Paul Appleby, tenor
Conor Hanick, piano
BOARD OF TRUSTEES
2021–2022

OFFICERS
Jeffrey MacKie-Mason, co-chair
Lance Nagel, co-chair
Joe Laymon, vice chair
Sara Wilson, vice chair
Shariq Yosufzai, treasurer and secretary
Susan Graham Harrison, trustee-at-large
Cary Koh, trustee-at-large
Helen Meyer, trustee-at-large

TRUSTEES
Nancy Aldritt
Janice Brathwaite
Carol T. Christ†
Naniette Coleman
Rupali Das
Grace Davert‡
Beth DeAtley
Leland Dobbs
Hilary Fox
Jeremy N. Geffen†
Bernice Greene
Lynne Heinrich
Mackenzie Hsiao‡
Kit Leland
Sylvia R. Lindsey*
Jen Lyons
Leslie Maheras
Panos Papadopoulos
Rosemarie Rae
Linda Schieber
François Stone
Leigh Teece
Augustus K. Tobes
Deborah Van Nest
Caroline Winnett
* Founding Trustee
† Ex Officio Trustee
‡ Student Representatives

FOUNDING TRUSTEES
Carole B. Berg
Merrill T. Boyce
Earl F. Cheit, Founding Chair
Robert W. Cole
Hon. Marie Collins
John Cummins
Ed Cutter
John C. Danielsen
Donald M. Friedman
Frederick Gans
Shelby Gans
Lynn Glaser
G. Reeve Gould
Margaret Stuart Graupner
Jean Gray Hargrove
Kathleen G. Henschel
Carol Nusinow Kurland
Kimun Lee
Donald A. McQuade
Ralph N. Mendelson
Marilyn Morrish
Anthony A. Newcomb
David Redo
Jim Reynolds
Madelyn Schwyn
Alta Tingle
Carol Jackson Upshaw
Julia Voorhies
Margaret Wilkerson
Wendy W. Willrich
Olly Wilson Jr.
Alvin Zeigler

EARL F. CHEIT SUSTAINING TRUSTEES
Eric Allman
Annette Campbell-White
Margot Clements
Diana Cohen
Hon. Marie Collins
Lynn Glaser
Kathleen G. Henschel
Liz Lutz
Eddie Orton
Jim Reynolds
Will Schieber
Carol Jackson Upshaw
January marks not only the beginning of a brand new year, but also the return of *Cal Performances at Home* programming to our schedule. Last year, when Covid-19 shutdowns forced the cancellation of our entire 2020–21 season, this ambitious new program was extraordinarily successful in forging connections with the performing arts during some of the darkest days of the pandemic, with more than two dozen professionally produced performance videos streamed directly to audiences all over the world. For many, *Cal Performances at Home* provided their only meaningful contact with music, dance, and theater events. (These programs require additional investment beyond our live performance-producing efforts, for which we have received some sponsorship. If you’re moved to donate in support of digital programming, it would be greatly appreciated.)

This month’s schedule features three newly produced *Cal Performances at Home* programs—with the **Danish String Quartet** (streaming Jan 13–19), **Caleb Teicher & Company** (Jan 20–26), and the **Kronos Quartet** with special guest **Mahsa Vahdat** (Jan 27 – Feb 2)—streamed live and free of charge to your home. And on January 30, Cal Performances returns to Hertz Hall for the first time since the beginning of the pandemic for an eagerly awaited program of lieder by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Berg with tenor **Paul Appleby** with pianist **Conor Hanick**.

Looking forward, the rest of our season is similarly packed with the kind of adventurous and ambitious programming you’ve come to expect from Cal Performances. You won’t want to miss…

- the ever-popular **Les Ballet Trockadero de Monte Carlo** (Feb 4–5); **Joffrey Ballet** (Mar 4–6); and **Alvin Ailey American Dance Company** (Mar 29 – April 3)
- jazz legend **Wayne Shorter** and the brilliant **esperanza spalding** with their thrilling new opera *(Iphigenia)* (Feb 12)
- early-music masters **Jordi Savall** and **Le Concert des Nations** (Mar 4) and the **English Baroque Soloists** with conductor **Sir John Eliot Gardiner** (Apr 10)
- the peerless **London Symphony Orchestra**, appearing under the direction of superstar conductor **Simon Rattle** (Mar 20)
- pianist **extraordinaire Mitsuko Uchida** with the **Mahler Chamber Orchestra** (Mar 27)
- our brilliant 2021–22 artist-in-residence **Angélique Kidjo** in her exciting new music-theater piece **Yemandja** (a highly anticipated Cal Performances co-commission, Apr 23)

And so much more… with dozens of performances by the world’s finest music, dance, and theater artists, stretching into May. In particular, I want to direct your attention to this year’s *Illuminations: “Place and Displacement”* programming, through which we’ll explore both loss and renewal, disempowerment and hope, while seeking paths forward for reclaiming and celebrating vital cultural connections that can fall victim to political and social upheaval.

We’re very proud of our new and updated winter brochure and know that a few minutes spent reviewing our schedule—there or online—will reveal of wealth of options for your calendar; now is the perfect time to guarantee that you have the best seats for all the events you plan to attend.

I know you join us in looking forward to what lies ahead, to coming together once again to encounter the life-changing experiences that only the live performing arts deliver. We can’t wait to share it all with you during the coming months.

Cal Performances is back. Happy New Year, and welcome home!

Jeremy Geffen
Executive and Artistic Director, Cal Performances
Paul Appleby, *tenor*
Conor Hanick, *piano*

**PROGRAM**

Robert SCHUMANN (1810–1856)

- An den Mond, Op. 95, No. 2
- Aufträge, Op. 77, No. 5
- Meine Rose, Op. 90, No. 2
- Loreley, Op. 53, No. 2
- Einsamkeit, Op. 90, No. 5
- Geisternähe, Op. 77, No. 3

Ludwig van BEETHOVEN (1770–1827)

- An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98
  - Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
  - Wo die Berge so blau
  - Leichte Segler in den Höhen
  - Diese Wolken in den Höhen
  - Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
  - Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Franz SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

- An den Mond, D. 259
- An die Entfernte, D. 765
- Der Zwerg, D. 771

**INTERMISSION**

Alban BERG (1885–1935)
(arr. Apostel)

- Fünf Orchesterlieder nach Ansichtskarten von Peter Altenberg, Op. 4
  - Seele, wie bist du schöner
  - Sahst du nach dem Gewitterregen den Wald?
  - Über die Grenzen des Alls
  - Nichts ist gekommen
  - Hier ist Friede

SCHUBERT

- Im Frühling, D. 882
- Alinde, D. 904
- Abendlied für die Entfernte, D. 856
- Willkommen und Abschied, D. 767

SCHUMANN

- Sängers Trost, Op. 127, No. 1
- Die Sennin, Op. 90, No. 4
- Abendlied, Op. 107, No. 6
SONGS OF SCHUMANN, BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, BERG

This program began with my desire to perform Beethoven’s *An die ferne Geliebte* and Berg’s *Opus. 4, the Altenberg Lieder*—two song cycles that address ways of coping with unfulfilled wishes, with dreams that didn’t come true. All of the songs on this program describe different reactions to loss. Some are stuck in the past—*zurückhaltend* (“held back”)—some bathe in present pain, some choose the comfort of numb nihilism. My favorites are honest about the pain but unwilling to give up hope. They acknowledge both die Liebe and das Leid.

Most of the Schumann songs on this program were written during the last six years of his life. Particular favorites of mine include “An den Mond,” his setting in German translation of Lord Byron’s “Sun of the Sleepless” from the poet’s collection, *Hebrew Melodies*. The cold light of the moon illuminates a landscape of loss as the singer is accompanied by some ancient, zither-like instrument. “Einsamkeit” employs a winding, downward chromatic accompaniment to articulate a literal feeling of depression that is transformed into a balm of empathy in Schumann’s beautifully simple piano writing. “Geisternähe,” carefully at first, ardently at last, etches a committed hopefulness that is brave because it is not naive—it is the strength of love persisting through the pain of loss.

The second Schumann set includes the latest of his works on this program, “Sängers Trost.” The poem laments the fate of the loner after his death: to go unmourned. It is not hard to attach feelings of despair, resentment, or loneliness to this text, and yet Schumann imbues his setting with transcendent dignity by honoring the sacramental and sacrificial roles the artist plays. Finally, we end the program as it began, with a song about the moon. The exhortation in “Abendlied,” to “cast off that which troubles you,” is offered compassionately. The two-against-three rhythmic dynamic between the voice and the piano illustrates the slow, steady, pace of nature that overcomes loss with its intersecting cycles of renewal. There is majesty and comfort in the constancy of the moon.

Although the notion of a “song cycle” can be traced back to the troubadour tradition of the middle ages, Beethoven’s 1816 *An die ferne Geliebte* marks the institution of the *liederzyklus* in 19th-century German art song. The form Beethoven innovated in these six songs inspired the great song cycles of composers such as Schubert and Schumann—the cornerstones of the lieder repertoire. Beethoven took the notion of the “cycle” more literally than most of his successors in the form: in the final song of *An die ferne Geliebte*, he recapitulates the melody of the first song, bringing the musical and emotional journey full circle. Each song segues into the next—they don’t end so much as flow into each other—such that the harmonic architecture of the cycle is secured and reinforced by the relationships between keys as well as their poetic through-line.

In my musical analysis of the song cycle, the key relationships between the six songs illustrate the understanding of the text that Beethoven sought to express. Although the first and last songs are in the key of E-flat, I analyze that the tonic or “home” key of the cycle is A-flat, the key of the middle two songs. The singer of these verses begins and ends in the dominant key, a place of unresolved tension. He gazes back to his distant beloved, to his lost home from the hazy, distant hill. His love lives eternally, but eternally unfulfilled and unresolved.

Schubert’s setting of the Gothic ballad “Der Zwerg” illustrates his complex relationship with Beethoven. Beneath the disturbing surface of this grotesque tale, there is also a political/musical allegory to Napoleon/Beethoven. When Schubert repeats the famous opening four-note phrase of Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony—the *Schicksals-Motiv* (fate motif)—throughout this grim song, he is evoking both the towering composer as well as the freedom-fighter-turned-tyrant diminutive French emperor. Schubert (on the short side, himself) loved and admired Beethoven, but also felt dwarfed and doomed by the great composer’s stature. Schubert acknowledges a desire to surpass Beethoven, to vanquish his idol. Indeed, the capacity to destroy a loved one is a terrifying aspect of human nature.
In the later Schubert set “Im Frühling” strikes me as a kind of homage to An die ferne Geliebte. The speaker, sitting alone on a hill, observes the peaceful beauty of spring, unable to share in it because his heartbreak will not permit him to embrace a new beginning. “Alinde” is a folk tale and a dream with a happy ending—a fantasy, perhaps. After interrogating a cast of colorful characters as to the whereabouts of his beloved, our happy narrator is pleasantly surprised that she comes back in the end. The earnest joy of “Willkommen und Abschied” demonstrates why letting go of such memories is sometimes an unbearable task. “Abendlied für die Entfernte” is an expression of acceptance opposite that found in “Der Zwerg.” Schubert winds through the sad, wise words of this poem by passing through at least nine different keys as the steady thrum of his barcarolle marches forward like time itself, “if not in joy, then at least in peace.”

Alban Berg was so embarrassed by the audience’s riotously negative reaction to the 1913 premiere of Fünf Orchesterlieder nach Ansichtskarten von Peter Altenberg, Op. 4, that he never published the songs or had them performed again during his life. The score was published in 1953, nearly 20 years after Berg’s death. The editor of that score, the composer and Berg-student Hans Erich Apostel, also created the piano reduction of the orchestral songs we will be performing on this program. The original, massive orchestration would easily overwhelm my voice. The vocal part was originally conceived for a mezzo soprano, and it is hard to imagine a male voice successfully navigating the third range with the vocal heft the dense orchestration requires. The clear, light-weight texture that this piano version provides, however, permits even a tenor to scale the vast range by employing vocal colors and effects that wouldn’t fly in the orchestral context.

Unlike the recalcitrant and reactionary audience at the premiere of these songs, I find them deeply lyrical and expressive. To my mind, Berg is a worthy heir to Schubert and Schumann in his creative ability and technical skill in realizing a poetic text in musical form with intellectual and emotional specificity. The opening song, “Seele wie bist du schöner,” begins with a perfectly described snowstorm that establishes both a literal vision of the text as well as the emotional and spiritual space in which the text resides. After the storm of grief, there arrives a stillness and wonder which invites the existential questioning of these poems.

—Paul Appleby
Admired for his interpretive depth, vocal strength, and range of expressivity, tenor Paul Appleby is one of the most sought-after voices of his generation. Opera News claims, “Paul Appleby has all the components of an accomplished recitalist. His tenor is limpid and focused, but with a range of color unusual in an instrument so essentially lyric: it’s a sound that can give pleasure over a recital’s two-hour span…. Appleby is a singer with a full-throttle commitment to the song repertoire.”

Performances of the current season are scheduled to include Metropolitan Opera productions of Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg and Rodelinda, the title role of Béatrice et Bénédict in a new production at Oper Köln, a North American recital tour, and presentations with the American Modern Opera Company throughout the country.

Appleby’s operatic performances span both world premieres and beloved classics and he has bowed on many of the world’s greatest opera stages, including at Dutch National Opera, Festival d’Aix-en-Provence, Glyndebourne, Metropolitan Opera, Oper Frankfurt, San Francisco Opera, and Washington National Opera. No less impressive is his symphonic career, which includes performances under the batons of John Butt, Gustavo Dudamel, Manfred Honeck, Philippe Jordan, and David Zinman, among many others.

Appleby’s discography includes Nico Muhly’s Two Boys, released by Nonesuch, recorded live by the Metropolitan Opera; DVDs of Glyndebourne’s acclaimed presentation of Handel’s Saul and Berlioz’s Béatrice et Bénédicte, released commercially by Opus Arte; Dear Theo, the first album dedicated solely to works by composer Ben Moore, released by Delos; and Songs and Structures, a portrait album of recent vocal and chamber works by composer Harold Meltzer, released on Bridge Records.

Pianist Conor Hanick “defies human description” for some (Concerto Net) and recalls “a young Peter Serkin” for others (The New York Times). He has performed to acclaim throughout the world with some of music’s leading ensembles, instrumentalists, and conductors, including Pierre Boulez, Alan Gilbert, Ludovic Morlot, and David Robertson. A fierce advocate for the music of today, and the “soloist of choice for such thorny works” (NYT) Hanick has premiered over 200 works to date and worked with musical icons like Steve Reich, Kaija Saariaho, and Charles Wuorinen, while also championing important voices of his own generation including Caroline Shaw, Eric Wubbels, Nina Young, and Marcos Balter. Hanick has recently appeared with the Seattle Symphony, the Juilliard Orchestra, the Alabama Symphony Orchestra, the Boston Modern Orchestra Project, the Lucerne Academy Orchestra for the New York Philharmonic Biennial, and been presented at Carnegie Hall, the Mondavi Center, the Kennedy Center, and the Metropolitan Museum. He collaborates regularly with Jay Campbell, Joshua Roman, Miranda Cuckson, and Augustin Hadelich and is a founding member of the American Modern Opera Company, with which he will be a co-director of the Ojai Festival in 2022. Hanick is the director of Solo Piano at the Music Academy of the West and a graduate of Northwestern University and the Juilliard School, where he serves on the chamber music and keyboard faculty.
ROBERT SCHUMANN

An den Mond, Op. 95, No. 2 (1849)
Original text by Lord Byron (1788–1824)

Schlafloser Sonne! melanchol’scher Stern!
Dein tränenvoller Strahl erzittert fern,
Du offenbarst die Nacht, die dir nicht weich
O wie du ganz des Glücks Erinn’rung gleichst!

Schlafloser Sonne! melancholy star!
Your tear-stained rays tremble afar,
You revealed the darkness that you cannot dispel—
O how you are the image of remembered bliss!

O wie du ganz des Glücks Erinn’rung gleichst!

So glänzt auch längst vergangner Tage Licht,
Es scheint, doch wärmt sein schwaches Leuchten nicht,
Der Gram sieht wohl des Sterns Gestalt,
Scharf, aber fern, so klar, doch ach! wie kalt!

So gleams the light of distant days now past
It shines, but gives no warmth with its faint gleam:
Sorrow observes the shape of that star
Distinct but distant, so clear but ah! how cold!

Aufträge, Op. 77, No. 5 (1850)
Original text by Carl Julius Grüel (1809–?), under the pseudonym Christian L’Egru

Nicht so schnelle, nicht so schnelle!
Wart ein wenig, kleine Welle!
Will dir einen Auftrag geben
An die Liebste mein.
Wirst du ihr vorüberschweben,
Grüsse sie mir fein!
Sag, ich wär mitgekommen,
Auf dir selbst herab geschwommen:
Für den Gruss einen Kuss
Kühn mir zu erbitten,
Doch der Zeit Dringlichkeit
Hätt es nicht gelitten.

Orders

Not so fast, not so fast!
Wait a second, little wave!
I want to instruct you to say something for my sweetheart.
If you glide past her,
Greet her fondly for me!
Tell her I would have come along,
Floating down you, yourself:
For my greeting, a kiss
You must boldly request in exchange,
But time was pressing
And would not permit it.

Nicht so eilig! halt! erlaube,
Kleine, leichtbeschwingte Taube!
Habe dir was aufzutragen
An die Liebste mein!
Sollst ihr tausend Grüsse sagen,
Hundert obendrein.
Sag, ich wär mit dir geflogen,
Über Berg und Strom gezogen:
Für den Gruss einen Kuss
Kühn mir zu erbitten;
Doch der Zeit Dringlichkeit
Hätt es nicht gelitten.

Not so hasty! Stop! Allow me,
My little light-winged dove!
I have a something I need you to tell
To my sweetheart!
Give her a thousand greetings,
and a hundred on top of that.
Tell her I would have flown with you,
Pulled along over mountain and stream:
In exchange for my greeting,
You would have boldly requested a kiss,
But time was pressing
And would not permit it.
Warte nicht, dass ich dich treibe,
O du träge Mondesscheibe!
Weisst's ja, was ich dir befohlen
Für die Liebste mein:
Durch das Fensterchen verstohlen
Grüsse sie mir fein!
Sag, ich wär auf dich gestiegen,
Selber zu ihr hinzufliegen;
Für den Gruss einen Kuss
Kühn mir zu erbitten,
Du seist schuld, Ungeduld
Hätt mich nicht gelitten.

Meine Rose, Op. 90, No. 2 (1850)
Original text by Nikolaus Lenau
(1802–1850)
Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,
Der Rose, meiner Freude,
Die schon gebeugt und blasser
Vom heissen Strahl der Sonnen,
Reich ich den Becher Wasser
Aus dunklem, tiefen Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens
Bist du gebeugt und blasser;
Ich möchte dir zu Füssen,
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,
Still meine Seele giessen!
Könnt ich dann auch nicht sehen
Dich freudig auferstehen.

Loreley, Op. 53, No. 2 (1840)
Original text by August Wilhelmine Lorenz
(1784–1861)
Es flüstern und rauschen die Wogen
Wohl über ihr stilles Haus.
Es ruft eine Stimme: “Gedenke mein!
Bei stiller Nacht im Vollmondschein!
Gedenke mein!”
Und flüstern zu ziehen den Wogen
Wohl über ihr stilles Haus.
“Gedenke mein!”

Do not wait for me to push you,
You lazy, round moon!
You know well what I commanded you
To do for my sweetheart:
Steal in through her little window
And greet her fondly for me!
Tell her I would have climbed up on you
To fly to her myself:
In exchange for my greeting,
You would have boldly requested a kiss,
But time was pressing
And would not permit it.

My Rose
To the dear jewel of Spring,
To the rose, my joy,
Already bowed and pale
From the hot rays of the sun,
I extend a cup of water
from a dark, deep well.

You rose of my heart!
From the silent beam of pain
You are bowed and pallid;
I would like to, upon your feet,
As water for a flower,
Silently pour my soul out for you,
Even though I may not get to see
Your joyful resurrection.

Lorelei
The waves whisper and rustle
Just above her silent house.
A voice calls out: “Remember me!
In the quiet, full moon-lit night
Remember me!”
And the whispering waves flow along
Just above her silent home.
“Remember me!”
Einsamkeit, Op. 90, No. 5 (1850)
Original text by Nikolaus Lenau
(1802–1850)
Wild verwachs’ne dunkle Fichten,
Leise klagt die Quelle fort;
Herz, das ist der rechte Ort
Für dein schmerzliches Verzichten!

Grauer Vogel in den Zweigen,
Einsam deine Klage singt,
Und auf deine Frage bringt
Antwort nicht des Waldes Schweigen.

Wenn’s auch immer Schweigen bliebe,
Klage, klage fort; es weht,
Der dich höret und versteht,
Stille hier der Geist der Liebe.

Nicht verloren hier im Moose,
Herz, dein heimlich Weinen geht,
Deine Liebe Gott versteht,
Deine tiefe, hoffnungslose!

Geisternähe, Op. 77, No. 3 (1850)
Original text by Friedrich Halm
(1806–1871)
Was weht um meine Schläfe
Wie laue Frühlingsluft,
Was spielt um meine Wangen
Wie süsser Rosenduft?

Es ist dein holder Gedanke,
Der tröstend mich umspielt,
Es ist dein stilles Sehnen,
Was meine Schläfe kühlt!

Und was wie Harfen klänge
Um meine Sinne schwirrt,
Mein Name ist’s, der leise
Von deinen Lippen irrt.

Ich fühle deine Nähe!
Es ist dein Wunsch, dein Geist,
Der mich aus weiter Ferne
An deinen Busen reisst.

Loneliness
A wild overgrowth of dark spruce,
Softly, the spring shares it lament;
Heart, this is the proper place
For your painful letting go!

The Nearness of Your Spirit
What wafts about my temples
Like a balmy Spring breeze,
What plays around my cheeks
Like the sweet scent of roses?

It is your dear thoughts
Playing about me, comfortingly,
It is your silent yearning
That refreshes my head!

And like the Harp's sound
Buzzes around my senses,
My own name softly
From your lips escapes.

I feel you near me!
It is your desire, your spirit,
Which from so far a distance
Draws me to your heart.
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

An die Ferne Geliebte (1816), Op. 98
Original texts by Alois Jeitteles (1794–1858)

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unserer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

To the distant beloved
English translations by Paul Appleby

Upon the hill I sit, gazing
Upon the hill I sit, gazing
Into the blue, hazy countryside,
Looking toward that distant pasture,
Where first, my love, I found you.

Far away I am cut off from you,
Mountain and Valley separate us,
And lie between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.

Ah, you cannot perceive the gaze
That ardently flies to you,
And my sighs, they blow away
Into the space that divides us.

Will nothing else reach you,
Nothing be the messenger of my love?
I want to sing, to sing songs,
Laments to tell you of my pain!

Because before the sound of song,
Distance and time disappear,
And a loving heart can clasp
That which a loving heart has consecrated!
Wo die Berge so blau
Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög’s nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
everglisch sein!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen
Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft’gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr’ ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!
Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo

These technically stunning and shockingly elegant male ballerinos have been charming Berkeley audiences with their singular brand of ballet satire since their campus debut in 1976. Dance aficionados revel in the company’s smart send-ups of iconic repertory, and ballet “newbies” are delighted by the high-camp drama executed with flair and finesse.

Feb 4 & 5
Zellerbach Hall
Two Wings: The Music of Black America in Migration

West Coast Premiere

Jason Moran, producer and piano
Alicia Hall Moran, producer and mezzo-soprano
Tania León, conductor
Donna Jean Murch, narrator, author of Living for the City
Imani Winds, chamber ensemble
St. John Coltrane African Orthodox Church Ensemble
Ambrose Akinmusire, trumpet
Howard Wiley, saxophone
Thomas Flippin, guitar
Juliette Jones, violin
Allison Loggins-Hull, flute
Curtis Stewart, violin
Harriet Tubman, featuring Brandon Ross, guitar
Melvin Gibbs, bass
JT Lewis, drums
and ensemble strings

In a series of “gripping portraits of a vast social upheaval” (Chicago Tribune), Alicia Hall Moran and Jason Moran’s deeply personal Two Wings explores the Great Migration of six million Black Americans from the rural South to northern cities, the West, and beyond.

Feb 17
ZELLERBACH HALL
Diese Wolken in den Höhen
Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang’ und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen—
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret
Zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig
Von kreuz und von Quer
Manch weicheres Stück
Zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten
Beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
Verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau;
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

Wenn alles, was liebet,
Der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
Kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

May these clouds in the heavens
May these clouds in the heavens,
May these birds in frolicsome flight
See you, your Grace,
And take me with them on their breezy way!

The wind from the west will joke and play
Cheerfully about your cheeks and chest
And burrow into your silky hair—
Let me in on the fun!

Down to you from those hills
This restless little river rushes—
If her reflection lights upon you,
Send it back to me without you!

May returns, the prairie blooms.
May returns,
The prairie blossoms,
The breezes, they blow
So mild, so gentle,
Chattily now the streams flow again.

The swallow, she returns
To her rooftop home
And busily builds
her bridal chamber—
Love shall reside within it.

Industriously she gathers together
From all over the place
Many soft bits and pieces
For the bridal bed in there,
And many scraps to keep the little ones warm.

Now live the spouses
Together, devotedly,
What winter separated,
May has brought together—
It knows how to unite those that love.

May returns,
The prairie blossoms,
The breezes, they blow
So mild, so gentle,
I alone cannot move on.

Although spring reunites
All that love,
For our love alone
No spring arrives,
And tears are all there is to be gained.
Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder
Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang!

Wenn das Dämmrungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräng erklungen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreichet
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

An den Mond, D. 259
Original text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)
Füllst wieder Busch und Tal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz.

Breitest über mein Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Auge, mild
Über mein Geschick.

Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein Herz
Froh- und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud und Schmerz
In der Einsamkeit

Fliesse, fliesse, lieber Fluss!
Nimmer werd ich froh;
So verrauschte Scherz und Kuss,
Und die Treue so.

Take, o take these songs, then,
The ones I sang for you, my love,
Sing them again in the evening
To the sweet tones of the lute!

When the red of twilight draws down
Toward the silent, blue lake,
And its last ray burns out
Behind the mountaintops;

And you sing what I sang
That which, from out of my bursting breast,
Rang out, free of artfulness,
Aware only of my longing:

Then, before these songs,
That which separates us disappears,
And a loving heart can clasp
That which a loving heart has consecrated!

To The Moon

Once more you silently fill wood and vale
with your hazy gleam
and at last
set my soul quite free.

You cast your soothing gaze
over my fields;
with a friend's gentle eye
you watch over my fate.

My heart feels every echo
of times both glad and gloomy.
I hoer between joy and sorrow
in my solitude.

Flow on, beloved river!
I shall never be happy:
thus have laughter and kisses rippled away,
and with them constancy.
Rausche, Fluss, das Tal entlang,
Ohne Rast und Ruh,
Rausche, flüstere meinem Sang
Melodien zu,

Wenn du in der Winternacht
Wütend überschwillst,
Oder um die Frühlingspracht
Junger Knospen quillst.

Selig, wer sich vor der Welt
Ohne Hass verschliesst,
Einen Freund am Busen hält
Und mit dem geniesst,

Was, von Menschen nicht gewusst
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.

An die Entfernte, D. 765 (1822)
Original text by Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe (1749–1832)
So hab' ich wirklich dich verloren?
Bist du, o Schöne, mir entflohn?
Noch klingt in den gewohnten Ohren
Ein jedes Wort, ein jeder Ton.

So wie des Wanderers Blick am Morgen
Vergebens in die Lüfte dringt,
Wenn, in dem blauen Raum verborgen,
Hoch über ihm die Lerche singt:

So dringet ängstlich hin und wieder
Durch Feld und Busch und Wald mein Blick;
Dich rufen alle meine Lieder:
“O komm, Geliebte, mir zurück!”

Murmur on, river, through the valley,
without ceasing,
murmur on, whispering melodies
to my song,

When on winter nights
you angrily overflow,
or when you bathe the springtime splendour
of the young buds.

Happy he who, without hatred,
shuts himself off from the world,
holds one friend to his heart,
and with him enjoys

That which, unknown to
and undreamt of by men,
wanders by night
through the labyrinth of the heart.

—translation © Richard Stokes

To The Distant Beloved

Have I really lost you?
Have you fled from me, fairest love?
Every word, every tone
still sounds in my well-accustomed ears.

As in the morning the traveller’s gaze
searches the heavens in vain
when, concealed in the blue firmament,
the lark sings high above him:

So my gaze searches anxiously back and forth
through field, thicket and woodland;
all my songs call out to you:
“Come back to me, beloved!”

—translation © Richard Wigmore
Im trüben Licht verschwinden schon die Berge,
Es schwebt das Schiff auf glatten Meereswogen,
Worauf die Königin mit ihrem Zwerge.

Sie schaut empor zum hochgewölbten Bogen,
Hinauf zur lichtdurchwirkten blauen Ferne;
Die mit der Milch des Himmels blass durchzogen.

“Nie, nie habt ihr mir gelogen noch, ihr Sterne,”
So ruft sie aus, “bald werd’ ich nun entschwinden,
Ihr sagt es mir, doch sterb’ ich wahrlich gerne.”

Da tritt der Zwerg zur Königin, mag binden
Um ihren Hals die Schnur von roter Seide,
Und weint, als wollt’ er schnell vor Gram erblinden.

Er spricht: “Du selbst bist schuld an diesem Leide,
Weil um den König du mich hast verlassen,
Jetzt weckt dein Sterben einzig mir noch Freude.

“Zwar werd’ ich ewiglich mich selber hassen,
Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod gegeben,
Doch musst zum frühen Grab du nun erblassen.”

Sie legt die Hand aufs Herz voll jungem Leben,
Und aus dem Aug’ die schweren Tränen rinnen,
Das sie zum Himmel betend will erheben.

“Mögst du nicht Schmerz durch meinen Tod gewinnen!”
Sie sagt’s, da küsst der Zwerg die bleichen Wangen,
D’rauf alsobald vergehen ihr die Sinnen.

In the dim light the mountains already fade;
the ship drifts on the sea’s smooth swell,
with the queen and her dwarf on board.

She gazes up at the high arching vault,
at the blue distance, interwoven with light,
streaked with the pale milky way.

“Stars, never yet have you lied to me,”
she cries out. “Soon now I shall be no more.
You tell me so; yet in truth I shall die gladly.”

Then the dwarf comes up to the queen, begins
to tie the cord of red silk about her neck,
and weeps, as if he would soon go blind with grief.

He speaks: “You are yourself to blame for this suffering, because you have forsaken me for the king;
now your death alone can revive joy within me.

“Though I shall forever hate myself for having brought you death by this hand,
yet now you must grow pale for an early grave.”

She lays her hand on her heart, so full of youthful life, and heavy tears flow from her eyes which she would raise to heaven in prayer.

“May you reap no sorrow from my death!”
she says; then the dwarf kisses her pale cheeks, whereupon her senses fade.
Der Zwerg schaut an die Frau, von Tod befangen,
Er senkt sie tief ins Meer mit eig'nen Handen.

Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz so voll Verlangen,
An keiner Küste wird er je mehr landen.

INTERMISSION

ALBAN BERG (1885–1935)

_Fünf Orchesterlieder nach Ansichtskarten von Peter Altenberg, Op. 4 (1911)_
Original Texts by Peter Altenberg (1859–1919)

_Seele, wie bist du schöner_
Seele, wie bist du schöner, tiefer, nach Schneestürmen.
Auch du hast sie, gleich der Natur.
Und über beiden liegt noch ein trüber Hauch,
eh' das Gewölk sich verzog!

_Sahst du nach dem Gewitterregen_
Sahst du nach dem Gewitterregen den Wald?
Alles rastet, blinkt und ist schöner als zuvor.
Siehe, Fraue, auch du brauchst Gewitterregen!

_Uber die Grenzen des All_
 Über die Grenzen des All blicktest du sinnend hinaus;
Hattest nie Sorge um Hof und Haus!
Leben und Traum vom Leben, plötzlich ist alles aus ....
Über die Grenzen des All blickst du noch sinnend hinaus!

The dwarf looks upon the lady in the grip of death;
he lowers her with his own hands deep into the sea.

His heart burns with such longing for her,
he will never again land on any shore.

—translation © Richard Wigmore

Five Orchestral Songs after Postcards by Peter Altenberg
English translations by Paul Appleby

_Soul, how deep and more beautiful you are_
Soul, how deep and more beautiful you are after snowstorms.
You, too, have them, just like Nature.
And over both there lies a faint, dark, dreariness before the clouds depart!

_Have you seen the woods after a thunderstorm?_
Have you seen the woods after a thunderstorm?
Everything reposes, gleams and is lovelier than before.
See, ladies, you need thunderstorms, too!

_Beyond the boundaries of existence_
Thoughtfully, you looked beyond the boundaries of existence;
You never had worries about hearth and home!
Life and the dream of life, suddenly everything is over....
Thoughtfully, you looked beyond the boundaries of existence,
Nichts is gekommen
Nothing came
Nichts ist gekommen, nichts wird kommen
Nothing came, nothing will come for my Soul.
für meine Seele.
for my Soul.
Ich habe gewartet, gewartet, oh - gewartet!
I have waited, waited, oh—waited!
Die Tage werden dahinschleichen, und
The days will creep along, and in vain
umsonst wehen
my silken, ash-blond hair blows over my
meine aschblonden seidenen Haare um
pallid face!
mein bleiches Antlitz!

Hier ist Friede
Here is Peace
Hier ist Friede. Hier weine ich mich aus
Here is Peace. Here I can cry it all out!
über alles!
over all!
Hier löst sich mein unfaßbares,
Here is let go the incomprehensible,
unermeßliches Leid,
immeasurable pain
das mir die Seele verbrennt…
that burns my soul…
Siehe, hier sind keine Menschen, keine
See, there are no people here, no settlements.
Ansiedlungen.
Here is Peace!
Hier löst sich mein unfaßbares,
Here is let go the incomprehensible,
unermeßliches Leid,
immeasurable pain
das mir die Seele verbrennt…
that burns my soul…
Siehe, hier sind keine Menschen, keine
See, there are no people here, no settlements.
Ansiedlungen.
Here is Peace!
Hier löst sich mein unfaßbares,
Here is let go the incomprehensible,
unermeßliches Leid,
immeasurable pain
das mir die Seele verbrennt…
that burns my soul…
Siehe, hier sind keine Menschen, keine
See, there are no people here, no settlements.
Ansiedlungen.
Here is Peace!

Hier ist Friede!
Hier ist Friede!
Hier tropf Schnee leise in
Hier tropf Schnee leise in
Wasserlachen…
puddles of water...

SCHUBERT

Im Frühling, D. 882 (1826)
Original text by Ernst Schulze (1789–1817)
Still sitz ich an des Hügels Hang,
I sit silently on the hillside.
Der Himmel ist so klar,
Sie warten mein unter der Linde.
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,
The sky is so clear, the breezes play in the
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
where once, in the first rays of spring,
Einst, ach, so glücklich war.
I was, oh, so happy.
Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
Where I walked by her side,
So traulich und so nah,
so tender, so close,
Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell
and saw deep in the dark rocky stream
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,
the fair sky, blue and bright,
Und sie im Himmel sah.
and her reflected in that sky.
Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
See how the colourful spring
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
already peeps from bud and blossom.
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,
Not all the blossoms are the same to me:
Am liebsten pfückt' ich von dem Zweig,
I like most of all to pluck them from the branch
Von welchem sie gepfückt.
from which she has plucked.
Denn alles ist wie damals noch,
Die Blumen, das Gefild;
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
Das blaxe Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,
Es wechseln Lust und Streit,
Vorüber fliht der Liebe Glück,
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Die Lieb' und ach, das Leid!

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang!
Dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier,
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr,
Den ganzen Sommer lang.

For all is still as it was then,
the flowers, the fields;
the sun shines no less brightly,
and no less cheerfully,
the sky's blue image bathes in the stream.

Only will and delusion change,
and joy alternates with strife;
the happiness of love flies past,
and only love remains;
love and, alas, sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a bird,
there on the sloping meadow!
Then I would stay on these branches here,
and sing a sweet song about her
all summer long.

—translation © Richard Wigmore
Alinde, D. 904 (1827)
Original Text by Johann Rochlitz
(1769–1842)

Die Sonne sinkt ins tiefe Meer,
Da wollte sie kommen.
Geruhig trabt der Schnitter einher,
Mir ist's bekommen.

“Hast, Schnitter, mein Liebchen nicht gesehen?
Alinde, Alinde!”
“Zu Weib und Kindern muss ich gehen,
Kann nicht nach andern Dirnen seh'n;
Sie warten mein unter der Linde.”

Der Mond betritt die Himmelsbahn,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort legt der Fischer das Fahrzeug an,
Mir ist's bekommen.

“Hast, Fischer, mein Liebchen nicht gesehen?
Alinde, Alinde!”
“Muss suchen, wie mir die Reusen stehen,
Hab nimmer Zeit nach Jungfern zu gehen,
Schau, welch einen Fang ich finde.”

Die lichten Sterne ziehn herauf,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort eilt der Jäger in rüstigem Lauf,
Mir ist's bekommen.

“Hast, Jäger, mein Liebchen nicht gesehen?
Alinde, Alinde!”
“Muss nach dem bräunlichen Rehbock gehen,
Hab nimmer Lust nach Mädeln zu seh'n;
Dort schleicht er im Abendwinde.”

In schwarzer Nacht steht hier der Hain,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
von allen Lebendgen irr ich allein,
Bang und bekommen.

“Dir, Echo, darf ich mein Leid Gesten:
Alinde, Alinde!”
“Alinde,” liess Echo leise herüberwehn;
Da sah ich sie mir zur Seite stehn:
“Du suchtest so treu, nun finde!”

The sun sinks into the deep sea,
She was supposed to come.
Calmly the reaper trots by,
I'm worried.

‘Reaper, have you not seen my girlfriend?
Alinde! Alinde!’
‘I have to get to my wife and children,
I can't be looking after some other broad;
They are waiting for me beneath the linden tree.’

The moon steps into its heavenly path,
Yet she still does not come.
There a fisherman docks his boat,
I'm worried.

‘Fisherman, have you not seen my girlfriend?
Alinde! Alinde!’
‘I have to see how my fish traps did today,
I never have time to chase after girls;
But hey, look, what a catch!’

The bright stars are drawing up,
And still she does not come.
The hunter hurries by at a quick clip,
I'm worried.

‘Hunter, have you not seen my girlfriend?
Alinde! Alinde!’
‘I'm going after that little brown buck,
Hunting for girls isn't really my thing;
There! He's sneaking off in the evening breeze.’

Here in blackest night stands the grove,
And still she does not come.
Away from the living I wander alone,
Stressed and worried.

‘To you, Echo, may I confess my sorrow:
Alinde! Alinde!’
‘Alinde,’ the soft echo floated back;
Then I saw her standing at my side.
‘You searched so devotedly, and you have found me.’

—translation Paul Appleby
Abendlied für die Entfernte, D. 856 (1825)
Original text by August Wilhelm von Schlegel (1767–1845)

Hinaus mein Blick! hinaus ins Tal!
Da wohnt noch Lebensfülle;
Da labe dich im Mondenstrahl
Und an der heil'gen Stille.
Da horch nun ungestört, mein Herz,
Da horch den leisen Klängen,
Die, wie von fern, zu Wonn’ und Schmerz
Sich dir entgegen drängen.

Sie drängen sich so wunderbar,
Sie regen all mein Sehnen.
O sag mir Ahnung, bist du wahr?
Bist du ein eitles Wähnen?
Wird einst mein Aug’ in heller Lust,
Wie jetzt in Tränen, lächeln?
Wird einst die oft empörte Brust
Mir sel’ge Ruh umfächeln?

Wenn Ahnung und Erinnerung
Vor unserm Blick sich gatten,
Dann mildert sich zur Dämmerung
Der Seele tiefster Schatten.
Ach, dürften wir mit Träumen nicht
Die Wirklichkeit verweben,
Wärst du, o Menschenleben!

So hoffet treulich und beharrt
Das Herz bis hin zum Grabe;
Mit Lieb’ umfass’st die Gegenwart,
Und dünkt sich reich an Habe.
Die Habe, die es selbst sich schafft,
Mag ihm kein Schicksal rauben;
Es lebt und webt in Wär’ und Kraft,
Durch Zuversicht und Glauben.

Und wär in Nacht und Nebeldampf
Auch Alles rings erstarben,
Dies Herz hat längst für jeden Kampf
Sich einen Schild erworben.
Mit hohem Trotz im Ungemach
Trägt es, was ihm beschieden.
So schlummr’ich ein, so werd’ ich wach,
In Lust nicht, doch in Frieden.

Evening Song for the Distant Beloved

Gaze out, eyes, gaze out to the valley!
There abundant life still dwells.
Refresh yourself there in the moonlight,
and in the sacred peace.
Listen, heart, now undisturbed,
listen to the soft sounds
that press upon you, as from afar,
for joy and for sorrow.

They throng about so wonderfully,
stirring all my longings.
Oh tell me, presentiment, are you true?
or are you an idle delusion?
Will my eyes someday in bright pleasure
smile, as they do now in tears?
Will my heart, so often outraged,
one day be suffused with blissful peace?

When presentiment and memory
are joined before our eyes,
then at twilight
the soul’s deepest shadows grow softer.
Ah, if we could not
interweave reality with dreams,
how poor you would be, human life,
in colour, lustre and light!

Thus the heart remains constant,
hoping faithfully unto the grave;
with love it embraces the present,
and deems itself rich in possessions.
The possessions which it creates itself
no fate can snatch from it.
It lives and works in warmth and strength,
through trust and faith.

And if all around lies dead
in night and mist,
this heart has long ago won
a shield for every battle.
In adversity it endures its fate
with lofty defiance.
And so I fall asleep, so I awake,
if not in joy, yet in peace.

—translation © Richard Wigmore
Greeting and Farewell

My heart pounded, quick, to horse!
No sooner thought than done;
Evening already cradled the earth,
And night clung to the hills;
The oak-tree loomed in its misty cloak,
Towering like a giant, there,
Where darkness peered from bushes
With a hundred jet-black eyes.

The moon gazed from a bank of cloud
Mournfully through the haze,
The winds softly beat their wings,
Whirred eerily about my ears;
Night brought forth a thousand monsters,
Yet I was buoyant and bright:
What fire in my veins!
What ardour in my heart!

I saw you, felt the gentle joy
Of your sweet eyes flood over me;
My heart was wholly at your side
And every breath I took for you.
A rose-red light of spring
Framed her lovely face,
And tenderness for me—O gods!
This I had hoped but never deserved!
But alas, with the morning sun,
Parting now constricts my heart:
In your kisses what delight! Oder dich der Tod entzogen.

Wilkommen und Abschied, D. 767 (1822)
Original Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Es schlug mein Herz, geschwind zu Pferde!
Es war getan fast eh’ gedacht.
Der Abend wiegte schon die Erde,
Und an den Bergen hing die Nacht;
Schon stand im Nebelkleid die Eiche,
Ein aufgetürmter Riese, da,
Wo Finsterniss aus dem Gesträuche
Mit hundert schwarzen Augen sah.

Es schlug mein Herz, geschwind zu Pferde!
Es war getan fast eh’ gedacht.
Der Abend wiegte schon die Erde,
Und an den Bergen hing die Nacht;
Schon stand im Nebelkleid die Eiche,
Ein aufgetürmter Riese, da,
Wo Finsterniss aus dem Gesträuche
Mit hundert schwarzen Augen sah.

My heart pounded, quick, to horse!
No sooner thought than done;
Evening already cradled the earth,
And night clung to the hills;
The oak-tree loomed in its misty cloak,
Towering like a giant, there,
Where darkness peered from bushes
With a hundred jet-black eyes.

—translation © Richard Stokes
SCHUMANN

Sängers Trost, Op. 127, No. 1 (1840)  
Original Text by Justinus Kerner (1786–1862)

Weint auch einst kein Liebchen  
Tränen auf mein Grab,  
Träufeln doch die Blumen  
Milden Tau hinab;

Weilt an ihm kein Wanderer  
Im Vorüberlauf,  
Blickt auf seiner Reise  
Doch der Mond darauf.

Denkt auf diesen Fluren  
Bald kein Erdner mein,  
Denkt doch mein die Aue  
Und der stille Hain.

Blumen, Hain und Aue,  
Stern und Mondenlicht,  
Die ich sang, vergessen  
Ihres Sängers nicht.

Singer’s Consolation

Although one day no love  
Will weep over my grave,  
Flowers, however, will trickle  
Gentle dew upon it.

No travellers will linger there  
As they pass by,  
Yet on its journey, the moon  
Will gaze down on it.

Soon, along this passage  
No earthly creature will think of me,  
But the pasture will remember me,  
And the silent grove.

Flowers, grove and pasture,  
Stars and moonlight  
Of whom I sang, will not forget  
Their singer.

Die Sennin, Op. 90, No. 4 (1850)  
Original text by Nikolaus Lenau (1802–1850)

Schöne Sennin, noch einmal  
Singe deinen Ruf ins Tal,  
Dass die frohe Felsensprache  
Deinem hellen Ruf erwache.

Horch, o Sennin, wie dein Sang  
In die Brust den Bergen drang,  
Wie dein Wort die Felsenseelen  
Freudig fort und fort erzählen!

Aber einst, wie Alles flieht,  
Scheidest du mit deinem Lied,  
Wenn dich Liebe fortbewogen,  
Oder dich der Tod entzogen.

Und verlassen werden stehn,  
Traurig stumm herübersehn  
Dort die grauen Felsenzinnen  
Und auf deine Lieder sinnen.

The Cowgirl (Die Sennin)

Lovely cowgirl, once more  
Sing out your call into the valley,  
So that your clear call  
Awakes the cliff’s cheerful echo.

Listen, cowgirl, how your singing  
Has penetrated the heart of the mountains,  
How the souls of those rocks  
Joyfully repeat your words!

But one day, as all things pass away,  
You will depart with your song,  
When love has pulled you away  
Or death has taken you.

And there will stand abandoned—  
Looking down in silent sadness—  
The grey, rocky heights,  
Will think back to your songs.
Abendlied, Op. 107, No. 6 (1851)
Original Text by Johann Gottfried Kinkel
(1815–1882)

Es ist so still geworden,
Verrauscht des Abends Weh’n;
Nun hört man aller Orten
Der Engel Füsse geh’n.
Rings in die Tiefe senket
Sich Finsterniss mit Macht;
Wirf ab, Herz, was dich kränket
Und was dir bange macht!

Nun steh’n im Himmelskreise
Die Stern’ in Majestät;
In gleichem, festem Gleise
Der goldne Wagen geht.
Und gleich den Sternen lenket
Er deinen Weg durch Nacht;
Wirf ab, Herz, was dich kränket
Und was dir bange macht!

Evening Song

It has grown so quiet;
The evening’s noise has faded;
Now one can hear all about
The footsteps of the angels.
All around, into the depths
Darkness sinks down with power;
Cast off, heart, that which makes you unwell
And that which troubles you!

Now in the circle of the heavens stand
The stars in their majesty;
Along the same, unchanging track
The golden carriage rolls.
And, like the stars,
It guides your path through the night;
Cast off, heart, that which makes you unwell
And that which troubles you!
Memphis Jookin’: The Show featuring Lil Buck

West Coast Premiere

In the West Coast premiere of this dazzling show, Lil Buck—along with a DJ and an expert eight-dancer crew—transports us to the streets, the hallways, and the clubs where Memphis Jookin’ was born.

“His agile physical instrument is astounding... [and] fueling it all is the emotion that drives his magnetic dancing. There is struggle and pain, joy and healing, and ultimately, a transformation.”
—The New York Times

Feb 25 & 26
ZELLERBACH HALL
The Joffrey Ballet

Among the crown jewels of America’s homegrown dance companies, the esteemed Joffrey Ballet returns to Berkeley to conclude its six-year campus residency with two programs showcasing fresh new choreographic voices and works by an international group of renowned creators, many in their West Coast premieres.

Mar 4–6
ZELLERBACH HALL
Executive Office
Jeremy Geffen, Executive and Artistic Director
Ofeibia Laud-Darku, Executive Assistant to the Director

Administration
Andy Kraus, Deputy Executive Director
Amy Utstein, Director of Finance and Administration
Marilyn Stanley, Finance Specialist
Gawain Lavers, Applications Programmer
Ingrid Williams, IT Support Analyst
Sean Nittner, Systems Administrator

Artistic Planning
Katy Tucker, Director of Artistic Planning
Robin Pomerance, Artistic Administrator
Tiffani Snow, Manager of Artistic Operations
Allee Pitaccio, Event Manager
Michael Combs, Event Manager

Development
Taun Miller Wright, Chief Development Officer
Elizabeth Meyer, Director of Institutional Giving
Jennifer Sime, Director, Individual Giving and Special Events
Jocelyn Aptomowitz, Major Gifts Associate
Jamie McClave, Individual Giving and Special Events Officer

Education and Community Programs
Mina Girgis, Director of Education, Campus and Community Programs
Rica Anderson, Manager, Education & Community Programs

Human Resources
Michael DeBellis, Human Resources Director
Shan Whitney, Human Resources Generalist

Marketing and Communications
Jenny Reik, Director of Marketing and Communications
Ron Foster-Smith, Associate Director of Marketing
Krista Thomas, Associate Director of Communications
Mark Van Oss, Communications Editor
Louisa Spier, Media Relations Manager
Cheryl Games, Web and Digital Marketing Manager
Elise Chen, Email Marketing Specialist
Tiffany Valvo, Social Media and Digital Content Specialist
Lynn Zummo, New Technology Coordinator

Operations
Jeremy Little, Production Manager
Alan Herro, Production Admin Manager
Kevin Riggall, Head Carpenter
Matt Norman, Head Electrician
Tom Craft, Audio Department Head
Jo Parks, Video Engineer
Eric Colby, Venue Operations Manager
Ginarose Perino, Rental Business Manager
Guillermo Cornejo, Patron Experience Manager
Aidan Crochetiere, Audience Services Coordinator
Cloe Wood, Audience Services Coordinator

Stage Crew
Charles Clear, Senior Scene Technician
David Ambrose, Senior Scene Technician
Jacob Heule, Senior Scene Technician
Jorg Peter Sichelschmidt, Senior Scene Technician
Mathison Ott, Senior Scene Technician
Mike Bragg, Senior Scene Technician
Ricky Artis, Senior Scene Technician
Robert Haycock, Senior Scene Technician
Mark Mensch, Senior Scene Technician

Student Musical Activities
Mark Sumner, Director, UC Choral Ensembles
Bill Ganz, Associate Director, UC Choral Ensembles
Matthew Sadowski, Director of Bands/Interim Department Manager, SMA
Ted Moore, Director, UC Jazz Ensembles
Brittney Nguyen, SMA Coordinator

Ticket Office
Liz Baqir, Ticket Services Manager
Gordon Young, Assistant Ticket Office Manager
Sherice Jones, Assistant Ticket Office Manager
Tammy Lin, Patron Services Associate
Cal Performances

ANNUAL SUPPORT

Cal Performances gratefully acknowledges the following generous partners whose support enables us to produce artistic and educational programs featuring the world’s finest performing artists.

INSTITUTIONAL CONTRIBUTORS

$150,000 and above
William and Flora Hewlett Foundation
Koret Foundation
Jonathan Logan Family Foundation
Meyer Sound

$75,000–$149,999
The Bernard Osher Foundation

$50,000–$74,999
Anonymous
Bank of America
Chancellor’s Advisory Committee on Student Services and Fees
Ann and Gordon Getty Foundation
National Endowment for the Arts
The Henri and Tomoye Takahashi Charitable Foundation
Zellerbach Family Foundation

$25,000–$49,999
Walter & Elise Haas Fund
Rockridge Market Hall
Wells Fargo

$10,000–$24,999
California Arts Council
Clorox Company Foundation
The Fremont Group Foundation
The Horace W. Goldsmith Foundation
Kia Ora Foundation
Pacific Harmony Foundation
Quest Foundation
The Sato Foundation
Sir Jack Lyons Charitable Trust
Louise Laraway Teal Foundation
Ting & Associates at Merrill Lynch
U.S. Bank Foundation

$5,000–$9,999
City of Berkeley
Manicaretti Italian Food Importers

Gifts In Kind
Marin Academy
Peets Coffee and Tea

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTORS

Cal Performances extends its sincere appreciation to the individuals who made gifts between July 1, 2020 and June 30, 2021.

$100,000 and above
Anonymous (4)
The Estate of Ross E. Armstrong
Nadine Tang

$50,000–$99,999
Anonymous
Diana Cohen and Bill Falik
Michael A. Harrison and Susan Graham Harrison
Helen and John Meyer
Maris and Ivan Meyerson
Peter Washburn and Rod Brown
Gail and Daniel Rubinfeld
$25,000–$49,999
Anonymous (4)
Beth DeAtley
Jerome and Thao Dodson
Sakurako and William Fisher
Bernice Greene
Daniel Johnson and Herman Winkel
Greg and Liz Lutz
Jeffrey MacKie-Mason and Janet Netz
Lance and Dalia Nagel
William and Linda Schieber
Leigh Teece

$10,000–$24,999
Another Planet Entertainment: Gregg and Laura Perloff
Art Berliner and Marian Lever
June Cheit
Margot and John Clements
Hon. Marie Collins and Mr. Leonard Collins
Dr. Rupali Das-Melnyk and Dr. Ostap Melnyk
Jan Deming and Jeff Goodby
Barbara Dengler
Gordon Douglass and Pauline Heuring
Hilary A. Fox
Marianne and Joseph Geagea
Lynne Heinrich
Kathleen G. Henshel and John W. Dewes
David and Susan Hodges
Charles and Helene Linker
Joel Linzner and Teresa Picchi
Richard and Jennifer Lyons
Susan Marinoff and Thomas Schrag
Patrick McCabe
Daniel and Beverlee McFadden
Donald J. and Toni Ratner Miller
Kathryn and Peter Muhs
Ditsa and Alex Pines
Rosemarie Rae
Judy Redo
Susan and Paul Teicholz
Deborah and Bob Van Nest
S. Shariq Yosufzai and Brian James

$5,000–$9,999
Anonymous (2)
Eric Allman and Kirk McKusick
Lina Au and David Stranz
Stephen Bomse and Edie Silber
Nicholas and Janice Brathwaite
Jacqueline Desoer
Bob Dixon
Lynn Feintech and Anthony Bernhardt
Sally Glaser and David Bower
Corey Goodman and Marcia Barinaga
Al Hoffman and David Shepherd
Julie and Rob Hooper
Thomas King
Cary Koh
James and Katherine Lau
Sylvia R. Lindsey
Kerri and Mark Lubin
Dorette P.S. Luke
Karen and John McGuinn
Nancy Orear and Teresa Basgall
P. David Pearson and Barbara Schonborn
Trond Petersen
Rossannah Reeves
Margaret and Richard Roisman
Roger and Judith Rolke
Rachel and Matthew Scholl
Terrence Chan and Edward Sell
Warren Sharp and Louise Lauferweiler
Larry and Pearl Toy
Laura D. Tyson and Erik S. Tarloff
Caroline Winnett

$3,500–$4,999
Claire and Kendall Allphin
Brian Bock and Susan Rosin
David Clayton and Gayle DeKellis
Michael Dreyer and Harry Ugol
Jerry Falk
Janet Flammang and Lee Friedman
Daniel and Hilary Goldstine
Arnold Grossberg
Paul and Susan Grossberg
Nancy Levin and Daniel Caraco
Frank and Ildiko Lewis
Donald and Susanne McQuade
Rachel Morello-Frosch and David Eifler
Paul Nordine
David Rosenthal and Vicky Reich

$2,250–$3,499
Anonymous (4)
Anonymous (4)
Edwin and Patricia Berkowitz
Diana Bersohn
Lee Bevis
Broitman Basri Family
Mike Destabelle and Jen Steele
Linh Do and Erno Pungor
Bob Epstein and Amy Roth
Marianne and Herb Friedman
Jeremy Geffen
Claire Greene and Walter Garms
Marcie Gutierrez and Bret Dickey
Ian Hinchcliffe and Marjorie Shapiro
Rose Adams Kelly
John Lee
Man-Ling Lee
Kit and Hayne Leland
Paul and Barbara Licht
Marjorie MacQueen
Nakamoto-Singer Family
Mona Radice
Patrick Schlesinger and Esther Hill
Sondra Schlesinger
Valerie Sopher
Trine Sorensen and Michael Jacobson
Dr. and Mrs. W. Conrad Sweeting
Alison Teeman and Michael Yovino-Young
Henry Timnick
Ruth and Alan Tobey

Chris Echavia
Rebecca and Robert Epstein
Flint and Mary Evans
Dean Francis
Thomas and Sharon Francis
Tom Frey
Sandra and Robert Goldberg
Mark Goor
Carla Hesse and Thomas Laqueur
Charlton Holland
Richard and Frances Holsinger
Erik Hora
James Horio and Linda Cahill
Leslie Hsu and Richard Lenon Jr.
Barbara and John Holzrichter
Leslie and George Hume
Jacek Jarkowski and Bozena Gilewska
Judy Kahn
Adib and Karin Kanafani
Daniel F. Kane Jr. and Silvia A. Sorell
Karen Koster
Michael Korman and Diane Verducci
Sharon and Ronald Krauss
Carol Nusinow Kurland and Duff Kurland
Paul Kwak
Sally Landis and Michael White
Renee and Michael Lankford
Didier LeGall
Karen and Charles Fiske
Susan and Donald Lewis
Marcia C. Linn
Judy and Steve Lipson
Felicia and Genaro Lopez
Stanley and Judith Lubman
Carl and Carol Maes
Helen Marie Marcus
Therissa McKelvey and Heli Roiha
Charles and Ann Meier
David Moore and Judy Lin
Amal Moulik
Jane and Bill Neilson
Ricarda Nelson
Theresa Nelson and Barney Smits
James Nitsos
John and Amy Palmer
Irina Paperno
Andris and Dagnija Peterson
Penny Righthand

$1,500–$2,249
Anonymous (9)
Sallie and Edward Arens
Dean Artis and Vivien Williamson
Nancy Axelrod
Richard Berkins
Wolfgang Bluhm
Ed Blumenstock and Belle Huang
John and Colleen Busch
Richard Buxbaum
and Catherine Hartshorn
Carol T. Christ
June and Michael Cohen
Robert W. Cole and Susan Muscarella
Ruth and David Collier
Robert Paul Corbett
Didier de Fontaine
Ann E. Dewart
David and Helen Dornbusch
Carol Drucker

Cal Performances
Diana V. Rogers
Bill and Leslie Rupley
Bruce and Teddy Schwab
Pat and Merrill Shanks
Robert Harshorn Shimshak
and Marion Brenner
Neal Shorestein and Christopher Doane
Chalmers Smith
Eberhard Spiller and Riki Keller-Spiller
Dr. Lynn Spitler
Bonnie Stiles
Katherine Tillotson
Carol Jackson Upshaw
Robert and Emily Warden
Peter Weiner and Sylvia Quast
Doug and Dana Welsh
Dr. Eva Xu and Dr. Roy Wang
Taun Wright
Mitchell and Kristen Yawitz

$1,000–$1,499
Anonymous (9)
Paul and Linda Baumann
Alison K. Billman
Mr. and Mrs. Peter W. Davis
Teresa Caldeira and James Holston
Kathy Fang
Maxine Hickman
Nadine and James Hubbell
Jeff and Linda Jesmok
Fred Karren
Eric Keisman
Robert Kinosian
Cathy and Jim Koshland
Linda Lasseretti
Carl Lester
Haoxin Li
Suzanne Lilienthal and David Roe
Mr. and Mrs. Laurence R. Lyons
Donna Heinele and John MacInnis
Paul Mariano and Suzanne Chapot
Zina Mirsky
Julie Morgan and Davis Osborn
Ronald D. Morrison
Anthony V. Nero Jr.
Panos Papadopoulos and Maria Mavroudi
Janet Perlman and Carl Blumstein
John Richardson and Leonard Gabriele
Barbara Rosenfeld
Katrina Russell
Hideko Sakamoto and Vijay Tella
Orville Schell
Paul Sekhri
Anonymous
Lin Tan
Dwight Tate
Professor Jeremy Thorner
and Dr. Carol Mimura
Kimberly Webb and Richard Rossi
Sheryl and Robert Wong

$750–999
Anonymous (3)
James H. Abrams and Thomas Chiang
Kris Antonsen
and Susanne Stolcke-Antonsen
Debra and Charles Barnes
Ellen Barth
Barbara Bell
Judith L. Bloom
Ann and John Carroll
Julio Cesar and Curtis Dennison
Alison Colgan
Bernard Feather and Gina Delucchi
Clara Gerdes
Pamela L. Gordon and John S. Marvin
Katherine and Nelson Graburn
Maria and David LaForge
Ginny and Heinz Lackner
Mimi Lou
Richard McKee
Dennis and Mary Montali
Zeese Papanikolas and Ruth Fallenbaum
Jackie Schmidt-Posner and Barry Posner
Tobey, Julie and Lucy Roland
Karl Ruddy
Ron and Esther Schroeder
Helen Schulak
Scott and Ruth Spear
Stephen Sugarman and Karen Carlson
Myra Sutanto Shen
Carol Takaki
Robert and Karen Wetherell
$500–749
Anonymous (14)
Richard M. and Marcia A. Abrams
Garrick and Terry Amgott-Kwan
Vivian and David Auslander
William and Mabry Benson
Janice Bohman and Eric Keller
Bonomo Family
David Boschwitz
and Nancy Zellerbach Boschwitz
Thomas Bosserman
Carol Marie Bowen
and Christopher R. Bowen
Jennifer Braun
Mary E. Brennan and Brian Ullensvang
Mary Brennan
Shelagh Brodersen
Margaret Brown and Anthony Sustak
Suknan Chang
Victor Chieco
Amy Choi
Margaret Conkey
Kathleen Correia and Stephen Evans
Ted and Patricia Dienstfrey
Michael Durphy
Lee Edlund
Carol Eisenberg and Raymond Linkerman
Dan Eisenstein
Anne and Peter Esmonde
John and Miranda Ewell
Arthur Ferman and Kay Noel
Doris Fine and Philip Selznick
Philip Gary
Brian Good
Jim Govert and Rachel Nosowsky
Linda Graham
Sheldon and Judy Greene
Kathie Hardy
Emily Hopkins
Hing On Hsu
Sharon Inkelas and Vern Paxson
Ira Jacknis
Ann Jones
Bruce Kerns and Candis Cousins
Carol Kersten
Thomas Koster
Germaine LaBerge
Beatrice Lam
Cheryl and Norman Lavers
Andrew Lazarus and Naomi Janowitz
TL Trust
John Loux
Nancy and Greg McKinney
Martin Melia
Ralph and Melinda Mendelson
Marianne Mitosinka and George Wick
Susan Nabeta-Brodsky
National Coalition of Black Women, Inc.
San Francisco Chapter
Laura Nelson
Lori O’Brien
James Joseph Patton
Neal and Suzanne Pierce
Leslie and Joellen Piskitel
Charles Pollack and Joanna Cooper
David Pyle
Janet and Michael Rodriguez
Leslie Rosenfeld and Stephen Morris
Mary C. Russi
Elizabeth Sadewhite
Angela Schillace
Terry Senne
Niran and Norma Shah
Boris Shekhter
Robert Spear
Rebecca Stanwyck
Susan and Maury Stern
Candy Stoner and Daniel Companeetz
Frank Stratton
and Christina Sauper Stratton
Rune Stromness
Sahoko Tamagawa and William Gordon
Risa Teitelbaum
Duy Thai
Eudora Ting
Roseanna Torretto
Vince Tseng
Georgia R Turner
JP and Helen Vajk
Max Vale
Leon Van Steen
Liz Varnhagen and Steve Greenberg
Mark and Elizabeth Voge
Verena von Dehn
Laurence and Ruth Walker
Richard Wallace
Barbara and Robert Weigand
Kirsten Weisser
Elizabeth Werter
Dick and Beany Wezelman
James Wheeler and J. L. Shon
Donna M. Williams
Linda Williams and Paul Fitzgerald
Viviana Wolinsky
Elaine Wong
E. William and Mary Alice Yund
Martha and Sheldon Zedeck
Amy and Tom Zellerbach
Ming Zhao
John Zimmermann and Diana Graham
Donlyn Lyndon and Alice Wingwall
Michael Condie

Memorial Gifts
Anonymous in memory of Leon Bell
Linh Do and Erno Pungor
in memory of Julie Do
Rossannah Reeves
in memory of Alan Leslie Reeves
Orville Schell in memory of Baifang Schell
Max Vale in memory of Griffin Madden
Helen Marcus
in memory of David Williamson

Honorary Gifts
Erik Hora in honor of
Judge Peggy Fulton Hora
Germaine LaBerge in honor of
David McCauley
Susan Pollack in honor of
Susan Graham Harrison

**COVID-19 Information**

Proof of vaccination status is required for entrance and masking is mandatory throughout the event.
COVID-19 information is updated as necessary; please see Cal Performances’ website for the most up-to-date policies and information.

UC Berkeley does not promise or guarantee that all patrons or employees on site are vaccinated.
Unvaccinated individuals may be present as a result of exemptions, exceptions, fraudulent verification, or checker error.
None of these precautions eliminate the risk of exposure to COVID-19.