

MARK ABEL
world premiere recordings

TIME and DISTANCE



DE 3550



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MARK ABEL

TIME AND DISTANCE

works for voice and piano, plus organ* and percussion[§]

THE INVOCATION

(text: Mark Abel)

THOSE WHO LOVED MEDUSA[§]

(text: Kate Gale)

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR, NOW*

(text: Mark Abel)

THE OCEAN OF FORGIVENESS

Five Poems of Joanne Regenhardt

THE BENEDICTION

(text: Mark Abel)

HILA PLITMANN

soprano

JANELLE DeSTEFANO

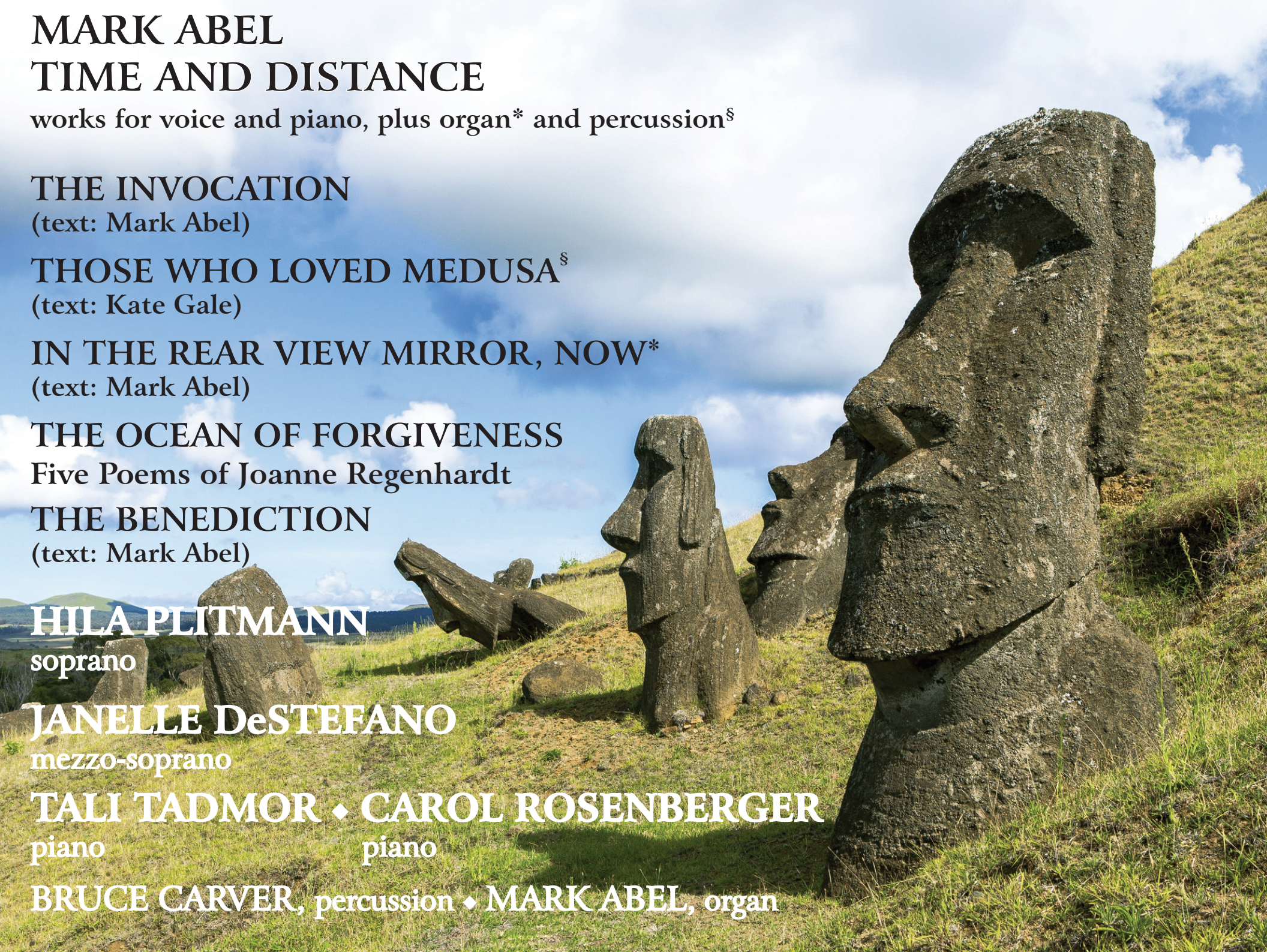
mezzo-soprano

TALI TADMOR ♦ CAROL ROSENBERGER

piano

piano

BRUCE CARVER, percussion ♦ MARK ABEL, organ





MARK ABEL
TIME and
DISTANCE

1. THE INVOCATION (4:23)

JANELLE DeSTEFANO, mezzo-soprano
CAROL ROSENBERGER, piano

2. THOSE WHO LOVED MEDUSA (7:53)

HILA PLITMANN, soprano
CAROL ROSENBERGER, piano
BRUCE CARVER, percussion

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR, NOW (19:26)

- 3. The Long Goodbye (6:36)
- 4. The World Clock (5:04)
- 5. The Nature of Friendship (7:40)

HILA PLITMANN, soprano
TALI TADMOR, piano
MARK ABEL, organ

THE OCEAN OF FORGIVENESS (19:04)
Five Poems of Joanne Regenhardt

- 6. Desert Wind (4:34)
- 7. Sally's Suicide (4:21)
- 8. In Love with the Sky (4:11)
- 9. Reunion (2:33)
- 10. Patience (3:25)

JANELLE DeSTEFANO, mezzo-soprano
TALI TADMOR, piano

11. THE BENEDICTION (6:18)

HILA PLITMANN, soprano
TALI TADMOR, piano

DE 3550

Total playing time: 57:03

EAR, INTELLECT, EMOTION ... AND PRESCIENCE

It has been my privilege and pleasure to have written introductions or program notes for the three previous Delos albums of compositions by Mark Abel. These include five song cycles and a short three-act opera. As I have experienced each of his creations, I have found myself wondering whether there is any other composer active today more profoundly attuned to contemporary social and political realities—or able to examine and illuminate them in music (and often in his own lyrics) of such searing intensity. *The Dream Gallery* (DE 3418), his stunning debut album for Delos, explores such subjects within the unique microcosm of what I'll call "California living." *Home Is a Harbor* (DE 3495), his engaging first opera, is also firmly rooted in the cultural and sociopolitical milieus of our time.

I've also marveled at how effectively Abel expresses extremes of emotion—from giddy elation to deepest desolation—particularly as they pertain to his own experience, as in his cycle *The Dark-Eyed Chameleon*, from *Terrain of the Heart* (DE 3438). That same album also bears witness, in the *Five Poems of Rainer Maria Rilke*, to Abel's skill in accomplishing the goal of every serious composer of art songs: to amplify and lend deeper di-

mensions to the poet's verbal and symbolic design. This ability applies equally to the often-jarring societal observations expressed in Abel's own texts, as well as those by modern-day poets like Kate Gale in *The Palm Trees Are Restless*, the powerful cycle paired on record with *Home Is a Harbor*. As sensitive listeners will discover, *Time and Distance*, Abel's fourth album for Delos, features repertoire that touches on all these qualities, and more.

Let's examine the four aspects of human experience named in this introductory essay's title, and how Abel employs each to reach his listeners and achieve his artistic goals.

EAR: The aural framework of music surrounds and carries all the other currents of meaning and effect found in any remarkable art song. What good is any other characteristic of a song if the music doesn't engage and stimulate the ear? It's the essential vehicle of any song's intended content of in-depth thought and emotion. The heart of any good song is its lyrics, but that "heart" would not exist without the music that illuminates it and lays it bare.

Continued on Page 8





Hila
Plitmann

Janelle
DeStefano



Continued from Page 4

Abel—a true musical polymath—has drawn on his lifelong exposure to a huge range of genres in deriving his uniquely euphonious stylistic fusion. As I've described it before, it combines the "in-your-face" impact of rock and the free-flowing, quasi-improvisational flow of jazz in an overall context of classical complexity of the kind that rewards repeated hearings.

INTELLECT: One of the most succinct and revealing descriptions of Abel's art that I've seen is the headline of a cover story published by the *San Luis Obispo Tribune* in 2014: "Music to Make You Think." With *Time and Distance*, that runs true as ever. Abel—who is not only a former performing musician, but also a onetime foreign affairs journalist—is blessed with powers of observation and experience that he uses to keenly record and interpret complex social trends, political affairs and the ever-elusive human condition. His heady insights and conclusions find their maximum expression in material for which he has crafted his own lyrics: songs and operatic episodes that often leave a perceptive listener startled—even gobsmacked—at the wisdom and truth they contain.

EMOTION: Unlike many of today's detached and abstractly intellectual artistic

impulses, Abel's music establishes emotional connection—often on an intense, "gut" level. Emotion is the cornerstone of human nature and experience—and can therefore never be divorced from the affairs of mankind. Dissect any human issue or genre of worldly art, and you'll find emotion at its heart. Abel never fails to bring it to bear in his creations—with almost overwhelming "right between the eyes" impact one moment, and inscrutable subtlety the next. There's not a selection in this album that doesn't touch the heart or move the soul in some way.

The lyricism pervading most of Abel's music has never been more tellingly displayed than in *The Ocean of Forgiveness*, his setting of five brief and deeply felt poems by Joanne Regenhardt. That lyricism, coupled with poignancy, is also strongly present even in works shot through with despair, such as the first and last songs of the cycle *In the Rear View Mirror, Now*.

PRESCIENCE: Therein lies perhaps the most striking aspect of this newest recording. Abel constantly picks up on strands of society's unresolved behavioral patterns—be they in the public or private spheres. He then traces them over time as they develop into full-blown phenomena—often becoming crises that, once resolved (or at least defined), make for much-needed

progress as we lurch our way toward higher planes of civilization.

Take, for example, *Those Who Loved Medusa*, a shattering setting of a poem by Kate Gale, delivered to visceral effect by Grammy-winning soprano Hila Plitmann. Sexual abuse and harassment of women—along with blatant misogyny and discrimination—has been a pervasive morality flaw since the dawn of mankind, fostering constant and untold criminal behavior by testosterone- or power-driven males of our species. Yet the victims of such crimes have only rarely dared speak of them, much less reveal the names of their perpetrators.

This album's production and release coincide roughly with the rise of the "Me Too" movement, whose "it's about time" message is empowering women everywhere to finally come forward with their disturbing stories and confront their violators. Lines in *Medusa* like "Carry this story forward. Rape is the fault of the victim" strike listeners on an elemental level—not only as evil lies, but as artistic utterances from poet and composer alike that could hardly be more timely.

The final piece, *The Benediction*, makes a similar impression. As Abel tells us in his booklet notes, he wrote the song in 2012;

but it feels ever more relevant as 2018 unfolds. While first reminding us of America's natural beauty and material bounty "from sea to shining sea," the text goes on to depict in poetic imagery the seemingly fathomless societal and political schisms that wrack our fair land.

Abel may have written about ugliness here—about disagreement, despair and even hate. But he rarely fails to balance beauty against such ugliness, and in *The Benediction* eloquently places his hopes for the future in the "open hearts" of emerging generations.

Allow me to end on a personal note: My oldest grandson is just such an open heart, having turned eighteen not long ago. He is aghast at the state of the world he seems destined to inherit but has not lost hope or purpose. He can hardly wait to start exercising his right to vote. He, and others like him, carry our future in their hands.

—Lindsay Koob

COMPOSER'S NOTES

T*ime and Distance* offers some fresh perspectives on the challenge of writing art song relevant to the present era. Two compositions add organ and orchestral percussion to the customary voice-and-piano configuration, while the texts encompass impressive poetry by Kate Gale and Joanne Regenhardt, and three sets of my own lyrics. Soprano Hila Plitmann, mezzo-soprano Janelle DeStefano, and pianists Tali Tadmor and Carol Rosenberger interpret the album's five works with great skill and insight.

The Invocation, sung by DeStefano, is in effect an introduction to the rest of the program. Its theme is life's ambiguities and the eventual realization: All we can be sure of is that many surprises are in store. The music and lyrics suggest, and muse upon, the seductions and potential dangers lurking along the road. What passes for knowledge and maturity seems at the same time inextricably bound to the frustrating and unknowable. And perhaps we are foolish to expect anything more.

The album moves next into the stark world of Greek mythology with *Those Who Loved Medusa*. Sung by Plitmann, the piece is derived from a poem by Kate Gale, the Los Angeles literary figure whose verses I set a



few years ago in *The Palm Trees Are Restless* (recorded by Plitmann on the Delos CD *Home Is a Harbor*).

The work begins with a cloud of shimmering crotale tones sounded by percussionist Bruce Carver. Ritualistic shapes and gestures in the music embellish Medusa's dramatic account of her violation by Poseidon. Her scapegoating by the deity's jealous wife Athena is depicted through an obsessive rhythmic episode, culminat-

ing in Medusa's horrifying transformation and the vengeful epithet: "You are creature."

By this point, both poem and song are in need of an exhale. Gale provides it by reminding us how ancient history's outrageous theory of female "culpability" in the act of rape is still with us today. The music reacts by sinking into forlorn harmonies before Medusa steers the focus back to the crime at hand. Vowing to "hold my head aloft," she finds herself taking refuge in her monstrous new identity: "Turn me into that thing you fear. ... Wet, ripe, swollen. ... That thing demanding."

Her spasm of agitation is dissolved with the help of the magical ethnic instrument known as the rainstick, and the music moves forward, depicting the men who sought out Medusa in her cave of exile on an Aegean island. Plitmann closes out the song by singing movingly of the lovers who "braved the forest, found my lips."

The record's first cycle, *In the Rear View Mirror, Now*, follows — three discrete subjects nestling under a shared umbrella of disillusion. The piece's sonic signature is its unusual melding of lean and lush. Twenty seconds in, a plaintive piano figure is joined by the weight of the organ's bass tones; the two elements will constantly be interacting hereafter, providing a full and

striking backdrop to Plitmann's emotive vocals.

Carrying a title borrowed from Raymond Chandler and commencing with a line from Michelangelo Antonioni's 1961 art-house classic *La Notte*, the cycle's opener goes its own way. *The Long Goodbye* recalls a multilayered relationship doomed from the start but fated to play out over a long span. The song could also be described as an exorcism necessitated by a lover's disregard of the damage caused by her refusal to commit.

The music and text shift back and forth between world-weary resignation and fitful attempts to regain psychic equilibrium. Addressing someone no longer there, the singer-narrator at one point succumbs to tenderness ("For me, no gem could dazzle more") but quickly enough recalls the relationship's destructive constraints: "You've too many stories to keep straight!" Despite such flashes of anger, the prevailing sense of *The Long Goodbye* is deep loss and a certain pathos over "what was" and "what might have been." The concluding stanza aims for transcendence but, not surprisingly, falls far short.

The World Clock reflects on the passage of time in San Francisco and how the technology boom has remade society there at

the expense of some of its most distinctive characteristics. After stating: "'The City' ... is no longer the same place," the lyrics reference cultural and neighborhood touchstones that reach as far back as the suicide attempt beneath the Golden Gate in Alfred Hitchcock's 1958 *noir* masterpiece *Vertigo*. "All love is a mystery" is a nod to both the obsessions of the James Stewart character and the enchantment of those who have fallen for San Francisco for the first time.

Bolstering the theme that "a world has vanished," the text decries the disappearance of minorities, artists and intellectuals, replaced by young tech workers pulling down high salaries. One line derides millennials' vision of an app-driven reality as being no more attainable than "any flower child's pipe dream." The music echoes and drives the lyrics along their path, mixing elegiac passages with occasional outbursts of dismay and sarcasm. At the end, a slow arpeggiated piano figure implies the spinning of, yes, a clock's hands as the singer reiterates that her iPhone "is set to Los Angeles now."

The cycle's finale, *The Nature of Friendship*, is the most sweeping in scope, concerning itself with the human penchant for forming and discarding attachments according to the ego's needs. The song begins with

long sustained tones in the organ's lowest register, including the oscillating clash of B against B-flat. The piano enters with a bleak, sighing phrase, and the vocal unfolds with a brushing by of Barbra Streisand's long-ago Broadway hit "People," declaring that the hopeful message of the Jule Styne-Bob Merrill tune "was an illusion."

A lament over the loss of friends follows, along with a catalogue of actions people take, ostensibly, to support their comrades — "the phone calls, the letters, the lunches, the matchmaking, the offering of the shoulder" The music builds to a climax midway, landing on a dissonant organ chord over which Plitmann intones a line from Alban Berg's *Lulu* — the tramp Schigolch's dismissal of nostalgic sentiment: "All that's been swept out with the garbage." She then spits out: "Babs didn't know squat!" The piling on to poor Streisand adds a smidgen of grim humor and dials back the intensity slightly.

The remainder of the song is devoted to common rationalizations for jettisoning others. A semi-fugal episode depicts how "interests dovetailed for a while," but we are finally reminded: "They'd have kicked you off the Titanic's lifeboat if it came to that."

The pessimism and emptiness at *Rear View Mirror's* end leaves the door ajar for the

emotional outpouring of *The Ocean of Forgiveness*. This cycle showcases the unique art of Joanne Regenhardt, a former opera singer and recitalist from La Jolla, CA., whose poetry is marked by deep compassion for people and vivid identification with the natural world. Her verses and Janelle DeStefano's rich, expressive mezzo are a hand-in-glove pairing, carried along by Tali Tadmor's always-creative pianism.

The desolate beauty of Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, east of San Diego, is the setting for the colorful songs *Desert Wind* and *In Love With the Sky*. The first is a solitary meditation interrupted by invisible forces, the second a personification of the heavens coupled with the celebration of a cherished friendship with a fellow lover of the outdoors. Both poems are suffused with awe at nature's majesty and respect for its spiritual values. Who can resist the thought of an endless, sentient sky that "wraps me to her, holding me closely and strongly like a mother ..."

Another powerful aspect of Regenhardt's work is displayed in *Sally's Suicide*, a moving depiction of a friend undone by life's cruel strokes. The likening of her growing stasis and paralysis to a sea anemone passively tethered to a submerged rock is a particularly striking piece of imagery. The urge to set such a poem to music is irresistible, I can attest.

Reunion and *Patience* exert a strong pull of a different kind. Regenhardt is a romantic of a type infrequently encountered these days. Her sentiments about love and commitment, as expressed in this pair of poems, speak of a world where certainty about these matters is the natural order of things. Yet there is no naivete; hard work is required to reach the goals that elude so many. I tried to express this in the *Patience* piano solo that follows "no state of mind nor person's pain can separate us anymore." The episode's initial feel is "Off we go!" but it soon runs off the track and breaks down into a moment of crisis and testing for the lovers. A few deep breaths from the piano restore calm, and an ecstatic confidence reasserts itself in the closing measures.

The Benediction shifts attention to our grievously divided United States. The song, in fact, was written in 2012 but seems even more relevant today, when deep and frightening fissures have opened in what was once thought to be a vague consensus on the country's future direction. But *The Benediction* is not a political tract; the line "we are crying out for truth and reason" could be uttered by Americans of any persuasion.

The lyrics embark on an image-filled geographical journey before settling into "the



heartland," which has seen more than its share of troubles in recent decades. The isolated young man cleaning his gun has, most sadly, become an unmistakable national archetype. The song suggests that "a girl or God" may be the only way he can be persuaded to stand down.

The Benediction, given a heartfelt performance by Hila Plitmann, now begins to gently unwind through a dreamlike scenario that acknowledges an "ever shifting, elusive" future but envisions young people as the "open hearts (who) must point the way."

— Mark Abel
markabelmusic.com

THE INVOCATION (text: Mark Abel)

It is a trek. We see that now.
A ribbon unfolding, extending to eternity.

Byways and detours,
sweet havens and ambushes, bulrushes
branch out and beckon south,
like unknown channels at a river's mouth.

We are tempted, we succumb,
sometimes dangle from the bottom rung.
All the while echoing the saddest songs
we've sung.

The void means no harm, wishes well,
offers courage, but who can tell
if its lessons will be learned.

And still we ask: Why must happiness be
earned?

THOSE WHO LOVED MEDUSA

(text: Kate Gale)

You, Poseidon, came to me in the temple.
I laughed at suitors. Men in love.

You said I was a thing of beauty, a cup
for love.
You smashed the cup. You poured the wine.

In Athena's temple, you raped me on the
floor.



My eyes met Athena's. She found me guilty.
After the rape, I gathered myself in my blood.
Athena whispered, "I curse you."

Athena said, "You wore red. Your skirts rustled. You smiled.
Your hair will rustle. Your face will be unforgettable."

Your silky hair will be snakes.
Your sweet voice a hiss. You are creature."

Carry this story forward. Rape is the fault of the victim.
Carry this story forward. The female turns the key, opens the door.

You raped me in the temple.
I am that thing. Hold my head aloft.

Laugh for generations.
Don't stop until Medusa is synonymous with death.

Turn me into that thing you fear.
Make me monster. Make me creature you fear in the dark.

Wet, ripe, swollen. Waiting for pleasure.
That thing demanding.
Fear the woman with her own snakes.

Men kept visiting me in the cave on the island of Cisthene.
It isn't true they all died.

Imagine the men who entered the cave, found love in the dark.
Imagine the men who braved the forest, found my lips.
Imagine the men who found my lips.



IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR, NOW

(text: Mark Abel)

The Long Goodbye

You have exhausted me.
Sad half-truths, empty promises,
blind alleys and vague shades of
meaning;
all shafts, now, of a fading light.
Its impression will soon dissolve
as late afternoon merges
with the stucco plane
framing your Mona Lisa face.

I tried to understand, to probe;
shielded you from life's storms,
given the doubt's benefit.
For me, no gem could dazzle more.
But you will not meet me halfway,
can never meet me there.
You've too many stories to keep straight!

"She's not going to change," the analyst
said,
wishing she was allowed to scream.
And, yes, I heard quite clearly
but couldn't do what should have been
done.
I loved you too much. That is the
whole truth.
Our flame could not be extinguished,
but I wish it had. It has burned us both.

Blame is ugly. I tried to stand away
but now must ask: "Why did you not
let me go?"

Our love was too far a reach for you,
and you knew it
from the breathless start,
that rainy night in the pub down
by the tracks."

The cost was far more steep than you
imagine.

Go. Go ahead! *Cover your ears!*

To forgive is divine, the poet wrote.
I am far from divine, but I will someday
— on the day you say you are sorry.

The World Clock

My iPhone's World Clock is set to
"Los Angeles" now,
though I don't live there.
It will never read "San Francisco" again.

"The City" — some still like to call it —
is no longer the same place.
Must I explain?

Lost in time, the ghosts of North Beach,
the Haight, Chinatown, the Western
Addition.
Their stories, the park, the fog's spell



as it toys with the Richmond, the Sunset,
Fort Point — where Jimmy Stewart
pulled Kim Novak from the water.
All love is a mystery.

You know exactly what I'm talking about.
The timeline ruptured. The fog lost its
drama.
A world has vanished.

Black people — remember them?
— priced out decades ago;
artists, writers and musicians too.
Now kids tweak corporate websites
and portals promise utopias
to shame any flower child's pipe dream.
Don't hold your breath.

Technology changes. But people? Never.
A simple principle, ages old.

Questioned only here, over tapas and
craft beer.

My iPhone's World Clock is set to
"Los Angeles" now.

The Nature of Friendship

I have a few.
Once thought I had many more.
So lucky, as Streisand once sang,
that I needed other people.

It was an illusion.
For other people don't need me, it seems.
Those who've disappeared or slipped
away slowly
may now number in the hundreds.

*Andrea, Ariadne, Tom, Dan, Sondra,
William, Marissa ...*

But why did we do those things —
the phone calls, the letters, the lunches,
the matchmaking, the offering of the
shoulder,
the borrowing, the returning, the sharing
of most painful truths and epiphanies,
the tears, the hugs, the catharses.

"All that's been swept out with the
garbage,"
muttered Schigolch in Lulu's London garret.
"*Babs*" didn't know squat!

And if you ask, these people have their
excuses, sure.
The bland and evasive: We moved away,
my job changed,
I got married and had a kid.

But, if you can get a few drinks into them:
He was too forward, too backward,
too needy,
he's stuck and refuses to move on,
I wrote a book and I don't have time
anymore.
Etcetera ...

We did those things — all of us! We
needed support.
Platonic love's a most welcome narcotic.
Interests dovetailed for a while; quid pro quo.

Don't kid yourself.
They'd have kicked you off the Titanic's
lifeboat
if it came to that.



THE OCEAN OF FORGIVENESS **Five Poems of Joanne Regenhardt**

Desert Wind

The clouds cling
to the muscular back of the wind
til hooked on the peaks
of the Santa Rosas they
lie wedged in trembling refuge.
A wild gourd vine,
like a casket spray on the dry wash,
extravagantly blooms and bears
in nonchalance
at the passing of its season.

Why ride like clouds when
I can push the wind away
with pinyon posture, and hear it
gallop down the wash to meet
the moaning of its burying place
and the wild gourd blooming?



Sally's Suicide

The poetry of her life
hung suspended like
a broken mobile
on the bridge
of her abandoned boat.

She had entered there from time
to time to sort the fragments
of her former self
and came away
with some sweet witticism,
a smile of remembrance
from the past.

But hope had left her,
and expectation. Existence
like a sea anemone had
become a fastened thing
and ended one day
from the desultory feeding
and the weight of water
upon the gentle movement
of its tentacles.

In Love with the Sky

"Look at her. The pink is all gone,"
says Alice at sunset.
"Isn't she marvelous. How did
she do that so fast?"

"This morning she took the sun
and used it to turn herself into
a flamingo. She is so clever."

She gives of herself in such quantity.
She wraps me to her, holding me
closely and strongly like a mother,
she protects with her cupped hands
all the living



and conducts the symphony of storms
from her high podium.

I am subject to her many moods
and yearn for the capriciousness of them
—
to accept them.

Alice and I
are in love with the sky.

Reunion

There would be such a rushing
of outstretched arms
if the way were clear
between.
A breeze, chill edged,
would be created by the speed
of spread hands

on taut limbs before
bodies, adrenalin driven,
would find, on impact,
such a peace,
such a reign of rightness
in that union.

Patience

We wait until the leaves are gone
and every shell washed clean
by the ocean of forgiveness

until our star becomes a day sun
and no state of mind
nor person's pain
can separate us
anymore

until together,
we will love the world.

*These poems appear in the collection
"Soundings," issued by Trafford Publishing,
Victoria, B.C.*

THE BENEDICTION (text: Mark Abel)

From sea to shining sea ...

Evergreen cliffs lean into the Pacific,
beneath a leaden sky where avocets play
along the strand that stretches forever.
Glad to be alive!

I sense a building tide sweeping across
a discontented land that needs renewal.
When the change comes, who will be ready?
Throw away your easy answers,
they will not help you now.

Rolling along a Dixie highway,
kudzu cloaking the tallest trees.
A place of ghosts,
piney woods and savage seasons.
We are crying out for truth and reason.
See how the path is overgrown!

In the green fields of the heartland
towns are thinning out, dreams downsizing.
A chill wind blows through the empty mall.
Somewhere a young man cleans his gun.
"They have stolen my America," he cries.
Who will draw the poison from his heart?
A girl or God, we pray.

Far New England, autumn time.
A child stares at red leaves
and wonders how a miracle is made.
She will grow and she will know before long
the path of grace, the changing face
of our age
— ever shifting, elusive, turned toward
the future.

Of this she is sure: Yesterday is gone
and open hearts must point the way.
And with her go the hopes of all,
from sea to shining sea.

*All compositions © Oceangoing Music
(ASCAP)*

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

Grammy Award-winning soprano **Hila Plitmann** is known for her astonishing musicianship, light and beautiful voice, and expertise in performing challenging new compositions. She has worked with many leading conductors on the international music scene, including Leonard Slatkin, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Thomas Ades, Carl St. Clair, Giancarlo Guerrero, Robert Spano and JoAnn Falletta, performing with the likes of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the New York Philharmonic and the London Symphony Orchestra.

Hila is also emerging as a unique cross-over artist; her own songs and arrangements can be heard on YouTube and in live concert. She has accumulated an impressive catalogue of varied recordings, including Hans Zimmer's Grammy-winning soundtrack for *The Da Vinci Code*, Eric Whitacre's *Goodnight Moon* with the LSO, and Oscar winner John Corigliano's

song cycle *Mr. Tambourine Man* (for which she won a best classical vocalist Grammy). Other recent recordings include Corigliano's *Vocalise* and Richard Danielpour's *Toward a Season of Peace*, released to critical acclaim on the Naxos label.

In constant demand as a singer of new and contemporary music, Hila has appeared as a soloist in numerous world premieres, including Pulitzer Prize winner David Del Tredici's *Paul Revere's Ride* with the Atlanta Symphony, the staged orchestral version of Frank Zappa's *200 Motels* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Dallas Opera production of Mark Adamo's *Becoming Santa Claus*, Richard Danielpour's *Darkness in the Ancient Valley* with the Nashville Symphony, and Yuval Sharon and Annie Gosfield's *War of the Worlds* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

The talents of mezzo-soprano **Janelle DeStefano** extend across the entire arc of classical singing, from opera and oratorio to recital and chamber music. Praised for her "passionate delivery" and "rich, seamless voice," she has rendered dramatic performances in such diverse concert works as Monteverdi's *Vespers*, Bach's *B minor Mass*, Respighi's *Laud to the Nativity*, Hindemith's *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*, Zeisl's *Hebrew*

Requiem, Szymanowski's *Stabat Mater* and the U.S. premiere of Peter Eötvös' *Schiller: Energische Schoenheit*.

She has been featured in concert with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Jacaranda: Music at the Edge, Bach Collegium San Diego, the Los Angeles Master Chorale, the La Jolla Symphony and the Grammy-winning Los Angeles Guitar Quartet. Operatic roles include Romeo in *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*, Dido in *Dido and Aeneas*, and the title roles in *Carmen* and Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*.

Ms. DeStefano completed her DMA, with honors, from USC Thornton School of Music. She is currently a professor of voice at Santa Monica College and on the faculty of Chapman University. This is her third appearance on a Delos release of Mark Abel's music — having taken the dual role of Linda/Lenore in his opera *Home Is a Harbor* (DE 3495) and portrayed Naomi in the orchestral song cycle *The Dream Gallery* (DE 3418).

Los Angeles-based pianist, accompanist, teacher and vocal coach **Tali Tadmor** has performed in some of the world's great venues — from her debut recital at Carnegie Hall in 2009 to the Walt Disney Concert Hall, The Ford Amphitheater, Avery Fisher Hall in Lincoln Center and the Great Hall in



the heart of China's Forbidden City.

A native of Tel Aviv, Ms. Tadmor has collaborated with many well-known artists, including Plácido Domingo, Metropolitan Opera soprano Angela Meade, Los Angeles Philharmonic cellist Daniel Rothmuller, and composers Eric Whitacre, Lee

Holdridge and Michael Gordon. She works regularly with Los Angeles Opera.

Ms. Tadmor is on faculty of California State University, Northridge, where she coordinates the Collaborative Piano Program, and at CalArts in Valencia, where she serves as Vocal Coach for the VoiceArts Department. She received both Master and Doctor of Musical Arts degrees from the University of Southern California, majoring in Keyboard Collaborative Arts.

"Ravishing, elegant pianism" wrote *The New York Times* of pianist **Carol Rosenberger**, whose four-decade concert career is represented by over 30 recordings on the Delos label. Many are enduring fa-

vorites worldwide, and have brought her a Grammy Award nomination, *Gramophone's* Critic's Choice Award, *Stereo Review's* Best Classical Compact Disc and *Billboard's* All Time Great Recording.

In addition to solo programs, Rosenberger's concerto recordings include a series with conductor Gerard Schwarz; her collaborative recordings range from chamber music with clarinetist David Shifrin to a novel young people's series including narrations by artists such as Natalia Makarova and Richard Rodney Bennett.

As an artist teacher, Rosenberger has been on the faculties of the University of Southern California and CSU Northridge. With Delos founder Amelia Haygood, she co-produced many recordings by world-class artists, and after Haygood's death in 2007, became the label's Director.

Rosenberger's memoir, "To Play Again" (2018), describes her years of retraining and rebuilding after an attack of paralytic



polio at age 21, and her return to the concert stage — against all odds — 10 years later. She also tells behind-the-scenes stories of remarkable Delos personalities. For more, please visit carolrosenberger.com

Bruce Carver moved from Chicago to Los Angeles in 2002 with a Masters of Music from Northwestern University, bringing with him a long list of performing credits that enabled him to gain rapid entry into the L.A. music scene. His specialty, world percussion, has proved an excellent fit, leading to more than 80 musical theater performances, hundreds of radio and TV commercials, and countless orchestral concerts.

Bruce has performed with the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra and Pasadena Symphony, and has recorded for several television shows, including the percussion-driven *Battlestar Galactica*, *Black Sails* and *Outlander*.

Throughout his career, Bruce has studied with some of the greatest percussionists in the world: the Indian *tabla* with Alla Rakha, the West African *djembe* with Mamady Keita, the Irish *bodhran* with John Joe Kelly, the Persian *daff* with Houman Pourmehdi, the Brazilian *pandeiro* with Marcos Suzano and the Middle Eastern *darbuka* with Amir Sophi.

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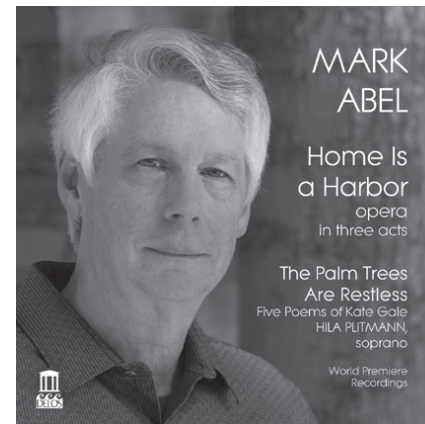
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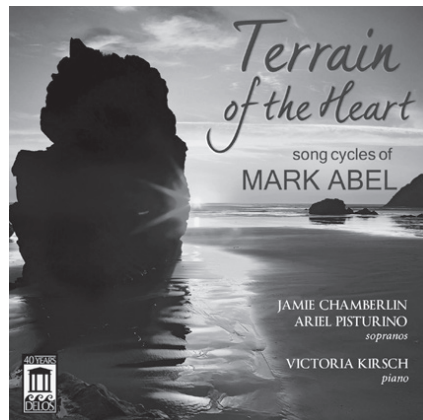
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