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 Poretsky, 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 Wulridge, 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
From Women’s Voices (1979)                        Ned Rorem (b. 1923)

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

Не 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
   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 Elimelech"                     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 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!

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.

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.

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.

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?
Не ветер вея с высоты (Not the wind, blowing from the heights)
Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy (1817-1875)

Не ветер, вея с высоты,
Листов коснулся ночью лунной;
Моей души коснулась ты —
Она тревожна, как листы,
Она, как гусли, многострунная.
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…

Il fevrido desiderio
Anonymous

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

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

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

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

Dolente imagine di Fille mia
Attributed to M. Fumaroli and G. Genoino

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

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

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.

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
queste rive e questi fiori
ed inspiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonial 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,
e ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Translation composite from multiple sources
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 fiddldike fiddler und der
fiddledike fiddlt
Un der fiddledike fiddler hobn zei
Un az di fiddldike fiddler und der
fiddledike fiddlt
Ut di fiddldike fiddler di tsvei

When the Rabbi Elimeleh
Became somewhat joyful
Became somewhat joyful, Elimelech
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, Elimelech
He removed his tefillin
And wiped his glasses
And invited the clarinetist to play.
And the clarinetist clarineted,

As der Rebbe Elimeleh
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 paikldike paikler...

When the Rabbi Elimeleh
Became completely joyful
Became completely joyful, Elimelech
He prayed for Havdalah
With the sexton Reb Naftoleh
And invited the tsimbler to play.
And the tsimbler tsimbled
And the tsimbler tsimbled, and the
tsimbler tsimbled,
And the tsimbler tsimbled some more.
And the fiddler clarineted, and the
clarinetist fiddled,
And the tsimbler fiddled…

Translation by Mark Gomelskiy and M. Kaganskaya