



presents

SYNESTHESIA

the colour of song

WITH

Julie Ludwig, soprano

Veronika Anissimova, mezzo soprano

Ethan Lacey, pianist

September 18, 2021





the
LINDEN PROJECT

(re)discover the art of song

One of Jeremy's proudest moments of connecting with visual art happened in an art gallery in Berlin. He was admiring a still life by one of the Dutch Masters and was mesmerized by the exquisite rendering of drops of moisture on a piece of fruit. Upon leaning in for a closer look—BEEP BEEP BEEP—a security guard rushed in and said something stern sounding in German that he couldn't quite catch.

Synesthesia refers to the experience of stimulation of one sense leading to the activation of another sense. Seeing a particular colour when hearing a certain note on the piano, for example.

While it describes a specific psychological phenomenon, it also serves as an apt metaphor to describe how the various artistic disciplines feed into each other.

We hope this program will help you connect with visual art in a deeper way through the beauty of song. Hopefully in a way that avoids a confrontation with a scary German security guard...

Jeremy & Julie
The Linden Project

THE SONGS

Pictures at an Exhibition (Promenade) Modest Mussorgsky

Fêtes galantes by Paul Verlaine (selections)

Fantoches Claude Debussy

Mandoline Gabriel Fauré

En sourdine Reynaldo Hahn

Clair de lune Claude Debussy

Improvisation on “Five Sunflowers” in the style of Debussy . .Ethan Lacey

Ms. Carr in Seven Scenes Jeffrey Ryan

1. Oh, these mountains!
2. A glimpse of God
3. Rhythm and space
4. Letters
5. A movement floating up
6. I’m just whizzy!
7. Uncovered

Intermission

Improvisation on “Flowerbed” in the style of Berg Ethan Lacey

The statue at Tsarskoye Selo César Cui

La statue de bronze Erik Satie

Le travail du peintre (selections) Francis Poulenc

Pablo Picasso

Marc Chagall

Juan Gris

Paul Klee

Juchhe Johannes Brahms

Auf ein altes Bild Hugo Wolf

Gute Nacht Franz Schubert

Improvisation on “Baumgarten” in the style of Poulenc Ethan Lacey

Vincent Don McLean

Mona Lisa Ray Evans / Jay Livingston

THE PERFORMERS



Julie Ludwig, soprano

Upon leaving the family farm outside London, Ontario where her family has lived since the 1820s, Julie Ludwig attended Western University where she earned a Bachelor's in music history and a Master's in voice performance. From there she went on to join Calgary Opera's emerging artist program and has performed with the Aldeburgh Festival, the Centre for Opera Studies in Italy, Jeunesses Musicales du Canada, the Banff Centre, and Opera 5.

As a concert soloist, she has performed with such organizations as the Bach Elgar Choir, the Windsor Symphony, the Calgary Civic Symphony, and the HPO's What Next Festival.

When not singing, teaching singing, or being climbed on by her small children, Julie can either be found with her nose in a book or watching the Great British Bake Off.



Veronika Anissimova, mezzo soprano

An active recitalist and art song devotee, mezzo-soprano Veronika Anissimova was heard in Marilyn Horne's 2018 The Song Continues masterclass series at Carnegie Hall, and looks forward to being an Art of Song

Fellow with the Toronto Summer Music Festival. She has been a concert soloist with the Toronto Consort, the Toronto Concert Orchestra, the Hart House Orchestra, the Toronto Lyric Opera Centre, UofT Schola Cantorum, the Peterborough Singers, and the American Bach Soloists Academy, among others.

As a fun coincidence, in her spare time Veronika enjoys illustrating scenes from her favourite songs and song cycles in watercolour. She's elated to now reverse that process, and sing about painting.



Ethan Lacey, piano

Ethan Lacey loves languages. Duolingo is a severe threat to his time management, but he gets by. Weary of family finding excuses to leave the room when linguistics came up in conversation, this self-acknowledged language nerd found an outlet for his fixation in art song and opera.

Originally from Collingwood Ontario, he attended Mohawk College receiving a blended education in jazz and classical piano performance, followed by a Bachelor's in piano performance, and Master's in collaborative piano at Western University. During his time at Western, he was the musical director of the Little London Opera Company for its productions of *Dido and Aeneas* (2017), *A Hand of Bridge* (2017), and *Don Giovanni* (2018). He frequently performs with baroque ensembles such as Kammerchor London as harpsichordist and organist. He currently works throughout the GTA as a vocal coach, ballet répétiteur, and freelance accompanist, but during this pandemic he mostly just reads his face off.

SONG TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Fantoches | Marionettes

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

PAUL VERLAINE (1844-1896)

Scaramouche and Pulcinella
Drawn together by some evil scheme,
Gesticulate, black beneath the moon.
Meanwhile the excellent doctor
From Bologna is leisurely picking
Medicinal herbs in the brown grass.
Then his daughter, pertly pretty,
Beneath the arbour, stealthily,
Glides, half-naked, in quest
Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose grief a lovelorn nightingale
Proclaims as loudly as he can.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Mandoline

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)

PAUL VERLAINE (1844-1896)

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.
Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
Writes many a tender song.
Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

Translation © Richard Stokes, from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

En sourdine | Muted

REYNALDO HAHN (1874-1947)

PAUL VERLAINE (1844-1896)

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.
Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.
Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.
Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.
And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Translation © Richard Stokes, from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Clair de lune | Moonlight

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

PAUL VERLAINE (1844-1896)

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life's favours,
they do not seem to believe in their fortune
and their song mingles with the light of the moon,
The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees

and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble statues.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Miss Carr in Seven Scenes

JEFFREY RYAN (B. 1962)

1. Oh, These Mountains!

Oh, these mountains! They won't bulk up.

Something has spoken to the very soul of me, wonderful, mighty, not of this world. Chords way down in my being have been touched. Dumb notes have struck chords of wonderful tone.

Something has called out of somewhere. Something in me is trying to answer. It is surging through my whole being, the wonder of it all, like a great river rushing on, dark and turbulent, and rushing and irresistible, carrying me away. Where, where? I long to hear and yet I'm half afraid.

Oh, you mountains, I am at your feet—humble, pleading! Speak to me in your wordless words!

2. A Glimpse of God

Emily Carr, born Dec. 13, 1871 at Victoria, B.C., 4 a.m. in a deep snow storm, tomorrow will be sixty-two. It is not all bad, this getting old, ripening.

Do not forget life, artist. A picture is not a collection of portrayed objects nor is it a certain effect of light and shade nor is it a souvenir of a place nor a sentimental reminder, nor is it a show of colour nor a magnificence of form, nor yet is it anything seeable or sayable. It is a glimpse of God interpreted by the soul.

A few minutes more and the New Year will come. The present moment, that's all we have. This looking forward and looking back is unprofitable. I have done? I will do? No, I AM DOING.

3. Rhythm and Space

Rhythm and space, space and rhythm, how can I learn more about these?

I woke with this idea. Try using positive and negative colours in juxtaposition. Try working in complementaries; run some reds into your

greens, some yellow into your purples. Red-green, blue-orange, yellow-purple.

The arrangement, the design, colour, shape, depth, light, space, mood, movement, balance, not one or all of these fills the bill. There is something additional, a breath that draws your breath into its breathing, a heartbeat that pounds on yours, a recognition of the oneness of all things.

Form is fine, and colour and design and subject matter but that which does not speak to the heart is worthless.

Oh, that mountain! I'm dead beat tonight with struggling.

4. Letters

Reams of Horrid Letters

I've written reams of horrid letters to picture galleries that won't return my exhibits. National Gallery had three for three years, Toronto Watercolour had three for two years. Why should one have to beg and beg to get their own belongings? I wrote Brown straight from the shoulder. He'll ignore it like always, as if I did not exist, weren't worth a glance even from his eye.

Mr. Hatch Wrote

Mr. Hatch wrote acknowledging the two paper sketches I sent him. He found their vigour and profoundness appealing. Said few people understand them. Now I can't see what there is to be understood. Perhaps folk would like a numbered bit on the back:

1. a tree,
2. a root,
3. a grass,
4. a fool looking.

Compliments, Hanna Lund

Yesterday I got this letter.

Dear Madame Emily Carr:

Just a few words to express my great admiration for your beautiful picture, "Peace." To me this picture represents Divinity and I have often been sitting in front of it this last week.

Compliments,

Hanna Lund

When I read it I cried hard.

5. A Movement Floating Up

I am sixty-three tomorrow and have not yet known real success.

I am painting a sky. The subject is sky, starting lavender beneath the trees and rising into a smoother hollow air space, greenish in tone, merging into laced clouds and then into deep, bottomless blue, not flat and smooth like the centre part of the sky, but loose, coming forward.

There is to be one sweeping movement through the whole air, an ascending movement, high and fathomless. The movement must connect with each part, taking great care with the articulation.

A movement floating up. It is a study in movement, designed movement. A movement floating up.

6. I'm Just Whizzy!

I'm just whizzy! Sold four pictures.

Received \$120 for picture "Shoreline." Gallery took \$30 commission from \$150 sale price to Mrs. de Pencier. Also got \$75 for three sketches from Miss de Pencier. What a help to finances!

Mr. Band has bought "Nirvana" for \$200, Mr. Southam "Haida Village" for \$150, and Lawren Harris another for \$200. A number of others are over in the East being sat on and considered.

Toronto Art Gallery has purchased "Western Forest," "Movement in the Woods" and "Kispiax Village" for \$1,075. I was stunned when I opened the letter. It is wonderful.

Ottawa has bought two canvases, a paper sketch, "Blunden Harbour," a Haida village and "Sky" for \$750. Madame Stokowski, wife of the composer and conductor, bought a small canvas for \$75. Mr. Southam bought a small Skidigate sketch in oils for \$150 and Mrs. Douglas a French cottage for \$15. An old Vancouver pupil took a Pemberton sketch, also for \$15. How lucky I am, or rather, how well taken care of!

15

15

150

75

750

\$1005 Goodness!

7. Uncovered

Perhaps what brought it home was the last two lines of a crit in a Toronto paper: “Miss Carr is essentially Canadian, not by reason of her subject matter alone, but by her approach to it.” I am glad of that. I am also glad that I am showing these men that women can hold up their end. So I have decided to stop squirming, to throw any honour in with Canada and women. It is wonderful to feel the grandness of Canada in the raw, not because she is Canada but because she’s something sublime that you were born into, some great rugged power that you are a part of.

I have uncovered “The Mountain.”

I think that one’s art is a growth inside one. I do not think one can explain growth. It is silent and subtle. One does not keep digging up a plant to see how it grew. Who could explain its blossom?

It can only explain itself in smell and colour and form. It touches you with these and the thing is said. These critics with their rules and words and theories and influences make me very tired. It is listening; it is hunting with the heart. How can one explain these things?

All texts from *Hundreds and Thousands* by Emily Carr (PD)

This selection and adaptation ©2017 Jeffrey Ryan

The statue at Tsarskoye Selo

CÉSAR CUI (1835-1918)

ALEKSANDR SERGEYEVICH PUSHKIN (1799-1837)

Having dropped an urn of water, the maiden broke it on the cliff.

The maiden sits, sadly, while holding a broken piece of the pottery.

A miracle! The water does not dry up, as it pours from the broken urn:

The maiden, above the eternal stream, sits, forever sad.

Translation copyright © by Lyle Neff

La statue de bronze | The bronze statue

ERIK SATIE (1866-1925)

LÉON-PAUL FARGUE (1876-1947)

The frog
Of the barrel game
Grows weary at evening, beneath the arbor...
She has had enough!
Of being the statue
Who is about to pronounce a great word: The Word!

She would love to be with the others
Who make music bubbles
With the soap of the moon
Beside the lustrous bronze tub
That one sees there, shining between the branches...

At midday one hurls at her
A feast of discs
That pass through without benefit to her

And will resound
In the chambers
Of her numbered pedestal!

And at night, the insects go to sleep
In her mouth...

Translation copyright © by Shawn Thuris.

Le travail du peintre | The work of the painter (selections)

FRANCIS POULENC (1899-1963)

PAUL ÉLUARD (1895-1952)

Pablo Picasso

Surround this lemon with shapeless eggwhite!
Coat this eggwhite with a supple, delicate blue!
Even though the straight black line comes from you,
the dawn is there behind your painting.

And countless walls are crumbling

behind your painting, and you (with the fixed stare
of a blind man or a lunatic)
are raising a tall sword in the empty space.

A hand, why not another hand?
And why not the mouth as naked as a feather?
Why not a smile, and why not teardrops
at the edge of the canvas where the tacks are playing?

This is other people's daylight. Let the shadows have their chance!
With one blink of your eyelids, leave it at that!

Translation copyright © 2000 by Peter Low.

Marc Chagall

An ass or a cow, a rooster or a horse,
even the skin of a violin,
a man singing, a single bird,
an agile dancer with his wife,

a couple soaked in their springtime.

Golden grass and leaden sky
separated by the blue flames
of health and of dew.
Blood grows iridescent, hearts are ringing.

A couple, the first reflection.

And in a tunnel of snow
the abundant vine

Translation copyright © 2000 by Peter Low.

Juan Gris

By day give thanks, by night be wary.
Half the world was gentleness,
the other showed blind rigidity.

A merciless present could be read in the veins;
in the beauties of outlines the limited space

cemented all the joints of familiar objects.

A table, a guitar, and an empty glass
on an acre of solid earth
and white canvas and night air.

The table had to hold itself up,
the lamp to remain a seed of shade,
the newspaper was leaving its other half.

Twice a day, twice a night,
from two objects comes a double object,
a single whole forever.

Translation copyright © 2000 by Peter Low.

Paul Klee

On the fatal slope, the traveller takes advantage
of the favourable day - icy-smooth and no pebbles -
and with eyes blue with love, discovers his season
which wears large stars as rings on every finger.

On the beach the sea has left its ears
and the sand has hollowed out space for a fine crime.
Torture is harder on torturers than on victims;
knives are signs and bullets are teardrops.

Translation copyright © 2000 by Peter Low.

Juchhe! | Hurrah!

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)
ROBERT REINICK (1805-1852)

How fair, how fair the earth is!
The little birds know this:
They flutter their light feathers
And sing such happy songs
Into the blue sky above.
How fair, how fair the earth is!
The rivers and lakes know this:
In their clear mirrors they paint

The gardens and towns and hills,
And the clouds that pass overhead!
And poets and painters know it,
And many other folk as well,
And those who don't paint it, sing it,
And those who don't sing it, can hear it
Sound in their hearts for sheer joy!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Auf ein altes Bild | On an old painting

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

In the summer haze of a green landscape,
By cool water, rushes and reeds,
See how the Child, born without sin,
Plays freely on the Virgin's lap!
And ah! growing blissfully there in the wood,
Already the tree of the cross is turning green!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Gute Nacht | Good Night

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

WILHELM MÜLLER (1794-1827)

I arrived a stranger,
a stranger I depart.
May blessed me
with many a bouquet of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
her mother even of marriage;
now the world is so desolate,
the path concealed beneath snow.
I cannot choose the time
for my journey;
I must find my own way
in this darkness.
A shadow thrown by the moon
is my companion;

and on the white meadows
I seek the tracks of deer.
Why should I tarry longer
and be driven out?
Let stray dogs howl
before their master's house.
Love delights in wandering –
God made it so –
from one to another.
Beloved, good night!
I will not disturb you as you dream,
it would be a shame to spoil your rest.
You shall not hear my footsteps;
softly, softly the door is closed.
As I pass I write
'Good night' on your gate,
so that you might see
that I thought of you.

Translation © Richard Wigmore

Vincent

DON MCLEAN (B. 1945)

Starry, starry night
Paint your palette blue and gray
Look out on a summer's day
With eyes that know the darkness in my soul
Shadows on the hills
Sketch the trees and the daffodils
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
In colors on the snowy, linen land
Now, I understand what you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now
Starry, starry night
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze
Swirling clouds in violet haze
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue

Colors changing hue
Morning fields of amber grain
Weathered faces lined in pain
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand
Now, I understand, what you tried to say to me
How you suffered for your sanity
How you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now
For they could not love you
But still your love was true
And when no hope was left inside
On that starry, starry night
You took your life as lovers often do
But I could have told you, Vincent
This world was never meant for one
As beautiful as you
Starry, starry night
Portraits hung in empty halls
Frameless heads on nameless walls
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget
Like the strangers that you've met
The ragged men in ragged clothes
The silver thorn of bloody rose
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow
Now, I think I know what you tried to say to me
How you suffered for your sanity
How you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they're not listening still
Perhaps they never will

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Mona Lisa

RAY EVANS (1915-2007) / JAY LIVINGSTON (1915-2001)

Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, men have named you
You're so like the lady with the mystic smile
Is it only 'cause you're lonely they have blamed you?
For that Mona Lisa strangeness in your smile?
Do you smile to tempt a lover, Mona Lisa?

Or is this your way to hide a broken heart?
Many dreams have been brought to your doorstep
They just lie there, and they die there
Are you warm? Are you real, Mona Lisa?
Or just a cold and lonely, lovely work of art?

Do you smile to tempt a lover, Mona Lisa?
Or is this your way to hide a broken heart?
Many dreams have been brought to your doorstep
They just lie there, and they die there
Are you warm? Are you real, Mona Lisa?
Or just a cold and lonely, lovely work of art?

Footage of the performers was recorded on August 10, 2021 at
St. Cuthbert's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton ON.

Ryan Harper, recording engineer

Video edited by Jeremy Ludwig

Thank you

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