

Cal Performances Presents

Sunday, April 29, 2007, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Theater in Song

Music by Jake Heggie & Ricky Ian Gordon

with special guest artist

Frederica von Stade, *mezzo-soprano*

Jake Heggie & Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Kristin Clayton, *soprano*

Marnie Breckenridge, *soprano*

Zheng Cao, *mezzo-soprano*

Nicholas Phan, *tenor*

Kyle Ferrill, *baritone*

Dawn Harms, *violin*

Carla-Maria Rodrigues, *viola*

Emil Miland, *cello*

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PROGRAM

Part One

Music by Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

I.

At the Statue of Venus (2005)

Libretto by Terrence McNally

West Coast Premiere

Kristin Clayton, *soprano*; Jake Heggie, *piano*

Cal Performances' 2006–2007 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.

II.

Four Songs from *Winter Roses* (2004)

Winter Roses (Charlene Baldrige)

Sleeping (Raymond Carver)

To My Dad (Frederica von Stade)

Sweet Light (Carver)

Frederica von Stade, *mezzo-soprano*; Jake Heggie, *piano*

III.

Here and Gone (2005)

West Coast Premiere

The Farms of Home (A. E. Housman)

In Praise of Songs That Die (Vachel Lindsay)

Stars (Housman)

The Factory Window Song (Lindsay)

In the Morning (Housman)

Because I Liked You Better (Housman)

The Half Moon Westers Low (Housman)

Nicholas Phan, *tenor*; Kyle Ferrill, *baritone*;
Dawn Harms, *violin*; Carla-Maria Rodrigues, *viola*;
Emil Miland, *cello*; Jake Heggie, *piano*

INTERMISSION

Part Two

Music by Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)

Ring-a-Ding-Ding, from *Dream True* (1998)

Ricky Ian Gordon & Jake Heggie, *piano four hands*

New Moon (Langston Hughes)

Marnie Breckenridge, *soprano*; Zheng Cao, *mezzo-soprano*;

Nicholas Phan, *tenor*; Kyle Ferrill, *baritone*;

Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Joy (Hughes)

Marnie Breckenridge, *soprano*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

A Contemporary (W. S. Merwin)

Nicholas Phan, *tenor*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Program

Three Floors (Stanley Kunitz)

Kyle Ferrill, *baritone*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Open All Night (James Agee)

Zheng Cao, *mezzo-soprano*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Sometimes, from *My Life with Albertine* (2003)

(lyrics by Ricky Ian Gordon & Richard Nelson)

Nicholas Phan, *tenor*; Kyle Ferrill, *baritone*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

The Red Dress (Dorothy Parker)

Marnie Breckenridge, *soprano*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Bus Stop (Donald Justice)

Kyle Ferrill, *baritone*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Souvenir (Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Zheng Cao, *mezzo-soprano*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Heaven (Hughes)

Nicholas Phan, *tenor*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Dream True (Tina Landau), **from *Dream True***

Nicholas Phan, *tenor*; Kyle Ferrill, *baritone*;

Ricky Ian Gordon & Jake Heggie, *pianos*

Resumé/Wail/Frustration (Dorothy Parker),
from *Autumn Valentine* (1992)

Zheng Cao, *mezzo-soprano*; Kyle Ferrill, *baritone*;

Ricky Ian Gordon & Jake Heggie, *pianos*

Virginia Woolf (James Schuyler)

Zheng Cao, *mezzo-soprano*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Poem (Frank O'Hara)

Marnie Breckenridge, *soprano*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Will There Really Be a Morning? (Emily Dickinson)

Frederica von Stade, *mezzo-soprano*;

Marnie Breckenridge & Kristin Clayton, *sopranos*;

Zheng Cao, *mezzo-soprano*; Nicholas Phan, *tenor*;

Kyle Ferrill, *baritone*; Ricky Ian Gordon, *piano*

Program Notes

Jake Heggie

The theatrical journey of a song has always fascinated me. It was during the composing of *Dead Man Walking* that I realized with great joy that I'm a theater composer. It then became clear to me why I was drawn to certain texts and stories: because they are innately theatrical and transformative. Ricky Ian Gordon has that same response to text. We became friends a few years ago, when we shared a concert at the Ravinia Festival, and our friendship has become a source of support and joy for both of us. Last year, we shared another concert at Carnegie Hall and then at the Library of Congress. When Robert Cole asked me about being part of the Composer Portrait series, I suggested a program shared with Ricky. We have a mutual admiration society, and I feel our styles complement each other's very well. Besides that, we have so much damn fun together, and there is sheer joy in the music-making.

For my half of the program, I wanted to present big scenes and cycles that offer a theatrical arc. *At the Statue of Venus* was my first collaboration with Terrence McNally after *Dead Man Walking* in 2000. We were asked to create a new piece for the opening of the Ellie Caulkins Opera House in Denver for September 2005. We were both deeply honored and hugely challenged by that great honor. We decided to write a scene inspired by the great concert scenas of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Britten. An attractive woman waits in a museum by a statue of the Goddess of Love to meet a man she has never seen. Her thoughts and emotions are a jumble of hope, uncertainty and self-doubt. Will he like her? Will she like him? Why did she—a proudly successful modern woman, probably divorced—allow her friends to convince her that they had found a Mr. Right for her? We all know that Mr. Right doesn't exist—or does he? Nothing ventured, nothing gained. To be willing to be judged by another person—does anything make us more vulnerable but human, too? The piece was commissioned by Jeremy and

Susan Shamos for Opera Colorado and received its premiere September 10, 2005, with soprano Kristin Clayton and pianist Jake Heggie.

Winter Roses was commissioned by Luci and Richard Janssen for Frederica von Stade and Camerata Pacifica in 2004. The cycle features poetry by Charlene Baldridge, Emily Dickinson, Raymond Carver and Frederica von Stade. I have been collaborating with Flicka (Ms. von Stade) since 1994, when she began championing my songs. She and I have worked together extensively, and it has been one of the most deeply meaningful collaborations and friendships of my life. When I received this commission to create something for her, I asked if it would be all right to base it on her own personal struggle to come to terms with the loss of her father in World War II before she was born. She agreed, and then did me the honor of writing two of the texts. To make the cycle more universal, I structured it so that it tells the story of somebody who has lost a loved one too soon, too young. The poetry of Charlene Baldridge set it all in motion, and the fantastic words of Raymond Carver summed it all up.

Here and Gone was commissioned by the Ravinia Festival for the Steans Institute in 2005. The cycle is a deeply personal journey of missed connections and unrequited love between two men. This is told through the beautiful poetry of the British poet A. E. Housman and the American writer Vachel Lindsay, who lived at about the same time and touched on similar themes in their writings. The piece received its premiere in August 2005 with tenor Nicholas Phan and baritone Andrew Garland.

Ricky Ian Gordon

The truth is, because I saw that Jake was doing cycles and behaving in a very organized manner, I thought it would be a fun and interesting contrast, to make the second half sort of a *mélange*—well, even, if you will, a hodgepodge. I knew we had four singers, my request from the

Program Notes

beginning, so I thought of doing solos and ensembles in different combinations. Some of the songs are from theater pieces I have written, as listed, and some are just single songs, poetry settings, and some are from cycles...but here, they are put together in my own skewed logic to tell whatever story they tell in this order, not only about me and my work, but about the poets and the performers. The only two songs that I believe need a little context, are "Sometimes" from *My Life with Albertine* and "Dream True," from the show of the same title.

My Life with Albertine was written with Richard Nelson using sections from Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*. It is about young Marcel's obsession with the both attainable and very unattainable Albertine...and here, in this song, "Sometimes," both the young Marcel and his older self, watch the exquisitely beautiful Albertine take a nap. Afterwards, a trio of women (sirens) sing of their obsession with Albertine as well, the same song in a slightly different version, thus, letting Marcel in on a little secret...Albertine sleeps around, and not just with men!

In "Dream True," we meet Peter Emmons (Peppy) and Vernon Dexter (Verne) who were close childhood friends in Wyoming, tragically separated at a tender age, and traumatized by it. As children, they discovered a kind of dreaming that enabled them to be together in their dreams. After years of separation, an accidental meeting and sighting puts them back in each other's lives, and this duet song is their rediscovery of one another, and of "dreaming true" again.

The songs, poetry settings, stand on their own, I believe...but perhaps, in the case of "Three Floors," it might be helpful to know, that when Stanley Kunitz's mother was pregnant with him, and very close to giving birth, his father shot himself in the head with a rifle, in a public park!...so the dominant topic pervading many of his poems is the absent father he never met, who died so violently and inauspiciously. One other thought...when James Schuyler wrote "Virginia Woolf," he was suffering from the same form of depression that drove Woolf to suicide, but the medical treatment that saved Schuyler was not available in her time. His poem is one of compassion from one artist to another.

Texts

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

I.

At the Statue of Venus

Libretto by Terrence McNally

A WOMAN enters. Her name is ROSE. She wears well-cut black slacks, low heels and a crisp white blouse with a reasonable cleavage. A modest necklace and earrings complete her look, which is best described as open, honest, direct. She stands a moment, looking around and getting her bearings, then looks at her watch and begins to wait.

ROSE:

The slacks were a mistake. Too late now. Brazen it out. Look him in the eye, make him see what you want him to see. It's not about how you're dressed, it's about who you are, and who I am right now is a woman who wishes she wasn't wearing slacks. Weren't wearing slacks. Wasn't wearing slacks. Weren't. Wasn't. Whatever!

God, I hate that expression. What if he uses it all the time? I'll kill myself.

Meeting a blind date at the statue of Venus, wearing black slacks. Way to go, Rose.

What were my options? The yellow dress? Too cheerful. Black is so severe. The blue Chanel was perfect. But it looks expensive. It was expensive. Why am I suddenly so embarrassed I can afford my own clothes?

I'm too old for this. I haven't felt this way since high school. I'm being judged for all the wrong reasons. What on earth possessed me to wear slacks?

It was a sexy voice: "I'll meet you at the statue of Venus. Let's say five-ish, shall we?"

I liked the "shall we?" The "five-ish" not so much. Don't gay men say "five-ish"? My friends would never do that to me. "You two should meet. You're really perfect for each other. He's a Pisces. You're a Scorpio. You both love the ballet." Another warning sign? No. Lots of straight men like the ballet. Name one, Rose. Name one. If he's gay it won't matter I wore the slacks.

Look at all those women. Out with friends.

Looking at art.

Look at all those women. Happy.

Able to be who they are, not meeting a stranger at the statue of Venus.

Was a real woman this artist's inspiration? Or was she imagined?

Look at the way he expressed her beauty.

How must it feel to be idealized and treasured? A woman beyond measure.

I love the way he saw into her heart. Look at all these women!

There's a woman as seen by Titian.

There, another woman as painted by Matisse.

Manet, Monet, Degas,

Warhol, DeKooning, Chagall.

All so beautiful. All inspired.

Who wouldn't want to be loved like that? A source of inspiration.

And knowing someone once saw in you a masterpiece.

A masterpiece. What will he see in me?

Look at all those women. Any other day there I'd be,

One of all those women passing by, hardly glancing at Venus.

But not today, I'm trying to see myself the way he'll see me:

A woman. Just a woman in slacks hoping for love.

* * *

It's him. It's him! No, it's not. I wish I were dead. No, invisible, so I could be looking at him the way he'll be looking at me.

(Looking at "the man")

There's a bald spot. You know, a few hours at the gym wouldn't exactly kill you, either.

You say you voted for who? I just can't imagine why our friends thought I might like you.

It's him. Coming straight toward me.

Oh God, please let it be him. This is the moment.

He's beyond my wildest dreams. This is the one.

There he is, even more handsome than I pictured he'd be.

A face to match the voice on the phone: sexy and gentle.

He's here, though not on time. Not on the minute.

But now there's no waiting, no more fear,

He's finally here. And now I can breathe again.

This is the.

This is a man greeting another woman in slacks.

Not me.

Life is not fair. But wait, here's another one.

Oh God don't let it be him, this is a nightmare.

This is exactly what I was afraid of. Run for your life!

Here he comes. Nowhere to hide, and I'm stuck by this stupid Greek statue.
Maybe it's not. Too late, it's him!

The what? The men's room? I wouldn't know. I don't work here.
The slacks just make me look like it. Life is not fair.

What if he's been here and gone? Seen me and changed his mind?
I've been judged and found lacking without a defense.
Well maybe you're not to my liking either, whoever-you-are-thinking-your-God-almighty, judging and leaving and making me wonder if it's me or the slacks as I stand here and wait for a date I don't want at the statue of Venus. At the statue of Venus! I have a judgment for you: not so terrific yourself. I'm leaving.

If I leave now, I'll never know. And where am I going?

At night we dream of love, of loving and being loved,
Like when we were children, if we were lucky, as I was.
I knew my parents loved me, and I loved them.
I felt safe and protected.
I knew that morning would always come,
And I knew I was loved.
Oh God, I was a lucky, lucky child.

Sunday night dinners over at Grandma's, we'd all be together.
Playing piano, singing along, not in tune or too much in measure.
Wrestling with cousins. The stories we'd share. The night Randall kissed me.

Then pretending to sleep in the car riding home with my father and mother.
Wanting to hear the secrets they'd share,
But mostly just wanting to be carried upstairs in my father's arms,
Then he'd kiss me and say:

"Good night, my little pumpkin.
Sleep soundly, my little love.
Angel from heaven.
Star from above." And I'd sleep.
That love is what I'm seeking;
To feel again I am safe and protected.
To wake each morning filled with hope.
And to know I am loved.
Oh God, I was a lucky, lucky child.

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Will I know him? Of course I will. He'll be a man I can laugh with and be myself with.
He'll be handsome which only means when I look at him my heart will smile, and I'll feel happy to the tips of my fingers. That's all "handsome" is: happiness.

How will he know me? That's easy.
He'll listen for my laughter and be happy to know he's the reason I laugh.
He will know the vastness and fullness of my heart.
Together we'll know beauty and drink of it deeply, over and over.
We will keep each other hopeful and brave.
Together. We will brave this world together, the rest of our days.

I'll meet you at the statue of Venus.

ACCOMPANIST/CONDUCTOR: Rose?

ROSE: Yes?

THE END

II.

Four Songs from *Winter Roses*

Winter Roses

Text by Charlene Baldridge

Winter roses are saddest of all,
seldom knowing a full flowering before frost comes.
My edges are sere and unintentional as theirs.
I am content to drift, to walk in early morning; to ponder love.
Ponder my own love, so long ago, when I held my first babe.
Ponder Mary. My grief, my loneliness nothing, compared to hers.

Perhaps love only seems to fade for a time.
Perhaps it will redeem the world, eventually.
Amen.

Sleeping

Text by Raymond Carver

He slept on his hands.
On a rock.
On his feet.
On someone else's feet.

please turn page quietly

Texts

He slept on buses, trains, in airplanes.
Slept on duty.
Slept beside the road.
Slept on a sack of apples.
He slept in a pay toilet.
In a hayloft.
In the Super Dome.
Slept in a Jaguar, and in the back of a pickup.
Slept in theaters.
In jail.
On boats.
He slept in line shacks and, once, in a castle.
Slept in the rain.
In the blistering sun he slept.
On horseback.
He slept in chairs, churches, in fancy hotels.
He slept under strange roofs all his life.
Now he sleeps under the earth.
Sleeps on and on.
Like an old king.

To My Dad

Text by Frederica von Stade

I hope you don't mind that I don't miss you.
For I don't miss you.
I've come too far for longing. And I don't miss you.
I am a different soul now. We've little left to share.
I'll never know your fear, your hurt, your pain
To die so far away from all you love you.
So many love you.
You'll never know my fear, my hurt, my pain
To live so far from you.

Sweet Light

Text by Raymond Carver

After the winter, grieving and dull,
I flourished here all spring. Sweet light
began to fill my chest. I pulled up
a chair. Sat for hours in front of the sea.

Listened to the buoy and learned
To tell the difference between a bell,
And the sound of a bell. I wanted
Everything behind me. I even wanted

To become inhuman. And I did that.
I know I did. (She'll back me up on this.)

I remember the morning I closed the lid
on memory and turned the handle.

Locking it away forever.
Nobody knows what happened to me
out here, sea. Only you and I know.
At night, clouds form in front of the moon.

By morning they're gone. And that sweet light
I spoke of? That's gone, too.

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"To My Dad" © 2004 by Frederica von Stade. Used by permission.

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III.

Here and Gone

Poetry by A. E. Housman and Vachel Lindsay

The Farms of Home

Text by Housman

The farms of home lie lost in even,
I see far off the steeple stand;
West and away from here to heaven
Still is the land.

There if I go no girl will greet me,
No comrade hollo from the hill,
No dog run down the yard to meet me:
The land is still.

The land is still by farm and steeple,
And still for me the land may stay:
There I was friends with perished people,
And there lie they.

In Praise of Songs That Die

Text by Lindsay

Ah, they are passing, passing by,
Wonderful songs, but born to die!
Cries from the infinite human seas,
Waves thrice-winged with harmonies.
Here I stand on a pier in the foam
Seeing the songs to the beach go home,
Dying in sand while the tide flows back,

As it flowed of old in its fated track.
Oh, hurrying tide that will not hear
Your own foam-children dying near:
Is there no refuge-house of song,
No home, no haven where songs belong?
Oh, precious hymns that come and go!
You perish, and I love you so!

Stars

Text by Housman

Stars, I have seen them fall,
But when they drop and die
No star is lost at all
From all the star-sown sky.
The toil of all that be
Helps not the primal fault;
It rains into the sea,
And still the sea is salt.

The Factory Window Song

Text by Lindsay

Factory windows are always broken.
Somebody's always throwing bricks,
Somebody's always heaving cinders,
Playing ugly Yahoo tricks.

Factory windows are always broken.
Other windows are let alone.
No one throws through the chapel-window
The bitter, snarling, derisive stone.

Factory windows are always broken.
Something or other is going wrong.
Something is rotten—I think, in Denmark.
End of the factory-window song.

In the Morning

Text by Housman

In the morning, in the morning,
In the happy field of hay,
Oh they looked at one another
By the light of day.

In the blue and silver morning
On the haycock as they lay,
Oh they looked at one another
And they looked away.

Because I Liked You Better

Text by Housman

Because I liked you better
Than suits a man to say,
It irked you, and I promised
To throw the thought away.

To put the world between us
We parted, stiff and dry;
“Good-bye,” said you, “forget me.”
“I will, no fear,” said I.

If here, where clover whitens
The dead man's knoll, you pass,
And no tall flower to meet you
Starts in the trefoiled grass,

Halt by the headstone naming
The heart no longer stirred.
And say the lad that loved you
Was one that kept his word.

The Half-Moon Westers Low

Text by Housman

The half-moon westers low, my love,
And the wind brings up the rain;
And wide apart lie we, my love,
And seas between the twain.

I know not if it rains, my love,
In the land where you do lie;
And oh, so sound you sleep, my love,
You know no more than I.

INTERMISSION

Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)

Ring-a-Ding-Ding

For piano four hands

New Moon

Text by Langston Hughes

There's a new young moon
Riding the hills tonight.
There's a sprightly young moon

please turn page quietly

Texts

Exploring the clouds.
There's a half shy young moon
Veiling her face like a virgin
Waiting for a lover.

Joy

Text by Langston Hughes

I went to look for Joy,
Slim, dancing Joy,
Gay, laughing Joy,
Bright-eyed Joy—
And I found her
Driving the butcher's cart
In the arms of the butcher boy!
Such company, such company,
As keeps this young nymph, Joy!

A Contemporary

Text by W. S. Merwin

What if I came down now out of these
solid dark clouds that build up against the mountain
day after day with no rain in them
and lived as one blade of grass
in a garden in the south when the clouds part in winter
from the beginning I would be older than all the
animals
and to the last I would be simpler
frost would design me and dew would disappear on me
sun would shine through me
I would be green with white roots
feel worms touch my feet as a bounty
have no name and no fear
turn naturally to the light
know how to spend the day and night
climbing out of myself
all my life

Three Floors

Text by Stanley Kunitz

Mother was a crack of light
and a grey eye peeping.
I made believe by breathing hard
that I was sleeping.

Sister's doughboy on last leave
had robbed me of her hand.
Downstairs at intervals
she played "Wa-rum" on the baby grand.

Under the roof a wardrobe trunk
whose lock a boy could pick
contained a red masonic hat
and a walking stick.

Bolt up-ight in my bed that night
I saw my father flying;
the wind was walking on my neck,
the windowpanes were crying.

Open All Night

Text by James Agee

Wake up Threeish,
Clean up the sink
Air out the bedroom
Pour out a drink
Drink to the daylight
Sit down and think
I'm Open All Night.

Go to the movies,
Stroll in the park
Watch the kids playing
Wait for the dark,
Then I remember
A fellow named Clark
I'm Open All Night.

Buy me a mirror
Make up the bed
Order the white rock
Get myself fed
Prink up and sit down
And wish I was dead
I'm Open All Night.

Sometimes, from *My Life with Albertine*

Text by Ricky Ian Gordon & Richard Nelson

Sometimes
I watch her take off her clothes
and throw them on a chair.
Sometimes...
Sometimes
I will put out the lights and sit
and watch her there.
Sometimes...
Her hair caresses me so
like the wing of a morning dove
Inside my mouth
is her tongue,

Now this is what I call true love.
Sometimes
I unbutton her chemise
before we go to bed.
Sometimes...
Sometimes I kiss her little breasts
until I am well fed
Sometimes...
Sometimes I touch the hollow that lies
between the thighs.
Sometimes I open wide the door
I'll hear the hinges sigh
Sometimes! Sometimes! Sometimes!
Sometimes
I touch and watch
as two white legs
like swans necks bend
Oh, sometimes.
Sometimes they push up hard
and then back down again.
Sometimes.

Summer

Text by Ricky Ian Gordon

Summer.
Will you be there to meet me,
when I am in my white dress,
and I am picking flowers?

Summer.
The sun beats at the window.
A lady comes here calling
and we can talk for hours.

Summer.
A child spilling soda,
and slamming shut the screen door,
while mother dries the china.

Summer.
The heat is like a curtain
that willows in the lamplight
between the Carolinas.

The baby's always sticky,
and daddy's always singing,
but mama forgot how!
I wish it were summer now.

Summer.
The nakedness, the linen.
You touched me and I shivered.
The night became an echo.

Summer.
A change in the upholstery,
the fireflies, the crickets,
the neighbor with the hose,
and watching father doze,
my hair up off my neck,
the wicker on the deck,
Oh!

Summer.
Remember at the seashore
the sunlight's blinding shimmer,
and later when we parted?

Summer.
I hold you in my pillow.
The dawn begins to glimmer,
and I am open-hearted.

December is forgotten
The August breezes sizzle.
No trouble on my brow.
I wish it were summer now.

Summer.
The sand and salty ocean
become a sort of potion,
but seasons take their bow.
I wish it were summer now.

The Red Dress

Text by Dorothy Parker

I always saw, I always said
If I were grown and free,
I'd buy a gown of reddest red
As fine as you could see,

To wear out walking, sleek and slow,
Upon a Summer day,
And there's be one to see me so
And flip the world away.

And he would be a gallant one,
With stars behind his eyes,
And hair like metal in the sun,
And lips too warm for lies.

I always saw us, gay and good,
High honored in the town.
Now I am grown to womanhood...
I have the silly gown.

please turn page quietly

Texts

Bus Stop

Text by Donald Justice

Lights are burning
In quiet rooms
Where lives go on
Resembling ours.

The quiet lives
That follow us—
These lives we lead
But do not own—

Stand in the rain
So quietly
When we are gone,
So quietly...
And the last bus
Comes letting dark
Umbrellas out—
Black flowers, black flowers.

And lives go on.
And lives go on
Like sudden lights
At street corners

Or like the lights
In quiet rooms
Left on for hours,
Burning, burning.

Souvenir

Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Just a rainy day or two
In a windy tower,
That was all I had of you—
Saving half an hour.

Marred by greeting passing groups
In a cinder walk,
Near some naked blackberry hoops
Dim with purple chalk.

I remember three or four
Things you said in spite,
And an ugly coat you wore
Plaided black and white.

Just a rainy day or two
And a bitter word.
Why do I remember you
As a singing bird?

Heaven

Text by Langston Hughes

Heaven is
The place where
Happiness is
Everywhere.

Animals
And birds sing—
As does
Everything.

To each stone,
“How-do-you-do?”
Stone answers back,
“Well! And you?”

Dream True

Text by Tina Landau

VERNON (*spoken*): Peppy, tell me your dream

PETER: I lie in my bed,

VERNON: arms behind head.

PETER (*spoken*): What? How do you know...?

VERNON (*spoken*): Go on.

PETER: I fall asleep,
deep, deep...
My day whizzes by—
open an eye—
And you appear.
Here, here...
You say—

VERNON: “Follow me; stay near.”

PETER (*spoken*): Yes, how did you know...?

VERNON (*spoken*): It was my dream too, Peppy.
We had the same dream.

PETER (*spoken*): What...?

VERNON: We come to a land,
Both: Back of my hand.
Peter: I see a boy,
Both: Joy, joy...

PETER: My mother is there,
Glowing red hair.
And he's there too;
You, you!
You say—

VERNON: "Learn from me; Dream True."

PETER (*spoken*): Dream True—that's it—of course—
I remember now!

VERNON: Dream True
Like we used to do;
Dream of places we used to share,
Dream of turning to find me there,
Dream, we both have one night,
Dream of light,
Dream of me and you,
Dream True.
Like lifting a veil,
Vivid detail.

PETER: Mama's sweet voice,
rejoice, rejoice...
You start to awake;
I start to ache—
Our time is through;
Both: You, you...
You say,

VERNON: "I'll come back. Dream True."

(They stand facing forward, and perform the Dream True gestures slowly, majestically.)

BOTH: Dream True
And I'll stay with you;
Dream, as long as infinity,
Dream of love that will always be,
Dream, beyond time and place,
Dream of grace,
Dream of me and you,
Dream True.

(They look at each other, in joy, in relief, finally letting in the reality of the moment...)

PETER: And somehow I knew—

VERNON: I knew it was you—

PETER: I knew in my heart—

VERNON: That we'd never part—

BOTH: Dream True
Now I'm here with you;
Dream more real than reality,
Dream, of two children running free,
Dream, to the Moon and Sun,
Dream as one,
Dream of me and you,
Dream True.

Resume/Wail/Frustration

Text by Dorothy Parker

Resume
Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

Wail
Love has gone a-rocketing.
That is not the worst;
I could do without the thing
and not be the first.

Joy has gone the way it came.
That is nothing new;
I could get along the same—
Many people do.

Dig for me a narrow bed.
Now I am bereft.
All my pretty hates are dead,
And what have I left?

Frustration
If I had a shiny gun
I could have a world of fun
Speeding bullets through the brains
Of the folk who give me pains;

Or had I some poison gas,
I could make the moments pass
Bumping off a number of
People whom I do not love.

But I have no lethal weapon—
Thus does pain our pleasure step on!
So they all are quick and well
Who should be by rights, in hell.

please turn page quietly

Texts

Virginia Woolf

Text by James Schuyler

I wish I had been at Rodmell
to parlay with Virginia Woolf
when she was about to take
that fatal walk:
“I know you’re sick,
but you’ll be well again:
trust me:
I’ve been there.”
Would I have offered
to take her place,
for me to die
and she to live?
I think not.
Each has his “fiery particle”
to fan into flame
for his own sake.
So, no.
But still
I wish I’d been there,
before she filled her pockets with stones
and lay down in the River Ouse.
Angular Virginia Woolf,
for whom
words came streaming
like clouded yellows
over the downs.

Lana Turner Has Collapsed!

Text by Frank O’Hara

Lana Turner has collapsed!
I was trotting along and suddenly
it started raining and snowing
and you said it was hailing
but hailing hits you on the head
hard so it was really snowing and
raining and I was in such a hurry
to meet you but the traffic
was acting exactly like the sky
and suddenly I see a headline
LANA TURNER HAS COLLAPSED!
there is no snow in Hollywood
there is no rain in California
I have been to lots of parties
and acted perfectly disgraceful
but I never actually collapsed
oh Lana Turner we love you get up

Will There Really Be a Morning?

Text by Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a “Morning”?
Is there such a thing as “Day”?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Does it come from famous places
of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Man from the skies!
Please to tell this little Pilgrim
Where the place called “Morning” lies!

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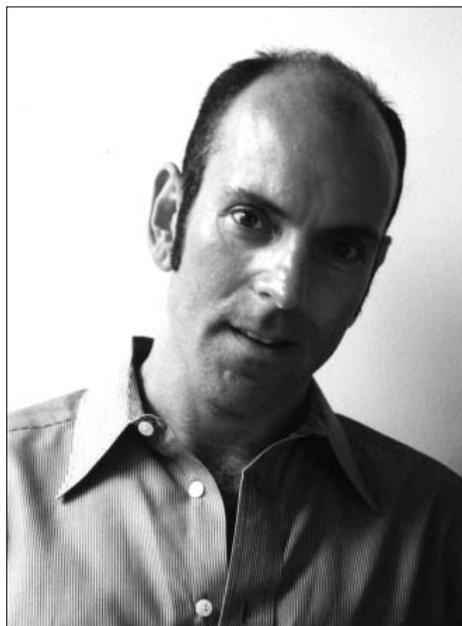
Jake Heggie is the composer of the acclaimed operas *Dead Man Walking* (libretto by Terrence McNally), *The End of the Affair* (libretto by Heather McDonald, Leonard Foglia and Heggie), *To Hell and Back* (libretto by Gene Scheer), *At the Statue of Venus* (libretto by McNally), more than 200 art songs, plus orchestral and chamber music. He is the recipient of a 2005–2006 Guggenheim Fellowship, among other awards. Mr. Heggie's operas have been performed by more than a dozen American companies, including San Francisco Opera, New York City Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Cincinnati Opera, Baltimore Opera and Seattle Opera. Recently, the operas have been featured in international productions by major companies in Australia, Canada, Germany, Sweden and Austria. In 2007 alone, *Dead Man Walking* will receive more than 50 performances. *The End of the Affair* was recently seen in a new production in Kansas City, and those performances were recorded live for release later this year.

Other major works include the theatrical song cycle *For a Look or a Touch* (libretto by Gene Scheer, based on stories from the film *Paragraph 175*); the song cycles *The Deepest Desire* (poetry by Sister Helen Prejean), *Statuesque and Rise and Fall* (poetry by Gene Scheer), *Here and Gone* (poetry by Housman and Lindsay); and the cello con-

certo *Holy the Firm: Essay for Cello and Orchestra* (for Emil Miland and the Oakland East Bay Symphony). Upcoming are collaborative projects with the Metropolitan Opera and Lincoln Center Theater, Houston Grand Opera, Dallas Opera, San Francisco Opera, the Ravinia Festival and London's Wigmore Hall.

Mr. Heggie's recordings include *Dead Man Walking* (Erato), *The Faces of Love* (RCA Red Seal) and *The Deepest Desire* (Eloquenta). In addition to *The End of the Affair*, Heggie's songs will be featured on three new recordings due later this year.

Singers he collaborates with as pianist and composer include Frederica von Stade, Susan Graham, Audra McDonald, Joyce DiDonato, Isabel Bayrakdarian, Patti LuPone, Kristin Clayton, Zheng Cao, Nicolle Foland and Bryn Terfel. Jake Heggie lives in San Francisco. For more information, visit www.jakeheggie.com.



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Ricky Ian Gordon was born on May 15, 1956, in Oceanside, New York, and raised on Long Island. In love with poetry and fascinated, from an early age, by all forms of opera and music Theater, he attended Carnegie Mellon University as a piano major, but soon realized that his true vocation was as

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a composer. After college, he settled in New York City and quickly emerged as one of the most successful writers of a kind of vocal music that straddles the world of theater and art song.

His unusual ability to find the musical core of a poem or lyric and express that essence in an appropriate musical style has given his songs great appeal to singers of all styles and persuasions. Mr. Gordon's songs have been performed and/or recorded by such internationally renowned singers as Renée Fleming, Dawn Upshaw, Audra MacDonald, Kristin Chenoweth, the late Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Andrea Marcovici, Harolyn Blackwell, Betty Buckley, Margaret Lattimore, Stephanie Novacek and Mary Philips, among many others.

His accomplishments in musical theater are also very notable, with shows such as *My Life with Albertine*, *Dream True*, *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, *Only Heaven* and *Morning Star* having been successfully performed.

On March 13, 2007, Mr. Gordon was presented at Lincoln Center as part of the American Songbook Series in a concert devoted to his music, entitled "Bright Eyed Joy: The Music of Ricky Ian Gordon." About the music, Stephen Holden, writing in *The New York Times* said, "If the music of Ricky Ian Gordon had to be defined by a single quality, it would be the bursting effervescence infusing songs that blithely blur the lines between art song and the high-end Broadway music of Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim...It's caviar for a world gorging on pizza."

His hour-long song cycle in two acts, *Orpheus and Euridice*, was given a very well received stage debut as part of the Lincoln Center New Visions/ American Songbook series under the auspices of the Great Performers series on October 5, 2005. It was directed and choreographed by Doug Varone and performed by soprano Elizabeth Futral, clarinetist Todd Palmer and pianist Melvin Chen.

Other recent works include *and flowers pick themselves...*, five songs for high voice and orchestra on poems by e. e. cummings (commissioned by Michigan State University and first performed there by Melanie Helton on October 29, 2005), and *The Grapes of Wrath*, a full-scale opera with libretto by Michael Korie based on John Steinbeck's celebrated novel. *The Grapes of Wrath* had its hugely successful premiere at the Minnesota Opera on

February 10, 2007, in a production that travels to Utah Opera in May. Commenting in *The Los Angeles Times*, critic Mark Swed writes: "...the sense of excitement was unmistakable...the greatest glory of the opera is Gordon's ability to musically flesh out the entire 11-member Joad clan...Each has a distinct musical style. Each is sympathetic. Gordon's other great achievement is to merge Broadway and opera...and it is greatly enhanced by his firm control over ensembles and his sheer love for the operatic voice."

Described by *The New York Times* as "one of America's finest artists and singers," **Frederica von Stade** continues to be extolled as one of the music world's most beloved figures. Known to family, friends and fans by her nickname, "Flicka," the mezzo-soprano has enriched the world of classical music for three decades.

Ms. von Stade's career has taken her to the stages of the world's great opera houses and concert halls. She began at the top, when she received a contract from Sir Rudolf Bing during the Metropolitan Opera auditions, and since her debut in 1970 she has sung nearly all of her great roles with that company. In January 2000, the company celebrated the 30th anniversary of her debut with a new production of Lehár's *The Merry Widow* specifically for her, and in 1995, as a celebration of her 25th anniversary, the Metropolitan Opera created for her a new production of *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

Ms. von Stade has appeared with every leading American opera company, including San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago and Los Angeles Opera. Her career in Europe has been no less spectacular, with new productions mounted for her at La Scala, Covent Garden, the Vienna State Opera and the Paris Opera. She is invited regularly by the finest conductors, among them Claudio Abbado, Charles Dutoit, James Levine, Kurt Masur, Riccardo Muti, Seiji Ozawa, André Previn, Leonard Slatkin and Michael Tilson Thomas, to appear in concert with the world's leading orchestras, including the Boston Symphony, Chicago Symphony, Cleveland Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, London Symphony and the Orchestra of La Scala.

Ms. von Stade has effortlessly traversed an ever-broadening spectrum of musical styles and dra-

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matic characterizations. She is an unmatched stylist in the French repertoire—a delectable Mignon or Périochole, a regal Marguerite in Berlioz's *La damnation de Faust* and, in one critic's words, "the Mélisande of one's dreams." Her artistry has inspired the revival of neglected works such as Massenet's *Cherubin*, Thomas's *Mignon*, Rameau's *Dardanus* and Monteverdi's *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*. Her repertoire is continually expanding to include the works of contemporary composers. She created the role of Tina in Dallas Opera's world premiere production of Dominick Argento's *The Aspern Papers* (a work written for her), as well as the role of Madame de Merteuil in Conrad Susa's *Dangerous Liaisons* and Mrs. Patrick De Rocher in Jake Heggie's *Dead Man Walking*, both for San Francisco Opera.

She has made over 70 recordings with every major label, including complete operas, aria collections, symphonic works, solo recital programs and popular crossover albums. Her recordings have garnered six Grammy Award nominations, two Grand Prix du Disc awards, the Deutsche Schallplattenpreis, Italy's Premio della Critica Discografica and "Best of the Year" citations by *Stereo Review* and *Opera News*.

Last season, Ms. von Stade gave her first-ever performances of the title role in *La Grand Duchesse de Gerolstein* with Los Angeles Opera in a new production directed by famed movie director Garry Marshall. That season also brought her first performances of Ottavia in *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* with Houston Grand Opera.

Frederica von Stade is the holder of honorary doctorates from Yale University, Boston University, the San Francisco Conservatory of Music (which holds a Frederica von Stade Distinguished Chair in Voice), the Georgetown University School of Medicine and her *alma mater*, the Mannes School of Music. In 1998, Ms. von Stade received France's highest honor in the arts, when she was appointed as an officer of L'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, and, in 1983, she was honored with an award given at the White House by President Reagan in recognition of her significant contribution to the arts.

Lyric soprano **Kristin Clayton** created a sensation when she sang the world premiere of Jake Heggie and Terrence McNally's *At the Statue of Venus* for the grand opening of Denver's new Caulkins

Opera House, replacing Renée Fleming, for whom the work had been commissioned.

Ms. Clayton's most recent engagements include *The Magic Flute* for Opera Colorado, a joint recital with Donald Runnicles in San Diego and a return to San Francisco Opera for *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Così fan tutte* and *I Pagliacci*. Upcoming engagements include the world premiere of a new Jake Heggie opera with Houston Grand Opera, Mahler's Symphony No. 2 with Sarasota Symphony and Villa-Lobos's *Bachianas Brazilianas* at the Amelia Island Chamber Music Festival.

She made her San Francisco Opera debut in 1994, singing in the world premiere of Susa's *The Dangerous Liaisons* (telecast nationally on PBS's *Great Performances*) and as Wellgunde in *Das Rheingold* during the company's 1999 Ring festival. Also in San Francisco, she sang and recorded Massenet's *Herodiade* with Plácido Domingo and Renée Fleming (Sony Classical) and performed in the San Francisco Opera Center Showcase productions of Tippett's *King Priam* and Handel's *Ezio*. Other recent engagements include a Schwabacher Debut Recital; the world premiere of Heggie's song cycle, *Eve Song*; and a concert with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center.

Her orchestral engagements with the San Francisco Symphony have included performances of Bernstein's *On the Town*, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas. In Europe, Ms. Clayton has sung Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass* with the Leningrad State Conservatory Orchestra, Mozart's Requiem with the Belgrade Radio Symphony Orchestra and an evening of arias with her husband, baritone Bojan Knezevic, in Belgrade.

Ms. Clayton was the soprano soloist in the 1995 United Nations 50th Anniversary Celebration concert, performed for President Clinton and telecast live throughout the world. She is also featured on a new recording of songs by Jake Heggie, *The Faces of Love* (RCA Red Seal), and sang the role of Sister Helen in workshops of Jake Heggie and Terrence McNally's opera *Dead Man Walking*.

Kristin Clayton is a native of Atlanta, Georgia, and she studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. She makes her home in San Francisco, where she lives with her husband and children.

Soprano **Marnie Breckenridge**'s pure and supple voice, excellent musicianship, effervescent person-

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ality and dramatic intensity have rapidly established her as a rising young artist.

Ms. Breckenridge began the 2007 season singing solos with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra in a concert marking 200 years of U.S.-Russian relations at the U.S. State Department. Soon after, she sang the role of Lucia in Britten's *Rape of Lucretia* under Lorin Maazel at his theater in Castleton, Virginia. Most recently, she debuted with the Berkeley Symphony in Unsuk Chin's *Cantantrix Sopranica*, under the baton of Kent Nagano.

In addition to her debut in Ned Rorem's *Bertha and Three Sisters* with Black Box Opera Theatre, in 2006 she premiered a new opera written for her, *Chrysalis*, by Clark Supryniewicz, at Berkeley Opera. That year, she also made her European opera debut as Cunegonde in *Candide* at the Prague State Opera, to which she was invited back this season. In 2005, she sang the debut role of Susan in the South American premiere of Lennox Berkeley's *A Dinner Engagement* with the Brazilian Opera Society in São Paulo.

Ms. Breckenridge made her Davies Symphony Hall debut singing the soprano solos in Handel's *Messiah* under Michael Barrett. She has appeared in recital throughout California, as well as in Norway, Sweden, the United Kingdom and Italy. In 2005, she sang solos for the 60th Anniversary of the United Nations at San Francisco's Grace Cathedral.

Her commitment to performing the music of living composers has fostered relationships with Ricky Ian Gordon, Bruce Rockwell, David Conte, Kurt Erickson, D'Arcy Reynolds, David Garner, Daniel Brewbaker, Michael Kaulkin and Henry Mollicone. A favorite of Jake Heggie's, she has performed a number of his works with the composer at the piano.

Ms. Breckenridge is a Regional Finalist in the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and the winner of the IIE International Travel Award, a Loren L. Zachary National Grand Finalist, a MacAllister Awards Regional Finalist and Mu Phi Epsilon Winner. She received her bachelor's degree from Pacific Union College and her master's degree from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, and furthered her training at the Santa Fe Opera Apprentice Artist Program in 2001 and the Israel Vocal Arts Institute in Tel Aviv in 1999.

Mezzo-soprano **Zheng Cao** is a regular guest of leading companies in the United States and abroad. A personal favorite of Seiji Ozawa's, she has appeared with him as Marguerite in *La Damnation de Faust* at the Saito Kinen Festival, as mezzo-soprano soloist in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for the 1998 Winter Olympic Games in Japan, and as Suzuki in *Madame Butterfly* for her debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Ms. Cao began her professional career as an Adler Fellow at San Francisco Opera, where she has subsequently performed Idamante in *Idomeneo*, Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Dorabella in *Così fan tutte*, Nicklausse in *Les Contes d'Hoffman* and Siebel in *Faust*. She made her debut with Houston Grand Opera in 2000 as Varvara in *Katya Kabanova*, returning in 2004 as Magali for the world premiere production of Daniel Catán's *Salsipuedes* and in 2005 as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Next season, she will return to San Francisco Opera as Ruth in *The Bonesetter's Daughter*, based on the novel by Amy Tan.

On the concert stage, she has performed many times with Maestro Ozawa and the Boston Symphony in Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as well as in Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy* at Tanglewood for Ozawa's farewell concert. She has performed Mozart's Requiem with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with the San Francisco Symphony and Handel's *Messiah* with the National Symphony and the Warsaw Philharmonic. She has also appeared in recital at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.

Ms. Cao holds a bachelor's degree from the Shanghai Conservatory of Music and a master's degree from the Curtis Institute of Music. She was a 1992 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions finalist and a winner of the 1993 Palm Beach Opera International Vocal Competition.

Nicholas Phan is quickly establishing himself as an important tenor among America's next generation of singers. A recent graduate of the Houston Grand Opera Studio, Mr. Phan has appeared in many productions there, including the world premieres of Daniel Catán's *Salsipuedes* and Mark Adamo's *Lysistrata*. He recently made his debuts at New York City Opera as Damon in *Acis and Galatea* and in Europe as Don Polidoro in a new production of *La Finta Semplice* directed by

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Christoph Loy at the Frankfurt Opera. He made his professional operatic debut with Glimmerglass Opera as a member of their Young American Artist Program.

This season, he debuts at the Atlanta Opera in *I Pagliacci*, Los Angeles Opera in *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* and the Chicago Opera Theater in *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*, and returns to the Frankfurt Opera as Lurcanio in *Ariodante*. Next season, he returns to Houston Grand Opera as Pedrillo in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*.

Also active on the concert stage, Mr. Phan made his debut this season with the St. Louis Symphony under David Robertson. He made his debut with the Chicago Symphony during the 2001–2002 season, singing Iopas in a series of concert performances of *Les Troyens* under Zubin Mehta, and has since appeared with the the Orchestra of St. Luke's and the National Symphony.

Mr. Phan was one of two singers selected to represent the United States at the BBC Singer of the World competition in Cardiff, Wales, in 2003, where he appeared with the Welsh National Opera Orchestra under Carlo Rizzi. In 2004, he was the recipient of a Richard F. Gold Career Grant from the Shoshana Foundation, and he placed third in the Houston Grand Opera Eleanor McCollum Competition for Young Singers in 2002.

Mr. Phan has studied at the Manhattan School of Music and the Aspen Music Festival and School and is a graduate of the University of Michigan.

Baritone **Kyle Ferrill** has broad performing experience in oratorio, recital and operatic repertoire, having performed as a soloist in such works as Ligeti's *Le Grande Macabre*, Berio's *Sinfonia*, Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Britten's *Cantata Misericordium*, Fauré's Requiem and Handel's *Messiah*. His recent engagements include the Dawn Upshaw-Osvaldo Golijov Workshop at Carnegie Hall, which included his Carnegie Hall recital debut. An avid recitalist, Mr. Ferrill was a finalist in the art song category of the 2006 Liederkrantz competition. He has been coached by Phyllis Curtin, Martin Katz, William Sharp, Dawn Upshaw and John Wustman, among other luminaries.

New music is a passion of Mr. Ferrill's. As a vocal fellow at the Tanglewood, he performed Ligeti under Stefan Asbury, Berio under Robert Spano, Bernstein's *Benediction* under John Williams and

Rem's *Aftermath* as part of the composer's 80th birthday celebration. Mr. Ferrill's passion also extends to new art songs, in performances of the music of Argento, Musto, Liebermann, Bolcom, Hersch and Hoiby. In 2006, Mr. Ferrill attended Songfest, an intensive song literature program in Malibu. While there, he worked with composers Ricky Ian Gordon, John Harbison and Jake Heggie; coaches Rudolf Jansen and Martin Katz; and Bach specialist Craig Smith from Boston's Emmanuel Music. After a return to Songfest in June, Mr. Ferrill will spend August studying art song at the Steans Institute at the Ravinia Festival in Chicago.

An alumnus of Butler University, Mr. Ferrill received his master's degree and doctorate in vocal performance from Florida State University, where his dissertation analyzed the career of William Parker and *The AIDS Quilt Songbook*. Deeply committed to teaching, Mr. Ferrill is Assistant Professor of Voice at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia. He is married to soprano Lexa Ferrill.

Dawn Harms (*violin*) leads an active musical life as a violinist, violist, chamber musician and conductor. A member of the San Francisco Opera Orchestra and the New Century Chamber Orchestra, she also performs as co-concertmaster of the Oakland East Bay Symphony. She is a member of the Kirkwood String Quartet and the founder and conductor of the Elixir Chamber Orchestra. She is also the co-founder and music director of the Music at Kirkwood chamber music festival, and currently serves on the music faculty at Stanford University.

Ms. Harms recently appeared as a soloist with Symphony Parnassus in the Herbst Theatre in San Francisco, the Folsom Symphony, the Paradise Symphony, the Flagler Symphony in West Palm Beach, Florida, and the Stanford Symphony. Next season, Ms. Harms will conduct the Livermore Symphony and the Palo Alto Chamber Orchestra.

Ms. Harms has released two solo CDs, *The Black Swan*, for violin and harp, and her latest, *The Hot Canary*. She has also collaborated with her cousin, Tom Waits, on his recordings *Alice* and *Blood Money*.

For 10 years, Ms. Harms was first violinist with the Harrington String Quartet, winners of the Grand Prize at the Fischhoff and Evian International

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chamber music competitions. She also played first violin for five summers with the Santa Fe Opera.

A strong advocate for children's music education, Ms. Harms was conductor and music director of the Amarillo Youth Orchestra and continues to design and perform educational concerts throughout the United States.

Ms. Harms earned a Bachelor of Music from the New England Conservatory, where she was a student of Dorothy Delay and Josef Gingold, and a Master of Music from the State University of New York at Stonybrook.

Acclaimed orchestral, chamber musician, soloist and teacher, **Carla-Maria Rodrigues** (*viola*) began her musical vocation from an early age, first as a violinist and later as a violist. Ms. Rodrigues's professional career began as a violist with the Minnesota Orchestra, where she was subsequently appointed Assistant Principal Viola. During the 1998–1999 season, Ms. Rodrigues was invited to join the Australian Chamber Orchestra as their Guest Principal Violist, taking over as Principal Viola in 2004.

Chamber music activities have taken her throughout North America, Australia, Israel and Europe with artists such as Pinchas Zukerman, Rudolph Serkin and Sir Yehudi Menuhin. She has also toured extensively as a member of the Zukerman and Friends Ensemble. A founding member of the Rosalyra String Quartet, Ms. Rodrigues devotes much of her professional career to chamber music. She has participated in the Marlboro, Gstaad, Verbier, Prussia Cove, Santa Fe, Vancouver, El Paso and Aldeburgh festivals, touring internationally with Musicians from Marlboro. Her recent engagements have included Guest Principal Viola of the Hong Kong Philharmonic, an invitation to participate at the Sangat Chamber Music Festival in Bombay and an invitation to participate at the Music@Menlo Chamber Music Institute.

A native of London, Ms. Rodrigues began her studies on the violin at age eight and continued her musical training at the Yehudi Menuhin School. During this time, she appeared regularly as soloist and chamber musician in London's major concert halls and was heard over the BBC. She graduated from the University of Michigan, where she was awarded the Albert A. Stanley Medal. Other prizes to her credit include the Lionel Tertis

International Viola Competition, the William Primrose Scholarship Competition and the Fischhoff Chamber Music Competition.

Ms. Rodrigues resides in California, where she is principal viola of the San Francisco Opera for six months of the year.

Emil Miland (*cello*) is acclaimed internationally for his performances of new and traditional repertoire as a soloist and chamber musician. He is an ardent champion of new works and has given the premieres of compositions written specifically for him by Ernst Bacon, David Carlson, Shinji Eshima, Andrew Frank, Andrew Imbrie, Lou Harrison, Jake Heggie, Robert Helps, Richard Havig, James Meredith, Dwight Okamura and Tobias Tenenbaum. He appears on the RCA Red Seal recording *The Faces of Love: The Songs of Jake Heggie*, performing with Frederica von Stade, Sylvia McNair and Zheng Cao.

In November 2002, Mr. Miland premiered Heggie's *Holy the Firm: Essay for Cello and Orchestra* with the Oakland East Bay Symphony conducted by Michael Morgan. A live recording of this performance is included on the Symphony's first CD, *New Works for a New Century*. He has also performed *Holy the Firm* with the Sacramento and Knoxville symphonies. In 2000, he was featured in concerts of Heggie's music at New York's Alice Tully Hall and San Francisco's Herbst Theatre.

Mr. Miland's recent premieres include Heggie's *Times of Day*, a song cycle for mezzo-soprano and piano trio, and *Toadfish*, a work by Shinji Eshima for TRIAD (Mr. Miland, clarinetist Carey Bell and pianist Bryndon Hassman). He recently collaborated with mezzo-soprano Susan Graham and pianist Malcolm Martineau in a performance of Ravel's *Chansons Madecases* at Cal Performances. In recital, he has collaborated with Frederica von Stade, Brian Asawa, Zheng Cao and the late Lorraine Hunt Lieberson.

A member of the San Francisco Opera since 1988, Mr. Miland made his solo debut with the San Francisco Symphony at age 16, and that same year was selected to perform in the Rostropovich master classes at UC Berkeley. An honors graduate of the New England Conservatory, he has received grants from Chamber Music America and the National Endowment for the Arts.