John Harbison 80th Birthday Celebration Concert

SUNDAY **APRIL 7, 2019** 3:00

BMOP

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This concert is funded in part by **The Aaron Copland Fund for Music** in honor of John Harbison's 80th birthday for his exemplary service to the Fund as President and Director.

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John Harbison 80th Birthday Celebration Concert

SUNDAY **APRIL 7, 2019** 3:00
JORDAN HALL AT NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY

JOHN HARBISON

Remembering Gatsby: Foxtrot for Orchestra (1985)

Milosz Songs (2006)

Prologue: from Lauda
1. A Task
2. Encounter
3. You Who Wronged
4. When the Moon
5. O!
6. What Once Was Great
7. So Little
8. On Old Women

Epilogue: from Winter
Post-Epilogue: Rays of Dazzling Light

Dawn Upshaw, soprano

Concerto for Viola (1990)

I. Con moto, rubato
II. Allegro brillante
III. Andante

Marcus Thompson, viola

Symphony No. 6 (2011)

I. Con moto
II. Con anima
III. Vivo ruvido
IV. Moderato cantabile e semplice

Dawn Upshaw, soprano

GIL ROSE conductor


CLIVE GRAINGER

TODAY'S PERFORMERS

FLUTE
Sarah Brady
Rachel Braude
Ashley Addington

OBOE
Jennifer Slowik
Laura Pardee
Catherine Weinfield

CLARINET
Michael Norsworthy
Jan Halloran
Amy Advocat

SOPRANO SAXOPHONE
Philipp Stäudlin

BASSOON
Ronald Haroutunian
Adrian Morejon
Greg Newton

HORN
Neil Godwin
Alyssa Daly
Sarah Sutherland
Alex Stening

TRUMPET
Michael Dobrinski
Dana Oakes
Richard Kelley

TROMBONE
Hans Bohn
Alexei Doohovskoy
Bass Trombone
Chris Beaudry

TUBA
Ken Amis

TIMPANI
Craig McNutt

PERCUSSION
Robert Schulz
Nick Tolle
Jonathan Hess

CIMBALOM
Nick Tolle

PIANO
Linda Osborn

HARP
Amanda Romano

VIOLIN I
Katherine Winterstein
Susan Jensen
Paolo Caballero
Sonia Deng
Nicole Parks
Lisa Goddard
Sean Larkin
Sarita Uranovsky
Colin Davis
Ben Carson

VIOLIN II
Colleen Brannen
Yumi Okada
Judith Lee
Micah Ringham
Annegret Klaua
Lilit Hartunian
Nivedita Sarnath
Kay Rooney-Matthews
Aija Reke
Edward Wu

VIOLA
Joan Ellersick
Mark Berger
David Feltner
Emily Rideout
Dimitar Petkov
Emily Rome
Sam Kelder
Amelia Hollander Ames

CELLO
Kate Kayaian
Aron Zelkowicz
Velleda Miragias
Seth MacLeod

BASS
Anthony D'Amico
Bebo Shiu
Robert Lynam
Reginald Lamb

PROGRAM NOTES

By Clifton Ingram

JOHN HARBISON (b. 1938)

Remembering Gatsby (Foxtrot for Orchestra) (1985)

John Harbison's Remembering Gatsby begins like a moody classic in the era of black-and-white film, its score blazing a bold overture into the mind's eye of the listener, like sitting before the potential-filled void of the blank screen. Like sound filling a dark theater, Harbison's is the kind of orchestral opener that sets a tone of stark relief, one of contrasting light-and-dark chiaroscuro that stirs one's imagination for what is to come in fanciful anticipation of the unknown. From the get-go, this opening lets us know that we have been transported back in time as a gothic nostalgia bleeds forth, reminiscent of the magical drama of a previous epoch's radio-laden "theater of the mind." One gets a sense of majesty as if title credits are appearing one-by-one before any narrative has commenced, instruments appearing like film-star names in a deliberate, almost imperial ritual of stately Art Deco lettering. That is to say, larger than life.

Musically speaking, great desolate chords give the impression of a landscape one could call "a valley of ashes," dark and ominous as an industrial dumping ground like the no man's land between FItzgerald's fictional West and East Egg; that is, a scene ripped from the pages of the 1925 novel *The Great Gatsby*. For such a short piece, Harbison's chosen programmatic material for *Remembering Gatsby* looms large, implying a hidden, complex story behind a simple orchestral show-opener. It turns out that for some years previous to writing *Remembering Gatsby*, Harbison had begun sketching an opera based on Fitzgerald's iconic novel. Although Harbison explains that the opera project was abandoned at the time, according to the composer some of the "musical images (in my sketchbooks) and fragrances from the novel (in my senses) … were brought together in this orchestral foxtrot." Of course, a decade or so later in 1999, the full opera would indeed come to fruition, commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera in honor of music director James Levine's 25th year with the organization.

The Great Gatsby has proven fertile ground for Harbison's music since *Remembering Gatsby*'s inception, culminating in the Gatsby Etudes for piano (1999), as well as 2007's The Great Gatsby Suite. Although it might seem an odd obsession for Harbison's musical work as the composer was born well after the 1920s, there is a personal attachment that holds Harbison's nostalgic fixation to an era he never had the chance to experience; it is the era of his father's musical heyday: "My father, eventually a Reformation historian, was a young show-tune composer in the twenties, and this piece may also have been a chance to see him in his tuxedo again." There is a fond intimacy to the work that goes beyond any literary reverence for Harbison, whose *Remembering Gatsby* was premiered in 1986 by the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra under the direction of conductor Robert Shaw.

The piece begins with the grand rising of slowly ascending chords, inching up higher and higher with each proclamation in stately figures of dotted-rhythmic inertia. The music crests, only to sink just as slowly like the melancholic setting of a sonic sun, falling into the shadowed territory of low brass and strings. There is a nostalgic grandeur to the music,

recalling a lost golden age of industry whose technological marvels were awesome in both literal and colloquial senses. Here, the music's unhurried ascent and descent is very much a type of foreshadowing—in essence, a macro structure that aurally maps the following Allegro in slow-motion. The playful staccato stabs of this Allegro quickly demonstrates a dry sense of humor in contrast to the piece's brooding opening atmosphere. Each phrase's trajectory is like that of the grand opening gesture: that is, up and then back down. But this time the Allegro's new madcap pace renders the up-then-down experience more like a carnival ride or like the break-neck galloping of racetrack horses as orchestral hits spur the ensemble on like crops upon flanks. So rapid is this galloping that occasionally the orchestra seems to stumble, dropping a beat from the emerging dance-hall feel.

Finally, the Roaring Twenties have officially arrived as the Allegro begets an orchestral foxtrot dance, the "oompah" of a trap set keeping slap-happy time under the debonair charm of a soprano saxophone melody. From the percussion, sly cowbells and choked cymbals act as musical "winks" to fun effect before strutting trumpet and sexily sentimentale violin join in the action with the sax. Another go at the Allegro resets the stage for a second foxtrot, this time finding itself far more distracted. This second foxtrot is ripe with musical non-sequiturs, spinning off from the original dance tune to take the rest of the orchestra along for a joyride.

This bustling orchestral party scene reaches a climax with comical flexatone and xylophone chattering away before another miniature Allegro, which also gets carried away by its own orchestral hits. The brooding opening fanfare is brought back before the close, but this time the majesty of its courtly dotted rhythms are subjected to what Harbison calls "an intensification of the original cantabile," threatening to bookend the piece on a rather dour note. But a short coda, a comic cut-up of the foxtrot, steals the stage one last time to save Harbison's musical remembrance from complete tragedy. The music is full of sonic jeering, "refer[ing] fleetingly to the telephone bell and the automobile horns, instruments of Gatsby's fate." Indeed, the leering jingle of high triangle (Harbison's "telephone bell") is choked off to humorous Charlie Chaplin-esque effect to complete the show-opener with a rise of eyebrows.

Milosz Songs for Soprano and Orchestra (2006)

Born in 1911 in Lithuania (his parents having left Poland due to political unrest), Czeslaw Milosz spent his early childhood in Czarist Russia, until after World War I when his father moved the family back to Poland. Many years later, as a young man he was in Poland when the Germans invaded. In this way, Milosz could be said to have survived "the two great totalitarian systems of modern history, national socialism and communism." Both a revolutionary poet and a poet revolutionary, Milosz was a politically-minded youth, affiliated with the catastrophist school of the 1930s (a group whose writings in some ways predicted World War II). After the war, he served as cultural attache at the Polish embassy in Washington D.C. In 1951, Milosz, tired of the oppressive constraint on his writing, defected to the West. Eventually he would make Berkeley, California his new home, one that he would regard with sardonic contentment. When Polish poet Czeslaw Milosz won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1980, in Poland the communist regime's hand finally was forced to remove the poet from the blacklist and publish his works in his native land. And of course, within a decade, the Berlin Wall had fallen, and much of the Cold War took

on the guise of ghosts, part of history. Even after all the atrocities that Milosz witnessed, his poetry is intentionally infused with a sense of wonder.

Milosz's poetic style has been described as "a vivid picture of the forms of concealment, of inner transformation, of the sudden bolt to conversion, of the cleavage of man into two" (Karl Jaspers, *Saturday Review*). For composer John Harbison, Milosz's economical poetry-as-witness style is also an attraction, with its "fragmentary short lyrics, [Harbison is] grateful for their elusive melody, their barely reconciled dissonant elements, their embrace of the everyday." It seems fitting then that Harbison's score for *Milosz Songs* includes a specialized setup for the ensemble. Here, the soprano soloist is surrounded by a sextet of instruments, creating an instrumental barrier between vocalist and orchestra. In musical terms, this is a concertino, a small solo ensemble that plays with the orchestra and, in this case, supports the soloist. What is interesting here is that the soprano, protected by the concertino, is physically separated from the rest of the orchestra. In terms of Milosz's aesthetic, this setup implies an external orchestral world in contrast to the intimacy of the concertino as well as the soloist. Note, that the soloist is also the only player on-stage that can communicate directly through language (as filtered through music through the act of singing, of course). The point here is that in many ways, Harbison's *Milosz Songs* mimics the conceptual and aesthetic qualities of the poetry it sets, and the song cycle can be listened to as a "cleavage of [music] into two"—a psychological landscape manifest as a form of sonic-architecture, which can likewise be musically "mapped" onto the external context of the orchestra.

Harbison states that he thought of the concertino players as "satellites revolving around the path of the singer" in imagery that reminds one of utopian diagrams rife with concentric circles and Enlightenment visions. Like an idealized music of the spheres, perhaps this setup speaks to an inner world of language (soprano) and intimate text-painting (concertino), ones that can reflect our desires for ourselves and our world in the face of external pressures that challenge this change. Indeed, perhaps a wise strategy for Harbison's piece would be to listen to how the music played by the soprano and concertino is echoed and transformed into music for orchestra. How does the orchestra's music seem to affect the concertino's musical behavior? Does it stifle it, unleash it, or simply support it? What is the relationship between these two forces, and how do they transfer musical information back and forth? After all, song cycles are often music about connections, about telling a story that reveals its narrative episode-by-episode through text and the building of musical associations with the language of the text. And finally, if you see patterns in how the soprano/concertino and orchestra interact, can you hear them, too?

"For Milosz," Helen Vendler writes in the New Yorker, "the person is irrevocably a person in history, and the interchange between external event and the individual life is the matrix of poetry." Harbison's music creates a theatrical stage of sound-making that creates its own "matrix of music," akin to Milosz's work where the drama is the flux between external and inner pressures, between expressions of indifference and intimacy.

With *Milosz Songs*, Harbison has continued the tradition of bearing witness, adding his own musical voice to Milosz's unique style of poetry, and has updated Milosz's unique poetic perspective by writing this orchestral song cycle. Commissioned in 2006 by the New York Philharmonic (Lorin Maazel, Music Director), *Milosz Songs* was created just two years after the Polish poet's passing in 2004.

John Harbison's feelings for the viola run deep. He calls it his "instrument of choice, the one [he] picked out as a young concert goer." Although Harbison's instrumental facility would eventually be devoted more to the tuba and piano (especially jazz for the latter), he fondly remembers his younger days, notably the time spent in informal chamber music readings of Haydn and Mozart, whose "subtle variants and re-harmonizations" captured the imagination of a budding compositional mind. Regarding the special musical character of the viola, Harbison recalls that "[i]t had a commanding awkward size, a somewhat veiled slightly melancholic tone quality, and it seemed always in the middle of things, a good vantage point for a composer (which I already wanted to be)." Harbison's appreciation for the "middle of things" makes sense in the context of his viola concerto, as the composer's penchant for crafted contrapuntal writing is clearly on display throughout the four-movement work. Harbison: "When it came to writing a concerto for viola I wrote for the violist I never was, the true soloist, and for the instrumental timbres I felt to be most typical for the instrument, its tenor and alto voice, rather than its rather unnatural treble." Similarly, Harbison surrounds the viola's delicate sound with his favorite instruments, often in duet or trio with the soloist, so as to avoid "the kind of bombast that could make the wonderful voice of the viola seem outmanned upon reentry."

Musical paradoxes are a ripe focal point for Harbison throughout the concerto. The movement pairings (that is, movements I and II as well as movements III and IV) parade forth structural concerns that result in both stark and subtle musical contrasts to great effect. Harbison: "The piece moves from inwardness to ebullience and from ambiguous and shifting harmonic language to a kind of tonality." In essence, Harbison's viola concerto is a more or less traditional foray into the concerto genre. That is to say that it is a piece about a single voice finding its way through a sonic environment that could easily swallow up the viola's "middle of things" depth. Yet fearlessly, the viola always seems ready to stir up the orchestra, to muster up different instrumental forces around itself urging the ensemble to break ground into new territory. When the orchestra reaches a critical mass and surpasses the viola's instrumental limits, the soloist simply ducks into the shadows to plan their next move that will start the cycle anew once the orchestra has exorcised its demons.

The first movement's moody melting effects of orchestral color and dripping perpetual-motion rhythms (marked a ponderous Con moto, rubato) seems incapable of repetition, always mutating the material. From the opening, cloudy undulations of tightly-spaced whole-steps in the horns emerge from a quickly diminishing forte orchestral eruption to hang in an ominous blur over a sinewy-syncopated counterpoint of violin and cello. Unfurling into a smearing of imitation, the anticipated introduction of the soloist sees the lone viola quickly joined by a trio of high wind instruments, which is itself quickly joined by a quartet of strings that prove fundamental in establishing a more distinct sense of pulse (in three) in a barely-there waltz. The rest of the movement moves ever onwards, where musical echoes of previous material are only long enough to serve as glimpses back to spur the ceaseless construction and deconstruction of forces (that is, Harbison's ever-mutating "concertino" of his favorite instruments) around the manic intensity of the viola. The viola instigates the music's changes, as Harbison's choice of tuplets for the soloist strain against the triple meter in fraught lyricism. The restless viola finally

exhausts itself in its lower register as high above gentle punctuations of flitting flutes, oboes, and clarinets end the first movement in an unsettled fashion.

In an abrupt about-face to the workings of the first movement, the scherzo-like second movement (marked an effervescent Allegro brillante) is a hard-edged, industrial-tinged affair, a sonic factory of sorts that features literal repeats of large portions of music (AABB) that make up the framework for the viola's insistent virtuosic play. Harbison's writing for the viola (and orchestra) may remind the ear of the etude-esque riffing of Bartok, buzzing along in frenetic dashes of the bow, helped along by complimentary coloration from pizzicato string plunks and jazzy-muted brass in close harmony (echoes of the opening's dark spectral horn scintillations). Like in the first movement, the music seems to strain against its rhythmic confines to burst forth into new forms and figures, ending only to suggest that there is more to come in the next movement.

The third movement returns to the harmony-heavy brash clashing of the first movement, made all the more brooding and violent by cymbals crashing and a blurry dissonance from horns and trumpets. The asymmetrical groups of the five-based meter (2+3) is itself constantly being blurred by Harbison's relentlessly shifting tuplets from solo viola, content to compact its material into more and more dramatic configurations. Repeating wave-like figures from the orchestra, highlighting the delicate dream-like sound of the celeste, help to establish more placid moments mid-movement, which Harbison describes as "of great formal and metrical simplicity". Another grand crash from the orchestra slowly fades out to conclude the movement, the residues of their instrumental violence clinging until the last sustained pianissimo pangs of high winds and violins.

The final movement's musical kernel starts as a duo between soloist and bassoons, establishing a seed that will eventually blossom into permuting vignettes of diverging instrumental color. Again, the violist instigates the orchestra, neither settling for too long on any single idea. The result is an engaging series of variation-like settings based on the soloist's kernel theme. In comparison to the simplicity of the third movement, the fourth's form is "filled with intricate metrical modulations," rife with unstable meter changes and polyrhythmic writing. Solo cadenza-like moments collapse into contrasting panels of cross-cut Stravinsky-esque propulsion as the violist acquires the assistance of an instrumental panoply to aid in their mad dash to the finish line.

Concerto for Viola and Orchestra was commissioned by the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, and the New Jersey Symphony, and was premiered by the New Jersey Symphony in May of 1990.

Symphony No. 6 (2011)

In the first movement of John Harbison's Symphony No. 6, a leap-laden vocal line delivers a poem by James Wright ("Entering the Temple in Nimes") in a thoughtfully paced expression of steadfast emotional depth, the kind that one senses only comes from lived experience. Poet James Wright was a revitalizing figure in the midwestern American poetry scene in the mid-twentieth century, a friend and aesthetic colleague of fellow pioneer Robert Bly. Their work serves as a uniquely adjacent voice to the leading poetic trends of their era, namely the Beats and avant garde New York circles. Wright's thematic focus on the American outsider is more felt than read in "Entering the Temple in Nimes." But an unobtainable turning-back of time makes up the core theme of the poem, hinting at a sensitivity to human suffering that underlines a literary life scored by Wright's own personal struggle with depression and alcoholism.

But like Wright's poetry, the creative tumultuousness of Harbison's Symphony No. 6 is a well-balanced affair. Dark themes are tempered by a mature sense of classicism, one where Harbison makes good use of modernist, post-serialist atonality as contextualized by the accessibility of a neoclassical transparency of form and structure. In the music, a plodding Con moto accompaniment from the orchestra unravels in waves of cascading imitation, rippling out from the initial impact of the vocal melody. Although the voice will only make an appearance in this opening movement, the impact of the text and the musical associations this text makes both shape the subsequent three instrumental movements in significant ways. As Harbison notes:

"Certain passages from the poem maintain a presence through what follows. 'As long as this evening lasts,' 'I hope to pay my reverence.' 'This evening, in winter, I pray for the stone-eyed legions of the rain To put off their armor.' The concluding lines of the poem are rendered in terms which define much of the rest of the piece."

But who is the mysterious armored "their" in this third fragment on which Harbison has focused his sixth symphony? Melodic fragments that proliferate like snaking vines crawling across the instrumental lattice of the orchestra throughout the movement, hold a key to the proceedings.

The opening music's combination of reedy winds and espressivo strings, reverently supported by a delicately cantabile plucking of harp, establishes a rich pastoral sound to invoke the natural world, "The Temple of Diana" into which our vocal protagonist has strayed to bear witness. Wright's poem describes an Ovidian metamorphosis of the young women of Gaul, whose hasty disappearance (perhaps culturally conquered by Julius Caesar's Roman legions?) results in their "reappearing As vines and the pale inner hands of sycamores In the green places." There is a tragedy in imagining that the greenery will "pull off their armor" to reveal a previously-lost human element; yet despite the text's melancholic pine for the impossible, there is a hopeful endurance to the movement's music, which demonstrates a human spirit that rises in the face of suffering. So, while human limb has been replaced by leafy tendril in Wright's poem, similarly the voice's lyricism and thematic imagery will be replaced by ever-transformational counterpoint of winds, brass, percussion, and strings over the course of Harbison's symphony. Neither will ever return to their original states, young women or vocal music. It is for this reason that the end of the movement is mired in a tragically dramatic vocal line that descends into the lowest register upon the "And the rain still mounts its guard." Yet the orchestra picks up the rising arpeggiated figure that had previously matched with the line "Though I arrive too late," transforming painful loss into a more optimistic sounding instrumental landscape of rising sustained textures, however tentative in their quiet pianissimo.

Harbison's own process for writing his sixth symphony seems to be based around a sense of loss and recreation, as well. Having lost a most promising sketch of music, Harbison created "paraphrases and derivations" of what he could recall of this misplaced music. Harbison: "When [the lost sketch] was found I understood that these recollections could all find place in the piece, the original sketch would not." The message of hope here seems to be that the act of recreation which loss affords can be its own reward, albeit one that comes with struggle. Harbison has forged a work that, albeit tinged with an initial

loss (namely, the presence of a vocalist), is also imbued with otherwise inaccessible appreciation of this loss (pathos) and a newfound, fought-for creativity.

In the second movement, grand vistas of harmony of brass against winds, tethered together by a swelling string section, collide in a Con animo antiphony. Later, a nostalgically American-sounding chorale, led by affectionate sounds of jazzy-muted brass, unfolds before a struck zither interrupts with flurries of fortimissimo blows of tremolo. We have heard this instrument in the first movement, if but for a fleeting disruptive moment as the words "the stone-eyed legions of the rain" were sung. The cimbalom's sound being used for text-painted obstinacy from the first movement is still present. Harbison notes that he was drawn to this unique Hungarian dulcimer's sound profile—"a granulated, silvery sound, mysterious, even ominous, a punctuation for the end of large paragraphs"—and credits being exposed to the instrument at a Tanglewood workshop by percussionist Nick Tolle, who is performing on the instrument this afternoon.

The third movement finds a rousingly acrobatic trumpet solo on full display atop bombastic brass and timpani support. Obsessive motivic interplay across the orchestra eventually becomes fixated on a hypnotic upwards gesture, enhanced by harp and vibraphone arpeggiation, before the music becomes transitional and possessed by homorhythmic unisons of harmony. A Tranquillo section brings a sort of fast-motion surface of calm that eventually is brought to another boiling point; here, the chattering of frenetic cimbalom switches the music abruptly to a spidery, office-like musical clattering (think: typewriter pool). Although order eventually prevails, this chattering still seems to flicker in the corners of the room at the end of the movement.

The fourth movement begins with searching strings that bring a despairing sense of searching for something, unsure if it will ever be found. Violins bring back the vocalist's opening leap-laden theme, as they twist and turn in a cantabile counterpoint. Obsession is again at play in this final movement, finding Harbison deftly creating a sense of exhaustion of resources without drawing the creative well dry. At a pivotal point, the bone-rattling of cimbalom (this time paired with the wooden hollowness of marimba) again disrupts the orchestra briefly to bring about a desperate sort of excitement and sense of danger. A tender, "rainy day" sort of music concludes this symphonic poem with a hopeful air (yet without conventional resolution), to match Wright's closing line: "And the rain still mounts its guard."

Symphony No. 6 was commissioned by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is dedicated to Music Director James Levine "in friendship and gratitude," a sentiment that Harbison reassures us is "far from formalities."

Clifton Ingram is a Boston-based composer, performer (Rested Field, guitars/electronics), and writer interested in the fault lines between contemporary and historical traditions. He holds degrees in music (composition) and classics from Skidmore College and The Boston Conservatory.

GUEST ARTISTS

BROOKE IRISH

DAWN UPSHAW

Joining a rare natural warmth with a fierce commitment to the transforming communicative power of music, Dawn Upshaw has achieved worldwide celebrity as a singer of opera and concert repertoire ranging from the sacred works of Bach to the freshest sounds of today. Her ability to reach to the heart of music and text has earned her both the devotion of an exceptionally diverse audience, and the awards and distinctions accorded to only the most distinguished of artists. In 2007, she was named a Fellow of the MacArthur Foundation, the first vocal artist to be awarded the five-year "genius" prize, and in 2008 she was named a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts & Sciences.

Her acclaimed performances on the opera stage comprise the great Mozart roles (Susanna, Ilia, Pamina, Despina, and Zerlina) as well as modern works by Stravinsky, Poulenc, and Messiaen. From Salzburg, Paris and Glyndebourne to the Metropolitan Opera, where she began her career in 1984 and has since made nearly 300 appearances, Dawn Upshaw has also championed numerous new works created for her including The Great Gatsby by John Harbison; the Grawemeyer Award-winning opera, *L'Amour de Loin* and oratorio *La Passion de Simone* by Kaija Saariaho; John Adams's Nativity oratorio *El Niño*; and Osvaldo Golijov's chamber opera *Ainadamar* and song cycle *Ayre*.

It says much about Dawn Upshaw's sensibilities as an artist and colleague that she is a favored partner of many leading musicians, including Gilbert Kalish, the Kronos Quartet, James Levine, and Esa-Pekka Salonen. In her work as a recitalist, and particularly in her work with composers, Dawn Upshaw has become a generative force in concert music, having premiered more than 25 works in the past decade. From Carnegie Hall to large and small venues throughout the world she regularly presents specially designed programs composed of lieder, contemporary works in many languages, and folk and popular music. She furthers this work in master classes and workshops with young singers at major music festivals, conservatories, and liberal arts colleges. She is Artistic Director of the Vocal Arts Program at the Bard College Conservatory of Music, and the Head of the Vocal Arts Program at the Tanglewood Music Center.

A five-time Grammy Award winner, Dawn Upshaw is featured on more than 50 recordings, including the million-selling Symphony No. 3 by Henryk Gorecki for Nonesuch Records. Her discography also includes full-length opera recordings of Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*; Messiaen's *St. Francois d'Assise*; Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*; John Adams's *El Niño*; two volumes of Canteloube's "Songs of the Auvergne," a dozen recital recordings, and an acclaimed three-disc series of Osvaldo Golijov's music for Deutsche Grammophon. Her most recent Grammy was the 2014 Best Classical Vocal Solo Grammy for Maria Schneider's *Winter Morning Walks* on the ArtistShare Label.

Dawn Upshaw holds honorary doctorate degrees from Yale, the Manhattan School of Music, the Juilliard School, Allegheny College, and Illinois Wesleyan University. She began her career as a 1984 winner of the Young Concert Artists Auditions and the 1985

Walter W. Naumburg Competition, and was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Young Artists Development Program.

Ms. Upshaw has recorded extensively for the Nonesuch label. She may also be heard on Angel/EMI, BMG, Deutsche Grammophon, London, Sony Classical, Telarc, and on Erato and Teldec in the Warner Classics Family of labels.

MARCUS THOMPSON

Marcus Thompson, violist, has appeared as soloist, recitalist, and in chamber music series throughout the Americas, Europe, and the Far East. He has been a soloist with the orchestras of Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Saint Louis; The National Symphony, the Boston Pops and the Czech National Symphony in Prague. He performed the West Coast premiere of the Harbison Viola Concerto with the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra; the Chicago premiere with the Chicago Sinfonietta, and the Boston premiere with the New England Conservatory Honors Orchestra. He has received critical acclaim for performances of the Penderecki Viola Concerto with the MIT Symphony Orchestra in Boston, and London, U.K.; performed Hindemith's Viola D'Amore Concerto, *Kammermusik #6*, with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Saratoga, the premiere of Olly Wilson's Viola Concerto with the the Rochester Philharmonic, and the premiere of Elena Ruehr's new Viola Concerto *Shadow Light* with the New Orchestra of Washington. He has premiered and performed many recital or chamber works by MIT composers including Peter Child, Keeril Makan, Charles Shadle, John Harbison, and Barry Vercoe's iconic *Synapse for Viola and Computer*. His recording of Concerto for Viola, Chamber Orchestra, and Percussion commissioned from composer and organist Anthony Newman in 1985 has just been re-released with five concertos for other instruments by the composer. Thompson's three recordings with orchestra include concertos by Hindemith, Bartok, Bloch, and Serly, along with works by Francaix, Martin, and Jongen.

Mr. Thompson has been a guest of the Audubon, Borromeo, Cleveland, Da Ponte, Emerson, Jupiter, Lydian, Orion, Shanghai, and Vermeer String Quartets; and a frequent participant at chamber music festivals in Anchorage, Seattle, Sitka, Los Angeles, Montreal, Edmonton, Rockport (MA and ME), Amsterdam, Dubrovnik and Okinawa.

Born and raised in The Bronx, NYC, Mr. Thompson earned a doctorate degree at The Juilliard School. He currently lives in Boston where he is a member of the viola faculty at New England Conservatory of Music and violist and Artistic Director of the Boston Chamber Music Society. Marcus Thompson is the founder of the MIT Chamber Music Society and of the private study program named for MIT alumnus, Cherry Emerson (SM 1941). In 1995 he was named a Margaret MacVicar Faculty Fellow and Robert R. Taylor Professor of Music. In 2015 he was appointed Institute Professor.

TEXTS

Milosz Songs

PROLOGUE FROM LAUDA

And now we are joined in a ritual.
In amber? In crystal? We make music.
Neither what once was nor what ever will be.
Only what persists when the world is over.

A TASK

In fear and trembling, I think I would fulfill my life
Only if I brought myself to make a public confession
Revealing a sham, my own and of my epoch:
We were permitted to shriek the tongue of dwarfs and demons
But pure and generous words were forbidden
Under so stiff a penalty that whoever dared to pronounce one
Considered himself as a lost man.

Berkeley, 1970

ENCOUNTER

We were riding through frozen fields in a wagon at dawn.
A red wing rose in the darkness.

And suddenly a hare ran across the road.
One of us pointed to it with his hand.

That was long ago. Today neither of them is alive,
Not the hare, nor the man who made the gesture.

O my love, where are they, where are they going
The flash of a hand, streak of movement, rustle of pebbles.
I ask not out of sorrow, but in wonder.

Wolno, 1936

YOU WHO WRONGED

You who wronged a simple man
Bursting into laughter at the crime,
And kept a pack of fools around you
To mix good and evil, to blur the line,

Though everyone bowed down before you,
Saying virtue and wisdom lit your way,
Striking gold medals in your honor.
Glad to have survived another day,

Do not feel safe. The poet remembers.

You can kill one, but another is born.
The words are written down, the deed, the date.

And you'd have done better with a winter dawn,
A rope, and a branch bowed beneath your weight.

Washington, D.C., 1950

WHEN THE MOON

When the moon rises and women in flowery dresses are strolling,
l am struck by their eyes, eyelashes, and the whole arrangement of the world.
It seems to me that from such a strong mutual attraction
The ultimate truth should issue at last.

Berkeley, 1966

O!

O happiness! To see an iris.

The color of indigo, as Ela's dress was once, and the delicate scent l like that of her skin.

O what a mumbling to describe an iris that was blooming when Ela did not exist, nor our kingdoms or our countries!

WHAT ONCE WAS GREAT

What once was great, now appeared small.
Kingdoms were fading like snow-covered bronze.

What once could smite, now smites no more.
Celestial earths roll on and shine.

Stretched on the grass by the bank of a river,
As long, long ago, I launch my boats of bark.

Montgeron, 1959

SO LITTLE

I said so little.
Days were short.

Short days.
Short nights.
Short years.

I said so little.
I couldn't keep it up.

My heart grew weary
From joy,
Despair,
Ardor,
Hope.

The jaws Leviathan
Were closing upon me.

Naked, I lay on the shores
Of desert islands.

The white whale of the world
Hauled me down to its pit.

And now I don't know
What in all that was real.

Berkeley, 1969

ON OLD WOMEN

Invisible, dressed in clothes too big for me,
I take a walk, pretending l am a detached mind.

What country is this? Funereal wreaths, devalued medals,
a general avoidance of remembering what happened.

I think: of you, old women, silently fingering past days
of your lives like the beads of your rosaries.

It had to be suffered, endured, managed.
One had to wait and not wait, one had to.

I send my prayers for you to the Highest, helped
by your faces in old photographs.

May the day of your death not be' a day of hopelessness,
but of trust in the light that shines through earthly forms.

EPILOGUE: FROM WINTER

And now I am ready to keep running
When the sun rises beyond the borderlands of death.

I already see mountain ridges in the heavenly forest
Where, beyond every essence, a new essence waits.

You, music of my late years, I am called
By a sound and a color which are more and more perfect.

Do not die out, fire.
Enter my dreams, love.
Be young forever, seasons of the earth.

POST-EPILOGUE: RAYS OF DAZZLING LIGHT

Light off metal shaken,
Lucid dew of heaven,
Bless each and every one
To whom the earth is given.

Its essence was always hidden
Behind a distant curtain.

We chased it all our lives
Bidden and unbidden.

Knowing the hunt would end,
That then what had been rent
Would be at last made whole:
Poor body and the soul.

Prologue:, from *Lauda* translated by Czeslaw Milosz, Leonard Nathan, Robert Hass
A *Task* and *What Once Was Great* translated by Czeslaw Milosz
Encounter and *So Little* translated by Czeslaw Milosz and Lillian Vallee
You Who Wronged translated by Czeslaw Milosz and Richard Lourie
When the Moon translated by Czeslaw Milosz and Robert Pinsky
O!, On Old Women, and from *Winter* translated by Czeslaw Milosz and Robert Hass
Rays of Dazzling Light translated by Jessica Fisher and Bozena Gilewska

Symphony No. 6

ENTERING THE TEMPLE IN NIMES
by James Wright

As long as this evening lasts,
I am going to walk all through and around
The Temple of Diana.
I hope to pay my reverence to the goddess there
Whom the young Romans loved.
Though they learned her name from the dark rock
Among bearded Greeks,
It was here in the South of Gaul they found her true
To her own solitude.
For here surely the young women of Gaul
Glanced back thoughtfully over their bare
White shoulders and hurried away
Out of sight and then rose, reappearing
As vines and the pale inner hands of sycamores
In the green places.
This evening, in winter,
I pray for the stone-eyed legions of the rain
To put off their armor.
Allow me to walk between the tall pillars
And find the beginning of one vine leaf there,
Though I arrive too late for the last spring
And the rain still mounts its guard.

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR


LIZ LINDER

GIL ROSE is a conductor helping to shape the future of classical music. His dynamic performances and many recordings have garnered international critical praise.

In 1996, Mr. Rose founded the Boston Modern Orchestra Project (BMOP), the foremost professional orchestra dedicated exclusively to performing and recording symphonic music of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. Under his leadership, BMOP's unique programming and high performance standards have attracted critical acclaim.

As a guest conductor on both the opera and symphonic platforms, he made his Tanglewood debut in 2002 and in 2003 debuted with the Netherlands Radio Symphony at the Holland Festival. He has led the American Composers Orchestra, Warsaw Philharmonic, National Symphony Orchestra of the Ukraine, Cleveland Chamber Symphony, Orchestra della Svizzera Italiana, and the National Orchestra of Porto. In 2015, he made his Japanese debut substituting for Seiji Ozawa at the Matsumoto Festival conducting Berlioz's *Béatrice et Bénédict*, and in March 2016 made his debut with New York City Opera at the Appel Room at Jazz at Lincoln Center.

Over the past decade, Mr. Rose has also built a reputation as one of the country's most inventive and versatile opera conductors. He recently announced the formation of Odyssey Opera, an inventive company dedicated to presenting eclectic operatic repertoire in a variety of formats. The company debuted in September 2013 to critical acclaim with a 6-hour concert production of Wagner's *Rienzi*, and has continued on to great success with masterworks in concert, an annual fully-staged festival, and contemporary and family-friendly operas. Prior to founding Odyssey Opera he led Opera Boston as its Music Director starting in 2003, and in 2010 was appointed the company's first Artistic Director. Mr. Rose led Opera Boston in several American and New England premieres including Shostakovich's *The Nose*, Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*, Hindemith's *Cardillac*, and Peter Eötvös's *Angels in America*. In 2009, Mr. Rose led the world premiere of Zhou Long's *Madame White Snake*, which won the Pulitzer Prize for Music in 2011.

Mr. Rose and BMOP recently partnered with the American Repertory Theater, Chicago Opera Theater, and the MIT Media Lab to create the world premiere of composer Tod Machover's *Death and the Powers* (a runner-up for the 2012 Pulitzer Prize in Music). He conducted this seminal multimedia work at its world premiere at the Opera Garnier in Monte Carlo, Monaco, in September 2010, and also led its United States premiere in Boston and a subsequent performance at Chicago Opera Theater.

An active recording artist, Gil Rose serves as the executive producer of the BMOP/sound recording label. His extensive discography includes world premiere recordings of music by John Cage, Lukas Foss, Charles Fussell, Michael Gandolfi, Tod Machover, Steven Mackey, Evan Ziporyn, and many others on such labels as Albany, Arsis, Chandos, ECM, Naxos, New World, and BMOP/sound.

He has led the longstanding Monadnock Music Festival in historic Peterborough, NH, since his appointment as Artistic Director in 2012, conducting several premieres and making his opera stage directing debut in two revivals of operas by Dominick Argento, as

well as conducting, directing and producing the world premier recording of Ned Rorem's opera *Our Town*.

He has curated the Fromm Concerts at Harvard three times and served as the first curator of the Ditson Festival of Music at Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art. As an educator Mr. Rose served five years as director of Orchestral Activities at Tufts University and in 2012 he joined the faculty of Northeastern University as Artist-in-Residence and Professor of Practice.

In 2007, Mr. Rose was awarded Columbia University's prestigious Ditson Award as well as an ASCAP Concert Music Award for his exemplary commitment to new American music. He is a three-time Grammy Award nominee.

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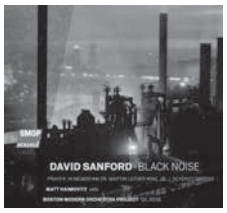

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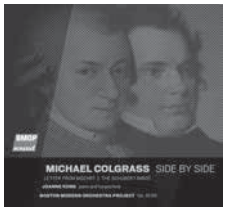

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TOBIAS PICKER FANTASTIC MR. FOX

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ERIC NATHAN THE SPACE OF A DOOR

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