

*Mariya Kaganskaya
Celebrates her 21st - In Song*

Alla Gladysheva, piano

Saturday, March 17th, 2012

4:00 pm

Conrad Prebys Music Center Recital Hall





Born on March 17th, 1991, Mezzo-Soprano Mariya Kaganskaya is in her third and final year studying vocal performance at UC San Diego. An alumna of Lowell High School and the San Francisco Girls Chorus, Mariya is now concentrating on building the foundation for a solo career in opera, as well as making use of her background of singing with professional-level ensembles at UCSD, such as the Chamber Singers and the Treble Singers. Mariya is a frequent concert soloist at UCSD, having performed both Soprano and Alto soli in works such as Handel's *Messiah*, Fauré's *Requiem*, Duruflé's *Requiem*, and Vivaldi's *Gloria*. Mariya has performed in various opera scenes, studying roles such as the titular character in Benjamin Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*, Idamante in Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and Romeo in Bellini's *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*. Upcoming engagements include a guest performance in János Négyesy's Spring *Soirée for Music Lovers*, assembling, directing, and performing (as Dorabella) in *Così (abridged)*, a shortened version of Mozart's

Così fan tutte starring members of Undergrads for Opera at UCSD (of which Mariya is proud to serve as founding Artistic Director), and performing the full role of Cornelia, with orchestra, in Handel's *Giulio Cesare* with the Bay Area Summer Opera Theater Institute this summer. For more information, please visit www.mariyakaganskaya.com.

Alla Gladysheva received an M.A. from Leningrad State Conservatory, where she studied with J.G. Kon, after starting a solfège and piano teaching career at age seventeen. She also served Karelian Radio and Television as a journalist, writing on musicology in Russia. She immigrated to the United States in 1995 and is currently a professor at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and pianist with the San Francisco Ballet School. She regularly appears as a member of various performing groups, including the Lark, Tango #9, and Adama. She is an active member of the Music Teachers Association of California. In addition to her many other achievements, Ms. Gladysheva is also Mariya's mother.



Special thanks to:

Professor Philip Larson, for his guidance and never-ending support of even my most ridiculous endeavors; Professor János Négyesy, for his wisdom and support of my many projects (from Bellini and Respighi to Cage and Armer); Susana Poretzky, for her patience, advice, and support (diaphragmatic as well as emotional); Tiffany DuMouchelle, for her support, advice, and belief in my projects; all my teachers in San Diego, for accepting me and allowing me to grow beyond standard curricula; Jessica Flores, Dirk Sutro, Brady Baker, and Neal Bociek for their patience and willingness to work with such an obnoxiously ambitious undergrad; Eileen Voreades, for her support and council for the past two and a half years; Frank S. Li, for writing the second of, I hope, many collaborations, and for organizing rehearsals around my ridiculous schedule; Eugene M. Joseph, Phillip Wulfridge, Melissa Chu, Leah Baum, and Wendell Su, for all your work in the past few weeks (and for putting up with said ridiculous schedule); Professor John Fonville, Louise Devenish, Kimberly Davies, and Isaac Lu, for working with me on the Elinor Armer set, and for graciously agreeing to play it twice in a row; Elinor Armer, for writing such wonderful pieces, and for helping me navigate through their many intricacies (I look forward to our next collaboration!); my friends and colleagues in the Music Department, especially Shannon Johnson, for being my right arm and, often, left brain in our quest to bring classical vocal performance to the undergraduate population (not to mention the piles of paperwork and getting the funding for this event, and Jennifer Wu, for putting up with my nonsense and agreeing to practice all those duets; my wonderful nonmusician friends, especially my best-friend-for-life Maria Gerega, for their support of my dreams and peculiarities; my boyfriend Daniel Maryanovsky, for much the same thing but with more hugs; and, of course, my family, for accepting that all I really want to do is sing, and especially my mother, for flying down to San Diego to accompany what has turned out, after all, to be my senior recital.

Program

A Birthday Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
From *Women's Voices* (1979)

From *Lockerbones/Airbones* (1985) Elinor Armer (b. 1939)

II. The Child on the Shore

IV. Hard Words

V. For Katya

John Fonville, flute
Louise Devenish, percussion
Kimberly Davies, violin
Isaac Lu, piano

THE CENTRE CANNOT HOLD (2012) Frank S. Li (b. 198?)

Philip Larson, narrator
Leah Baum, clarinet
Wendell Su, violin
Melissa Chu, cello
Eugene M. Joseph, guitar
Phillip Wulfridge, piano

INTERMISSION

He ветер вея с высоты (Not the wind, blowing from the heights) Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)
From *In Spring*, Op. 43 No. 2 (1897)

Tre Ariette Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
I. Il fevrido desiderio (1827-1833)
II. Dolente imagine di Fille mia (1821)
III. Vaga luna, che inargenti (1827-1833)

"Ah! quel dîner!" Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)
From *La Périchole* (1868)

"As der Rebbe Elimeleh" Traditional Yiddish

Texts and Translations

A Birthday

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

From *Lockerboes/Airbones*

Ursula K. Le Guin (b. 1929)

The Child on the Shore

Wind, wind, give me back my feather
Sea, sea, give me back my ring
Death, death, give me back my mother
So that she can hear me sing.
Song, song, go and tell my daughter
Tell her that I wear the ring
Say I fly upon the feather
Fallen from the falcon's wing.

Hard Words

Hard words
lockerbones
this is sour ground
dust to ashes
sounds soft
hard in the mouth
as stones
as teeth
Earth speaks birds
airbones
diphthongs

For Katya

You know, love you know, love
you aren't the only one that ever
They always shut us up in towers
ever since once upon a
So we learn alone there
arts of unlocking
Till the old terrors
shed wolfskin and stand brothers
by the alder lake at the edge of April
and the waiting's over

THE CENTRE CANNOT HOLD

Frank S. Li

RECORDED SOPRANO:

i walk a dusty plain
here, where my past has been

and when the nighttime falls,
one hundred piercing stars
glare, at my wasteland gray

one day in summertime
i left the cooling shade of trees
but then my summers turned to desert
and always in tears i wondered
where, if i stayed, i would stand

this verdant field may seem to be a wonder
but i blister in the twilight heat
for despair is my lot, my albatross.
i am impaled by those beams of starlight,
crucified by the past.
the flowers bloom gold and red but
here their fragrant scent poisons my air.

LIVE SOPRANO:

i sail a windy sea,
through past and life alike.

and sultry daytime air
a thousand glowing motes,
will dance me to the stars.

one night in summertime
i slept beneath a tree,
her rustled leaves my lullaby.
i wonder not; i know
'twas best to stay below

I sing, I sing! Why not?
The rising heart of sun weeps her golden tears,
But I bathe in that molten glory!
I sail my sandy sea with a silken veil
The wind, the dry, the fervid beauty nourishes
the parch
Lifts us up
And I sing!

NARRATOR:

And what perforce have we here? Yon gaggle of
sheep, yon drove of LARPerS, thou art here to
peek into this poor girl's brain.

A quote from Shakespeare is quite appropriate.
"Et tu, Brute?" Or just maybe not.

Broken! It must be broken. But hmm you
wonder, hmm you ask: which did I choose? I
mean – did she choose. Of course, I misspoke. Or
will choose? Haha! Hahahahaha. Only prime
number syllable phrases allowed here! I'll learn
ye blooded oaf-meal, thine hatrack is not afoot!
Haha...ha?

He ветер вея с высоты (Not the wind, blowing from the heights)

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817-1875)

He ветер, вея с высоты,
Листов коснулся ночью лунной;
Моей души коснулась ты —
Она тревожна, как листья,
Она, как гусли, многострунна.
Житейский вихрь её терзал
И сокрушительным набегом,
Свистя и воя, струны рвал
И заносил холодным снегом.
Твоя же речь ласкает слух,
Твоё легко прикосновенье,
Как от цветов летящий пух,
Как майской ночи дуновенье...

Not the wind, blowing from the heights
Touched the leaves on a moonlit night;
You touched my soul.
It is restless, like the leaves.
Like a *gusli*, it has many strings.
Life's whirlwind tugged at it
And in a devastating assault,
Howling and whistling, tore the strings,
And covered it with cold snow.
The words you speak delight the ear,
Your touch is light,
As from flowers flying fluff,
Like a breath of air on a May night...

Translation by M. Kaganskaya

Il fevrido desiderio

Anonymous

Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which my loving heart so desires?

Quando verrà quel dì
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia!

When will that day come
when I gather you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul!

Translation composite from multiple sources

Dolente imagine di Fille mia

Attributed to M. Fumaroli and G. Genoino

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedi accanto?
Che più desideri?
Dirotto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Sorrowful image of my Fille,
why do you sit so dreary beside me?
What more do you desire?
Copious tears
have I poured on your ashes up to now.

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows,
I could ignited to another flame?
Shade of Fillide, rest in peace;
the old passion cannot be extinguished.

Translation composite from multiple sources

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Anonymous

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these brooks and flowers
And inspires the elements
To breathe the language of love,
You are now the only witness
Of my fervent desire,
And can to her with whom I am in love
Recount the heartbeats and the sighs.

Tell her also that distance
Cannot assuage my sorrow,
That if I nourish one hope,
It is only, yes, for the future.
Tell her also that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in love.

Translation composite from multiple sources

Ah! quel dîner!

Henri Meilhac (1831-1897) and Ludovic Halévy (1834-1908)

Ah! quel dîner je viens de faire,
Et quel vin extraordinaire!
J'en ai tant bu, mais tant tant tant,
Que je crois bien que maintenant
Je suis un peu grise.
Mais chut!
Faut pas qu'on le dise –
Chut!

Si ma parole est un peu vague,
Si tout en marchant je zigzague,
Si tout mon œil est égrillard,
Il ne faut s'en étonner, car
Je suis un peu grise...

Ah! what a lunch I have just had,
And what extraordinary wine!
I drank so much of it, so much, so much,
That I am fairly certain that now
I am a little tipsy.
But shh!
We must not let anyone know –
Shh!

If my speech is somewhat vague,
If whilst walking I zigzag,
If my eye wanders,
Do not be astonished, because
I am a little tipsy...

Translation by M. Kaganskaya

Der Rebbe Elimeleh

Traditional

As der Rebbe Elimeleh
Iz gevoren zeyer freylach
Is gevoren zeyer freylach, Elimelech
Hot er ongeton der kitl
Un dos Shabbesdike hitl
Un geshikt nokh di fiddler do tsvei.

Un az di fiddlike fiddler und der
fiddledike fiddlt
Un der fiddledike fiddler hobn zei
Un az di fiddlike fiddler und der
fiddledike fiddlt
Ut di fiddlike fiddler di tsvei

Un az der Rebe Elimelech
Iz gevoren noch mer freylach
Iz gevoren noch mer freylach, Elimelech
Hot er oysgeton di tfilen
Un hot ongeton di brilen
Un geshikt noch di paikler di tsvey.
Un az di paiklike paikler...

As der Rebbe Elimeleh
Iz gevoren gor stark freylach
Is gevoren gor stark freylach, Elimelech
Hot er obgemazt havdole
mit der shames Reb Naftoleh
Un geshikt noch di tsimble di tsvey.
Un az di tsimbeldike tsimble...

When the Rabbi Elimeleh
Became somewhat joyful
Became somewhat joyful, Elimeleh
He put on his coat
And his Shabbat hat
And invited the fiddler to play.

And the fiddler fiddled, and the fiddler
fiddled,
And the fiddler fiddled some more.
And the fiddler fiddled, and the fiddler
fiddled,
And the fiddler fiddled for a while.

When the Rabbi Elimeleh
Became very joyful
Became very joyful, Elimeleh
He removed his *tefillen*
And wiped his glasses
And invited the clarinetist to play.
And the clarinetist clarineted,

When the Rabbi Elimeleh
Became completely joyful
Became completely joyful, Elimeleh
He prayed for Havdalah
With the sexton Reb Nafroleh
And invited the *tsimble* to play.
And the *tsimble tsimble*, and the
tsimble tsimble,
And the *tsimble tsimble* some more.
And the fiddler clarineted, and the
clarinetist fiddled,
And the *tsimble* fiddled...

Translation by Mark Gomelskiy and M. Kaganskaya