

Tuesday, March 16, 2010, 8pm
First Congregational Church

Hespèrion XXI

*Lux Feminae, 900–1600:
An Invocation of Feminity with
Seven Portraits of Woman in Ancient Hesperia*

Montserrat Figueras *voice, cithara*
Pierre Hamon *ney, gaita, flutes*
Dimitri Psonis *oud, santur, morisca*
Jordi Savall *rebab, lira da gamba*

PROGRAM

Anonymous (Castellón/Berber) *Alba (instrumental)*

Femina Antiqua

Anonymous (15th c.) *Sibil-la de Mallorca (Oracle)*
Responsory: *Al jorn del judici*
Un rei vendrà perpetual
Ans que el Judici no serà
Del cel gran foc devallarà
Llos puygs e.ls plans seran eguals
Los infants qui nats no seran
Mare de Déu pregau per nos

Marcabru (ca. 1100–ca. 1150) *Planctus (instrumental) on Pax in nomine Domini*

Femina Mistica

Codex de las Huelgas (13th c.) *Flavit auster*

Llibre Vermell de Montserrat (13th c.) *Polorum Regina*

Femina Nova

Anonymous Al-Andalus (13th c.) *Mowachah Billadi askara*

Beatritz de Día (ca. 1200) *A chantar m'er de so q'ieu no voldria*

Anonymous (Trecento mss.) *Lamento di Tristano (instrumental)*

Femina Amans

Martin Codax (13th c.) *Ondas do mar*

Bartolomé Cárceres (fl. mid-16th c.) *Soleta só jo ací*

Femina Mater

Cárceres *Soleta y Verge estich (villancico)*

Amazigh lullaby *Mma gar dada its*

Femina Ludica

Anonymous (Sephardic) *Hermoza muchachica (instrumental)*

Anonymous Sephardic (Sofia) *La Guirnalda de Rosas: Una matica de ruda*

Femina Gemens

Anonymous (Andalusia) *Lamento (Saeta antigua)*

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*Lux Feminae, 900–1600:***An Invocation of Feminity with Seven Portraits of Woman in Ancient Hesperia****1. Femina Antiqua**

Let us imagine, amid the veils of darkness, a ray of light. In the still depths of silence, let us listen to the limpid sound of a voice. A portent, an oracle, an enigma borne on the air like a bird with a single wing. It is saying that the world will come to an end: after the night, a black sun will rise. It is saying that everything will be plunged into the deep: the sea will have no shores. It is saying that nothing will survive: the air will vainly search for lungs. It is saying that death will come and we shall be as helpless water before a thirsting mouth. Our life spans no more than the flight of an arrow, from tense bow to wounded flesh.

2. Femina Mistica

The flame relentlessly pursues its taper. And paths await the footsteps that create them. Mysticism and Love seek ways toward union: when you are a root, you desire earth. And tirelessly you make your way through fathomless gorges and sheer precipices, like a flower searching for colors to inhabit. You sense the turbulent air—but not the wings—of flight, and on the parched horizon of your desert you glimpse the taste of water. At long last, you reach the other side of all the bridges you have crossed.

3. Femina Nova

Memories vanish, just as night turns into day. A white light melts them like a tear that bathes the eye without being shed. The life pulsing through them is brief as a tiny drop of ink poised on the tip of a reed. They last no longer than it takes to trace an arabesque on a sheet of paper, to cross the white desert of a page with the thirst for a few words. In the sanctuary of seclusion, memory branches into verse and song, and we immerse ourselves in it to bear more lightly the absence of those we love: the

room filled with light. It was an explosion. It was shining. The lighted lamp was drowned in darkness. When you came.

4. Femina Amans

You feel your body like a mountain yielding stone to build houses. You feel the tenderness of a statue held gently in the hands of an archaeologist. The thrill of a field of sunflowers at dawn. The joy of a well filling with water. The rapture of fallow land under the weight of the plough. The delight of petals enfolding the soft, winged body of a bee. The pleasure of a cloud that finally knows the nature of the sky it is crossing. And you see the shore break in waves upon the sea. When you love.

5. Femina Mater

Within the silence throbs the seed. Like colors in the darkness. Deep in the earth burns a fire without flames that warms the mineral womb. And in that warmth the seed sprouts roots like hands prising open windows. It will grope its way until at last it finds the only way forward: the light. The shoot will grow strong and the stalk high, the grain will swell, and when the time is ripe the ear of corn will proudly shout: let me be bread. The wind moving in the wheat, a hand ruffling hair: tenderness.

6. Femina Ludica

Play is the smile on the face of time. It is the happiness where desire, sparked by laughter, flares like the flame that smouldered at the tip of a firebrand. It is then that we long to close the distance between our lips and the kiss. And celebrate the light as if the stars also shone in the day. And sing in praise of the love that is possible: the blossom of the olive tree aches to be an olive between the teeth. Enough of slaking our thirst with sea water:

we shall love one another as birds love cherries, biting through to the very stone, and the landscape will throw open its windows to gaze in on us.

7. Femina Gemens

In your cold, stone prison, the gathered darkness watches you. Joy has ebbed away from you, like a sea whose waves fall short of the shore. Time past is a fruit that can never return to the tree, a wine that knows it cannot return to the blithe roundness of the grape. Time present is a source of pain, cruelly teaching you, a ship, to forget the sea. Memories are hard, like stale bread. Memory is sometimes a bird that has flown the full expanse of the sky. And every night you dream of the inquisitor: his finger points to a stake, wood demanding fire. The future cry lies dormant in the mouth.

Manuel Forcano

O Lux

LUX FEMINÆ is an homage to the light of Woman. Having sung of that light for so long through music and poetry, I naturally became aware that it has not always been free to shine. *Lux Femina* is also a story with music about women and an invocation to femininity, as the key to the spiritual world. *Lux Femina* focuses on seven aspects of woman in ancient Hesperia, from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance. Seven is a sacred number that has been revered by sages and mystics through the ages: it is the union of 4 (the four elements, the four colors from which all the colors in the artist's palette are made...) and 3 (the Trinity, the Pyramid...), symbolizing the union of all things both spiritual and earthly, a union which is also embodied in the figure of woman. Seven is the number of the climes, the seas, the heavens and the days of Creation; this sacred dimension is also found in music and poetry and, indeed, in ourselves, since we have the capacity to make sacred or profound everything that we experience and do. Over and above sacred music, there is a sacred way of making music.

Lux Femina represents an interval of intimacy, the description of a delicate, secluded space which must be protected, an inner garden at the center of which we find the anima, light, Beauty.

The manner of singing, therefore, also draws on that intimacy, while also incorporating strength, rhythm, dance and the dramatic power of words. The different traditions of Christianity, Judaism and Islam have all felt the need to express that intimacy through the same symbolism: the inner garden, the cloister, the castle of interior mansions as spaces of quietude, knowledge and meditation.

Lux Femina is celebratory because the best approach to life is to celebrate everything and take time to celebrate. It is a hymn to the place of woman through history, focusing on her aspects of light: mysticism, sensuality, motherhood, love, lament, rejoicing and wisdom. Women sing the story of humanity, celebrating the beauty and possibility of being sweet as honeycomb on the tongue; celebrating mystical love, the fruitful womb and the tender breast that nurtures God; celebrating the experience of giving birth, of motherhood and nursing a child; the gift and duty of transmitting life, teaching and being teachers of life; celebrating the experience of joy, even in the midst of grief and loss. All the protagonists of the poems and songs in *Lux Femina* embody and bear witness to that light.

Montserrat Figueras

*Lux Femina***Sibil-la de Mallorca**

Anònim (s. XV)

*Al jorn del judici
parrà qui haurà fayt servici.*

Un rei vendrà perpetual
vestit de nostra carn mortal;
del cel vindrà tot certament
per fer del segle jutjament.

Ans que el Judici no serà
un gran senyal se mostrarà:
lo sol perdrà lo esplendor,
la terra tremirà de por.

Del cel gran foc devallarà
com a sofre molt podirà
la terra cremarà del furor,
la gent haurà molt gran terror

Llos puys e.ls plans seran equals,
aquí ceran los bons e.ls mals:
los reys, e.ls comptes e.ls barons
qui de lurs fayts retran raysons.

Los infants qui nats no seran
dintre ses mares cridaràn
i diran tots plorosament:
“Ajuda’ns, Déu omnipotent.”

Mare de Déu pregau per nós,
puix sóu mare de pecadors,
que bona sentència hajam
i paradís possejam.

Flavit Auster

Codex de Las Huelgas (s. XIII)

Ia
Flavit Auster flatu levi
ventris aulam Deo pleni
tuam, virgo, celitus,

Ib
Quo mundata culpas mundas,
quo fecunda [nos fecundas]
donis Sancti Spiritus.

Mallorcan Sibyl

Anonymous (15th c.)

*On judgment day
who served shall be repaid.*

An eternal king will come
Dressed in our mortal flesh:
He will come from heaven certainly
To pass judgment on the century.

Before judgment is passed
A great sign will show itself:
The sun will lose its shine
The earth will tremble with fear.

From heaven a great fire shall descend
with a sulphurous stench,
the earth shall burn with fury
and the people with terror blench.

Peaks and plains shall be as one,
in a place where good and bad;
where kings and counts and barons
of their deeds shall give account.

Children not yet born
Will cry from their mother's wombs,
And with the crying say:
“Help us, God, omnipotent.”

Mother of God, pray of us,
You, the Mother of sinners,
May the sentence be merciful,
May Paradise be open to us.

Codex de Las Huelgas (13th c.)

Ia
From heaven Auster
breathed his gentle breeze
and made thy womb the holy place of God.

Ib
By whom, thus purified,
thou purifiest sin and, by Him made fruitful,
bringest forth in us the fruits of the Holy Spirit.

(Please turn the page quietly.)

IIa

Felix alvus, felix pectus
cuius Deus carne tectus
lac suscepit uberum.

IIb

Ave, claustrum trinitatis,
ave, mater pietatis,
medicina vulnerum.

IIIa

Te amanti nichil durum,
te sequenti nil oscurum,
[nullum] iter devium.

IIIb

Deformatum reddis forme,
quod declinat sue norme
trais rect[r]icinium.

IVa

Tibi sapit cui tu sapis,
qui te capit illum capis
dum te fide concipit.

IVb

Spes es grata tibi grato,
favus mellis es palato
quod te sane recipit,

Va

Ergo salus miserorum
portus vite naufragorum.
Tuis opem percibus

Vb

Patris tui Filiique
nobis semper et ubique
para suplicantibus.

Amen.

Polorum Regina

Llibre Vermell de Montserrat

“A ball redon”

Tornada

Polorum regina ominum nostra.
Stella matutina, dele scelera.

Et respondetur et iteritur in qualibet cupla

IIa

O happy womb, oh happy breast,
that cradled God
and gave Him suck.

IIb

Hail, cloister of the Trinity,
Hail, mother of all piety,
who to our wounds art balm.

IIIa

Those who love thee know no hardship,
no darkness those who follow thee,
nor any devious path.

IIIb

The twisted body thou settest straight,
and those who from His precepts stray
thou gatherest in thy hall.

IVa

Thou knowest him who knoweth thee,
thou chooseth him that chooseth thee,
if only in thee he place his trust.

IVb

Dear hope to him who holds thee dear,
and sweet as honeycomb thou art
to those who truly welcome thee.

Va

To sinners thou offerest salvation,
to the shipwrecked a harbor of life,
and through thy supplications,

Vb

Favor with the Father and the Son
procurest for us who, suppliant,
at all times and everywhere, do call on thee.

Amen.

Our Sovereign of All Heaven

Llibre Vermell de Montserrat

“As a round dance”

*Our sovereign of all heaven,
morning star, take away our sins.*

Cobles

Ante partum virgo Deo gravida.
Semper permansisti inviolata.

Et in partu virgo Deo fecunda.
Semper permansisti inviolata.

Et post partum virgo mater enixa.
Semper permanisti inviolata.

A Chantar M'er de So Q'ieu No Volria

Comtessa (Beatritz) de Dia, sègle XII

A chantar m-er de so q'ieu no volria,
tant me rancur de lui cui sui amia
car eu l'am mais que nuilla ren que sia ;
vas lui no-m val merces ni cortesia,
ni ma beltatz, ni mos pretz, ni mos sens,
c'atressi-m sui enganad'e trahia
cum degr'esser, s'ieu fos desavinens.

D'aisso-m conort car anc non fi faillesa,
amics, vas vos per nuilla captenensa,
anz vos am mais non fetz Seguis Valenssa,
e platz mi mout quez eu d'amar vos venssa,
lo mieus amics, car etz lo plus valens ;
mi faitz orguouill en digz et en parvensa,
e si etz francs vas totas autras gens.

Meravilh cum vostre cors s'orguouilla,
amics, vas me, per q'ai razon qe-m duoilla ;
non es ges dreitz c'autr'amors vos mi tuoilla
per nuilla ren qu-us diga ni-us acuouilla;
e membre vos cals fo-l comensamens
de nostr'amor. Ja Dompnidieus non vuouilla
q'en ma colpa sia-l departimens!

Valer mi deu mos pretz e mos paratges
e ma beutatz e plus mos fis coratges,
per q'ieu vos mand lai on es vostr'estatges
esta chansson que me sia messatges;
e volh saber, lo mieus bels amics gens,
per que vos m'etz tant fers ni tant salvatges,
non sai si s'es orguolhs o mals talens.

Mas aitan plus vuolh li digas, messatges,
qu'en trop d'orguolh ant gran dan maintas gens.

Before birth, Virgin, pregnant by God,
you remained always inviolate.

And in labour, Virgin, fertile by God,
you remained always inviolate.

And after birth, Virgin, Mother,
you remained always inviolate.

I Must Sing of What I Would Not Speak

Countess (Beatritz) of Dia, 12th c.

I must sing of what I would not speak,
so bitterly I complain of him who calls me friend,
for I love him more than all else in the world;
to him my grace and manners me scarce commend,
nor yet my beauty, virtue and my good sense,
for now I stand deceived and betrayed
as by rights I should if I had been unkind.

I console myself that I have never failed,
my friend, on any occasion, in your sight;
more than Seguin loved Valensa do I love you,
and I revel in trumping you at love,
for in this, my friend, you are all others above;
with me you are haughty in the way you speak and act,
despite your openness with everyone you meet.

I marvel at the harshness of your heart
with me, my friend, and I have reason to be hurt:
it is unjust that another love should steal you from me,
no matter what she tells you and the favors she bestows;
think back to the early days
when first we loved! May God forbid
that by my fault we should ever part!

My merit and nobility should stand me in good stead,
together with my beauty and my sterling heart:
and so I send to you at your estate
this song as my own delegate;
for I would know, my gentle, noble friend,
why you are so abrupt and harsh with me,
I cannot tell whether it is pride or cruelty.

Above all else, my messenger, tell him this:
that many through arrant pride have come to grief.

(Please turn the page quietly.)

Ondas do Mar

Cantiga d'Amigo I
Martin Codax (s. XII)

Ondas do mar de Vigo,
 se vistes meu amigo?
E ai Deus! Se verrá cedo?

Ondas do mar levado,
 se vistes meu amado?
E ai Deus! Se verrá cedo?

Se vistes meu amigo,
 o por que eu sospiro?
E ai Deus! Se verrá cedo?

Se vistes meu amado,
 o por que ei gran coidado?
E ai Deus! Se verrá cedo?

Soleta só jo acá

Villancico: Bartomeu Cárceres

Soleta só jo acá,
 si voleu que us vaja obrir
 ara que n'és hora,
 si voleu venir.

Mon marit és de fora.
 On?: a Montalvá,
 demà bé serà migjorn
 abans que no tornarà.

E jo que ho sabia pla,
 que tostemps ho fa així,
 ara que n'és hora,
 si voleu venir.

Soleta y Verge Estich

Villancet: Bartomeu Cárceres

Soleta y verge estich
 si'm voleu veure parir.
Ara que n'és hora,
si voleu venir.

Soleta en esta nit,
 só verge y mare
 parint Déu infinit.
 y sent ell lo meu pare,
 també vostre, e yo mare
 que glória us dó sense fi.

Waves of the Sea

Martin Codax (13th c.)

O flowing waves of Vigo's bay,
 Have you seen my love who is gone away?
Ah God, will he soon come to me?

O waves, fair waves of the swelling sea,
 Have you seen my lover, woe is me?
Ah God, will he soon come to me?

Have you seen my love for whom I sigh,
 And sorrowing weep incessantly?
Ah God, will he soon come to me?

Have you seen my lover for whom away,
 I sorrowing grieve by night and day?
Ah God, will he soon come to me?

Here I Am, and All Alone

Here I am, and all alone,
 if you want, I'll let you in,
 for now is our chance,
 if you want to come in.

My husband's away.
 Where? In Montalban.
 He'll return tomorrow,
 but not before noon.

I knew it full well,
 for he's set in his ways.
 So now is our chance,
 if you want to come in.

All Alone and a Virgin Am I

All alone and a virgin am I
 to see me delivered of a child.
Now at last the time has come,
come witness if you will.

All alone upon this night,
 a virgin-mother am I,
 delivered of God infinite,
 who is my father divine,
 as also yours, and I your mother,
 may He give you glory eternal.

Ara que n'és hora
si voleu venir.

O, com se alegraven
 de tal nova oyr
 los pares que esperaven
 de les tenebres exir!
 La missa volen dir
 do la, sol fa, re mi.
Ara que n'és hora
si voleu venir.

Cantem tots en est dia
 molt devotament,
 lloant la verge Maria
 y son fill omnipotent,
 que'ns dó tal sentiment
 que'ns porte a bona fi.
Ara que n'és hora
si voleu venir.

Amazigh Lullaby

Morocco

| : ϕ | : ...
 C . ρ O E Y . A . A . E Y % O
 E I E Π Π E C . X O Θ E X ?
 I E Y . O . Π Π : O
 E C C : A . U . Π Π : O I E Y . O
 C . I X . I I : ϕ ρ O X ?
 E I E Π Π E ϕ . I I I : ϕ ρ : O X η . O C A I . I
 O Θ E Y ρ . η . η η : O . O X X X : Y . O . I I . Y
 Π . Y ρ I I . X . Π . Π Π : O E C : I A E O U . I I . η . Y O
 η . Y ρ I I . X U . I I . η E Y O
 η E I I E : O C C E A Y E E A % O . I
 C . X O E Y . O A . O . E Y O
 E I E Π Π E C . X O Θ E X ?
 I E Y . O . Π Π : O
 E I E Π Π E O | : ϕ | : X O | : ϕ | : X O | : ϕ | : X
 | : ϕ | : | : ϕ | : | : ϕ | :

Now at last the time has come,
come witness if you will.

Oh, how they did celebrate
 such news as this to hear,
 the elders who had waited
 so long to leave their gloom!
 A mass they then began to sing,
 doh lah, soh fah, ray me.
Now at last the time has come,
come witness if you will.

Let us sing upon this day
 devoutly of one accord,
 praising the Virgin Mary
 and her son, who is Lord of all,
 that he may give us steadfast hearts
 to follow his good path.
Now at last the time has come,
come witness if you will.

I met my big brother,
 Sleep
 and he asked me:
 What are carrying on your back?
 I answered: the moon.

The moon is very sad.
 I asked her:
 Where is happiness?
 and she answered:
 Happiness is with others.

I carried the moon on my back,
 and I walked and I wept.
 Moon, you are hungry,
 you are sleepy,
 all of nature shivers with cold.

I met Sleep,
 and he asked me
 what I carried on my back.
 I answered that I carried
 nothing but the moon,
 and he said:
 Rock her to sleep, rock her to sleep.

(Please turn the page quietly.)

La Guirnalda de Rosas una Matica de Ruda*Anónimo sefardí (Sofía)*

Una matica de ruda,
 una matica de flor,
 hija mía mi querida
 dime a mí quién te la dio.
 Me la dio un mancevico
 que de mí se namoró.

Hija mía mi querida,
 no te echés a la perdición.
 Más vale un mal marido
 que un mancebo de amor
 mancebo de amor, la mi madre
 la mançana y el buen limon.

Saeta Antigua*Anónimo (Andalucía)*

¡Ay! No hay precedente
 No hay precedente de lo que veis.

¡Ay! Hacia el calvario
 camina con el rostro demacrado.

Una cruz de penitencia sobre sus hombros.

A Garland of Roses, a Sprig of Rue*Anonymous Sephardic (Rhodes)*

A sprig of flowers
 A sprig of rue,
 Oh daughter dearest,
 Who gave them to you?
 From a young man I had them
 Who loves me true.

Oh daughter dearest,
 Let this not ruin you.
 Better a wretched husband
 Than a young lover true.
 A young lover, mother,
 Is apples and fresh lemon.

Anonymous (Andalusia)

Alas! For such a sight as this
 no eyes did ever see.

Alas! He goes to Calvary,
 his face all sunken in.

A cross of penance weighing on his back.

IN ANTIQUITY, Hesperia was the name given to the two most westerly peninsulas in Europe: the Italian and the Iberian peninsulas. In Classical Greek, Hesperio was used to refer to a person originating from either of the two peninsulas, and it was also the name given to the planet Venus when it appeared in the western sky at night.

United by a common goal—the study and interpretation of ancient music according to new, modern criteria—and fascinated by the immense richness of the Hispanic and European musical repertoire before 1800, in 1974 Jordi Savall, Montserrat Figueras, Lorenzo Alpert and Hopkinson Smith founded the ensemble Hespèrion XX. In its 36 years of existence, the group has, in collaboration with other outstanding performers, rescued numerous works from oblivion, thus contributing to a major reappraisal of the fundamental aspects of the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque repertoires. From its inception, Hespèrion XX has carried out an intense schedule of concert performances and appears regularly at important international music festivals.

At the beginning of the new millennium, Hespèrion XX continued to be a frontline tool for musical research. In 2000, reflecting the advent of the new century, the group changed its name to **Hespèrion XXI**. The ensemble has been characterized by its eclectic approach to the process of artistic decision-making: as 21st-century musicians, its members' objectives are grounded in the search for a dynamic synthesis of musical expression, stylistic and historical research and creative imagination. The fascinating task of reconstructing the rich exuberance of music from other ages, specifically music composed from the 10th to the 18th centuries, has breathed new life into current musical thinking. Thanks to the energy and passionate vocation of its members, Hespèrion XXI has conquered the new Europe of nations and extracted the precious ore of its musical traditions. It has toured and harvested the music of Europe, the Middle and Far East, and the New World. The group's recordings and live performances have enabled audiences to rediscover Sepharad through its interpretation of Judeo-Christian songs, Golden Age Spain, the madrigals of Monteverdi and the Creole *villancicos* of Latin America. All of the group's CDs, which

include *Cansós de Trobairitz*, *El Llibre Vermell de Montserrat*, *Díaspóra Sefardí*, *Música napolitana*, *Música en el tiempo de Cervantes*, *El Barroco Español* and *Ostinato*, their monographic albums devoted to Gabrieli, Frescobaldi, Scheidt, Lawes, Cabanilles, François Couperin and J. S. Bach, as well as its recent recordings of the music of Ferrabosco and music in the age of Queen Isabella I of Castile, offer the most eloquent testimony to the wealth of possibilities offered by Hespèrion XXI.

Hespèrion XXI is represented in North America by Aaron Concert Artists, Inc., 331 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019.

Montserrat Figueras (*voice, cithara*) is an outstanding performer in a vast vocal repertoire which spans the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque periods. She was born in Barcelona to a family of music lovers. From a very early age, she worked with Enric Gispert and Ars Musicæ, studied singing with Jordi Albareda, and took theater courses. In 1966, she began her study of early singing techniques, from the troubadours to the Baroque, developing a highly individual approach which draws directly on original sources, both historical and traditional, and is unfettered by the influences of the post-Romantic school. In 1967, she joined Jordi Savall as an artistic and life partner in a relationship that has proved particularly fruitful in a range of teaching, research and creative activities. Working together has enabled them to revive early performing styles, featuring both great fidelity to historical sources and a remarkable creative and expressive potential that has influenced the development of the entire early-music movement.

In 1968, Ms. Figueras pursued her musical training in Basel, Switzerland, under Kurt Widmer, Andrea von Rahm and Thomas Binkley at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis and the Musikakademie. In the 1970s, Ms. Figueras rose to eminence as one of a generation of musicians who realised that vocal music before 1800 required a new technical and stylistic approach capable of restoring to the beauty and emotion of the voice, that most human of all forms of expression, the necessary balance between singing and declamation, with an emphasis on the poetic and spiritual dimension of the text.

Montserrat Figueras performs regularly at the important festivals of Europe, America and the Far East. The more than 70 CDs she has made have received many awards, such as the Grand Prix de l'Académie du Disque Français, Edison Klasik, Grand Prix de la Nouvelle Académie du Disque and Grand Prix de l'Académie Charles Cros, and nominations in 2001 and 2002 for a Grammy Award. In 2003, the French government conferred on Ms. Figueras the honorary title of Officier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres. Her latest record, *Lux Feminae* (Alia Vox, 2006), devoted to the musical universe of Hispanic women during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, has met with unequalled praise from critics at home and abroad.

In 2008, Montserrat Figueras was appointed an Artist for Peace in the Goodwill Ambassador's program of UNESCO.



Vico Chamuldas

One of the most multifariously gifted musicians of his generation, **Jordi Savall** (*rebab, lira da gamba*) has had a career as a concert performer, teacher, researcher and creator of new projects, both musical and cultural, making him one of the principal architects of the current reevaluation of historical music. Together with Montserrat Figueras, he founded

the ensembles Hespèrion XXI, La Capella Reial de Catalunya and Le Concert des Nations. He began his music studies as a singer in the children's choir in Igualada (Catalonia), his hometown, and went on to learn the cello. He then started teaching himself the viola da gamba and early music, and moved on to advanced studies at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis in Switzerland.

He has recorded more than 170 CDs and has received many awards, such as Officier de l'Ordre des Arts et Lettres (1988), Honorary Member of the Konzerthaus in Vienna (1999), Doctor Honoris Causa at the Université Catholique de Louvain (2000) and the Universitat de Barcelona (2006), Victoire de la Musique for his professional career (2002), and the Honorary Prize of the Deutschen Schallplattenkritik (2003), among others, and has also won various Midem Classical Awards (1999, 2000, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006 and 2008). His double CD, *Don Quijote de la Mancha, Romances y Músicas* (Alia Vox), was among the five nominees for the 2006 Grammy Awards in the early music category. One of his latest records, the book/CD *Jérusalem, La Ville des deux Paix: La Paix céleste et la Paix terrestre*, has been awarded the 2009 Orphée d'Or de l'Académie du Disque Lyrique 2008 and the Caecilia 2008 "best CD of the year," as chosen by the press. This book/CD's most recent prize is the 2010 Midem Classical Award. In 2009, Mr. Savall was awarded with the Händelpreis der Stadt Halle (Germany) and received the National Prize of Music, given by the National Council of Culture and Arts from the Catalan government.

In 2008, he was appointed an Artist for the Peace in the Goodwill Ambassador's program of UNESCO. In 2009, he was appointed once again Ambassador of the European Year of Creativity and Innovation by the European Union.

Pierre Hamon (*ney, gaita, flutes*) is not only recognized as an eminent flute player, but also as a Medieval music specialist. He attended classes with Walter Van Hauw in Amsterdam, beginning his professional career with Guillaume de Machaut and the Ensemble Gilles Binchois. He has also played with such renowned international groups as Les Arts Florissants, Il Seminario Musicale, A Sei

Voci and Ensemble Fitzwilliam. He has often been invited by Jordi Savall to perform with Hespèrion XXI and Les Concert des Nations.

In 1989, together with Brigitte Lesne and Emmanuel Bonnardot, he founded the ensemble Alla Francesca, with which he made recordings and performed all around the world. Because of his interest in all types of music, Mr. Hamon experiments with traditional sounds and extra-European instruments, broadening his musical range with the double flutes of Rajasthan, the association between flute and drum, and different kinds of bagpipes. These experiences are the result of many collaborations with musicians from such nations as Pakistan, Brazil and China. His instrumental arsenal is wide and diverse, comprising Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque flutes, as well as other traditional instruments. He is teacher of *flûte à bec* at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique et de Danse in Lyon, and is often invited to teach *flûte à bec* at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis.

Dimitri Psonis (*oud, santur, morisca*) began his musical studies in Athens. He specialized in musical analysis, harmony, counterpoint, Byzantine music and such traditional Greek instruments as *santur, oud, tzurás* and *tambura*. He later moved to Madrid, where he obtained the highest degree of percussion and musical pedagogy in the High Conservatoire there. He also studied in the Conservatoire of Amsterdam, and has collaborated with many different ensembles.

He founded the groups Krusta, Acroma and P'An-Ku, and he has accompanied numerous singers and instrumentalists, including Elefthería Arvanitaki, Maria del Mar Bonet, Eliseo Parra and Javier Paxariño. In recent years, Mr. Psonis has devoted himself to the study and the interpretation of classic Ottoman music and to the popular music of Greece and Turkey. He has made numerous CD recordings and collaborated on several soundtrack films and theater works. In 1997, he founded the ensemble Metamorphosis, which has performed at the most important Spanish festivals. He currently collaborates in early music with the Limoges Baroque Orchestra, Speculum, Mudejar and Hespèrion XXI.