

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Presented in association with Blue Cross/Blue Shield of Michigan
and The Consulate of Italy – Detroit

Cecilia Bartoli Mezzo-soprano

Martin Katz, Pianist

Saturday Evening, April 10, 1993, at 8:00
Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan

PROGRAM

I

Già il sole dal Gange Alessandro Scarlatti
O cessate di piagarmi
Spesso vibra per suo gioco
Son tutta duolo
Se Florindo è fedele

II

Arie Antiche
Se tu m'ami Giovanni Battista Pergolesi
Caro mio ben Giuseppe Giordani
Chi vuol la zingarella Giovanni Paisiello
Amarilli Giulio Caccini
Vittoria, vittoria! Giacomo Carissimi

III

Dans un bois solitaire Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Oiseaux, si tou les ans
"Parto, parto," from *La Clemenza di Tito*

INTERMISSION

IV

La regata veneziana Gioachino Rossini
Anzoleta avanti la regata
Anzoleta co passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

V

Or che di fiori adorno Rossini
L'Orpheline du Tyrol
La pastorella
En medio a mis colores

VI

"Tanti affetti," from *La Donna del Lago* Rossini

Special thanks to Hammell Music Inc., Livonia, Michigan, for the piano used in tonight's concert.

Cecilia Bartoli is represented by Columbia Artists Management Inc., New York.

The pre-concert carillon recital was performed by Sara Sjoberg, a U-M senior majoring in Spanish and economics.

SOME THOUGHTS ON TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

Martin Katz

Despite the fact that tonight's repertoire embraces little more than one hundred years, amazing variety is to be found in this narrow but very fertile corridor of composition.

The first two groups are old friends to anyone who has ever studied singing, professionally or even as a hobby. These songs and arias sound absurdly simple, but in fact they demand many sophisticated athletic skills: perfect legato, evenness of scales, trills, tasteful ornamentation. When these technical demands have been met, one sets about the business of expressing charm, pathos, flirtation, amorous yearning. The idiom is a highly transparent one, and there is no hiding behind extraneous notes or words. These pieces are all taken from forgotten or lost operas and cantatas, and it is difficult to find adequate information about them. Even their correct authorship is sometimes questionable. For the last hundred years they have been performed in a highly romantic fashion quite at odds with the period of their creation. Recently, new editions have shed some "authentic" light on them, and tonight an attempt is made to create an informed compromise. The modern concert hall must become a baroque theatre or salon, and the grand piano must adapt to suggest a baroque orchestra or a harpsichord. All difficulties aside, these small gems lay the foundation for fine singing and honesty of expression, a foundation which the *bel canto* composers – beginning with Rossini – would make the center of their style.

Tonight's third group offers both the intimate and the heroic Mozart. He wrote songs in three languages, and these in French are two of the best. While not on profound subjects, they offer sound, practical advice in matters of the heart. In vivid contrast is this three-part aria from Mozart's last *opera seria*. The clarinet is featured very prominently in this opera, and particularly with this trouser role of Sextus. Hopelessly infatuated with Vitelia, Sextus puts his own welfare aside so that she may be happy.

Rossini's champagne has been flowing for over two hundred years, and the bubbles show no sign of going flat. His works for voice and piano are numerous, and cover the entire expressive spectrum. The vocalism is the same required in his operas: never less than athletic perfection; the writing for the piano is rarely idiomatic (alas), but this awkwardness is not apparent. The annual regata is as much a part of Venice as is St. Mark's or glass-blowing. Rossini captures the entire day in a trio of songs, and we experience all the excitement from the shore rather than in the boat itself. This work is sung in Venetian dialect which has some sounds quite different from Italian. Like Mozart, Rossini penned songs in several languages. Tonight's fifth group brings as much variety: Rossini's concept of yodeling, the musical equivalent of a bee sting, and even the composer's only song in Spanish. Finally, in Rossini's adaptation of Scott's novel we must admit many lapses in fidelity to the original story, but the opera does offer three wonderful leading roles and unusually symphonic orchestration. This aria is the very end of the opera; all conflict having been settled, what can the heroine do but rejoice in a cavatina and rondo? As the aria proceeds, the vocal difficulties mount, and various ways of spanning two octaves are explored. The entire second half of tonight's concert offers a wonderful slice of Rossini's passion for the voice, always served with charm, humor and wit.

Texts and Translations

I

Già il sole dal Gange

Già il sole dal Gange
più chiaro sfavilla
e terge ogni stilla
dell'alba, che piange.

Col raggio dorato
ingemma ogni stelo
e gli astri del cielo
dipinge nel prato.

O cessate di piagarmi

O cessate di piagarmi
o lasciatemi morir.
Luci ingrati--dispietate
più del gelo e più dei marmi
fredde e sorde a' miei martir.
O cessate di piagarmi
o lasciatemi morir.

Spesso vibra per suo gioco

Spesso vibra per suo gioco
il bendato pergoletto
strali d'oro in umil petto,
stral di ferro in nobil core seno.
Poi languendo in mezzo al foco
del diverso acceso strale
per oggetto non eguale
questo manca e quel vien meno.

Son tutta duolo

Son tutta duolo,
non ho che affanni
e mi dà morte
pena crudel:
e per me solo
sono tiranni
gli astri, la sorte,
i numi, il ciel.

Se Florindo è fedele

Se Florindo è fedele
io m'innamorerò.
Potrá ben l'arco tendere
io faretrato arcier,
ch'io mi sapró difendere
da un guardo lusinghier.
Pregghi, pianti e querele,
io non ascolteró,
ma se sará fedele
io m'innamoreró.

Already the sun is sparkling
more brightly from the Ganges
drying every tear
from the weeping dawn.

It adorns every stem
with golden rays
and paints the stars of heaven
in the meadow.

Cease wounding me,
or else allow me to die.
Pitiless, ungrateful eyes,
you are colder than ice,
more deaf than marble.
Cease wounding me,
or else allow me to die.

For his amusement, the blindfolded boy
often pierces a humble breast
with golden darts,
a noble heart with iron arrows.
Then, amid the flames
of the burning dart,
languishing in vain, one victim
passes away while another falls faint.

I grieve and have
nothing but anguish.
A cruel agony
is killing me.
For me the stars,
fate, the gods and heaven
are nothing
but tyrants.

If Florindo is faithful,
I shall fall in love with him.
The quivered archer
may draw his bow;
I shall be able to defend
myself against a tempting glance.
I shall not listen
to prayers, tears and laments,
but if he is faithful
I shall fall in love with him.

Se tu m'ami

Se tu m'ami, se tu sospiri
sol per me, gentil pastor,
ho dolor d' tuoi martiri,
ho diletto del tuo amor.
Ma se pensi che soletto
io ti debba riamar,
pastorello, sei soggetto
facilmente a t'ingannar.

Bella rosa porporina
oggi Silvia sceglierà,
con la scusa della spina
doman poi la sprezerà.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio
io per me non seguirò.
Non perchè mi piace il giglio
gli altri fiori sprezerò.

Caro mio ben

Caro mio ben, credimi elmen,
senza di te languisce il cor.
Il tuo fedel sospira ognor.
Cessa crudel tanto rigor!

Chi vuol la zingarella

Chi vuol la zingarella
graziose, accorte e bella?
Signori, eccola qua.
Le donne sul balcona
so bene indoviner.
I giovani al cantoni
so meglio stuzzicar.
A vecchi innamorati
scaldar fo le cervella:
chi vuol la zingarella?
Signori, eccola qua.

Amarilli

Amarilli mia bella, non credi,
o del mio cor dolce desio,
d'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur, e se timor t'assale,
dubiter non ti vale.
Aprimi il petto e vedrai
scritto in core:
Amarilli il mio amore.

Vittoria, vittoria!

Vittoria, mio core!
non lagrimer più.
E' sciolta d'Amore
la vil servitò.

Kind shepherd, if you love me,
if you sigh for me alone,
I am sorry for your suffering,
and am pleased by your love.
But if you think that I should
love only you in return,
shepherd boy,
you are easily deceived.

One day Silvia will choose
a lovely scarlet rose,
the next day she will scorn it
because of its thorn.
But I shall not follow
men's advice.
I shall not scorn other flowers
simply because I like lilies.

My dear love, at least believe me,
that my heart grows faint without you.
Your faithful lover is still sighing.
Cruel love, put an end to this coldness.

Who wants the graceful,
beautiful and clever gypsy girl?
Gentlemen, here she is.
I know what the women
on their balconies are thinking.
I am better at provoking
the young men at street corners.
I can set on fire
the heads of old men in love.
Who wants the gypsy girl?
Gentlemen, here she is.

Amaryllis, my beloved!
You are my heart's sweet desire,
don't you believe that I love you?
Believe it, and if you are afraid,
it is not worth doubting.
Open my breast and you will see
written on my heart:
Amaryllis is my love.

Victory, my heart!
Weep no more.
The lowly slavery to love
is at an end.

Già l'empia a' tuoi danni
fra stuolo di sguardi,
con vezzi bugiardi
dispose gl'inganni;
le frode, gli affanni
non hanno più loco,
del crudo suo foco
è spento l'ardore!

Da tuci ridenti
non esce più strale,
che piaga mortale
nel petto m'avventi;
nel duol, ne' tormenti
io più non mi sfaccio;
è rotto ogni laccio,
sparito il timore!

Dans un bois solitaire

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre
Je me promenais l'autr' jour,
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,
C'était le redoutable Amour.
J'approche, sa beauté me flatte,
Mais je devais m'en défier;
Il avait les traits d'une ingrate,
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.
Il avait la bouche vermeille,
Le tent aussi frais que le sien,
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille;
L'Amour se réveille de rien.

Aussitôt déployant ses sailes
et saisissant
son arc venguer,
L'une des ses flèches, cruelles
en partant,
Il me blesse au coeur.
Va! va, dit-il,
aux pieds de Sylvie,
De nouveau languir et brûler!
Tu l'aimeras toute la vie,
pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

Oiseaux, si tous les ans

Oiseaux, si tous les ans
vous changez de climats,
dès que le triste hiver
dépouille nos bocages;
ce n'est pas seulement
pour changer de feuillages,
ni pour éviter nos frimats;
mais votre destinée
ne vous permet d'aimer

The false woman is already
sowing deceit against you
with glances
and false charms;
deceit and trouble
have no more place,
the passion of her cruel flame
has gone out!

No darts come
from her laughing eyes anymore,
let a fatal wound
strike my breast;
I no longer think
of grief or torment;
all the chains are broken
and fear has gone.

III

In a dark and lonely wood
I walked, awhile ago,
in its shade slept a child,
the formidable Cupid.
I approach, his beauty pleases,
but I had to be wary;
his were the traits of a faithless maid
whom I'd sworn to forget.
His lips were ruby,
his complexion fresh as hers,
a sigh escapes me, he wakes;
Cupid wakes at anything.

Opening his wings
and seizing,
as he goes, his vengeful bow
and one of his
cruel shafts,
he wounds me to the heart.
Go, he said,
at Sylvie's feet
to languish and to burn anew!
For life shall you love her,
for daring to wake me.

Birds, if every year
you change climates,
as soon as the sad winter
strips our groves;
it is not only
for a change of foliage
or to avoid our colds;
but your destiny
only allows you to love

qu' à la saison de fleurs.
Et quand elle est passée,
vous la cherchez ailleurs,
afin d'aimer toute l'année.

Parto, parto

Parto, parto, ma tu ben mio meco
ritorna in pace;
saró qual piú ti piace, quel que
vorrai farò.
Guardami, e tutto obbligo, e a
vendicarti io volo.
sguardo solo da me si penserà.

Ah qual poter, O dei! donnaste
alla beltà!

La regata veneziana

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
varda,
la vendistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar,
In pope Momolo, no te incantar.

Va voga d'anema la gondoleta,
nè il primo premio te pol mancar,
va là, recordite la tuo Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar,
In pope, Momolo,
no te incantar,
In pope, Momolo,
cori a svolar!

Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, i xe qua,
vardeli, vardeli,
povereli i ghe da dreto,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.
El mio Momolo dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! me confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su coragio, voga, voga,
prima d'esser al paletto
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,
tutti indrio ti lassarà.
Caro caro, par che el svola,
el li magna tuti quanti,
meza barca l'è andà avanti.
Ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

in the season of flowers.
And when that season is over,
you seek it elsewhere,
that you may love the whole year round.

I go, I go, but you, my love,
make peace with me;
I shall be as you wish me,
I will do as you like.
Just look at me, and I will forget
everything; I shall fly to avenge you.
Another glance, and I will take care of
the rest.
Oh gods, what power you have
given to beauty.

IV

On the parapet, the pennant
is waving;
See that you win it.
Bring it to me this evening
Or go hide yourself.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't stand
gaping!

Row the gondola with heart and soul,
then you cannot help being first.
Go on, think of your Angelina
watching you from this harbor.
Once in the boat, Momolo,
don't stand gaping!
Once in the boat, Momolo,
go with the wind!

They're coming, they're coming,
look at them,
the poor things, they're nearly all in:
ah, the wind's against them
but the tide's running their way.
My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him, in second place.
Ah, the excitement's too much for me,
my heart's racing like mad.

Come on, keep it up, row, row,
you must be first to the finish,
if you keep on rowing, I'll lay a bet
you'll leave all the others behind.
Dear boy, he's almost flying,
he's beating the others hollow
he's gone half a length ahead.
Ah, now I understand: he's seen me.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora
de sugarte sto sudor.
Ah t'ò visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e go dito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà.
si un bel premio in sta bandiera,
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.
Ciapa un baso, benedeto,
a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada de traghetto
ti xe el meglio barcarol.

Or che di fiori adorno

Or che di fiori adorno soride
il colle,
il prato è dolce cosa intorno
Girsene a passeggiar è dolce
Girsene a passeggiar...Ah...
Placidi ovunque spirano soavi
Zeffiretti
s'odon gli augeletti frai rami
a gorgheggiar.

L'Orpheline du Tyrol

Seule, une pauvre enfant
sans parents
implore le passant en tremblant.
"Ah voyez mes douleurs
et mes pleurs!
Ma mère dort ailleurs
sous les fleurs."
L'humble enfant orpheline
a bien faim
et pour un peu de pain
tend le main
"Je chanterai mon vieux refrain:
Ah, ioin de mon doux Tyrol,

mon coeur brisé prendra son vol.
L'echo muet des bois
n'entendra plus ma trist voix:
Ah Dieu, j'espère en toi,
prends pitié de moi!

Here's a kiss for you, and another,
darling Momolo, from my heart;
now relax, because I must
dry the sweat from your body.
Ah, I saw you, as you passed,
throwing a glance at me,
and I said, breathing again:
he's going to win a good prize.
Indeed, the prize of this flag
the red one;
all Venice is talking about you,
they have declared you the victor.
Here's a kiss, God bless you,
no one rows better than you,
of all the breed of watermen,
you are the best gondolier.

V

As long as all is serene
and placid
we shall wander
Love will be our guide
Love will be our guide...Ah...
But a storm appears
to approach
No, the sky becomes clear again,
so we shall move on, singing.

Alone, a poor little girl
with no parents
timorously begs from passers-by.
"Oh, see my pain
and my tears!
My mother sleeps, far away
beneath the flowers."
The humble orphan girl
is hungry
and holds out her hand
for a little bread.
"I shall sing my old song:
Oh, far from the Tyrol that is dear
to me,
My broken heart takes flight.
The silent echo of the woods
will hear my sad voice no more:
Oh Lord, my hope lies in you,
have pity, have pity on me!

Ma mère, ton adieu en ce lieu
m'inspire mon seul voeu
au bon Dieu.
A quinze ans tant
souffrir c'est mourir,
ne peaux-tu revenir me
bénir?
Pourquoi te froid trépas
et le glas
t'ont-ils saisie, hélas,
dans me bras?
Ton coeur glacé ne m'entend pas:
Ah, la douleur et la faim
à mes tourments vont mettre fin;
ma mère, je te vois,
j'entends de loin ta douce voix:
Ah Dieu, j'espère en toi,
prends pitié, prends pitié de moi!"

La pastorella

Odia la pastorella quanto bramò
la rosa
Poiche vincino a quella
la serpe ritrovò.
Non più su i primi albori
ad innaffiar va i fiori
Da che nascosta un ape.
La bella man piagò
anch'io da che
l'amore crudel fe rimmi
il core.
Odio l'indengno Aminta ch'il
giuro profanò.

En medio a mis colores

En medio a mis colores ai!
Pintando estaba un dia
Cuando la musa mia
Me vino a tormentar.

Con dolor pues dejé
Obra siempre dichosa
Cual es de Lila mia,
Las prendas celebrar.

Me mandó que pintara
Asunto sobre humano
Pero la mandó en vano
Solo pude sonar.

Mi alma reconce
La fuerza de la bella
Mas mi perversa estrella
Me niega ya el cantar.

Mother, your farewell from this place
carries with it my prayer
to the Good Lord.
For me, fifteen years old, such
suffering is death,
Will you never return to give me
your blessing?
Why did the chill of death
and the tolling knell
snatch you, alas,
from my arms?
You frozen heart cannot hear me:
Oh, grief and hunger
will soon end my suffering;
Mother, I see you,
in the distance I hear your sweet voice:
Oh Lord, my hope lies in you,
have pity, have pity on me!"

I hate the shepherdess who covets
the rose
for near to her
the serpent reappears.
No longer do the saplings
harmonize with the blossoms
for in them hides a bee.
The beautiful hand reaching out is stung
and I also,
for the sting of cruel love must heal
my heart.
I deplore the indignity of Aminta's
profaned oath.

In the middle of my sorrow, ah!
I was painting one day
when suddenly my muse
came to torment me.

Sorrowfully I left
what I was doing
which was in celebration
of my beloved Lila.

She ordered me to paint
about human endeavors;
but she ordered me in vain,
for I could only play.

My soul recognizes
the strength of beauty
but my perverse star
denies me the joy of singing.

Tanti affetti

Tanti affetti in tal momento
 mi si fanno al core intorno
 che l'immenso mio contento
 io non posso a te spiegar.
 Deh! il silenzio sia loquace,
 tutto dica un tronco accento.
 Ah! signor la bella pace
 tu sapesti a me donar.

Fra il padre e fra l'amante,
 oh qual beato istante!
 Ah! chi sperar potea
 tanta felicità!

At this moment so many emotions
 crowd together in my heart
 that I cannot express to you
 my immense happiness.
 Let my silence be eloquent,
 let my faltering words tell all.
 Ah, my lord! You have been able
 to grant me perfect peace.

Here with my father and with my lover,
 oh, what a blessed moment!
 Who could ever have hoped
 for such happiness!

About the Artists



On February 22, 1991, the exciting, young Italian mezzo-soprano **Cecilia Bartoli** made her New York recital debut at Lincoln Center to an enthusiastic audience and to rave reviews. Wrote Donal Henahan in *The New York Times*:

The recital was a knockout. Although in her early 20's, Cecilia Bartoli is already identifiable as one of the scarcest creatures in any operatic era, the genuine coloratura mezzo-soprano. Rossini, who wrote often and brilliantly for this voice type, apparently found its combination of dusk and brilliance irresistible. So might anyone who heard the finale of her *Cenerentola* delivered with Miss Bartoli's fluency, pinpoint accuracy and care for expressive contrasts. The aria, "Non piu mesta," is a touchstone of the coloratura-mezzo repertory and a fair measure of musical sensitivity as well as purely vocal talent. Miss Bartoli passed both tests. She might be the next mezzo-coloratura we have been waiting for.

Three days later Miss Bartoli performed in San Francisco, where *The San Francisco Examiner* headlined her with: "She's, in a word, *fantastica!*" Allan Ulrich, the paper's critic, went on to say that "The golden age of singing isn't dead. It was just waiting for Cecilia Bartoli to come along and rescue it from mediocrity."

These concerts were preceded by her U.S. debut during the 1990 Mostly Mozart Festival at Avery Fisher Hall in New York, where her interpretation of arias by Mozart and Rossini were greeted by a standing ovation from the sold-out house. She rejoined the Mostly Mozart Festival by inaugurating its 1991 tour of Japan.

Her U.S. successes did not come as a surprise, since reports from abroad had reached this country in advance – from Paris, where she appeared as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro* at the Opera Bastille, and from Milan, where she made her La Scala debut in Rossini's *Le Comte Ory*. It was in the winter of 1992, however, that Ms. Bartoli truly emerged as a major international artist. Her performances of the Mozart/Da Ponte operas with Maestro Daniel Barenboim and the Chicago Symphony as well as her U.S. and Canadian recital tour confirmed the young Italian mezzo-soprano as one of the leading interpreters of the Mozart and Rossini repertory.

Last summer she continued to ride the crest of her celebrity with a performance for Bologna Opera and a recording for London/Decca of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* under Riccardo Chailly. She then went to Barcelona for a recital on the occasion of the 1992 Summer Olympics, after which she recorded an album of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert lieder with Andras Schiff. More recordings, recitals, and opera performances followed. Among them were her cameo appearance in the Metropolitan Opera's new recording of Puccini's *Manon Lescaut* with Mirella Freni, Luciano Pavarotti and Maestro James Levine for London/Decca and her Carnegie Hall debut with the Montreal Symphony and Charles Dutoit in a performance of Rossini arias celebrating the 1992 Rossini Bicentennial. This season also includes performances at La Scala as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* with Riccardo Muti, and at Houston Opera in her signature role of Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, which she will also perform in San Juan.

A native of Rome, Cecilia Bartoli came to music in the most natural way, since both parents were opera singers. Her mother, who sang under her maiden name Silvana Bazzoni, was, and still is, her only voice teacher. "Little Cecilia" made her operatic debut at age nine, singing the off-stage shepherd in the last act of *Tosca* at the Rome Opera. Before continuing seriously with music, however, she was side-tracked for awhile as a young teenager by studying and performing the art of Flamenco dancing. By age 17, she realized that music was her future and began serious musical studies, which included special classes at the Academy of Santa Cecilia in Rome.

Her career was launched through a special television program, on which she was introduced to two international stars, Katia Ricciarelli and Leo Nucci. With the soprano, Miss Bartoli sang the "Barcarolle" duet from Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* and with the baritone, the duet from Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.

At this time, Miss Bartoli came to the attention of Ray Minshull, head of Artists and Repertory for London/Decca Records, and of Christopher Raeburn, the company's Senior Producer, both of whom took an active role in guiding the young singer's career. She was signed to an exclusive contract, but she was allowed to make recordings for other labels in collaboration with famous conductors. One of these conductors was Daniel Barenboim, who first heard her at a concert televised from the Paris Opera. It was a special gala – an homage to Maria Callas – at which she sang the final aria from *La Cenerentola*. With this she impressed not only Barenboim, but also the late Herbert von Karajan.

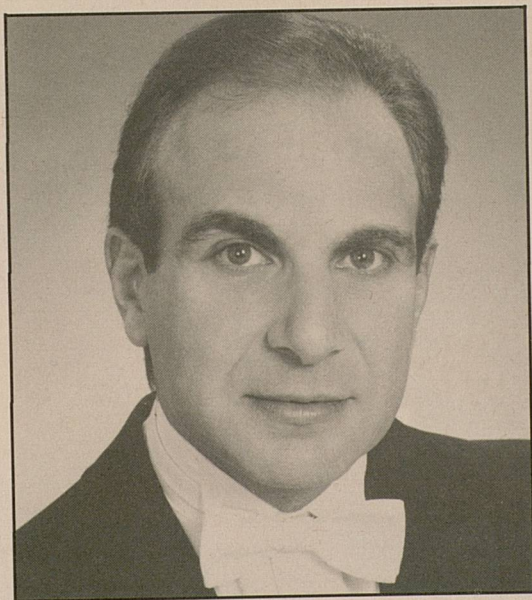
Maestro Barenboim engaged her to sing (on very short notice) an orchestral concert at the Salle Pleyel in Paris, not only conducting for her in two Rossini arias, but also accompanying her on the piano in a Mozart aria. Thereafter, she sang the Mozart *Requiem* with him in Paris. Also, upon hearing her on television, Maestro Karajan asked her to audition for him, after which he invited her to be a soloist in the Bach B-minor Mass for the 1990 Easter Festival in Salzburg. In preparation for this, he coached her in several

sessions from which, in her own words, "I learned an incredible amount about style and music in general. Despite the fact that fate prevented me from singing with him, I shall have benefitted from these sessions for the rest of my life."

For a young singer, Cecilia Bartoli has made an astonishing number of recordings. With the blessing of London/Decca she recorded Rossini's "Stabat Mater" under conductor Semyon Bychkov for Philips; *Lucio Silla* under Nikolas Harnoncourt for Teldec; and both *Così fan tutte* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* with Barenboim and the Berlin Philharmonic for Erato. For London/Decca she has recorded *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, an album of Rossini arias, and an album of Rossini songs, which was listed on several bestseller charts. Within the last year albums of Mozart arias, a second album of Rossini arias, and an album of *Arie Antiche* have been released. Several more recordings are soon forthcoming.

As a Rossini specialist, Ms. Bartoli has been advised by Philip Gossett, a Rossini scholar and University of Chicago professor. He has helped her in authentic performance practice of the composer's music as well as in the discovery of rare material.

An avid sports-car enthusiast, Miss Bartoli resides in Rome with her dog Figaro, close to her family. No doubt Cecilia Bartoli's musical sparkle and vibrancy draw energy from the "Eternal City." These are the qualities that Manuela Hoelterhoff of *The Wall Street Journal* stresses in reviewing one of her recorded performances in 1990: "Cecilia Bartoli, who is all of 23 years old and already a Rossini virtuosa beyond compare....With her seamless technique, comic timing and sophisticated phrase turning, Bartoli is the most head-spinning talent to arrive on the opera scene in quite a while." Tonight marks Ms. Bartoli's Ann Arbor debut.



University of Michigan Professor of Accompanying and Chamber Music **Martin Katz** is one of the most eminent accompanists before the public today, regularly collaborating with such artists as Marilyn Horne, Kiri Te Kanawa, Frederica von Stade, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, Håkan Hagegård, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, José Carreras and Cecilia Bartoli. His editions and ornamentations of Baroque and bel canto vocal music include Handel's *Rinaldo*, Vivaldi's *Orlando Furioso*, and Rossini's *Tancredi* and *La Donna del Lago*. Highlights of Mr. Katz's 25 years of concertizing with the world's most celebrated vocal soloists – which have taken him to five continents – have been numerous recitals in Carnegie Hall, appearances at the Salzburg Festival, Australian and Japanese tours, concerts at La Scala, the Paris Opera and several nationwide broadcasts in the United States and Canada. He also serves a guest Music Director for the School of Music's opera productions. His recordings are on the Decca, Philips, Desto, BonGiovanni, RCA, and CBS labels.

