

Sunday, April 3, 2011, 3pm  
Hertz Hall

**Jessica Rivera, *soprano***  
**Molly Morkoski, *piano***

**Ensemble Meme**  
**Donato Cabrera, *conductor***

Barry Crawford *flute*  
Carol McGonnell *clarinet*  
Austin Hartman *violin*  
Lih-wen Ting *viola*  
Caroline Stinson *cello*  
Molly Morkoski *piano*  
Alex Lipowski *percussion*

**PROGRAM**

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) *Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42 (1840)*

Seit ich ihn gesehen  
Er, der Herrlichste von Allen  
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben  
Du Ring an meinem Finger  
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern  
Süßer Freund, du blickest  
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust  
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) *Ariettes oubliées (1885–1888; rev. 1903)*

C'est l'extase  
Il pleure dans mon cœur  
L'ombre des arbres  
Paysages belges: Chevaux de bois  
Aquarelles: Green  
Aquarelles: Spleen

*INTERMISSION*



Thom Wedge

Jessica Rivera

Mark Grey (b. 1967) *Ātash Sorushān ("Fire Angels") (2010)*  
Libretto by Niloufar Talebi  
(*West Coast premiere*)

Invocation  
Voyage  
Transformation  
Restoration

*Commissioned by Cal Performances and Carnegie Hall through Meet the Composer's Commissioning MusicUSA program, which is made possible by generous support from the Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust, Ford Foundation, Francis Goelet Charitable Lead Trusts, New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, New York State Council on the Arts, William and Flora Hewlett Foundation, and Helen F. Whitaker Fund.*

*Funded by the Koret Foundation, this performance is part of Cal Performances' 2010–2011 Koret Recital Series, which brings world-class artists to our community.*

*Cal Performances' 2010–2011 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.*

**Robert Schumann (1810–1856)**  
**Frauenliebe und -leben** (“Woman’s Love and Life”), Op. 42

*Composed in 1840.*

September 12, 1840—the day he married Clara Wieck—was a watershed in Robert Schumann’s creative life. For years he and Clara had struggled to bring about their marriage against the will of her father, even taking him to court, before they could be united. The joy of their victory and the anticipation of their long-delayed life together inspired Schumann to explore whole new worlds of expression. For the decade before 1839, he had limited himself entirely to works for solo piano, though both he and Clara pined for grander things. “Sometimes I would like to smash my piano, it has become too narrow for my thoughts,” Robert wrote on April 14 to Heinrich Dorn, his composition teacher. His first important move away from the confines of the keyboard came during the year of his marriage, when he composed nearly 150 songs. In July, just after he had learned that Papa Wieck could no longer legally keep him and Clara apart, Robert zealously took up the intimate domestic poetry of the German Romanticist Adalbert von Chamisso (1781–1838), setting eight of his verses as *Frauenliebe und -leben*, two more (*Die Kartenlegerin* and *Die rote Hanne*) in his *Drei Gesänge*, Op. 31, and five of his adaptations of Hans Christian Andersen as the *Fünf Lieder*, Op. 40. *Frauenliebe und -leben* and the contemporaneous song cycles *Myrthen*, *Dichterliebe* and the Op. 39 *Liederkreis* were Schumann’s wedding presents for Clara. “Few women in all history,” observed the composer’s biographer Robert Haven Schauflyer, “have received such gifts from their lovers.”

Chamisso’s original *Frauenliebe und -leben* consisted of a cycle of nine poems encapsulating a woman’s courtship and married life: awakening love, admiration of her lover, proposal, engagement, wedding, pregnancy, maternity, bereavement and consolation in children and grandchildren. Schumann set only the first eight

of these, however, omitting the comforting verses of the final poem, so his cycle ends with the sorrow over the beloved’s sudden death, made deeply poignant by the reprise of the opening song, the music of new love, as a piano postlude.

**Claude Debussy (1862–1918)**  
**Ariettes oubliées** (“Forgotten Ariettes”)

*Composed in 1885–1888; revised in 1903.*

English musicologist Edward Lockspeiser’s statement that “poetry fertilizes the art of Debussy” is borne out by the dozens of songs that the composer created throughout his career. French artists at the dawn of the 20th century were seeking to escape the hyperventilated expression of Romanticism, specifically the pervasive influence of Germanic Wagnerian Romanticism, to forge a new art informed by intimation and suggestion, by gossamer image and evocative word. Debussy was profoundly affected by these quietly revolutionary French artistic upheavals, and he immersed himself in the painting and poetry of his near-contemporaries. He sought to embody the spirit of his nation in his music—he chose as his personal title *musicien français*—and found continual inspiration for his work in the painting of the Impressionists and the verses of the Symbolists. All of his songs use French texts by French authors.

Nearly one-third of Debussy’s songs are settings of poems by Paul Verlaine. Verlaine (1844–1896) led a rough life—his tempestuous liaison with the poet Arthur Rimbaud ended when Verlaine shot and wounded his companion; after two years in jail, Verlaine descended into drunkenness and debauchery—but his writings possess a rare evocative quality, a “versified music” that provided the perfect verbal core for Debussy’s tonal wrapping. “[In Verlaine’s poetry] is no hard realism, no exulting, no romanticism,” wrote James Husst Hall in his historical survey of the art song. “Fluid in substance and form, his verses moved between mysticism

and sensuality, and woke echoes in this symbolist musician.” Debussy’s earliest Verlaine song (1882) was *Clair de lune* (“Moonlight”), which he set again a decade later. (The poem also provided the milieu for the famous, but musically unrelated, *Clair de lune* that serves as the third movement of his *Suite bergamasque* for piano.) During the next quarter-century, Debussy set eighteen more poems of Verlaine, including the *Ariettes oubliées* (1888), two sets of *Fêtes galantes* (1891, 1904), *Trois mélodies* (1891) and several independent pieces.

Debussy composed the six songs comprising *Ariettes oubliées* (“Forgotten Ariettes”) between 1885, when he was (grudgingly) fulfilling the terms of winning the Prix de Rome at the Villa Medici, near the city’s famed Spanish Steps, and 1888, by which time he had returned (early) to Paris. These songs, among the first expressions of Debussy’s distinctive creative voice, were published separately under their individual titles in 1888 and revised and reissued as the *Ariettes oubliées* in 1903. The texts are from Verlaine’s *Romances sans paroles* (“Romances Without Words”), written while he was in London with Rimbaud in 1872–1873; they were published in 1874, when Verlaine was in prison for attacking his companion. The words and aura of *C’est l’extase* (“This Is Ecstasy”), the first of the three poems taken from the portion of *Romances sans paroles* that Verlaine titled *Ariettes oubliées*, are perfectly embodied in the song’s voluptuous mood and sylvan harmonic palette. *Il pleure dans mon cœur* (“There Is Weeping in My Heart”), one of Debussy’s rippling “water pieces,” equates the gentle rain over a city with sorrow experienced “without reason.” The “drowned hopes” of a grieving traveler are reflected in the “pale landscape” described in *L’ombre des arbres* (“The Shadow of the Trees”). The exuberant *Chevaux de bois* (“Wooden Horses”) is one of the half-dozen poems in *Romances sans paroles* with which Verlaine evoked *Paysages belges* (“Belgian Landscapes”), this one set in Brussels. The *Ariettes oubliées* closes with two *Aquarelles* (“Watercolors”), which the poet titled

in English. *Green* is an expression of young love that progresses from ardor to repose. *Spleen* in English means “ill-tempered” but in French “melancholy,” and the cycle’s closing song suggests the despair of an abandoned lover and the longing for the beloved even among the splendors of nature.

**Mark Grey (b. 1967)**  
**Ātash Sorushān** (“Fire Angels”) for soprano,  
 piano, flute/piccolo, clarinet/bass clarinet,  
 violin, viola, cello and percussion  
*Libretto by Niloufar Talebi*

*Composed in 2010. Premiered on March 29, 2011, in Zankel Hall at Carnegie Hall, New York, by soprano Jessica Rivera, pianist Molly Morkoski and Ensemble Meme.*

Mark Grey, born in Evanston, Illinois, on New Year’s Day 1967, earned bachelor’s and master’s degrees in composition and electro-acoustic music at San José State University, where his teachers included electro-acoustic music pioneer Allen Strange and composer Pablo Furman. Grey’s parallel careers in composition and sound design began to develop when he was publishing technical materials and writing a monthly column as an editorial intern at *Keyboard* magazine from 1990 to 1996. His sound designs have since been seen and heard in major concert halls, theaters and opera houses around the world. He was artistic collaborator, sound designer and soundscape engineer for John Adams’s critically acclaimed *On the Transmigration of Souls*, composed for the opening concert of the New York Philharmonic’s 2002–2003 season in commemoration of those who died in the tragedy of September 11, 2001, which received the 2004 Pulitzer Prize in Music as well as three Grammy Awards; Grey was the first sound designer to work with the Philharmonic. He has also done sound designs for the Kronos Quartet, Philip Glass, Steve Reich, Terry Riley, Lyric Opera of Chicago and Metropolitan Opera; his

collaboration on John Adams's *Dr. Atomic* at the Met in October 2008 was the first sound design employed by that company.

Grey was Composer-in-Residence with the Phoenix Symphony during the 2007–2008 season, premiering a ten-minute work titled *The Summons* in September 2007 and the full-length *Enemy Slayer: A Navajo Oratorio*, based on a Navajo creation myth, the following February; *Enemy Slayer* was recorded by Naxos. He has also written works for the Kronos Quartet (*Bertoia I and II* [2003], toured throughout Europe, Australia and America), violinist Leila Josefowicz (*San Andreas Suite* [2004] and the violin concerto *Elevation*, premiered in 2006 at the Colorado Music Festival), former Kronos Quartet cellist Joan Jeanrenaud (*Sands of Time* [2002] and *Blood Red* [2001]), violinist Piotr Szewczyk (*Left for the Dogs* [2007]), Paul Drescher Ensemble (*Kemi* [2003]), Los Angeles Philharmonic's Minimalist Jukebox Festival (*The Sleepless Dream* [2006]), Atlanta Symphony (the fanfare *Ahsha* [2011]) and Los Angeles Master Chorale (*Mugunghwa: Rose of Sharon* [2011]), as well as music for Peter Sellars's production of *Othello* at Vienna's Wiener Festwochen (2009).

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*Ātash Sorushān* ("Fire Angels") was commissioned by Cal Performances and Carnegie Hall through Meet the Composer's Commissioning Music/USA program, which is made possible by generous support from the Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust, Ford Foundation, Francis Golet Charitable Lead Trusts, New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, New York State Council on the Arts, William and Flora Hewlett Foundation, and Helen F. Whitaker Fund.

The libretto for *Ātash Sorushān* is by writer, award-winning translator and theater artist Niloufar Talebi, who was born in London to Iranian parents. Talebi, who received her B.A. in Comparative Literature from UC Irvine and her M.F.A. from Bennington College, is editor and translator of the anthology *Belonging: New*

*Poetry by Iranians Around the World* and founding director of the Translation Project. Among Talebi's other works are *Midnight Approaches* (a DVD of poetry videos) and the theater pieces *Four Springs*, *ICARUS/RISE* and *The Persian Rite of Spring*. Her distinctions include awards from the International Center for Writing and Translation, American Literary Translators Association Fellowship, PEN/New York State Council on the Arts and the Willis Barnstone Translation Prize.

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Niloufar Talebi has provided the following information about *Ātash Sorushān*:

"The Vision: *Ātash Sorushān* ('Fire Angels'), co-commissioned by Carnegie Hall, Cal Performances and Meet the Composer, connects evocative new music and a story that builds bridges to greater understanding and invite reflection on the decade following September 11, 2001—an event that ultimately inspired the creation of this work.

"The Story: *Ātash Sorushān* is a story about love and connection. It tells the tale of two larger-than-life beings, *Mana* and *Ahsha*, who dwell in separate realms, both convinced of their supreme power. One day, in an all-out collision, as their outward and mighty façades crumble, a transcendent final movement begins, revealing the truth: in our moments of vulnerability, we are one. *Fire Angels* summons the questions: How can we better understand relationships with our fellow human beings? How can a devastating event between two dominant forces become a ground zero for love?

"The History: *Ātash Sorushān* draws upon various cultural elements, weaving ancient traditions of the East into modern and universal concerns of the present day. *Mana* is the Oceanic and Persian term for the divine life force that embodies everything; *Ahsha* is an Avestan term for truth/existence. While *Mana* and *Ahsha* are not personified in their traditions, I reimagined them as characters by marrying their

philosophical concepts with human characteristics. In the Zoroastrian (ancient Iranian religion) tradition, angels watch over things, such as days of the week, months, truth, etc. The archangel *Sorush* is a messenger angel, like Gabriel, who presides over the beginning and end of the world. *Sorush* fights against demons that threaten to extinguish the world's fire/passion/truth. *Sorushān* is the plural form of the proper name *Sorush*. *Ātash* is the Persian word for fire, an element essential to the destruction and renovation of *Mana* and *Ahsha*, and all they represent. The title, *Ātash Sorushān* ('Fire Angels'), refers to the role both *Mana* and *Ahsha* played out, angels with a message of purification and peace, ending a world and beginning a new one. *Mana* and *Ahsha* begin under the assumption of difference, and, through the power of transformation, end by realizing their sameness. By humanizing them, each with his and her own equally magnificent strengths and weaknesses, we explore the grey areas of history in the reflection of our past decade."

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Robert Schumann (1810–1856)  
Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42

|   |  |
|---|--|
| 1.  | 1.   |
| Seit ich ihn gesehen,<br>Glaub ich blind zu sein;<br>Wo ich hin nur blicke,<br>Seh' ich ihn allein;<br>Wie im wachen Traume<br>Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,<br>Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel<br>Heller nur empor.      | Since seeing him,<br>I think I am blind;<br>wherever I look,<br>him only I see;<br>as in a waking dream<br>he floats before me,<br>rising out of darkest depths<br>only more brightly. |
| Sonst ist licht- und farblos<br>Alles um mich her,<br>Nach der Schwestern Spiele<br>Nicht begehrt, ich mehr,<br>Möchte lieber weinen<br>Still im Kämmerlein;<br>Seit ich ihm gesehen,<br>Glaub ich blind zu sein. | For the rest, dark and pale<br>is all around,<br>for my sisters' games<br>I am no longer eager,<br>I would weep<br>quietly in my room;<br>since seeing him,<br>I think I am blind.     |
| 2.  | 2.   |
| Er, der Herrlichste von allen,<br>Wie so milde, wie so gut.<br>Holde Lippen, klares Auge,<br>Heller Sinn und fester Mut.  | He is the most wonderful of all,<br>so gentle, so good.<br>Sweet lips, bright eyes,<br>clear mind and firm resolve.  |
| So wie dort in blauer Tiefe<br>Hell und herrlich jener Stern,<br>Also er an meinem Himmel<br>Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.  | As there in the blue depths<br>that star, clear and wonderful,<br>so he is in my heaven,<br>clear and wonderful, majestic, remote.   |
| Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;<br>Nur betrachten deinen Schein,<br>Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,<br>Selig nur und traurig sein.  | Wander, wander your ways;<br>just to watch your radiance,<br>just to watch it in humility,<br>just to be blissful and sad!   |
| Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,<br>Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;<br>Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,<br>Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit.  | Hear not my silent prayer<br>for your happiness alone;<br>me, lowly maid, you must not know,<br>lofty, wonderful star.   |
| Nur die Würdigste von allen<br>Darf beglücken deine Wahl<br>Und ich will die Hohe segnen<br>Viele tausend Mal.  | Only the most worthy woman of all<br>may your choice favor<br>and that exalted one will I bless<br>many thousands of times.  |
| Will mich freuen dann und weinen,<br>Selig, selig bin ich dann,<br>Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,<br>Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?   | Then shall I rejoice and weep,<br>be blissful, blissful then;<br>even if my heart should break,<br>then break, O heart, what matter?   |

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 3.  | 3.  |
| Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,<br>Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;<br>Wie hätt' er doch unter allen<br>Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?                              | I cannot grasp it, believe it,<br>I am in the spell of a dream;<br>how, amongst all, has he<br>raised and favored poor me?                      |
| Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:<br>»Ich bin auf ewig Dein,«<br>Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,<br>Es kann ja nimmer so sein.   | He said, I thought,<br>"I am forever yours,"<br>I was, I thought, still dreaming,<br>for it can never be so.                                    |
| O lass im Traume mich sterben,<br>Gewieget an seiner Brust,<br>Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen<br>In Tränen unendlicher Lust.  | O let me, dreaming, die,<br>cradled on his breast;<br>blissful death let me savor,<br>in tears of endless joy.                                  |
| 4.  | 4.  |
| Du Ring an meinem Finger,<br>Mein goldenes Ringelein,<br>Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,<br>An das Herze mein.   | Ring on my finger,<br>my little golden ring,<br>devoutly I press you to my lips,<br>to my heart.  |
| Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,<br>Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,<br>Ich fand allein mich, verloren<br>Im öden unendlichen Raum.                                       | I had finished dreaming<br>childhood's tranquil pleasant dream,<br>alone I found myself, forlorn<br>in boundless desolation.                    |
| Du Ring an meinem Finger,<br>Da hast du mich erst belehrt,<br>Hast meinem Blick erschlossen<br>Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.                                       | Ring on my finger,<br>you have first taught me,<br>unlocked my eyes<br>to life's deep, boundless worth.   |
| Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,<br>Ihm angehören ganz,<br>Hin selber mich geben und finden<br>Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.  | I will serve him, live for him,<br>belong wholly to him,<br>yield to him and find<br>myself transfigured in his light.                          |
| 5.  | 5.  |
| Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,<br>Freundlich mich schmücken,<br>Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir,<br>Windet geschäftig<br>Mir um die Stirne<br>Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier. | Help me, sisters,<br>in kindness to adorn myself,<br>serve me, the happy one, today,<br>eagerly twine<br>about my brow<br>the flowering myrtle. |
| Als ich befriedigt,<br>Freudigen Herzens,<br>Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,<br>Immer noch rief er,<br>Sehnsucht im Herzen,<br>Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.              | When I, content,<br>with joyous heart,<br>lay in my beloved's arms,<br>still would he call<br>with yearning heart,<br>impatiently for today.    |

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Helft mir verscheuchen  
Eine törichte Bangigkeit;  
Dass ich mit klarem  
Aug ihn empfangen,  
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,  
Du mir erschienen,  
Gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?  
Lass mich in Andacht,  
Lass mich in Demut,  
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,  
Streuet ihm Blumen,  
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar.  
Aber euch, Schwestern,  
Grüss, ich mit Wehmut,  
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

6.

Süsser Freund, du blickest  
Mich verwundert an,  
Kannst es nicht begreifen,  
Wie ich weinen kann;  
Lass der feuchten Perlen  
Ungewohnte Zier  
Freudig hell erzittern  
In dem Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen,  
Wie so wonnevoll!  
Wusst, ich nur mit Worten,  
Wie ich's sagen soll;  
Komm und birg dein Antlitz  
Hier an meiner Brust,  
Will ins Ohr dir flüstern  
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,  
Die ich weinen kann,  
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,  
Du geliebter Mann?  
Bleib, an meinem Herzen,  
Fühle dessen Schlag,  
Dass ich fest und fester  
Nur dich drücken mag.  
Hier an meinem Bette  
Hat die Wiege Raum,  
Wo sie still verberge  
Meinen holden Traum.

Help me, sisters,  
help banish  
foolish fear;  
so that I, clear-eyed,  
may receive him,  
the source of joy.

You, my beloved,  
have appeared before me,  
will you, sun, give me your radiance?  
Let me in reverence,  
let me in humility,  
let me bow to my lord.

Sisters,  
strew flowers for him,  
offer budding roses.  
But you, sisters,  
I salute sadly,  
departing, joyous, from your throng.

6.

Sweet friend, you look  
at me in wonder,  
cannot understand  
how I weep;  
these moist pearls let,  
as a strange adornment,  
tremble joyous bright  
in my eyes.

How anxious my heart,  
how full of bliss!  
If only I knew words  
to say it;  
come, hide your face,  
here, against my breast,  
for me to whisper you  
my full joy.

Now you know the tears  
that I can weep,  
are you not to see them,  
beloved man?  
Stay against my heart,  
feel its beat,  
So that I may press you  
even closer.  
Here by my bed  
is the cradle's place,  
where, silent, it shall hide  
my sweet dream.

Kommen wird der Morgen,  
Wo der Traum erwacht;  
Und daraus dein Bildnis  
Mir entgegen lacht.

7.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.  
Das Glück ist die Liebe,  
Die Lieb ist das Glück,  
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.  
Hab, überschwenglich mich geschätzt,  
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.  
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt  
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt;  
Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,  
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.  
O wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann.  
Du lieber, lieber Engel du,  
Du schaust mich an und lächelst dazu.  
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.

8.

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,  
Der aber traf,  
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,  
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlass'ne vor sich hin,  
Die Welt ist leer.  
Geliebet hab, ich und gelebt,  
Ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh, mich in mein Inn'eres still zurück,  
Der Schleier fällt;  
Da hab, ich dich und mein verlor'nes Glück,  
Du meine Welt.

**Claude Debussy (1862–1918)**  
**Ariettes oubliées**

**C'est l'extase**

C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,  
C'est tous les frissons des bois  
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,  
C'est vers les ramures grises  
Le chœur des petites voix.

The morning will come  
when that dream will awake,  
and your image  
laugh up at me.

7.

At my heart, at my breast,  
you my delight, you my joy!  
Happiness is love,  
love is happiness,  
I have said and will not take back.  
I thought myself rapturous,  
but now I am delirious with joy.  
Only she who suckles, only she who loves  
the child she nourishes;  
only a mother knows  
what it means to love and be happy.  
Oh, how I pity the man  
who cannot feel a mother's bliss.  
You dear, dear angel,  
you look at me and smile.  
At my heart, at my breast,  
you my delight, you my joy!

8.

Now you have caused me my first pain,  
but it has struck me hard.  
You, harsh, pitiless man are sleeping  
the sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,  
the world is void.  
Loved have I and lived,  
I am living no longer.

Quietly I withdraw into myself  
the veil falls;  
there I have you and my lost happiness,  
my world.

Forgotten Ariettes

This Is Ecstasy

This is languorous ecstasy,  
This is love's weariness,  
It is all that quivers in the woods  
Amid the embrace of the breezes,  
It is, through the grey foliage,  
The chorus of little voices.

O le frère et frais murmure!  
Cela gazouille et susurre,  
Cela ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire...  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente  
En cette plainte dormante  
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,  
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne  
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

### Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville.  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie,  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,  
O le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison?  
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,  
De ne savoir pourquoi,  
Sans amour et sans haine  
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

### L'ombre des arbres

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée  
Meurt comme de la fumée,  
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,  
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien ô voyageur, ce paysage blême  
Te mira blême toi-même,  
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées,  
Tes espérances noyées.

Oh, that frail, fresh murmur!  
That chirping and whispering  
Resembles the gentle cry  
Uttered by rustling grass...  
It might be the muffled sound of rolling pebbles  
In an eddying stream.

The soul that is lamenting  
In this sleepy plaint  
Is ours, is it not?  
Mine, yes, and yours,  
Whose humble refrain softly rises  
On this balmy evening?

### There Is Weeping in My Heart

There is weeping in my heart  
As there is rain over the city.  
What is this languor  
That penetrates my heart?

Oh, the gentle sound of rain,  
On the ground and on the roofs!  
For a heart that is wearied,  
Oh the sound of rain!

There is weeping without reason  
In this disheartened heart.  
What? No betrayal?  
This mourning is without reason.

And that is the very worst suffering,  
Not to know why,  
Without love and without hatred,  
My heart is so full of suffering.

### The Shadow of the Trees

The shadow of the trees in the misty river  
Dies sway like smoke,  
While in the air, amid the solid boughs,  
The turtledoves lament.

How well, O traveler, did this pale landscape  
Reflect your own pallor,  
And how sadly did they weep in the foliage on high,  
Those drowned hopes of yours.

### Paysages belges: Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,  
Tournez cent tours, tounez mille tours.  
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,  
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,  
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose.  
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,  
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,  
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois  
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois.  
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle,  
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête,  
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,  
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule;

Tournez dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin  
D'user jamais de nuls éperons  
Pour commander à vos galops ronds.  
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin,

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,  
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe  
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe  
De gais buveurs, que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours  
D'astres en or se vêt lentement,  
L'Eglise tinte un glas tristement.  
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours, tournez.

### Aquarelles: Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches  
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.  
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches  
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée  
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.  
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds repose  
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête  
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;  
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,  
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

### Belgian Landscapes: Wooden Horses

Turn, keep turning, good wooden horses,  
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times.  
Turn often, turn again and again,  
Turn, turn to the sound of oboes.

The red-faced child and the white-faced mother,  
The lad in black and the girl in pink.  
She's flirting, he's posing,  
Everyone pays a penny for a bit of Sunday fun.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,  
While over all your tourneys  
Flashes the eye of a shifty rogue.  
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

It's amazing how it makes your head spin  
To ride like that in this silly circus,  
With your empty belly and your aching head,  
Uneasy withal yet happy in the crowd;

Turn, hobbyhorses, with no need  
For anyone to use spurs  
To control your circular galloping.  
Turn, turn, without hoping for hay,

And hurry, horses of their souls,  
For already the call to supper is sounded  
As night falls and disperses the band  
Of cheerful drinkers famished by their thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky  
Slowly decks itself in golden stars,  
The church bell tolls a mournful knell.  
Turn to the joyful sound of drums, turn.

### Watercolors: Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches  
And here too is my heart that beats only for you.  
Do not rend it with your two white hands,  
And may your lovely eyes look kindly on this humble gift.

I come here still covered in dew  
That the morning wind has chilled on my brow.  
Grant that my fatigue, resting at your feet,  
May dream of the precious moments that will refresh it.

On your young bosom may I cradle my head,  
Still ringing with your last kisses;  
Let it calm down there after the marvelous storm,  
And let me sleep a little, now that you are resting.

## Aquarelles: Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,  
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.  
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,  
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,  
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux;  
Je crains toujours, ce qu'est d'attendre,  
Quelque fuite atroce de vous!

Du houx à la feuille vernie,  
Et du luisant buis je suis las,  
Et de la campagne infinie,  
Et de tout, fors de vous. Hélas!

Mark Grey (b. 1967)

Ātash Sorushān

*Libretto by Niloufar Talebi*

## INVOCATION

*Mana*

I am Mana of great power  
Mana the beautiful  
Daughter of light  
So resplendent my following  
Is bedazzled in my court  
Blinded by my glow  
So glorious I tower  
Into the heavens  
My influence be upon the universe  
I am usher of gods  
Life force of all living and nonliving  
Divine energy of the universe.

Darkness lays in wait  
Beneath a gilded heart  
Whose lurking breath I sense  
Each time I jest about  
And I know a mighty rush  
Will come gentle  
As the *Sound of Water's Footsteps*  
To transport me  
To my marrow  
To my roots of truth.

## Watercolors: Spleen

The roses were all red,  
And the ivy all black.  
Dearest, you need only make the slightest move,  
For all my despair to be reborn.

The sky was too blue, too tender,  
The sea too green and the air too mild;  
I still fear—how terrible is this waiting!—  
That you may cruelly abandon me!

Of the glossy leaved holly,  
And of the gleaming box tree I am weary,  
And of the infinite countryside,  
And of everything, save of you. Alas!

Fire Angels

*Ahsha*

I am Ahsha  
Son of ancient empires proud  
Truth of existence  
Order of the universe  
Rightness in the path  
Of the sun moon and stars.  
My realm cleansing fire  
I walk the forests  
Of my birthland  
Fragrance of emerald earth  
In my pores  
Our ways are handed down  
Breast to breast  
Ten thousand times.  
If only all could glory in  
The pageantry  
Of my ancestral land.

*Quoted poetry of Sohrab Sepehri, from "Dar  
Golestaaneh," sung in the original Persian.*

Dar deleh man  
Chizist mesleh yek bisheych noor  
Mesleh khaabeh dameh sobh  
Va chenaan bee-taabam ke delam mikhaahad  
Bedavam taa taheh dasht  
Beravam taa sareh kooh.  
Doorhaa aavaayist  
Ke maraa mikhaanad.

Away I must go  
To breed our peerless ways  
And deliver Mana  
From lust  
May she honor the life  
She shepherds.

## VOYAGE

*Ahsha*

On the blasting wings of Phoenix  
I speed across the seas  
Turquoise and blue  
Until beyond the lands I see  
A beam so bright  
Blinding to my gaze

In my heart  
There is something  
Like a beam of light  
Like the sleep of dawn  
And I am so restless that I want  
To run to the edge of the fields  
Up the mountains.  
In the distance  
There are songs  
That siren me...

Into the caverns  
 Of Mana the powerful  
 I charge with might  
 Mastering her metallic will  
 And Mana opens light in light  
 Quivers rolling downward  
 And up her form  
 Flash of lightning  
 Across the fields.

*Mana*

Ahsha splits me with thunder  
 Bursting waves of heat  
 Ignite my heart  
 Fire to air  
*Gorr Gorr Gorr*  
 Earth to water  
*Shorr Shorr Shorr*  
 We are a roaring hurricane  
 Falling to our knees  
 A vortex of sound and flesh  
 In the bright blue morning  
 Our first meeting is such  
 On sweltering skin  
 Ahsha's and mine.

## TRANSFORMATION

*Mana*

From my open ribs  
 Phoenix that pierces  
 Into darkness  
 Rains a river  
 Into which we plummet  
 Ahsha and I  
 Flaxen tresses swirling  
 In raven mane.  
 I watch over and over  
 The final shreds  
 Of my morphing face.

Stunned frozen in the silence  
 Of our submerging limbs  
 Deaf to babbling mouths  
 My eyes fix upon Ahsha's:  
 A thousand lights have smitten me  
 Are these my own forlorn eyes  
 Flung a million miles  
 From our paths?  
 I want nothing now  
 But to be closer to his beating heart

Our heart  
 In step with his halting breath  
 Nothing exists but  
 Our Common Pain  
 In the eternity  
 Of this revealing day.

*Ahsha*

Mana your steely guise dissolves  
 As we plunge into oblivion  
 Now your softness hangs upon the dawn  
 Of this rich century  
 Vincible as the infant fawn.  
 My zealot plumes urged  
 Me to your darkness  
 But I too was fire adrift  
 From destiny  
 Longing to pluck  
 The vanity  
 That leaps out of my chest  
 To spread like an animal  
 On jagged cliffs.  
 Here we rest shattered  
 In the rivers of wanton venom.  
 We are but one  
 Windblown seed  
 That eons  
 Of bygone dust  
 Have lastly together clung.

What will they say us?  
 That ours was  
 "A monumental struggle  
 Of good versus evil,"  
 That I was, "An enemy hiding in shadows and caves?"  
 Our shadows were within  
 We both abandoned our traits  
 Mana the instinct to prosper  
 The life she protects and  
 Ahsha the oath of rightness.  
 We are not now in the  
 "Middle hour of our grief."  
 Grief had existed  
 From our forsaken ways.  
 Now we vanquish our demons  
 "Make no mistake about it,"  
 From these ashes  
 We begin anew  
 At this leveling ground  
 Determined to beat  
 Again a new  
 Ardent heart.



## Mana

Oh Ahsha, beloved  
 I could wage wrath  
 At you for charging me  
 But will not.  
 You have unfolded me  
 Just as I have you  
 Such passions have stretched  
 Me apart  
 Now I see I had longed  
 In exquisite promise  
 For you, *jaan* [dear or beloved, in Persian] of my *jaans*  
 Kin of my kins.  
 Back to the cradle  
 We heel.

## RESTORATION

Except from “Hymns to the Earth” from the Avesta,  
 sung in the original Avestan.

Ýat kerenavân frashem ahûm  
 Azareshēntem amareshēntem  
 Afrithyañtem apuyañtem  
 Ýavaêjim ýavaêsum vasô-xshathrem  
 Ýat írta paiti usehishtân  
 Jasât jvayô amerextish  
 Dathaite frashem vasna anghush.

We commune again  
 With the mothers of our founding fathers  
 Who stood on the same earth  
 We are present again  
 Bursting  
 Green.

In all the years still to come  
 The sun will rise again  
 To greet with unwavering poise  
 The tenacity  
 Of our transforming souls.

Quoted poetry of *Sohrab Sepehri*, from “The Sound of  
 Water’s Footsteps,” sung in the original Persian.

Kaareh maa nist  
 Shenaasaa’iyeh raazeh goleh sorkh  
 Kaareh maa shaayad een ast  
 Ke miyaaneh goleh Niloufar o gharh  
 Peyeh aavaazeh haghghat bedavim.

May [it] restore the world  
 That never grows old nor dies  
 That never decays nor rots  
 Ever living, ever growing  
 When the dead will rise  
 And life and immortality will reign  
 And the world will be restored  
 At its wish.

Our work is not to discover  
 The secret of the rose  
 Our work is perhaps  
 To run after the song of truth  
 In the distance between the lotus  
 And the Century.

**SOPRANO JESSICA RIVERA** is established as one of the most creatively inspired vocal artists before the public today. The intelligence, dimension, and spirituality with which she infuses her performances on the great international concert and opera stages has garnered Ms. Rivera unique artistic collaborations with many of today’s most celebrated composers, including John Adams, Osvaldo Golijov and Nico Muhly, and has brought her together in collaboration with such esteemed conductors as Bernard Haitink, Sir Simon Rattle, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Robert Spano and Michael Tilson Thomas.

Ms. Rivera was heralded in the world premiere of John Adams’s newest opera, *A Flowering Tree*, singing the role of Kumudha, in a production directed by Peter Sellars as part of the New Crowned Hope Festival in Vienna. Since then, she has performed *A Flowering Tree* for her debut with the Berliner Philharmoniker with Sir Simon Rattle and, under the composer’s baton, with the San Francisco Symphony, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Orchestra of St. Luke’s at Lincoln Center, and the London Symphony Orchestra at the Barbican Centre. The London performances were recorded and are now commercially available on the Nonesuch Records label.

The artist made her European operatic debut as Kitty Oppenheimer in Peter Sellars’s acclaimed production of John Adams’s *Doctor Atomic* with the Netherlands Opera, a role that also served for her debut at Lyric Opera of Chicago, and she joined the roster of the Metropolitan Opera in a past season for its new production of *Doctor Atomic* under the direction of Alan Gilbert. She gave concert performances of *Doctor Atomic* with Robert Spano and the Atlanta Symphony, and her portrayal of Kitty Oppenheimer was captured in Amsterdam and is commercially available on DVD on the BBC/Opus Arte label.

Performances of the 2010–2011 season include John Adams’s *El Niño* under the composer’s baton at the San Francisco Symphony and at the Edinburgh International Festival with James Conlon and the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, Golijov’s *She Was Here* with Roberto

Minczuk and the Brazilian Symphony Orchestra, Britten’s “Spring” Symphony with Robert Spano and the Atlanta Symphony, and Mahler’s Fourth Symphony with Franz Welser-Möst for a debut with the Cleveland Orchestra. Ms. Rivera covers the role of Pat Nixon for the Metropolitan Opera’s company premiere of *Nixon in China* directed by Peter Sellars and conducted by John Adams and joins the Grammy Award-winning Beninoise singer-songwriter Angélique Kidjo for the world premiere of Jonathan Leshnoff’s *Hope: An Oratorio* at the Kimmel Center with the Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia conducted by Mr. Minczuk. Carnegie Hall and Cal Performances Berkeley co-commission a work for Jessica Rivera written by Mark Grey to a libretto by Niloufar Talebi: *Atash Sorushân* (“Fire Angels”), which received its premiere during recital presentations at Zankel Hall and Hertz Hall in a collaboration with pianist Molly Morkoski and the Meme Ensemble.

Highlights of recent seasons include performances of *El Niño* with David Robertson and the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra, *Nixon Tapes* with the Pittsburgh Symphony under the direction of John Adams, Golijov’s Three Songs for Soprano and Orchestra and Mahler’s Fourth Symphony with the Phoenix Symphony and Michael Christie, Carmen, as Micaëla, with Bramwell Tovey and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Poulenc’s *Gloria* with Bernard Haitink and the Chicago Symphony, Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony with Michael Tilson Thomas and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and Ravel’s *Shéhérazade* with Mr. Tilson Thomas and the San Francisco Symphony.

Committed to the art of recital, Ms. Rivera has performed in concert halls in New York, Los Angeles and Santa Fe. In past seasons, to support a recital disc on the Urtext Records label that examines works for soprano, clarinet, and piano, Ms. Rivera toured North America with concerts in Los Angeles, New York (Carnegie Hall), Las Vegas, Oklahoma City and Chicago (Ravinia Festival). She also has given a recital program at the Amelia Island Festival accompanied at the piano by Robert Spano. She was deeply honored to have received a commission from Carnegie

Hall for the world premiere of a song cycle by Nico Muhly called *The Adulteress* given on the occasion of her Weill Hall recital performance.

Ms. Rivera has sung Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro* and Musetta in *La bohème* with the Los Angeles Opera. As a member of the prestigious Los Angeles Opera Resident Artist Program for three seasons, she received critical acclaim for the *New York Times* for creating the role of Anastasia in the world premiere of Deborah Dratell's *Nicholas and Alexandra*.

For additional information, please visit [www.jessicarivera.com](http://www.jessicarivera.com).

Pianist **Molly Morkoski** has performed as soloist and collaborative artist throughout the United States, Europe and Japan. In June 2007, she made her solo debut on Carnegie Hall's Stern Auditorium stage offering Beethoven's Bagatelles, Op. 126, in a prelude concert for the Emerson String Quartet's *Perspectives* series. In 2003, she was invited to perform on the inaugural concert of Carnegie's Zankel Hall under the direction of John Adams and has since been a featured soloist on their *Making Music* series. Ms. Morkoski has performed at Carnegie's Weill Hall, Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, Merkin Hall, Miller Theatre and Le Poisson Rouge in New York, Boston's Gardner Museum, St. Louis's Pulitzer Foundation for the Arts, Portland's Newmark Theater, the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C., Strasbourg Conservatoire and the U.S. Embassy in Paris and Nice, France. She has appeared as soloist at the Tanglewood, Bang on a Can and Pacific Rim festivals, and performed concertos with the Raleigh, Asheville, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and Tuscaloosa symphonies, and the Moravian Philharmonic. An avid chamber musician, she has performed at the Aspen, Norfolk and Tanglewood festivals; is a member of the Zankel Band, Open End Ensemble and Ensemble Meme; and has collaborated with the New York Philharmonic Chamber Players, Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, St. Louis Symphony Chamber Players, New World Symphony, Speculum Musicae, Brooklyn Chamber Music Society and Orpheus Chamber Orchestra.

A champion of new music, Ms. Morkoski has worked with composers John Adams, Louis Andriessen, Gerald Barry, William Bolcom, John Corigliano, David Del Tredici, Lukas Foss, John Harbison, Aaron Jay Kernis, David Lang, Oliver Knussen, George Perle, Steve Reich and Charles Wuorinen. Her first solo disc, scheduled for release in 2011, includes several of her favorite contemporary pieces as well as works by Beethoven and Chopin. She is also working on two other discs by composer colleagues, Gabriela Lena Frank and Martin Kennedy, both for Albany Records.

Ms. Morkoski was a Fulbright scholar to Paris, where she apprenticed with the Ensemble Intercontemporain. She is also a recipient of the Teresa Sterne Career Grant and the Thayer-Ross Awards. Her principal teachers are Michael Zenge, Leonard Hokanson and Gilbert Kalish and she holds degrees from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Indiana University, Bloomington, and SUNY Stony Brook. She currently resides in New York City and is Associate Professor at CUNY's Lehman College in the Bronx.

Originally from San Francisco, composer **Mark Grey** made his Carnegie Hall debut as a composer with the Kronos Quartet in 2003. His solo, ensemble and orchestra music has been performed in many venues such as the Sydney Opera House Concert Hall, Théâtre de la Ville in Paris, Barbican Centre in London, Het Muziektheater in Amsterdam, Carnegie Hall's Zankel Hall, Philharmonie Hall in Warsaw, UNESCO Palacio de Bellas Artes in Mexico City, Symphony Hall in Phoenix and Royce Hall in Los Angeles, and at the Ravinia, Cabrillo, OtherMinds, Perth International and Spoleto festivals.

Mr. Grey was the Phoenix Symphony's Composer in Residence for their 2007–2008 season, during which he composed *Enemy Slayer: A Navajo Oratorio* for baritone, a chorus of 130 singers and full orchestra. The work had its premiere in February 2008. During her 2005–2006 season, violinist Leila Josefowicz recorded and toured Mr. Grey's *San Andreas Suite*

for unaccompanied violin and premiered his Violin Concerto. More recently, he composed the music and sound design for Peter Sellars's 2009 theater staging of *Othello* starring Philip Seymour Hoffman. In January 2011, the Atlanta Symphony premiered a new orchestra work, conducted by Donald Runnicles.

Mr. Grey's *Mugunghwa: Rose of Sharon*, for violinist Jennifer Koh, the Los Angeles Master Chorale and chamber orchestra, premiered at Disney Concert Hall in March 2011. Several newly commissioned works by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Atlanta Symphony and St. Louis Symphony will premiere during the 2012–2014 seasons.

During his two decades as a sound designer, Mr. Grey has worked with such artists as John Adams, Steve Reich, Philip Glass, Terry Riley and the Kronos Quartet. He has premiered major concert and opera works for composers John Adams, Philip Glass, Steve Reich, Terry Riley and Peter Eötvös, among many others.

Mr. Grey was the first sound designer in history to design for the New York Philharmonic at Avery Fisher Hall in 2002 (Adams's *On the Transmigration of Souls*), Lyric Opera of Chicago in 2007, Disney Concert Hall in 2003 and is the first to design for the Metropolitan Opera, for Adams's *Doctor Atomic* in October 2008. His sound design creations have been seen and heard throughout most major concert halls, theaters and opera houses worldwide.

Founded in 2009, **Ensemble Meme** is composed of accomplished chamber musicians drawn together to perform innovative, wide-ranging programs. Meme artists have collaborated on such stages as Carnegie Hall's Zankel Hall and Weill Recital Hall, Merkin Hall, Symphony Space, Cooper Union, Columbia University's Miller Theatre and the Juilliard School in New York; and Jordan Hall, the Gardner Museum, Harvard and Boston universities, and the New England Conservatory in Boston. Festival performances include Lucerne, Aspen, Focus! and Vermont Mozart. The musicians also have performed

as part of Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players, Lark Quartet, Ensemble Pi, and in duo and trio recitals. Meme artists have worked with many of today's leading composers, including John Adams, Gerald Barry, George Benjamin, Pierre Boulez, Elliott Carter, John Corigliano, John Harbison, Aaron Jay Kernis, Oliver Knussen, George Perle, Steven Stucky, Andrew Waggoner and Anna Weesner. For more information, visit [www.ensemblememe.com](http://www.ensemblememe.com).

**Donato Cabrera** holds the Bruno Walter Resident Conductor Chair at the San Francisco Symphony and is the Music Director of the San Francisco Symphony Youth Orchestra. He made his San Francisco Symphony debut in April 2009, conducting the Orchestra in a program of Mozart and Ravel. In 2002, he was a Herbert von Karajan conducting fellow at the Salzburg Festival. From 2005 to 2008, he was associate conductor of the San Francisco Opera, participating in the world premiere of John Adams's *Doctor Atomic* and conducting performances of *Die Fledermaus*, *Don Giovanni*, *Tannhäuser* and *The Magic Flute*. He has also assisted in productions at the Metropolitan Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and has served as an assistant conductor at the Ravinia, Spoleto (Italy) and Aspen music festivals, and the Music Academy of the West.

In April 2010, Mr. Cabrera made his debut with the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra. He made his South American debut in 2008 with the Orquesta Sinfónica de Concepción in Chile. Mr. Cabrera has worked with the young artist programs of the San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago and Portland Opera. This past February, he was recognized as a Luminary by the Friends of Mexico Honorary Committee for his contributions to promoting and developing the presence of the Mexican community in the Bay Area. Mr. Cabrera holds music degrees from the University of Nevada and the University of Illinois, and he pursued graduate studies at Indiana University Bloomington and the Manhattan School of Music.