

Do You Dream in Color?

Laurie Rubin, mezzo-soprano

Marija Stroke, piano

Noam Sivan, piano

1. **Bruce Adolphe (b. 1955): Do You Dream in Color?** (20:03)
(Ms. Rubin and Ms. Stroke)
- Joaquin Rodrigo (1901-1999)**
2. Cantiga: muy graciosa es la doncella (3:28)
3. Soneto (3:27)
4. Serranilla (2:22)
5. Barcarola (2:28)
6. Cancion del grumete (1:45)
7. Esta niña se lleva la flor (1:21)
(Ms. Rubin and Ms. Stroke)
- Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)**
8. Les Berceaux (3:07)
9. Clair de Lune (3:02)
10. Sourdine (3:28)
11. Nell (2:00)
(Ms. Rubin and Ms. Stroke)
- Noam Sivan (b. 1978): In the Mountains of Jerusalem** (19:46)
12. 1 (5:28)
13. 2 (6:10)
14. 3 (4:34)
15. 4 (3:26)
(Ms. Rubin and Mr. Sivan)

About this CD

You may wonder why the title of this album is in the form of a question. Whenever I have to find titles for things, they almost never come to me easily. Titles have to capture so many ideas and emotions in one catchy fell swoop, and that is altogether very difficult to accomplish in a word or phrase. However, the title for this venture came to me almost immediately after the idea of it was conceived. I began to think of the two questions people seem to ask me most often about what it's like to be blind. Amazingly enough, when people muster up the courage to approach me about this subject, the thing they want to know most is about the hours I spend asleep. "Do you dream?" they ask me again and again. And yes, I do dream. As far as I know, dreams do not come in the form of silent movies, so as long as I have the ability to perceive in other ways, and to experience life with my other senses, I will have dreams. The other question I get from those seeking to know about "my world" is, "Do you dream in color?" My daydreams are full of colors. I can't imagine what artist isn't thinking in colors all the time, whether it be musical colors, or those they apply to their canvases and other media.

Perhaps the music on this album will provide an answer to the question on

the cover. Maybe it will reach those who don't ask the questions they are perhaps afraid to know the answers to. My hope, of course, is that the music will share my personal journey through the colors I dream in. The most obvious answer will lie in the title track, the piece that was co-written by the composer Bruce Adolphe and me. The four stanzas of the poem that Bruce so colorfully set to music detail various facets of my experience that may seem visual to others, and as such, are things many would think I am distanced or closed off from, such as the jewelry I make, the make-up I apply to my face, or even the career I'm pursuing on the various stages around the world. Each piece has a great deal of personal relevance and meaning to me.

The other new work on the CD, "In the Mountains of Jerusalem" by Noam Sivan, captures the intensity of my personality and voice, including the extreme low's and high's of the range I enjoy singing in. It also captures the emotional frustrations we face as humans about the voids in our lives we somehow need to fill, the ache of longings we cannot seem to quell. It had always been a dream to have a piece specifically written with my voice in mind, and also for me to have a set of songs written in

Hebrew, the language I chanted when leading the services at my Bat Mitzvah, one of the most important days of my life.

The six songs by Joaquín Rodrigo have a purity and folk-like simplicity to them while also capturing a harmonic sophistication. They are beautiful little gems. For years, I've been listening to and admiring Rodrigo's work, not knowing that we share something very significant in common: Rodrigo, like me, was a blind musician. It is not when in the car on the way to a recent rehearsal that I caught the announcer on the radio mentioning that little bit of trivia about Rodrigo's blindness in passing that I learned this fact about him. I have always said that I want to be known as an artist and person first, and for my happening to be blind second. This is why Rodrigo's songs found their way into this recording. I wanted to celebrate music for music's sake, and also to bring to light the contributions of other musicians who happen to be blind.

The Fauré songs were chosen for their intensity and vast array of musical and visual colors. They are essentially four musical paintings comparable to the Impressionist works by Fauré's visual artist counterparts you can see in museums around the world.

The most significant reason I titled this album with a question is to given listeners a challenge. I wanted to get people thinking about whether or not they allow themselves to dream. As we grow into adulthood, imagination is often taken over by practicality and the realities of life. However, one often forgets that life is what we make of it, that if we forget to dream, we are no longer in control of our destiny. If I had forgotten to dream, especially as a girl with a disability, I wouldn't have a CD to share with you. It is not enough to merely ask someone, "Do You Dream?". It is the colors that make dreams vivid enough to become desires we'll do anything to turn into realities. Regardless of whether or not we dream in color at night, we must remind ourselves to daydream in blue, green, red, purple, pink, magenta, maroon, chartreuse, and all the colors of our world.

Colors extend beyond the visual. They define the beauty we seek in our lives. Nobody is cut off from color, blind or not blind, challenged or not challenged. We all have our burdens in life, and the colors of our dreams should help us to conquer them and become their solutions, so that when we wake up every morning, that's when the real dreaming begins."

—Laurie Rubin

The first time I heard Laurie Rubin sing, I was so impressed by the beauty of her voice and her compelling artistry that I invited her to join me in a family concert about the moon for The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, in which she sang works by Crumb, Debussy, Ruth Crawford Seeger, and a song of mine called *Full Moon*, that featured a poem by my daughter, Katja. After that concert, I knew that I wanted to have an ongoing musical partnership with Laurie, so I asked her if she would write a poem for me to set to music, for her to sing.

Because I wanted this collaborative effort to be meaningful to us personally and musically, I asked Laurie if she would consider writing it about her experiences as a blind person. Laurie was immediately enthusiastic and set to work. The resulting poem, *Do You Dream in Color?*, is both a personal memoir and a celebration of the human spirit: an emotional, probing dramatic text that explores the nature of blindness and of human perception in general, in a way that is profoundly moving, provocative, uplifting, and ultimately inspiring. Composing the music, I found myself confronted with the fascinating and challenging task of getting inside Laurie's mind, feeling her feelings, and thinking her thoughts, and in the process I became, through the music, her advocate, supporter, and musical partner. I feel that setting her poem has changed me profoundly and I thank her for that.

When composing this work, I considered not only Laurie's talents, but also the poetic and elegant piano playing of my wife, Marija Stroke, whose artistry was also an important inspiration in the conception of *Do You Dream in Color?*

Laurie and Marija gave several performances of *Do You Dream in Color?* in the home of Lenore and Robert Davis in New York in order to raise awareness and help fund this recording project. We cannot thank Lenore and Robert enough for their generosity, hospitality, and support. Laurie and Marija gave the official premiere of the work at the Garden City Chamber Music Society, in Long Island, New York, on December 12, 2010.

—Bruce Adolphe

Do You Dream in Color?
Poem by Laurle Rubin

"Do you dream in color?" she asks,
watching me apply my make-up.

Her question gives me pause
as I fumble in my bag

for that perfect shade of silvery purple
that matches the dress I'm about to wear,
the one that fades from a dark plumb to white.

"I dream what I experience," I say simply.

"I dream the smell of flowers, or the taste of chocolate,
or about an argument my sub-conscious devised between my mom and me,
the kind where you wake up just before you say the perfect thing.

Do I dream in color or black and white?

I'm not sure, as my eyes have only seen dark and light."

"Do you dream in color?" he asks,
watching me choose from his wall covered with strands of beads.

There are perfectly smooth round pearls in a midnight blue.

There are raw nuggets of turquoise

whose veins of brown running through each stone
can be detected by my fingers as I feel the beautiful imperfections.
Then my fingers find the stick pearls in an iridescent bronze and green.

"That's it!" I cry. "That's the necklace!"

I seize the beads, and envision how they will fit a woman's neck.

"How do you know?" he asks.

He really desires to know.

"Because I just dreamed it!" I say,
not knowing how my world of color differs from his.

Do you dream in color?" asks the little girl,
holding the program she wants me to sign.

I sense her hands in front of my face,
and take the glossy book from her.

"I don't know," I tell her.

"Why don't you explain colors to me
and I'll tell you if I dream them."

"Well," she begins:

"Blue is like the ocean in the morning when the sun is out.

Green is like the trees when it's spring.

Yellow, yellow, yellow is the color of my hair.

Pink is the color of cotton candy.

White is the color of marshmallows.

Red is the color of fire engines, and rubies, and blood."

"Well then, I guess I do dream in color
because I dream of all those things.

Just last night, I dreamed I was in a swimming pool
full of pillows the texture of marshmallows,
and once I had a dream that I was sitting by the ocean,
and the sun was out, and the waves were making a rhythmic music."

She seemed satisfied as she watched me print my initials.

I wish that I could have written,

"To the girl who gave the colors of my dreams their proper names."

"The question is, 'Do you have realistic dreams?'" he asks me.
I answer, "I hate to answer your question with another question.
Shouldn't you be asking me if I dream in color?"

I sense his unease.

It was hard for him to do what he felt he must do,
to tell the girl who is more than admirable for getting out of bed in the morning,
endearing to have dreams of singing on stage,

to tell this girl that she must be

"REALISTIC."

"Dream in color?"

He is confused.

"Yes!" I say.

"I dream of the red gown that I'll wear on stage,
that is striking against my fair skin, and dark brown hair.

I dream of my lover's black hair.

I dream in all the colors of the rainbow.

You didn't ask me if I dream in color
because you don't believe I can.

You imagine my world a dark place.

You are afraid to know that I walk the streets of New York with purpose.

That I come home to a family I have cultivated,

that my life is full of dreams,
and my dreams are full of colors,
and my dreams are real,

because they come true every day."

He says, "I see."

I ask, "May I ask you a question?"

"Do you dream in color?"

Joaquin Rodrigo

Cantiga (1925)

Gil Vicente (ca. 1465 - 1536)

Muy Graciosa es la doncella.

So graceful is the maiden.

Digas tú el caballero
que las armas vestías
si el caballo o las armas
o la guerra es tan bella.

You, nobelman, say
Whether the arms you bear
Whether the horse or the arms
Or war is as beautiful.

Digas tú el marinero
que en tus naves vivías
si la nave o la vela
o la estrella es tan bella.

You, sailor, say
Whether the ships you sail in
Whether the ship or the sail
Or the star is as beautiful

Digas tú el pastorcico
que el ganadico guardas
si el ganado o los valles
o la sierra es tan bella.

You, little shepherd say
Whether the sweet herds you watch over,
Whether the sheep or the valleys
Or the mountain is as beautiful

Muy Graciosa es la doncella.

So graceful is the maiden.

Soneto (1934)
Juan Bautista de Mesa

Dormía en un prado mi pastora hermosa,
Y en torno della erraba entre flores,
De una y otra usurpando los licores,
Una abejuela, más que yo dichosa,

Que vió los labios donde amor reposa,
Y a quien el alba envía sus colores,
Que al vuelo refrenando los errores,
Engañada, los muerde, como a rosa.

¡Oh, venturoso error, discreto engaño!
¡Oh, temeraria abeja, pues tocaste
Donde aún imaginarlo no me atrevo!

Si has sentido de envidia el triste daño,
Parte conmigo el néctar que robaste,
Te deberé lo que al amor no debo...

My pretty shepherdess was sleeping in a meadow,
And around her wandered, among the flowers,
From flower to flower, drawing nectar,
A bee, happier than I.

It saw her lips, where love rested
and to whom the dawn sends her colors and,
making a mistake,
bit her lips, as if they were a rose.

O, lucky error, shrewd deception!
The rash bee touched
Where I wouldn't even dare to imagine!

If you have sensed my envy because of your sad mischief,
Share with me the nectar you robbed.
I will be owe you what I do not owe love.

Serranilla (1928)

Marqués de Santillana (1398-1458)

Moça tan fermosa non vi en la frontera,
como una vaquera de la Finojosa.
Faciendo la via del Calatraveño
a Santa Marie, Vencido del sueño
por tierra fragosa perdi la carrera,
do vi la vaquera de la Finojosa.

En un verde prado de rosas y flores
guardando ganado con otros pastores,
la vi tan graciosa que apenas creyera
que fuese vaquera de la Finojosa.
Non creo las rosas de la primavera
sean tan hermosas nin de tal manera.

Fablando sin glosa si antes supiera
de aquella vaquera de la Finojosa.
Non tanto mirara con mucha beldad,
Por que me dexara en mi libertad.
Mas dixe: "Donosa" (por saber quien era,
Aquella vaquera de la Finojosa).

Bien coma riendo, dixo: "Bien vengades,
que ya bien entiendo lo que demandades"
no es desseosa de amar, nin lo espera,
aquesso vaquera de lo Finojosa.

Such a beautiful girl I've not seen on the border
As the cowgirl of the Finojosa.
Taking the road from Calatraveño
To Santa Maria, conquered by sleep,
Over rugged terrain I lost my way,
When I saw the cowgirl of Finojosa.

In a green meadow of roses and flowers,
Guarding her herds with other shepherds
I saw her so full of grace that I hardly could believe
That she was a cowgirl of Finojosa.
I do not believe the roses of spring are
As beautiful nor of such manner.

Speaking plainly, had I known before
Of that cowgirl of the Finojosa
I wouldn't have seen her as so beautiful
As she left me in my aloneness.
But I said "Donosa" (to know who she was
That cowgirl of the Finojosa)

While laughing she said
"I have my revenge, for I understand what you demand"
She does not want to love, nor hopes for it,
That cowgirl of the Finojosa.

Barcarola (1948)

Victoria Kamhi

Fahre munter, kleines Schiffein, gleite durch die Flut,
Klar und lieblich ist der Himmel, und die See geht gut.
Trage mich bis an die Hütte wo ich Liebchen find,
Blase du die weissen Segel, frischer, guter Wind!
Fahre munter, kleines Schiffein, segle himmelwärts,
Heut' drück ich mein holdes Liebchen fest, fest an mein Herz!

Go jauntily, little boat, glide through the high water,
Clear and sweet is the sky, and the ocean flows well.
Carry me to the hut where I will find my loved one,
Blow on the white sails, fresh, good wind!
Go jauntily, little boat, sail heavenward,
Today I will hold my beloved sweetheart tightly to my heart!

CanCIÓN del grumete (1938)
Anonymous poet

En la mar hay una torre,
En la mar hay una torre,
Y en la torre una ventana,
Y en la ventana una niña
Que a los marineros llama,
Que a los marineros llama.

Por allí viene mi barco,
Por allí viene mi barco,
Que lo conozco en la vela,
Y en el palo mayor lleva
Los rizos de mi morena,
Los rizos de mi morena...

Song of the Cabin boy

In the sea there is a tower,
In the sea there is a tower,
And in the tower, a window, a little girl,
Calls to the sailors
Calls to the sailors

Along comes my ship,
Along comes my ship,
For I know it by its sail,
and on its mast, it wafts,
The curls of my tan-skinned love,
The curls of my tan-skinned love...

Esta niña se lleva la flor
Francisco de Figueroa (C 1530-C 1588)

Esta niña se lleva la flor,
Que las otras no.
Esta niña hermosa,
Cuyos rizos son
la cuna en que el día se recuesta al sol,
Cuya blanca frente
La aurora nevó
Con brunidos copos
De su blanco humor.
Pues en cuerpo y manos
Tal mano le dio
de car-min nevado cual nunca se vio.
Ah! Esta niña se lleva la flor,
Que las otras no.
Arcos son sus cejas
Con que hiere Amor
con tan Linda vista que a ninguno erro.
Canelay azúcar sus mejillas son,
Y quien las divi
De de leche y arroz.
No es nada la boca,
Pero allí en contro
sus perlas la aurora, su coral el sol.
Ah!
Esta niña se lleva la flor,
Que las otras no.

This girl carries the flower
That the others do not.
This beautiful girl
Whose curls are the cradle
In which the day lays rest the sun.
Dawn snowed polished flakes
On her white forehead.
Then in body and hands,
Dawn's hand gave her
Snow-covered crimson
Such as no one has ever seen.
Ah, this girl carries the flower
That the others do not.

Her eyebrows are like the
Wounding arrows of Love,
With such a pretty face
That no one has come upon
Her cheeks are cinnamon and sugar
And her nose is like milk and rice.
Dawn found its pearls in her mouth
And there the sun found its coral.
Ah! This girl takes the flower that the
others do not.

Gabriel Fauré

Les berceaux

Sully Prudhomme (1839-1907)

Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Clair de lune

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur,
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune!

Au calme clair de lune, triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres!

Along the quay, the great ships,
That ride the swell in silence,
Take no notice of the cradles.
That the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come,
When the women must weep,
And curious men are tempted
Towards the horizons that lure them!

And that day the great ships,
Sailing away from the diminishing port,
Feel their bulk held back
By the spirits of the distant cradles.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Charmed by masquers and revellers
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
Of victorious love and fortunate living
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,
And their song mingles with the moonlight.

In the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
Which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall slender fountains among the marble statues!

En sourdine

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Muted

Calm in the half-day
That the high branches make,
Let us soak well our love
In this profound silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
Among the vague languidness
Of the pines and the bushes.

Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your sleeping heart
Chase away forever all plans.

Let us abandon ourselves
To the breeze, rocking and soft,
Which comes to your feet to ripple
The waves of russet lawns.

And when, solemnly, the evening
From the black oaks falls,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale, will sing.

Nell

Lecointe de Lisle (1818-94)

Ta rose de pourpre à ton clair soleil,
Ô Juin, étincelle enivrée,
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse
Monte un soupir de volupté:
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois écarté,
Ô mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé.
Étoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon cœur, en mon cœur charmé!

La chantante mer, le long du rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère amour,
Ô Nell, ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Your crimson rose to your bright sun,
O' June, drunken glitter,
Lean also toward me your golden cup -
My heart is the same as your rose.

Under the soft shelter of the shady leaves
There rises a sigh of sensual delight.
More than a woodpigeon sings in the remote forest,
O' my heart its lover's complaint

How sweet is your pearl in the fiery sky,
Star of the pensive night!
But how much sweeter is the vivid glow
That shines in my heart, in my enchanted heart!

The singing sea all along its shores
Shall cease its eternal murmuring
Before in my heart, dear love, O' Nell,
Your image will cease to bloom.

**In The Mountains of Jerusalem:
Song Cycle for voice and piano**

**Composed by Noam Sivan (2008)
Poetry by Leah Goldberg**

The poetry of Leah Goldberg (1911-1970) is unique in its intimacy within contemporary Hebrew literature. The four poems that belong to the cycle *In the Mountains of Jerusalem* illustrate a very strong yearning for love - whether love of life, love of nature, or romantic love - we cannot tell. This love is facing insurmountable obstacles: within cliffs, among stones, and looking straight through eternity. A little bird symbolizes this love in some of the poems, while stones occur repeatedly, symbolizing an indifferent surrounding world. When turned into music, the dramatic message of the poems is heightened, depicting emotions ranging from happiness to anxiety and despair. The last song is the most lyrical in the cycle, resolving the previous tension and leaving room for hope.

In the Mountains of Jerusalem was first performed on March 30th, 2008 by Laurie Rubin and Noam Sivan at the Canandaigua Lake Music Festival spring concert series in Rochester, New York.

In the Mountains of Jerusalem

Poetry by Leah Goldberg

Transliteration 1. English Translation by Maya Hartman

A-ni mu-te-let ke-e-ven bein ha-re-kha-sim ha-la-lu.
Be-tokh e-sev ka-tom ve-sha-duf u-sruf ka-yits.
A-di-sha ve-do-me-met.
Sha-ma-yim khiv-rim nog-im ba-se-la.
Me-a-yin ba ie-khan par-par ts'nov k'na-fa-yim?
E-ven bein a-va-nim, ei-ne-ni yo-da-at
Mah a-ti-kim kha-yai
U-mi ya-vo od
Ve-ya-di-kha-ni ba-re-gel
Ve-et-gal-gel ba-mi-dron.

U-lay ze-hu ha-yo-fi ha-ka-fu la-ad
U-lay ze-hu
Ha-ne-tsakh ha-ho-lekh le-at.
U-lay ze-hu
Kha-lom ha-ma-vet
Ve-na-a-ha-va ha-e-khat

A-ni mu-te-let ke-e-ven bein ha-re-kha-sim ha-la-lu.
Be-tokh kots ve-dar-dar,
Mul ha-de-rekh ha-gol-sha ha-i-ra.
Ta-vo ru-akh ha-me-va-re-khet al ha-kol
Le-la-tef tsam-rot o-ren
Ve-a-va-nim il-mot.

I am as a stone between these cliffs,
In orange and blighted and summer-burnt grass,
Indifferent and still,
Pale skies touch the rock.
Where did this yellow-winged butterfly come from?
A stone among stones - I know not
How ancient is my life
And who will come
And push me with his foot
Down the mountainside.

Perhaps this is the ever-frozen beauty.
Perhaps this is the
Slow-moving eternity.
Perhaps this is the
Dream of death
And the single love.

I am as a stone between these cliffs,
In weeds and thorns,
Facing the way that flows to town.
A wind will come that blesses all
To caress tree-tops
And silent stones.

2.

Kol ha-dva-rim a-sher hem
Mi-khuts la-a-ha-va
Ba-im e-lay akh-shav -
Ha-nof ha-ze u-tvu-nat ha-zik-na
A-sher lo, ha-me-va-ke-shet likh-yot
Od sha-na, od sha-na,
Od dor, do-ro-ta-yim, shlo-sha,
Od ne-tsakh e-khad.

Le-hats-mi-akh ko-tsim ad b'li dai,
Le-na-a-ne-a a-va-nim me-tot
Ke-ti-no-ko: ba-a-ri-sa lif-nei shna-tam.
Lish-tok zikh-ro-not no-sha-nim,
Od e-khad, od shna-yim od shlo-sha...

Hoi, ma rav khe-fets ha-kha-yim
Snel ha-no-tim la-mut.
Ma no-ra-ah hat-shu-ka
U-mah rei-ka -
Lih-yot, lih-yot
Od sha-na, od sha-na,
Od dor, do-ro-ta-yim, shlo-sha,
Od ne-tsakh e-khad.

All the things that are
Outside love
Come to me now -
This landscape, and the wisdom of old age
That it has, that wishes to live
Another year, another year,
Another generation, two generations, three,
Another eternity.

To grow innumerable thorns,
To rock dead stones
Like babes in the crib before sleep.
To silence old memories,
Another one, another two another three...

Oh, how vast is the will to live
Of the dying.
How terrible the desire
And how hollow -
To live, to live
Another year, another year,
Another generation, two generations, three,
Another eternity.

3.

Elkh ta-a-tah tsi-por a-li-za
 El he-ha-rim ha-la-lu?
 Shir do-dim bi-gro-na.
 Li-ba ha-xa-tan me-far-kes be-khed-vat a-na-va,
 Od yih-yu go-za-lim be-ki-na.
 Miz-mor a-ha-va me-uf k'na-fei-ha.

Ul-fe-ta pit-om
 Mim-ro-mei hat-khe-let
 Nig-le-ta le-fa-nei-ha
 Shma-ma re-gu-mat a-va-nim.

Mal-tu-ha,
 Mal-tu-ha,
 Le-ma-an a-sheh lo tir-ei-na ei-nei-ha
 Et gvi-yat kol ha-a-ha-vot.
 Et kiv-rei kol ha-khed-va.

Be-go-vah
 Ha-ka-khol,
 Be-ze-mer a-ha-vim gal-mud
 Hih tu-ya
 Ve-ei-ne-na ma-se-get
 Et ha-ma-vel ha-ze
 She-mi-re-ged.

How did a cheerful bird go astray
 In these mountains?
 An affectionate song in her throat,
 Her little heart flutters with joyful love,
 There will yet be chicks in her nest,
 The flight of her wings is a love song.

All of a sudden
 From the blue skies above
 She saw revealed
 A wilderness full of stones

Save her,
 Save her,
 So that her eyes will not see
 The death of all loves,
 The graves of all joy.

Up high
 In the blue,
 With a lonely love song
 She hovers
 And does not comprehend
 This death
 Facing her.

4.

Ei-kha tu-khal tsi-por ye-khi-ca
 La-set et kol ha-sha-ma-yim
 Al k'na-fa-yim
 Ra-fot
 Me-al la-shma-ma?
 Hem g'do-lim u-khu-lim,
 Mu-ta-lim al k'na-fei-ha
 Hem om-dim be-kho-akh miz-mo-ra.

Kakh na-sa li-bi et a-ha-va-to,
 Hay-ta g'do-la u-khu-la
 u-gvo-ha me-al kol ga-vo-ha,
 me-al lash-ma-ma
 ve-i-yei ha-ma-po-let
 ut-ho-mot ha-ya-gon.

Ad a-sheh na-dam miz-mor le-va-vi
 Ve-a-fes ko-kho
 Va-ye-hi ke-e-ven
 Va-y-pool.

a-ha-va-ti hap-tsu-ah, na-i-le-met -
 Ei-kha tu-khal tsi-por ye-khi-ca
 La-set et kol ha-sha-ma-yim!

How can a solitary bird
 Carry the whole sky
 On limp
 Wings
 Above the wilderness?
 They are immense and blue,
 Laid on her wings
 They stand by virtue of her song.

Thus my heart bore its love,
 Which was immense and blue
 And higher than all high,
 Above the wilderness
 And the ruins of downfall
 And the abyss of grief.

Until the song of my heart stopped
 And lost all its strength
 Like a stone
 It dropped.

My wounded, silent love -
 How can a solitary bird
 Carry the whole sky!



Photo: Jonathan Barkat

Mezzo-soprano **Laurie Rubin** received high praise from *The New York Times* chief classical music critic Anthony Tommasini who wrote she possesses "compelling artistry," "communicative power," and that her voice displays "earthy, rich, and poignant qualities." *The Los Angeles Times* special critic Josef Woodard wrote Laurie gives a "charismatic, multi-textured performance," and "Rubin seems to have an especially acute intuition about the power and subtleties of sound and she was a compelling force at the center of the music."

Recent career highlights include her United Kingdom solo recital debut performance at Wigmore Hall in London, as well as her solo recital debut at Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall. She has performed Berlioz' *Les Nuits d'été* with the Burbank Philharmonic Orchestra; Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* with the Yale Symphony; Haydn's *Harmonie Mass* with the Oakland/ East Bay Symphony; a benefit concert of duets with opera star Frederica von Stade; Barber's *Knoxville Summer of 1915* under the baton of John Williams; a benefit performance with Marvin Hamlisch; and concerts in both the Terrace Theater and The Millennium Stage at The John F. Kennedy Center and The White House in Washington, DC.

Ms. Rubin has performed a number of roles including the title role in Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, the lead role of Karen in Gordon Beferman's *The Rat Land* with New York City Opera, and Penelope in Monteverdi's *The Return of Ulysses* in the Greenwich Music Festival. Ms. Rubin has also performed concerts of new music with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. She has collaborated with and premiered works by composers Bruce Adolphe, John Harbison, Gabriela Lena Frank, Keeril Makan, Noam Sivan, and Gordon Beferman. Ms. Rubin is a co-founder and co-artistic director of *Musique A La Mode Chamber*

Music Ensemble, which has a concert series in the East Village of Manhattan. She is also one of the founding members of *Callisto Ascending Baroque Ensemble*, which has performed concerts at Lincoln Center.

She is co-founder and associate artistic director of *Ohana Arts*, a performing arts school and festival in Hawaii. Ms. Rubin has recorded a CD of art songs by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, Brahms, Hahn, Bizet, Copland, Rorem, Harbison, and some beloved Yiddish songs with renowned pianist Graham Johnson and David Wilkinson on the Opera Omnia label. She is also a featured artist on a recording of works by composer Keeril Makan just released on the Starkland label. Her memoir, *Do You Dream in Color?* will be released by Seven Stories Press in 2013.

Pianist **Marija Stroke** has performed in chamber music and solo recitals throughout the United States, Canada, Europe, Russia and Hong Kong. Described by the New York Times as "delightfully extroverted, Ms. Stroke's playing was splendid," Ms. Stroke performs at such music festivals as Caramoor, the City of London Festival, Soirées des Junies in France, Chamber Music Virginia, the Moab Festival in Utah, La Jolla Summerfest, Juneau Jazz and Classics, and Chamber Music Northwest. She has made concerto appearances in the United States, France, Germany and Austria.

The Apollo Trio, in which Ms. Stroke plays with violinist Curtis Macomber and cellist Michael Kannen, has performed to critical acclaim in the United States and in Europe. In addition to frequent appearances at American music festivals - from the Mostly Mozart Festival in New York to Chamber Music Northwest in Portland, Oregon (most recently with the world premiere of David Schiff's *Borscht Belt Follies*, written for the Apollo Trio, David Krakauer, Dave Taylor and Michael Sarin) and on chamber music series throughout the United States - the trio has also performed at prominent New York venues, including Caramoor, Bargemusic, Avery Fisher Hall, Weill Hall at Carnegie, and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. The Apollo Trio was featured in the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center's "Great Day in New York" Festival at Alice Tully Hall (2001), and among their performances there also gave the New York premiere of David Schiff's *New York Nocturnes* (2003) and the world premiere of Bruce Adolphe's *Wind Across the Sky* (2007) for piano trio and soprano. The Apollo Trio made its Kennedy Center debut in 2009, and has recorded the Dvorak Piano Trios.



Photo: Tania Mara

Ms. Stroke is also co-artistic director with Bruce Adolphe of the Garden City Chamber Music Society. She has performed chamber music with the Brentano, Miami, Daedalus, and Borromeo string quartets. Marija Stroke performs with the PollyRhythm Players, with whom she recorded Bruce Adolphe's *Oceanophony* in 2004. Other recordings include chamber music of Bruce Adolphe with the Brentano String Quartet on a CRI disc - *Turning, Returning* ("Stroke and, in its recording debut, the Brentano String Quartet offer performances that are spectacularly heartfelt, colorful, and technically assured." *Stereophile*), released in 1997, and the three sonatas for violin and piano of Edvard Grieg, with violinist Curtis Macomber, released in 2002 on the Arabesque label.

Marija Stroke is married to composer Bruce Adolphe and they live in New York City with their daughter Katja and their opera and jazz singing parrot Polly Rhythm.



Photo: Barbara Luisi

Bruce Adolphe is a composer, educator, and performer, whose music is performed worldwide by renowned artists, including Yo-Yo Ma, Itzhak Perlman, Sylvia McNair, the Washington National Opera, the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, the Beaux Arts Trio, the Chicago Chamber Musicians, the Brentano String Quartet, the Miami Quartet, the Currende Ensemble of Belgium, and numerous symphony orchestras. Over the past 25 years, Mr. Adolphe has served as composer-in-residence at festivals and institutions throughout the United States, for which he has also created and led educational concerts and workshops for all ages and levels of musical accomplishment. A key figure at The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center since 1992, Mr. Adolphe is the founder and director of the Society's Meet the Music family concert series as well as the Society's resident lecturer.

He has appeared as a commentator on *Live From Lincoln Center* television and as a regular lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The author of three books on music, he has taught at Yale, Juilliard, and New York University. Since 2003, he performs his *Piano Puzzlers* weekly on public radio's *Performance Today*, hosted by Fred Child. With Julian Fifer, Mr. Adolphe co-founded The Learning Maestros, a company dedicated to creating new works and related curricula that integrate music with other disciplines, including science, literature, history, and issues of social conscience. Mr. Adolphe was recently appointed composer-in-residence at the Brain and Creativity Institute in Los Angeles, where he works with neuroscientists Antonio and Hanna Damasio. He lives in New York City with his wife, pianist Marija Stroke, their daughter Katja, and Polly Rhythm, the opera-singing parrot.

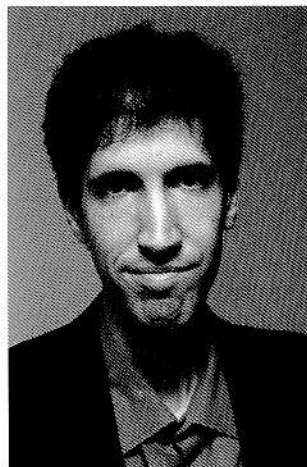


Photo: Yael Ben-Zion

Noam Sivan (b. 1978) is a versatile musician, combining composition, piano performance, live improvisation, and conducting. He has appeared as composer and pianist in the United States, Canada, England, France, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, the Philippines, and throughout his native Israel. His compositional output includes over 40 works in operatic, symphonic, and chamber genres. These have been performed by the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Choreographic Institute of the New York City Ballet, and Mannes Opera; broadcast on over 20 radio stations in the U.S., and recorded for Koch International Classics. As a pianist, he premiered his own Piano Concerto in the double role of soloist and conductor and performed Bach's Goldberg Variations for a broadcast on Israeli TV. One of the young pioneers in the revival of improvisation in classical music today, Noam Sivan is on the faculties of the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia and Mannes College in New York,

where he founded improvisation workshops. He holds a DMA from the Juilliard School, having studied there with Milton Babbitt and Carl Schachter. Please visit www.noamsivan.com.

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Do You Dream in Color? (2009) by Bruce Adolphe; poem by Laurie Rubin.
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In The Mountains of Jerusalem by Noam Sivan (2008), poetry by Leah Goldberg,
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