



SOPRANO SUSAN NARUCKI
BASS-BARITONE PHILIP LARSON
PIANIST ALECK KARIS

APRIL 25, 7 P.M.
CONRAD FREDY'S CONCERT HALL

Excess and essence - thoughts on tonight's program

Tonight's program presents composers who, among their other gifts, excelled in writing *lieder* - songs for solo voice and piano. The songs in the first half of the program embody the genre in full bloom. In the two works by Brahms, we hear an emphasis on the expressivity of melodic line, and in the epic '*Michaelangelo Lieder*' of Hugo Wolf, a remarkable marriage of text and musical gesture. As in all of Wolf's finely honed songs, the meaning of the poem is reflected, quite specifically and directly, in the piano accompaniment. The two songs of Gustav Mahler, originally conceived as part of the orchestral song cycle *Rückert Lieder*, have a grand scale and scope. And in the selection by Richard Strauss, we hear the pinnacle of the *lied*, by a composer who could fit voice and accompaniment together as perfectly as a hand in a well-made glove.

Where do we find ourselves when we approach the composers of the second half, Zemlinsky, Webern and Kurtág? Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942) is often referred to as "spiritual father" of the Second Viennese School; indeed, it is in this context that he is most familiar to us. Few people are aware that he was a gifted and prolific writer of *lieder*; in fact, the changes in Zemlinsky's compositional language, and life, are reflected most directly in his *lieder*. (For example, after emigrating to America in the 1930's, Zemlinsky began setting texts of African American poet Langston Hughes.) Tonight we present songs from his early period; *Im Korn* and one of the Tuscan Waltzes, (both from 1898) and *Meeraugen* and *Vögelein Schwermut*, from just a few years later. Yet even in this brief span of time, we can hear developments in Zemlinsky's distinctive compositional voice. The songs seem to contain both the lush harmonies and emotional intensity of late Romantic music, as well as a reaction against it, in the introduction of more acerbic harmonies and angularity in vocal writing.

Anton Webern's *Five Songs, Op. 4* (1908-9) were written not quite a decade later but clearly belong to the twentieth century. The texts, written by Stefan George, are sensual and evocative, but with a completely different sensibility than the texts set by Zemlinsky. It is as though the poems are infused with the light, space and ambiguity of a Klimt painting, describing ephemeral emotional worlds which emerge and disappear. Webern's music is a mirror of this process: sumptuous harmonies, fragile melodic lines, gestures which begin and suddenly break off into silence. The expressivity of the late Romantic period is distilled and transformed into a language equally powerful, but without the same weight of broad musical form.

György Kurtág's *Three Old Inscriptions, Op. 25* date from 1986. In the works of this great Hungarian master, we come full circle. As in all of his works for voice, the musical setting is driven by the composer's relationship to the text, resulting in emotional and musical expression that is at once fragmented and intense. When discussing his compositional language, Kurtág often speaks of his debt to Webern. There is another significant influence in his music as well - Hungarian folksong. The texts for these songs come from varied sources; the first, an inscription from 1490 in ancient Hungarian, the second, carved in a manger by a desperate new bridegroom, and the third on the grave of a young woman in 1939. What do they contain? Music as fragile as a flower, gestures of intense drama, and finally, a simple melody for a girl who surrendered her life in peace. Perhaps the fullest bloom of this essential form is yet to come. -- Susan Narucki

April 25, 2012, 7 pm
UCSD Department of Music
Conrad Prebys Music Center

Susan Narucki, soprano
Philip Larson, baritone
Aleck Karis, piano

Michelangelo Songs
Wohl denk' ich oft
Alles endet, was entsteht
Fühlt meine Seele

Hugo Wolf

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
Um Mitternacht

Gustav Mahler

Die Mainacht
Regenlied

Johannes Brahms

Heimliche Aufforderung

Richard Strauss

Mr. Larson
Mr. Karis

Intermission

Fünf Lieder, Op 4
Eingang
Noch zwingt mich Treue
Ja, Heil und Dank
So ich traurig bin
Ihr tratet zu dem Herde

Anton Webern

Three Old Inscriptions, Op. 25
Flower
Transylvanian Székely Mangle, 1792
On a cross in the Cemetary at Mecseknádasd

György Kurtág

Im Korn
Vöglein Schwermut
Meeraugen
Briefchen schrieb ich

Alexander Zemlinsky

Ms. Narucki
Mr. Karis

HUGO WOLF
Michaelangelo Lieder

Wohl denk' ich oft

Wohl denk ich oft an mein vergangnes Leben,
Wie es vor meiner Liebe für dich war;
Kein Mensch hat damals Acht auf mich gegeben,
Ein jeder Tag verloren für mich war;
Ich dachte wohl, ganz dem Gesang zu leben,
Auch mich zu flüchten aus der Menschen Schar.
Genannt in Lob und Tadel bin ich heute,
Und, daß ich da bin, wissen alle Leute!

It is quite often that I think of my past life,
The way it was before my love for you;
Then no one had paid any attention to me,
Each and ever day was lost to me;
I thought that I would dedicate my life to song,
As well as flee from human throng.
Today my name is raised in praise and criticism,
And that I exist, - that is known by all.

Alles endet, was entsteht

Alles endet, was entsteht.
Alles, alles rings vergehet,
Denn die Zeit flieht, und die Sonne
Sieht, daß alles rings vergehet,
Denken, Reden, Schmerz, und Wonne;
Und die wir zu Enkeln hatten
Schwanden wie bei Tag die Schatten,
Wie ein Dunst im Windeshauch.
Menschen waren wir ja auch,
Froh und traurig, so wie ihr,
Und nun sind wir leblos hier,
Sind nur Erde, wie ihr sehet.
Alles ended, was entsteht.
Alles, alles rings vergehet.

Everything ends which comes to be.
Everything everywhere passes away,
for time moves on, and the
Sun sees that everything around passes away,
Thinking, speaking, pain, and joy;
And those who had been our grand children
Have vanished as shadows flee the day,

As a breath of wind dispels the mist.
Yes, we once were people too,
Glad and sad, just like you,
And now we are here lifeless,
Are but earth, as you can see.
Everything ends which comes to be.
Everything everywhere passes away.

Fühlt meine Seele

Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte Licht
Von Gott, der sie erschuf? Ist es der Strahl
Von anderer Schönheit aus dem Jammertal,
Der in mein Herz Erinnerung weckend bricht?

Ist es ein Klang, ein Traumgesicht,
Das Aug und Herz mir füllt mit einem Mal
In unbegreiflich glüh'nder Qual,
Die mich zu Tränen bringt? Ich weiß es nicht.

Was ich ersehne, fühle, was mich lenkt,
Ist nicht in mir: sag mir, wie ich's erwerbe?
Mir zeigt es wohl nur eines Andren Huld;

Darein bin ich, seit ich dich sah, versenkt.
Mich treibt ein Ja und Nein, ein Süß und Herbe -
Daran sind, [Herrin]1, deine Augen Schuld.

Is my soul feeling the longed for light
Of God who created it? Is it the gleam
Of a different beauty from the valley of misery,
reflecting in my heart and evoking memory?

Is it a sound, a dream vision,
That suddenly fills my eye and heart
In incomprehensibly burning pain,
That brings me to tears? I do not know.

What I long for, the sense of what directs me,
Is not within me: Tell me how do I acquire it?
To me it reveals only another's grace and love;

I have been their captive since I first saw you.
I am driven by a yes and a no, a sweet and a bitter -
That, mistress, is the doing of your eyes.

GUSTAV MAHLER

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von me vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben.
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetummel
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in meinem] Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

I am lost to the world

I am lost to the world
with which I used to waste so much time,
It has heard nothing from me for so long
that it may very well believe that I am dead!
It is of no consequence to me
Whether it thinks me dead;
I cannot deny it,
for I really am dead to the world.
I am dead to the world's tumult,
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love and in my song!

Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel
Hat mir gelacht Um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht Um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in Acht

Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht Um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr über Tod und Leben
Du hältst die Wacht Um Mitternacht!

At midnight I awoke and gazed up to heaven;
No star in the entire mass did smile down at me
at midnight.
At midnight I projected my thoughts
out past the dark barriers.
No thought of light brought me comfort at midnight.
At midnight I paid close attention to the beating of my heart;
One single pulse of agony flared up at midnight.
At midnight I fought the battle,
o Mankind, of your suffering;
I could not decide it with my strength at midnight.
At midnight I surrendered my strength into your hands!
Lord! over death and life You keep watch at midnight!

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Die Mainacht

Wenn der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt, U
nd sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen geußt,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.
Selig preis' ich dich dann, flötende Nachtigall,
Weil dein Weibchen mit dir wohnt in einem Nest,
Ihrem singenden Gatten
Tausend trauliche Küsse gibt.
Überhüllet von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,

Und die einsame Thräne rinnt.
Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Thräne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab!

When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs
And over the lawn scatters its slumbering light,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly through the woods.
I guess you're happy, fluting nightingale,
For your wife lives in one nest with you,
Giving her singing spouse
A thousand faithful kisses.
Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Coo their delight to me;
But I turn away seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.
When, o smiling image that like dawn
Shines through my soul, shall I find you on earth?
And the lonely tear flows trembling,
Burning, down my cheek.

Regenlied

Walle, Regen, walle nieder,
Wecke mir die Träume wieder,
Die ich in der Kindheit träumte,
Wenn das Naß im Sande schäumte!
Wenn die matte Sommerschwüle
Lässig stritt mit frischer Kühle,
Und die blanken Blätter tauten,
Und die Saaten dunkler blauten.
Welche Wonne, in dem Fließen
Dann zu stehn mit nackten Füßen,
An dem Grase hin zu streifen
Und den Schaum mit Händen greifen.
Oder mit den heißen Wangen
Kalte Tropfen aufzufangen,
Und den neuerwachten Düften
Seine Kinderbrust zu lüften!
Wie die Kelche, die da troffen,
Stand die Seele atmend offen,
Wie die Blumen, düftertrunken,
In dem Himmelstau versunken.

Schauernd kühlte jeder Tropfen
Tief bis an des Herzens Klopfen,
Und der Schöpfung heilig Weben
Drang bis ins verborgne Leben.
Walle, Regen, walle nieder,
Wecke meine alten Lieder,
Die wir in der Türe sangen,
Wenn die Tropfen draußen klangen!
Möchte ihnen wieder lauschen,
Ihrem süßen, feuchten Rauschen,
Meine Seele sanft betauen
Mit dem frommen Kindergrauen.

Pour, rain, pour down,
Awaken again in me those dreams
That I dreamt in childhood,
When the wetness foamed in the sand!
When the dull summer sultriness
Struggled casually against the fresh coolness,
And the pale leaves dripped with dew,
And the crops were dyed a deeper blue.
What bliss to stand in the downpour
With naked feet,
To reach into the grass
And touch the foam with one's hands!
Or upon hot cheeks,
To catch the cold drops;
And with the newly awakened fragrances
To air one's childish breast!
Like the flowers' chalices, which trickle there,
The soul breathes openly,
Like the flowers, drunk with fragrance,
Drowning in the dew of the Heavens.
Every trembling drop cooled
Deep down to the heart's very beating,
And creation's holy web
Pierced into my hidden life.
Pour, rain, pour down,
Awaken the old songs,
That we used to sing in the doorway
When the raindrops pattered outside!
I would like to listen to it again,
That sweet, moist rushing,
My soul gently bedewed
With holy, childlike awe.

RICHARD STRAUSS
Heimliche Aufforderung

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das Heer
Der trunknen [Schwätzer]1 -- verachte sie nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen festfreudiges Bild,
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch,
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh du's [erhofft]2,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehemals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht.
O [komme]3, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!

Up, raise the sparkling cup to your lips,
And drink your heart's fill at the joyous feast.
And when you raise it, so wink secretly at me,
Then I'll smile and drink quietly, as you...

And quietly as I, look around at the crowd
Of drunken revelers -- don't think too ill of them.
No, lift the twinkling cup, filled with wine,
And let them be happy at the noisy meal.

But when you've savored the meal, your thirst quenched,
Then quit the loud gathering's joyful fest,
And wander out into the garden, to the rosebush,
There shall I await you, as often of old.

And ere you know it shall I sink upon your breast,
And drink your kisses, as so often before,
And twine the rose's splendour into your hair.
Oh, come, you wondrous, longed-for night!

ANTON WEBERN

Five Songs of Stefan George, Op. 4

1.

Welt der Gestalten lang Lebewohl!
öffne dich Wald voll schlohweißer Stämme!
Oben im Blau nur tragen die Kämme
Laubwerk und Früchte: gold Karneol.
Mitten beginnt beim marmornen Male
langsame Quelle blumige Spiele,
rinnt aus der Wölbung sachte
als fiel Korn um Korn auf silberne Schale
Schauernde Kühle schließt einen Ring,
Dämmer der Frühe wölkt in den Kronen,
ahnendes Schweigen bannt die hier wohnen...
Traumfittich rausche! Traumharfe kling!

World of earthly forms, farewell!
Open, forest of pale-white trees.
Only high in the blue
do treetops bear foliage and fruit,
gold carnelian!
In the middle, near the marble monument
the slow spring begins its gentle play,
flows from the hollow softly,
as if grain after grain were falling into a silver bowl.
Shivering coolness closes a ring,
dawn of the morning clouds the treetops:
expectant silence transfixes those who dwell here
Dream-wing whirr!
Dream-harp, resound!

2.

Noch zwingt mich treue über dir zu wachen
Und deines duldens schönheit dass ich weile ·
Mein heilig streben ist mich traurig machen
Damit ich wahrer deine trauer teile.
Nie wird ein warmer anruf mich empfangen
Bis in die späten stunden unsres bundes
Muss ich erkennen mit ergebnem bängen
Das herbe schicksal winterlichen fundes.
Faithfulness still compels me to watch over you,
and the beauty of your suffering - to remain.

My sacred striving: to sadden myself, so that
I may truly share your grief.
A warmer voice will never call me,
until the late hours of our togetherness
I must recognize, with anxious devotion,
the bitter fate of this wintry discovery.

3.

Ja Heil und Dank dir die den Segen brachte!
Du schläferdest das immer laute Pochen
Mit der Erwartung deiner -- Teure -- sachte
In diesen glanzgefüllten Sterbewochen.
Du kamest und wir halten uns umschlungen,
ich werde sanfte Worte für dich lernen
und ganz als glichest du der Einen Fernen
dich loben auf den Sonnenwanderungen.

Yes, hail and thanks to you who brought this blessing!
You gently calmed the constant, loud heartbeat
with that anticipation of you - dear one-
during these radiance-filled weeks of dying.
You came and we embrace;
I want to learn gentle words, for you.
I will praise you on sunlit wanderings,
as if you were one far away.

4.

So ich traurig bin Weiß ich nur ein Ding:
Ich denke mich bei dir
Und singe dir ein Lied.
Fast vernehme ich dann
Deiner Stimme Klang.
Ferne singt sie nach
Und minder wird mein Gram.

When I am sad,
I have only one thought:
I am with you,
singing you a song.
Then I seem to hear
the sound of your voice;
it echoes from afar,
and my sorrows recede.

5.

Ihr tratet zu dem herde wo alle glut verstarb,
licht war nur an der erde vom monde leichenfarb.
Ihr tauchet in die aschen die bleichen finger ein
mit suchen tasten haschen wird es noch einmal schein!
Seht was mit trostgeberde der mond euch rät:
tretet weg vom herde, es ist worden spät.

You stepped toward the hearth
where the glow had died
The light on the ground
came only from the death-pale moon.
You dipped into the ashes
your pale fingers,
searching, touching, grasping -
Once more it begins to glow!
Look what the moon admonishes
with a consoling gesture:
step back from the hearth
It is already too late.

GYÖRGY KURTÁG **Three Old Inscriptions, Op. 25**

1. Flower (Wijrag Thudjad) Janos Gugleweit, 1490

Wijrag thudjad theuled el kel mennem
Es the yrethed kel gyazba ewlteznem.

Flower, I know I must take leave of you,
In mourning must I grieve for you.

2. Translyvanian Székely Mangle, 1792

Adál az urnak elsőb écakát
Cserei Anna földónlakó,
amiér is én Móre Gábor
bárándézma helyt kupán verdesém őt
Kászsónszéken ülók nehéz kalodában
pestis vigye a Görgényi hadnagyot
nyomoromban faragdosok robotot.
You gave the master the first night,

Anna Cserei, you earthly mortal,
for which I, Gábor Móre, instead of a lamb-tithe,
gave him a clout on the head.
Now I sit heavy in the stocks at Kaszonszek -
the pox on Lieutenant Górgényi -
carving this mangle in my misery.

3. On a cross in the cemetery at Mecseknadsád

Hier ruhet in Gott Theresia Hengl,
gestorben am 27 März 1939
im Alter von 29 Jahren.
In der schönsten Blüte meines jungen Lebens
zährte mich das Fieber auf.
Drum muss ich noch im Lenze
Ins kühle Grab hinaus.
'S ist Gott dein Wille
und ich bin Stille.
Das war ihr letztes Schreiben.
Ruhe sanft in Frieden.

Here rests in God Theresia Hengl
died on the 27th of March 1939
at the age of 29.
In the fullest bloom of my young life
the fever devoured me,
so I must depart this life in my prime,
out into the cold of the grave.
It is, God, your will,
and I am still.
These were her last words.
Rest gently in peace.

Four Songs by Alexander Zemlinsky

Im Korn - Franz Evers

Oh, das Korn, das wogte so,
Und da mußte ich dich fassen
Konnte deine Hand nicht lassen,
Meine Seele wogte so.

Und das Korn, das ging so leise,
In den Sommerähren sang es,
Tief in meine Seele drang es:

Eine wunderbare Weise.

Oh, die Hände wurden uns trunken,
Leise schlugen deine Finger -
Und dein Kopf, mir, dem Bezwingler,
Ist er an die Brust gesunken.

Meine Seele wogte so!

Oh, the corn, was swaying so,
that I grasped you -
I could not let go of your hand,
My soul was swaying with it.

And the corn, it moved so gently,
It sang in its ripening ears,
and deep in my soul emerged
a wonderful melody.

Oh, our hands, drunk with motion,
gently your fingers tapped.
And your head, compelled by me,
fell upon my breast.

My soul was swaying so.

Vöglein Schwermut - Christian Morgenstern

Ein schwarzes Vöglein fliegt über die Welt,
das singt so todestraurig...
Wer es hört, der hört nichts anderes mehr,
wer es hört, der tut sich ein Leides an,
der mag keine Sonne mehr schauen.
Allmitternacht ruht es sich aus auf dem Finger des Tods.
Der streichelt's leis und spricht ihm zu:
"Flieg, mein Vögelchen! flieg, mein Vögelchen!
Und wieder fliegt's flötend über die Welt.

Little bird of Melancholy

A little black bird soars over the world,

singing its mournful song
Whoever hears it, hears nothing else,
whoever hears it, hears such sadness,
they fear the sun may shine no more.
All thru' the night it rests on the finger of Death.
He caresses the bird solemnly and urges it:
Fly, my little bird! Fly, little bird!
And again it flies soaring over the world.

Meeraugen - Richard Dehmel

Was will in deinen Augen mir
das dunkelvolle, fremde Weh,
so tief und schwer wie Stürme,
die Ruhe suchten im Schoß der grauen See.

Versinken will, versinken mir
in dieser Augen tiefen Schoß mein Herz -
und will wie Du so still, so wild an Dein Herz schlagen,
dann brechen die Stürme los!

Und will dich wiegen so mit mir
in rasender, lachender Seligkeit auf freiem Meer!
Bis tief und sehr die Herzen wieder ruhen,
ruhen vom Sturm und Streif.

Why do your eyes tell me-
of dark, strange longing
so deep and heavy,
Like storms seeking rest
in the lap of the gray sea.

I want to drown in these eyes
My heart wants to sink in their depths -
and while you sit so still,
I feel the wild beating of your heart,
and the storms break free!

And I want you to cradle you
in frenzied, laughing delight
on the open sea.
Until our hearts rest completely,
free from storm and stress.

From "Tuscan Waltzes" F. Gregorovius

Briefchen schrieb und warf in den Wind ich,
Sie fielen ins Meer, und sie fielen auf Sand.
Ketten von Schnee und von Eise, die bind' ich,
Die Sonne zerschmilzt sie in meiner Hand.
Maria, Maria, du sollst es dir merken:
Am Ende gewinnt, wer dauert im Streit,
Maria, Maria, das sollst du bedenken:
Es siegt, wer dauert in Ewigkeit.

I threw my love letters into the wind;
they sank in the sea, and they fell on the sand.
In chains of snow and ice, I wind them,
and the sun melts them in my hands.
Maria, Maria, you must notice:
he who endures the struggle wins in the end;
Maria, Maria, you must understand:
he who endures in eternity is victorious.

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.

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, she formed the ensemble *kallisti*, whose mission includes presenting chamber opera and modern works for voice in an intimate setting, and will serve as director for the ensemble’s upcoming production of *Der Kaiser von Atlantis*.

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

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A black and white photograph of the San Diego skyline at night, with city lights reflecting on the water in the foreground. The skyline includes several prominent skyscrapers, some with illuminated windows and signs.

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