Jasper Sussman
Graduate Voice Recital

MAY 4, 2019 | 5PM
CPMC, RECITAL HALL
Acknowledgements

There are so many incredible people that have played significant roles in my journey to now. Although I fear I can not list them all, I’d like to try and name those that directly or indirectly impacted my preparation for this recital. Firstly, thank you Philip Larson for your guidance and support, and for giving me permission to sing the way I’ve always wanted to. And Mark Dresser, Susan Narucki, and Steven Schick for your input and musical guidance along the way. Chris, Kathryn, and Mari, I cannot thank you each enough for your presence, your artistry, and your friendship; it’s been an honor and a joy making music with you. I’d also like to thank Jessica Flores and all of the staff and crew members involved in providing technical and media support for this concert, and all of the concerts at UCSD — we couldn’t do anything without you. Stéphanie Gaillard, thank you for so patiently working with me on my French pronunciation; I’ve never felt so confident about it! And Tiange Zhou, what a fabulous eye for beauty you have; thank you so much for your photos. I’d also like to thank my gracious neighbors for putting up with my hooting and hollering, along with my kitty, Pepper, who seems to like it?. And of course, I would be nowhere and no one without the loving support of my family; I love you Luke, mom, Katya, Travis, and dad if you can hear me. Thank you all from the bottom of my heart.
**IN OLD VIRGINNY**

I was born in Old Virginny, South Carolina I did go,
Courted there a fair young lady, Oh her name I do not know.

Her hair was of a dark brown colour, And her lips was rosy red,
On her breast she wore white lilies, And tears for her I shed.

In my heart I love you darling, To my door you’re welcome in,
At my gate I’ll meet you darling, Here’s the one I’m trying to win.

I’d rather be on some dark blue ocean Where the sun refuses to shine,
Than for you to love another girl, And to think you’ll never be mine.
I’d rather be dead and in my coffin, My pale face turned towards the sun,
Than to think of you, my darling, And to think of what you’ve done.

Here’s your letters and your postals: Lie them closely by your heart,
The ring you gave to me, darling, From my finger will never part.

*from Cecil Sharp, ed., English Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians*
PROGRAM NOTES

Troubairitz, by Tansy Davies

Troubairitz is a song cycle based on 12th century ‘Provencal’ poems by women troubadours. The troubairitz, translated by Derek Mahon with acknowledgements to Meg Bogin and Sarah White.

In Old Virginny, by Shawn Jaeger

In Old Virginny is the second setting for soprano and double bass I’ve made from Cecil Sharp’s English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians. Sharp’s anthology contains transcriptions he made of traditional ballad singing while traveling through the Appalachians in the early twentieth century. He often transcribed multiple versions of the same song, and the differences are striking. Some singers omit entire stanzas that others sing, or change certain words, or sing the words to a different tune altogether. In setting Sharp’s transcriptions, I accept the printed text, with all of its “imperfections,” as is.

The first two stanzas of In Old Virginny present the weary remembrances of a man looking back on his travels and a long-lost love. The fourth and fifth stanzas present the viewpoint of his lover: her violent devotion to him, and her desperation and anger in the face of a terrible action he committed. The viewpoint of the third and sixth stanzas, however, is more ambiguous. I chose to imagine these stanzas as shared memories, imagining the two lovers—now much older, and separated by enormous geographical and emotional distances—both singing the same old song, both yearning, separately, for the love they lost.

Fiançailles pour Rire

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j’aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaisés,
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l’heure où les Lois se laissent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S’offre à l’amour comme un fruit inconnu.

Text by Louise de Villermont

Translated by Christopher Goldsack

ICH BIN DER WELT ABHANDBEN GEKOMMEN

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdörben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen.
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben.

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dahin.
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgehimmel
Und rüh’ in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb’ allein in meinem Himmel.
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust, from the LiederNet Archive: http://www.lieder.net/

UN BEL DI,vedremo

Un bel di, vedremo
levarsi un fum di fumo
sull’estremo confin del mare.
E poi la nave appare.
Poi la nave bianca
entra nel porto,
romba il suo saluto.
Ved’l’è venuto!
Io non gli scendo incontro, io no.
Mimetto la sul ciglio del colle e
aspetto,
e aspetto gran tempo
e non mi pese,
la lunga attesa.
E uscito dalla folla cittadina,
un uomo, un picciol punto
s’avvia per la collina.

Betrothal for Laughs

Violin

Loving couple with unrecognized accents
the violin and its player please me.
Ah! I like these waltlings drawn out
upon the cord of discomforts,
To the chords on the ropes of the hanged
at the hour when Laws fall silent
the heart, in the form of a strawberry,
ofers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

I AM LOST TO THE WORLD

I am lost to the world
with which I used to waste so much time.
It has heard nothing from me for so long
that it may very well believe that I am dead.

It is of no consequence to me
Whether it thinks me dead,
I cannot deny it,
for I really am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world’s tumult,
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love and in my song.

Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust, from the LiederNet Archive: http://www.lieder.net/

ONE FINE DAY, WE’LL SEE

One fine day, we’ll notice
a thread of smoke
arising on the sea in the far horizon
And then the ship appearing,
Then the trim white vessel
glides into the harbour,
thunders forth her cannon,
see you? Now he is coming!
I do not go to meet him. Not I.
I stay upon the brow of the hillock
and wait there,
and wait for a long time
but never weary
of the long waiting.
From out the crowded city there is coming,
a man, a little speck
in the distance climbing the hillock.

continued on next page
4. BELOVED FRIEND
Beloved friend, believe me when I say
I have not spent an undeserving day
since first I met and chose you for my love,
not let an hour pass when I didn’t give
some thought to you and that the most devout,
I have known no moment of regret or doubt;
now, if you left me with an angry word,
have I lost peace of mind till you returned.
(Marie de Ventadour?) Translated by Derek Mahon

5. NOW HE IS GONE
Heart veiled in sorrow, I’ve made up my mind
to renounce love and love’s society,
for on this earth I never hope to find
a friend so genial and so fine as he,
He was courageous, honourable and clever,
so madly brave he died as a result:
if I should ever take another lover,
now he is gone, my heart would be at fault,
Anonymous, Translated by Derek Mahon

6. WINTER
Winter is here, the frozen time
of frosty nights of snow and slush;
the singing birds we love are dumb
and silent in the blackthorn bush.
Hedges are bare beside the road,
no leaf or flowering branch in sight.
there is no nightingale to be heard
who wakes the soul on a spring night.
My furieus heart is so distraught
I am estranged from everyone;
I realise we lost the fight
more quickly than it takes to win.
We are at fault if we don’t love
a man of honour, a man of worth;
I lost the one who was my life
and mourn the fact from this day forth.
Azalais de Portiragnes, Tran, by Derek Mahon

7. I WALK ALONE
I walk alone in a green wood with no friend at my side.
I lost him through ineptitude and walk alone in a green wood
I should write to let him know I’ll make it up to him somehow.
I walk alone in a green wood with no friend at my side.
Anonymous, Translated by Derek Mahon

PERFORMER BIOS

Jasper Sussman is a music researcher, voice artist, collaborative composer, and
educator pursuing a Ph.D. in Music at the University of California, San Diego. Her
primary focus these past five years has been on the expressive capabilities that the
human voice possesses, and understanding these sounds on musical, cultural, and
scientific levels. In 2014, she founded FOMA, a vocal trio dedicated to vocal
exploration and somatic experimentation; in their year of activity, they co-starred in a
sold-out performance alongside Jaap Blonk, were aired live on WSUM radio, and
performed at the 2015 Art Blitz festival in Rochester, MN. Her compositions range
from dance pieces like “Dorysian Sea,” commissioned by choreographer Marlene
Skog and featured at the World Dance Alliance—Americas in Honolulu, to orchestral
works like “Baguettelle,” which received 2nd place in the Austin Civic Orchestra
Composition Competition in 2014. She is an alumna of the University of Michigan
(M.M.), Lawrence University (B.M.), the Atlantic Music Festival, the National Puppetry
Conference, and the Brevard Music Center, and has sung professionally with
SACRA/PROFANA, Gateway Opera, the St. Louis Symphony Chorus, the Crossing
as Alto Vocal Fellow, and the Madison Choral Project. She is a member of ASCAP,
the College Music Society, the Pan-American Vociology Association, and the American
Composers Forum, as well the professionally-focused Facebook groups SEM Voice
Studies SIG, “New Opera” Connection, The Naked Vocalist Community, and Free
Improvisation and Experimental Music Resource. Her works are published by ala tady
press and Bachovich Music Publications.

Christopher Clarino is a DMA candidate in Contemporary Music Performance
(Percussion) at the University of California San Diego. Chris will be defending his
dissertation, At the Intersection of American Sign Language & the Performer-
Percussionist: A Hybrid Practice, later this month.

Originated from Japan, Mari Kawamura is a DMA candidate in Contemporary Music
Performance (Piano) at the University of California San Diego.

Described as “…turning [the double bass] into a whirling white-hot crucible.”
(Saganis4). Kathryn Schulmeister brings radiant energy and rigorous expression to
her performance of musical repertoire ranging from classical to experimental.
Kathryn’s charisma and enthusiasm for pushing the boundaries of the artistic potential
of her instrument have led her to thrive as an active performer in festivals and venues
around the world. Current engagements include performances with ELISION
Ensemble, Klangforum Wien, Ensemble Dal Dente, and the Lucerne Festival.
TEXTS

PUB 1

D’enfer! Kan try stor stor logs ar kan logs try stor stor ar re kan try logs logs stor try ar kan re logs kan stor ar try re ar logs stor kan.


PPPBB6B2B18B12

Sto logs, or, sto logs, hahahahahahahahahahaha Or suc — sto logs — or — sto logs — miel — re logs kan stor ar try re ar logs stor kan.

Sucre, Versez, Arator, logs éry try, kan. Dans un bol, de préférence, Sucre, Farine, Sucre, À disposition, Or, ou, suc, Mais, Farine, Sucre, À disposition, Sto logs, sto logs, Or, ou, suc, Versez, Arator, Seché, seché, D’enfer! Try en an try en, Hal! Rich en vitamins et en fer, Or, ou, suc, Stor ar en try logs, De blé, Mais, Sucre, Vitamine, Noisette, Seché, seché.

PPPBB6B2B18B12, FFFFFFFF, Try, arlogs ésy try, arlogs ésy try, arlogs ésy try, stor logs stor try, arlogs séy stor try, Miel, Versez, Riche en fer — Vitamines.

Dans un bol, de préférence, PBB6, Versez, Vitamines, B1 B9, Avoine, son, blé, De préférer — Poudre, De bien, Croustillantes, Moins de matières grasses, Petit, Lait, Farine, Calcium, Garantir, Grasses, Mais, Au avoine, Blé, Garantir, Qualité.

Unknown Author, presumed Georges Aperghis

AD 1

Wîlî (nonsense syllables) kann try stor stor logs ar kan logs try stor stor ar re kan logs try stor ar re logs — kan stor — try re — ar logs stor kan.


PPPBB6B2B18B12


Sugar! To pour, Arator, logs éry-try, kan. In a bowl, preferably, Sugar, Flour, Sugar, Available.


Wheat flour, Corn, Sugar, With added vitamins, Hazelnut, Dried, dried.

PPPBB6B2B18B12, FFFFFFFF, Try, arlogs ésy try, arlogs ésy try, arlogs ésy try, stor logs stor try, arlogs séy stor try, Honey, To pour, Rich in iron — Vitamins.

In a bowl, preferably, PBB6, To pour, Vitamin, B1 B9, Oats, Bran, Wheat. Of préférer — Powder, Good, Crusty, Fat-free, Small, Milk, Flour, Calcium, Guarantee, Fat, Corn, To oats, Wheat, Guarantee, Quality.

AD 2

Flow sweet, Flow sweet, Flow sweet, [cri de samouraï] Hat! Hat! Hat!

Laisser, agir, s’agir, âge, poudre.

Taches tenace.

Laisser, agir, s’agir, âge, poudre.

Flu — flu S — WA — P.

Agir — gîr gêr.de, Le laisser, Poudre, Hohl Flow sweet.

Les taches, Ch — ss — in F —

Surfaces, F — S — L — Fo Eh N — S — Z La Ch T.

Tenaces, Flow sweet. Foll(e) — mine.

Flow sweet, sweet, Flow sweet.

Odeur de propre, A sur vos surfaces, m—.

Eliminer formule désinfecter spécialement conçu. Laisser agir.

F — F — F — Four — N — SS — I — H —

Hat, Hat, Hohl — H —

Désinfecter les plus résistances.

A — Sur pro élé. HHHH NN — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —


Rincez, Rincez, À l’eau potable.

Hô’l S’n—Hô — hou in he hoi s. Flow sweet.

Hô — fo Hîn — x ho hê — — — — — — — F —

Eliminer, Flow sweet. Tartre.

Flow sweet, Sweet. Tartre, N — SSwin.

Multi, multi, multi, multi usages.

Flow sweet, Flow sweet, Flow sweet.

Brillance, Flow sweet. Brilliance, Brilliance.

HHHH Foua — Fou Fou a — e su — sour. SSwin.


Eponge, Rincez, Humide, Potable Le tartre, Formole, Venir à surface, Désinfecté edeur.

Flow sweet.

Unknown Author, presumed Georges Aperghis

Translated by Jasper Sussman