLY

Oh yes it takes an hour or two
But it's well worth the wait for you
Upon my word and quiet quest
Every guest who is dressed like you
Should wait a while
– Wait, listen, be still

As it's said in Beetleville
The beer will be much sweeter

BLAKE

Three bottles of your finest beer then dear
I'll wait until the end is here

3 What an odd thing to say to me

*Speak: Morten E Nørskov
Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen
Piano, celeste, slapstick: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen*

DOLLY

What an odd thing to say to me
What an odd thing to do
Now you know where the beer is
The rest you can store in the darkest place of all

BLAKE

Don't judge us please on one part savagery
There is so much more at least to me

THE IDIOT (OLD DUSTY)

Myshkin is akin to aching
He's with it
He doesn't wallow in it
He gorges on it
There's a difference
He's different
He's gorgeous
He's a fucking moron
We love him
We love it
He's akin to aching
His death lasts forever

We love it
Moron

BLAKE

I paint my poems, my thoughts are imagery, I love
There is nothing you can hide
I have already spotted Dolly
One day you'll be mine

DREAM

I'm lazy I dream I'm a lover
I'm the dream spun in silk
I'm the honey, I'm the milk
I give you the past and future, see
Vision sides along with me
See baby, baby's three
Lingering there at your knee

DONALD

I'm Donald, everything's political
And I get by on people
I will set them straight for you
And in your hour of need
You will lean on us for
I am power

DREAM

I have a dream
I will lay you down
And your home town too
And bend over twice
I dream of a thing like that

DOLLY

This is neither Dream nor political
Your party of excess is put to an end

BLAKE
I must defend

DOLLY
Defend what you like
In politics as mere reflection
I have my own perplexity
In the same way
That I have my dream

DREAM
Oh well we see we went too far
Get the car
Bellboy, get the car

DOLLY
(smiling)
Leave now or you must die
And come back later when your head is clear
Then I'll get you your beer

THE DONALDS
(leaving)
You gave us the once over twice
We are three that makes it six
We never die we multiply

DONALD
To die is a harsh retribution
The world is out of joint
When the sweetest bird has such a cry

4 **Five senses, three holes**
Speak: Morten E Nørskov
Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen
Piano, celeste, slapstick: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

DOLLY
(Alone)
Five senses, three holes
More than plenty for most
I serve much more than most deserve
Relentlessly tactile
When out of Beetleville
Want to grope and be groped
I want the Donalds could he only be one
Want them as he is or what I had hoped
But whatever they are
I'm every woman in particular

Every woman – singularis
Every woman – singularis
Every woman – singularis

THE DONALDS
We are Donald
We are Donald
Mayday mayday
We are Donald
A group of one
Mayday mayday

We mustn't say
Every mistake is a foolish one
What we call pleasure, and rightly so
Is the absence of all pain (Cicero)

And by the way
I'm not on welfare (morten e & morten d)

ACT TWO

5 **Someone me killed me last night**
Speak: Morten E Nørskov
Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen
Guitar: Mads Kjølbj
Piano, celeste, slapstick: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

The Donalds are lying down in a sparsely decorated room, empty coke and beer bottles. Cigarette butts are strewn about everywhere. The characters are moaning and can hardly lift their heads. But they can sing.

KURT
Someone me killed me last night
And on awakening in the mornings I see
In the geranium-encircled mirror on the wall
Just above my temples a hole shaped like the one

SOFT PORN
Preferably in spring but summer
Not far behind – how could it be
And in winter blossom so seldom seen
Made every blessed moment more cherished
Only autumn was a fall
Life going awol and what ahead too far
Too far beyond a man who loves
The soft porn of the city
Dwell on that

BLAKE
An iron poker in your mind a moment
From out of the dark and into the light
You withdraw one reality
As metaphor for everplace
ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Comparisons contribute nothing
On the phone
It is me I'm Donald
It is me I'm black
At daybreak Blake
It is I ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Who stole the Venetian blinds
Telephone microphone ahhhhhhhhhh
I'll put our heads together
Sounds like growing up
Like going down
Like finding nothing full
Comparisons contribute more nothing
ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Give us water water water
Keep the lights low please,
And keep the fucking noise down
Telephone microphone telephone microphone
Paranoia welfare venom fuck
If you're helpless – well, beg then
Helper beggar loser jerk
An iron poker in your mind a moment
Out of the light and into darkness
Water water water
I'm two times half the man
I never was

DONALD
She'll call on us
Morning night and noon

Women are noise
And always too soon

6 Wo! Man, woman

Speak: Morten E Nørskov

Vocal/speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen

Piano, celeste, slapstick: Morten S. Danielsen

Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

ORLANDO

Wo! Man, woman
Woe man, woeman
Woman, wombat
Batman, bad man
Man, wo! men
Womenfolk wonky-tonk
And wo! Man woe
Where do we go
From here?

Went through centuries unperturbed
Me, Orlando
Like a drunk, a trick, a writer
Always the same, always changing
Transfiguration transferred
Chance cannot change her
Chance cannot change him
Me, Orlando singularis
Me, Orlando singularis
I'm Everyman in particular
Every woman in particular

DOLLY

(from afar)
I don't date anyone
It's you
Who is the other

BLAKE

I speak through yesterday's drink
I'm too hard on us and too kind
An impossible combination
The lazy Lutheran
Complex Lutherans

DOLLY

Should wait a while
– Wait, listen, be still
As it's said in Beetleville
The beer will be much sweeter

7 We accept nothing

Speak: Morten E Nørskov

Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen

Piano, celeste, slapstick: Morten Danielsen

Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

DONALD

We accept nothing
He who accepts nothing
Accepts those who understand nothing
And those who don't understand anything
Seen that before?
Everything's political
The world is out of joint

DREAM

Freudians dance with death
Mortals fight Dream
It's a party for a plot
We're a political party
One for all and all in one
The membrane between night and Dream
As Blake as day

Freud on fire Freud on fire
He's smoking smoking but
Occasionally we feel so Jung and so gone
Except you Blake you're falling down
The pathway of a palace in ruins
A party for a plot
Singing for a slut

BLAKE

I'm on Dolly
Hallucinating a living hell
She's my hangman I'm hung over
She's my hangman I'm hung on her
This is not death
Death is not
Hallucinating on Dolly

DREAM

Dolly is death, she's much too human

DONALD

Woman is death, inhumanly human
Engaged in what never matters
All senses and non-sense
Less political than nothing at all
'Cause even nothing matters

8 You cannot be coy

Speak: Morten E Nørskov

Vocal & speak: Jens Bruno Hansen

Piano, glass, slapstick: Morten S. Danielsen

Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

BLAKE

You cannot be coy
With love's apocryphal writings

Long and white, is her choice asparagus
She fingers a path into the hair on my torso
Or the way
She blames you, ever so slightly
You've forgotten your spirits
For a meal ticket
We laid down much more than a coat
For her
We kept disappearing
For her
But now you're only blurry and vague
All too certain in your doubting
So don't be coy when it comes
To love's apocryphal writings
It's something else we shall do
It's something else I shall do

THE SEAGULL (CHEKHOV)

Hey, I'm Chekhov's seagull, yeah that's right
I scream with boredom
Feed me, cheat me, eat me, do me
Something anything something
Good strong wrong tongue
Anything something anything
I scream with boredom

9 Intermezzo. A conversation

Text: Morten S. Danielsen,

Piano & speak: Kristen Williams

Bass & speak: Allan Von Schenkel

*Recorded at Basso Moderno, USA.
Mixed and manipulated by Sebastian Eskildsen
and Morten S. Danielsen*

10 This year I'm a stray black cat I

Speak: Morten E Nørskov
Percussion: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen
Bass: Allan Von Schenkel
Recorded at Basso Moderno USA

HAMLET

This year
I'm a stray black cat
Or a still albino bat
That glows in darkened caves – or else
But there is no 'or else', I glow
No one has ever let me down
No one can
I'm interpretation interpreted, interpreting
I'm tears that drown inside the clown
I never entered the stage
I can never leave
I don't exist
You live through me

11 This year I'm a stray black cat II

Speak: Morten E Nørskov
Guitar: Mads Kjølbj
Percussion, slapstick: Morten Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

HAMLET

This year
I'm a stray black cat
Or a still albino bat
That glows in darkened caves – or else
But there is no 'or else', I glow
No one has ever let me down
No one can

I'm interpretation interpreted, interpreting
I'm tears that drown inside the clown
I never entered the stage
I can never leave
I don't exist
You live through me

ACT THREE

Somewhere

12 Three and self-absorbed like very few

Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen
Piano, celeste, slapstick: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

DOLLY

Three and self-absorbed like very few
And I'm a dream within a dream
When will he sing to my heart?
I am an impossible dream in a song
He sees not the woman he worships
I see his pathetic cheeks, the ruddy decay
His dance is solitary his peak desolate
He sees not my Beetleville
He longs alone for spirit and soul
Preaching the end in clever clichés
So long good bye
No more Donald no more Dream
I forget you, Blake
And whatever may have been

BLAKE

I'm Blake I'm mercury
Not easily forgotten

I'm Blake not bleak
With or without you
It shall be the two of us
We can be one
The two of us
We shall be one

13 Even if the two of us

Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen
Flutes: Hélène Navasse, Helene Simonsen
Piano, celeste, slapstick: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

DOLLY

Even if the two of us
Should ever be one
We would still be four
Is that what you want?
And all I want is you
– And a big old house in Beetleville
Is all I want for the two

BLAKE

I will do anything for you
I'll go anywhere with you
But we have to stay
There is no freedom
In the provinces
They never cease
To exist in your mind
You can never leave
But don't stay behind

DOLLY

Unless you've been at home
Both in Beetleville and here
I don't believe your word

14 We disappear like centuries, like doves

Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen
Saxophones: Kasper Hemmer Pihl

BLAKE

We disappear like centuries, like doves
Only faster –
Exchange life for a love
Redeem the grotesque
And the paranoia:
Guilt in a world devoid of God
Trade anxiety for neuroses shedding leaves
On the grave of the beloved
As long as death will last
Like tears
Like rain
Like Beetleville
We could be more
With or without you
We could be more

DOLLY

Are you making love to me
Only to confuse me, or only
Contradicting yourselves?

DONALD AND DREAM

Listen listen listen
She will drag you down
She will wreck you
She will advocate stagnation
She will economize you
Cripple you, ice you
Legalize and normalize you
She will leave you
With nothing but herself so sad

Leave you with enough loneliness for two
A hell that is more than twice as bad

15 Someone me killed me last night

Speak: Morten E Nørskov
Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen
Saxophones: Kasper Hemmer Pihl
Piano: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

KURT
Someone me killed me last night
And on awakening in the mornings I see
In the geranium-encircled mirror on the wall
Just above my temples a hole shaped like the one
A Robin Hood-like arrow would leave
But it was a bullet
It's the last thing I remember
A bullet goes through my head

DONALD AND DREAM
Neither with snare nor a trick
Will she make you sick
She will make you sick
Because you crave disease

THE DONALDS
Everyman – singularis

DONALD AND DREAM
And she will be sick of you but never leave
She stays to drain you dry and dead
And you you will be sick of her drink
But the thirst is in your head
You cannot tell the difference between a cure
and a disease

Everyman – singularis
Everyman – singularis
Everyman – singularis

BLAKE
Catastrophe
She's dead
If only she were dead
It's worse than death
Life in Beetleville
Makes death superfluous
Its curse is soft and silent
At night you check your pulse
Because it's so quiet, you hear
Your destined casket rot

DONALD AND DREAM
Now we *may* begin, yes
Everything we hate
Is here

BLAKE
Everything *you* hate
I'm not with hate
My road of excess
Will sweep her off a nowhere street
And bring her back from death
Leaving all fetters behind
Making us free and one

DREAM
An impossible dream

ULYSSES
Seven years in a cage
All my life on stage

I'm a liver torn
Everyday unborn re-
Living a thief's life
Yet it was *my* wife
They fed to the eagles
Fucking bastards (suffer well)
Can you hear me (Prometheus tell)
Prometheus?
Where's my seven golden years?

ACT FOUR

Nowhere

16 He is a war, it goes on endlessly

Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug
Piano: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

DOLLY
He is a war, it goes on endlessly
He's embedded me in an enclave
Turned a grown woman into a slave
Of his muddled imagination
The sauce has turned him into gravy
There is no hope for us
No magic only loss
The sauce has turned him into gravy
With or without me
On the wagon or off
His train is sliding
His train is fading

17 He loved the soft porn of the city

Vocal & speak: Morten E Nørskov
Vocal & speak: Jens Bruno Hansen
Clarinet: Henrik Schmidt
Piano: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

SOFT PORN
He loved the soft porn of the city
Cruising the streets like a passion chamber
In the zone and always in danger
Always on edge
Preferably in spring but summer
Not far behind – how could it be
And in winter blossom so seldom seen
Made every blessed moment more cherished
Only autumn was a fall
Life going awol and what ahead too far
Too far beyond a man who loves
The soft porn of the city
Dwell on that
He loved the soft porn of the city

DONALD AND DREAM
We dream of a thing like that
Nowhere is the place to be
We dream of a thing like that

BLAKE
Every night I dream I'm free
Repetition is damnation
Every day I ponder you and me
Repetition is damnation
Repetition is damnation
Repetition is damnation

Every night I dream I'm free
Lovely you ponderous me

My name is Joyce
My game, rejoice – the laughing stock
It's not a name
But I'm in it
You put me there, creep
Eternally I pay the Bill
Eternally on my window sill
Peeks in like a death sentence
The sentence to end all sentences
So I'll be still
Among my peers
I had no peers
But second to none
I never was

18 Finally we stand divided

Vocal & speak: Eir Inderhaug, Jens Bruno Hansen
Piano, celeste: Morten S. Danielsen
Electronics: Sebastian Eskildsen

THE DONALDS AND DOLLY
Finally we stand divided
Our dreams are out of joint
There is no common ground
And bloodshed with no point
Is bloodshed with no point
A blemish on mind forged ruins
Caught between future and past
We stand erect divided
We'd even love to fall
But there's no common ground
No common ground at all

DDD

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Recording producers: Sebastian Eskildsen and Morten S. Danielsen
Sound engineer: Sebastian Eskildsen

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Lyrics and synopsis: Morten E Nørskov
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DANMARKS NATIONALE
MUSIKANTOLOGI

Dacapo Records, Denmark's national record label, was founded in 1986 with the purpose of releasing the best of Danish music past and present. The majority of our recordings are world premieres, and we are dedicated to producing music of the highest international standards.

