

EASTMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

# DAMSEFLY TRIO

LIZ PEARSE, SOPRANO

CHELSEA CZUCHRA, FLUTE

LINDSAY BUFFINGTON, HARP

Wednesday, February 22, 2023

Hatch Recital Hall

7:30 PM



EASTMAN  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

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UNIVERSITY *of* ROCHESTER

# PROGRAM

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**Der Andreas Garten** (1986)

Dunkel  
Noch schläft  
Und Morgen's  
Kleiner Kolibri  
Libelle  
Rote Scheibe  
Taubenflug  
Andreas Garten  
Der Mond

Ursula Mamlok  
(1923-2016)

**Diptych** (2016)

Drifting  
Weaving

Jesse Jones  
(b. 1978)

**Songs from Comala** (2016-2020)

Arena  
Junto a tu gente  
Nunca sueño  
El mar

Ricardo Zohn-Muldoon  
(b. 1962)

## INTERMISSION

**Journey** (1990)

Tania León  
(b. 1943)

**Alimondoj** (2020)\*

Alfred Zimmerlin  
(b. 1955)

**Intersections** (2017)

Brittany Green  
(b. 1991)

*\*World Premiere*

## PROGRAM

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**Federico's Little Songs for Children** (1986)

La señorita del abanico

La tarde

Canción cantada

Caracola

¡El lagarto está llorando!

Cancioncilla sevillana

Canción tonta

George Crumb

(1929-2022)

## PROGRAM NOTES

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### **Der Andreas Garten** (1986)

Ursula Mamlok

*Der Andreas Garten* is a setting of a poem by Gerard Mamlok, husband of the composer. The text portrays the garden of the Mamloks' summer home in California, located near the San Andreas fault. The poetry evokes both the beauty and the perils of nature. This is haunting and deeply atmospheric music: the brooding sound world created by the alto flute, low harp tones, and Sprechstimme at the opening and conclusion of the work contrasts with the brilliant, occasionally shrill, twittering of birds portrayed by flute, piccolo, and harp in the inner movements, producing an almost uncanny effect. The nine movements are arranged around numerous symmetries of pitch organization, tempo, and timbre. The eighth movement reproduces the second in inversion, with the rising and falling harp arpeggios that open and close the movements serving as important formal landmarks. An additional symmetry is created by the depiction of birds in flight in the fourth and seventh movements.

—Barry Wiener

### **Diptych** (2016)

Jesse Jones

*Diptych* is a two-movement composition for flute & harp. The first movement, titled *Drifting*, is a calm and dreamy berceuse, a quirky lullaby that may conjure memories of your childhood music box. The second movement, *Weaving*, is a lopsided tarantella that undulates between pointed rhythmic gestures and more nebulous, cloud-like textures. I have always thought of the harp as the musical cousin of the spinning wheel; both are manipulated by hand and foot, while straddled, to mesmerizing effect. With the slightest nod given to Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade," *Weaving* is written with that imagined cousinship in mind.

—Jesse Jones

### **Songs from Comala** (2016-2020)

Ricardo Zohn-Muldoon

*Songs from Comala* was written for Damsselfly Trio. It is an ongoing collection of songs extracted from my scenic cantata *Comala*, an evening-long work based on Juan Rulfo's beautiful novel *Pedro Páramo*. What began as a process of adapting existing songs for a new medium has gradually taken a life of its own as my close collaboration with Damsselfly Trio has sparked my musical imagination in new ways. Thus, one of the songs in the current collection ("Arena") was actually composed first for Damsselfly Trio and then adapted back into to the larger work. I expect that future songs in the set might follow that route.

## PROGRAM NOTES

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With the exception of “Junto a tu gente” -a short dialogue between Juan Preciado and the ghost of his mother Doloritas- the songs in this set are brief monologues by Susana San Juan, a tragic character that is central to the novel. Susana is driven to madness by the abuse she endures from the very men who claim to love her: her father, Bartolomé San Juan, and Pedro Páramo, who is passionately in love with her.

—Ricardo Zohn-Muldoon

### **Journey** (1990)

Tania León

Long before the women of Damsselfly chose to name their ensemble after a creature that sounds as if it would be delicate – but is actually one of nature’s most impressively athletic flying predators – Cuban-American Tania León wrote her spirited proclamation *Journey* for the Jubal Trio, setting text by Lebanese-American poet and visual artist Etal Adnan. Journey is a celebration of all the bold, bright sounds possible in this trio combination, rather than the more subdued, soft soundscapes one might generally associate with flute, harp, and soprano voice. This brief work sets the text in a unique way – almost entirely in reverse. Thus, the singer sounds almost as a jazz scat artist among a flurry of syncopated rhythms both within and outside of a tight rhythmic context. According to León, the work is dedicated to composer/performer Julius Eastman and composer Talib Rasul Hakim.

—Liz Pearce

### **Alimondoj** (2020)

Alfred Zimmerlin

Language has an incredibly rich sound, and the wonderful musical language of the poet Ingrid Fichtner’s poetry lusts, as it were, for translation into sound, sung sound, instrumental sound. Ingrid Fichtner’s poems are written in both English and German, a stroke of luck for a composer who wants to use English in a piece of music but has German (Swiss German) as his mother tongue. But there is another language sparking in between: The singer sometimes speaks a few words in a language that may seem understandable because of its references to Romanic and Germanic languages, but is not, because it is artificial and constructed; it lacks the grown, living body of a language of native speakers: Esperanto. These can be comments on what she is doing (“Mi turnis la paĝon / I have turned the page over”) but they can also be questions that suddenly arise (“Kial mi entute kantas poemon? / Why do I sing a poem at all?”).

When making music, but also when listening to it, we are constantly asking questions. – *Alimondoj* asks us a lot of questions with sounds and musical behaviours that can also irritate us.

## PROGRAM NOTES

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The Damsfly Trio is a very important creative partner in this, because the piece also opens up spaces where a new and different virtuosity can unfold. This is of course also a manual virtuosity, but even more a creative and artistic one, because the piece also wants to inspire the creative inventiveness of the musicians. In the amalgam of sound created by the musicalisation of language, we sense the bodies and personalities of the performers. They lead us into a special *Alimondoj* experience space. They lead us to Otherworld.

—Alfred Zimmerlin

### **Intersections** (2017)

Brittany Green

*Intersections* is a concept piece representative of the finite yet infinite nature of moments where paths are crossed. The piece has no set beginning or ending, just a cycle of intersected lines to be interpreted at the performers will. *Intersections* can be performed as a solo or ensemble piece, with any combination of instrumentation, so long as no instruments are a second apart (i.e. clarinet and piano, F horn and alto saxophone). Players may start anywhere on the score and may play from left to right or right to left, so long as each subsequent part is connected to the previous. When performed in an ensemble setting, it is recommended that performers do not share their starting points with one another, and use non-verbal communication to signal ending. Written deliberately without stems or clefs, performers are free to translate the pitches presented as they wish.

—Brittany Green

### **Federico's Little Songs for Children** (1986)

George Crumb

Though much of Lorca's poetry centers on more mature subjects, these poems are (on their surface) simple, sometimes silly, and evocative of wonderfully specific moods and images. Varying playground-style melodies exist using these words – in comparison, Crumb's settings of these text (one of his many works employing Lorca's poetry) may seem melodramatic. We would argue that melodrama is the most child-like play of all! Like much of Crumb's music, there is a certain subtlety to shifts in timbre and musical mood that make these brief works even more charming.

—Liz Pearce

# TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

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## **Dunkel**

*Gerard Manloke*

Dunkel, geheimnisvoll, verborgen,  
der Erde Wunde.  
In ihrer Kruste ungezähmt, im Schlummer: San  
Andreas.  
Es Blüht ein Garten  
der Verwerfung nahe.

## **Noch schläft der alte Baum**

*Gerard Manloke*

Noch schläft der alte Baum;  
zwischen den Ästen  
der Spinne trügerisch Gewebe.  
Und durch das Filigran  
am schwarzen Firmament  
ein Stern, erstarrt zu Eis.

## **Und Morgen**

*Gerard Manloke*

Und Morgen's sanfter Tau; schimmernde Perlen  
auf gelben Rosen.  
Im Nebel steht der Gerten stumm;  
da von der Ferne ein Vogel ruft.

## **Kleiner Kolibri**

*Gerard Manloke*

Kleiner Kolibri;  
schillernder Dunst  
durch blaues Licht,  
schwirrst  
vor und zurück  
verweilend,  
berauschenden Nektar  
stiehst.  
Langschnabel Du!  
Rückwärts  
fort!

## **Libelle**

*Gerard Manloke*

Libelle,  
wie kamst Du in meinen Garten? Warum bliebst  
Du nicht dort,  
wo Du zu Hause—  
im grünen Schilf am See?  
Lockte der Duft der Rosen,  
das tiefe Blau an knorrigen Ästen? Oder hast Du  
mich,  
einst auch von fernen Ufern,  
nur einmal besuchen wollen?  
Dich trug bloss der Wind;  
mich brachte der Sturm.

## **Dark**

Dark, mysterious, hidden,  
the earth's wound.  
In its crust untamed, in slumber:  
San Andreas.  
A garden blooms  
near the fault.

## **The old tree sleeps on**

The old tree sleeps on;  
between the branches  
the spider's deceptive web.  
And through the filigree  
on the black sky  
a star, frozen to ice.

## **And morning**

And morning's soft dew; shimmering pearls  
on yellow roses.  
The garden silent in fog;  
a bird calls from far away.

## **Little hummingbird**

Little hummingbird;  
gleaming haze  
through blue light,  
whirring  
back and forth,  
lingering,  
the heady nectar  
Stealing  
You Longbeak!  
Backward  
Gone!

## **Dragonfly**

Dragonfly,  
how did you find my garden?  
Why didn't you stay  
where you belong--  
In the lake's green reeds?  
Did the scent of the roses tempt you,  
the deep blue on gnarled branches?  
Or did you come  
just to visit me,  
who also came from distant shores?  
The wind carried you;  
The storm brought me

# TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

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## **Rote Scheibe**

*Gerard Manloke*

Rote Scheibe;  
Sonnenglut;  
Mittags. Und trocknes Gras  
versengt.  
Kein Vogel. Stille.  
Nur ein kleiner Ball,  
gelblich-rot,  
fällt zur Erde  
und zerplatzt.  
Ein Sperling naht,  
pickt an der Aprikose,  
die, beschattet  
auf einer Fliese ruht.

## **Taubenflug**

*Gerard Manloke*

Taubenflug über den Garten;  
weisse Flügelschläge  
des Habicht's Auge unbekümmert.  
Taubenflug über San Andreas;  
flüchtige Schönheit  
gegen Wolken.

## **Andreas Garten**

*Gerard Manloke*

Andreas Garten,  
Garten meiner Seele!  
Du bist mir im Herzen;  
Dir bin ich nahe.  
Ich weiss von Deiner Wunde,  
aber auch sie bist Du.

## **Der Mond**

*Gerard Manloke*

Der Mond ist riesig gross heut' Nacht,  
geister-helles Scheinen;  
die furchtsame Akazie möchte sich  
verstecken.  
Tief in der Erde  
eine dumpfe Bewegung  
(fast lautlos, unmerklich).  
Die Wurzeln ahnen Sie.

## **Red Disk**

Red disk;  
glowing sun;  
noon. And dry grass  
singes.  
No bird. Silence.  
Only a small ball  
yellowish-red  
falls to the earth  
and bursts.  
A sparrow comes near  
pecks at the apricot,  
Which rests in shadow  
On a flagstone.

## **Doveflight**

Doveflight over the garden;  
white wingbeats;  
unconcerned with the hawk's eye.  
Doveflight over San Andreas;  
fleeting beauty  
against clouds.

## **Andreas Garden**

Andreas Garden,  
Garden of my soul!  
You are in my heart  
as I stand here.  
I know of your wound;  
it is a part of you.

## **The moon**

The moon is huge tonight;  
its light is spectral.  
The fearful acacia wants  
to hide.  
Deep in the earth  
a hollow motion—  
(almost silent, imperceptible).  
The roots sense it.



# TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

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## **Arena**

*Juan Rulfo*

SUSANA SAN JUAN: Mi cuerpo se sentía a gusto sobre el calor de la arena. Tenía los ojos cerrados, los brazos abiertos, desdobladas las piernas a la brisa del mar. Y el mar allí enfrente, lejano, dejando apenas restos de espuma en mis pies al subir la marea...

## **Junto a tu gente**

*Juan Rulfo*

JUAN PRECIADO (arpista): ¿No me oyes?

VOZ DE DOLORITAS (soprano): ¿Dónde estás?

JUAN PRECIADO: Estoy aquí, en tu pueblo. Junto a tu gente. ¿No me ves?

VOZ DE DOLORITAS: No hijo, no te veo...No te veo.

## **Nunca sueño**

*Juan Rulfo*

SUSANA SAN JUAN: Ya te he dicho que yo no sueño nunca. No tienes consideración de mí. Estoy muy desvelada. Anoche no echaste fuera al gato y no me dejó dormir. Sólo se la pasó haciendo circo, de mis pies a mi cabeza... como si tuviera hambre. No lo quiero cuando estoy dormida.

## **El mar**

*Juan Rulfo*

SUSANA SAN JUAN: El mar moja mis tobillos y se va; moja mis rodillas, mis muslos; rodea mi cintura con su brazo suave, da vuelta sobre mis senos; se abraza de mi cuello; aprieta mis hombros. Entonces me hundo en él, entera. Me gusta bañarme en el mar.

## **Sand**

SUSANA SAN JUAN: My body felt good on the warm sand. My eyes were closed, my arms open, my legs unfolded to the breeze of the sea. And the sea right there and far off, leaving faint traces of foam over my feet when the tide rose...

## **Near your people**

JUAN PRECIADO (harpist): Don't you hear me?

VOICE OF DOLORITAS (soprano): Where are you?

JUAN PRECIADO: I am here, in your town. Near your people. Don't you see me?

DOLORITAS: No my son, I don't see you...I don't see you.

## **I never dream**

SUSANA SAN JUAN: I have already told you that I never dream. You have no regard for me. I am suffering from lack of sleep. Last night you did not put the cat out, and he did not let me sleep. He spent the night somersaulting from my feet to my head...as if he were hungry. I don't want him when I am sleeping.

## **The sea**

SUSANA SAN JUAN: The sea laves my ankles and retreats. It bathes my knees, and my thighs. It encircles my waist with its soft arm, it turns around my breasts. It hugs my neck. It clings to my shoulders. Then I plunge into it, completely. I like bathing in the sea.

## TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

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### Journey

*Etel Adnan*

The human spirit rises  
over its mountains.  
Three astronauts circle the  
planet Jupiter  
We are all going into a  
space journey discovering  
the promise of angels.  
The earth is the beginning  
of the Universe.

### Alimondoĵ

*Ingrid Fichtner, English texts, and Alfred Zimmerlin,  
Esperanto texts (in italics)*

*anonto*

*Medio*

*bildo de la besto*

Far too few

*mi turnis la paĝon*

hues of blue way too few shades of blue in this  
sky above me

*subtekstoj neantaŭvidebla babilantai ĝemeloj*

and

Marigolds a myriad of blossoms

am I in for a shower?

am I in for a soak?

What makes me think of velvet?

What makes me think of canopies?

What makes me think of sweet pea?

and sweet William in front of dragon flowers

flowers dragonflies and damselflies

(the bodies eyes the wings)

in what is called a rose garden?

*Kial mi entute kantas poemon*

What makes me think of seedlings?

Is this a different spring?

I see the leaves I see the litter

I see the cracks

I see the bud

I do not know the scales

Am I to get to know the soil

Do I hear a tanpura?

I'd like to hug this Banyan tree

not only speak of

*musikigo de lingvo*

*kunfandado naturon kaj kulturon*

not only speak of it..

am I in for a soak?

*nova ĉapitro. kian kinejon mi eniras?*

*Iloi el la sfero de sonĝoj*

that far away from any sea this narrow path  
another day ahead of me

# TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

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## I. La señorita del abanico

*Federico García Lorca*

La señorita del abanico,  
va por el puente del fresco río.  
Los caballeros con sus levitas,  
miran el puente sin barandillas.  
La señorita del abanico  
y los volantes, busco marido.  
Los caballeros están casados,  
con altas rubias de idioma blanco.  
Los grillos cantan por el Oeste.  
(La señorita va por lo verde.)  
Los grillos cantan bajo las flores.  
(Los caballeros van por el Norte.)

## II. La tarde

*Federico García Lorca*

La tarde equivocada se vistió de frío.  
Detrás de los cristales, turbios, todos los niños,  
ven convertirse en pájaros un árbol amarillo.  
La tarde está tendida a lo largo del río.  
Y un rubor de manzana tiembla en los tejadillos.

## III. Canción cantada

*Federico García Lorca*

En el gris,  
el pájaro Griffón  
se vestía de gris.  
Y la niña Kikiriki  
perdía su blancor  
y forma allí.  
Para entrar en el gris  
me pinté de gris.  
¡Y cómo relumbraba  
en el gris!

## IV. Caracola

*Federico García Lorca*

Me han traído una caracola.  
Dentro le canta  
Un mar de mapa  
Mí corazón  
Se llene de agua  
Con pececillos  
De sombra y plata.  
Me han traído una caracola.

## I. Señorita of the Fan

*Trans. George Crumb*

The señorita of the fan  
goes over the bridge, over the cool river.  
The gentlemen in their waistcoats  
look at the little bridge without railings.  
The señorita of the fan,  
with skirts a-flying, is seeking a husband.  
The gentlemen are already married  
to tall blond ladies of the white language  
Crickets are singing in the west.  
(The señorita walks through the greenery.)  
Crickets are singing under the flowers.  
(The gentlemen go towards the north.)

## II. Afternoon

*Trans. George Crumb*

The mistaken afternoon was dressed in cold.  
Behind the murky windows all the children watch  
a yellow tree change into birds.  
The afternoon stretches out along the river.  
And a blush of apple trembles in the roof tiles.

## III. A song sung

*Trans. William J. Smith*

In cold gray,  
the Griffon bird  
was clothed in gray.  
And there from little Kikiriki  
Whiteness and shape  
Were taken away.  
To enter cold gray  
I painted myself grey.  
And how I sparkled  
In the cold gray!

## IV. Snail

*Trans. Stephen Spender and J.L. Gili*

They have brought me a snail.  
Inside it sings  
A map-green ocean.  
My heart  
Swells with water,  
With small fish  
Of brown and silver.  
They have brought me a snail.

## TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

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### V. ¡El lagarto está llorando!

*Federico García Lorca*

¡El lagarto está llorando!  
¡La lagarta está llorando!  
El lagarto y la lagarta  
con delantalitos blancos.  
Han perdido sin querer su anillo de desposados.  
¡Ay, su anillito de plomo,  
ay, su anillito plomado!  
Un cielo grande y sin gente  
monta en su globo a los pájaros.  
El sol, capitán redondo,  
lleva un chaleco de raso.  
¡Miradlos qué viejos son!  
¡Qué viejos son los lagartos!  
¡Ay, cómo lloran y lloran,  
¡ay!, ¡ay!, cómo están llorando!

### VI. Cancioncilla sevillana

*Federico García Lorca*

Amanecía  
en el naranjel. Abejitas de oro buscaban la miel.  
¿Dónde estará la miel?  
Está en la flor azul, Isabel.  
En la flor del romero aquel.  
(Sillita de oro para el moro.  
Silla de oropel para su mujer.)  
Amanecía en el naranjel.

### VII. Canción tonta

*Federico García Lorca*

Mamá.  
Yo quiero ser de plata.  
Hijo,  
Tendrás mucho frío.  
Mamá.  
Yo quiero ser de agua.  
Hijo,  
Tendrás mucho frío.  
Mamá.  
Bórdame en tu almohada  
¡Eso sí!  
¡Ahora mismo!

### V. The Lizard is Crying!

*Trans. Stephen Spender*

The he-lizard is crying!  
The she-lizard is crying!  
The he-lizard and the she-lizard  
with little white aprons.  
Have lost without wanting to their wedding ring.  
Ah, their little leaden wedding ring,  
ah, their little ring of lead!  
A large sky without people  
carries the birds in its balloon.  
The sun, rotund captain,  
wears a satin waistcoat.  
Look how old they are!  
How old the lizards are!  
Oh, how they cry and cry,  
Oh! Oh! How they go on crying!

### VI. A Little Song from Seville

*Trans. George Crumb*

Dawn is awakening in the orange grove.  
The little golden bees are looking for honey.  
Where will they find the honey?  
It's in the blue flower, Isabel.  
In the flower of that rosemary yonder.  
(A little chair of gold for the Moor.  
A chair of brass for his wife.)  
Dawn is awakening in the orange grove.

### VII. Silly song

*Trans. Harriet de Onis*

Mama,  
I wish I were silver.  
Son,  
You'd be very cold.  
Mama,  
I wish I were water.  
Son,  
You'd be very cold.  
Mama,  
Embroider me on your pillow.  
That, yes!  
Right away!

## MEET THE ARTISTS

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**The Damsselfly Trio - Liz Pearse, soprano; Chelsea Czuchra, flutes; and Lindsay Buffington, harp** - is a mobile chamber ensemble dedicated to the music of contemporary composers and poets/writers. Continuing the work begun by The Jubal Trio, Damsselfly is committed to commissioning, performing, and promoting contemporary chamber music for their unique instrumentation. To this aim, they have worked with a number of composers and poets from both sides of the Atlantic. Founded in 2017, Damsselfly Trio is based in the US and Switzerland, conducting concert and educational activities throughout the US and Europe.

In recent seasons, Damsselfly Trio has performed throughout Switzerland, Ireland, the UK and the US. Their concert appearances have taken them to a wide range of venues, including: Black Mountain College Museum + Arts Center, the Hugh Lane Gallery in Dublin, Queen's University Belfast, Irish World Academy, Wild Atlantic Words Festival, Rehmann Museum, the Bank of the Arts in New Bern, NC, and digitally at the University of Liverpool. They have also been heard over the air on BBC Northern Ireland.

In 2018, Damsselfly held a performance residency at Avaloch Farm Music Institute in New Hampshire, USA (where they were inspired by local insect life to name their trio). The trio has given masterclasses and workshops at the University of North Carolina Wilmington, East Carolina University, Maynooth University, Queen's University Belfast, Ulster University, as well as appearing virtually at the University of North Texas. Since 2018, Damsselfly has given outreach concerts in public schools in eastern North Carolina under the auspices of the Carolina Chamber Music Festival.

## MEET THE ARTISTS

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The harpist **Lindsay Buffington** was born in Maryland, and she has been based in Switzerland since 2005. She currently lives in Luzern. Lindsay completed her studies at the University of Maryland College Park, Conservatoire de Lausanne and Hochschule – Luzern Musik. She completed degrees in Bachelor of Music, Master of Music Performance and Master of Music Pedagogy. Her main harp teachers included Elaine Bryant, Rebecca Anstine Smith, Chantal Mathieu and Xenia Schindler.

Lindsay is a versatile performer who thrives on playing in diverse musical styles. She enjoys an active freelance career in Switzerland and abroad, and plays regularly both as a soloist and with ensembles. She has performed with the City Light Symphony Orchestra, Operettenbühne Vaduz, Bach Ensemble Luzern, Bach-Collegium Freiburg, Sinfonietta Basel, Sinfonieorchester Liechtenstein, Mädchenkantorei Basel, among others.

An active chamber musician, Lindsay is the co-founder of several chamber music ensembles including: Deux en Harpe, with harpist Céline Gay des Combes (2008), the Cochlea Duo, with flutist Chelsea Czuchra (2013), and the Damsselfly Trio, with Chelsea Czuchra and Liz Pearse, soprano (2017).  
[www.lindsaybuffington.com](http://www.lindsaybuffington.com)

A performer at home in a wide range of genres and repertoire, flutist **Chelsea Czuchra** is especially drawn to the experimental, quiet, and gorgeous sounds found in the world of new music. She has appeared as soloist and chamber musician throughout Europe and North America, including turns as a scotch tape virtuoso and bull-roarer player. Chelsea's most recent collaborative projects have included commissioning, premiering and recording the song cycle *Buaine na Gaoithe* by Ryan Molloy and Martin Dyar, with Damsselfly Trio and the launch of a project commissioning works for moving/vocalizing flutist. An advocate for arts education, Chelsea frequently performs for outreach programs in Switzerland and around the US. Based in Switzerland, Chelsea was raised in eastern North Carolina and is a proud graduate of UNCSA, the NC Governor's School, Purchase College and CalArts.

Vocalist **Liz Pearse** has alternately been described as a “badass”, having “a near-psychic understanding of what a composer is trying to accomplish”, and possessing “a voice made of arrows forged in a volcanic pit, transforming the didactic and mundanely intellectual into actual fire”.

After a childhood spent playing every instrument she could find, Liz has spent her career exploring the infinite possibilities of the human voice.

## MEET THE ARTISTS

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Her uniquely colorful and versatile instrument has led to performances of wide-ranging works from medieval to modern, and though Liz is known as a specialist in contemporary vocal repertoire, she enjoys a well-aged song.

Liz often performs self-accompanied at the piano. She has commissioned and performed over a dozen works for solo singer/pianist, and her doctoral dissertation discusses the practice in relation to Roger Reynolds' *Sketchbook for The Unbearable Lightness of Being*. Though self-accompanying is a large part of her practice, Liz has a voracious appetite for the camaraderie of chamber music. In addition to her work with Swiss/USA-based Damsel fly Trio and collaborations with pianists performing the vocal music of Messiaen and Babbitt, Liz is one-fourth of Quince Ensemble, an American Midwest-based treble quartet dedicated to the creation and performance of contemporary vocal literature.

When she's not performing, Liz lives and teaches in the beautiful Driftless region of Minnesota. More information about Liz can be found at [lizpearse.com](http://lizpearse.com)

# UPCOMING EVENTS AT EASTMAN

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Thursday, February 23, 2023

## OSSIA

Kilbourn Hall, 7:30 PM

Free Admission

Friday, February 24, 2023

## Eastman Wind Ensemble

Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre, 7:30 PM

Free Admission

Sunday, February 26, 2023

## Eastman Chorale

Kilbourn Hall, 3:00 PM

Free Admission

Monday, February 27, 2023

## KILBOURN CONCERT SERIES

### Septura Brass

Kilbourn Hall, 7:30 PM

Tickets Available at [EastmanTheatre.org](http://EastmanTheatre.org)

Scan this QR code to see all of the exciting concerts coming up in our 22-23 Eastman Presents Season!



*We acknowledge with respect the Seneca Nation, known as the “Great Hill People” and “Keepers of the Western Door” of the Haudenosaunee Confederacy. We take this opportunity to thank the people whose ancestral lands the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester currently occupies in Rochester, New York.*

Find information about upcoming Eastman concerts and events at:

[esm.rochester.edu/events](http://esm.rochester.edu/events)

[www.facebook.com/ConcertsAtEastman](https://www.facebook.com/ConcertsAtEastman)

**Hatch Recital Hall** fire exits are located at the right and left rear of the hall. In the event of an emergency, you will be notified by the stage manager. If notified, please move in a calm and orderly fashion to the nearest exit.

**Please note:** The use of unauthorized photographic and recording equipment is not allowed in this building. We reserve the right to ask anyone disrupting a performance to leave the hall.

**Restrooms** are located in the Wolk Atrium near the rear doors of Hatch Recital Hall. Fully-accessible restrooms are available on the first floor of the Eastman School. Our ushers will be happy to direct you to them.

**Supporting the Eastman School of Music:**

For information on making a gift, please contact the Advancement Office at (585) 274-1040, or visit the Advancement website at [www.esm.rochester.edu/advancement](http://www.esm.rochester.edu/advancement).