

MAY 4, 2019 | 5PM

CPMC, RECITAL HALL

Jasper Sussman

Graduate Voice Recital



Acknowledgements

There are so many incredible people that have played significant roles in my journey to now. Although I fear I can not list them all, I'd like to try and name those that directly or indirectly impacted my preparation for this recital. Firstly, thank you Philip Larson for your guidance and support, and for giving me permission to sing the way I've always wanted to. And Mark Dresser, Susan Narucki, and Steven Schick for your input and musical guidance along the way. Chris, Kathryn, and Mari, I cannot thank you each enough for your presence, your artistry, and your friendship; it's been an honor and a joy making music with you. I'd also like to thank Jessica Flores and all of the staff and crew members involved in providing technical and media support for this concert, and all of the concerts at UCSD — we couldn't do anything without you. Stéphanie Gaillard, thank you for so patiently working with me on my French pronunciation; I've never felt so confident about it! And Tiange Zhou, what a fabulous eye for beauty you have; thank you so much for your photos. I'd also like to thank my gracious neighbors for putting up with my hooting and hollering, along with my kitty, Pepper, who seems to like it?.. And of course, I would be nowhere and no one without the loving support of my family; I love you Luke, mom, Katya, Travis, and dad if you can hear me. Thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

JASPER SUSSMAN

Graduate Voice Recital

Un Bel Di, Vedremo continued

Chi sarà? chi sarà?
 E come sarà giunto
 che dirà? che dirà?
 Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana.
 Io senza dar risposta
 me ne starò nascosta
 un po' per celia
 e un po' per non morire
 al primo incontro;
 ed egli alquanto in pena
 chiamerà, chiamerà:
 "Piccina mogliettina,
 olezzo di verbena"
 i nomi che mi dava al suo venire.
 (a Suzuki)
 Tutto questo avverrà,
 te lo prometto.
 Tienti la tua paura,
 io con sicura fede l'aspetto.

Text by Luigi Illica & Giuseppe Giacosa

One Fine Day, We'll See continued

Can you guess who it is?
 And when he's reached the summit
 Can you guess what he'll say?
 He will call, "Butterfly" from the distance.
 I, without answering
 hold myself quietly concealed,
 a bit to tease him
 and a bit so as not to die
 at our first meeting;
 and then, a little troubled
 he will call, he will call:
 "Dear baby wife of mine,
 Dear little orange blossom"
 The names he used to call me when he came here.
 (to Suzuki)
 This will all come to pass
 as I tell you.
 Banish your idle fears,
 for he will return. Return.

Translated by Mel Priddle

IN OLD VIRGINNY

I was born in Old Virginy, South Carolina I did go,
 Courted there a fair young lady, Oh her name I do not know.

Her hair was of a dark brown colour, And her lips was rosy red,
 On her breast she wore white lilies, And tears for her I shed.

In my heart I love you darling, To my door you're welcome in,
 At my gate I'll meet you darling, Here's the one I'm trying to win.

I'd rather be on some dark blue ocean Where the sun refuses to shine,
 Than for you to love another girl, And to think you'll never be mine.
 I'd rather be dead and in my coffin, My pale face turned towards the sun,
 Than to think of you, my darling, And to think of what you've done.

Here's your letters and your postals; Lie them closely by your heart.
 The ring you gave to me, darling, From my finger will never part.

from Cecil Sharp, ed., English Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians

PUB 1 PUB 2

2002

TROUBAIRITZ

1. WHAT I WRITE NOW
2. SECRET WISHES
3. SINCE I REFUSED
4. BELOVED FRIEND
5. NOW HE IS GONE
6. WINTER
7. I WALK ALONE

2010

Christopher Clarino,
PercussionGeorges Aperghis
(b. 1945)Tansy Davies
(b. 1973)

VIOLON (FIANÇAILES POUR RIRE) 1939

ICH BIN DER WELT ABHANDEN GEKOMMEN

1901

UN BEL DI, VEDREMO 1904

Mari Kawamura, Piano

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

IN OLD VIRGINNY

2007

Kathryn Schulmeister,
Double BassShawn Jaeger
(b. 1985)

PROGRAM NOTES

Troubairitz, by Tansy Davies

Troubairitz is a song cycle based on 12th century 'Provençal' poems by women troubadours, the *troubairitz*, translated by Derek Mahon with acknowledgements to Meg Bogin and Sarah White.

In Old Virginny, by Shawn Jaeger

In Old Virginny is the second setting for soprano and double bass I've made from Cecil Sharp's English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians. Sharp's anthology contains transcriptions he made of traditional ballad singing while traveling through the Appalachians in the early twentieth century. He often transcribed multiple versions of the same song, and the differences are striking. Some singers omit entire stanzas that others sing, or change certain words, or sing the words to a different tune altogether. In setting Sharp's transcriptions, I accept the printed text, with all of its "imperfections," as is.

The first two stanzas of *In Old Virginny* present the weary remembrances of a man looking back on his travels and a long-lost love. The fourth and fifth stanzas present the viewpoint of his lover: her violent devotion to him, and her desperation and anger in the face of a terrible action he committed. The viewpoint of the third and sixth stanzas, however, is more ambiguous. I chose to imagine these stanzas as shared memories, imagining the two lovers—now much older, and separated by enormous geographical and emotional distances—both singing the same old song, both yearning, separately, for the love they lost.

FIANÇAILLES POUR RIRE

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

Text by Louise de Vilmorin

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 mir 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 Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

Text by Friedrich Rückert

UN BEL DI, VEDREMO

Un bel di, vedremo
levarsi un fil di fumo
sull'estremo confin del mare.
E poi la nave appare.
Poi la nave bianca
entra nel porto,
romba il suo saluto.
Vedi? È venuto!
Io non gli scendo incontro. Io no.
Mi metto là sul ciglio del colle e
aspetto,
e aspetto gran tempo
e non mi pesa,
la lunga attesa.
E uscito dalla folla cittadina,
un uomo, un picciol punto
s'avvia per la collina.

BETROTHAL FOR LAUGHS

Violin

Loving couple with unrecognized accents
the violin and its player please me.
Ah! I like these wailings drawn out
upon the cord of discomforts.
To the chords on the ropes of the hanged
at the hour when Laws fall silent
the heart, in the form of a strawberry,
offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Translated translated by Christopher Goldsack

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.

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<http://www.lieder.net/>

ONE FINE DAY, WE'LL SEE

One fine day, we'll notice
a thread of smoke
arising on the sea in the far horizon
And then the ship appearing.
Then the trim white vessel
glides into the harbour,
thunders forth her cannon,
see you? Now he is coming!
I do not go to meet him. Not I.
I stay upon the brow of the hillock
and wait there,
and wait for a long time
but never weary
of the long waiting.
From out the crowded city there is coming,
a man, a little speck
in the distance climbing the hillock.

continued on next page...

TROUBAIRITZ

1. WHAT I WRITE NOW

What I write now I write with grief and pain,
those troubadours of a previous generation,
dead now, committed a most grievous sin
and threw their epoch into dire confusion
when they were frankly critical of women;
for those who hear, believing their glib song,
decide there must be truth in the aspersion
and so perpetuate a serious wrong.
Those gentlemen, great poets though they be,
only pretended to be serious lovers
since he who speaks of love ambiguously
dishonours love and is a great deceiver.
And if, against the truth of his own nature,
he should deceive himself, it's his disgrace:
without a woman he can have no future;
the love of women is his best resource.

Marie de Ventadour?, Trans. by Derek Mahon

2. SECRET WISHES

You with the air of a whole-hearted lover,
I'm more than pleased you like me if you do;
I wish you wouldn't be so shy, however,
since I am similarly in love with you.
I know the timidity from which you suffer.
You hesitate to speak of what you feel;
but a young woman simply daren't uncover
her secret wishes lest she seem a fool..

Garsenda de Forcalquier, Trans. by Derek Mahon

3. SINCE I REFUSED

Great pain has come to me from a young man I lost.
Of the young men I know I fancy him the most;
and now I've been betrayed since I refused my love.
What was I thinking of, lying there cold and hard?
If he should come again I'd clasp him with my thighs
until he gasped for breath and gravely take him in
since I would be his wife; like some great heroine
I'd give him my bright eyes, my heart, my soul, my life.
Dear friend, should you once more decide to be my lover
and spend a night with me, I'll love you ardently;
no pleasure could compare with what we shall find there,
believe me, if you do just what I ask you to.

Béatrice de Die, Trans. by Derek Mahon

4. BELOVED FRIEND

Beloved friend, believe me when I say
I haven't spent an undesirous day
since first I met and chose you for my love,
nor let an hour pass when I didn't give
some thought to you and that the most devout.
I've known no moment of regret or doubt;
nor, if you left me with an angry word,
have I had peace of mind till you returned.

(Marie de Ventadour?) Translated by Derek Mahon

5. NOW HE IS GONE

Heart veiled in sorrow, I've made up my mind
to renounce love and love's society,
for on this earth I never hope to find
a friend so genial and so fine as he.
He was courageous, honourable and clever,
so madly brave he died as a result:
if I should ever take another lover,
now he is gone, my heart would be at fault.

Anonymous. Translated by Derek Mahon

6. WINTER

Winter is here, the frozen time
of frosty nights of snow and slush;
the singing birds we love are dumb
and silent in the blackthorn bush.
Hedges are bare beside the road,
no leaf or flowering branch in sight;
there is no nightingale to be heard
who wakes the soul on a spring night.
My furious heart is so distraught
I am estranged from everyone;
I realise we lost the fight
more quickly than it takes to win.
We are at fault if we don't love
a man of honour, a man of worth;
I've lost the one who was my life
and mourn the fact from this day forth.

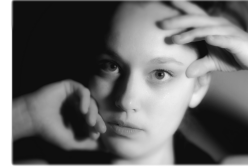
Azalais de Portiragnes, Tran. by Derek Mahon

7. I WALK ALONE

I walk alone in a green wood with no friend at my side.
I lost him through ineptitude and walk alone in a green wood
I should write to let him know I'll make it up to him somehow.
I walk alone in a green wood with no friend at my side..

Anonymous. Translated by Derek Mahon

PERFORMER BIOS



Jasper Sussman is a music researcher, voice artist, collaborative composer, and educator pursuing a Ph.D. in Music at the University of California, San Diego. Her primary focus these past five years has been on the expressive capabilities that the human voice possesses, and understanding these sounds on musical, cultural, and scientific levels. In 2014, she founded FOMA, a vocal trio dedicated to vocal exploration and somatic experimentation; in their year of activity, they co-starred in a sold-out performance alongside Jaap Blonk, were aired live on WSUM radio, and performed at the 2015 Art Blitz festival in Rochester, MN. Her compositions range from dance pieces like "Dionysian Sea," commissioned by choreographer Marlene Skog and featured at the World Dance Alliance—Americas in Honolulu, to orchestral works like "Baguettelle," which received 2nd place in the Austin Civic Orchestra Composition Competition in 2014. She is an alumna of the University of Michigan (M.M.), Lawrence University (B.M.), the Atlantic Music Festival, the National Puppetry Conference, and the Brevard Music Center, and has sung professionally with SACRA/PROFANA, Gateway Opera, the St. Louis Symphony Chorus, the Crossing as Alto Vocal Fellow, and the Madison Choral Project. She is a member of ASCAP, the College Music Society, the Pan-American Vocology Association, and the American Composers Forum, as well the professionally-focused Facebook groups SEM Voice Studies SIG, "New Opera" Connection, The Naked Vocalist Community, and Free Improvisation and Experimental Music Resource. Her works are published by ala fady press and Bachovich Music Publications.



Christopher Clarino is a DMA candidate in Contemporary Music Performance (Percussion) at the University of California San Diego. Chris will be defending his dissertation, *At the Intersection of American Sign Language & the Performer-Percussionist: A Hybrid Practice*, later this month.



Originated from Japan, **Mari Kawamura** is a DMA candidate in Contemporary Music Performance (Piano) at the University of California San Diego.



Described as "...turning [the double bass] into a writhing white-hot crucible." (5against4), **Kathryn Schulmeister** brings radiant energy and rigorous expression to her performance of musical repertoire ranging from classical to experimental. Kathryn's charisma and enthusiasm for pushing the boundaries of the artistic potential of her instrument have led her to thrive as an active performer in festivals and venues around the world. Current engagements include performances with ELISION Ensemble, Klangforum Wien, Ensemble Dal Diente, and the Lucerne Festival.

TEXTS

PUB 1

D'enfer! *Kan try stor stor logs ar ar kan logs try re stor stor ar re kan try logs logs stor try ar kan re re logs kan stor ar try try re ar logs stor kan.*

Riche en vitamines et en fer. Riche, riche, riche, *che storé try*. Miel. Riche, riche, *che.. che, che. Stor ar re kan try logs logs stor try ar kan re.*
P P P P B 6 B 2 B 1 B 9 B 12

Sto logs, or, *sto logs*.
hahahahahahahahahahaha
Or suc — *sto logs* — or — *sto logs* — miel — *re logs kan stor ar try try re ar logs stor kan.*

Sucre! Versez.
Artorar, logs ér try, kan.
Dans un bol, de preference.
Sucre. Farine. Sucre. À disposition.
Or, or, or suc. Maïs. Farine. Sucre.
À disposition. *Sto logs, sto logs*. Or, or suc.
Versez. *Artorar*. Seché, seché. D'enfer!
Try an try try an try. Ha!
Riche en vitamines et en fer. Or, or suc.
Stor ar re kan try log.
De blé. Maïs. Sucre. Vitaminé. Noisette.
Seché, seché.

P P B 6 B 2 B 1 B 9 B 12. FFFFFFFF
Try, arlogs éstor try, arlogs éstor try, arlogs éstor try, ar logséstor try.
Miel. Versez. Riche en fer —tamins.
Dans un bol fer, de preference. P P B 6.
Versez. Vitamines. B 1 B 9. Avoine, son, blé.
De preferen—. Poudre. De bien.
Croustillantes. Moins de matières grasses.
Petit. Lait. Farine. Calcium. Garanti. Grasses.
Maïs. Au avoine. Blé. Garanite. Qualité.

Unknown Author, *presumed Georges Aperghis*

AD 1

Wild! (*nonsense syllables*) *kan-try-stor-stor-logs-ar-ar-kan-logs-try-re-stor-stor-ar-re-kan-try-logs-logs-stor-try-ar-kan-re-re-logs-kan-stor-ar-try-try-re-ar-logs-stor-kan.*

Rich in vitamins and iron. Rich, rich, rich, *ch storé-try*. Honey. Rich, rich, rich, *ch.. ch, ch.* (*nonsense syllables*) *stor-ar-re-kan-try-logs-logs-stor-try-ar-kan-re.*
P P P P B 6 B 2 B 1 B 9 B 12

Sto-logs, gold, *sto-logs*.
hahahahahahahahahahaha
Gold sap — *sto-logs* — gold — *sto-logs* — honey — *re-logs-kan-stor-ar-try-try-re-ar-logs-stor-kan.*

Sugar! To pour.
Artorar, logs-ér-try, kan.
In a bowl, preferably.
Sugar. Flour. Sugar. Available.
Gold, gold, gold sap. Corn. Flour. Sugar. Available. *Sto-logs, sto-logs*. Gold, gold sap.
To pour. *Artorar*. Dried, dried. Amazing!
Try-an-try-try-an-try. Ha!
Rich in vitamins and iron. Gold, gold sap.
Stor-ar-re-kan-try-log.
Wheat flour. Corn. Sugar. With added vitamins.
Hazelnut. Dried, dried.

P P B 6 B 2 B 1 B 9 B 12. FFFFFFFF
Try, arlogs éstor try, arlogs éstor try, arlogs éstor try, ar logséstor try.
Honey. To pour. Rich in iron —tamins.
In a bowl, preferably. P P B 6.
To pour. Vitamin. B 1 B 9. Oats. Bran. Wheat.
Of preferen—. Powder. Good.
Crusty. Fat-free.
Small. Milk. Flour. Calcium. Guarantee. Fat.
Corn. To oats. Wheat. Guarantee. Quality.

Translated by Jasper Sussman

PUB 2

Flow sweet. Flow sweet. Flow sweet.
[cri de samourai] *Hat! Hat! Hoï!*
Laisser, agir, s'agir, âge, poudre.
Taches tenaces.
Laisser, agir, s'agir, âge, poudre.
Flu—flu S—WA—P.
Agir -gir gedre. Le a laisser. Poudre.
Hoï! Flow sweet.
Les tâches. *Ch—ssw—in F—.*
Surfaces. *F—S i L— Fo Eh N—S Z La Ch T'.*
Tenaces. *Flow sweet. Foli(e) -mine.*
Flow sweet, sweet, flow sweet.
Odeur de proprete. À sur vos surfaces, m—.
Elimine formule désinfecter spécialement conçu. Laissez agir.
F— F— F— Fou-é, N— N—SS i H— H— Hat, Hat. Hoï! H— H—.
Désinfecter les plus résitances.
A—Sur pro é lé. H H H H N— H— Hn Hoï.
Spécialement. *Flow sweet, flow.* Conçue.
Pour venir à bout. *Flow sweet, flow. Flu swap.*
Surface à nettoyer.
Flow sweet, sweet.
Rincez. Rincez. À l'eau potable.
Hf' oi S-a-i H ou-in hi-r hoï-ss. Flow sweet.
Hou-a fo Hin—x fo hé—ir—FF—.
Eliminer. *Flow sweet.* Tartre.
Flow sweet. Sweet. Sweet.
Tartre. *N—SSwin!*
Multi, multi, multi, multi usages.
Flow sweet. Flow sweet. Flow sweet.
Brilliance. *Flow sweet.* Brilliance. Brilliance.
H H H Foua—Fou Fou-as-s e su-su-r. Sswin!
Sweet, N, sweet-n. Tartre. *Hou—You.* Tartre.
Swing! Su—foua.
Éponge. Rincez. Humide. Potable. Le tartre.
Formule. Venir à surface. Désinfecté odeur.
Flow sweet.

Unknown Author, *presumed Georges Aperghis*

AD 2

Flow sweet. Flow sweet. Flow sweet.
[samurai cry] *Hat! Hat! Hoï!*
Let it sit, act, be, age, powder.
Stubborn stain.
Let it sit, act, be, age, powder.
Flu—flu S—WA—P.
Act -gir, gedre. Leave it. Powder.
Hoï! Flow sweet.
Tasks (or Stains). *Ch—Ssw—in F—.*
Surfaces. *F—S i L— Fo Eh N—S Z La Ch T'.*
Stubborn. *Flow sweet.* Craziness, *mi-ne.*
Flow sweet, sweet, flow sweet.
Smell of cleanliness. On your surfaces, m—.
Eliminate specially designed disinfectant formula. Let act.
F— F— F— Crazy, N— N—SS i H— H— Hat, Hat. Hoï! H— H—.
Disinfect the most resistant.
A—Sur pro é lé. H H H H N H H N Hoï.
Specially. <flow sweet flow> Designed.
To put an end. <flow sweet, flow> *Flu swap.*
Surface to be cleaned.
<flow sweet, sweet>
Rinse. Rinse. Drinking water.
Hf' oi S-a-i H ou-in hi-r hoï-ss. <flow sweet>
Hou-a fo Hin—x fo hé—ir—FF—.
Eliminate. <flow sweet> Tartar.
<flow sweet. sweet. sweet>
Tartar. *N—SSwin!*
Multi, multi, multi, multi-purpose.
<flow sweet. flow sweet. flow sweet>
Brilliance. <flow sweet> Brilliance. Brilliance.
H H H Foua—Crazy crazy-as-s e su-su-r.
Sswin! Sweet, N, sweet-n. Tartar. *Hou—You.*
Tartar. *Swing! Su—foua.*
Sponge. Rinse. Wet. Drinking. Tartar.
Formula. Come to surface. Disinfected smell.
Flow sweet.

Translated by Jasper Sussman