

**ARLENE ZALLMAN**  
(1934–2006)

- 1) VARIATIONS ON THE VILLANELLA *ALMA CHE FAI?* [11:58]

BY LUCA MARENZIO (1993)

Lois Shapiro, piano

TRIO 1999 'TRIQUETRA' [14:42]

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Triple Helix Piano Trio

Lois Shapiro, piano

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EAST, WEST OF THE SUN (1996) [13:40]

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*from the Classic Anthology by Confucius—translated by Ezra Pound*

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Wellesley College Chamber Singers & instrumental ensemble

Brian Hulse, conductor

Jenny Tang, accompanist

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Hekun Wu, cello  
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13) NIGHTSONGS [10:52]

Karol Bennett, soprano  
Leone Buysc, flute  
Michael Webster, clarinet

ARLENE ZALLMAN, MY MOTHER, spent the summers of the last eighteen years of her life, hiding out in her little house, high in the Tuscan hills outside of Arezzo—composing music, eating sheep's cheese and salted tomatoes, and roaming the medieval forests and vine-dappled hills of the Casentino on the hunt for Romanesque churches. In the summer of 2000, she was working on a piece for voice and cello. That summer stands out in particular because I came to visit just after she'd resolved the ending of the piece. Her work had been stalled for weeks. But she was giddy when I arrived.

"I've spent the whole summer trying to ignore the racket outside," she told me. By which she meant the power tools favored by the Italian vacationers maintaining their 800 year-old houses, the huge family lunches on the patio underneath the window of her studio, the irascible baker hollering at his wife from across the river bank, the mopeds with their mufflers jacked up to roar, watchdogs in heat, rogue bands of cats, and the clamor of local church bells. "The bells," she insisted, her voice hushed. "The cats and the bells. That's how it ends, of course!" In the Italian cacophony that she loved even more than it drove her nuts, she'd found the final notes of her piece.

I grew up listening to my mother compose, those long hours of distended chords, the hammering repetitions, the deafening silences, rustle of paper, smell of pencil lead. And she loved to talk with me about the parts of her work that could be ...discussed. We spent weeks, for example, debating the translation of "alma" for the piece, *Alma che fai?* after a Cesare Pavese poem. Was it a wish, a prayer, a hope, or, as she ultimately argued, a sigh. For all of her wondrous fluency with the language of music, my mother was passionate about words. They were her muse. That is why, I suppose, it was so striking when she found her piece's sudden solution that summer in a howling cat, and the sound of bells.

But of course, she would have pointed out, they were *Italian* cats.

My mother used to claim that she was fifty percent Ukrainian, fifty percent Polish and a hundred percent Italian. She'd loved Italy since she first went there in 1958 on a Fulbright to study with Luigi Dallapiccola, the great Florentine composer. Dallapiccola loved cats. He peppered his melon. He taught her precisely how much a taxi *should* cost from the train station to his front door. And he was, of course, her most important mentor. His influence resonates in her music—perhaps most palpably among the works presented here, in *Nightsongs*. His influence resonated most loudly, however, in her love of Italian language and ways; its poetry and rhythms. She read voraciously, especially in Italian, and as she explains in her program note for *Sei la terra che aspetta*, she always had some kind of verse roiling beneath every piece, even the instrumental ones.

The last collaboration that I had with my mother before this one, was terrifically ambitious: to write an opera based on Italo Calvino's short novella, "Il re in ascolto" ("A King Listens"), from his book *Under The Jaguar Sun*. We only got as far as the prologue, which had one performance under the auspices of Thomas Kelley's "First Nights" seminar at Harvard University in 2005. It was a wonderful and vexing and illuminating experience. Wonderful because we shared such an intense creative experience right at the end of her life. Vexing because we had such profoundly different ideas about opera and staging—perhaps predictably, I thought I knew more about what she should be doing musically than I had a right to and she thought she knew more about what I should be doing with the libretto than she had a right to. (One might not expect less friction from a mother-daughter collaboration.) It was mostly illuminating, because as tentative as that beginning of the project had been, it gave all of us a glimpse of where she would surely have taken her composition in the next decade: opera. That glorious aggregate of Italy, poetry, drama, and great bold vocal sounds.

Our last collaboration, if I can call it that, is instead this CD, which my mother envisioned and plotted along with my sister Martha and her very dearest friend Bethany Beardslee in the final months of her life. Like her first opera, which was to be her last, this CD will be her first.

It is only a selection of the extraordinary work she composed over the last fifteen years of her life. Compositions I have in mind that aren't included here are *Luoghi* (1998), her single showpiece for tenor about despair, madness, death, and poetry set to an eccentric triptych of her own creation: an epitaph taken from the end of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*; a translation by Salvatore Quasimodo into Italian of an ancient Greek poem about a mouse; and a poem by the obscure and mad genius, Dino Campana, about the mythical tyranny of Florence's famous Boboli Gardens in autumn. Or, *Vox Feminae*, her 2002 reinterpretation of the Carmina burana for soprano and piano, which with the sparest of vocal lines manages to inhabit the tragic narrative of a love story, rape, a pregnancy, and a shunning. Or, her gorgeously strange and achingly florid last completed work, *Il Sabato del villaggio* for quartet and mezzosoprano, set to a poem by Giacomo Leopardi. The music is as rigorous as the texts she set, but radiates the crystalline beauty that described her both her work and her way of inhabiting life.

After her death, my mother's dear friend and colleague of thirty years, Charles Fisk, recalled performing her music for the first time in 1976 at Wellesley College. The program had been her cycle of Quasimodo songs for flute, violin, piano, and soprano. It included her setting of the well-known poem "Ed è subito sera":

*Ognuno sta solo sul cuor della terra  
trafitto de un raggio di sole:  
ed è subito sera.*

*Each one stands alone  
on the heart of the earth,  
transfixed by a ray of sunlight:  
...and suddenly it is evening.*

Charles wrote: "As I understand the poem, it's saying that each of us is a world, and when we die, that world—sometimes full and intact up until the last moment—dies with us. It seems especially true of Arlene that she created her own world on her own terms, investing its every niche with special care, inviting each one of her friends to share its special qualities with her. What I knew of her world became a special region within in mine, and that is one of the many ways that I hope it will live on."

And so for all of us listening, in her music, it shall.

—*Minna Proctor*, January, 2010

## VARIATIONS ON THE VILLANELLA ALMA CHE FAI? BY LUCA MARENZIO

My variations are unlike classical variations in that they are based on manipulating the melodic material of the theme, rather than the harmonic structure. Classically, it is, in fact, the harmony that enables one to hear "backward" through the variation to the original theme. In these variations, I propose a form in which one hears forward to the theme, having first experienced some of its perhaps remote, but always plausible emanations. The variations themselves are grouped into large sections, and the piece as a whole is divided into two distinct parts. The first half features a gradual unfolding of Marenzio's three-voiced composition, phrase by phrase. The opening phrase is the only one that is presented exactly as Marenzio wrote it. The subsequent phrases are taken from the melody of the uppermost voice-part, always with the original pitches and rhythm, but cast in new surroundings. In between fragments of the unfolding theme are the variations that hypothesize alternative ways of continuing the opening gesture and later more fantastical evolutions of the melodic phrases. The end of Part One is signaled by the appearance of the villanella's last phrase, which has a fairly distinct cadence. Part Two features several autonomous variations that are stylistically rather far removed the character and mood of the original. Beginnings and ends of variations begin to blur as the piece moves toward closure, emphasizing cadential figures. By the time the listener hears the original villanella, as it occurs at the very end of the piece, I would like it to seem familiar, though it's never actually been heard before.

## ALMA, CHE FAI?

Alma, che fai,  
Che pensi ove riposi?  
Quci lumi gloriosi!  
Ahi, perchè più non miri  
Tanti sparsi da me gravi sospiri?

—Cesare Pavese

My Spirit, what are you doing,  
What are you thinking  
where you lie resting?  
These glorious lights!  
Ah! Why do they no longer see  
My many deep and scattered sighs?

—translation by Arlene Zallman

## TRIO 1999 'TRIQUETRA'

My piano trio (written for Triple Helix) is a classically structured piece inspired by works that I like best for this ensemble—the trios of Haydn and Beethoven. The elements of classical style that I tried to adapt are harmonically governed textures, sudden shifts of character, strong sectional delineation, and above all, repetition and recapitulation. The first movement refers to (rather than is) a sonata form, the second is a rondo and the third is a scherzo and trio. Because the last is, indeed a final movement, an extended coda with recapitulated material replaces the traditional repeat of the original scherzo. The triquetra is an architectural ornament, the symmetrical intertwining of three arches. It is descriptive of many of the motivating themes of the music as well as the intertwining textures of the three instruments.

## EAST, WEST OF THE SUN

Many years ago, I set for narrator and piano some translations—or “paraphrases,” as the translator, Dudley Fitts, prefers to call them—of poems from *The Greek Anthology*. I wanted to return to, and add to this collection, which was originally choreographed and performed as a suite of dances. When I was invited by The Rivers School Conservatory to compose a piece for young musicians, it was the first thing that occurred to me. My daughter, who was then reading Ezra Pounds translation (“paraphrases,” as well) from Shih-ching: *The Classic Anthology Defined by Confucius*, thought I should consider setting some of these. And, at the same time I received a score from composer Ross Bauer called *Ritual Fragments*, in which he set a number of texts from *Magic World: American Indian Songs and Poems*. From this confluence of events and texts, it seemed the only logical thing to do was put it all together.

Although drawn from different parts of the world and penned in different times, these texts seemed not only cannily modern but also intimately related, both in qualities of texture and sentiment—just as images of life depicted on the walls of caves in prehistory seem no more foreign to us (and sometimes even less so) than paintings by Picasso or Giacometti. I made no attempt to distinguish musically between my different sources except in the “Epithalamium” where I make use of a distinctively Eastern style; the prelude and epilogue melody played by a solo flute incorporates melodic fragments surmised by eighth century Chinese musicologists to be representative of the tunes to which the Odes were actually sung.

The title of the collection of songs is also a bricolage of different sources. It is a conflation of the title of a favorite book of fairy tales from my own childhood, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* and the love poems of Goethe collected in *West–West Divan*.

I call these choral songs rather than pieces because that are like art songs in the straightforward treatment of text-as-poetry as opposed to text as a vehicle for musical elaboration. I decided on the treble chorus because it leaves open the possibility for even very young singers to participate, avoiding the problem of balancing upper and lower parts. The instrumental ensemble reflects the typical strengths not only of the commissioning conservatory, but of many schools for young musicians.

*East, West of the Sun* was commissioned by The Rivers School Conservatory in Weston, MA on the occasion of the Eighteenth Annual Seminar of Contemporary Music for the Young.

### SEI LA TERRA CHE ASPETTA

At some point or another, certain of my friends, for various reasons—including a lack of fondness for vocal music—challenged me to “set” a text, but leave out the singer. The response to this challenge took concrete form when I was asked to compose a piece for cello and piano shortly after a dear friend had introduced me to the poetry of the Italian writer Cesare Pavese.

The four subsections of the piece are identified by single lines chosen from three related poems that attracted me:

*You are the waiting earth  
Death will come and will have your eyes  
You came in March on the barren earth  
You are life and death. Your footstep is light.*

Pavese intermingles visions of love, life, and death with the persona of the beloved. The earth becomes the common metaphor, as in the following poem excerpt from which the title is taken:

[...] *Come  
erba viva nell'aria  
rabbrivisci e ridi,  
ma tu, tu sei la terra.  
Sei radice feroce.  
Sei la terra che aspetta*

[...] *Just as  
grass quickens in the air  
you tremble and laugh,  
but you, you are earth.  
You are the fierce root.  
You are the waiting earth.*

The piece is not meant to ever depict a dialogue between the two instruments, but rather a mutual embracing. They separate only to emphasize the urgency of coming back together.

## NIGHTSONGS

The texts for *Nightsongs* are by the early nineteenth century German poet and novelist Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff, and the single fragment by the American poet Wendell Berry that originally inspired the piece. Although I didn't start out with the idea of setting Eichendorff's poems—that would have been too intimidating a prospect—at a certain point they seems to, in a rather natural way, articulate, or populate, the musical ideas triggered by the complex of allusions in the Berry verse, which was the first of a longer poem entitled *Country of Marriage*.  
—Arlene Zallman

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**MY MEMORIES OF ARLENE ZALLMAN** revolve around presence and absence: her voice that I often needed to lean inward to hear; her bright eyes that spoke calmly and easily; the conversation that was supportive and encouraging; and her Italian house in a village lost in the Casentino region of Tuscany that was filled with her presence though she was literally absent. The time my family and I spent there in the late summer and fall of 1991 remains for me a relic of her enormous and restorative generosity. She knew very well what I needed most at the time. After all these years, the memory of those months and the music I composed there is still shaped by the confines of her corner workspace, the grainy sound of her electronic keyboard heard through headphones, the smell of garden smoke from all over Strada coming in the open window, but most of all by Arlene's offer itself and by her empathy, trust and friendship.

Her music is intimate and contained without being fragile, brittle or precious. It remains open and generous; it plays on the timeless relations of tone and fabric. Her musical structures are like the bones of birds, airy and buoyant, and capable of supporting extended flights. The music is supple, then surprising; the whole is formed from delicacy and tracery, then turns on an insistence or a phrase that jumps out like a spoken imperative, leaving the listener with its shape and expression.

It is simple and obvious to say that an Italian sensibility imbues much of Arlene's music: the titles, the poems, and the sources. Also true is her ability to speak afresh with older references. I am thinking about her *Trio 1999* now. She wrote of the inspiration of Haydn, Beethoven and the classical literature in writing this piece. That is there, particularly in the outer movements, but there are echoes of sounds made by hands that played earlier instruments, hands that now touch new instruments with what they remember. It is something that has been held in the memory that is struck again, something waiting, not slumbering. It bows, then sings the lament – a cantilena touching and heartbreaking. This is music that in living close on a past that is more than a generation removed, still sounds new. It is music that understands age and experience. It remains a music of spirit and sincerity.

—Allen Anderson

**ARLENE ZALLMAN WAS AN INSPIRATION** to me, and a dear friend. Her music, no matter the medium, is always lyrical and harmonically rich. Her ear and sensibilities were highly refined and specific—there's never anything approximate or half-baked in the music. You hear just the right notes and rhythms and nothing superfluous. Her music is a clear reflection of her personality—warm but not overly effusive, subtle, never bombastic or crude, and sometimes slyly humorous. As cur-

rent enthusiasms come and go, Arlene's music, written for discerning musicians and audiences, will last and will be increasingly appreciated.

—*Ross Bauer*

**ARLENE ZALLMAN'S MUSIC** was not widely performed during her lifetime, partly because she was unwilling to devote herself to the marketplace, but mainly, I think, because her work was somewhat at an angle to the mainstream. Highly chromatic, but filled with tonal reference, her language, at first hearing, might not seem particularly adventurous, but she was able to obtain highly personal and unexpected effects from harmony one would have thought familiar. After the great body of tonal music written in the 20th century, it was a pleasure for me to find that extended tonality, in the hands of a real composer, was still capable of yielding original, and deeply expressive music.

Although Zallman was a student of Dallapiccola's, it does not seem to me that his music had much of an influence on her work. But there is no question that the experience of Italy, and Italian culture in general, was central. This is obvious in her preference for vocal music, and in particular, for Italian texts. But I think the bel canto tradition is also reflected in the marked lyricism of her lines, as well as in their emotional range. In a song cycle like *Vox Feminae* there is also a sensuality that is rather rare among contemporary composers. For me, at least, the presence of Verdi is somewhere in the background, even in the absence of any overt borrowing.

Zallman was not prolific, but she never repeated herself and her technical range is considerable. The variations on a theme by Marenzio, for example, seem laconic and even idiosyncratic at times, in striking contrast to the generous, free-flowing quality of some of the later vocal music. This CD is only a fraction of her output but I hope it will stimulate interest in an oeuvre that occupies a distinguished position in the music of our time.

—*Martin Boykan*

## EAST, WEST OF THE SUN

### I. TOWN LIFE

Sun's in the east  
her loveliness  
comes here to undress  
Twixt door and screen  
at moonrise I hear  
her departing sighs

*The words twixt door and screen define the town life aspect of this otherwise pastoral image.*  
Shih-ching: The Classic Anthology Defined by Confucius, *translated by Ezra Pound.*

### II. INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE OF PAN

Be still  
O green cliffs of the dryads  
Still O sprints  
Bubbling from the rock  
And be still  
Many-voiced cry of the ewes  
It is Pan!

*The music underlines a two-part division of the text; the first part sets the stage for the god Pan and the second part describes, or embodies, his song.*  
*Plato, Poems from the Greek Anthology in English, translated by Dudley Fitts.*

Pan with his tender pipe  
The clever lips run over the withied reeds  
While all about him rise up from the ground  
To dance with joyous treat  
The Nymphs of the water  
Nymphs of the oaken forest



### III. THREE STROPHES WITH NEGLIGIBLE VARIATIONS

The things they do and the things they  
say in the harem  
There is no end to the things they say  
in the harem  
There is no shame to the things they do  
in the harem, so pull not the vine away.

*The busyness of this piece characterizes the flow  
of gossip, which seems to go on and on without  
regard for content, hence the idea of "negligible  
variations."*

Shih-ching: The Classic Anthology Defined by  
Confucius, translated by Ezra Pound.

### IV. EPITAPH OF A SAILOR

Tomorrow the wind will have fallen  
Tomorrow I shall be safe in harbor  
Tomorrow I said, and death spoke in that little word  
The Sea was Death!

O Stranger  
This is the Nemesis  
of the spoken word.  
Bite back the daring tongue  
That would say  
Tomorrow

*This poem is set as a canon, where a second voice follows in the footsteps of the first, shadowing every  
word and this form is meant to suggest the inevitable proximity of death where the forces of the sea  
are concerned. The sound of the bell-like crotales is meant to imitate one of the only "human" sounds,  
a buoy, that a sailor bears at a sea.*

Plato, Poems from the Greek Anthology in English, translated by Dudley Fitts.

### V. EPITHALAMIUM

Plum flowers so splendid be  
Rolling, on-rolling quietly  
A royal car With young royalty

Flowers of plum abundantly  
Heiress of Ping and heir of T'si  
To their wedding night royally

Thigh as strands in fisherman's line  
May this pair in love combine  
Heir and heiress loyally  
Whereby Ping is bound to T'si

*The title means "wedding poem," here celebrat-  
ing the marriage of two presumably young chil-  
dren. Flute and voice intertwine to enhance this  
image.*

Shih-ching: The Classic Anthology Defined by  
Confucius, translated by Ezra Pound.

## VI. THE GAME KEEPER: MODEL CONSERVATION OR IT LACKS POINT

Of five young wild pigs he shoot but one  
Green grow the rushes—oh  
White tiger is a true forester's son.

Of five boneen he shot but one  
Green grow the rushes—oh  
White tiger is a true forester's son

*Both text and music depict a rather "macho" but responsible and well educated young hunter on his rounds. The "woodslaps" at the end represents the four pigs that got away, as well as the one who didn't. Shih-ching: The Classic Anthology Defined by Confucius, translated by Ezra Pound.*

## VII. NAHUATL: AZTEC SONG

We only came to sleep  
we only came to dream  
it is not true  
that we came to live on the earth

we are changed into the grass of  
springtime  
our hearts will grow green again  
and they will open their petal

but our body is like a rose tree  
it puts forth flowers and then withers

*From the Nahuatl. The song emerges from a very deep place, from sleep and dreams, from another world or time, and becomes real and earthy in the duet between the singers and the solo violoncello.*

*The Magic World: American Indian Songs and Poems, William Brandon, editor.*

## NIGHTSONGS

### MONDNACHT

Es war, als Hätt' der Himmel  
Die Erde still geküßt  
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer  
Von ihm nun träumen müßt.

### NACHTS

Ich wander durch die stille Nacht,  
Da schleicht der Mond so heimlich  
sacht oft aus der dunklen Wolkenhülle,  
Und hin und her im Tal  
Erwacht die Nachtigall,  
Dann wieder alles grau und still.

O wunderbarer Nachtgesang:  
Von fern im Land der Ströme Gang,  
Leis' Schauern in den  
dunklen Bäumen...

### MOONLIT NIGHT

It was as if the sky  
Had silently kissed the earth,  
That she, in a shimmer of blossoms,  
Might dream of him.

### AT NIGHT

I wander through the silent night;  
The moon steals secretly, softly  
Out of the veil of dark clouds.  
And here and there in the valley  
The nightingale awakes,  
Then all is gray and still again,

O wonderful night son:  
From far inland the coursing of rivers,  
The hushed trembling in dark trees...

*I dreamed of you walking at night  
along the streams of the country of my birth  
warm blooms and the night songs  
of birds open around you as you walk.  
You are holding in your body  
the dark seed of my sleep.*

—Wendell Berry

(NACHTS, CONTINUED)

...Wirrst die Gedanken mir  
Mein irres Singen hier  
Ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Träumen.

WÜNSCHELRUTE

Schläft ein Lied in allen Dingen,  
Die da Träumen fort und fort,  
Und die Welt hebt an zu singen,  
Triffst du nur das Zauberwort.

(AT NIGHT, CONTINUED)

... You confuse my thoughts.  
My mad singing here  
Is but a calling from my dreams.

DIVINING ROD

There sleeps a song within all things  
That dream forever on and on,  
Yet the world begins to sing  
Once you find the magic word

*Eichendorff translated by Thomas S. Hansen.  
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Excerpt from "The Country of Marriage" from  
The Country of Marriage, Copyright © 1971 by  
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Harcourt Brace & Company.*

ARLENE ZALLMAN was Professor of Composition at Wellesley College for over thirty years, and before that taught at Oberlin College Conservatory of Music and Yale University. She was a graduate of the Julliard School of Music and the University of Pennsylvania. She studied composition with Vincent Persichetti and George Crumb. A recipient of a Fulbright grant in 1959, she was able to study intensely for two years with Luigi Dallapiccola in Florence, Italy. She received grants and awards from the Guggenheim Foundation, the NEA, Mellon Foundation, and the ISCM, among others. She was a 2000/2001 fellow at the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, and a frequent fellow at the MacDowell Colony. Her work is published by The Association for the Promotion of New Music and C. F. Peters.

Hailed for her "sumptuous sound, wrenching poignancy, and faultless musicianship" by *The New York Times*, soprano KAROL BENNETT has been heard worldwide in lieder, oratorio, opera, and new music. Her honors include the Pro

Musicis International Award, an Artistic Ambassadorship, a Bunting Fellowship from the Radcliffe Institute of Advanced Study and a Duo Recitalists Grant from the NEA. Ms. Bennett is celebrated for her versatility and interpretive insight in repertoire ranging from Baroque music to numerous contemporary works, many written for her. Ms. Bennett has recorded for the Bridge, New World, Albany, Archetypes, Newport Classics, and Arsis labels.

Flutist LEONE BUYSE relinquished her principal positions with the Boston Symphony and Boston Pops in 1993 to pursue a more active solo and teaching career after twenty-two years as an orchestral musician. She has performed with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players throughout Europe and Japan, and at many festivals, including Aspen, Sarasota, Norfolk, and Sitka.

BRIAN HULSE, a PhD in composition from Harvard, is currently assistant professor of music at the College of William & Mary. Among his compositions

are numerous chamber and choral works, film scores, and several chamber operas.

Violinist **BAYLA KEYES**, lauded as a “musician of expressive generosity and technical clan” by Cleveland’s *The Plain Dealer*, was a founder and long-time member of both the Evian and the Naumburg-award-winning Muir String Quartet. She is an Associate Professor of Violin at Boston University, founding director of the String Quartet Institute at Tanglewood, and director of the Interlochen Adult Chamber Music Conference. Ms. Keyes has recorded for Ecoclassics, CRI, Musical Heritage, EMI-France, Koch, Bridge, and New World Records.

Cellist **RHONDA RIDER**—who *The Boston Globe* calls “a glorious cellist,” remarkable for her extraordinarily expressive and inventive playing—was founding cellist of the Naumburg-award-winning Lydian String Quartet, with whom she performed for over twenty years. Rider is currently Coordinator of chamber Music and on the faculty of The Boston Conservatory. An advocate of contemporary music, she has premiered works by such

composers as John Harbison, Lee Hyla, and Steve Mackey.

“Pianist **LOIS SHAPIRO** conjures enchantment” and “produces and inspires musical magic,” says *The Boston Globe*. A New York Concert Artists Guild Award winner and a critically acclaimed soloist and collaborative pianist who has performed throughout the US and abroad. Shapiro has recorded on Afka, Channel Classics, Centaur, MLAR, and Pierrot. She teaches at Wellesley College, and at the Longy School of Music.

The Piano Trio **TRIPLE HELIX** has been in residence at Wellesley College since 1999. Formed in 1995, these three award-winning and internationally known musicians—violinist Bayla Keyes, pianist Lois Shapiro, and cellist Rhonda Rider—have been heralded by *The Los Angeles Times* for their “splendid musical chemistry and virtually perfect dynamic balance.” In 2002, *The Boston Globe* named them 2002 Musicians of the Year. The *Trio/Trequerta* recorded here was composed for them.

A multi-faceted musician, **MICHAEL WEBSTER** is Professor of Clarinet at Rice University’s Shepherd School of Music and Artistic Director of The Houston Youth Symphony. Formerly principal clarinetist with the Rochester Philharmonic and the San Francisco Symphony, he has appeared as soloist with many orchestras, including the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Boston Pops. His recordings appear on the Arabesque, Bridge, Centaur, C.R.I., Crystal, and Nami labels.

The **WELLESLEY COLLEGE CHOIR** was founded in 1900. The choir presents numerous concerts on and off campus, and performs with men’s glee clubs around the world.

Concert cellist **HEKUN WU** has performed on three continents in such cities as Shanghai, Paris, New York, Boston, Chicago, Toyko, and Taipei. He has been featured on numerous radio and television broadcasts, and performed with major orchestras in China. He made his debut in France with the Orches-

tre National de Bordeaux under Pierre Dervaux. He has recorded for Albany, BIS, and CRC labels. He has taught at Wellesley College and the Shanghai Conservatory, and is currently Professor of Cello at Willamette University.

Pianist **ELISE YUN** has performed in solo and collaborative recitals in the US and abroad, including the Ravinia Festival Stearns Institute, The Moscow Conservatory International Institute, and Carnegie Recital Hall in the Artists International Auditions. Recent performances have taken her to the Sichuan Conservatory, China; Merkin Hall in New York City, and the International Conference Hall in Kyoto, Japan. Currently, she serves on the faculties of Willamette University and Linfield College in Oregon.

Producers: Adam Abeshouse (*Variations, on Alma che fai, Piano Trio*)  
 Anthony Brandt (*Nightsongs*)  
 Engineers: Adam Abeshouse (*Variations on Alma che fai, Piano Trio*), Joel Gordon (*Sei la terra*)  
 Brad Sayles (*Nightsongs*)  
 Mastering Engineer: Adam Abeshouse  
 Editors: Charlie Post, Doron Schächter  
 Annotator: Minna Proctor  
 Design: Paige Freeman Hoover  
 Back Cover: *Poem Bird* manuscript, photograph of Strada in Casentino, Italy  
 Executive Producers: David & Becky Starobin

*Variations on Alma che fai* was recorded at Troy Savings Bank Music Hall, Troy New York in May 2008  
*Piano Trio* was recorded at Troy Savings Bank Music Hall, Troy New York May 2008  
*East, West of the Sun* was recorded at Houghton Chapel, Wellesley College, Wellesley, MA in 1998  
*Sei la terra* was recorded at The Sonic Temple, Roslindale, MA in July 2001  
*Nightsongs* was recorded at Duncan Hall, The Shepherd School of Music, Rice University, February 2007

The music of Arlene Zallman is published by C.F. Peters, New York, NY and APNM Verona, NJ

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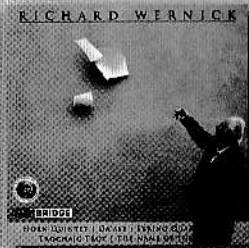
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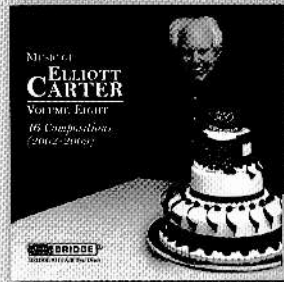
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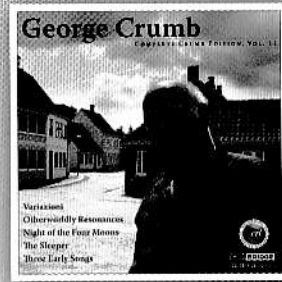
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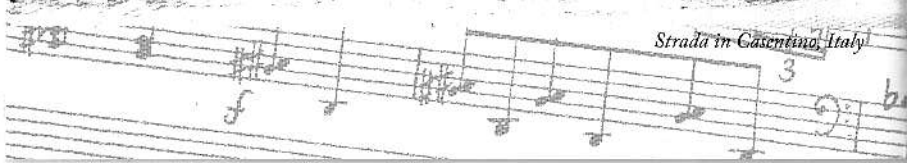
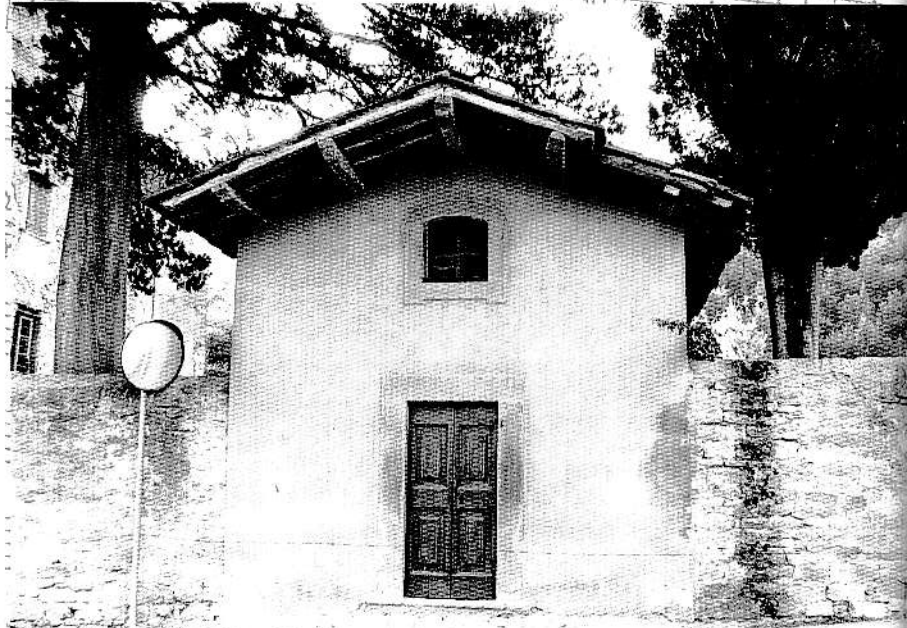


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