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.

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.

(from Cherubino aria, Le Nozze di Figaro)
Non piú piú cosa son, cosa faccio
Or di foco, ora sono o di ghiaccio
Ogni donna cambia di colore
Ogni donna mi fa palpitar.

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

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 piú andrai farfallone amoroso"
Notturno
Arietta: "Non so piú cosa son, cosa faccio"
Intermezzo
Finale

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

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 Sloter 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

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.

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 Medics 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 17th 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 note all ornamentation, urging the performers to adopt “una certa nobile servitudo 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 allietano 
Per tracci le — 
Comete che brillano 
per toglierci il lume 
Comete civette hahaha!

5. PASSEGGIATA
-rho, v’ave molto inganna 
Proverme solo un — 
-e, lasserme pur in pa- 
-me con 
me provè, pres- 
1. ...tutto el rispetto 
col vupo bel visetto 
anzi cauto andaró 
Perché forse m’entré, 
forse v’incontraré 
quel che no pensé mai 
co m’impossesaro.

2. Voreu bezzio regali? 
Sare presto obiedia 
No digo una busia 
Nissun mi so inganar 
Né voi altro da vu 
e gnumia un fia di più 
che sole parellete 
ma in casa voglijo entrar 
3. E se non ve fidessi 
di piu di sie informa 
vino in questo sodisfeve 
che volza la rason 
e co v’informan 
ghente piu no a spaté 
No me lassé qua abasso 
ferme desu paron.

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

6. CONTINUA LA PASSEGGIATA
1. Sento che’l cuor me manca 
averti da lassar 
e a tanto abbandonar 
benché incostante. 
Moro da la passion 
che maì sarà de mi? 
privo restar de ti 
frà pene tante.

2. Soto altro cieò, oh Dio! 
frà pocò mi ò da andar 
(from Figaro aria, Le Nozze di Figaro)
Comets that shine
To take our light away
Comet owls hahaha!

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.

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
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 passeggiate) 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.

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...

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.
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 incredibile e infinita
D’anima ch’è suo core
Può restar morto, e non sentir dolore!
Ben mi trallegge amore
L’aspra mia peri’, il mio dolor pungete,
Ma più mi duol il duol ch’ella non sente.

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, 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 questi mio strale
Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,
Take this arrow,
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amarilli, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
Is my beloved.

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**TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS**

**Le nuove musiche**

Amor, io parto
Amor, io parto, 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 pains and my sharp grief,
But even more painful is the grief that she does not feel.

T’è il mio amore.
That is my beloved.

Amarilli, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
I want to crown you with roses.

**Aspern Suite**

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

Credo, pur: e se timor t’assale,
Prendi questi mio strale
Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,
Take this arrow,
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amarilli, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
Is my beloved.

Texts and translations

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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.

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Take this arrow,
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amarilli, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
Is my beloved.

**Aspern Suite**

**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 “Apriete un po’ quegli occhi”**

Apriete un po’ quegli occhi,
Uomini incerti e sciocchi,
Guardate queste femmine,
Guardate cosa son!
Questa chiamate deo
Son rose spinose
Son volpi vezzose
Son one benigne,
Colome maligne,
Maestre d’inganni,
Amiche d’affanni,
Che fingono, mentono,
Amore non senton,
Che faccia ‘l vostro raggio à me r
Quel sospirato giorno
Vedrò ‘l mio sol
Ma più mi duol il duol ch’ella non sente.
L’aspra mia pen’, il mio dolor pungente,
Ben mi trafigge amore
Può r
D’anima ch’l suo core
O durezza incredibil’e infinita
Se ben ella gioisce
Ch’io parto da colei ch’è la mia vita,
Al penar, al morire,
Amor, io parto, e sento nel partire

3. **CANZONETTA “Deh vieni non tardar”**

Deh vieni, non tardar
Vieni ove amore
per goder t’appella
Finche non splende
in ciel notturna luce
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)