

A woman with long dark hair is sitting on a black leather chair in a room. She is wearing a dark blazer and patterned pants. To her left is a piano. In the background, there is a painting of a woman's face and a decorative object. The room is lit with a blue light. A red triangle is in the top right corner.

SUMMER
LIEDER
LOUNGE

MAY 15, 2022

caaic
collaborative arts institute of chicago

LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

CAIC's performances and educational events take place on what is the traditional homeland of the Council of the Three Fires: the Odawa, Ojibwe, and Potawatomi Nations. Other tribes including the Miami, Menominee, Sac, Ho-Chunk, and Fox also called what is now Chicago home.

Many indigenous people continue to call this area home, and Chicago continues to be home to one of the largest indigenous communities in the United States—a community which continues to celebrate their heritage, traditions, and stewardship of the land and waterways.

CAIC recognizes the history of the indigenous peoples of this land, as well as the diverse indigenous community that resides here and enriches the community now.



*Tonight's performance
is presented in partnership
with*



EPIPHANY
CENTER FOR THE ARTS



SUMMER LIEDER LOUNGE

MAY 15, 2022
3:00 PM

THE SANCTUARY
EPIPHANY CENTER FOR THE ARTS

CLARA OSOWSKI, mezzo-soprano
TYLER WOTTRICH, piano

BROADCAST DATES:
MAY 27-JUNE 2, 2022

PROGRAM



I.

An Sylvia
An Emma
Der Tod und das Mädchen
Die junge Nonne

Franz SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

II.

Dos Sonetos, Op. 15
Miró Celia una rosa
Feliciano me adora

Rodolfo HALFTTER (1900–1987)

III.

Six Songs, Op. 86
Therese
Feldeinsamkeit
Nachtwandler
Über die Heide
Versunken
Todessehnen

Johannes BRAHMS (1833–1897)

IV.

Jeanne d'Arc au bûcher, S. 293

Franz LISZT (1811–1886)

– INTERMISSION –

V.

Casa Guidi
Casa Guidi
The Italian cook and the English maid
Robert Browning
The death of Mr. Barrett
Domesticity

Dominick ARGENTO (1927–2019)

VI.

*On the Threshold**
Story
Still reading fairy stories
Warning

Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

*WORLD PREMIERE

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS



An Silvia

Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Dass sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh' ich sie nah'n,
Auf Himmels Gunst und
Spur weist,
Dass ihr alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,
Und verweilt in süsßer Ruh'.

Darum Silvia, tön', o Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

Who is Sylvia?

– William Shakespeare

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did
lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring!

An Emma

– *Friedrich von Schiller*

Weit in nebelgrauer Ferne
Liegt mir das vergang'ne Glück,
Nur an Einem schönen Sterne
Weilt mit Liebe noch der Blick.
Aber, wie des Sternes Pracht,
Ist es nur ein Schein der Nacht.

Deckte dir der lange Schlummer,
Dir der Tod die Augen zu,
Dich besässe doch mein Kummer,
Meinem Herzen lebtest du.
Aber ach! du lebst im Licht,
Meiner Liebe lebst du nicht.

Kann der Liebe süß Verlangen,
Emma, kann's vergänglich sein?
Was dahin ist und vergangen,
Emma, kann's die Liebe sein?
Ihrer Flamme Himmelsglut
Stirbt sie, wie ein irdisch Gut?

Der Tod und das Mädchen

– *Matthias Claudius*

DAS MÄDCHEN

Vorüber, ach, vorüber!
Geh, wilder Knochenmann!
Ich bin noch jung, geh, Lieber!
Und rühre mich nicht an.

DER TOD

Gib deine Hand, du schön und
zart Gebilde!
Bin Freund und komme nicht
zu strafen.
Sei gutes Muts! Ich bin nicht wild,
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen
schlafen!

To Emma

Far in the grey, misty distance
lies my past happiness.
My eyes still linger lovingly
on one fair star alone.
But, like that star's splendour,
it is merely an illusion of the night.

If the prolonged slumber
of death closed your eyes
my sorrow would still possess you;
you would live in my heart.
But, alas, you live in the light
yet you do not live for my love.

Emma, can love's sweet longing
pass away?
That which is over and past,
Emma, can that be love?
Does the celestial ardour of
its flame
perish like worldly goods?

Death and the Maiden

THE MAIDEN

Pass by, ah, pass by!
Away, cruel Death!
I am still young; leave me, dear one
and do not touch me.

DEATH

Give me your hand, you lovely,
tender creature.
I am your friend, and come not to
chastise.
Be of good courage. I am not cruel;
you shall sleep softly in my arms.

Die junge Nonne

– *Jacob Nicolaus Craigher*
de Jachelutta

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der
heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert
das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet
der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das
Grab!

Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es
auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo
der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo
das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo
der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das
Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger
Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen
ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die
liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit
sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam,
hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das
Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n.
Alleluia!

The young nun

How the raging storm roars
through the treetops!
The rafters rattle, the house
shudders!
The thunder rolls, the lightning
flashes,
and the night is as dark as the
grave.

So be it, not long ago a storm still
raged in me.
My life roared like the storm now,
my limbs trembled like the house
now,
love flashed like the lightning now,
and my heart was as dark as the
grave.

Now rage, wild, mighty storm;
in my heart is peace, in my heart is
calm.
The loving bride awaits the
bridegroom,
purified in the testing flames,
betrothed to eternal love.

I wait, my Saviour, with longing
gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take
your bride.
Free the soul from earthly bonds.
Listen, the bell sounds peacefully
from the tower!
Its sweet pealing invites me
all-powerfully to eternal heights.
Alleluia!



Miguel Cabrera: Portrait of Sor Inés de la Cruz (1648-1695)

DOS SONETOS

– *Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz*

Miró Celia una rosa

Miró Celia una rosa que en
el prado
ostentaba feliz la pompa vana
y con afeites de carmín y grana
bañaba alegre el rostro delicado;

y dijo: Goza, sin temor del Hado,
el curso breve de tu edad lozana,
pues no podrá la muerte
de mañana
quitarte lo que hubieres hoy
gozado;

y aunque llega la muerte
presurosa
y tu fragante vida se te aleja,
no sientas el morir tan bella
y moza:

mira que la experiencia
te aconseja
que es fortuna morirte siendo
hermosa
y no ver el ultraje de ser vieja.

Celia looked at a rose

Celia saw a rose which in happy
self-praise
flaunted its pomp and vanity
in the field,
cosmetics of carmine and
cochineal
merrily smeared over its delicate
face;

Savor without fear of Fate,
she stopped to say,
the fleeting course of your
youthful hour,
the death of tomorrow has
no power
to take the pleasure you
enjoy today.

although death may come, and
it comes fast,
don't grieve when fragrant life
returns to mould
and you die while youth and
loveliness last;

consider, by experience you
are told
it's good fortune to die before
beauty's past
and never know the affront
of growing old.

Feliciano me adora

Feliciano me adora y le aborrezco;
Lisardo me aborrece y yo le adoro;
por quien no me apetece ingrato,
lloro,
y al que me llora tierno,
no apetezco.

A quien más me desdora,
el alma ofrezco;
a quien me ofrece víctimas,
desdoro;
desprecio al que enriquece
mi decoro,
y al que le hace desprecios,
enriquezco.

Si con mi ofensa al
uno reconvengo,
me reconviene el otro a mí,
ofendido;
y a padecer de todos modos
vengo,
pues ambos atormentan
mi sentido:

aquéste, con pedir lo que
no tengo;
y aquél, con no tener lo que
le pido.

Feliciano adores me

Feliciano adores me,
and I detest him;
Lisardo detests me,
and I adore him.
For him, ungrateful,
that doesn't like me, I cry;
and him, that lovingly cries for me,
I don't like.

I offer my soul to whom hates me
the most,
and I hate the one that gives
me offerings;
I look down on whom enriches
my decency,
and I enrich the one that
despises it.

Even If I reject one with my insults,
the other one will reject me with
his insults,
and each option will make
me suffer,
because they both torment
my senses:

that one, by asking for something
I don't have,
and the other one, for not having
what I ask for.

Therese

– *Gottfried Keller*

Du milchjunger Knabe,
Wie schaust du mich an?
Was haben deine Augen
Für eine Frage getan!

Alle Ratsherrn in der Stadt
Und alle Weisen der Welt
Bleiben stumm auf die Frage,
Die deine Augen gestellt!

Eine Meermuschel liegt
Auf dem Schrank meiner Bas':
Da halte dein Ohr d'ran,
Dann hörst du etwas!

Feldeinsamkeit

– *Hermann Allmers*

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen
Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick
nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt
ohn Unterlaß,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam
umwoben.

Die schönen weißen Wolken
ziehn dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne
stille Träume;
Mir ist, als ob ich längst
gestorben bin
Und ziehe selig mit durch
ew'ge Räume.

Therese

You milk-young boy,
why do you look at me so?
What a question
your eyes have asked!

All the councilmen in the town
and all the wisemen in the world
Would be struck dumb by
the question
that your eyes have posed!

A seashell lies
upon my cousin's cupboard;
Press your ear to it;
then you'll hear something!

Solitude in a Field

I rest quietly in the tall green grass
And for a long time send my
gaze aloft,
Surrounded by the unceasing
whirr of crickets,
Enfolded wondrously by blue sky.

The lovely white clouds drift by
Through the deep blue, like
beautiful, silent dreams;
I feel as though I am long dead
And drift blissfully along through
eternal space.

Nachtwandler

– *Max Kalbeck*

Störe nicht den leisen Schlummer
Dess, den lind ein Traum
umfassen!
Laß ihm seinen süßen Kummer!
Ihm sein schmerzliches Verlangen!

Sorgen und Gefahren drohen,
Aber keine wird ihm schrecken,
Kommst du nicht,
den Schlafesfrohen
Durch ein hartes Wort zu wecken.

Still in seinen Traum versunken,
Geht er über Abgrundtiefen,
wie vom Licht des Vollmonds
trunken,
Weh' den Lippen, die ihn riefen!

Über die Heide

– *Theodor Storm*

Über die Heide
Hallet mein Schritt;
Dampf aus der Erde
Wandert es mit.

Herbst ist gekommen,
Frühling ist weit --
Gab es denn einmal
Selige Zeit?

Brauende Nebel
Geisten umher,
Schwarz ist das Kraut
Und der Himmel so leer.

Wär' ich nur hier nicht
Gegangen im Mai!
Leben und Liebe --
Wie flog es vorbei!

Night Wanderer

Disturb not the gentle slumber
Of one encircled by a relieving
dream!
Leave him his sweet anguish!
Leave him his painful yearning!

Troubles and dangers threaten,
But none will frighten him;
Do not come to the
happily-sleeping man
To awaken him through some
harsh word.

Silently lost in his dream,
He traverses deep chasms,
as if drunk from the full moon's
light;
Woe the lips that would call to him!

Across the Heath

Across the heath
my step resounds;
The dull echo from the earth
wanders with me.

Autumn has arrived,
Spring is far away -
Was there once, then,
a time of bliss?

Brewing mists surround me
like ghosts,
Dark is the vegetation,
and the sky so empty.

Would that I had not
come here in May!
Life and love -
how they flew by!

Versunken

– Felix Schumann

Es brausen der Liebe Wogen
Und schäumen mir um das Herz;
Zwei tiefe Augen zogen
Mich mächtig niederwärts.

Mich lockte der Nixen Gemunkel,
Die wunderliebliche Mär,
Als ob die Erde dunkel
Und leuchtend die Tiefe wär'!

Als würde die seligste Ferne
Dort unten reizende Näh',
Als könnt' ich des Himmels Sterne
Dort greifen in blauer See.

Nun brausen und schäumen
die Wogen
Und hüllen mich allwärts ein,
Es schimmert in Regenbogen
Die Welt von ferne herein.

Drowned

The waves of love roar
and foam around my heart;
Two deep eyes drew
me powerfully downward.

I was lured by the chatter of the
water sprites
and their wondrous, lovely tales,
as if the earth were dark
and the depths were glowing!

As if the blissful far-off thing
down there were appealingly near,
As if I could grasp the heaven's stars
down there in the blue sea.

Now the waves roar and foam
and gradually cover me up;
In the rainbow glistens
the world from far-away.

George Frederic Watts: Found Drowned, 1848-1850



Todesehnen

– *Max Gottfried*

von Schenkendorf

Ach, wer nimmt von meiner Seele
Die geheime, schwere Last,
Die, je mehr ich sie verhehle,
Immer mächtiger mich faßt?

Möchtest du nur endlich brechen,
Mein gequältes, banges Herz!
Findest hier mit deinen
Schwächen,
Deiner Liebe, nichts als Schmerz.

Dort nur wirst du ganz genesen,
Wo der Sehnsucht nichts mehr
fehlt,
Wo das schwesterliche Wesen
Deinem Wesen sich vermählt.

Hör' es, Vater in der Höhe,
Aus der Fremde fleht dein Kind:
Gib', daß er mich bald umwehe,
Deines Todes Lebenswind.

Daß er zu dem Stern mich hebe,
Wo man keine Trennung kennt,
Wo die Geistersprache Leben
Mit der Liebe Namen nennt.

Longing for Death

Ah, who will take from my soul
this secret, heavy burden
that, the more I conceal,
the more strongly it grips me?

Don't you wish finally to break
my tormented, anguished heart?
You find here with your
weaknesses,
that your love is nothing but pain.

You will only become fully healthy
when you no longer lack the things
you yearn for,
when a sisterly nature
becomes wedded to your own
nature.

Hear me, Father in the Heavens,
In a foreign land, your child is
pleading:
Grant that he will surround me
with the life-giving wind of Your
death.

That he will raise me to the stars,
where one knows nothing of
separation,
where the spirit-language gives Life
the name of Love.

Jeanne d'Arc au bûcher

– *Alexandre Dumas*

Mon Dieu! J'étais une bergère,
quand
Vous m'avez prise au hameau
Pour chasser la race étrangère
Comme je chassais mon troupeau.
Dans la nuit de mon ignorance
Votre Esprit m'est venu chercher.
Je vais monter sur le bûcher,
Et pourtant j'ai sauvé la France.

Seigneur mon Dieu! je suis
heureuse
En sacrifice de m'offrir
Mais on la dit bien douloureuse
Cette mort que je vais souffrir.
Au dernier combat qui s'avance
Marcherai-je sans trébucher?
Je vais monter sur le bûcher,
Et pourtant j'ai sauvé la France.

Allez me chercher ma bannière
Où pour la victoire bénis,
De Jésus Christ et de sa mère
Les deux saints noms sont réunis.
Sur ce symbole d'espérance
Mon œil mourant veut s'attacher.
Je vais monter sur le bûcher,
Et pourtant j'ai sauvé la France.

Joan of Arc at the Stake

O Lord! I was a shepherdess
When You took me from my
hamlet
To drive out the foreign race,
As I used to drive my flock.
In the night of my ignorance,
You came in search of me.
I am to go to the stake,
And yet I saved France.

O Lord God! I am content
To offer myself as sacrifice.
But they say it is most painful,
This death that I shall suffer.
Shall I march without stumbling
Into the final, imminent battle?
I am to go to the stake,
And yet I saved France.

Bring me my banner
Where, blessed for victory,
The sacred names of Jesus Christ
And his Mother are united.
I wish my dying gaze to fasten
On this symbol of hope.
I am to go to the stake,
And yet I saved France.



Joan of Arc, historiated initial from Archives Nationales, Paris, AE || 2490

CASA GUIDI

– Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Texts excerpted from letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Florence to her sister Henrietta in England between 1846 and 1859.

Casa Guidi

We more and more like our new apartment.
When I am tired of the sofa we go out on our terrace,
Where there is just room for two to walk –
Walk back and forward till the moon rises!
And the moon rises beautifully, and drops
Down the grey walls of San Felice.

We are getting on slowly in the furnishing department.
Robert wants a ducal bed for my room – all gilding and carving.
I persuaded him to get a piano instead.

We have had an illumination throughout the city –
And you in England can't guess how beautiful
A Florentine illumination is!
The Pitti Palace opposite us was drawn out in fire!
You would have thought that all the stars
Out of Heaven had fallen into the piazza.

Sometimes he says to me: “Now, Ba, wouldn't it have been wrong
If we two had not married?”

I do love this house – there's the truth –
“Like a room in a novel,” this room has been called.

George Mignaty: Salon At Casa Guidi, 1861



The Italian Cook and the English Maid

From beef-steak pies up to fricassees Alessandro is a master.
And from bread and butter puddings to boiled apple-dumplings,
An artist. Only — he doesn't like Wilson to interfere.
She declares that he repeats so many times a day:
"I've been to Paris — I've been to London —
I have been to Germany — I must Know."
Also he offends her by being of opinion that:
"London is by far the most immoral place in the world."
(He was there for a month once.)
And when she talks of the domestic happiness enjoyed in England.
He shakes his head disputatiously, and bids her
"Not to take her ideas of English domestic life from the
Signor and Signora — who were quite exceptions —
He never saw anything like their way of
Living together certainly, though
"He had been to Paris, and been in London, and been in Germany —
No, the Signor was an angel, and there was the truth of it —
Yes the Signora was rather an angel too — she never spent
Two thousand scudi on her dress, as he had seen women do —
So the Signor might well be fond of the Signora —
But still for a Signor to be always sitting with his
Wife in that way, was most extraordinary and
"He had been to Paris, and been to London" and so on 'da capo'-
So poor Wilson's head goes round she declares, and she
Leaves the field of battle from absolute exhaustion.

Clara Peeters: Table with Orange, Olives and Pie 1611



Robert Browning

And now I begin to wonder naturally whether I may not be
Some sort of a real angel after all.
It is not so bad a thing, be sure, for a woman
To be loved by a man of imagination. He loves her through a lustrous
atmosphere
Which not only keeps back the faults but produces
Continual novelty through its own changes.
If ever a being of a higher order lived among us
Without a glory round his head...he is such a being.
I feel to have the power of making him happy...
I feel to have it in my hands.
It is strange that anyone so brilliant should love me.
But true and strange it is...it is impossible for me to
doubt it anymore.
Here am I, in the seventh year of marriage,
Happier than on the seventh day!
The love not only stays, but grows.
He rises on me hour by hour and I am
Bound to him indeed with all the cords of my heart.
And Papa thinks I have sold my soul —
For genius...mere genius!



Michele Gordigiani: Robert Browning, 1858

The Death of Mr. Barrett

It is true that first words must be said —
But of the past I cannot speak. I believe
Hope had died in me long ago
Of reconciliation in this world...
Occupation is the only thing to keep one
On one's feet a little, that I know well.
Only it is hard sometimes to force oneself
Into occupation...there's — the hardness.
I take up books — but my heart goes walking up and down
Constantly through that house on Wimpole Street.
Till it is tired, tired, tired. The truth is,
I am made of paper, and it tears me.

Domesticity

We have fires now, though the weather is lovely for November
And I take long walks every day.
We have fires now, and as soon as the lamp comes
Robert sits in his chair,* and I curl myself up on the sofa.
Or perhaps on a cushion on the hearth,
And we say to one another
“Oh how delightful this is!
I do hope no one will come tonight.”
So we read and talk and Robert can't keep from
Letting out the end of David Copperfield.
And I scold him and won't hear a word more.
Then the door opens, and enter
Baby holding by Wilson's finger.
“I can't think what he wants,”
Says Wilson, “but he would come.”
Upon which he walks straight up to me and puts up one foot.
Pointing to it with his hand, pulling at my gown —
Perhaps you don't know what this means, but I do.
He wants to go to bed...
So I get up and go away with him and Wilson
And Robert calls after us: “Come back soon, Ba.”
And I go back soon...



Károly Brocky: Portrait of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1839-1844

ON THE THRESHOLD

– Jenny Joseph

Story

Off she goes, my little Red-Riding-Hood
Cased in jeans, cheeky, with smiles and joy
To see her Gran.
Oh, wolf, be friendly.
She thinks she is tough enough
To eat you up – irresistibility
(How can she not be? She thinks she's the cat's whiskers)
Itself.
Couldn't you, just for once, stay away wolf.

Still reading fairy stories

If you were bred on fairy tales
As was I
You would know where the prince was going to
And why;
And if you had then also lived in the world
As I have done
You would know too that he went past the ten-foot wall of roses
And kept straight on.

And if I told you that somehow he once turned back
And hacked his way through
Would you join in then, and finish the story the way
I wanted you to;
Saying that the clash of light when she woke was
Cymbals of bliss
And the power of life through that long-waiting silence was d
All in the kiss;

And agree, since we lounge in the court of a great castle with a
hundred years' sign
That says: 'For Sale'
It must be that we are bewitched, and that this is
A fairy tale.

Warning

When I am an old woman, I shall wear purple
with a red hat that doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
and satin candles, and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I am tired
and gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
and run my stick along the public railings
and make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
and pick the flowers in other people's gardens
and learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
and eat three pounds of sausages at a go
or only bread and pickles for a week
and hoard pens and pencils and beer nuts and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
and pay our rent and not swear in the street
and set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.
But maybe I ought to practice a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

LIEDER LOUNGE ARTISTS



Mezzo-soprano Clara Osowski, who sings "from inside the music with unaffected purity and sincerity" (*UK Telegraph*), is an active soloist and chamber musician hailed for her "rich and radiant voice" (*UrbanDial Milwaukee*). She was a Metropolitan Opera National Council Upper-Midwest Regional Finalist, the winner of several competitions including Bel Canto Chorus Regional Artists Competition of Milwaukee, the Houston Saengerbund Competition, several time runner-up in The Schubert Club Bruce P. Carlson Scholarship Competition, and third place in the Madison Handel Aria Competition. Recognized for her excellence in Minnesota, Clara was a recipient of the 2018-2019 McKnight Artist Fellowships for Musicians administered by MacPhail Center for Music.

In international competition with pianist Tyler Wottrich, in March of 2017, Clara became the first ever American prize winner when she placed second at Thomas Quasthoff's International Das Lied Competition in Heidelberg, Germany. Later that year, the duo was also one of four to reach the finals in the very prestigious Wigmore Hall/Kohn Foundation Song Competition in London, and Clara was awarded the Richard Tauber Prize for the best interpretation of Schubert Lieder. She recently won the Radio-Canada People's Choice Award and third place in the song division at the 2018 Concours

Musical International de Montréal.

Recent performance highlights include her debut with Minnesota Opera as Mrs. Herring in Britten's *Albert Herring*, and active as a recitalist, she stepped in for Susanna Phillips in The Schubert Club International Artist Series Recital with Eric Owens. She has also been a featured recitalist at the Enlightenment Festival of Seraphic Fire, The Pablo Center of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, The Dame Myra Hess Memorial Concerts, and several universities. She has collaborated with many chamber musicians, including pianist Wu Han, The Lydian String Quartet, VocalEssence Ensemble Singers, the Minneapolis Guitar Quartet, Accordo, and Dark Horse Consort. Clara's passion for contemporary music is exhibited in the song cycles and chamber music she has premiered or commissioned by numerous composers including James Kallembach, Libby Larsen, David Evan Thomas, Linda Kachelmeier, Reinaldo Moya, Carol Barnett, and Juliana Hall.

Orchestral performance highlights include her soloist debuts in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with the Bel Canto Chorus of Milwaukee, *B Minor Mass* with the Back Bay Chorale of Boston, *Christmas Oratorio* with Bach Society of Minnesota, Mozart's *Requiem* with Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, Mahler's *Symphony No. 2* with Tulsa Signature Symphony, Bernstein's *Jeremiah* with Mid-Columbia Symphony, and Dominick Argento's orchestral song cycles *Casa Guidi* and *A few words about Chekhov* with the Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra of Minneapolis.

Active also as an educator, Clara has enjoyed giving masterclasses and convocations at several universities, including Syracuse University, Muhlenberg College, Seattle University, Concordia College (Moorhead), and North Dakota State University. She was also the guest artist in residence at Indiana State University's 50th Contemporary Music Festival celebrating the music of Libby Larsen. Clara also served on the faculty at the Aspen Music Festival's Professional Choral Institute, and has been a panelist for SongFest and the Lakes Area Music Festival.

In addition to performing, Clara serves as the Artistic Director of Source Song Festival, a week-long art song festival in Minneapolis, Minnesota. This festival strives to create and perform new art song, and cultivate an educational environment for students of song, including composers, vocalists, and collaborative pianists. In addition to her solo work, she participates in a number of ensembles, including Lumina Women's Ensemble, Lorelei Ensemble, and Seraphic Fire.



Pianist Tyler Wottrich has distinguished himself as a chamber musician, vocal pianist, solo performer, and teacher. Wottrich is an Assistant Professor at North Dakota State University's Challey School of Music, where he created a graduate collaborative piano program and serves as artistic director of the NDSU Chamber Music Festival. The Chamber Festival, which Wottrich founded in 2015, recently celebrated its fifth season pairing NDSU student pianists with world-class professional musicians from across the globe.

Wottrich is the recipient of the Emerson String Quartet's Ackerman Prize for chamber music and served on the collaborative piano faculty of the Banff Centre during summers 2015 and 2016. An alumnus of Ensemble Connect (formerly Ensemble ACJW), ensemble-in-residence at Carnegie Hall and the Juilliard School, Wottrich has performed with such artists as Colin Carr, Philippe Grafin, Carol Wincenc, Frank Morelli, William VerMeulen, and Andres Diaz. The video of a cartoon theme mash-up Wottrich composed for Ensemble Connect has surpassed 1.5 million views on YouTube. Wottrich is committed to the performance of new music and has worked with such composers as John Luther Adams, John Corigliano, Georg Friedrich Haas, Jocelyn Hagen, Richard Hundley, David Lang, Libby Larsen, Missy Mazzoli, Dominick Argento, and Bright Sheng.

Wottrich accompanied mezzo-soprano Clara Osowski in winning Second Prize at the 2017 Das Lied International Song Competition as well as Fourth Prize and the Richard Tauber Prize for the best interpretation of Schubert Lieder at the 2017 Wigmore Hall International Song Competition. After garnering an honorable mention in the Marilyn Horne Song Competition, Wottrich performed at Marilyn

Horne's "The Song Continues" at Carnegie Hall. Wottrich has been a vocal pianist at Stony Brook University, North Dakota State University, Opera North, and the Music Academy of the West, and has performed with members of the Grammy Award-winning African-American Choral Group Sounds of Blackness. Wottrich serves regularly as an assistant conductor for the Fargo-Moorhead Opera Company, including recent productions of Donizetti's *La Fille du Regiment*, Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, and Johann Strauss Jr.'s *Die Fledermaus*.

Appearances of note include a performance at the Source Song Festival of Argento's *The Andrée Expedition* staged by renowned baritone Håkan Hakegård, for whom the cycle was written, as well as solo and chamber music recitals at Carnegie's Zankel and Weill halls, Dartmouth College, the Banff Centre, and the Dame Myra Hess Series at the Chicago Cultural Center. In March 2015 and February 2016, Wottrich held educational performance residencies at the PianoArts Piano Competition and Festival in Milwaukee, and in June 2015 was head of the jury for their Wisconsin Youth Competition.

Wottrich began his piano studies with Gail Olszewski before studying with Lydia Artymiw at the University of Minnesota, from which he graduated summa cum laude with degrees in both music and mathematics. He completed his M.M. and D.M.A. as a Staller Fellow at Stony Brook University where he studied with Gilbert Kalish.



ABOUT CAIC

Collaborative Arts Institute of Chicago seeks to make Chicago a world home for the study and performance of art song and vocal chamber music repertoire. Through performance and education events in venues throughout the Chicago area, including the annual Collaborative Works Festival, CAIC offers musicians and audience members the opportunity to experience the intimate, inspiring world of song.

As founding partners of Collaborative Works, LLP, pianists Nicholas Hutchinson and Shannon McGinnis have been providing high quality, affordable coaching and accompanying services in the Chicagoland area since 2006. In 2010 they joined forces with tenor Nicholas Phan to establish the Collaborative Arts Institute of Chicago.

Since 2010, CAIC has presented an annual series of salon recitals called the Lieder Lounge Series, an annual Master Class series, and hosted an annual workshop for singers. In 2012, CAIC established the Collaborative Works Festival, an annual vocal chamber music festival, which the *Chicago Tribune* has listed amongst its annual "Best Classical Music Events of the Year" round-up on multiple occasions.



Mezzo-soprano Jennifer Johnson Cano, dancer Andrew Erickson & pianist Shannon McGinnis at the 2018 Collaborative Works Festival



*Mezzo-soprano J'nai Bridges
performs at the 2015 Winter Lieder Lounge*

STAFF

Nicholas Hutchinson, *executive director*

Nicholas Phan, *artistic director*

Shannon McGinnis, *director of education*

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John Concepcion

Amy Conn

Michael Freilich

Adolfo Laurenti

Shannon McGinnis

Nicholas Phan

Jonathon Thierer

Frank Villella

ADVISORY BOARD

Jane Bunnell

Marc Embree

Amy Iwano

Martin Katz

Lisa Ann Seischab

Louise K. Smith

All performance & master class photography by Elliot Mandel & Mike Grittani

SUPPORT CAIC

If you would like to support CAIC's 21 / 22 season you can do so with a tax deductible donation at our website:

caichicago.org

As we are only online this season and not selling tickets, your donations to support this programming continue to be vital!

*Collaborative Arts Institute of Chicago
is a 501(c)3 organization.*

*Donations are tax deductible
to the fullest extent allowable by law.*

Thank you for your support!

*Mezzo-soprano Kelley O'Connor, CAIC Artist Director & tenor Nicholas Phan,
pianist Scott Allen Jarrett, and the Spektral Quartet perform at the
2016 Collaborative Works Festival*



**CAIC IS GRATEFUL TO THE FOLLOWING
INDIVIDUALS & ORGANIZATIONS
FOR THEIR VALUABLE SUPPORT
OF THE 21 | 22 SEASON**



BENEFACTOR (\$5,000 and up)

Anonymous · MacArthur Funds for Arts & Culture at the Richard H. Driehaus Foundation · Franci Neely Foundation · Thierer Family Foundation

FRIENDS (\$1,000-4,999)

Anonymous · Bettina Baruch Foundation · Elizabeth F. Cheney Foundation · Illinois Arts Council Agency · Michael Freilich & Shannon McGinnis · Robert Lockner · Frank Villella & Eduardo Hernandez

SUSTAINERS (\$500-999)

William Chafetz · Amy Conn & Brice Bloom · Nancy Dehmlow · Russ Lyman · Noah Sochet · Howard White

ASSOCIATES (\$250-499)

James Barnett · Julie & Roger Baskes · Maria & Peter Lagios · Susan Noel · John Nelson · Louis & Sharlene Phan · Nicholas Phan

PATRONS (\$100-249)

Fotine Assimos · Jesse Blumberg · Amanda Bolivar · Penny Brown · Karen Brunssen · Samir Desai · Norm Sloan · Stephen Goldsher · Aaron Gottl · Erin Marie & Kevin Hatala · Liz Kabulski · Allen & Gail Juris · Masahiro Kasai · John & Chris Lorenzo · James & Marcy Plunkett · Joan McGinnis · Emily Sinclair · Carol Stukey

CONTRIBUTORS (\$25-99)

Dr. Robert & Judy Freilich · Bruce Gillespie · Julia Hardin · Lise Jacobsen · Leonard Kaplan · Will Leben · Ellen McGrew · Clara Osowski · Diana Schmuck · Jaqueline Totsch · Joan K. Weaver · Eric Wu

caaic
collaborative arts institute of chicago

COLLABORATIVE ARTS INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

3409 Park Place

Evanston, IL 60201

(773) 573-9181

www.caichicago.org