

THE BOB COLE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AT  
CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, LONG BEACH AND THE COLLEGE OF THE ARTS PROUDLY PRESENT:



## ALUMNI ARTIST RECITAL

**NATHAN STARK**  
BASS-BARITONE

**VICTORIA KIRSCH**, PIANO  
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

**BRIAN JAMES MYER**, BARITONE  
**DAVID GARRETT**, CELLO

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**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 2017 8:00PM**

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GERALD R. DANIEL RECITAL HALL  
PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC MOBILE DEVICES.

# PROGRAM

## Section I George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

“Al sen ti stringo e parto” from *Ariodante*  
“Voli colla sua tromba” from *Ariodante*

## Section II Jacques Ibert (1890-1962) Poetry by Alexandre Arnoux (1884-1973)

Chansons de *Don Quichotte*  
Chanson du Depart  
Chanson a Dulcinee  
Chanson du Duc  
Chanson de la mort

## Section III Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

*Der Kuss*  
poetry by Christian Felix Weiße (1726-1804)

*Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur*  
poetry by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715-1769)

“Hat man nichts auch Gold beineben” from *Fidelio*  
“Jetzt, Alter, hat es Eile” from *Fidelio*  
libretto by Joseph Ferdinand Sonnleithner (1766-1835)

Brian James Myer—baritone

# INTERMISSION

**Section IV**  
**Giesepppe Verdi (1813-1901)**  
**Libretto by Josephe Mery (1797-1866)**

“Ella gammai m’amo” from *Don Carlo*

David Garrett—cello

**Section V**  
**Scott Gendel (b. 1977)**  
**Poetry by Perry Brass (b. 1947)**

*A Feather at Time Square*  
*What We Did Not Know*  
*Starlight at Canaan*

**Section VI**  
**Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)**  
**Libretto by Angelo Anelli (1761-1820)**

“Cheti, cheti immantinente” from *Don Pasquale*

Brian James Myer—baritone

**Section VII**  
**Claude-Michel Schönberg (b. 1944)**  
**Text by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)**

“Stars” from *Les Miserables*

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## AL SEN TI STRINGO E PARTO From Ariodante

*Al sen ti stringo e parto,  
ma ferma il core in me  
moto contrario al piè,  
mia figlia, addio!*

*Ti lascio, oh Dio! non sò,  
se più ti rivedrò  
cor del cor mio.*

## NOW LET ME EMBRACE YOU AGAIN

Now let me embrace you again,  
my foot continually strives from here  
but my heart is with you, O daughter,  
full of pain.

I know  
if I live ever again see you,  
Heart of my heart.

## “VOLI COLLA SUA TROMBA” From Ariodante

*Voli colla sua tromba,  
la fama in tutto il mondo  
le gioie a publicar!*

*Il ciel lieto rimbomba,  
che giorno piu giocondo  
sorte non puo mandar.*

May fame take wing

May fame take wing,  
trumpeting in all the world  
to announce this happiness!

May the heavens joyfully resound  
for no happier day  
could fate offer.

## CHANSON DU DEPART DE DON QUICHEOTTE Text by Pierre de Ronsard (1524-1585)

*Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice  
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre  
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire  
où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,  
Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,  
Où la vertueuse maîtresse se retire,  
Que l'œil regarde et que l'esprit admire  
Forçant les coeurs à lui faire service.  
C'est un château, fait de telle sorte  
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte  
Si des grands rois il n'a sauvé sa race*

*Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux  
Nul chevalier tant soit aventureux  
Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.*

## DON QUIXOTE'S SONG OF DEPARTURE

This new castle, this new building,  
All enriched with marble and porphyry  
That love built as a castle for his empire  
Where all of heaven added their skills,  
It is a rampart, a fortress against vice  
Where the virtuous mistress hides herself away  
that the eye beholds and the spirit admires,  
Forcing hearts to her service.  
It is a castle, made in such a way  
That none may approach its door  
Unless he has saved his people from the great kings.

Victorious, valiant and loving  
No knight, no matter how adventurous,  
Can enter without being such a person.

## CHANSON À DULCINÉE

Text by Alexandre Arnoux (1884-1973)

*Un an, me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.  
Mais, amour a peint son visage,  
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,  
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,  
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur  
Un an, me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée  
Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,  
Etoile de mes longs chemins  
Le vent m'apporte son haleine  
Quand il passé sur les jasmins.*

## SONG OF DULCINEA

I want to sing here the lady of my dreams,  
If I don't see my Dulcinea.  
But, Love painted her face,  
in the fountain and the cloud  
so as to soften my languor  
in each dawn and each flower.  
A day lasts me a year  
if I don't see my Dulcinea.  
Always near and always far,  
are of my long journeys.  
the wind brings me her breath  
when it blows over the jasmine flowers.

## CHANSON DU DUC

*Je veux chanter ici la dame de mes songes  
Qui m'exalte au-dessus de ce siècle de boue  
Son cœur de diamant est vierge de mensonges  
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue  
Pour elle j'ai tenté les hautes aventures:  
Mon bras a délivré la princesse en servage,  
J'ai vaincu l'enchanter, confondu les parjures  
Et ployé l'univers à lui render l'hommage.  
Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,  
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence,  
Je soutiens contre tout chevalier téméraire  
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.*

## SONG OF THE DUKE

I want to sing here the lady of my dreams,  
Who elates me above this muddy century.  
Her heart of diamond is unblemished of lies.  
The rose hides itself at the sight of her cheek.  
For her that I attempted high adventures.  
My arm freed the princess from servitude.  
I defeated the enchanter, exposed the perjuries.  
And bent the universe to pay her homage.  
Lady, for whom I roam alone on this earth,  
the only one not a prisoner of false appearances,  
I maintain before any foolhardy knight  
your peerless brilliance and excellence.

## CHANSON DE LA MORT DE DON QUICHOTTE

Text by Alexandre Arnoux (1884-1973)

*Ne pleure pas Sancho,  
ne pleure pas, mon bon  
Ton maître n'est pas mort,  
  
il n'est pas loin de toi  
Il vit dans une île heureuse  
Où tout est pur et sans mensonges  
Dans l'île enfin trouvée où tu viendras un jour*

*Dans l'île désirée, O mon ami Sancho!  
Les livres sont brûlés et font un tas de cendres.  
Si tous les livres m'ont tué il suffit  
d'un pour que je vive  
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel dans la mort  
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte.*

## SONG OF DON QUIXOTE'S DEATH

Do not cry, Sancho, do not cry, my good man  
do not cry, my good man.  
Your master is not dead,

he is not far from you  
He lives on a happy island  
where everything is pure and without lies  
On the island found at last, where you will come  
one day.

On the long-desired island, oh my friend Sancho!  
Books burn to piles of ashes.  
If all the books killed me,  
I just need one to live  
A phantom in life and real in death  
such is the strange fate of the poor Don Quixote.

## DER KUSS

Poetry by Christian Felix Weisse (1726-1804)

*Ich war bei Chloen ganz allein,  
Und küssen wollt' ich sie.  
Jedoch sie sprach,  
sie würde schrein,  
Es sei vergebne Müh!*

*Ich wagt' es doch und küßte sie,  
Trotz ihrer Gegenwehr.  
Und schrie sie nicht?  
Jawohl, sie schrie,  
Doch lange hinterher.*

## DIE EHRE GOTTES AUS DER NATUR

Text by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715-1769)

*Die Himmel rühmen des Ewigen Ehre;  
Ihr Schall pflanzt seinen fort.*

*Ihn röhmt der Erdkreis,  
ihn preisen die Meere;  
Vernimm, o Mensch,  
ihr göttlich Wort!*

*Wer trägt der Himmel  
unzählbare Sterne?  
Wer führt die Sonn aus ihrem Zelt?  
Sie kommt und leuchtet  
und lacht uns von ferne  
Und läuft den Weg gleich als ein Held.*

## HAT MAN NICHT AUCH GOLD BEINEBEN

From *Fidelio*

*Hat man nicht auch Gold beineben,  
Kann man nicht ganz glücklich sein;  
Traurig schleppt sich fort das Leben,  
Mancher Kummer stellt sich ein.  
Doch wenn's in den Taschen fein klingelt und rollt,  
Da hält man das Schicksal gefangen,  
Und Macht und Liebe verschafft dir das Gold  
Und stillet das kühnste Verlangen.  
Das Glück dient wie ein Knecht für Sold,  
Es ist ein schönes Ding, das Gold.*

## THE KISS

I was completely alone with Chloe  
and I wanted to kiss her:  
but she said  
she would scream;  
It would be a vain effort.

But I dared and kissed her  
in spite of her resistance.  
And did she not scream?  
Yes, indeed, she screamed,  
but not until long afterwards.

## THE GLORY OF THE LORD

Heaven praises the Glory of Eternity  
It's roar proclaims His name.

The Earth praises Him,  
the seas praise Him;  
Listen, O man,  
To their divine words!

Who supports the uncountable  
Stars of Heaven?  
Who guides the Sun from its canopy?  
It comes and shines,  
and laughs at us from afar  
And runs its course like a hero.

## IF YOU DON'T HAVE GOLD CLOSE BY

If you don't have gold close by,  
You cannot be completely happy;  
Your life plods on unhappily,  
Many griefs arise.  
But when it rings and rolls in your pockets,  
Then you hold your fate captive.  
And might and love obtain the gold for you  
And silence your boldest desires.  
Your luck serves like a serf for pay,  
It is a beautiful thing, gold.

*Wenn sich Nichts mit Nichts verbindet,  
Ist und bleibt die Summe klein;  
Wer bei Tisch nur Liebe findet,  
Wird nach Tische hungrig sein  
Drum lächle der Zufall euch gnädig und hold,  
Und segne und lenk' euer Streben;  
Das Liebchen im Arme,  
im Beutel das Gold,  
So mögt ihr viel Jahre durchleben.  
Das Glück dient wie ein Knecht für Sold,  
Es ist ein mächtig Ding, das Gold.*

When nothing with nothing is combined  
The sum is and stays small;  
Who at the table only finds Love,  
Will after dinner be hungry.  
Therefore Fate smiles upon us mercifully and friendly,  
And blesses and guides our aspiration;  
The loved one in your arms,  
in your purse the gold,  
So you would like to live through many years.  
Your luck serves like a serf for pay,  
It is a mighty thing, gold.

### "JETZT, ALTER, HAT ES EILE"

From *Fidelio*

Pizarro—Brian James Myer  
Rocco—Nathan Stark

*Duetto.*

**Pizarro**

*Jetzt, Alter, hat es Eile;  
Dir wird ein Glück zu Theile  
Du wirst ein reicher Mann  
Das geb' ich nur daran.*

**Rocco**

*So saget nur in Eile,  
Wohin ich dienen kann.*

**Pizarro**

*Du bist von kaltem Blute,  
Von unverzagtem Muthe,  
Durch langen Dienst geworden.*

**Rocco**

*Was soll ich, redet—*

**Pizarro**

*Morden!*

**Rocco**

*Wie?*

**Pizarro**

*Höre mich nur an:  
Du bebst? bist du ein Mann?  
Wir dürfen nicht mehr säumen  
Dem Staate liegt daran,  
Den bösen Unterthan  
Schnell aus dem Weg zu räumen.*

*Duet.*

**Pizarro**

*Take this, old man: fortune  
Henceforth shall favor you;  
If a service you will yield me,  
A rich man shall you be.*

**Rocco**

*Speak on. O, quickly tell  
In what way can I be of service?*

**Pizarro**

*I know your zeal and coolness,  
And what I shall now reveal  
I think I can to you confide.*

**Rocco**

*Speak! what shall I do?*

**Pizarro**

*Murder!*

**Rocco**

*How!*

**Pizarro**

*Simply listen—but do not tremble!  
Thou tremblest? Art thou a man?  
We must delay no longer;—  
The state is concerned.  
That troublesome inmate of yours—  
He must quickly be got rid of.*

**Rocco**  
*O Herr!*

**Pizarro**

*Du stehst noch an?  
Er darf nicht länger leben,  
Sonst ist's um mich geschehn.  
Pizarro sollte beben!  
Du fällst, ich werde stehen.*

**Rocco**

*Die Glieder fühl' ich beben,  
Wie konnt' ich das bestehen?  
Ich nehm' ihm nicht das Leben,  
Mag, was da will, geschehen.  
Mein Herr, das Leben nehmen,  
Das ist nicht meine Pflicht.*

**Pizarro**

*Ich will nicht selbst bequemen,  
Wenn dir's an Muth gebracht.  
Nur eile, rash und munter  
Zu jenem Mann hinunter  
Du weisst—*

**Rocco**

*Der kaum mehr lebet,  
Und wie ein Schatten schwebet.*

**Pizarro**

*Zu dem, zu dem hinab—  
Ich wart' in kleiner Ferne,  
Du gräbst in der Cisterne  
Sehr schnell für ihn ein Grab.*

**Rocco**

*Und denn?*

**Pizarro**

*Du gibst ein Zeichen,  
Dann werd ich mich, verummt,  
Schnell in der Kerker schleichen:  
Ein Stoss—and er verstummt.*

**Rocco**

*Verhungernd in den Ketten,  
Ertrug er lange Pein;  
Ihn tödten, heisst ihn retten.*

**Pizarro**

*Dann werd ich ruhig sein.*

**Rocco**  
*Oh Sir!*

**Pizarro**

*You still hesitate!—  
He must live no longer,—  
Or I shall be undone!  
Should Pizarro live in fear?  
I see how it is,—you falter;—I will stand my ground.*

**Rocco**

*I feel my limbs quake under me.  
How should I undertake it?  
No,—I'll not lend myself to such an act  
Let happen what may.  
To take away life!  
Sir, that is not my duty.*

**Pizarro**

*I will serve myself,  
If your courage fail;  
But—only hasten quickly  
And resolutely—to that man down there.  
You know well.*

**Rocco**

*Who now scarcely lives  
and seems a mere shadow*

**Pizarro**

*Down, I say, down to him—  
I will wait at a short distance.  
Dig a grave for him, in the cistern  
In the prison, without delay.*

**Rocco**

*And then?*

**Pizarro**

*You must give me a signal,  
And I will then steal, in disguise,  
Directly into the dungeon.  
One blow—and he is dumb.*

**Rocco**

*Half famished, and in chains,  
Long has he endured the severest misery;  
To rid him of life, would be to release him.*

**Pizarro**

*Then I shall be at peace*

## "ELLA GAMMAI M'AMO" FROM *DON CARLO*

Giesepppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Libretto by Josephe Mery (1797-1866)

*Ella giammai m' amò!  
No, quel cor chiuso è a me,  
amor per me non ha!  
Io la rivedo ancor  
contemplar triste in volto  
il mio crin bianco il dì  
che qui di Francia venne.  
No, amor per me non ha,*

*Ove son?...Quei doppiar  
presso a finir!L'aurora imbianca  
il mio veron!  
Già spunta il dì! passar veggio  
i miei giorni lenti!*

*Il sonno, o Dio! sparì  
dai miei occhi languenti!*

*Dormirò sol nel manto mio regal  
quando la mia giornata  
è giunta a sera,  
dormirò sol sotto la vòlta nera,  
là, nell' avello dell' Escurial.  
Se il serto regal a me  
desse il poter di leggere nei cor  
che Dio può sol veder!*

*Se dorme il prence,  
veglia il traditore;  
il serto perde il re,  
il consorte l' onore!*

She never loved me!  
No, her heart is closed to me,  
she doesn't love me!  
I still recall  
how sad she looked  
when she saw my white hair  
the day she arrived from France.  
No, she does not love me,

Where am I? Those candles  
about to die! Dawn whitens  
my balcony!  
The day has begun! I see  
my days slowly draw out!

Sleep, oh God! vanished  
from my languishing eyes!

I will sleep alone, wrapped up in  
my regal mantle  
when my day has come to an end,  
I will sleep alone under the dark vault  
there, in the tomb in the Escurial.  
If the royal crown  
could give me the power to read  
into the hearts that only God can see!

If the Prince sleeps,  
the traitor is awake;  
the King loses the crown  
and the husband his honour!

SCOTT GENDEL (B. 1977)  
PERRY BRASS (B. 1947)

### A FEATHER AT TIMES SQUARE

*I was there on the platform of the Times Square subway station,  
The IRT going downtown, when a small white feather fell to my feet,  
Perhaps left from a pigeon or dropped from Heaven.  
The holidays had begun and snow was in the air,  
With the smell of cooking, and the smell of homelessness  
And the scent of Winter perfumes  
And fur coats and tweeds,  
And hurrying and worrying,  
Which are always there.  
Till you slow down and a certain quiet steps in from memories,  
From other times there,  
When you remember your first lovers, and the friends who shopped with you,  
Who are gone now, but where?  
But if you stand still long enough, you may find at Times Square,  
A feather, just a tiny one, dropped from Heaven somewhere.*

### WHAT WE DID NOT KNOW

*What we did not know  
That we would pay for the foolish greed of others with our destiny,  
our own children.  
That we could fail the rich gifts given us by the earth,  
the seasons, the mysteries of life uncoiling by themselves,  
and not see their messengers by the winds, the seas,  
the land in gripping pain!  
That we would ache for the things we could not have  
But know them only in the courage of wise people  
What we did not know was so small  
We could hand it in our hands,  
And bring it to our hearts,  
The meaning of closeness and of truth.*

### STARLIGHT AT CAANAN

*This dance of light from above in the Heavens  
Five hundred feet up in the woods, with shooting stars  
And meteorites and comets glowing  
Leaving paths of crystals burning above,  
Necks craning, eyes opening gateways to the heart,  
So deep, expanding as far as the firmament is high,  
And black, true back, but etched in constellations we see now clear as dreams.  
Such things more magical than art.  
More real than eons of fiction,  
How did this come back to us from so far that mastodons seem recent?  
... and the ice age, only yesterday?  
And yet, here we are in the eyes bright wonder  
In its perfect acceptance of marvel,  
While stars shoot above and leave  
Their message to each to behold;  
This is a thing you can not keep,  
But must know...  
Must accept like the silent paths holy men cut into the complex schemes  
of human life.*

“CHETI, CHETI IMMANTINENTE”  
FROM DON PASQUALE  
Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

**Pasquale:**

*Cheti, Cheti immantinente  
Nel giardino descendiamo;  
Prendo meco la mia gente,  
Il boschetto circondiamo  
E la coppia sciagurata,  
A un mio cenno imprigionata,  
Senza perdere un momento  
Conduciam dal podestà.*

**Malatesta:**

*Io direi ... sentite un poco.  
Noi due soli andiam sul loco,  
Nel boschetto ci appostiamo,  
Ed a tempo ci mostriamo.  
E tra preghi e tra minaccie  
D'avvertir l'autorità,  
Ci facciam dai due prometter  
Che la cose resti là.*

**Pasquale:**

*È sifatto scioglimento  
Poca pena al tradiemento.*

**Malatesta:**

*Riflettete, è mia sorella.*

**Pasquale:**

*Vada fuor di casa mia,  
Altri patti non vo' far.*

**Malatesta:**

*È un affare delicato;  
Vuol ben esser ponderato.*

**Pasquale:**

*Ponderate, esamineate,  
Ma in mia casa non la vo', no, no.*

**Malatesta:**

*Uno scandalo farete  
E vergogna poi ne avrete.*

**Pasquale:**

*Non m'importa!*

**Pasquale:**

*Quietly, quietly, right away  
We'll go down into the garden;  
I'll take my servants with me,  
We'll surround the grove  
And the wretched couple,  
Captured at my signal,  
Without losing a moment,  
We'll bring them before the magistrate.*

**Malatesta:**

*I would say ... listen for a bit.  
Let us two go alone to the place,  
We'll station ourselves in the grove  
And show ourselves at the right time.  
And between prayers and threats  
To notify the authorities,  
We'll make them both promise  
That the matter will end there.*

**Pasquale:**

*A resolution like that is  
Too little punishment for betrayal.*

**Malatesta:**

*Remember, she's my sister.*

**Pasquale:**

*Let her get out of my house,  
I don't want to make other agreements.*

**Malatesta:**

*It's a delicate matter;  
It needs to be well pondered.*

**Pasquale:**

*Ponder, examine,  
But I don't want her in my house, no, no.*

**Malatesta:**

*You'll make a scandal  
And then you'll have the shame of it.*

**Pasquale:**

*I don't care!*

**Malatesta:**

*Non conviene, non sta bene:  
Altro modo cercherò.*

**Pasquale:**

*Non sta bene, non conviene ...  
Ma lo schiaffo qui restò.  
Io direi ...*

**Malatesta:**

*L'ho trovata!*

**PASQUALE:**  
*Benedetto! Dite presto.*

**Malatesta:**

*Nel boschetto quattro ci appostiamo,  
Di là tutto udir possiamo.  
S'è costante il tradimento,  
La cacciate su due pie'.*

**Pasquale:**

*Bravo, bravo, va benone,  
Son contento, son contento.*

[*Aspetta, aspetta, cara sposina:  
la mia vendetta già s'avvicina:  
già, già ti preme, già t'ha raggiunto,  
tutte in un punto l'hai da scontar.  
Vedrai se giovino raggiri e cabale,  
Sorrisi teneri, sospiri e lagrime;  
Or voglio prendere la mia rivincita,  
Sei nella trappola, v'hai da restar.*]

**Malatesta:**

[*Il poverino sogna vendetta,  
non sa il meschino quel che l'aspetta:  
invano freme, invan s'arrabbi,  
è chiuso in gabbia, non può scappar.  
Invano accumula progetti e calcoli,  
Non sa che fabbrica castelli in aria;  
Non vede, il semplice,  
che nella trappola  
da sè medesimo si va a gettar.*]

*La cacciate su due pie' ...*

**Pasquale:**

*Va benone ...*

**Malatesta:**

It's not fitting, it won't do;  
I'll look for another way.

**Pasquale:**

It won't do, it's not fitting ...  
But the slap landed here.  
I would say ...

**Malatesta:**

I've found it!

**Pasquale:**  
Blessings upon you! Tell me quickly.

**Malatesta:**

We will station ourselves softly in the grove.  
From there we'll be able to hear everything.  
If the betrayal is certain,  
Drive her out at once.

**Pasquale:**

Bravo, bravo, that's excellent,  
I'm content.

[Just wait, fear little wife:  
my vengeance already draws near;  
already it presses you, already it has caught you  
in a single moment you will have to pay forever.  
You'll see if tricks and plots help you,  
Tender smiles, sighs and tears;  
Now I want to take my revenge,  
You're in the trap, you'll have to stay.]

**Malatesta:**

[The poor man dreams of vengeance,  
but the wretch doesn't know what awaits him:  
in vain he rages, in vain he gets angry,  
he's locked in the cage, he can't escape.  
In vain he piles up plans and calculations,  
He doesn't know that he's building castles in the air,  
He doesn't see, the fool,  
that he's about  
To throw his own self into the trap.]

Drive her out at once ...

**Pasquale:**

That's excellent ...

## “STARS” FROM *LES MISÉRABLES*

Text by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

*There, out in the darkness  
A fugitive running  
Fallen from God  
Fallen from grace  
God be my witness  
I never shall yield  
Till we come face to face  
Till we come face to face*

*He knows his way in the dark  
Mine is the way of the Lord  
Those who follow the path of the righteous  
Shall have their reward  
And if they fall as Lucifer fell  
The flames  
The sword*

*Stars  
In your multitudes  
Scarce to be counted  
Filling the darkness  
With order and light  
You are the sentinels  
Silent and sure  
Keeping watch in the night  
Keeping watch in the night*

*You know your place in the sky  
You hold your course and your aim  
And each in your season  
Returns and returns  
And is always the same  
And if you fall as Lucifer fell  
You fall in flames!*

*And so it must be  
For so it is written  
On the doorway to paradise  
That those who falter and those who fall  
Must pay the price!*

*Lord let me find him  
That I may see him  
Safe behind bars  
I will never rest  
Till then, this I swear  
This I swear by the stars!*

## BIOGRAPHIES

### NATHAN STARK

Praised by *The Washington Post* for having a voice of “unearthly power” and *The Houston Press* as a “Blow-away singer,” American bass-baritone, **Nathan Stark**, has performed on operatic, concert and recital stages throughout the United States, Canada, Europe and China.

Mr. Stark has performed with opera houses in the United States including the Metropolitan Opera, Atlanta Opera, Hawaii Opera Theatre, Cincinnati Opera, Arizona Opera, Madison Opera and Virginia Opera, to name a few. Some of his noted operatic roles have included Mustafà in *L’Italiana in Algeri*, Don Basilio and Don Bartolo in *il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Leporello and il Commendatore in *Don Giovanni*, Sparafucile and Monterone in *Rigoletto*, Hunding in *Die Walküre*, and Colline in *La bohème*.

Equally comfortable on the concert stage, Nathan has performed with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Houston Symphony Orchestra, Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra, Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, Long Beach Symphony Orchestra, the Cincinnati Chamber Orchestra, and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Nathan has presented recitals in Germany and the United States, including programs at the U.S. Germany Embassy, the U.S. Colombian Embassy, the U.S. French Embassy, the U.S. Austrian Embassy, and the Washington National Cathedral. In 2005, he was the featured soloist for President George W. Bush, First Lady Laura Bush, former First Lady Nancy Reagan and members of the United States Senate for the nationally televised Air Force One Exhibit at the Ronald Reagan Library in Simi Valley, California.

Mr. Stark has been the recipient of several vocal awards and scholarships throughout his career, including the 2006 San Diego District Winner of the Metropolitan Opera Competition, First Place Winner of the Los Angeles Classical Singers Association, Palm Springs Opera Competition, Fort Worth Opera Competition, the Brentwood Artist of Tomorrow Competition, The Opera Buffs Competition, The Pasadena Opera Competition, The Columbus Opera Aria Competition, and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music Corbett Opera Scholarship.

He holds B.M. and M.M. degrees in opera performance from California State University, Long Beach and an A.D. from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. His voice teachers have included Dr. Lewis Woodward, Dr. Cherrie Llewellyn, Ms. Shigemi Matsumoto, Mr. Kenneth Shaw, and Ms. Marilyn Horne.

## VICTORIA KIRSCH

Pianist **Victoria Kirsch** is delighted to join Nathan Stark for his CSULB alumni recital. Victoria presents innovative programs featuring singers and piano throughout Southern California, curating and performing programs based on museum exhibitions at, among others, RAFFMA (CSU San Bernardino) and the USC Fisher Museum of Art (for the campus-wide Visions and Voices program). She has collaborated on several spoken/sung word programs with current California Poet Laureate and USC professor Dana Gioia. A recipient of an NEA Chairman's Grant, she co-created *Emily Dickinson: This, and My Heart*, one of a number of staged art song/poetry programs presented at venues throughout California.

She has worked with national and regional opera companies and served as an official pianist for the Operalia Competition and the Metropolitan Opera's National Council Auditions in Los Angeles, in addition to numerous other competitions and auditions. She played for soprano Julia Migenes (Carmen in the award-winning opera film with Plácido Domingo), touring the world for many years with the celebrated singing actress.

Victoria is the music director of OperaArts, a Palm Springs-based organization that presents operatic concerts with orchestra and piano in the Coachella Valley, including several programs with Nathan Stark.

She is a faculty vocal and opera coach at the UCLA Herb Alpert School of Music, and she serves on the faculty of Angels Vocal Art, a Los Angeles-based summer opera festival and workshop. She has been a vocal faculty member at the USC's Thornton School of Music and at SongFest, a Los Angeles-based summer art song festival. She has been a teaching artist for LA Opera's Community Programs Department, and she was associated with the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara for many years, playing in the studio of renowned baritone and master teacher Martial Singher and serving as a member of the vocal faculty.

## BRIAN JAMES MYER

Baritone **Brian James Myer** has been praised as a stage animal of "both voice and character to make him stand out in the crowd" (*Sarasota Observer*). Highlights of recent seasons include performances of his signature role of Rossini's Figaro with Florida Grand Opera and Opera San José, creating the role of Ponchel in the West Coast premiere of Kevin Puts' *Silent Night*, making his Opera Naples debut as Papageno in *The Magic Flute*, making his Opera Orlando debut in their Opera in the Park summer concert series and returning for his role debut as Schaunard in *La bohème*. An active composer, Mr. Myer's choral octavo, *Go, Lovely Rose*, a setting of the poem of Edmund Waller, is published by Santa Barbara Music.

## DAVID GARRETT

David Garrett joined the applied teaching faculty in the department of Music in Fall 2001. He became part of the cello section of the Los Angeles Philharmonic in February of 2000. Previously he was a member of the Houston Symphony, Assistant Principal of the San Antonio Symphony, and a member of the New Orleans Philharmonic. Garrett also appears frequently as recitalist, chamber musician, and soloist, receiving popular and critical acclaim. Writing in *Strad* magazine, Henry Roth observed, he is “*a polished and experienced musician...excellent in all departments.*”

Garrett maintains a wide range of musical interests: he has recorded modern cello works for the Albany and Opus One labels, his doctoral dissertation includes publication of previously unknown baroque cello works, and he pursues the standard literature in regular solo and chamber music performances. Garrett also enjoys teaching: his preparatory students consistently excel in competitions and honors orchestras and he has been a member of the faculty at Ball State University, the University of Texas at San Antonio, and Trinity University. Garrett teaches cello at California State University, Long Beach.

Along with his wife, Junko, David Garrett performs cello and piano recitals as the Belrose Duo, including several tours in both the U.S. and Japan. Away from the cello Garrett enjoys playing the viola da gamba, composing, and arranging, and in his spare time he enjoys games and sports, especially, tennis, chess, and bridge.

## UPCOMING EVENTS

\*Events marked with an asterisk are free with a valid Music Major Pass

- **Saturday, April 29, 2017:**  
Pacific Standard Time & Jazz And Tonic, Christine Guter, director 4:00pm/8:00pm Daniel Recital Hall  
Tickets \$10/7 \*
- **Monday, May 1, 2017:**  
Men's, Women's, and '49er Choruses, Jonathan Talberg, conductor 8:00pm Daniel Recital Hall Tickets \$10/7 \*
- **Saturday, May 6, 2017:**  
Celebrating Music—Mendelssohn: *Elijah*, Op. 70, Jonathan Talberg, conductor 8:00pm Carpenter Performing Arts Center Tickets \$15/10
- **Saturday, May 13, 2017:**  
Video Game Music Symposium, Perry LaMarca, director / Johannes Müller Stosch, conductor Saturday, 9:00am—5:00pm; concert 8:00pm Daniel Recital Hall/Carpenter Performing Arts Center. For tickets and registration: [csulb.edu/music/register](http://csulb.edu/music/register)

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