CAL PERFORMANCES PRESENTS

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
Luih-wen Ting viola
Caroline Stinson cello
Molly Morkoski piano
Alex Lipowski percussion

PROGRAM

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

Libretto by Niloufar Talebi
(West Coast premiere)

Invocation
Voyage
Transformation
Restoration

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 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.
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 Geänge, 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 Schauffler, “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 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 “verisifed 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 l’obscurité (“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


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...
**PROGRAM NOTES**

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 Dresher 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 (*Magunhua: Rise of Sharon* [2011]), as well as music for Peter Sellars’s production of *Othello* at Vienna’s Wiener Festwochen (2009).

**Atash 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 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.

The libretto for *Atash 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 *Atash Sorushān*:

“The Vision: *Atash 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: *Atash 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: *Atash 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 re-imagined 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. *Atash* is the Persian word for fire, an element essential to the destruction and renovation of *Mana* and *Ahsha*, and all they represent. The title, *Atash 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."
Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42

1.
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel
Heller nur empor.
Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehr, ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihm gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

2.
Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut.
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.
So wie dort in blauer Tiefe
Hell und herrlich jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.
Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein.

3.
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?
Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
»Ich bin auf ewig Dein,«
Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

4.
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
An das Herze mein.
Du hast' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden unendlichen Raum.
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.
Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

5.
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.
Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen.
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

1. Since seeing him,
I think I am blind;
wherever I look,
only I see;
as in a waking dream
he floats before me,
rising out of darkest depths
more brightly.
For the rest, dark and pale
is all around,
for my sisters' games
I am no longer eager,
I would weep
quietly in my room;
I think I am blind.

2. He is the most wonderful of all,
so gentle, so good.
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
clear mind and firm resolve.
As there in the blue depths
that star, clear and wonderful,
so he is in my heaven,
clear and wonderful, majestic, remote.
Wander, wander your ways;
just to watch your radiance,
just to watch it in humility,
just to be blissful and sad!

3. I cannot grasp it, believe it,
I am in the spell of a dream;
how, amongst all, has he
raised and favored poor me?
He said, I thought,
“I am forever yours.”
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
for it can never be so.

4. Ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
devoutly I press you to my lips,
to my heart.
I had finished dreaming
childhood's tranquil pleasant dream,
alone I found myself, forlorn
in boundless desolation.

5. Help me, sisters,
in kindness to adorn myself,
serve me, the happy one, today,
eagerly twine
about my brow
the flowering myrtle.
When I, content,
with joyous heart,
lay in my beloved's arms,
still would he call
with yearning heart,
impatiently for today.
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit;
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfange,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

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

Streuet ihn, Schwester,
Streuet ihn Blumen,
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwester,
Grüs, ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Süsser Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Mich verwundert an,
Süßer Freund, du blickest
6. Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Du meine Welt.
Da hab, ich dich und mein verlor’nes Glück,
Der Schleier fällt;
Ich zieh, mich in mein Inn’res still zurück,
Ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

Geliebet hab, ich und gelebt,
Die Welt ist leer.
Es blicket die Verlass’ne vor sich hin,
Der Todesschlaf.

Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz’ger Mann,
Der aber traf,
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du schaust mich an und lächelst dazu.
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.

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.

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!

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.
**Il pleure dans mon cœur**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O fruit doux de la pluie.</td>
<td>Oh, the gentle sound of rain,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pour un cœur qui s’ennuie,</td>
<td>For a heart that is wearied,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O le bruut de la pluie!</td>
<td>Oh the sound of rain!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Il pleure sans raison**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
<th>English</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dans ce cœur qui s’écoeur.</td>
<td>And that is the very worst suffering,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quoi! nulle trahison?</td>
<td>Not to know why,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ce deuil est sans raison.</td>
<td>Without love and without hatred,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**L’ombre des arbres**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
<th>English</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>L’ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée.</td>
<td>The shadow of the trees in the misty river</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meurt comme de la fumée,</td>
<td>Dies away like smoke,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tandis qu’en l’air, parmi les ramures réelles,</td>
<td>While in the air, amid the solid boughs,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Se plaignent les tourterelles.</td>
<td>The turtledoves lament.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**La mienne, dis, et la tienne,**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
<th>English</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Il pleure dans mon cœur</td>
<td>There is Weeping in My Heart</td>
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</table>

**Les tourneurs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
<th>English</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vous dansez, dansez!</td>
<td>Tournez, tournez,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Le ciel est un miroir</td>
<td>Tournez, tournez,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vous dansez, dansez!</td>
<td>Le ciel est un miroir</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Les rouleurs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
<th>English</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vous roulez, roulez!</td>
<td>Tournez, tournez,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>À la mode de la belle saison</td>
<td>Le ciel est un miroir</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
<th>English</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Le ciel est un miroir</td>
<td>The sky is a mirror</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De gais buveurs, que leur soif affame.</td>
<td>Of cheerful drinkers famished by their thirst.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
<th>English</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe</td>
<td>For already the call to supper is sounded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et dépéchez, chevaux de leur âme,</td>
<td>As night falls and disperses the band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe</td>
<td>Of cheerful drinkers famished by their thirst</td>
</tr>
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**Tournez, tournez, Le ciel en velours**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
<th>English</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Et dépéchez, chevaux de leur âme,</td>
<td>Turn, turn! The velvet sky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D’estres en or se vêt lentement,</td>
<td>Slowly decks itself in golden stars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L’Eglise tinte un glas tristement,</td>
<td>The church bell tolls a mournful knell</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Tournez, tournez, Le ciel en velours**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tournez, tournez, Le ciel en velours</td>
<td>Turn to the joyful sound of drums, turn.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**Aquarelles: Green**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches</td>
<td>Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.</td>
<td>And here too is my heart that beats only for you.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Aquarelles: Green**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J’arrive tout courant encore de rosée</td>
<td>I come here still covered in dew</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.</td>
<td>That the morning wind has chilled on my brow.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**Aquarelles: Green**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frans</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête</td>
<td>On your young bosom may I cradle my head,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;</td>
<td>Still ringing with your last kisses,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laissez-la s’apaiser de la bonne tempête;</td>
<td>Let it calm down there after the marvelous storm,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.</td>
<td>And let me sleep a little, now that you are resting.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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, lors de vous. Hélas!

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

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.

Quoted poetry of Sohrab Sepehri, from “Dar Golestaneh,” sung in the original Persian.

Dar deleh man
Chizist mesleh yek bisheeyeh noor
Mesleh khaabeh dameh sohb
Va chenaan bee-taabam ke delam mikhhaad
Bedavam taa teheh dasht
Beravam taa sareh kooh.
Doorhaa aavaayist
Ke maraa mikhnaad.

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.

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.

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.

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
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“Make no mistake about it,”
From these ashes
We begin anew
At this leveling ground
Determined to beat
Again a new
Ardent heart.
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 première 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 première 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: Ātash Sorushān (“Fire Angels”), which received its première 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 Micaela, 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...
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 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 concerts 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 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 Nutato Orationo 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 2012–2013 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 Waggone and Anna Weesner. For more information, visit 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.