

have released two CDs featuring violin/piano favorites and the sonatas of Aaron Copland, Quincy Porter and Walter Piston.

Pianist PATRICIA MICHAELIAN has established herself as one of the Northwest's most sought-after artists. She is heard in recital, as orchestral soloist and chamber player throughout North America, Europe, Australia and the Orient. She has appeared with conductors such as Leonard Bernstein, Edo de Waart, Gerard Schwarz, Sergiu Comissiona, John Williams, Milton Katims, Josef Krips and Arthur Fiedler. In Seattle, Michaelian has been a participant at the Seattle Chamber Music Festival, the inaugural season of the Seattle Chamber Music Festival, the inaugural season of the Seattle International Festival last summer, and the Northwest Chamber Orchestra. Michaelian has recorded with Gerard Schwarz and the Seattle Symphony Orchestra for Delos Records.

Professor TOBY SAKS, the well-known UW faculty cellist and music director of the Seattle Chamber Music Festival, is a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music where she studied with Leonard Rose. She launched her career by winning first prize at the International Pablo Casals Competition, and is a Laureate of the International Tchaikowsky Competition. She has been a recipient of numerous grants, including a Fulbright and a Martha Baird Rockefeller grant. She has toured the United States, Canada, Europe, the USSR and Israel, and participated in international music festivals. A former member of the New York Philharmonic, Saks has been on the University of Washington's music faculty since 1976.

MARJORIE KRANSBERG-TALVI began her violin studies at the age of five at the New England Conservatory of Music, and at ten made her debut as soloist with the New Hampshire Philharmonic. She has since appeared as soloist throughout the U.S. and Canada, with such orchestras as Oklahoma City Symphony, Boston Symphony, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, and the Kennedy Center Orchestra. As a recitalist, she has performed widely, from Carnegie Hall in New York to the Paul Getty Museum in Los Angeles. She has played for motion pictures, and served as concertmaster and soloist with the Northwest Chamber Orchestra and the Pacific Northwest Ballet. She is the director of Seattle Art Museum Chamber Series and performs regularly with the Tre Voce Trio.

UPCOMING 1993-94 CONCERTS:

To request disability accommodations, contact the Office of the ADA Coordinator at least ten days in advance of the event. 543-6450 (voice); 543-6452 (TDD); 685-3885 (FAX); access@u.washington.edu (E-mail).

- October 17, *FACULTY RECITAL*: Randolph Hokanson, piano. 3 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- October 18, Voice Division Recital, 7 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- October 29, Littlefield Organ Halloween Concert, 12:30 and 8 PM, Walker-Ames Room, Kane Hall.
- November 10, UW Opera: GIANNI SCHICCHI and MAHAGONNY SONGPLAY. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- November 11, Keyboard Debut Series. 8 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- November 12, UW Opera: GIANNI SCHICCHI and MAHAGONNY SONGPLAY. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- November 13, UW Opera: GIANNI SCHICCHI and MAHAGONNY SONGPLAY. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- November 14, UW Opera: GIANNI SCHICCHI and MAHAGONNY SONGPLAY. 3 PM, Meany Theater.

University of Washington
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

P45
1993
10-12

DAT 12, 225 presents

CARMEN PELTON,
soprano

in a

FACULTY RECITAL

assisted by

Lisa Bergman, *piano*
Marjorie Kransberg-Talvi, *violin*
Patricia Michaelian, *piano*
Toby Saks, *cello*

8:00 PM
October 12, 1993
Meany Theater

School
of
Music
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Washington

CD 74497
 DAF from SONG OF SONGS, A BIBLICAL CANTATA (1947) Lukas Foss
 ID 2 II. Come, My Beloved (b. 1922)
 IV. Set Me as a Seal Upon Thine Heart 10'
 Lisa Bergman, piano

ID 3 ALTE WEISEN Hugo Wolf
 Gedichte von Gottfried Keller (1891) (1860-1903) 11'
 Tretet ein, hoher Krieger
 Singt mein Schatz wie ein Fink
 Du milchjunger Knabe
 Wandl' ich in dem Morgentau
 Das Köhlerweib ist trunken
 Wie glänzt der helle Mond

ID 4 TROIS POÈMES DE LOUISE DE VILMORIN (1937) Francis Poulenc
 Le garçon de Liège (1899-1963) 10'
 Au delà
 Aux officiers de la garde blanche

DEUX POÈMES DE LOUIS ARAGON (1943)
 C
 Fêtes galantes

INTERMISSION CASS SIDE A

ID 6 ROMANCE SUITE, Op. 127 (1970) 24' Dmitry Shostakovich (1906-1975)
 Song of Ophelia
 Gamayun, the Prophet Bird
 We Were Together
 The Night Sleeps
 The Storm
 Secret Signs
 Music
 Marjorie Kransberg-Talvi, violin
 Toby Saks, violincello
 Patricia Michaelian, piano

ID 7 from FOLKSONGS OF THE BRITISH ISLES (1943) Benjamin Britten (arr.) (1913-1976) 8'
 The Ashgrove
 The Trees They Grow So High
 The Salley Gardens
 Lisa Bergman, piano

ID 8 Encore (2')

A BIBLICAL CANTATA

American composer Lukas Foss' development as a composer may be divided into two main periods, the first predominately neo-classic with elements of American popularism and the second an abandonment of tonality and exploration of serialism. The orchestral cycle Song of Songs, written for mezzo-soprano Jennie Tourel, is from the earlier period and is based on the Song of Solomon from the King James version of the Bible.

ALTE WEISEN (OLD SONGS RESUNG)

Wolf chose six poems from Keller's collection of "Old Songs Resung" to set as a tribute to the writer on his seventieth birthday. Each of the poems is the portrait of a woman or about a woman and many different periods of life are represented. The subjects range from longing of a teenager for first love to the yearning of an old peasant woman for her place in heaven.

TRETET EIN, HOHER KRIEGER:

Come in, you noble warrior who have surrendered your heart to me! Take off your purple cloak and golden spurs! Harness your steed to the plow, as a gesture to my father! Give me your crested saddle-cloth as a carpet under my feet! The hilt of your sword must give up its gold and stones to me, and its flashing blade will be a fire poker, and the snow-white feather on the blood-red hat is good for a cooling fan in summertime, and the Marshal must learn how to bake white bread, and how sausage and stuffing are chopped at Christmastime. Now your soul is commended to saintly Jesus. Where your body is committed, it cannot be redeemed.

SINGT MEIN SCHATZ WIE EIN FINK:

If my love sings like a finch, I sing a nightingale's song. If my dearest is a lynx, oh then I am a serpent. Oh you country maidens from the mountains and across the waters, leave me the handsomest man, or you will pain me! He must resign himself to our praise and glory, and he must make no fuss, loud or soft. Oh, you dear playmates, leave that proud man to me! He will see how love can become a fiery sword.

DU MILCHJUNGER KNABE:

You milk-young boy, why do you look at me like that? What question did you have?

All the town councillors and all the world's wise men remain silent on the question that your eyes ask. An empty snail shell -- look at it there on the grass -- hold it to your ear and it will mumble something to you.

WANDL' ICH IN DEN MORGENTAU:

When I wander in the morning dew, through the fragrance-filled field, I cannot compare myself with all the flowers around me. The little dove on the church roof, the little fish in the mill-stream, and the little snake in the weed all say that they are -- and feel like -- brides. The apple blossom in the bright light seems to be a proud little mother. The couples of butterflies are happy to die so early in the year. God, what have I done, that without a spring-time mate, with not a single kiss, unloved, I must die?

DAS KÖHLERWEIB IST TRUNKEN:

The coalwoman is drunk and is singing in the forest. Listen to how her shrill voice resounds through the wood! She was the prettiest flower, famed throughout the land. Rich and poor sought her hand. She strode in as proud as a chatelaine to choose her bridegroom, but found it too difficult. Then red wine tricked her. How transitory everything is! The coalwoman is drunk and is singing in the forest. In the twilight, how her shrill song rings out!

WIE GLANZT DER HELLE MOND:

Though so far and cold, the moon shines bright, but my star of beauty is shimmering even farther away. Far off, the sea surf is roaring, but the land of my youth is even beyond that. There is a little wagon without wheels or shafts, in which I shall soon leave for Paradise. There God's Mother is sitting on her throne, with her blessed Son asleep in her lap. There God the Father is sitting, feeding heavenly grain, by hand, to the Holy Ghost. I shall sit in a silver mist, then, and look at my white fingers, but Saint Peter will enjoy no rest, squatting by the door and patching old shoes.

TROIS POÈMES DE LOUISE DE VILMORIN

Concerning the poetry of Louise de Vilmorin, Henri Hell, in his book on Poulenc, wrote, "Charm, where veiled eroticism plays a part. Transparent, easy, readily precious and capricious like embroidery beneath the light

ness of its style this audacious poetry is not without seriousness. Its elegance barely disguises a melancholy which is never renounced. And the shadow of death seems at times to caress her. This game of words that would be called nonchalant and facile knows the essential truths: desire, pleasure, melancholy and love. The whole adorned with romantic grace." Louise de Vilmorin liked also, as many of her poems show, to play with words, with their sonority: "Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!" (literally, "Brandy! Beyond!") and also on words, with their double meaning, as in "Le garçon de Liège" (The boy of Liège -- or of cork, light as the wind. In French, Liège means--cork.)

THE BOY OF LIÈGE (LE GARÇON DE LIÈGE)

A fairy-tale youth
boldly bowed low to me,
in the open air, on a verge of a pathway,
standing under the tree of the Law.

The birds of late autumn
were busy, in spite of the rain,
and, seized by a foolish whim,
I dared to say to him: I am bored.

Without one sweet deceiving word,
at evening, in my cheerless room,
he came to console my pallor;
his shadowy figure made me promises.

But he was a boy of Liège
light, light as the wind,
who would never be caught in a trap
and roams the plains in fine weather.

And in my nightdress,
ever since then, when I want to laugh,
Ahl handsome young man, I am bored.
Ahl in my nightdress, bored to death.

AU-DELÀ

Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
At the hour of pleasure
to choose is not to betray,
I choose that one.

I choose that one
who can make me laugh
with a finger here, there,
as when one writes.

As when one writes
he goes this way, that way,

without my daring to say to him:
I very much like this game.

I very much like this game,
that a breath can end,
until my last breath
I choose this game.

Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
At the hour of pleasure,
to choose is not to betray.
I choose this game.

AUX OFFICERS DE LA GARDE BLANCHE (TO THE OFFICERS OF THE WHITE GUARD)

Officers of the White Guard
guard me from certain thoughts at night,
guard me from love's tussle and the
pressure
of a hand upon my hip.

Guard me above all from him
who pulls me by the sleeve
towards the danger of full hands,
and elsewhere, of water that shines.

Spare me the tempestuous torment
of loving him one day more than today,
and the cold moisture of expectation
that will press on the windows and doors
my profile of a woman already dead.

Officers of the White Guard,
I do not want to weep for him
on earth, I would weep as rain
on his land, on his star of carved boxwood,
when later I float transparent,
above a hundred steps of weariness.

Officers of the pure consciences,
you who beautify faces,
confide in space, to the flight of the birds,
a message for the seekers of moderation,
and forge for us chains without rings.

DEUX POÈMES DE LOUIS ARAGON

Poulenc set two poems of Louis Aragon, and the poems which he chose evoke, each in a different way, the dark period of the German invasion and the French Resistance during the war of 1940.

The poem "C" was given this title because all the rhymes end in "cé." It evokes the tragic days of May 1940, when a great part of the French population fled before the invading armies. In this horrible exodus, the poet him-

self, at the Bridges of Cé close to Angers, had crossed the Loire, crowded with overturned vehicles and discarded weapons, in the total confusion of a forsaken France. The poet recalls his memories in a style that is extremely melancholy and poetically touching, like an old ballad.

Even the most tragic periods are not without their absurdities. The ludicrous and cynical poem, "Fêtes galantes" recalls, in the form of parody, the hard days of the occupation—the many kinds of restrictions, the deterioration of certain expressions and certain true values. Is it not typically French "to be ready to laugh at everything for fear of being obliged to weep"?

C

I have crossed the bridges of Cé
it is there that it all began
a song of bygone days
tells of a wounded knight

of a rose on the carriage-way
and an unlaced bodice
of the castle of a mad duke
and swans on the moats

of the meadows where comes dancing
an eternal betrothed
and I drank like iced milk
the long lay of false glories

the Loire carries my thoughts away
with the overturned cars
and the unprimed weapons,
and the ill-dried tears

O my France O my forsaken France
I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

FÊTES GALANTES

You see fops on bicycles
You see pimps in kits
You see brats with veils
You see firemen burning their pompons

You see words thrown on the rubbish heap
You see words extolled to the skies
You see the feet of Mary's children
You see the backs of cabaret singers

You see motor cars run on gasoline
You see also handcars
You see wily fellows whose long noses
hinder them
You see fools of the first water

You see what you see elsewhere
You see girls who are led astray
You see gutter-snipes, you see perverts
You see drowned folk floating under the
bridges

You see out of work shoemakers
You see egg candles bored to death
You see true values in jeopardy
And life whirling by in a slap-dash way.

ROMANCE SUITE, OP. 127

Shostakovich's "Suite of Romances", dedicated to soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, are settings of poems by the Russian Symbolist Alexander Blok. In each song a different combination of instrument(s) and voice reflects in some way the traditional Russian Romance strophic form, and only in the last song do all instruments and voice join together.

SONG OF OPHELIA

Parting from your dear one,
Friend, you swore your love to me!
When leaving for a hostile land
To preserve a precious oath!

There, beyond happy Denmark,
The shores are in a haze...
An angry, murmuring wave
Washes tears upon the cliff...

The dear warrior will not return,
A! dressed in silver...
In his grave there sadly stir
Only a ribbon and black feather.

GIMAYUN, THE PROPHET BIRD

On the glassy surface of the eternal waters,
Turning purple in the sunset,
He prophesies and sings,
But has no strength to raise his anxious
wings.

He prophesies the yoke of evil tartars,
He prophesies the bloody executions,
The earthquake, famine and fire,
The power of the wicked,
And the destruction of the just.

Filled with ominous terror,
The lovely image shines with love,
But prophetic truth cries out
From lips congealed with blood!

WE WERE TOGETHER

We were together, I recall...
The night was exciting, a violin was singing...
In those days I was yours.
I grew more beautiful with each passing hour...

Through the quiet murmur of a stream,
Through the secret of a woman's smile
A kiss cried out for lips,
The sounds of a violin cried out in the heart...

THE CITY IS SLEEPING

The city is sleeping, enveloped in shadows,
The street lamps are just flickering...
There in the distance, beyond the Neva,
I see the gleam of daybreak.

In that distant reflection,
In those glimmerings of fire
An awakening lay hidden
Of melancholy days for me...

THE STORM

Oh, how madly outside the window
The vicious storm roars and rages,
Black clouds race by, pouring rain,
And the wind mournfully cries!

A terrible night! On such a night
I pity those who are homeless,
And my compassion drives me out
Into the arms of the damp cold!

Fighting with the gloom and rain,
Sharing the sufferer's fate...
O, how madly outside the window
The wind rages, languishing!

SECRET SIGNS

Secret signs flash up
Upon the blank, sleepy wall.
Golden and red poppies
Hang above me in a dream.
I take shelter in the depths of night
And do not remember hard miracles.
At dawn blue chimeras
Look in the mirror of the blazing heavens.

I run away to moments in the past,
I close my eyes with fear,
On the pages of a book grown cold
There is the golden braid of a girl.
Above me the dome of heaven is already low.
A black dream hangs heavily in my heart.

My end is predestined and near,
And war and conflagration are ahead.

Music

At night, when worry falls asleep,
And the city is concealed in shadows
Oh, what music God has,
What sounds on earth!

What of the storm of life, if your roses
Bloom and shine for me!
What of humanity's tears,
When the sunset shines so red!

Accept, oh Sovereign of the Universe,
Through blood, through torments, and the
grave,
The goblet of final foaming passion
From your unworthy slave!

FOLKSONGS OF THE BRITISH ISLES

Benjamin Britten drew his share of criticism with his six-volume publication of folksong arrangements. Here are two differing views: "In *The Ashgrove*, Britten uses a Welsh tradition known as penillion, in which the singer plays a traditional tune, usually on a harp, and sings his own improvised counter-melody against it [here provided by the piano]... The psychological insight into the words that Britten conveys would be admirably suited to an art-song, but for a folk song seems more profound than the original is able to bear." (Alan Kendall) "At least Britten removed these songs from the schoolroom where they had long been turgidly accompanied by an upright piano dogging the vocal line... the fact is that Britten's folksong arrangements are not folksongs at all and have to be appreciated on their own terms." (Graham Johnson)

Soprano CARMEN PELTON began her international career at the Aldeburgh Festival in England in *Così fan tutte*. *The Guardian* had this to say about her performance in the role of Fiordiligi: "The star is Carmen Pelton from New York, commandingly confident both as singer and actress. Not only is the voice beautiful, [her coloratura] already rivals almost any soprano you can think of today." Immediately afterward, Ms. Pelton was engaged by Scottish Opera to sing Constanze in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and invited to return to the Aldeburgh Festival the following year for performances of Mozart concert arias. In the United States, Ms. Pelton has performed many of Mozart's heroine roles—Queen of the Night, Donna Anna, Guinia in *Lucio Silla* and *Il Re Pastore*'s Tamiri in a nationally broadcast production from Glimmerglass Opera.

Her concert and oratorio appearances cover a broad span of repertoire—from Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* at the Aspen Music Festival to Bach's *Magnificat* with early music specialist Nicholas McGeegan leading the San Francisco Symphony. Ms. Pelton has sung with the SFS every season since 1989, when she performed Lukas Foss' *Time Cycle* with the composer conducting and received accolades from the press, who declared her "a young soprano on the rise." At the end of this month Ms. Pelton will return to the SFS to sing Nicholas Maw's *Songs and Arias* with mezzo-soprano Florence Quivar and the Belgian contralto Mette Ejsing.

Ms. Pelton has also won recognition as a powerful singer of contemporary music, both in chamber music performances of Crumb's *Ancient Voices of Children* with Gerard Schwarz in New York, Carter's *A Mirror in Which to Dwell* with New York New Music Consort and in music for the theater. Stanley Silverman's black comic exploration of the relationship between Shostakovich and Stalin, *Black Sea Follies*, featured Ms. Pelton in a wide—and wild—variety of Shostakovich's music, including arias from *Lady MacBeth of Mzensk* and an operetta duet concerning the housing shortage in Moscow. The Goodman Theater in Chicago and the Eisenhower Theater at the Kennedy Center have both engaged Ms. Pelton as a singer in contemporary works for the stage, and New Haven's Long Wharf Theater cast her in the role of Lady Billows in their first production of an opera, Britten's *Albert Herring*, which ran for over fifty performances.

Shortly after her move to New York City, Ms. Pelton was cast by Virgil Thomson as the lead role in the Off-Broadway revival of his opera *Mother of Us All*, a sold-out run which reawakened interest in this major 20th-century opera, and led to Ms. Pelton's appearances as the "mother of us all," Susan B. Anthony, at Wolf Trap and a televised broadcast of the *Kennedy Center Honors* program honoring Mr. Thomson.

Ms. Pelton studied voice with the late Jan DeGaetani at the Eastman School and became a Visiting Voice Professor there in 1989. Since her move to Seattle a year ago Ms. Pelton has continued to perform a wide range of vocal music, ranging from well-known oratorios like Handel's *Messiah* with Seattle Symphony and Brahms' *Requiem* with Phoenix Symphony to a vocal quartet by Paul Bowles, his *Picnic Cantata*, at Carnegie Recital Hall. Her debut with St. Paul Chamber Orchestra last season was at Chicago's Orchestra Hall, where she sang *Flower of the Mountain* in a program dedicated to the late Stephen Albert.

This season's performances also span a wide range of repertory, including *Cenerentola* with Kansas City Lyric Opera, Richard Danielpour's *Sonnets of Ophéus* for soprano and orchestra, and John Deak's *Ugly Duckling*—for soprano and double bass—with the Smithsonian's 20th-Century Consort. Ms. Pelton will be heard with the UW Chorale in a March performance of Dvorak's *Stabat Mater*, with the UW Contemporary Group in Bright Sheng's *Two Poems from the Sung Dynasty*, and with the UW Orchestra in a program featuring Mozart's concert aria *Ch'io mi scordi di te* with faculty member Patricia Michaelian in December.

LISA BERGMAN, piano, (Artist in Residence) joined the University of Washington School of Music faculty in 1988. She made her Carnegie Recital Hall Debut in 1983. With over 60 engagements per season, she has appeared in recitals, festivals and conventions throughout the United States, Europe and Japan collaborating with such esteemed artists as Julius Baker, Mami Nixon and Ransom Wilson. A graduate of Juilliard, State University of New York at Stony Brook, and the University of Washington *cum laude*, she is much in demand as a lecturer on the art of accompanying for universities and teachers' organizations. Bergman and violinist Linda Rosenthal