

chi m'è da consolar  
in sta gran pena?  
Avanti de partir  
vorave morir quà;  
un omo sconsolà  
starò in caena.

3. L'è una gran fiera sorte  
e barbaro destin;  
ah povero Tonin  
che sarà mai?  
Sordo al ciel è per mi  
che no'l me ascoltà un fia;  
la stela mia à infurià  
per mazor guai.

7. ARIA "Non più andrai farfallone  
amoroso"

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,  
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando,  
Delle belle turbando il riposo,  
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.

9. ARIETTA: "Non so più cosa son, cosa  
faccio"

Non so piu cosa son,  
Cosa faccio,  
Or di foco, ora sono or di ghiaccio  
Ogni donna cangiar di colore  
Ogni donna mi fa palpar.

Who will comfort me  
During this great sorrow?  
Instead of leaving,  
I would prefer to die here;  
A hopeless man,  
I'll chain myself here.

3. It is a great proud fate  
and barbaric destiny;  
Oh, poor Tonin  
What will come of you?  
The heavens are deaf to me  
they don't hear me at all;  
My star is angry  
about all my troubles.

(from *Figaro aria, Le Nozze di Figaro*)

You won't go any more, amorous butterfly,  
Fluttering around inside night and day,  
Disturbing the sleep of beauties,  
Little Narcissus, little Adonis of love.

(from *Cherubino aria, Le Nozze di Figaro*)

I don't know any more what I am,  
What I'm doing,  
Now I'm fire, now I'm ice,  
Any woman makes me change color,  
Any woman makes me quiver.



MANY THANKS TO:

all the musicians involved for their time, commitment and excellence  
the production team, especially the indefatigable Jessica Flores  
Susan Narucki, for constant support and high expectations  
Giacomo Gaggio, who helped me translate the texts of the Gondolier songs from the  
traditional Venetian language  
Carol Plantamura, for the "long-term loan" of that beautiful rocking chair  
Brandon Slotter and Bradley Rosen, for help providing and manning the video equipment  
Jon Hepfer, for pushing me further in all aspects of life and bringing me lunch on busy days

Solo recital in fulfillment of the requirements for the Doctorate of Musical Arts  
University of California, San Diego  
Department of Music

ALICE TEYSSIER | SOPRANO

"Echoes of echoes..."

from *Le nuove musiche*

Amor, io parto  
Vedro 'l mio sol  
Amarilli, mia bella

Giulio Caccini  
(c.1550-1618)

with

Heather Vorwerck, Baroque cello  
Ruben Valenzuela, harpsichord

Aspern Suite

Ouverture  
Tema  
Aria: "Aprite un po quegl'occhi"  
Canzonetta: "Deh vieni non tardar"  
Canzone rituale  
Passeggiata  
Continua la passeggiata  
Tramonto  
Aria: "Non più andrai farfallone amoroso"  
Notturmo  
Arietta: "Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio"  
Intermezzo  
Finale

Salvatore Sciarrino  
(b. 1947)

with

Rachel Beetz and Christine Tivolacci, flutes  
Leah Asher, viola  
Dylan Messina, cello  
Ryan Nestor, percussion  
Brendan Nguyen, harpsichord  
Jonathan Hepfer, conductor

Tuesday, October 23 2012  
8:00pm  
Conrad Prebys Music Center Concert Hall

## A NOTE ON THE PROGRAM

This program brings together two composers whose work has revolutionized vocal music and opera. At the turn of the seventeenth century, Giulio Caccini was pioneering a song style in which the music was a vehicle for the text's intellectual power to move the soul. This mode of creating vocal music led to the development of the operatic genre as we understand it today. Since the 1970s, Salvatore Sciarrino has been deconstructing this genre, returning much of the emotional power to the sounds in the music.



*This art does not suffer mediocrity: the most exquisite things to be found in music's excellence are infinite, and so we, the professors of this art, must persevere to discover them, with effort and diligence, and with utmost care and love.*

-Giulio Caccini, from the preface to *Le Nuove Musiche*, 1602

Giulio Caccini is undoubtedly the most controversial personality in one of the most interesting periods of music history. Born in Rome, he joined the court of the Medicis in Florence as a singer, singing teacher and composer. The chordally accompanied solo song he claimed to pioneer was at the origin of the operatic form. Although this type of song had been composed and performed long before the turn of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, Caccini rushed to publish, in 1602 and 1614, two collections under the pugnacious title "New Music" (*Le nuove musiche*). The disposition of both was based upon the same principle of musical servitude towards text and both contain elaborate performance instructions in the prefaces, which are among the most important sources for the performance practice of this time.

The "newness" of *Le nuove musiche* lies in positing a new relationship between music and text: text should dictate the nature of the music, not music determine the nature of the text. Several years later, Claudio Monteverdi would famously echo this sentiment with the decree that the text should be the master (*padrona*) of the harmony: determine the course and nature of the music – and not the other way around. Caccini, frustrated with the popularity of vocal ornamentation for virtuosity's sake, encourages a more sober approach to ornamentation, allowing it only when it helps express the meaning or inflection of the text. He is one of the first composers to notate all ornamentation, urging the performers to adopt "*una certa nobile sprezzatura di canto*" (a certain noble nonchalance in singing). Everything should seem to flow as naturally as possible, following the dictates of the text.

Caccini uses two distinct compositional styles in the collection: twelve madrigals and ten arias. The three selections heard tonight are madrigals drawn from the first collection of *Le Nuove Musiche*. According to Caccini's definition, madrigals are through-composed pieces which are usually elaborately ornamented on non-strophic texts with irregular metric structure. One main theme dominates all of the poems upon which the songs from *Le Nuove Musiche* are based: love. In the elegiac madrigal, the plaint of the hapless lover finds its expression in free recitative form.

### 4. CANZONE RITUALE

Civette che allettano  
Per trarci le-  
Comete che brillano  
per toglierci il lume  
Comete civette hahaha!

(from *Figaro aria*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*)

Owls that allure  
To steal our-  
Comets that shine  
To take our light away  
Comet owls hahaha!

### 5. PASSEGGIATA

-rbo, v'avè molto inganna  
Proveme solo un –  
-rò, lasseme pur in pa-  
-me con  
me provè, pres-

1. ...tuto el rispetto  
col vupo bel visetto  
anzi cauto andarò  
Perchè forse m'entrè,  
forse v'incontrarè  
quel che no pensè mai  
co m'impossesarò.

2. Voreu bezzio regali?  
Sarè presto obedia  
No digo una busia  
Nissun mi so inganar  
Nè voi altro da vu  
e gnanca un fia de più  
che sole parolete  
ma in casa voglijo entrar

3. E se non ve fidessi  
da più de sie informave  
in questo sodisfeve  
che volza la rason  
E co v'informarè  
gnente più no a spetè  
No me lassè qua abasso  
feme dessoron.

4. No stè a lassar sta sorte  
deve del bon coraggio  
e non abie travaglio  
che nove pentirè.  
Forse poda radar  
secondo il vostro far  
che un dí anca mi ve sposa  
e mia muger vu sié

*A stroll...*

–ind, you've been deceiving yourself,  
Try me only a –  
- will, leave me in pea-  
- with me  
or try to –

1. ... with all respect,  
With your beautiful face,  
I will take care.  
Because maybe you'll let me in,  
maybe I'll meet you,  
what I never thought could happen,  
I will possess.

2. Would you like nice gifts?  
You'll be soon obliged.  
I'm not lying!  
I don't know how to deceive anyone  
Neither you nor anyone else.  
Not a bit more than this,  
Just a few words with you,  
But I would like to enter your home.

3. And if you don't trust me,  
ask more than six others  
and be satisfied with it,  
because it's right.  
And when you know you can trust me,  
don't wait any longer  
don't leave me waiting downstairs  
let me be your master.

4. Don't leave it up to fate,  
but be brave,  
and don't worry  
you won't regret it.  
Maybe it will happen,  
Depending on your decision,  
That I will marry you one day,  
And I'll make you my wife.

### 6. CONTINUA LA PASSEGGIATA

1. Sento che'l cuor me manca  
averte da lassar  
e a fato abandonar  
benchè incostante.  
Moro da la passion  
che mai sarà de mi?  
privo restar de ti  
fra pene tante.

2. Soto altro cielo, oh Dio!  
fra poco mi ò da andar

*The stroll continues...*

1. I feel that my heart missed a beat,  
Since I have to leave you  
And leave it to destiny  
Even if destiny cannot be trusted.  
I die of passion,  
What will come of me?  
Deprived of you  
Through all these pains.

2. Under a different sky, oh God!  
I must go soon

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS  
*Le nuove musiche*

**Amor, io parto**

Amor, io parto, e sento nel partire  
Al penar, al morire,  
Ch'io parto da colei ch'è la mia vita,  
Se ben ella gioisce  
Quand'il mio cor languisce.  
O durezza incredibil'è infinita  
D'anima ch'l suo core  
Può restar morto, e non sentir dolore!  
Ben mi trafigge amore  
L'aspra mia pen', il mio dolor pungente,  
Ma più mi duol il duol ch'ella non sente.

**Vedrò 'l mio sol**

Vedrò 'l mio sol, vedrò prima ch'io muoia  
Quel sospirato giorno  
Che faccia 'l vostro raggio à me ritorno.  
O mia luce, o mia gioia,  
Ben più m'è dolc' il tormentar per vui  
Che'l gioir per altrui.  
Ma senza morte io non potrò soffrire  
Un sì lungo martire;  
E s'io morirò, morirà mia speme ancora  
Di veder mai d'un sì bel dì l'aurora.

**Amarilli, mia bella**

Amarilli, mia bella,  
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,  
D'esser tu l'amor mio?  
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,  
Prendi questo mio strale  
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:  
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli  
È il mio amore.

**Love, I depart**

Love, I depart, and I feel while I part,  
While I suffer and while I die,  
That I part from her who is my life,  
Although she rejoices  
When my heart languishes.  
O incredible, endless harshness  
Of the soul: her heart  
Can die without feeling pain!  
Love pierces well  
My bitter pain and my sharp grief,  
But even more painful is the grief that she  
does not feel.

**I'll see my sun**

I'll see my sun, before I die.  
I'll see that wished-for day  
When your ray returns to me.  
O my light, O my joy,  
Much sweeter is my torment for you  
Than any delight in others.  
But without death I cannot suffer  
Such a long martyrdom.  
And if I die, will also die my hope  
Ever again to see the dawn of such a  
beautiful day.

**Amarilli, my lovely**

Amaryllis, my lovely,  
Do you not believe, o my heart's sweet  
desire,  
That you are my love?  
Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,  
Take this arrow,  
Open my breast and see written on my  
heart:  
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,  
Is my beloved.



In the preface to "*The Aspern Papers*," Henry James writes that he conceived of the idea for the story while living in Florence, when he heard that Jane Clairmont (step-sister of Mary Shelley and mistress of Lord Byron), now an elderly lady, was living a reclusive life in Florence and guarding a stash of love letters from the eminent poet. There were also rumors of a young woman living with her who periodically had behavioral problems. In James' novella, a nameless narrator, obsessed with the life and work of the famous and now dead American poet Jeffrey Aspern, arrives in Venice, where in order to uncover love letters and other relics from the reclusive Miss Juliana Bordereau, a one-time mistress of the poet, the narrator readies himself to seduce the old woman's strange and homely niece.

Sciarrino's *Aspern Suite*, made up of excerpts from his 1979 opera *Aspern*, entrusts the music with the task of providing the dramatic structure. The only literal allusion to Henry James' novella is made in the Tema, the first vocal iteration:

*Strange, indeed, beyond all strangeness, that in the pursuit of traces of traces,  
we encountered, in ghosts and dust, mere echoes of echoes...*

The echoes are those of a musical Venice – which is, perhaps, the main character of Sciarrino's version of the *Aspern Papers*. The allusions to a Venetian past are evident: two traditional gondolier songs (*Passeggiata* and *Continua la passeggiata*) are framed by arias on texts from the Venetian Lorenzo da Ponte's libretto for Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Yet just as the novel's action mainly occurs at dusk, in the shadows, under ruses and pretexts, *Aspern Suite* is a palimpsest of Venetian history... conjuring up the complex old-world specters of its drama while masking their origins through shadows of sound and noise.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS  
*Aspern Suite*

TEMA

Strano, certamente,  
oltre ogni stranezza,  
che nell'inseguire tracce su tracce,  
Ci fossimo imbattuti  
in fantasmi e polvere...  
Meri echi di echi.

*Theme*

Strange, indeed,  
beyond all strangeness,  
that in pursuit of traces of traces,  
We encountered  
in ghosts and dust...  
Mere echoes of echoes...

2. ARIA "Aprite un po' quegli occhi"

Aprite un po' quegli occhi,  
Uomini incauti e sciocchi,  
Guardate queste femmine,  
Guardate cosa son!  
Queste chiamate dee  
Son rose spinose  
Son volpi vezzose  
Son orse benigne,  
Colombe maligne,  
Maestre d'inganni,  
Amiche d'affanni,  
Che fingono, mentono,  
Amore non senton,  
Non senton pietà.  
Il resto nol dico,  
Già ognuno lo sa.

(from *Figaro* aria, *Le Nozze di Figaro*)

Open your eyes a little,  
imprudent and silly men  
Look at these women  
Look what they are!  
These you call goddesses  
they're thorny roses  
they're charming foxes  
they're benign bears,  
malign doves,  
masters of deception  
friends of worries  
who pretend, lie,  
don't feel any love,  
don't feel any pity.  
The rest I won't even say,  
Everybody already knows it.

3. CANZONETTA "Deh vieni non tardar"

Deh vieni, non tardar  
o gioja bella  
Vieni ove amore  
per goder t'appella  
Finche non splende  
in ciel notturna face  
Finche l'aria e ancor bruna,  
E il mondo tace.  
Vieni, ben mio  
fra queste piante ascose.  
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

(from *Susanna* aria, *Le Nozze di Figaro*)

Oh, come, don't be late  
my beautiful joy  
Come where love  
calls you to enjoyment  
Until night's torches no longer shine  
in the sky  
As long as the air is still dark  
And the world quiet.  
Come, my dear,  
among these hidden plants.  
I want to crown you with roses.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS  
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Al penar, al morire,  
Ch'io parto da colei ch'è la mia vita,  
Se ben ella gioisce  
Quand'il mio cor languisce.  
O durezza incredibil'è infinita  
D'anima ch'l suo core  
Può restar morto, e non sentir dolore!  
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Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,  
Prendi questo mio strale  
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