

a sound,  
vast and summerlike...

chamber opera

music of

erik satie

morton feldman



may 18, 20, 21 / 2011

7 pm

conrad prebys music center

uc san diego department of music

# **“A sound, vast and summerlike...”**

an evening of music/theater

featuring the music of Erik Satie and Morton Feldman

Aleck Karis, conductor and pianist

Susan Narucki, director

Nick Patin, lighting design

## **Cast**

Philip Larson, baritone

Kallisti

Jessica Aszodi, mezzo soprano

Tiffany Du Mouchelle, soprano

Meghann Welsh, soprano

## **Musicians**

Palimpsest

Batya Macadam-Somer, violin (+,+++)

Sara Ballance, violin (+)

Travis Maril, viola (+)

Erica Erenyi, cello (+,++,+++)

Caitlin Fahey, cello (++)

Adam Goodwin, contrabass (++)

Scott Worthington, contrabass (+,++)

Rachel Beetz, flute (++)

Berglind Tomasdottir, flute (+,++)

Curt Miller, clarinet, bass clarinet (+,++)

Susan Barrett, oboe (+)

Electra Reed, English horn (+)

Tom Shubert, bassoon (+)

Nicolee Kuester, horn (+,++,+++)

Frank Glasson, trumpet (+,++)

Ian Carroll, trombone (++)

Brendan Nguyen, celesta, piano (++,+++)

Dustin Donahue, percussion (++,+++)

Steve Solook, timpani (+)

Tasha Smith, harp (+)

## Program

**For Franz Kline** (1963) +++ Morton Feldman  
Soprano, violin, cello, horn, piano and chimes

**Three songs** Erik Satie  
La statue de bronze (1916)  
Daphénéo (1916)  
Tendrement (1902)

Philip Larson, baritone  
Aleck Karis, piano

**Three Gymnopedies** (1888) Erik Satie  
Lent et douloureux  
Lent et triste  
Lent et grave  
Aleck Karis, piano

**Socrate** (1918) (+) Erik Satie  
Drame Symphonique en 3 Parties avec Voix  
Sur des dialogues de Plato translated by Victor Cousin

I Portrait de Socrate (Le Banquet)  
II Bords de L'Ilissus (Phèdre)  
III Mort de Socrate (Phédon)

Alcibiade, Phèdre: Jessica Aszodi  
Socrate: Meghann Welsh  
Phédon: Tiffany DuMouchelle

**Madame Press Died Last Week at Ninety** (1970) (++) Morton Feldman  
Two flutes, two cellos, two basses, horn, trumpet, trombone, bass clarinet, chimes, celesta

*The performance is 1 hour and will be performed without intermission. Please hold applause until the end. Thank you.*

## About the program

*Here, a fair resting-place, full of summer sounds and scents. Here is this lofty and spreading plane-tree..., in the fullest blossom and the greatest fragrance; and the stream which flows beneath so deliciously cold to the feet... How delightful is the breeze - so very sweet; and there is a sound in the air, vast and summerlike..." - Phaedrus, Plato*

I drew the inspiration for the title of this evening's work, from this fragment of Phaedrus, written by Plato in 360 B.C. In this dialogue, Phaedrus and Socrates walk along the side of a brook, in the fullness of a beautiful summer day. Phaedrus is eager to share a discourse that he has heard from Lysias, in which Lysias has cleverly proved that friendship is of more worth than love. Socrates answers him:

*"O that is noble of him! I wish that he would say the poor man rather than the rich, and the old man rather than the young one; then he would meet the case of me, and of many a man..."*

They walk and talk, in search of an exquisite "fair resting place", and their conversation continues. Is *eros* superior to *agape*? Phaedrus and Socrates discuss the equations of romantic love, the cause and effect measured daily as evidence by those under the sway of the tyranny of passion. Is this of more intrinsic worth than friendship, whose affection is more constant, less attached to a series of specific results, a beacon of light in an ocean of time? They consider one of life's essential questions, examining each turn of phrase with concentration, in a manner that is unhurried, and which seems to be infused with the light and space of their surroundings.

Erik Satie (1866-1925) also found inspiration in Phaedrus. It is one of the three texts that he adapted for his drama symphonique, *Socrate*, which is the cornerstone of tonight's performance. Too often, Satie's life seems no more than an amusing anecdote, an assemblage as varied and eccentric as his compositions. Wasn't he the man who only wore grey velvet suits? And ate white food? And gave strange public lectures about music in an obscure bourgeois suburb of Paris? Who played the piano in cabarets of Montmartre and wrote sentimental songs? Who lived in one room, with only a piano, a bed, a table and a chair?

Yes, this was Eric Satie. But what we often miss about the composer of the almost-too-familiar Three Gymnopédies was that he was a visionary. Certainly no one hearing him struggle with the piano during his earliest training would have expected this. (One of his teachers issued this report: “Worthless. Three months just to learn the piece. Cannot read properly.”) Satie found both his salvation and direction at the age of 16, discovering the works of Bach and Chopin, and the mystic doctrine and ritual of the Catholic Faith. Over the next decade, his musical language developed, a strange mixture of modality, flat and repetitious rhythmic patterns and a harmonic structure that rejected common norms regarding preparation, resolution and tonal center. What was he looking for in these odd, motionless pieces, so bare and plain, so far removed from the imperative of destination, an integral component of the musical language of the late nineteenth century? It was not altogether clear, not even to his circle of intimate friends (which included the composers Claude Debussy and Maurice Ravel).

What was certain was that Satie was willing to make the passionate argument that French composers needed to find their own path, one far away from the prevalent dominance of Wagner. Satie had that argument often with Debussy, over the course of their thirty-year friendship; his influence altered the course of Debussy’s compositional language. But not too much - to the established musical institutions of France, Debussy was inside, Satie never got through the door. Satie proudly displayed his ideas in his own compositions, and as is often the case, for those who see long and far, he became an object of ridicule.

Yet Satie never compromised and never ceased attempting to master the tools of his craft. After a period of early notoriety and notorious failures, he retreated from the world for twelve years, entering into an almost complete creative dormancy. He emerged at age forty, applying for admission to The Schola Cantorum, a school which emphasized formal training, studying counterpoint under the distinguished composer Albert Roussel, and orchestration and analysis under Vincent d’Indy.

By 1910, the concepts of modernism were taking root in Paris, in literature, painting, theater - and in music. Satie was no longer an affront to convention. ‘Monsieur Le Pauvre’ was “re-discovered” by a generation of younger musicians; a mascot, an ally, a symbol of the good fight, on its way to being won. After years of crushing poverty, Satie began to have opportunity, and even some success. Satie had been contemplating setting Plato’s texts as early as 1917, and in 1919, was commissioned by the Princess Edmond de Polignac to set the Death of Socrates to music.

The first performance of Socrate was given in 1920; it was a scandal. Critics and prominent musicians were bitterly divided in their opinion of the work's merits.

The vocal line is stubbornly syllabic; it never yields to the emotional inflection offered by a melismatic passage or even the extension of a vowel sound over two successive pitches. The relentless and almost motoric repetition of the instrumental accompaniment finds release in sudden changes, which occur without fanfare, and which subside just as quickly. To our twenty-first century sensibility, Socrate "fits" - as a precursor to minimalism, a break from traditional narrative structure, an experiment in bending our sense of time. It is understandable, however, that at its premiere, it seemed to be strange animal from another planet. Did Satie identify with Socrates, the gadfly on the Athenian rump? Now toward the end of his extraordinary life, he had not compromised his vision. Ill health plagued him, decades of drinking and hardship were taking their toll - *"the poor man rather than the rich, and the old man rather than the young one"*. The audience snickered at the story of Socrates, a man unjustly condemned, who dies peacefully. Satie's only comment about the reception: *"Etrange, n'est-ce pas?"*

Fast forward to another time and place, America in the mid-twentieth century, and the journey of another visionary: Morton Feldman. Feldman's early musical training was an amble alongside a brook and a conversation.

*"At the age of twelve, I was fortunate enough to come under the tutelage of Madame Maurina-Press, a Russian aristocrat who earned her living after the revolution by teaching piano and playing in a trio... It was because of her - only, I think because she was not a disciplinarian - that I was instilled with a vibrant musicality rather than musicianship.*

*...I must have had a secret desire to leave this dream-like attitude to music and become a "musician" because at eighteen, I found myself with Stephan Wolpe. But all we did was argue about music, and I felt I was learning nothing. One day I stopped paying him. Nothing was said about it. I continued to go, and we continued to argue, and we are still arguing eighteen years later. "*

Feldman became an inmate friend of John Cage and Philip Guston, one of the painters who inhabited the incandescent art scene of New York City in the 1950's. The synergy between artists and musicians was similar to that of Satie's Paris, fifty years prior.

*"There was very little talk about music with John. Things were moving too fast to even talk about. But there was an incredible amount of talk about painting. John and I would drop in at the Cedar Bar at six in the afternoon and talk until it closed and after it closed. I can say without exaggeration that we did this every day for five years of our lives.*

*The new painting made me desirous of a sound world more direct, more immediate, more physical than anything that had existed heretofore. Varèse had elements of this. But he was too "Varèse". Webern had glimpses of it, but his work was too involved with the disciplines of the twelve-tone system. The new structure required a concentration more demanding than if the technique were that of still photography, which for me is what precise notation has come to imply."*

To read Feldman's descriptions of the evolution of his compositional process could seem like a study in minutae, if the subject were not that one thing that musicians find endlessly fascinating: the currency of time. He speaks about his desire not to compose, but "to project sounds into time, free from compositional rhetoric." He experiments with graphic notation and abandons it because of its limitations. In "For Franz Klein", one of the works on the program, Feldman has the musicians reading off a single part. He writes of assembling the piece to "create the effect of reverberations from an identical sound source". Destination is no longer part of the equation, other than that of being alive and fully concentrated in the present moment.

Phaedrus and Socrates, Satie and Feldman. Is *eros* of more value than *agape*? Are destination and result the only ways to measure our experience? Satie and Feldman persisted in their exploration of what was unthinkable, and undoable, and gave us their answer: music full of space and light, weightless and without time - sounds, vast and summerlike.

-- Susan Narucki

## Three Songs by Erik Satie

### La statue de bronze

La grenouille du jeu de tonneau  
S'ennuie, le soir, sous la tonnelle...  
Elle en a assez! d'être la statue  
Qui va prononcer un grand mot:  
Le Mot!  
Elle aimerait mieux être avec les  
autres  
Qui font des bulles de musique  
Avec le savon de la lune  
Au bord du lavoir mordoré  
Qu'on voit, là-bas, luire entre les  
branches...  
On lui lance à coeur de journée  
Une pâture de pistoles  
Qui la traversent sans lui profiter  
Et s'en vont sonner  
Dans les cabinets  
De son piédestal numéroté!  
Et le soir, les insectes couchent  
Dans sa bouche...

### The bronze statue

The frog of the barrel game  
Grows weary at evening, beneath the  
arbor...  
She has had enough of being the  
statue,  
Who is about to pronounce a great  
word: The Word!  
She would love to be with the others  
Who make music bubbles  
With the soap of the moon  
Beside the lustrous bronze tub  
That one sees there, shining between  
the branches...  
At midday one hurls at her  
A feast of discs  
That pass through without benefit to  
her  
And will resound In the chambers Of  
her numbered pedestal!  
And at night, the insects go to sleep In  
her mouth...



## **Daphénéo**

Dis-moi, Daphénéo,  
quel est donc cet arbre  
Dont les fruits sont des oiseaux qui  
pleurent?

Cet arbre, Chrysaline, est un oisetier.

Ah! Je croyais que les noisetiers  
Donnaient des noisettes, Daphénéo.

Oui, Chrysaline, les noisetiers donnent  
des noisettes, Mais les oisetiers  
donnent des oiseaux qui pleurent.

Ah!...

Tell me, Dapheneo,  
what do you call the the tree whose  
fruit is weeping birds?

That tree, Chrysaline, is a oisetier.

Ah! I thought that noisetiers were  
hazelnut trees, Dapheneo.

Yes, Chrysaline, noisetiers give  
hazelnuts,  
But oisetiers produce weeping birds!

Ah!...

## **Tendrement**

D'un amour tendre et pur  
afin qu'il vous souviennne,  
Voici mon coeur, mon coeur  
tremblant,  
Mon pauvre coeur d'enfant  
Et voici, pâle fleur que vous fites  
éclore,  
Mon âme qui ce meurt de vous Et de  
vos yeux si doux.  
Mon âme est la chapelle,  
Où la nuit et le jour  
Devant votre grâce immortelle, Prie à  
deux genoux mon fidèle amour. Dans  
l'ombre et le mystère Chante  
amoureuusement Un douce prière,  
Païenne si légère, C'est votre nom  
charmant

With a tender, pure love, one that you  
will remember,  
Here is my heart, my trembling heart,  
my poor childish heart.  
Here, too, pale flower that you have  
made to bloom,  
is my soul that dies for you and your  
sweet eyes.

My soul is the chapel  
Where, night and day, my faithful love  
goes down on both knees to pray  
before your immortal grace.  
In shadow and mystery, a sweet, slight  
pagan prayer sings lovingly. 'Tis your  
charming name.

## **SOCRATE**

Drama Symphonique en 3 Parties avec Voix  
Sur des dialogues de Platon traduits par Victor Cousin  
ERIK SATIE

### **I: Portrait de Socrate** (Le Banquet) [From *Symposium*, 32-33-35]

ALCIBIADE:

Or, mes chers amis, afin de louer Socrate, j'aurai besoin de comparaisons: lui croira peut-être que je veux plaisanter; mais rien n'est plus sérieux. Je dis d'abord qu'il ressemble tout-à-fait à ces Silènes qu'on voit exposés dans les ateliers des sculpteurs et que les artistes représentent avec une flûte ou des pipeaux à la main, et dans l'intérieur desquels, quand on les ouvre, en séparant les deux pièces dont ils se composent, on trouve renfermées des statues de divinités. Je prétends ensuite qu'il ressemble au satyre Marsyas. Et n'es-tu pas aussi joueur de flûte? Oui, sans doute, et bien plus étonnant que Marsyas. Celui-ci charmait les hommes par les belles choses que sa bouche tirait de ses instrumens, et autant en fait aujourd'hui quiconque répète ses airs; en effet, ceux que jouait Olympos, je les attribue à Marsyas son maître. La seule différence, Socrate, qu'il y ait ici entre Marsyas et toi, c'est que sans instrumens, avec de simples discours, tu fais la même chose. Pour moi mes amis n'était la crainte de vous paraître totalement ivre, je vous attesterais avec serment l'effet extraordinaire que ses discours m'ont fait et me font encore. En l'écoutant, je sens palpiter mon cœur plus fortement que si j'étais agité de la manie dansante des corybantes, ses paroles font couler mes larmes et j'en vois un grand nombre d'autres ressentir les mêmes émotions. Tels sont les prestiges qu'exerce, et sur moi et sur bien d'autres, la flûte de ce satyre.

SOCRATE:

Tu viens de faire mon éloge, c'est à mon tour de faire celui de ton voisin de droite.

### **II: "Bords de L'Illissus (Phèdre)** [From *Phaedrus*, 4-5]

SOCRATE:

Détournons-nous un peu du chemin, et, s'il te plaît, descendons le long des bords de l'Illissus. Là nous pourrions trouver une place solitaire pour nous asseoir où tu voudras.

PHÈDRE:

Je m'applaudis en vérité d'être sorti aujourd'hui sans chaussure, car pour toi c'est ton usage. Qui donc nous empêche de descendre dans le courant même, et de nous baigner les pieds tout en marchant? Ce serait un vrai plaisir, surtout dans cette saison et à cette heure du jour.

**Part I - Portrait of Socrates** [The Banquet] [From *Symposium*, 32-33-35]

ALCIBIADES:

And now, my dear friends, in order to praise Socrates I will need to make comparisons, and yet I speak not in jest; nothing could be more serious. I say that he is exactly like the busts of Silenus, which are set up in the statuaries' shops, which the artists represent holding a flute or pipes in hand, and which, when they are made to open in the middle and are separated into two pieces, have images of gods inside them. I say also that he resembles Marsyas the satyr. And are you not also a flute-player? That you are, without doubt, and far more astonishing than Marsyas. He indeed charmed the souls of men by the beautiful sounds his breath drew from his instruments, and the players of his music do so still: for the melodies of Olympus are derived from Marsyas who taught them. The only difference, Socrates, between Marsyas and you is that without instruments, with the effect with your words only, you produce the same result. For me, my friends, if I were not afraid that you would think me hopelessly drunk, I would have sworn to the extraordinary influence which they have always had and still have over me. For when I hear them my heart leaps within me more than that of any Corybantian reveler in his dancing frenzy. His words cause my tears to flow, and I observe that many others are affected in the same manner. And this is power exercised over me and many others by the flute-playing of this satyr.

SOCRATES:

You have just praised me: It now falls to me in turn to praise the neighbor to my right.

**Part II - On the banks of the Ilissus** [From *Phaedrus*, 4-5]

SOCRATES:

Let us turn aside and, if you please, go along the banks of the Ilissus; There, we will find a quiet spot where we can sit.

PHAEDRUS:

I am fortunate in not having my sandals, as is your practice. What then prevents us from descending to the brook and cooling our feet in the water while walking? That would be a true delight, especially in this season and this time of day.

SOCRATE:

Je le veux bien; avance donc et cherche en même temps un lieu pour nous asseoir.

PHÈDRE:

Vois-tu ce platane élevé?

SOCRATE:

Eh bien?

PHÈDRE:

Là nous trouverons de l'ombre, un air frais, et du gazon qui nous servira de siège, ou même de lit si nous voulons.

SOCRATE:

Va je te suis.

PHÈDRE:

Dis-moi, Socrate, n'est ce pas ici quelque part sur les bords de l'Ilissus que Borée enleva, dit on, la jeune Orithye?

SOCRATE: On le dit.

PHÈDRE:

Mais ne serait ce pas dans cet endroit même? Car l'eau y est si belle, si claire et si limpide, que des jeunes filles ne pouvaient trouver un lieu plus propice à leurs jeux.

SOCRATE:

Ce n'est pourtant pas ici, mais deux ou trois stades plus bas, là où l'on passe le fleuve. On y voit même un autel consacré à Borée.

PHÈDRE: Je ne me le remets pas bien. Mais dis-moi, de grâce, crois tu donc à cette aventure fabuleuse?

SOCRATE:

Mais si j'en doutais, comme les savans, je ne serais pas fort embarrassé; je pourrais subtiliser, et dire que le vent du nord la fit tomber d'une des roches voisines, quand elle jouait avec Pharmacée, et que ce genre de mort donna lieu de croire qu'elle avait été ravie par Borée; ou bien je pourrais dire qu'elle tomba du rocher de l'Aréopage, car c'est là que plusieurs transportent la scène... ..Mais à propos, n'est-ce point là cet arbre où tu me conduisais?

PHÈDRE:

C'est lui même.

SOCRATES:

I desire it; lead on, and look out for a place in which we can sit down.

PHAEDRUS:

Do you see that tall plane-tree?

SOCRATES:

Yes.

PHAEDRUS:

There we will find shade and gentle breezes, and grass which will serve as a seat or even a bed, if we wish.

SOCRATES:

Lead on, I will follow.

PHAEDRUS:

Tell me, Socrates, was it not here, somewhere the banks of the Ilissus where Boreas is said to have carried off young Orithyia?

SOCRATES:

So it is said.

PHAEDRUS:

And is not this the exact spot? The little stream is so pretty, so bright and clear, that young maidens could not find a better spot for their play.

SOCRATES:

I believe that the spot is not exactly here, but about a quarter of a mile lower down, where you cross the river. There one sees an altar dedicated to Boreas.

PHAEDRUS:

I have never noticed it; but I beseech you to tell me, do you believe this fabulous tale?

SOCRATES:

If I doubted it, as the savants do, I would not be embarrassed. I could rationalize and say that the north wind made her fall from those neighboring rocks when she was playing with Pharmacia, and this being the manner of her death, she was said to have been carried away by Boreas; or I could say that she fell from the rock at Areopagus, for many have transposed the scene to that place...But speaking of that, is this not the plane-tree to which you were leading us?

PHAEDRUS:

Yes, this is the place.

SOCRATE:

Par Junon, le charmant lieu de repos! Comme ce platane est large et élevé! Et cet agnus-castus, avec ses rameaux élancés et son bel ombrage, ne dirait on pas qu'il est là tout en fleur pour embaumer l'air? Quoi de plus gracieux, je te prie, que cette source qui coule sous ce platane, et dont nos pieds attestent la fraîcheur? Ce lieu pourrait bien être consacré à quelques nymphes et au fleuve Achéloüs, à en juger par ces figures et ces statues. Goûte un peu l'air qu'on y respire: est-il rien de si suave et de si délicieux? Le chant des cigales a quelque chose d'animé et qui sent l'été. J'aime surtout cette herbe touffue qui nous permet de nous étendre et de reposer mollement notre tête sur ce terrain légèrement incliné. Mon cher Phèdre, tu ne pouvais mieux me conduire.

### III: Mort de Socrate (Phédon) [*From Phaedo*, 3-23-25-28-65-67]

PHÉDON:

Depuis la condamnation de Socrate nous ne manquions pas un seul jour d'aller le voir. Comme la place publique, où le jugement avait été rendu, était tout près de la prison, nous nous y rassemblions le matin, et là nous attendions, en nous entretenant ensemble, que la prison fût ouverte, et elle ne l'était jamais de bonne heure... ..Le geôlier, qui nous introduisait ordinairement, vint au-devant de nous, et nous dit d'attendre, et de ne pas entrer avant qu'il nous appelât lui-même. Quelques moments après, il revint et nous ouvrit. En entrant, nous trouvâmes Socrate qu'on venait de délivrer de ses fers, et Xantippe, tu la connais, auprès de lui, et tenant un de ses enfants entre ses bras... Alors Socrate, se mettant sur son séant, plia la jambe qu'on venait de dégager, la frotta avec sa main, et nous dit... L'étrange chose mes amis, que ce que les hommes appellent plaisir, et comme il a de merveilleux rapports avec la douleur que l'on prétend contraire!... N'est-ce pas dans la jouissance et la souffrance que le corps subjugue et enchaîne l'âme?... A grande peine persuaderais-je aux autres hommes que je ne prends point pour un malheur l'état où je me trouve, puisque je ne saurais vous le persuader à vous-mêmes... Vous me croyez donc, à ce qu'il paraît, bien inférieur aux cygnes, pour ce qui regarde le pressentiment et la divination. Les cygnes, quand ils sentent qu'ils vont mourir, chantent encore mieux ce jour-là qu'ils n'ont jamais fait, dans la joie d'aller trouver le dieu qu'ils servent... ..Bien que j'aie plusieurs fois admiré Socrate, je ne le fis jamais autant qu'en cette circonstance.... J'étais assis à sa droite, à côté du lit, sur un petit siège; et lui, il était assis plus haut que moi. Me passant la main sur la tête, et prenant mes cheveux, qui tombaient sur mes épaules:... Demain, dit-il, ô Phédon! tu feras couper ces beaux cheveux; n'est-ce pas?...

...Il se leva et passa dans une chambre voisine, pour y prendre le bain; Criton l'y suivit, et Socrate nous pria de l'attendre... En rentrant, il s'assit sur son lit, et n'eut pas le temps de nous dire grand'chose;... Car le serviteur des Onze entra presque en même temps, et s'approchant de lui: Socrate, dit-il, j'espère que je n'aurai pas à te faire le même reproche qu'aux autres: dès que je viens les avertir, par l'ordre des magistrats, qu'il faut boire le poison, ils s'emportent contre moi et me maudissent; mais pour toi, depuis que tu es ici, je t'ai toujours trouvé le plus courageux, le plus doux et le

SOCRATES:

By Hera, a charming place of repose! How great and lofty this plane-tree is! And the agnus castus with its slender branches, and its lovely shade, is it not in the fullest blossom, filling the air with fragrance? What could be more delightful, I ask you, than the spring which flows beneath the plane-tree, so deliciously cool to our feet? This place could well be sacred to some nymph and the river god Achelous, judging from the images and statues. Taste the air that we breathe: is there anything more sweet and delicious? The chorus of the cicadas makes a sound, vast and summerlike. I love above all this tufted grass, which allows us to recline and gently rest our heads on the soft incline. My dear Phaedrus, you have been an admirable guide.

### **Part III - Death of Socrates** [*From Phaedo*, 3-23-25-28-65-67]

PHAEDO:

Since the condemnation of Socrates we did not miss a single day of visiting him. The public court where judgment was rendered was very close to the prison, so we assembled there in the morning, and there we waited, talking together, until the prison opened, which was never very early...The jailer who answered the door, came before us and told us to wait and not enter until he himself called us. He soon returned and said that we might come in. On entering we found Socrates just released from chains, and Xanthippe, whom you know, at his side, holding one of his children in her arms. Socrates, sitting up, bent his leg, which had just been freed, rubbed it with his hand, and said...."How singular is the thing called pleasure, and how curiously related to pain, which might be thought to be the opposite of it; Is it not pleasure and pain that rivet the soul to the body? I am not very likely to persuade other men that I do not regard my present situation as a misfortune, if I cannot even persuade you of it... Will you not allow that I have as much of the spirit of prophecy in me as the swans? For they, when they perceive that they are going to die, do then sing more lustily than ever, rejoicing in the thought that they are about to go away to the god whom they serve"... Often, I have wondered at Socrates, but never more than on that occasion... I was close to him on his right hand, seated on a sort of stool, and he on a couch which was a good deal higher. He stroked my hair, which fell to my shoulders, and said: "Tomorrow, Phaedo, I suppose that these fair locks of yours will be cut, will they not?"...

...He arose and went into a chamber to bathe; Crito followed him and Socrates asked us to wait... When he came out, he sat down with us again, but had not the time to say much to us. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—you, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place; indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for oth-

meilleur de ceux qui sont jamais venus dans cette prison; et en ce moment je sais bien que je suis assuré que tu n'es pas fâché contre moi, mais contre ceux qui sont la cause de ton malheur, et que tu connais bien. Maintenant, tu sais ce que je viens t'annoncer; adieu, tâche de supporter avec résignation ce qui est inévitable. Et en même temps il se détourna en fondant en larmes, et se retira. Socrate, le regardant, lui dit: et toi aussi, reçois mes adieux; je ferai ce que tu dis. Et se tournant vers nous: voyez, nous dit-il, quelle honnêteté dans cet homme: tout le temps que j'ai été ici, il m'est venu voir souvent, et s'est entretenu avec moi: c'était le meilleur des hommes; et maintenant comme il me pleure de bon coeur!

Mais allons, Criton; obéissons-lui de bonne grâce, et qu'on m'apporte le poison, s'il est broyé; sinon, qu'il le broie lui-même... Criton fit signe à l'esclave qui se tenait auprès. L'esclave sortit, et, après être sorti quelque temps, il revint avec celui qui devait donner le poison, qu'il portait tout broyé dans une coupe. Aussitôt que Socrate le vit : fort bien, mon ami, lui dit-il; mais que faut-il que je fasse? Car c'est à toi à me l'apprendre. Pas autre chose, lui dit cet homme, que de te promener quand tu auras bu, jusqu'à ce que tu sentes tes jambes appesanties, et alors de te coucher sur ton lit; le poison agira de lui-même. Et en même temps il lui tendit la coupe... Socrate porta la coupe à ses lèvres, et la but avec une tranquillité et une douceur merveilleuse. Jusque-là nous avons eu presque tous assez de force pour retenir nos larmes; mais en le voyant boire, et après qu'il eut bu, nous n'en fûmes plus les maîtres. Pour moi, malgré tous mes efforts, mes larmes s'échappèrent avec tant d'abondance, que je me couvris de mon manteau pour pleurer sur moi-même; car ce n'est pas le malheur de Socrate que je pleurais, mais le mien, en songeant quel ami j'allais perdre... ...Cependant Socrate, qui se promenait, dit qu'il sentait ses jambes s'appesantir, et il se coucha sur le dos, comme l'homme l'avait ordonné. En même temps le même homme qui lui avait donné le poison, s'approcha, et après avoir examiné quelque temps ses pieds et ses jambes, il lui serra le pied fortement, et lui demanda s'il le sentait; il dit que non. Il lui serra ensuite les jambes; et, portant ses mains plus haut, il nous fit voir que le corps se glaçait et se raidissait; et le touchant lui-même, il nous dit que, dès que le froid gagnerait le cœur, alors Socrate nous quitterait... ...Alors se découvrant, Socrate dit: Criton, nous devons un coq à Esculape; n'oublie pas d'acquitter cette dette... Un peu de temps après il fit un mouvement convulsif; alors l'homme le découvrit tout-à-fait: ses regards étaient fixes. Criton, s'en étant aperçu, lui ferma la bouche et les yeux... ...Voilà, Échécrates, qu'elle fut la fin de notre ami, du plus sage et du plus juste de tous les hommes.



ers, as you are aware, and not I, are the cause of your misfortune. And now, you know why I have come here, so fare you well, and try to bear the inevitable with resignation. Then bursting into tears he turned away. Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes, and bid you adieu; I will do as you say." Then turning to us, he said: "See how honest the man is: since I have been in prison he has often come to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good to me as could be; he has been the best of men, and now see how generously he sorrows on my account!

We must obey him, Crito, with good grace; and therefore let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let him prepare it"... Crito made a sign to the slave, who was standing by; and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "Good, my friend; but what should I do? You must teach me. The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates... Then raising the cup to his lips, he drank the poison with a sweet tranquility that was marvelous to behold. Till then most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept, not for him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having to lose such a friend... and Socrates, as he walked, said his legs began to grow heavy, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said: "No"; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he body was becoming cold and stiff. And he touching the body himself, he said: "When the poison reaches the heart, Socrates will leave us"... then Socrates uncovered himself, and said: "Crito, we owe a cock to Asclepius; don't forget to pay the debt"... a little later he made a convulsive movement, and so the attendant fully uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito, seeing this, closed his eyes and mouth. Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, the wisest and most just of men.

Before UCSD, mezzo-soprano **Jessica Aszodi** studied at the Victorian College of the Arts in Melbourne, Australia. Following that she was a young artist, then a principal artist with the Victorian State Opera Company. Jessica is interested in collaborative approaches to music-making; improvisation, experimental and contemporary repertoire. She has been a soloist with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, the Melbourne Chorale, Royal Melbourne Philharmonic and a gamut of Australian Arts festivals. She has sung over a dozen roles with Australian and international opera companies including Elvira (*Don Giovanni*), Eve (*Dienstag aus licht*), Sesto (*Guilio Cesare*) and Aminta (*The Shepherd king*). She is the director of vocal ensemble Aria Co, who this year perform at series of concerts at the Melbourne recital centre and make their Sydney Opera house debut.

Soprano **Tiffany Du Mouchelle** is “a passionate performer who holds nothing back.” Recognized for her fearlessness in exploring new and challenging repertoire, she performs a wide-range of musical styles in over 20 different languages. The grand-prize winner of the 2006 Mannes College of Music Concerto Competition, she made her Lincoln Center debut, performing Joseph Schwantner’s Two Poems of Agueda Pizarro under the baton of maestro David Hayes. As a soloist, chamber musician, and opera singer, Ms. Du Mouchelle has performed for such notable organizations as the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Center for Contemporary Opera and American Composer’s Alliance.

**Meghann Welsh** identifies herself as a singer, dancer, oboist, improviser, collaborator, and artist of the experimental and traditional variety. She completed a Bachelor of Music degree at the University of California, Santa Cruz in 2002 and received a Master of Music degree from San Francisco State University in 2009. She is now at UCSD in pursuit of a doctorate in creative practice as part of the Integrative Studies program. Her own enterprises include Art and Meat, a work-in-progress chamber opera based on Bill Griffith’s comic strip Zippy the Pinhead, and her solo improvisation project, The Meghann Welsh Experience.

Bass-baritone **Philip Larson** studied at the University of Illinois and received a degree in vocal performance. He was a founding member of the “Extended Vocal Techniques Ensemble,” one of the first groups dedicated to the performance of vocal music featuring extended techniques. In 1977 Larson, with Edwin Harkins founded [THE], a composing/performing duo that performed at international festivals collaborating with John Cage, Toru Takemitsu, Anthony Braxton and media artist Vibeke Sorenson. As a concert soloist, Larson has appeared with the Ensemble Intercontemporain, Cleveland Chamber Symphony, Handel and Haydn Society, Metropolitan Chamber Orchestra, red fish blue fish percussion ensemble, and Speculum Musicae under the direction of such conductors as David Atherton, James Levine, and David Robertson. Larson is Professor of Music at the University of California San Diego.

**Aleck Karis** began his musical studies as a pianist but his fascination with contemporary music very soon led him to study composition as well. After graduating Juilliard in 1979, he quickly became one of the most sought-after pianists in New York for contemporary music. He has been a member of the elite new music ensemble Speculum Musicae since 1982, and has performed at major festivals around the world with them. At the same time he has enjoyed a parallel career of recitals and concerto appearances, often mixing new music with older repertoire. His versatility is reflected in his discography, which includes music by Mozart, Chopin, Schumann, Stravinsky, Carter, Cage, Glass, Babbitt, Martino, Liang and Feldman, on Bridge, Nonesuch, Tzadic, New World, Neuma, Mode, Centaur and CRI Records. His most recent disc, of late piano music of Frédéric Chopin, was released on Roméo Records in 2009. Karis has been a professor of music at UCSD since 1991.

Soprano **Susan Narucki** has appeared as a soloist with conductors James Levine, Pierre Boulez, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Michael Tilson Thomas, Reinbert de Leeuw and Oliver Knussen, with the Cleveland Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, San Francisco Symphony, MET Chamber Ensemble, Netherlands Opera, on the Great Performers Series at Lincoln Center, and at Carnegie Hall. Her extensive discography includes a Grammy award for George Crumb's *Starchild* and a Grammy nomination (Best Classical Vocal Performance) for Carter's *Tempo e Tempi*, both on Bridge Records. Ms. Narucki was appointed Professor of Music at the University of California, San Diego in 2008. In 2009 formed the ensemble *kallisti*, whose mission includes presenting chamber opera and modern works for voice in an intimate setting, and served as director for the first project, the West Coast Premiere of Pascal Dusapin's chamber opera *To Be Sung*.

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