

# 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 più 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 drento,  
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 megio 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.

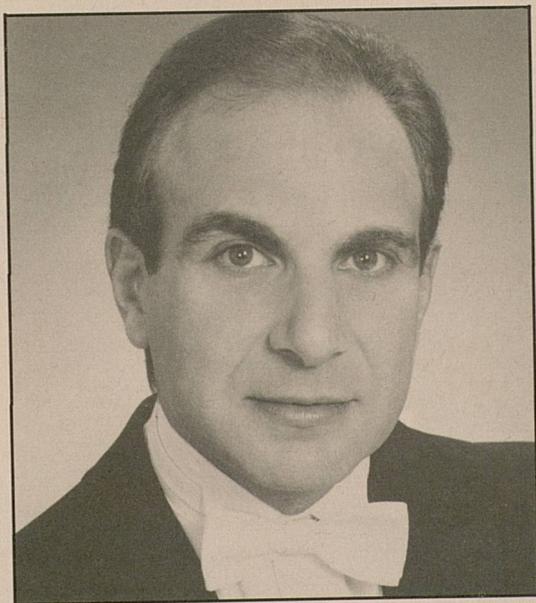
Maestro Barenboim engaged her to sing (on very short notice) an orchestral concert at the Salle Pleyel in Paris, not only conducting for her in two Rossini arias, but also accompanying her on the piano in a Mozart aria. Thereafter, she sang the Mozart *Requiem* with him in Paris. Also, upon hearing her 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.

