



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Thursdays at Noon presents *Laureates: Lindsay McIntyre, soprano, DMA Competition Winner*

with Adam Scime, *double bass*, and Wesley Shen, *piano*

Soprano Lindsay McIntyre is the 2022-23 Shalom Ben-Uri Graduate Recital Prize Winner.

Thursday, November 24, 2022 at 12:10 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Lotófagos I

Beat Furrer (b.1954)

Penelope

Cecilia Livingston* (b.1984)

not of longing

Paul Novak (b.1998)

Lieder und Schneebilder (selections)

Matthias Pintscher (b.1971)

- I. Lieder und Schneebilder
- II. I will wade out
- V. The moon is hiding in her hair
- VI. Lady of Silence
- VII. Zweites Schneebild

Kalypso

Cecilia Livingston

*Canadian Composer

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates.

For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit.

Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

BIOGRAPHY

Alberta-born soprano Lindsay McIntyre has been hailed as “stunning” (*The Whole Note*) for her work in concert and on the stage. Recent performances include Claude Vivier’s “Love Songs” and “Musik für das Ende” at the Southbank Centre in London, UK, “Garden of Vanished Pleasures,” “Love Songs,” and two seasons of “Electric Messiah” with Soundstreams, Mendelssohn’s “Elijah” with the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Buxtehude’s “Membra Jesu Nostrī” and Craig Hella Johnson’s “Considering Matthew Sheppard” with the Grand Philharmonic Chamber Choir, Handel’s “Dixit Dominus” and BWV 4 & BWV 165 with the Theatre of Early Music, and Steve Reich’s contemporary masterwork “Music for 18 Musicians” at the University of Toronto New Music Festival. Lindsay is completing a Doctor of Musical Arts degree at U of T, and was recently named winner of the 2022 DMA Recital Competition and Shalom Ben-Uri Graduate Recital Prize.

PROGRAM NOTES

A warm, slight wind still comes from the distant south. Was that our memory?
Beat Furrer’s *Lotófagos I* or “The lotus eaters” uses text by Spanish poet Jose Angel Valente, which refers to the myth of Odysseus. Odysseus and his men came across an island where the inhabitants lived off the fruit of the lotus flower, a powerful narcotic. Odysseus’ men ate the fruit and entered a state of amnesia, forgetting about their home. Furrer highlights the struggle to remember by continuously fragmenting the text and utilizing the extreme registral distance between the soprano and double bass.

What is it to be waiting for you?
Cecilia Livingston’s *Penelope*, and later in the program, *Kalypso*, bring the perspective of two of the women in Odysseus’ story. With text written by the composer, Penelope struggles to understand what it means to be faithfully waiting for Odysseus’ return, while Kalypso (poetry by Duncan McFarlane) longs for just one more night with Odysseus following his departure. Livingston brings a sense of urgency and poignancy to both women through her use of a hybrid musical genre, which she describes as “both art song and torch song.”

I aimed to be a student not of longing, but of light.
Paul Novak’s *not of longing* sets a fragment of text from the last sentence of Maggie Nelson’s book “Bluets,” which Novak describes as a set of poetic “propositions” that meditate on loss and the colour blue. Text in this piece is broken down, built up, and broken down again, and although there is light here, longing permeates throughout. The statement isn’t “I was a student” but rather “I aimed to be a student” – perhaps aiming is a form of longing in itself.

I will take the sun in my mouth and leap into the ripe air
Matthias Pintscher’s atmospheric settings for soprano and piano embrace both the unexpectedness and sensuality of e. e. cummings’ poetry. Pintscher alternates between pointed text setting (swift trills for birds, long melismatic passages for the turning edge of life) and pure mood. Not unlike the experience of reading e. e. cummings, these pieces impress an overriding sense of instability and questioning with an underpinning of desire.

Lindsay McIntyre, 2022

Lotofagos I/The Lotus Eaters (José Ángel Valente)

Estábamos en un desierto confrontados con nuestra propia imagen que no reconocíamos. Perdimos la memoria. En la noche se tiende un ala sin pasado. Desconocemos la melancolía y la fidelidad y la muerte. Nada parece llegar hasta nosotros, máscaras necias con las cuencas vacías. Nada seríamos capaces de engendrar. Un leve viento cálido viene todavía desde el lejano sur. ¿Era eso el recuerdo?

We were in a desert confronted with our own image that we didn't recognize. We had lost our memory. At night a wing without past spreads. We know neither melancholy nor fidelity nor death. Nothing seems to reach us, foolish masks with empty sockets. Nothing we could engender. A warm, slight wind still comes from the distant south. Was that our memory?

Penelope (Cecilia Livingston)

What is it
to be waiting?

When will you come home to me?
When will I bloom again?

What is it
to be waiting
for you?

Darling boy,
I breathe the same salt air,
the same sun on my hair.

Is it
wanting?

When they see the boats
from the headland
they'll strike up the band!

Is it
loving?

Darling boy
will you ever again
hold my hand while we're sleeping?

Is it
moving through me like a fire?

Desire?

What is it
to be waiting?

Is it
loneliness in empty rooms?

What is it
to be waiting
for you?

Stillness...

Old-fashioned lovers kiss
did they ever miss
each other?

Is it
loving?

Is it
loneliness in empty rooms?

not of longing (Maggie Neslon)

When I was alive, I aimed to be a student not of longing but of light.

Lieder und Schneebilder (e.e. cummings)

I.
birds(
 here,inven
ting air
U
)sing

tw
iligh(
t's
 v
 va
 vas(
vast

ness.Be)look
now
 (come
soul;
&:and

who
s)e
 voi
c
es
(
are
 ar
 a

II.

i will wade out

till my thighs are steeped in burning flowers

I will take the sun in my mouth

and leap into the ripe air

Alive

with closed eyes

to dash against darkness

in the sleeping curves of my body

Shall enter fingers of smooth mastery

with chasteness of sea-girls

Will i complete the mystery

of my flesh

I will rise

After a thousand years

licking

flowers

And set my teeth in the silver of the moon

V.

the moon is hiding in

her hair.

The

lily

of heaven

full of all dreams,

draws down.

cover her briefness in singing

close her with the intricate faint birds

by daisies and twilights

Deepen her,

Recite

upon her

flesh

the rain's

pearls singly-whispering.

VI.

Lady of Silence

from the winsome cage of

thy body

rose

through the sensible

night
a
quick bird

(tenderly upon
the dark's prodigious face
thy
voice
 scattering perfume-gifted
wings
suddenly escorts
with feet
sun-sheer

the smarting beauty of dawn)

VII.
silence
.is
a
looking
bird:the
turn
ing:edge, of
life
(inquiry before snow

Kalypso (Duncan McFarlane)

I don't know why my skin seems thin,
or why I'm tired all the time.
I wish the rain could break this heat;
there's not a cloud left in the sky.
I don't know why I should repeat
this sad old fallacy: somehow
the weather thinks that we should be
together; night comes around, but
it's too hot for me to sleep, now
so much of what we had, you took—
took with you when you went away.

I know I sound— I know I look
like I've got something on my mind;
there's really nothing left to say
 or raise in vain against the tides.
It's nothing — nevermind; it's just
a wish, that if it's not too much,
if it's alright, some night I'd like
to walk out in the rain, again,
come home to sleep to drift and dream
off to a world elsewhere, with you,
where it keeps raining all the time.