

Cornelia Street Café
29 Cornelia Street, New York, NY
Music/Words Season 4

April 22, 2012

Inna Faliks, piano, Samantha Malk, soprano, Clarice Assad, pianist and singer, Irina Mashinski, poet

Irina Mashinski, poem

Beethoven Fantasie opus 77- Inna Faliks

Irina Mashinski, poems

Schoenberg, Three Pieces opus 11 – Inna Faliks, piano

#1 - Masige (Moderato)

Irina Mashinski, poem

#2-Masige (Moderato)

Irina Mashinski, poem

#3 – Bewegte (Con Moto)

Irina Mashinski, poems

Schoenberg – three songs - Samantha Malk, soprano, Inna Faliks, piano

Opus 2 # 1 (Erwartung- Expectation)

4 from Seven Early Songs (Waldensnacht – Wondrously cool forest night)

Opus 3 # 2 (Hochzeitslied – Wedding Song)

Chopin-Liszt Maiden's Wish - Inna Faliks, piano

Irina Mashinski – poem

Schoenberg – Two Cabaret Songs, Samantha Malk, soprano, Inna Faliks, piano

Gigerlette

Jedem das Seine

Irina Mashinski – poems

Clarice Assad – song selections

Music/Words (www.musicwordsnyc.com) is a unique interdisciplinary series created and curated by pianist Inna Faliks. Now in its fourth season, the series explores literal and associative connections between poetry and music by presenting collaborations between exciting solo performers and acclaimed contemporary poets in the form of a live recital/reading. Faliks created the series in order to foster a chance for poets and musicians to work together and inspire each other, as well as to allow different audiences to come together for these musical-literary events. You are invited to listen to music as poetry, poetry as music, and enjoy the associations.

Artist Bios

Bilingual poet and translator **Irina Mashinski** has authored seven books of poetry in Russian, and her most recent collections are Volk (Wolf) and Raznochinets pervyi sneg i drugie stikhotvoreniia (Raznochinets First Snow and Other Poems). Her work has appeared in a variety of literary journals and anthologies, including Poetry International, Fulcrum, Zeek, The London Magazine, and An Anthology of Contemporary Russian Women Poets. She is the co-editor of the forthcoming Anthology of Russian Poetry from Pushkin to Brodsky, as well as co-founder and co-editor of the Cardinal Points literary journal, published in the U.S. in English and Russian. She also serves on the editorial board for the NYC based translation project “Ars-Interpes.” Irina Mashinski is the winner of several literary awards, including the First Prizes

at the Russian America (2001), Maximilian Voloshin (2003), and other poetry contests. Her poetry has been translated into English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Serbian.

South African soprano **Samantha Malk** recently returned from a concert tour around China, Vietnam and Thailand. At the end of 2010, she was thrilled to make her Weill Hall debut recital at Carnegie Hall. During that summer, she finished her engagement as a young artist for the Steans Institute at the Ravinia Music Festival in Chicago. In July 2010, the International Contemporary Ensemble invited Samantha as the guest soprano in a live broadcast on WQXR Classical Radio New York as well as a two-day music festival celebrating the music of Edgar Varèse at Alice Tully Hall. Earlier that year, during an alumni residency, Samantha performed songs of Debussy and Schumann lieder at the Britten Pears Music Festival. Her operatic roles include Zerlina in Don Giovanni, Nannetta in Falstaff, Belinda in Dido and Aeneas and Susanna in Le nozze di Figaro. After immigrating to the United States, Samantha came to study music, earning her Bachelor of Music at Indiana University and her Masters at Indiana School of Music.

Described by the San Francisco Chronicle as a “serious triple threat,” and “an arranger and orchestrator of great imagination” (SF Classical Voice), **Clarice Assad** (www.clariceassad.com) is making her mark in the music world as a pianist, arranger, as a vocalist and as a composer. A versatile artist of musical depth and sophistication, her works have been published in France (Editions Lemoine), Germany (Trekell), and in the United States (Virtual Artists Collective Publishing), and have been performed in Europe, South America, the United States and Japan. Miss Assad’s music often have a thematic core, and explore the physical and psychological elements of the chosen story or concept. With a repertoire in continuous expansion, her works are sought out by musicians both in the classical and the jazz realms.

Founder and Curator of Music/Words (www.musicwordsnyc.com), **Inna Faliks**, recently praised for her “signature blend of lithe grace and raw power” (Lucid Culture) was only 15 when she made her acclaimed debut with the Chicago Symphony, and since that time has performed on many of the world’s greatest stages, including Carnegie Hall, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Paris’ Salle Cortot, Chicago’s Orchestra Hall, Tchaikovsky Hall in Moscow, Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen and in festivals such as Verbier, Brevard and Bargemusic. Critics praise her “poetry and panoramic vision” (*Washington Post*), “courage to take risks” (*General Anzeiger, Bonn*), as well as her “riveting passion and playfulness” (*Baltimore Sun*). She was the first prize winner of many international competitions including the coveted International Pro Musicis Award 2005. Faliks is committed to rare and new music, as well as standard repertoire. Her CD on MSR Classics, Sound of Verse, released in August 2009 and featuring rare music of Boris Pasternak, Rachmaninoff and Ravel, received enthusiastic reviews in Gramophone and American Record Guide, comparing Faliks to Argerich and Cliburn. Faliks has performed premieres by such composers as Ljova Zhurbin and Lera Auerbach, and presented the West Coast premiere of 13 Ways of Looking at the Goldberg, contemporary variations on Bach’s Aria, at LACMA, LA. She gave the New York premiere of the work at Bargemusic. She is a frequent guest on radio stations such as WFMT, WGBH, and WQXR and frequently performs with American orchestras and in recital and chamber music appearances in the US and abroad. Her teachers included Leon Fleisher, Ann Schein, Gilbert Kalish and Boris Petrushansky. Faliks is represented by John Gingrich Artists. www.innafaliks.com

Music/Words needs your help to flourish. If you enjoyed what you heard and wish to make a tax-deductible donation, please see Inna Faliks after the performance, or write a check to The Field, the fiscal sponsor of Music/Words and a non-profit. Please send this tax-deductible donation to 106 West 105th st. apt 5 New York NY 10025 . Thank you for coming!

*The Field is a not-for-profit, tax-exempt, 501(c)(3) organization serving the New York City performing arts community. Contributions made to The Field and earmarked for **Inna Faliks** are tax deductible to the extent allowed by law. For more information about The Field contact: The Field, 161 Sixth Avenue, 14th Floor, New York NY 10013, (212) 691-6969, fax: (212)255-2053, www.thefield.org. A copy of The Field’s latest annual report may be obtained, upon request, from The Field or from the Office of the Attorney General, Charities Bureau, 120 Broadway, New York, NY 10271.*

Translations

Erwartung

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche
Neben der roten Villa
Unter der toten Eiche
Scheint der Mond.

Wo ihr dunkles Abbild
Durch das Wasser greift,
Steht ein Mann und streift
Einen Ring von seiner Hand.

Drei Opale blinken;
Durch die bleichen Steine
Schwimmen rot und grüne
Funken und versinken.

Und er küßt sie, und
Seine Augen leuchten
Wie der meergrüne Grund:
Ein Fenster tut sich auf.

Aus der roten Villa
Neben der toten Eiche
Winkt ihm eine bleiche
Frauenhand.

-Richard Dehmel

Waldesnacht, du wunderkühle

Waldesnacht, du wunderkühle,
Die ich tausend Male grüß',
Nach dem lauten Weltgewühle,
O wie ist dein Rauschen süß!
Träumerisch die müden Glieder
Berg' ich weich ins Moos,
Und mir ist, als würd' ich wieder
All der irren Qualen los.

Fernes Flötenlied, vertöne,
Das ein weites Sehnen rührt,
Die Gedanken in die schöne,
Ach! missgönte Ferne führt.
Laß die Waldesnacht mich wiegen,
Stillen jede Pein!
Und ein seliges Genügen
Saug' ich mit den Düften ein.

In den heimlich engen Kreisen,
Wird dir wohl, du wildes Herz,
Und ein Friede schwebt mit leisen
Flügelschlägen niederwärts.
Singet, holde Vögelieder,
Mich in Schlummer sacht!
Irre Qualen, löst euch wieder;
Wildes Herz, nun gute Nacht!

-Paul Heyse

Anticipation

The sea green pond,
beside the red villa
beneath the dead oak,
reflects the shining moon.

Where the oak's dark reflection
reaches through the water,
there is a man and slips
a ring off his hand.

Three opals glint;
red and green gleams
from the pale gems
and submerges.

And he kisses the gems, and
his eyes shine
like the sea green bottom:
a window opens.

A woman's pale hand
beckons him
from the red villa
beside the dead oak.

Wondrously cool woodland night

Wondrously cool woodland night,
whom I greet a thousand times:
after the uproarious tumult of the world,
o how sweet is your rustling!
Dreamily I nestle my weary limbs
in your tender moss,
and it seems to me as if once more
I were free from all my insane anguish.

Distant fluting song, emerge and
stir a wide yearning,
with thoughts of the beloved,
ah! beguile the resented distance!
Let the woodland night lull me,
still every pain,
and a blissful satisfaction
permit me to drink in with its fragrances.

In narrow, secret circles,
you, wild heart, will know well
that peace hovers above with hushed
wing-beats, slowly descending.
Lovely birds, sing your lovely songs,
sing me gently into slumber!
Distracting torments, dissipate again;
wild heart, now good night!

Hochzeitslied

So voll und reich wand noch das Leben
Nimmer euch seinen Kranz,
Und auf den Trauben spielt in kühnem
Schimmer der Hoffnung Glanz.
Im Laube welch ein Glüh'n des farbigen Saftes,
Und wie die Töne klar zusammenfließen!
Ergreift das Alles, schafft es,
Erlebt es im Genießen!
Der Jugend Allmacht kocht in eures Blutes
Feuriger Kraft,
Nach Taten drängt, nach Schöpfung freien Mutes
Der frische Saft.
So spannt denn eurer Welt tollkühne Bogen,
Die schlanken Säulen hebt zum Himmelzelt;
Füllt mit des Herzens Flammenwogen
Die neue Welt!

-Jens Peter Jacobsen

Gigerlette

Fräulein Gigerlette
Lud mich ein zum Tee.
Ihre Toilette
War gestimmt auf Schnee;
Ganz wie Pierrette
War sie angetan.
Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette,
Sähe Gigerlette
Wohlgefällig an.

War ein rotes Zimmer,
Drin sie mich empfing,
Gelber Kerzenschimmer
In dem Raume hing.
Und sie war wie immer
Leben und Esprit.
Nie vergess ich's, nimmer:
Weinrot war das Zimmer,
Blütenweiss war sie.

Und im Trab mit Vieren
Führen wir zu zweit
In das Land spazieren,
Das heisst Heiterkeit.
Daß wir nicht verlieren
Zügel, Ziel und Lauf,
Saß bei dem Kutschieren
Mit den heissen Vieren
Amor hinten auf.

- Otto Julius Bierbaum

Wedding Song

Never before has life woven such a full, rich wreath for the two of you, and the brightness of hope plays on the grapes in a gold gleam. Amid the leaves, what a glow of colorful sap, and how clearly the sounds flow together! Seize all of this, accomplish it, experience it in pleasure! The conquering power of youth boils in the fiery power of your blood; the fresh sap yearns for action, for the creativity of a free spirit. So, then, stretch the impetuous bows of your world, raise the slender columns up the canopy of the sky, feel the new worlds with the heart's billowing flames!

Gigerlette

Miss Gigerlette
invited me to tea.
Her evening gown
was as white as snow;
She was done up
exactly like a Pierrot.
I'd wager that even a monk
would look upon Gigerlette
with pleasure.

A red room it was,
in which she received me.
Yellow candlelight
shimmered in the space,
And as always, she was
full of life and *esprit*.
Never can I forget it:
the room was as red as wine,
she white as a blossom.

And in a trot on all fours
the two of us went
for a ride in that land
called happiness.
That we not lose rein
on the course of our destination,
in the background,
near the journeying of our ardent limbs,
perched Cupid.

Jedem das Seine

Ebenes Paradefeld
Kasper in der Mitte hält
Hoch auf seinem Gaul.
König, Herzog um ihn 'rum,
Gegenüber Publicum,
Regimenter bum bum bum.
Das marschirt nicht faul.

Luft sich voller Sonne trinkt,
Helm und Bayonett das blinkt,
Sprüht und gleisst und glänzt.
Schattiger Tribünensitz,
Bravo! Hurrah! Ulk und Witz.
Operngläser Augenblitz.
Hin und her scharwenzt.

Neben mir wer mag das sein,
Reizend nicht so furchtbar fein,
Doch entzückend schick.
Wird man kritisch angeschaut,
Heimlich ist man doch erbaut,
Und die Hüfte sehr vertraut
kuppelt die Musik.

Kaspar nimm was dir gebührt
und die Truppe recht geführt,
schütze dich und uns.
Aber jetzt geliebter Schatz,
schleunig vom Paradeplatz.
Hinterm Wall ein Plätzchen hat's
fern von Kinz und Kunz.

Und da strecken wir uns hin,
ich und meine Nachbarin,
weit her tönt's Trara.
Welche Lust Soldat zu sein,
welche lust es nicht zu sein,
wenn still fein allein zu zwein wir
et cetera.

Everyone gets what he deserves

There on a flat paradeground
Kaspar holds the center
Up on his high horse.
A King, a duke gathered around and
On the opposite side, the public;
With the ranks bang bang bang
Marching strictly, as one.

Drinking the air awash with sunlight,
Helmet and bayonet glittering,
Bubbling, shimmering and sparkling.
In the shadowy reviewing stand,
Bravo! Hurray! Jests and jokes.
Lighting-like glanced through opera glasses.
Parading back and forth.

And next to me, who could that be?
Charmingly not so terribly elegant
Yet enchantingly chic.
If one were to look critically
Senses secretly heightened.
With hips moving trustingly,
Coupled with the music.

Kaspar, take what you've earned,
And what this garrison has led you to,
Protect yourself and us.
But now, my dear one
Let's hurry from the paradeground
Behind that wall there is a little place
Far from the glint and hubbub.

And there we will lie down,
I and my neighbor.
From afar, we hear "Tan-ta-ra!"
What joy to be a soldier.
What joy not to be one
When finally the two of us are quietly alone together,
etc.