

Brand Library Music Series
March 8, 2009, 3:00 PM

Women's Lives and Loves 2009: Celebrating International Women's Day

Amy Jarman, soprano
Pamela Vliek Martchev, flute
Victoria Kirsch, piano

Program

The Silver Swan (Orlando Gibbons)
Soprano, flute, piano

Lori Laitman (b.1955)

Sentimental Songs
The Children's Hour (Longfellow)
Spring Song (Ives)
Songs My Mother Taught Me (Heyduk, transl.)
Memories: A. Very Pleasant B. Rather Sad (Ives)
Soprano, piano

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Shiny Kiss
Flute

Alex Shapiro (b.1962)

Oh! Oh!! Delphine!!! : Venus Valse
Piano

Ivan Caryll (1861-1921)

At the Statue of Venus (Terence McNally)
Soprano, piano

Jake Heggie (b.1961)

Encantamiento (dedicated to Andrea Puente)
Flute, piano (orig. harp)

Daniel Catán (b.1949)

Rendezvous
Soprano, flute, piano

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

Artist Biographies

A native Californian, **Amy Jarman** is a graduate of the Royal College of Music in London. She has performed as a soloist with the Nashville Symphony, Louisville Bach Society, Nashville Chamber Orchestra, Owensboro Symphony, Hancock Chamber Players, and Blair String Quartet. She has been a featured artist on the Dame Myra Hess Memorial Concert Series in Chicago, Leeds International Concert Series, and St. James' Piccadilly and St. Martin-in-the-Fields in London. In Southern California, Amy has been a featured soloist at the Baroque Music Festival, Corona del Mar. Her operatic roles with Nashville Opera include Lucia in Lucia di Lammermoor and Mimi in La Bohème. Amy is a member of the voice faculty at the Blair School of Music of Vanderbilt University in Nashville Tennessee.

Flutist **Pamela Vliek Martchev** was born in Merrick, NY, and received her initial musical education in the public school system of Long Island. From age 13 on she went to Manhattan School of Music for the Pre-College Division and then her Bachelor of Music Degree. Her teachers included Harold Jones, Kathleen Nester, and Linda Chesis. During her time in NY she won prizes in many competitions, was a featured artist on WQXR's Young Artist Showcase, and played at many venues such as Carnegie Hall, the United Nations, and the White House for President Clinton. After her schooling she went on to perform extensively in Europe as 2nd flute of Philharmonie der Nationen under conductor Justus Frantz. Since moving to California in 2000, Ms. Martchev has played with the Riverside, Redlands, Pasadena, San Diego Chamber and San Diego Symphonies, and will play second flute with the Los Angeles Philharmonic this summer of 2008. She is principal flute of Mladi Chamber Orchestra and the Boulder Philharmonic in Colorado, and is the resident flutist on the Jacaranda Music Series in Santa Monica. She has played with the hip-hop orchestra Dakah, in concerts of Project Accidental and Dilijan, and can be heard on many soundtracks and albums, including Billy Child's 2006 Grammy winning CD "Lyric." She taught at Mt. San Antonio College and is currently on the faculties of Riverside Community College and San Diego State University.

Victoria Kirsch maintains a varied professional schedule that includes international performing, work with major and regional opera companies, including Los Angeles Opera, extensive audition playing (including Plácido Domingo's Operalia competition in 2000 and 2004 and, until 2003, the Metropolitan Opera's National Council Auditions). In 1998, she began collaboration with Julia Migenes (Carmen in the 1984 film with Plácido Domingo) on the celebrated soprano's one-woman show, Diva on the Verge, which the two have presented to acclaim worldwide. She is currently a popular teaching artist for LA Opera's Education and Community Programs Department and pianist and music director of the Los Angeles-based Operetta Foundation. As a recent NEA Chairman's Grant recipient, she is currently co-creating a show based on the writings of Emily Dickinson.

For more information on the composers please visit:

Lori Laitman: www.artsongs.com

Alex Shapiro: www.alexshapiro.org

Jake Heggie: www.jakeheggie.com

Daniel Catán: www.schirmer.com/composers/catan

TEXTS

The Silver Swan (Orlando Gibbons)

The silver swan, who living had no note, when death approach'd, unlock'd her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore, thus sang her first and last, and sang no more.
Farewell, all joys; O Death, come close mine eyes; More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

The Children's Hour (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

Between the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the days occupations, That is known as Children's Hour.
I hear in the chamber above me the patter of little feet
The sound of a door that is opened and voices soft and sweet.
From my study I see in the lamplight Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair.

Spring Song (Charles Ives)

Across the hill of late, came spring and stopped and looked into this wood and called and called
and called. Now all the dry brown things are ans'wring, With here a leaf and there a fair blown
flow'r, I only heard her not, and wait and wait.

Songs My Mother Taught Me (Adolf Heyduk, translation adapted)

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished, Seldom from her eyelids were the tear
drops banished. Now I teach my children each melodious measure Often tears are flowing from
my mother's treasure.

Memories (Charles Ives)

A. Very Pleasant

We're sitting in the opera house; We're waiting for the curtain to arise With wonders for our eyes;
We're feeling pretty gay, And well we may, "O, Jimmy, look!" I say, "The band is tuning up
And soon will start to play." We whistle and we hum, Beat time with the drum.
We're sitting in the opera house; We're waiting for the curtain to arise With wonders for our eyes,
A feeling of expectancy, A certain kind of ecstasy, Expectancy and ecstasy... Sh's's's.

B. Rather Sad

From the street a strain on my ear doth fall, A tune as threadbare as that "old red shawl,"
It is tattered, it is torn, It shows signs of being worn, It's the tune my Uncle hummed from early
morn, 'Twas a common little thing and kind 'a sweet, But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both
his feet; I can see him shuffling down To the barn or to the town, A humming.

AT THE STATUE OF VENUS
Libretto by Terrence McNally

A WOMAN enters. Her name is ROSE. She wears well-cut black slacks, low heels and a crisp white blouse with a reasonable cleavage. A modest necklace and earrings complete her look which is best described as open, honest, direct. She stands a moment, looking around and getting her bearings, then looks at her watch and begins to wait.

ROSE

The slacks were a mistake. Too late now. Brazen it out. Look him in the eye, make him see what you want him to see. It's not about how you're dressed, it's about who you are, and who I am right now is a woman who wishes she wasn't wearing slacks. Weren't wearing slacks. Wasn't wearing slacks. Weren't. Wasn't. Whatever!

God, I hate that expression. What if he uses it all the time? I'll kill myself.

Meeting a blind date at the statue of Venus, wearing black slacks. Way to go, Rose.

What were my options? The yellow dress? Too cheerful. Black is so severe. The blue Chanel was perfect. But it looks expensive. It was expensive. Why am I so suddenly so embarrassed I can afford my own clothes?

I'm too old for this. I haven't felt this way since high school. I'm being judged for all the wrong reasons. What on earth possessed me to wear slacks?

It was a sexy voice: "I'll meet you at the statue of Venus. Let's say five-ish, shall we?"

I liked the "shall we?" The "five-ish" not so much. Don't gay men say "five-ish"? My friends would never do that to me. "You two should meet. You're really perfect for each other. He's a Pisces. You're a Scorpio. You both love the ballet." Another warning sign? No. Lots of straight men like the ballet.

Name one, Rose. Name one. If he's gay it won't matter I wore the slacks. Look at all those women. Out with friends. Looking at art. Look at all those women. Happy. Able to be who they are, not meeting a stranger at the statue of Venus.

Was a real woman this artist's inspiration? Or was she imagined? Look at the way he expressed her beauty. How must it feel to be idealized and treasured? A woman beyond measure. I love the way he saw into her heart. Look at all these women!

There's a woman as seen by Titian. There, another woman as painted by Matisse. Manet, Monet, Degas, Warhol, DeKooning, Chagall. All so beautiful. All inspired. Who wouldn't want to be loved like that? A source of inspiration. And knowing someone once saw in you a masterpiece. A masterpiece. What will he see in me?

Look at all those women. Any other day there I'd be, One of all those women passing by, hardly glancing at Venus. But not today, I'm trying to see myself the way he'll see me: A woman. Just a woman in slacks hoping for love.

♫ ♫ ♫

It's him. It's him. No, it's not. I wish I were dead. No, invisible, so I could be looking at him the way he'll be looking at me.

(Looking at "the man")

There's a bald spot. You know, a few hours at the gym wouldn't exactly kill you, either. You say you voted for who? I just can't imagine why our friends thought I might like you.

It's him. Coming straight toward me. Oh God, please let it be him. This is the moment. He's beyond my wildest dreams. This is the one. There he is, even more handsome than I pictured he'd be. A face to match the voice on the phone: sexy and gentle.

He's here, though not on time. Not on the minute. But now there's no waiting, no more fear, He's finally here. And now I can breathe again. This is the.

This is a man greeting another woman in slacks. Not me. Life is not fair. But wait, here's another one. Oh God don't let it be him, this is a nightmare. This is exactly what I was afraid of. Run for your life! Here he comes. Nowhere to hide and I'm stuck by this stupid Greek statue. Maybe it's not. Too late, it's him!

The what? The men's room? I wouldn't know. I don't work here. The slacks just make me look like it. Life is not fair.

What if he's been here and gone? Seen me and changed his mind? I've been judged and found lacking without a defense. Well maybe you're not to my liking either, whoever-you-are-thinking-your-God-almighty, judging and leaving and making me wonder if it's me or the slacks as I stand here and wait for a date I don't want at the statue of Venus. At the statue of Venus! I have a judgment for you: not so terrific yourself. I'm leaving.

☯ ☯ ☯

If I leave now, I'll never know. And where am I going?

At night we dream of love, of loving and being loved, Like when we were children, if we were lucky, as I was. I knew my parents loved me, and I loved them. I felt safe and protected. I knew that morning would always come, And I knew I was loved. Oh God, I was a lucky, lucky child.

Sunday night dinners over at Grandma's, we'd all be together.

Playing piano, singing along, not in tune or too much in measure. Wrestling with my cousins. The stories we'd share. The night Randall kissed me.

Then pretending to sleep in car riding home with my father and mother. Wanting to hear the secrets they'd share, But mostly just wanting to be carried upstairs in my father's arms, Then he'd kiss me and say:

"Good night, my little pumpkin. Sleep soundly my little love. Angel from heaven. Star from above." And I'd sleep. That love is what I'm seeking; To feel again I am safe and protected. To wake each morning filled with hope. And to know I am loved. Oh God, I was a lucky, lucky child.

☯ ☯ ☯

Will I know him? Of course I will. He'll be a man I can laugh with and be myself with. He'll be handsome which only means when I look at him my heart will smile, and I'll feel happy to the tips of my fingers. That's all "handsome" is: happiness.

How will he know me? That's easy. He'll listen for my laughter and be happy to know he's the reason I laugh. He will know the vastness and fullness of my heart. Together we'll know beauty and drink of it deeply, over and over. We will keep each other hopeful and brave. Together. We will brave this world together, the rest of our days.

I'll meet you at the statue of Venus.

ACCOMPANIST

Rose?

ROSE

Yes?

THE END

Rendevous (Leonora Speyer von Stosch)

But one more month, and I shall be Wrapt in a shadow'd harmony
Of leaves and buds and crinkly moss, Above me tangled boughs will toss,
And all about Unfurled for me, Uncurl'd for me, The fern's unhurried rout.
But one more month so soon Wait for me, June, my June.
The birds, live cups of singing wine, On their tall stems of larch and pine
Will brim for me the glad day long The solace of their bubbling song.
The nightingale will trill for me, Will spill for me Her shy, exultant grail;
But one more month so soon Wait for me, June, my June!
Bring me your reveling fields and woods, Your hills and lakes of solemn moods;
Gather the stars, fresh pluck'd and sweet, Scatter them there where we two meet,
I bring to you still near to me Still dear to me My ancient grief still new.
But one more month so soon Wait for me, June, my June!