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Thursday, February 23, 2006 7:30 p.m.
Northeastern Illinois University Recital Hall
Mostly Music at NEIU presents

CARL RATNER, *Baritone*

LORI SIMS, *Piano*

PROGRAM

Liederkreis, Op. 39

SCHUMANN

In der Fremde

Intermezzo

Waldesgespräch

Die Stille

Mondnacht

Schöne Fremde

Auf einer Burg

In der Fremde

Wehmut

Zwielicht

Im Walde

Frühlingsnacht

INTERMISSION

Four Poems of Guillaume Apollinaire L'anguille POULENC

Carte-Postale

Avant le cinema

1904

Four Romances RACHMANINOFF

Oh stay, my love, do not go! Op. 4, No. 1

Do not sing, lovely maiden, Op. 4, No. 4

In the silence of the night, Op. 4, No. 3

Spring Torrents, Op. 14, No. 11

Cabaret Songs BOLCOM

Over the Piano

Murray the Furrier

Black Max

George

CARL RATNER

Carl Ratner serves as Director of Opera and Assistant Professor of Voice for the School of Music at Western Michigan University. His career includes over two decades as an opera stage director, including 15 years as Artistic Director of Chicago Opera Theater and Chamber Opera Chicago during which he presented performances of the repertoire's major works as well as premieres of new productions.

He has assisted directors at major opera houses including Covent Garden (London), the Metropolitan Opera, Munich Opera, San Francisco Opera, English National Opera, New York City Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Santa Fe Opera, and the Spoleto Festival in Italy, where he worked with eminent composer Gian Carlo Menotti.

He has been an educator at Northwestern University and Northeastern Illinois University, Program Director for the apprentice program of the Sarasota Opera, and Stage Director for the apprentice program of Des Moines Metro Opera.

A baritone, he has appeared in both opera and recital. Opera Canada reviewer Richard Covello wrote, "His performance as Puccini's [*Gianni Schicchi*] was a delight – charming, indeed lovable, and nicely sung, too!"

In 2005, he completed his Doctor of Music degree in vocal performance at Northwestern University. His education also includes an internship in opera production at The Juilliard School.

LORI SIMS

Internationally known pianist Lori Sims received the Gold Medal at the 1998 Gina Bachauer International Piano Competition, where she also won the prize for the best performance of a work by Brahms. Ms. Sims' other awards include first prize co-winner of the 1994 Felix Bartholdy-Mendelssohn Competition in Berlin, Germany, winner of the 1993 American Pianists' Association Competition with outstanding distinction from the jury, and the silver medal winner in the 1987

Kosciuszko Foundation Chopin Competition. While a student, Ms. Sims was the recipient of numerous awards, including the Dean's Prize for Most Outstanding Graduating Student at the Yale School of Music, and a Deutsche Akademische Austauschdienst two-year fellowship from the Federal Republic of Germany.

She has performed throughout North America, Europe, and China including engagements with the Norddeutsche Radio Orchester in Hannover, the Israel Philharmonic, the Indianapolis Symphony, the Utah Symphony, the Spokane Chamber Orchestra, the Denver Chamber Orchestra, the Memphis Symphony Chamber Orchestra, the Rockford Symphony and the Kalamazoo Symphony. Her 2000 Alice Tully Hall recital debut in New York received critical acclaim from Bernard Holland in the New York Times. In 2006, she will be making her fourth appearance at the prestigious Gilmore International Keyboard Festival, where she has been featured as solo-recitalist, masterclass artist, and chamber musician.

Ms. Sims was recently named the John T. Bernhard Professor of Music at Western Michigan University, one of thirteen named chairs at the University. As an artist-teacher, she has appeared two summers at the Eastern Music Festival in North Carolina, for seven summer sessions at the Internationale Konzertarbeitswochen in Goslar, Germany, for three summers at Western Michigan University's SEMINAR for high school students, and as the convention artist for the Michigan Music Teachers and the Colorado Music Teachers annual conventions. She has been at Western Michigan University since 1997; prior to that position, she was a visiting Professor at the University of Illinois at Urbana/ Champaign.

A native of Colorado, Lori Sims began her studies with her parents, and as a teen studied with Larry Graham at the University of Colorado. She received her Bachelor's Degree from the Peabody Conservatory as a student of Leon Fleisher, her Masters Degree from the Yale School of Music as a student of Daniel Pollack and Claude Frank, and a "Solistendiplom," or artist diploma, from the Hochschule für Musik und Theater in Hannover, Germany, as a student of Arie Vardi.

Liederkreis (Song Cycle) Op. 39

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Text by Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorf

1. In der Fremde (In a Foreign Land)

From my homeland behind the lightning come the clouds.
But my father and mother are long dead; no one knows me there.

How soon, ah, how soon will come the quiet time when I will also rest.
And the beautiful forest solitude will flow over me.
And no one will know me here any more.

2. Intermezzo

I have your radiant image in the depths of my Heart.
It seems so fresh and happy to me at every hour.
My heart sings silently to itself an ancient, beautiful song,
That soars in the air and quickly flies to you.

3. Waldesgespräch (Forest Dialogue)

It is already late, it is getting chilly. Why are you riding alone through
the woods?
The forest is wide, you are alone, you lovely bride, I will carry you
home.

"Great is men's deceit. My heart is broken from sorrow.
The horn sounds through the woods. Flee! You don't know who I
am."

So beautifully bejeweled is the woman and her steed; so lovely is her
young body.
Now I know you—God help me!—You are the sorceress Lorelei!

"You know me well! From high peaks my castle overlooks the depths
of the Rhein.
It is late, it grows chilly. You will never come out of this forest again!"

4. Die Stille (Quiet)

No one knows or says how well I am.
If someone could know, no one should!

It is so quiet outside in the snow.
The stars in the heavens are not so quiet as my thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird, and could fly over the sea,
Over the sea and farther, until I were in heaven.

5. Mondnacht (Moonlit Night)

It was as if the sky had quietly kissed the earth,
So that the earth in the glow of her blossoms dreamt of the sky.

The breeze went through the fields and gently bent the grain,
It lightly rustled the trees. The starry night was so clear.

And my soul spread its wings wide,
And flew through the quiet countryside, as if it were flying home.

6. Schöne Fremde (Beautiful Foreign Land)

The treetops shake and rustle as if at this hour
The old Gods gather around the half-sunken walls.

Here under the Myrtle trees, in secret twilight glow,
What do you whisper to me, night of phantoms, as if in a dream.
All the stars shine on me with glowing love-glances.

And the intoxicated distance speaks of great future happiness.

7. Auf einer Burg (In a Castle)

Up there, the old knight is asleep at his watch.
Rainshowers pass overhead, and the forest murmurs through the grating.

His beard and hair have grown together, and his chest and collar have
turned to stone.

He sits for many hundred years at his silent post.

Outside it is quiet and peaceful; everyone has moved into the valley.
Forest birds sing alone in the empty window frames.

A wedding party travels by below on the Rhein in the sunlight,
Musicians play gaily, and the lovely bride weeps.

8. In der Fremde (In a Foreign Land)

I hear the stream rushing here and there in the woods.
In the woods and the rushing, I don't know where I am.

The nightingales sing in the solitude
As if they wanted to say something about the good old days.

The moonbeams flash around me, as if I could see
The castle in the valley that is really so far from here.

And as if my sweetheart waited for me in the garden,
Full of red and white roses, though she is long dead.

9. Wehmut (Sorrow)

Sometimes I can sing as if I were happy.
But secret tears flow free from my heart.

Nightingales let their songs of yearning soar from their prisons
Onto the spring air outside.

Every heart hears them and fills with delight.
No one feels the pain and deep sorrow in the song.

10. Zwielficht (Twilight)

Twilight will spread its wings, the trees rustle ominously,
Clouds move like heavy dreams; what can this darkness signify?

If you have a roe you love most, don't let it graze alone.
Hunters ride in the wood and blow their horns; the sounds wander to
and fro.

If you have a friend here on earth, do not trust him in this hour,
Though he may look and sound friendly, he is planning his move.

What sleeps today awakens tomorrow reborn.
Many things are lost in the night. Be careful, stay awake and lively!

11. Im Walde (In the forest)

A wedding moves along the mountain. I heard the birds singing.
Many riders raced, the horn sounded, it was a lively hunt.

And before I thought it, everything ended. Night covered the grounds.
Only the woods still rustle on the mountain and I see it in the depths
of my heart.

12. Frühlingsnacht (Spring Night)

Over the garden and through the air, I heard migrating birds flying.
That meant spring was in the air. Below, the earth began to blossom.

I could rejoice, I could weep. It seemed to me it couldn't be true.
Old wonders shine again in the moonlight.

And the moon, the stars say it, and in a dream the groves murmur it.
And the nightingales sing it, she is yours, she is yours!

Four poems of Guillaume Apollinaire Music by: Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

1. l'Angulle (The Eel)

Jeanne Houhou, the very kind woman,
Is dead between the very white sheets.
Not alone—Bébert, called "the Eel," Narcissus,

And Hubert "the Whitefish" were playing cards nearby
And the posing woman of Clichy, with oozing red eyes,
Repeats "my Vichy water," gets into the prison van—
Ha, ha—without making a fuss.

The eyes dance like the angels. She laughs, she laughs.
The very blue eyes and the very white teeth.
If you only knew, if you only knew,
All we will do on Sunday!

2. Carte-Postale (Postcard)

Here the shadow of the very sweet one is evoked,
Indolent, and playing a sad air too:
A nocturne or a Lied in a minor key which makes her soul swoon
In the shadow where her long fingers send a scale to its death
On the piano which groans like a poor woman.

3. Avant le cinéma (Before the Cinema)

And then this evening one must go to the cinema!

Who are the real artists?
Not those who cultivate the Fine Arts
They are not those who go in for visual art, poetry or music
The artists of today are the actors and the actresses.

If we were such artists, we would not say "the cinema,"
We would say "ciné"

But if we were old provincial pedants,
We would say neither "ciné" nor "cinema,"

But "cinematography" instead

After all, one must have taste, for God's sake.

4. 1904

In Strasbourg in nineteen hundred and four
I arrived before mardi gras.

At the hotel I sat down before the fire
close to a singer from the Opéra
who spoke of nothing but theatre.

The red-haired waitress had put a pink hat on her head
Hebe who served the gods had never had such beautiful things
Carnival pink hat Ave!

In Rome, in Nice, and in Cologne, among the flowers and the confetti
Carnival, I have seen your mug again
O king richer and kinder than Croesus, Rothschild, and Torlonia!

I supped on a little foie gras, on tender venison with compote,
on custard tarts etc. A little kirsch cheered me up.

Why didn't I have you in my arms?

Four Romances

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

1. Oh stay my love, forsake me not

Oh no, I beg you, do not go.
All pain is nothing compared to separation.

I am too happy with this torture.
Press me harder to your breast; say, "I love you."

I came again, sick, exhausted and pale.
See how weak and pale I am, how I need your love.
I am anticipating new tortures—caresses and kisses,
And in anguish I make one plea, stay with me, do not leave!

2. Oh do not sing

Don't sing to me, lovely maiden, your sad songs of Georgia.
They remind me of another life and a distant shore.
Alas, your cruel melodies remind me of the steppe, and night and
under the moon
The features of a distant, sad girl.

I forget the beloved ghost when I see you,
But with the sound of your singing, it all comes back to me.

3. In the silent night.

For a long time I will linger in the silence of the secret night.
Your speech, your smile, your glance,
The thick locks of your hair, responding to my touch,
I can chase them away and call them back.
I can whisper and change my confused words of the past,
And in irrational ecstasy to awaken in the darkness with your name.

4. Spring torrents

There is still snow in the fields, but the sound of waters already fore-
shadows the spring.
They flow and awaken the sleeping shore.
They flow, and announce to the ends of the earth:
"Spring is Coming! Spring is coming!
We are harbingers of spring, sent ahead to tell you
Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"
And behind them, the rosy days of spring throng in a merry dance.

Master Class:

Auditioning for an Opera

Carl Ratner will present a free master class on
Monday, February 27th at 12:30 p.m. in the NEIU
Recital Hall. The master class is open to the public.

(parking fees apply)

