

Music <sup>for</sup> *food*



SEASON 14: PARLANDO  
ORTIZ, CHAVES, BRAHMS

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 2023  
7:30PM BROWN HALL

# ABOUT WOMEN'S LUNCH PLACE

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Women's Lunch Place (WLP) inspires hope and supports the development of self-sustaining skills for women experiencing hunger, homelessness, and poverty. WLP creates a safe, welcoming day shelter community in which we respect the dignity of our guests. WLP builds trusting relationships to provide individualized, integrated services focused on nutrition, health, housing, and economic empowerment.

Thanks in part to MFF's **\$20,422** contribution last season, WLP prepared and served a record 113,430 healthy meals in FY23. WLP is immensely proud of this accomplishment, especially considering its survey results, which show that 75% of WLP guests are food insecure, 61% rely on WLP for most of their meals, and 89% like the quantity and quality of food served at lunch.

**Donate to**  
☀️ **women's lunch place**



@womenslunchplace



**venmo**

# ABOUT MUSIC FOR FOOD

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Music for Food is a musician-led initiative to fight hunger in our local communities. We believe both music and food are essential to human life and growth. Music has the power to call forth the best in us, inspiring awareness and action when artists and audiences work together to transform ineffable musical experiences into tangible and needed food resources.

Music for Food is driven by the spirit of volunteerism, and it could not exist without the support of its musicians and its audience.



For more information about Music for Food, visit  
[www.musicforfood.net](http://www.musicforfood.net)

# PROGRAM

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## *Garden Songs*

Pablo Ortiz (b. 1956)

- I. The Garden
- II. Vespers, Parousia
- III. Presque Isle
- IV. Sunset

Lucy Fitz Gibbon, soprano  
Julian Rhee, violin  
Kim Kashkashian, viola  
Leland Ko, cello

## *Shadow Monologue I* (World premiere)

Ethan Chaves (b. 2003)

*"[The S]hadow is that hidden, repressed, for the most part inferior and guilt-laden personality whose ultimate ramifications reach back into the realm of our animal ancestors" - Carl Jung*

Luther Warren, viola

Pause

## Selections from *Romanzen aus Tieks Magelone, Op. 33*

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

- I. Keinen hat es noch gereut
- III. Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden
- IV. Liebe kam aus fernen Landen
- VI. Wie soll ich die Freude
- VII. War es dir, dem diese Lippen bebten
- IX. Ruhe, Süßliebchen im Schatten
- X. Verzweiflung
- XI. Wie schnell verschwindet
- XIV. Wie froh und frisch mein Sinn sich hebt
- XV. Treue Liebe dauert lange

Lucy Fitz Gibbon, soprano  
Ryan MacEvoy McCullough, piano

PABLO ORTIZ (B. 1956)  
GARDEN SONGS  
LOUISE GLÜCK (1943-2023)

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### I. The Garden

I couldn't do it again,  
I can hardly bear to look at it —

in the garden, in light rain  
the young couple planting  
a row of peas, as though  
no one has ever done this before,  
the great difficulties have never as yet  
been faced and solved —

They cannot see themselves,  
in fresh dirt, starting up  
without perspective,  
the hills behind them pale green, clouded with flowers —

She wants to stop;  
he wants to get to the end,  
to stay with the thing —

Look at her, touching his cheek  
to make a truce, her fingers  
cool with spring rain;  
in thin grass, bursts of purple crocus —

even here, at the beginning of love,  
her hand leaving his face makes  
an image of departure

and they think  
they are free to overlook  
this sadness.

### II. Vespers, Parousia

Love of my life, you  
Are lost and I am  
Young again.

A few years pass.  
The air fills  
With girlish music;  
In the front yard  
The apple tree is  
Studded with blossoms.

I try to win you back,  
That is the point  
Of the writing.  
But you are gone forever,  
As in Russian novels, saying  
A few words I don't remember —

How lush the world is,  
How full of things that don't belong to me —

I watch the blossoms shatter,  
No longer pink,  
But old, old, a yellowish white —  
The petals seem  
To float on the bright grass,  
Fluttering slightly.

What a nothing you were,  
To be changed so quickly  
Into an image, an odor —  
You are everywhere, source  
Of wisdom and anguish.

### III. Presque Isle

In every life, there's a moment or two.  
In every life, a room somewhere, by the sea or in the mountains.

On the table, a dish of apricots. Pits in a white ashtray.

Like all images, these were the conditions of a pact:  
on your cheek, tremor of sunlight,  
my finger pressing your lips.  
The walls blue-white; paint from the low bureau flaking a little.

That room must still exist, on the fourth floor,  
with a small balcony overlooking the ocean.  
A square white room, the top sheet pulled back over the edge of the bed.  
It hasn't dissolved back into nothing, into reality.  
Through the open window, sea air, smelling of iodine.

Early morning: a man calling a small boy back from the water.  
That small boy — he would be twenty now.

Around your face, rushes of damp hair, streaked with auburn.  
Muslin, flicker of silver. Heavy jar filled with white peonies.

### IV. Sunset

My great happiness  
is the sound your voice makes  
calling to me even in despair; my sorrow  
that I cannot answer you  
in speech you accept as mine.

You have no faith in your own language.  
So you invest  
authority in signs  
you cannot read with any accuracy.

And yet your voice reaches me always.  
And I answer constantly,  
my anger passing  
as winter passes. My tenderness  
should be apparent to you  
in the breeze of summer evening  
and in the words that become  
your own response.

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833–1897)  
SELECTIONS FROM *ROMANZEN AUS TIECK'S MAGELONE*, OP. 33  
LUDWIG TIECK (1773–1853)

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**I. Keinen hat es noch gereut**

Keinen hat es noch gereut,  
Der das Roß bestiegen,  
Um in frischer Jugendzeit  
Durch die Welt zu fliegen.

No one has yet regretted  
Mounting his horse  
While fresh in youth,  
To speed through the world.

Berge und Auen,  
Einsamer Wald,  
Mädchen und Frauen  
Prächtig im Kleide,  
Golden Geschmeide,  
Alles erfreut ihn mit schöner Gestalt.

Mountains and meadows,  
Lonely forests,  
Maidens and women,  
Glittering in their attire,  
Golden jewelry,  
Everything delights him with its fair form.

Wunderlich fliehen  
Gestalten dahin,  
Schwärmerisch glühen  
Wünsche in jugendlich trunkenem Sinn.

Wondrously, these forms  
Fly past him,  
Wishes rapturously glow  
In his youth-drunk mind.

Ruhm streut ihm Rosen  
Schnell in die Bahn,  
Lieben und Kosen,  
Lorbeer und Rosen  
Führen ihn höher und höher hinan.

Fame strews roses  
Swiftly in his path,  
Love and caresses,  
Laurels and roses  
Lead him higher and higher onwards.

Rund um ihn Freuden,  
Feinde beneiden,  
Erliegend, den Held —  
Dann wählt er bescheiden  
Das Fräulein, das ihm nur vor allen  
gefällt.

Joys surround him,  
Enemies, succumbing  
To the hero, envy him —  
Then he humbly chooses  
The maiden who pleases him above all.

Und Berge und Felder  
Und einsame Wälder  
Mißt er zurück.  
Die Eltern in Tränen,  
Ach, alle ihr Sehnen —  
Sie alle vereinigt das lieblichste Glück.

And mountains and fields  
And lonely forests  
He leaves behind.  
His parents in tears,  
Ah, all their longing —  
They are all reunited by sweetest happiness.

Sind Jahre verschwunden,  
Erzählt er dem Sohn  
In traulichen Stunden,  
Und zeigt seine Wunden,  
Der Tapferkeit Lohn.  
So bleibt das Alter selbst noch jung,  
Ein Lichtstrahl in der Dämmerung.

After years have slipped by,  
He regales his son  
In those dear moments,  
Pointing to his scars,  
The rewards of bravery.  
So does old age itself remain young,  
A beam of light in the twilight.

### III. Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden

Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden,  
Die durch meinen Busen ziehn?  
Alle alten Wünsche scheiden,  
Tausend neue Blumen blühn.

Is it sorrow, is it joy  
Which wanders through my breast?  
All my old desires depart,  
A thousand new flowers bloom.

Durch die Dämmerung der Tränen  
Seh' ich ferne Sonnen stehn, —  
Welches Schmachten! welches Sehnen!  
Wag' ich's? soll ich näher gehn?

Through the twilight of tears  
I see far-off suns shining, —  
What pining, what longing!  
Do I dare? Should I approach?

Ach, und fällt die Träne nieder,  
Ist es dunkel um mich her;  
Dennoch kömmt kein Wunsch mir  
wieder,  
Zukunft ist von Hoffnung leer.

Ah, and as my tears fall  
It is dark all around me;  
Yet if my desires do not emerge again,  
The future is empty of hope.

So schlage denn, strebendes Herz,  
So fließet denn, Tränen, herab,  
Ach, Lust ist nur tieferer Schmerz,  
Leben ist dunkles Grab, —

So beat then, striving heart,  
So flow then, my tears,  
Ah, joy is but a deeper pain,  
Life is a dark grave, —

Ohne Verschulden  
Soll ich erdulden?  
Wie ist's, daß mir im Traum  
Alle Gedanken  
Auf und nieder schwanken!  
Ich kenne mich noch kaum.

Without guilt,  
Should I still suffer?  
How is it that in my dreams  
All my thoughts  
Vacillate between highs and lows?  
I scarcely know myself anymore.

O, hört mich, ihr gütigen Sterne,  
O höre mich, grünende Flur,  
Du, Liebe, den heiligen Schwur:  
Bleib' ich ihr ferne,  
Sterb' ich gerne.  
Ach, nur im Licht von ihrem Blick  
Wohnt Leben und Hoffnung und Glück!

O, hear me, you kind stars,  
O hear me, green meadow,  
You, my love, hear my holy oath:  
If I remain far from her,  
I will gladly die.  
Ah, only in the light of her gaze  
Dwell life and hope and happiness!

#### IV. Liebe kam aus fernen Landen

Liebe kam aus fernen Landen  
Und kein Wesen folgte ihr,  
Und die Göttin winkte mir,  
Schlang mich ein mit süßen Banden.

Love came from a distant land  
And not a creature followed her,  
And the goddess beckoned to me,  
Wrapping me in sweet bonds.

Da begann ich Schmerz zu fühlen,  
Tränen dämmerten den Blick:  
Ach! was ist der Liebe Glück,  
Klagt' ich, wozu dieses Spielen?

Then I began to feel pain,  
Tears darkening my gaze:  
Ah! What is Love's happiness,  
I lamented, why this game?

Keinen hab' ich weit gefunden,  
Sagte lieblich die Gestalt,  
Fühle du nun die Gewalt,  
Die die Herzen sonst gebunden.

None have I found, far or wide,  
Said the lovely figure,  
You will now feel the power  
That binds others' hearts.

Alle meine Wünsche flogen  
In der Lüfte blauen Raum,  
Ruhm schien mir ein Morgentraum,  
Nur ein Klang der Meereswogen.

All of my wishes fled  
Into the air's blue expanse,  
Glory seemed to me a daydream,  
But a crash of ocean waves.

Ach! wer löst nun meine Ketten?  
Denn gefesselt ist der Arm,  
Mich umfleucht der Sorgen Schwarm;  
Keiner, keiner will mich retten?

Ah! Who will now loosen my fetters?  
For my arms are bound,  
About me flies a swarm of worries;  
No one, no one will rescue me?

Darf ich in den Spiegel schauen,  
Den die Hoffnung vor mir hält?  
Ach, wie trügend ist die Welt!  
Nein, ich kann ihr nicht vertrauen.

Dare I gaze into the mirror  
Which Hope holds before me?  
Ah, how deceitful is the world!  
No, I cannot trust in it.

O, und dennoch laß nicht wanken,  
Was dir nur noch Stärke gibt,  
Wenn die Einz'ge dich nicht liebt,  
Bleib nur bitterer Tod dem Kranken.

Oh, but do not be shaken  
In what gives you strength:  
If your only love does not love you,  
Only bitter death remains to the lovesick.

#### VI. Wie soll ich die Freude

Wie soll ich die Freude,  
Die Wonne denn tragen?  
Daß unter dem Schlagen  
Des Herzens die Seele nicht scheide?

How can I bear  
Such joy, such bliss?  
How could, under my heart's beating,  
My soul not part from me?

Und wenn nun die Stunden  
Der Liebe verschwunden,  
Wozu das Gelüste,  
In trauriger Wüste  
Noch weiter ein lustleeres Leben zu  
zieh'n,  
Wenn nirgend dem Ufer mehr Blumen  
erblüh'n?

And now when the hours  
Of love have vanished,  
Why the urge,  
In dreary desolation,  
To further a joyless life  
When by the shore flowers no more bloom?



Wie geht mit bleibehangnen Füßen  
Die Zeit bedächt'g Schritt vor Schritt!  
Und wenn ich werde scheiden müssen,  
Wie federleicht fliegt dann ihr Tritt!

Schlage, sehnsüchtige Gewalt,  
In tiefer, treuer Brust!  
Wie Lautenton vorüberhallt,  
Entflieht des Lebens schönste Lust.  
Ach, wie bald  
Bin ich der Wonne mir kaum noch  
bewußt.

Rausche, rausche weiter fort,  
Tiefer Strom der Zeit,  
Wandelst bald aus Morgen Heut,  
Gehst von Ort zu Ort;  
Hast du mich bisher getragen,  
Lustig bald, dann still,  
Will es nun auch weiter wagen,  
Wie es werden will.

Darf mich doch nicht elend achten,  
Da die Einz'ge winkt,  
Liebe läßt mich nicht verschmachten,  
Bis dies Leben sinkt!  
Nein, der Strom wird immer breiter,  
Himmel bleibt mir immer heiter,  
Fröhlichen Ruderschlags fahr' ich hinab,  
Bring' Liebe und Leben zugleich an das  
Grab.

## VII. War es dir, dem diese Lippen bebten

War es dir, dem diese Lippen bebten,  
Dir der dargebotne süße Kuß?  
Gibt ein irdisch Leben so Genuß?  
Ha! wie Licht und Glanz vor meinen  
Augen schwebten,  
Alle Sinne nach den Lippen strebten!

In den klaren Augen blickte  
Sehnsucht, die mir zärtlich winkte,  
Alles klang im Herzen wieder,  
Meine Blicke sanken nieder,  
Und die Lüfte tön'ten Liebeslieder!

Wie ein Sternenpaar  
Glänzten die Augen, die Wangen  
Wiegten das goldene Haar,

How, with such leaden feet  
Time goes by deliberately, step by step!  
And when I must part,  
How feather-light will its steps then fly!

Beat, longing power,  
In my deep, true breast!  
Like fading echoes of a lute,  
So do life's finest joys flee.  
Ah, how soon  
Until I am hardly aware of this joy.

Rush, rush ever forth,  
Deep stream of time,  
Soon you will wander from today to  
tomorrow,  
And go from place to place;  
You have taken me thus far,  
Soon joyfully, then quietly,  
It will now venture further,  
Whatever becomes of it.

I must not believe myself to be wretched,  
Since my true love beckons;  
Love will not let me languish  
Until this life ends!  
No, the stream will ever broaden,  
Heaven will remain ever bright,  
With joy oarstrokes I row farther;  
Bringing love and life together to the grave.

Was it you for whom these lips trembled,  
For you, that sweetly offered kiss?  
Can an earthly life be so enjoyable?  
Ha! how radiant light danced before my  
eyes,  
All my senses aspired to those lips!

In those clear eyes shone  
Yearning, which tenderly beckoned to me,  
All rang out again in my heart,  
My gaze sank low  
And the breezes resounded in love songs.

Like a pair of stars  
Gleamed your eyes, your cheeks  
Cradled by golden hair,

Blick und Lächeln schwangen  
Flügel, und die süßen Worte gar  
Weckten das tiefste Verlangen;  
O Kuß, wie war dein Mund so brennend  
rot!

Da starb ich, fand ein Leben erst im  
schönsten Tod.

Your gazes and smiles took  
Wing, and even your sweet words  
Awoke the deepest longing;  
O kiss, how burning red was your mouth!  
I died, but first found life in beauteous death.

### IX. Ruhe, Süßliebchen im Schatten

Ruhe, Süßliebchen, im Schatten  
Der grünen, dämmernden Nacht:  
Es säuselt das Gras auf den Matten,  
Es fächelt und kühlt dich der Schatten  
Und treue Liebe wacht.  
Schlafe, schlaf ein,  
Leiser rauscht der Hain,  
Ewig bin ich dein.

Rest, sweet darling, in the shade  
Of this green, darkening night;  
The grass rustles in the meadow,  
The shadows fan and cool you  
And true love watches over you.  
Sleep, fall asleep!  
The grove gently rustles,  
I am yours forever.

Schweigt, ihr versteckten Gesänge,  
Und stört nicht die süßeste Ruh'!  
Es lauschet der Vögel Gedränge,  
Es ruhen die lauten Gesänge,  
Schließ, Liebchen, dein Auge zu.  
Schlafe, schlaf ein,  
Im dämmernden Schein,  
Ich will dein Wächter sein.

Hush, you hidden songs,  
And disturb not her sweetest rest!  
The flock of birds listens,  
Their loud songs are stilled,  
Close, darling, your eyes.  
Sleep, fall asleep,  
In the twilight glow  
I will be your watchman.

Murmelt fort, ihr Melodien,  
Rausche nur, du stiller Bach.  
Schöne Liebesphantasien  
Sprechen in den Melodien,  
Zarte Träume schwimmen nach.  
Durch den flüsternden Hain  
Schwärmen goldne Bienelein  
Und summen zum Schlummer dich ein.

Murmur forth, you melodies,  
Rush on, you quiet stream.  
Love's beautiful fantasies  
Speak in these melodies,  
Tender dreams swim after them.  
Through the whispering grove  
Swarm tiny golden bees  
And hum you into slumber.

### X. Verzweiflung (Despair)

So tönet denn, schäumende Wellen,  
Und windet euch rund um mich her!  
Mag Unglück doch laut um mich bellen,  
Erbot sein das grausame Meer!

Resound, then, foaming waves  
And wind yourselves around me!  
May misfortune bay loudly about me,  
Let the cruel sea be angry!

Ich lache den stürmenden Wettern,  
Verachte den Zorngrimm der Flut;  
O, mögen mich Felsen zerschmettern!  
Denn nimmer wird es gut.

I laugh at the stormy weather,  
I despise the wrath of the floods;  
O, may the rocks dash me to pieces!  
For never will good return.

So wälzt euch bergab mit Gewittern,  
Und raset, ihr Stürme, mich an,  
Daß Felsen an Felsen zersplittern!  
Ich bin ein verlorener Mann.

So send your thunder hurtling down,  
And rage at me, you storms,  
Until rock shatters upon rock!  
I am a lost man.

### XI. Wie schnell verschwindet

Wie schnell verschwindet  
So Licht als Glanz,  
Der Morgen findet  
Verwelkt den Kranz,

How quickly disappears  
Light as a glimmer;  
The morning finds  
The garland withered,

Der gestern glühte  
In aller Pracht,  
Denn er verblühte  
In dunkler Nacht.

That only yesterday glowed  
In all its splendor.  
For it has faded  
In the dark night.

Es schwimmt die Welle  
Des Lebens hin,  
Und färbt sich helle,  
Hat's nicht Gewinn;

The waves of life  
Drift away,  
And if it is brightly colored  
It still has gained nothing;

Die Sonne neiget,  
Die Röte flieht,  
Der Schatten steigt  
Und Dunkel zieht.

The sun sets,  
Its red glow flees,  
The shadows climb,  
And darkness draws on.

So schwimmt die Liebe  
Zu Wüsten ab,  
Ach, daß sie bliebe  
Bis an das Grab!

So love swims  
Into wastelands,  
Ah, that it might remain  
Until the grave!

Doch wir erwachen  
Zu tiefer Qual:  
Es bricht der Nachen,  
Es löscht der Strahl,

Yet we awake  
To deep pain:  
The boat breaks asunder,  
The light is extinguished.

Vom schönen Lande  
Weit weggebracht  
Zum öden Strande,  
Wo um uns Nacht.

From a beautiful land  
We are brought far away,  
To the desolate shore  
Where night surrounds us.

### XII. Muß es eine Trennung geben

Muß es eine Trennung geben,  
Die das treue Herz zerbricht?  
Nein, dies nenne ich nicht leben,  
Sterben ist so bitter nicht.

Must there be a parting  
That breaks true hearts?  
No, I do not call that living —  
Even dying is not so bitter.

Wie froh und frisch mein Sinn sich hebt,  
Zurück bleibt alles Bangen,  
Die Brust mit neuem Mute strebt,  
Erwacht ein neu Verlangen.

How happy and fresh my thoughts arise,  
Behind remain all my fears,  
My heart strives with new courage,  
Awakening a new yearning.

Die Sterne spiegeln sich im Meer,  
Und golden glänzt die Flut.  
Ich rannte taumelnd hin und her,  
Und war nicht schlimm, nicht gut.

The stars are mirrored in the sea,  
And golden gleams its floods.  
I ran staggering back and forth,  
And was neither bad nor good.

Doch niedergezogen  
Sind Zweifel und wankender Sinn;  
O tragt mich, ihr schaukelnden Wogen,  
Zur längst ersehnten Heimat hin.

Yet vanquished beneath  
Are doubts and wavering thoughts;  
O carry me, you rocking waves,  
To my long desired homeland.

In lieber, dämmernder Ferne,  
Dort rufen heimische Lieder,  
Aus jeglichem Sterne  
Blickt sie mit sanftem Auge nieder.

In the dear, darkening distance,  
There call the songs of home,  
From every star  
It gazes down with gentle eyes.

Ebne dich, du treue Welle,  
Führe mich auf fernen Wegen  
Zu der vielgeliebten Schwelle,  
Endlich meinem Glück entgehn!

Smooth yourself, o trusty wave,  
Lead me on the distant paths  
To that well-beloved threshold,  
Towards my happiness, at last!

## XV. Treue Liebe dauert lange

Treue Liebe dauert lange,  
Überlebet manche Stund',  
Und kein Zweifel macht sie bange,  
Immer bleibt ihr Mut gesund.

True love lasts for a long time,  
Outlives many an hour,  
And no doubts will make it afraid,  
Always its courage remains sound.

Dräuen gleich in dichten Scharen,  
Fordern gleich zum Wankelmut  
Sturm und Tod, setzt den Gefahren  
Lieb' entgegen, treues Blut.

Though menacing in dense hordes,  
Calling for fickleness  
Storm and death, against these dangers  
Love opposes with true blood.

Und wie Nebel stürzt zurücke,  
Was den Sinn gefangen hält  
Und dem heitern Frühling'sblicke  
Öffnet sich die weite Welt.  
Errungen,  
Bezwungen  
Von Lieb' ist das Glück,  
Verschwunden  
Die Stunden,  
Sie fliehen zurück;  
Und selige Lust,

And like mist rushes back,  
What has held the mind captive  
And to the merry gaze of spring  
The wide world opens itself.  
Achieved,  
Mastered,  
Happiness is by love;  
Vanished  
Are the hours,  
They fly away;  
And blissful delight,

Sie stillet,  
Erfüllet  
Die trunkene, wonneklopfende Brust;  
Sie scheide  
Von Leide  
Auf immer,  
Und nimmer  
Entschwinde die liebliche, selige,  
himmlische Lust!

It satisfies,  
Filling  
The intoxicated, throbbing, joyful breast;  
It parts  
From pain  
Forever,  
And never  
Will this lovely, ecstatic, heavenly  
joy disappear!

## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

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**Ethan Chaves** (b. 2003) is a student at Harvard College (Psychology and Music) and the New England Conservatory of Music, where he studies with Michael Gandolfi. Labeled an Emerging Composer by Tribeca New Music, his music has been performed by many ensembles and performers around the world, including the New York Youth Symphony, Juilliard Pre-College Orchestra, Harvard Pops Orchestra, Trio Immersio, Kenichiro Aiso (violin), Jessica Meyer (viola), and Thomas Kraines (cello). Awards include a 2022 National YoungArts Finalist in Classical Music, winner of the Harvard Pops Orchestra Composition Competition, Finalist in the 2022 New Music on the Bluff Festival (including a radio broadcast of his solo violin work, *Despair Says*), National Young Composers Challenge (Orchestral Division) and a Jack Kent Cooke Award from NPR's *From The Top*. He has attended numerous summer festivals for both violin and composition, including Heifetz International Music Institute, Boston University Tanglewood Institute (ASCAP Foundation scholarship recipient), Curtis Summerfest, and the 2023 ICEBERG New Music Institute in Vienna, Austria. At Harvard College, he serves as concertmaster of the Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra and Video Executive at The Harvard Crimson. Previous teachers include John Harbison and Eric Ewazen in composition, and Malcolm Lowe, Li Lin, Naoko Tanaka, and Joel Smirnoff for violin.

Noted for her “dazzling, virtuoso singing” (Boston Globe), **Lucy Fitz Gibbon** is a dynamic musician whose repertoire spans the Renaissance to the present. She believes that creating new works and recreating those lost in centuries past makes room for the multiplicity and diversity of voices integral to classical music’s future.

In concert, Lucy has appeared as a soloist with orchestras including the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra; the Naples Philharmonic; the Albany, Richmond, and Tulsa Symphonies; and the American Symphony Orchestra. She frequently collaborates with her husband, pianist Ryan McCullough, in a wide variety of art song repertoire, from canonical works to premieres. The Wall Street Journal praised their appearance on PBS’ *Great Performances* as “breathtaking.” On the operatic stage, she recently performed Alexander Tchernepnin’s *La Fée et le cultivateur* (Fée) with New Asia Chamber Music Society in Alice Tully Hall; gave the Chinese premiere of Tan Dun’s *Tea: Mirror of Soul* (Princess Lan) in Shanghai’s Shangyin Opera House; and joined Seattle Opera for the premiere of Sheila Silver’s *A Thousand Splendid Suns* (Laila, cover).

A graduate of Yale University, Lucy also holds an artist diploma from The Glenn Gould School and a master's degree from Bard College Conservatory, where she now serves as faculty. She has spent summers at the Tanglewood Music Center and Marlboro Music Festival. For more information, see [www.lucyfitzgibbon.com](http://www.lucyfitzgibbon.com).

**Kim Kashkashian**, internationally recognized as a unique voice on the viola, was born of Armenian parents in Michigan. She studied the viola with Karen Tuttle and legendary violist Walter Trampler at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. Since Fall 2000 she has taught viola and chamber music at New England Conservatory. Following Grammy Award nominations for several recordings, Kashkashian received a 2012 Grammy Award in the "Best Classical Instrumental Solo" category for Kurtág and Ligeti: Music for Viola, on the ECM Records label. Kashkashian's recording of the Brahms Sonatas won the 1999 Edison Prize, and her June 2000 recording of concertos by Bartók, Eötvös and Kurtág won the 2001 Cannes Classical Award. Her musicianship has been well represented on recordings through her association with the prestigious ECM label since 1985. In 2016, Kashkashian was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. A staunch proponent of contemporary music, she has developed creative relationships with György Kurtág, Krzysztof Penderecki, Alfred Schnittke, Giya Kancheli, and Arvo Pärt, and commissioned works from Peter Eötvös, Ken Ueno, Thomas Larcher, Lera Auerbach, and Tigran Mansurian. Marlboro and the Viennese school represented by her mentor, Felix Galimir, were major influences in developing her love of chamber music. Kim Kashkashian is a regular participant at the Verbier, Salzburg, Lockenhaus, Marlboro, and Ravinia festivals. She has taught in Bloomington, Indiana, and in Freiburg and Berlin, Germany, and now resides with her daughter in Boston. She is a founding member of Music for Food, an initiative by musicians to fight hunger in their home communities.

**Leland Philip Ko** (b. 1998), a cellist of Chinese-Canadian descent, is the kind of person who's always had an overflow of energy. His restlessness has led him to various callings, from competitive tennis and distance running to calligraphy and origami, but so far he's found that making music with and for other are the things that best focus his mind, and that this restlessness is what gives him an almost stubborn desire to experience something with his audiences and colleagues every time he walks out on stage. Though he has chosen to dedicate himself to classical music, he does his best to remember and live by a former mentor's advice that music is about life, not the other way around. Leland was born and raised in the Boston area, where he studied with Kirstin Peltz, Ronald Lowry, and Paul Katz. He earned a B.A. from Princeton University in German literature, before attending The Juilliard School for his M.M., studying with Minhye Clara Kim, Timothy Eddy, and Natasha Brofsky. He has returned to Boston to pursue an A.D. at the New England Conservatory with Yeesun Kim and Donald Weilerstein, and resides in the city with his 11-year-old cat, Ham.

Born in Boston and raised behind the redwood curtain of northern California, pianist **Ryan MacEvoy McCullough** has developed a unique career as soloist, vocal and instrumental collaborator, composer, recording artist, and pedagogue. Ryan's music-making encompasses work with historical keyboards, electro-acoustic tools and instruments, and close collaborations with many of today's foremost composers. Ryan's growing discography features many world-premiere recordings, including solo piano works of Milosz Magin (*Acte Prealable*), Andrew McPherson (*Secrets of Antikythera*, Innova), John Liberatore (*Line Drawings*, Albany), Nicholas Vines (*Hipster Zombies from Mars*, Navona), art song and solo piano music of John Harbison and James Primosch with soprano Lucy Fitz Gibbon (*Descent/Return*, Albany), and art song by Sheila Silver (*Beauty Intolerable*, Albany, also with Ms. Fitz Gibbon). He is founder of *False Azure Records*, an independent label dedicated to new and unusual repertoire, which released its first album in 2022, *the labor of forgetting*, featuring world-premiere recordings of works by Katherine Balch and Dante De Silva. Ryan has also appeared on PBS's Great Performances (*Now Hear This*, "The Schubert Generation") and is an alumnus of NPR's *From the Top*.

As concerto soloist Ryan has appeared frequently with orchestra, including the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Sarasota Festival Orchestra, Colburn Conservatory Orchestra, Orange County Wind Symphony, and World Festival Orchestra. Mr. McCullough has collaborated closely and toured with the Mark Morris Dance Group, contemporary ensembles eighth blackbird and yarn/wire. Ryan is on faculty at Bard College Conservatory, and lives in Kingston, NY, with his wife, soprano Lucy Fitz Gibbon. For additional information and updates, visit [www.RyanMMcCullough.com](http://www.RyanMMcCullough.com).

Praised for his "sophisticated, assured tone, superb intonation, and the kind of poise and showmanship that thrills audiences," (The Strad) **Julian Rhee** is the Silver Medalist of The 11th Quadrennial International Violin Competition of Indianapolis, winner of Astral Artists' National Auditions, and the first prize winner of the 2020 Elmar Oliveira International Competition, where he was also awarded the special Community Award.

Julian made his Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra debut at age 8, and has gone on to perform with orchestras such as the Indianapolis Symphony, Santa Rosa Symphony, Pittsburgh Symphony, East Coast Chamber, Aspen Philharmonic, Eugene Symphony, and San Diego Symphony, among others. Highlights of his 2023-2024 season include appearances with the Madison Symphony, Washington Chamber, Waterbury Symphony, and Indianapolis Chamber Orchestras, as well as a production of Lera Auerbach's 24 Preludes with the Hamburg Ballet.

A passionate chamber musician, Julian is a member of Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center's Bowers Program, and has performed at and attended festivals including the Ravinia Steans Institute, Marlboro Festival, Rockport Music and North Shore Chamber Music Festivals. Julian studied with Hye-Sun Lee and Almita Vamos at the Music Institute of Chicago Academy. He received his Bachelor's degree and is currently pursuing a Masters degree as teaching assistant of Miriam Fried at the New England Conservatory. Julian is the recipient of the outstanding 1699 "Lady Tennant" Antonio Stradivari on extended loan through the generosity of the Mary B. Galvin Foundation and the efforts of the Stradivari Society, a division of Bein and Fushi, Inc.

Violinist and violist **Luther Warren** has appeared at such festivals as Ravinia, Yellow Barn, Four Seasons, the Perlman Music Program, IMS Prussia Cove Open Chamber Music, Gstaad Menuhin Festival & Academy, Norfolk, and Taos. He has collaborated in concerts with such artists as Itzhak Perlman, Kim Kashkashian, Donald Weilerstein, Miriam Fried, David Shifrin, Colin Carr, Ani Kavafian, Ida Kavafian, Daniel Phillips, Steven Tenenbom, Hsin-Yun Huang, Delirium Musicum, and the Borromeo String Quartet. He is a founding member of ensemble132, a chamber-music collective centering on new arrangements of familiar repertoire, and has also worked with living composers Joan Tower, Aaron Jay Kernis, James MacMillan, Lior Navok, and Kati Agocs to present new and recent works. Luther has presented masterclasses for East Carolina University and Queens College, maintains a private studio, and has served as violin and viola instructor for Merrimack College. Luther is a doctoral student at the New England Conservatory where he has studied with Kim Kashkashian, Donald Weilerstein, and Miriam Fried. Additional mentors have included Erin Keefe and Mimi Zweig.

## UPCOMING BOSTON CONCERTS

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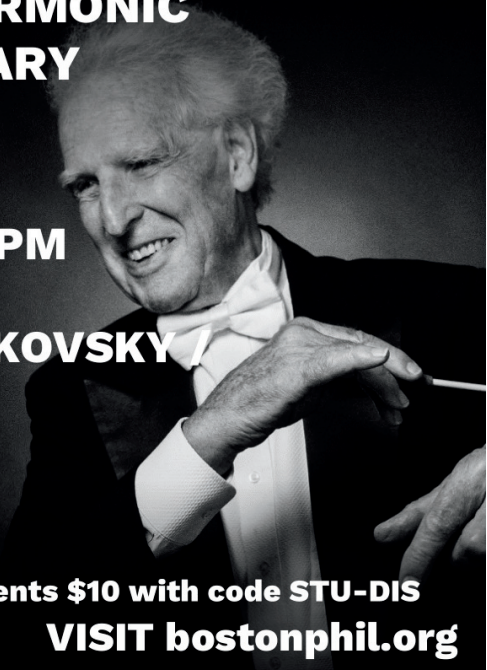
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