

*Stephanie Lynn Aston*  
*With Katalin Lukács*



*8 p.m. Friday, April 29, 2011*

*Concert Hall*

*Conrad Prebys Music Center*

*University of California San Diego*

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and other electronic devices*

*UC San Diego Department of Music-<http://musicweb.ucsd.edu>*

*Poèmes pour Mi* (1936)  
1992)

*Olivier Messiaen* (1908-

- I Action de grâces*
- II Paysage*
- IV Épouvante*
- V L'épouse*
- IX Prière exaucée*

*5 McCallum Songs* (2011)

*Nicholas Deyoe* (b.1981)  
(world premiere)

1. *Love Poem I*
2. *Love Poem XIII*
3. *Love Poem VI*
4. *Love Poem III*
5. *Love Poem XIV*

.....*Intermission*.....

*Fünf Orchester-Lieder*

*Alban Berg* (1885-1935)

*nach Ansichtskartentexten von Peter Altenberg* (1912)

- I Seele, wie bist du schöner*
- II Sahst du nach dem Gewitterregen*
- III Über die Grenzen des All*
- IV Nichts ist gekommen*
- V Hier ist Friede*

*Lied der Lulu* (1935)

*Alban Berg*

.....*brief pause*.....

*Sequenza III* (1965-66)

*Luciano Berio* (1925-2003)

*Olivier Messiaen* (1908-1992) was a French composer, organist, and teacher. His music absorbs influences from varying areas, including French organ tradition, modality, Debussy and Stravinsky, as well as Indian rhythms. However, Messiaen combines these elements in novel ways, creating a distinctive sound world.

*Poèmes pour Mi* was written by Olivier Messiaen in 1936 as a present for his first wife, violinist and composer Claire Delbos, whose pet name was “Mi.” Messiaen’s mother, Cecille Sauvage, was a poet and wrote a cycle of poems called “L’âme en bourgeon” while pregnant with Messiaen in which she references her unborn child. Perhaps Messiaen was his mother’s son, as he wrote the poems for this work, as well as the majority of his vocal works. The poems are on the theme of marriage and its reflection of the union between Christ and the church. In *Poèmes pour Mi*, we can see Messiaen’s early use of Indian influenced rhythms, as well as his modes of limited transposition. Messiaen also uses chant-based melodies in many of the movements, which seems to give the work a liturgical essence.

The first movement, “Action de grâces,” is a prayer that muses on the gifts of God: nature, his wife, and the sacrifice of Christ. “Paysage” explores the lightness of heart that comes upon seeing one’s beloved. “Épouvante” is a brief glimpse into the tortures of hell, and is quickly mitigated by “L’épouse,” in which the poet advises his wife to follow where the spirit leads. The cycle ends with “Prière exaucée,” a prayer to excite the heart into the joy of praising God.

## Poèmes pour Mi

### I Action de grâces

Le Ciel,  
Et l'eau qui suit les variations des nuages  
Et la terre, et les montagnes qui attendent  
toujours,  
Et la lumière qui transforme.  
Et un oeil près de mon oeil,  
Une pensée près de ma pensée,  
Et un visage qui sourit et pleure avec le  
mien,  
Et deux pieds derrière mes pieds  
Comme la vague à la vague est unie.  
Et une âme,  
Invisible, pleine d'amour et d'immortalité,  
Et une vêtement de chair et d'os qui  
germera pour la resurrection,  
Et la Vérite, et l'Esprit, et la grâce avec son  
héritage de lumière,  
Tout cela, vous m l'avez donné.  
Et vous vous êtes encore donné vous-même,  
Dans l'obéissance et dans le sang de votre  
Croix,  
Et dans un Pain plus doux que la fraîcheur  
des étoiles,  
Mon Dieu.  
Alléluia!

### II Paysage

Le lac comme un gros bijou bleu.  
La route pleine de chagrins et de fondrières,  
Mes pieds qui hésitant dans la poussière,  
Le lac comme un gros bijou bleu.

Et la violà, verte et bleu comme le paysage!  
Entre le blé et le soleil je vois son visage:  
Elle sourit, la main sure les yeux.  
Le lac comme un gros bijou bleu.

### IV Épouvante

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho!  
N'enfouis pas tes souvenirs dans la terre,

## Poems for "Mi"

### I Thanksgiving

The sky,  
And water which follows the variations of  
the clouds,  
And earth and the ever-waiting mountains,  
And light which transforms.  
And an eye close to my eye,  
And a thought close to my thought,  
And a face which smiles and cries with  
mine,  
And two feet behinds my feet  
As wave to wave is joined.  
And one soul,  
Invisible, full of love and immortality,  
And a robe of flesh and bone which will  
germinate for the resurrection,  
And the Truth, and the Spirit, and the grace  
with its heritage of light.  
All this, you have given me.  
And you have also given yourself,  
In obedience and in the blood of your Cross,  
And in a Bread more sweet than the  
freshness of the stars.  
My God.  
Alleluia!

### II Landscape

The lake like a big blue jewel.  
The road full of sorrows and hollows,  
My feet that hesitate in the dust,  
The lake like a big blue jewel.

And there she is, green and blue like the  
landscape!  
Between the wheat and the sun I see her  
face: She smiles, her hand over her eyes.  
The lake like a big blue jewel.

### IV Terror

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho!  
Do not bury your memories in the earth,

Tu ne les retrouverais plus.  
Ne tire pas, ne froisse pas, ne déchire pas.  
Des lambeaux sanglants te suivraient dans  
les ténèbres  
Comme une vomissure triangulaire.  
Et le choc bruyant des anneaux sur la porte  
irréparable  
Rythmerait ton désespoir  
Pour rassasier les puissance du feu.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho! ha!

#### V L'Épouse

Va où l'Esprit te mène,  
Nul ne peut séparer ce que Dieu a uni,  
Va où l'Esprit te mène,  
L'épouse est le prolongement de l'époux,  
Va où l'Esprit te mène,  
Comme l'Eglise est le prolongement du  
Christ.

#### IX Prière exaucée

Ébranlez la solitaire, la vieille montagne de  
douleur,  
Que le soleil travaille les eaux amères de  
mon coeur!  
O Jésus, Pain vivant et qui donnez la vie,  
Ne dites qu'une seule parole, et mon âme  
sera guérie.  
Ébranlez la solitaire, la vieille montagne de  
douleur,  
Que le soleil travaille les eaux amères de  
mon coeur!  
Donnez-moi votre grâce,  
Donnez-moi votre grâce,  
Donnez-moi votre grâce!  
Carillone, mon coeur!  
Que ta resonance soit dure, et longue, et  
profonde!  
Frappe, tape, choque pour ton roi!  
Frappe, tape, choque pour ton Dieu!  
Voici ton jour de gloire et de la resurrection!  
La joie est revenue.

You will not find it again.  
Do not pull, do not crumple, do not tear.  
The bloody tatters will follow you into the  
darkness.  
Like spasmodic vomiting.  
And the loud crash of the bolts on the  
irreparable door  
Will give rhythm to your despair  
To sate the powers of fire.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho! ha!

#### V The Wife

Go where the Spirit leads you,  
Nothing can separate that God has united,  
Go where the Spirit leads you,  
The wife is the extension of the husband,  
Go where the spirit leads you,  
As the Church is the extension of Christ.

#### IX Fulfilled Prayer

Shake the lone, old mountain of sorrow,  
That the sun may work the bitter waters of  
my heart!  
O Jesus, living Bread and who gives life,  
Say but one single word, and my soul will  
be healed.  
Shake the lone, old mountain of sorrow,  
That the sun may work the bitter waters of  
my heart!  
Give me your grace,  
Give me your grace,  
Give me your grace!  
Ring out, my heart!  
That your resonance may be firm, and long,  
and deep!  
Strike, beat, shock for your king!  
Strike, beat, shock for your God!  
Here is your day of glory and of the  
resurrection!  
Joy has returned.

*Nicholas Deyoe was born in 1981 in Boulder, Colorado. He attended the University of Northern Colorado from 1999 - 2006, receiving a B.M. in Music Theory/Composition and an M.M. in Orchestral conducting. In 2004, Nicholas spent four months in Oldenburg, Germany studying composition with Violeta Dinescu. He now lives in San Diego where, after completing an M.A. in 2008, he is pursuing a Ph.D. in Composition from UCSD, and is currently acting as an assistant conductor for the La Jolla Symphony under Steve Schick. Nicholas has conducted Red Fish Blue Fish, Ensemble Ascolta, The Darmstadt Preisträgerensemble, Noise, The University of Northern Colorado Symphony, Chamber, and Sinfonietta Orchestras, and several ad hoc ensembles in Colorado, California, and Germany. Nicholas's music works with noise, delicacy, drama, and flexible intonation. His music has been performed in the United States, Canada, Germany, Iceland, and Japan. Upon completion of his studies in San Diego, Nicholas plans to open a performance venue dedicated to experimental music in Los Angeles.*

*5 McCallum Songs are settings of friend and composer Clinton McCallum's poetry that were written for me, and are being premiered at this recital. Each song uses various timbres, pitch inflections, rhythmic modifications and textures as a palette of possible expressions for the text.*

## 5 McCallum Songs

### 1 Love Poem I

I want to look at you with throbbing eyes  
I want to watch me through you  
and feel your tears of adoration  
construct this image like a nude  
air brush the rough edges  
feel you painful longing  
for someone else that it seems you've  
always wanted  
there is a paradise under these clothes  
a fairy tale waiting to be opened  
I want to show you the cover  
and snatch the book away.

### 2 Love Poem XIII

I woke up sweating breathless.  
She fleeting image.  
I felt I had just barely escaped.  
Laying there beside me  
her eyelids twitched  
sending me around to my sleep.  
Itching aching I crossed the room  
to calm myself in front of the mirror  
like it's gonna make us feel better.  
How can you dream of she?  
Don't you know that I have to look her in  
the eyes?  
There's an open door  
the wind's too strong  
if I don't act now it will sweep her away.  
She stands, proud and lonely.

### 3 Love Poem VI

Ah, now you see  
that I'm something superior  
and  
I'll feed you  
and  
I'll dress you  
and  
I'll keep you never lonely  
You look so angelic  
with black tears on your cheeks  
Your begging eyes  
free my soul  
I'll never let you go.

### 4 Love Poem III

to convince you  
only

### 5 Love Poem XIV

I walked you to your door  
I fumbled over doubt and projection  
I smiled  
said good night  
and as I turned  
you grabbed me and kissed me.

*Alban Berg* (1885-1935) formed part of the Second Viennese School, along with his teacher, *Arnold Schoenberg*, and fellow student *Anton Webern*. Around the time of WWI, they together moved from tonality to write serial, or twelve-tone music. Berg's compositional style is a complex combination of serial methods with tonally influenced melodic writing.

*Fünf Orchester-Lieder nach Ansichtskartentexten von Peter Altenberg* was written in the summer of 1912, and was the first work written without the guidance of Schoenberg. Although brief, it contains precursors of his mature style, including formal and motivic complexity, and large scale dramatic gestures.

*Lied der Lulu* comes from the opera *Lulu*, written by Berg between 1929 and 1935. As one of Berg's last works, it contains an extremely complex motivic and formal structure, in which all of the material is somehow derived from the melody of the first phrase of the *Lied*. The opera also contains a fully developed combination of serial methods with Berg's previous style. *Lulu* is a passionate tale, based on *Erdgeist* and *Die Büsche der Pandora* by Frank Wedekind, of a woman's rise and fall in society through association with her many husbands and lovers. In the *Lied*, Lulu is defending her right to live after being told by her husband, Dr Schön, to kill herself.

**Fünf Orchester-Lieder nach  
Ansichtskartentexten von Peter Altenberg**

I 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!

II Sahst du nach dem Gewitterregen...

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

III Über 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 blicktest du noch  
sinnend hinaus!

IV Nichts ist gekommen...

Nichts ist gekommen,  
nichts wird kommen für meine Seele.  
Ich habe gewartet, gewartet oh, gewartet!  
Die Tage werden dahinschleichen,  
und umsonst wehen meine aschblonden  
seidenen Haare um mein bleiches Antlitz!

V Hier ist Friede...

Hier ist Friede.  
Hier weine ich mich aus über alles!  
Hier löst sich mein unfaßbares,  
Unermeßliches Leid, das mir die Seele

Five Songs with Orchestra to words written  
on picture-postcards by Peter Altenberg

I Soul, how you are more beautiful

Soul, how you are more beautiful,  
profounder, after snowstorms.  
And you have them, same as nature.  
And over both lies still a gloomy breath,  
until the clouds themselves blow away!

II Saw you after the rainstorm...

Saw you the forest after the rainstorm?  
All rests, glitters, and is more beautiful than  
before,  
See, woman, you also need rainstorms!

III Over the brink of all...

Over the brink of all you looked reflecting  
outward;  
Had never a care for land and house!  
Living and dreaming of life- suddenly all is  
over.  
Over the brink of all you looked still  
reflecting outward!

IV Nothing is come...

Nothing is come,  
Nothing will come for my soul.  
I have waited, waited oh, waited!  
The days will creep there,  
and in vain blows my ash blonde silken hair  
around my pale face.

V Here is peace...

Here is peace.  
Here I cry myself out over all!  
Here frees my inconceivable,  
immeasurable grief, that burns

verbrennt...  
Siehe, hier sind keine Menschen,  
keine Ansiedlungen.  
Hier ist Friede!  
Hier tropft Schnee leise in Wasserlachen...

my soul...  
See, here are no people,  
no settlements.  
Here is peace!  
Here snow drops softly in pools of water....

### **Lied der Lulu**

Wenn sich die Menschen um meinet willen  
umgebracht haben,  
so setzt das meinen Wert nicht herab.  
Du hast so gut gewußt, weswegen Du mich  
zur Frau nahmst,  
wie ich gewußt habe weswegen ich Dich  
zum Mann nahm.  
Du hattest Deine besten Freude mit mir  
betrogen,  
Du konntest nicht gut auch noch dich selber  
mit mir betrügen.  
Wenn Du mir Deinen Lebensabend zum  
Opfer bringst,  
so hast Du meine ganze Jugend dafür  
gehabt.  
Ich habe nie in der Welt etwas anderes  
scheinen wollen,  
als wofür man mich genommen hat;  
Und man hat mich nie in der Welt für etwas  
anderes genommen, als was ich bin.

If men have killed themselves for my sake,  
that does not bring down my value.

You knew so well why you took me as your  
wife,  
as I knew why I took you for my husband.

You had deceived your best friends about  
me,  
You could not as well deceive yourself  
about me.  
If you bring me your old age as a sacrifice,  
so had you my entire youth in exchange.

I have never in the world wanted to seem  
something other than for what people have  
taken me;  
And people have never in the world taken  
me for anything different than what I am.

*Luciano Berio (1925-2003) was an Italian composer who was very interested in investigating the abilities of every instrument. His most famous works are the Sequenzas, solo works for various instruments that explore different types of virtuosity. He wrote many works for voice, several of which were written with Cathy Berberian, his first wife, in mind. The use of gesture was a key element in a number of his works. Berio wrote many experimental works, using instruments as well as electronics, during one of the most innovative periods, musically speaking, of the twentieth century.*

***Sequenza III** is a work for solo voice written for Cathy Berberian. It explores the gamut of vocal possibilities, from everyday speech activities, to full classical singing. The text is a modular poem by Markus Kutter that Berio contorts to meet his needs. Berio's goal was to create a work that could be viewed by each audience member in its own light, similar to a painting or work of literature.*

# *Thank You!*

*First, thank you all for coming! I would like to extend special thanks to the following people: my committee, my voice professors while I have been at UCSD, Susan Narucki and Carol Plantamura, Kate Lukacs, who has played with me for years and graciously agreed to play with me tonight, and my husband Nick, who has written me a beautiful piece.*