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CURRENTS

THE ENSEMBLE FOR NEW-MUSIC AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND

FRED COHEN *ARTISTIC DIRECTOR*

March 7, 1991
North Court Recital Hall
8:15 PM

Program

BIBLICAL SONGS (1990)

MARIO DAVIDOVSKY
(b. 1934)

- I. From the Song of Songs
- II. And Samson Said,
- III. Psalm 137
- IV. Isaac's Blessing

Christine Schadeberg *soprano*
Patricia Werrell *flute, piccolo* Charles West *clarinet, bass clarinet*
Laura Park *violin* Mikail Istomin *cello* Paul Hanson *piano*
Fred Cohen *conductor*

FOUR PIECES FOR CLARINET AND PIANO, OP. 5 (1913)

ALBAN BERG
(1885-1935)

- I. Mässig
- II. Sehr langsam
- III. Sehr rasch
- IV. Langsam

Charles West *clarinet*
Landon Balieu *piano*

intermission

PIERROT LUNAIRE, OP. 21 (1912)

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG
(1874-1951)

Thrice Seven Poems from Albert Giraud's "Pierrot lunaire"

Christine Schadeberg *soprano*
Patricia Werrell *flute, piccolo* Charles West *clarinet, bass clarinet*
Laura Park *violin, viola* Mikail Istomin *cello* Paul Hanson *piano*
Fred Cohen *conductor*

TRANSLATIONS
BIBLICAL SONGS

I. FROM THE SONG OF SONGS

Come my beloved
Let us go into the field
Let us lodge in the villages.
Let us get up early to the vineyards
Let us see if the vine has flowered
Whether the tender grape appear
If the pomegranates are in bloom.
There will I give my love to you.
The mandrakes yield a fragrance
and at our gates are all manner
of pleasant fruits, new and old,
which I have kept, my beloved, for you.
Make haste
Swift as a gazelle
or a young hart
to the hills of spices.

II. AND SAMSON SAID

With the jaw bone of an ass
heaps upon heaps
With the jawbone of an ass
have I slain a thousand men.

III. PSALM 137

By the rivers of Babylon
There we sat and wept
when we remembered Zion.
On the willows
we hanged our harps
For there they that carried us away captive
Asked us for song,
Our tormentors, for amusement.
How shall we sing the Lord's song
in a strange land,
IM ESHKAJEJ IERUSHALAIM
TISHKAJ IEMINI
TIDBAK LESHONI LEJIKI IMLO EZKEREJI,
IM LO AALE ET IERUSHALAIM AL ROSH SIMJATI
Remember O Lord the Children of Edom
the day of Jerusalem's fall
how they cried. Raze it Raze it to her very foundation.
O daughter of Babylon, who has to be destroyed.
Happy shall he be that rewards you, as you have served us,
Blessed shall be he,
that takes and dashes your children
against the rocks.

IV. ISAAC'S BLESSING

See...Ah..the smell of my son
is like the smell of the fields
which the Lord has blessed.
Therefore,
God give you of the dew of heaven
and the fatness of the earth,
and plenty of corn and wine!
Let the people serve you
and nations bow down to you
Be the Lord over your brothers
and let your mother's sons
bow down to you
Cursed be they who curse,
and blessed be they who bless you.
Ah the smell of my son
is like the smell of the fields....

PIERROT LUNAIRE (op. 21)

PART ONE

1. MONDESTRUNKEN (MOONDRUNK)

(flute, violin, cello, piano)

The wine that through the eyes is drunk
Pours nighttimes from the moon in waves,
Until its springtime tide overflows
The silent far horizon.

Desires, shocking and sweet
Float through the tide unnumbered!
The wine that through the eyes is drunk
Pours nighttimes from the moon in waves.

The poet whom devotion drives
Gets tipsy on the holy brew
Towards Heaven turning his rapt gaze
And giddily sucks and slurps the wine,
The wine that through the eyes is drunk.

2. COLOMBINE

(flute, clarinet, violin, piano)

The moonlight's pallid blossoms,
The white and wondrous roses,
Bloom in July nights--
Oh could I pluck just one!

To still my heavy heart
I seek in dark streams
The moonlight's pallid blossoms,
The white and wondrous roses.

All my yearning would be stilled
Could I as in a fable,
So gently but scatter
Upon your brown hair
The moonlight's pallid blossoms.

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,
Und eine Springflut überschwemmt
Den stillen Horizont.

Gelüste, schauerlich und' süß
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt,
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,
Gen Himmel wendet er verzückt
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und schlürst er
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weissen Wunderrosen,
Blühh in den Julinächten -
O bräch ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,
Such ich am dunklen Strome
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weissen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,
Dürft ich so märchenheimlich,
So selig leis - entblättern
Auf deine braunen Haare
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

3. DER DANDY (THE DANDY)
(piccolo, clarinet, piano)

With a fantastical light-beam
The moon strikes sparks from crystal flacons.
On the black high alter, the washstand,
On the laconic dandy from Bergamo.

In the sonorous bronze basin
Water laughs brightly and noisily
With a fantastical light-beam
The moon strikes sparks from crystal flacons.

Pierrot with a waxy complexion
Muses and ponders: what makeup today?

Rejecting the red and Orient green
He paints his face in a loftier style
With a fantastical light-beam.

4. EINE BLASSE WASCHERIN
(A PALLID WASHERWOMAN)
(flute, clarinet, violin)

A pallid washerwoman
Nightly washes faded linen;
Naked, silver-white arms
Stretch downward into the stream.

Through the clearing, gentle breezes
Gently ruffles up the river.
A pallid washerwoman
Nightly washes faded linen.

Heaven's lovely, tender maid
By the branches gently fondled,
Lays out in the darkening meadow
All her bedlinen woven of moonbeams--
A pallid washerwoman.

5. VALSE DE CHOPIN
(flute, clarinet, piano)

As a pallid drop of blood
Stains the lips of a consumptive,
So there lurks within these tones
A morbid, self-destroying spell.

Wild chords of passion
Break desperation's icy-white dreams--
As a pallid drop of blood
Stains the lips of a consumptive.

Hot, triumphant, sweetly yearning
Melancholy nighttime waltz
May you ever haunt my senses,
Holding fast to every thought,
As a pallid drop of blood!

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen Waschtisch
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.

In tönender, bronzener Schale
Lacht hell die Fontäne, metallischen Klangs.
Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons.

Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Antlitz
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute sich
schminkt

Fort schiebt er das Rot und des Orients Grün
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem Stil
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher,
Nackte, silberweisse Arme
Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.

Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.
Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.

Und die sanfte Magd des Himmels,
Von den Zweigen zart unschmeichelt,
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen
Ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen--
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen
Ein vernichtungssüchtiger Reiz.

Wilder Lust Accorde stören
Der Verzweiflung eisgen Traum --
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.

Heiss und jauchzend, süß und schmachkend
Melancholisch düstrer Walzer,
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

6. MADONNA

(flute, clarinet, violin, cello, piano)

Rise, Madonna of all sorrows,
On the altar of my verses!
Blood pours out thy withered breast
Where the slashing sword pierced it.

And thy ever-bleeding wounds,
Seem like eyes, red and staring.
Rise, Madonna of all sorrows,
On the altar of my verses!

In thy torn and wasted hands
Holding the corpse that was thy Son
Thou revealst Him to all mankind--
But the eyes of men still turn aside
Madonna of all sorrows.

7. DER KRANKE MOND (THE SICK MOON)

(flute)

You somber death-stricken moon
Lying on the night sky's pillow,
Your wide-eyed, feverish stare,
Holds me, like music from afar.

Of unappeasable ache of love
You die of yearning, choked to death.
You somber death-stricken moon
Lying on the night sky's pillow.

The lover, with his heart aflame,
Goes heedless to his lover's bed
Applauding thy play of light.
The pallid, pain-begotten blood,
You somber death-stricken moon.

8. NACHT (NIGHT)

(clarinet, violin, piano)

Gigantic black butterflies
Have blotted out the blazing sun.
Like a wizard's sealed book,
The horizon sleeps in secret silence.

From murky depths, dank, forgotten
A scent arises to murder memory!
Gigantic black butterflies
Have blotted out the blazing sun.

And from heaven toward the earth
Sinking down in heavy circles
All unseen the monsters swarm
Upon the hearts of men.
Gigantic black butterflies.

Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!
Blut aus deinen magren Brüsten
Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen.

Deine ewig frischen Wunden
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!

In den abgezehrten Händen
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche,
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit --
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet
Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergross,
Bannt mich wie fremde Melodie.

An unstillbarem Liebesleid
Stirbst du, an Schnsucht, tief erstickt,
Du Nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl.

Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten schleicht,
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel --
Dein bleiches, qualgebornes Blut,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz,
Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch
Ruht der Horizont -- verschwiegen.

Aus dem Qualm verlornen Tiefen
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.

Und vom Himmel erdenwärts
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen
Unsichtbar die Ungetüme
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder . . .
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

9. GEBET AN PIERROT (PRAYER TO PIERROT)

(clarinet, piano)

Pierrot! my laughter
I have forgotten!
The radiant dream
Dispersed, dispersed!

Black waves the flag
That flies at the mast.
Pierrot! my laughter
I have forgotten!

O restore to me
Soul's veterinarian
Snowman of Verse,
Your Lunar Highness
Pierrot! my laughter.

10. RAUB (THEFT)

(flute, clarinet, violin, cello)

Red, gleaming princely rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory,
Slumber in dead men's coffins
Buried in the vaults below.

At night, with his boon companions
Pierrot breaks in--to steal
Red, gleaming princely rubies
Bloody drops of ancient glory.

But suddenly--their hair's on end--
Scared to death, they're turned to stone:
For through the darkness, shining redly
Staring from the dead men's coffins--
Red, gleaming princely rubies.

11. ROTE MESSE (RED MASS)

(tutti)

At the gruesome grim communion,
In the blinding golden glitter,
In the flickering candlelight,
To the altar comes--Pierrot!

His hand, to God devoted
Rips open his priestly raiment,
At the gruesome grim communion
In the blinding golden glitter.

He makes the sign of the cross
Keeping hands aloft for trembling souls
The oozing crimson wafer:
His heart in bloody fingers
At the gruesome grim communion.

Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
Das Bild des Glanzes
Zerfloss - Zerfloss!

Schwarz weht die Flagge
Mir nun vom Mast.
Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!

O gieb mir wieder
Rossarzt der Seele,
Schneemann der Lyrik,
Durchlaucht vom Monde,
Pierrot -- mein Lachen!

Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.

Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,
Steigt Pierrot hinab -- zu rauben
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.

Doch da - sträuben sich die Haare,
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:
Durch die Finsterniss -- wie Augen! --
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,
Naht dem Altar - Pierrot!

Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,
Zerreisst die Priesterkleider
Zu grausem Abendmahle
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes.

Mit segnender Geberde
Zeigt er den banger Seelen
Die tiefend rote Hostie:
Sein Herz -- in blutgen Fingern --
Zu grausem Abendmahle!

12. GALGENLIED (GALLOWS SONG)

(piccolo, viola, cello)

The haggard harlot
With a scrawny neck
Will be the last
Of his mistresses.

And in his brain
She'll stick like a needle,
The haggard harlot
With a scrawny neck.

Slim as a pinetree,
With hair in a pigtail
That she'll gaily bind
Around his neck
The haggard harlot.

13. ENTHAUPUNG (BEHEADING)

(clarinet, viola, cello, piano)

The moon, a naked Turkish sword
Upon a silk black cushion
Ghostly and vast hangs like a threat
In night as dark as woe.

Pierrot restlessly paces about
And stares in deathly fear at the moon,
A naked Turkish sword
Upon a silk black cushion.

And shaking, quaking, knees atremble,
Suddenly he falls into a faint of fright,
Convinced that there comes whistling down
Upon his guilty sinful neck
The moon, a naked Turkish sword.

14. DIE KREUZE (THE CROSSES)

(piano-tutti)

Holy crosses are the poems
Where poets bleed in silence,
Blinded by beating wings
Of a spectral vulture swarm.

In their bodies swords have feasted,
Reveling in their scarlet blood!
Holy crosses are the poems
Where poets bleed in silence.

Dead the head, bowed the tresses--
Far away the mob still prattles.
Slowly sinks the sun in splendor,
Gold and red, a royal crown.
Holy crosses are the poems.

Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse
Wird seine letzte
Geliebte sein.

In seinem Hirne
Steckt wie ein Nagel
Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse.

Schlank wie die Pinie,
Am Hals ein Züpfchen --
Wollüstig wird sie
Den Schelm umhalsen,
Die dürre Dirne!

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,
Gespenstisch gross -- draüt er hinab
Durch schmerzenseindliche Nacht.

Pierrot irt ohne Raft umher
Und starrt empor in Todesängsten
Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.

Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.
Er wähnt: es sause strafend schon
Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder
Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!

In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.

Tot das Haupt -- erstarrt die Locken -
Fern, verweht der Lärm des Pöbels.
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,
Eine rote Königskrone. --
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse!

15. HEIMWEH (NOSTALGIA)

(tutti)

Sweet lamenting, like a crystalline sighing
Cries the old Italian pantomime
Complaining: How's Pierrot grown so wooden,
So trite and mawkish, inanely *à la mode*?

And its echoes through his heart's desert,
Echoes mutedly through all his senses--
Sweet lamenting, like a crystalline sighing
Cries the old Italian pantomime.

Pierrot drops his childish manner,
Through the silver fiery glow of moonshine,
Through the tides of light, his nostalgic
 yearning

Boldly soars on high to skies of homeland--
Sweet lamenting, like a crystalline sighing.

16. GEMEINHEIT! (HORSEPLAY!)

(tutti)

In the bonebald skull of Cassander
Who screams and cries and rends the air--
Pierrot drills with hypocritical kindness
With a surgeon's borer.

And then presses with his trumb
His best blend of Turkish tobacco
In the bonebald skull of Cassander
Who screams and cries and rends the air.

Then screws with a cherry pipestem
Into the back of the polished pate,
At his ease he puffs away
His best blend of Turkish tobacco
In the bonebald skull of Cassander.

17. PARODIE (PARODY)

(piccolo, clarinet, viola, piano)

Knitting needles, brightly twinkling,
Stuck in her mousegray hair,
The Duenna sits mumbling,
In her best red dress.

She's waiting in the arbor,
Ablaze for Pierrot with passion,
Knitting needles, brightly twinkling,
Stuck in her mousegray hair

Suddenly--hark!--a whisper,
A wind puff titters softly;
The moon, coldhearted mocker,
Is mimicking with moonbeams
Knitting needles, brightly twinkling.

Liebllich klagend -- ein kristallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,
Klingts herüber: wie Pierrot so hölzern,
So modern sentimental geworden.

Und es tönt durch seines Herzens Wüste
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,
Liebllich klagend -- ein kristallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergisst Pierrot die Trauermienen!
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des Mondes,
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten -- schweift die
 Sehnsucht
Kühhn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel,
Liebllich klagend -- ein krystallnes Seufzen!

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Lust durchzertert,
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,
Zärtlich --einen Schädelbohrer!

Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen
Seinen echten türkschen Taback
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert!

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel
Hinten in die glatte Glatze
Und behäbig schmaucht und pafft er
Seinen echten türkschen Taback
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar,
Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd,
Im roten Röckchen da.

Sie wartet in der Laube,
Sie liebt, Pierrot mit Schmerzen,
Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar.

Da plötzlich -- horch! -- ein Wispern!
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,
Äfft nach mit seinen Strahlen --
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

18. DER MONDFLECK (THE MOONFLECK)

(tutti)

With a fleck of white-bright moonlight--
On the back of his black jacket,
Pierrot set forth one balmy evening,
In pursuit of fortune and adventure.

Suddenly--he sees that something's wrong,
He looks round and about and then he finds it--
There's a fleck of white-bright moonlight--
On the back of his black jacket.

Damn! he thinks: it's a spot of plaster!
He rubs and rubs, but he can't make it vanish!

Oh he goes, his pleasure poisoned,
He rubs and rubs till morning comes,
At a fleck of white-bright moonlight.

19. SERENADE

(tutti)

With a grotesquely huge bow
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.
Like a stork, on one leg balanced,
He plucks a sad pizzicato.

Suddenly here's Cassander
Raging at the nighttime virtuoso--
With a grotesquely huge bow
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.

So he throws aside his viola:
Delicately, with his dexterous left hand,
He seizes Cassander by the collar--
And dreamily plays upon his bald head
With a grotesquely huge bow.

20. HEIMFAHRT (JOURNEY HOMEWARD)

(tutti)

A moonbeam is his rudder,
A waterlily is his boat,
And so Pierrot sails southward
Driven by a friendly wind.

The river hums scales beneath him
And gently rocks the skiff,
A moonbeam is his rudder
A waterlily is his boat.

To Bergamo, his homeland,
At last Pierrot returns;
Dawn's glimmer rises eastward,
The green of the horizon.
A moonbeam is his rudder.

Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes,
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.

Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem Anzug,
Er beschaut sich rings und findet richtig --
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken feines schwarzen Rockes.

Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!
Wischt und wischt, doch -- bringt ihn nicht
herunter!

Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen -
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.

Plötzlich naht Cassander -- wütend
Ob des nächtigen Virtuosen --
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.

Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:
Mit der delikaten Linken
Fasst den Kahlkopf er am Kragen --
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot:
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen Süden
Mit gutem Reisewind.

Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot.

Nach, Bergamo, zur Heimat,
Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück,
Schwach dämmert schon im Osten
Der grüne Horizont.
-- Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

21. O ALTER DUFT (O ANCIENT SCENT)

(tutti)

O ancient scent of fabled times
Again you captivate my senses!
A silly swarm of idle fancies
Whispers through the gentle air.

A happy ending so long yearned for
Recalls pleasures too long neglected.
O ancient scent of fabled times
Again you captivate my senses!

My bitter gloom I've set aside
And from my sundrenched window
I gladly view the lovely world,
And dreams go forward to the world beyond. . .
O ancient scent of fabled times!

O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne!
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.

Ein glücklich Wunschen macht mich froh
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet:
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder mich!

All meinen Unmut gab ich preis,
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster
Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten. . .
O alter Duft -- aus Märchenzeit!

PROGRAM NOTES

Composer **Mario Davidovsky** was born in Buenos Aires in 1934, and began to compose at the age of 13. He studied with Milton Babbitt at the Berkshire Music Center in 1958, and in 1960 began to work at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center. He has taught at the University of Michigan (1964), the Di Tella Institute of Buenos Aires (1965), the Manhattan School of Music (1968-69), Yale University (1969-70), City College, CUNY (1968-80), and Columbia University (from 1981) where he directs the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Center. From 1971 he also served as director for the Composers Conference at Wellesley College.

Davidovsky's many honors include a Koussevitzky fellowship (1958), two Rockefeller fellowships (1963, 1964), two Guggenheim fellowships (1960, 1971), the Brandeis University Creative Arts Award (1964), an award from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters (1965), the Pulitzer Prize (1971), a Naumburg award (1972), and a Guggenheim award (1982). He has received commissions from such major institutions as the Pan American Union (1962), the Fromm Foundation (1963), and the Koussevitzky Foundation (1970; 1981 for *Divertimento for Cello and Orchestra*). In 1982 he was elected to the Institute of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

Davidovsky is best know for his compositions combining live instrumental performance with recorded electronic sound, in particular for the *Synchronisms nos. 1-8*, in which he has concentrated on the unique quality of sound inherent to each instrument or group.

Biblical Songs was commissioned by Voices of Change through the Meet the Composer-Reader's Digest Fund. Christine Schadeberg presented the first performance of the work in Dallas last year.

Soprano **Christine Schadeberg** is recognized as one of America's leading recitalists, specializing in 20th-century repertoire. She is featured regularly with chamber ensembles and orchestras across the United States and Europe, and has premiered over 70 works by contemporary composers, many written especially for her.

Since moving to New York in 1982, Ms. Schadeberg has continued to receive critical acclaim for her exciting and varied song recitals, programming works by living composers within the context of a broad range of 20th-century masterpieces and

standard vocal repertoire. She has also continued to receive special attention for her dramatic interpretation and vocal quality, both in premieres of new works and in the standard operatic and recital repertoire. Reviews have praised her for her "impeccable sense of style, firm command of languages and supple and expressive tone" (Allan Kozinn, *The New York Times*); her "mastery of impossible vocal lines--no matter how high, how low, how jagged, how loud or how soft--with uncommon purity, with uncanny accuracy and dramatic point" (Martin Bernheimer, *The Los Angeles Times*); and her extraordinary ability to communicate with an audience: "an artist who could chant from the Yellow Pages and hold listeners intent" (Andrew Porter, *The New Yorker*).

Last season, Ms. Schadeberg received rave reviews on both coasts for her performances of Schoenberg's *Pierrot lunaire* in New York City and Los Angeles; in 1988 she made her Carnegie Hall and Kennedy Center debuts. Her recent recording of Elliot Carter's *A Mirror on Which to Dwell* with SPECULUM MUSICAE was praised in *The New York Times* and *Musical America*, and in September, 1989, she sang Luciano Berio's *O King* with Maestro Berio conducting at a gala benefit concert sponsored by the Italian Consulate at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. In the summer of 1991, she will sing the role of the Mother in the European premiere of Meredith Monk's new opera, *ATLAS*. Ms. Schadeberg can be heard on CRI, Opus One, Bridge, and Orion Masters Records.

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