ST. OLAF COLLEGE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Guest Recital:

# Haven Trio

LINDSAY KESSELMAN, *SOPRANO*

KIMBERLY COLE LUEVANO, *CLARINET*

MIDORI KOGA, *PIANO*



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 2026 • 7:00 PM

*URNESS RECITAL HALL*

# PROGRAM

**Nattsanger (Nightsongs) (2007)** Abbie Betinis (b. 1980)

I. Aftenrøden (Red Sunset)
II. Når de sover (When They Sleep)
III. Mose, rust, og møll (Moss, Rust, and Moths)
IV. Lavmaelt (Whispered)
V. Lyketestolpen(Lamppost)
VI. Nattmusikk (Nightmusic)
VII. Sjøfugl (Seabirds

**De Otro Mundo (2022)** Ivette Herryman Rodriguez (b. 1982)

I. En los ojos llevo un dolor (In my Eyes I Carry Pain)
II. Un reflejo mío (A Reflection of Me)
III. Paisajes de otro mundo (Landscapes From Another World)

*Funded by the Chamber Music America Classical Commissioning Program with generous funding provided by The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation and the Chamber Music America Endowment Fund.*

**Velada 1949 (2025)** Gilda Lyons (b. 1975)

**Prayer for the Waters (2013)** Evan Chambers (b. 1963)
from *Atonement*

# BIOGRAPHY

Established solo artists, soprano Lindsay Kesselman, clarinetist Kimberly Cole Luevano, and pianist Midori Koga joined as HAVEN in 2011 and released its first album, Bright Angel (Fleur de Son Ltd.), in 2012 to critical acclaim: "amazingly performed works….performances are as exquisite as is their ensemble chemistry." (Sequenza 21).

Now in its 16th season, HAVEN has commissioned a compelling body of repertoire from its extended family of composers. Their critically acclaimed recordings: Would That Loving Be Enough (Blue Griffin 2024), all we are given we cannot hold (Blue Griffin 2022), Twinge (Blue Griffin 2019), Atonement (Fleur de Son 2015), and Bright Angel (Fleur de Son 2013) can be found on all streaming platforms. HAVEN believes in commissioning people, not pieces of music, and enjoys ongoing relationships with composers such as Abbie Betinis, David Biedenbender, Evan Chambers, Roshanne Etezady, Sungji Hong, Lee Kesselman, Amy Beth Kirsten, Gilda Lyons, Kieran MacMillan, Jon Magnussen, and Ivette Herryman Rodriguez.

HAVEN's 2026-2027 season features the premiere of Gilda Lyon's Gathering Places as well as a new arrangement of Jaime Namminga's What's In a Name. Forthcoming commissions include a new composition of past Guggenheim Fellow, Sungji Hong.

HAVEN feels fortunate to have received support from numerous granting organizations in support of new music and is the recipient of grants from the Aaron Copland Fund for Music, the Barlow Endowment, Chamber Music America, the Ontario Arts Council, and others. HAVEN has been featured in performances in concert series with the Richard Breadshaw Amphitheater Concert Series at the Canadian Opera Company (Toronto); Chamber Music International and the Fine Arts Chamber Players (Dallas, TX); Music with a Mission Series (Naperville, IL); on National Public Radio affiliates; in headline performances for Chamber Music America and International Clarinet Association conferences; and in residencies with Avaloch Farm Music Institute, the Jackman Humanities Institute (Toronto), and Connecticut Summerfest.

Kim, Lindsay, and Midori are each passionate teachers who actively seek opportunities to work with student performers and composers. HAVEN engages in performing/teaching residencies including those at Michigan State University, the University of North Texas, the University of North CarolinaGreensboro, the University of Toronto, the University of Hartford (CT), University of Texas-San Antonio, Sam Houston State University, Emory and Henry University, Abilene Christian University, St. Mary of the Woods College (IN), and the College of DuPage (IL).

Whether in a living room, an art gallery, or a concert hall, HAVEN harnesses the power of vulnerability…inviting its audiences into an intimate and personal experience of contemporary music. Through their composers, they aim to create artistic experiences which allow audiences to feel welcomed, included, and connected to one another through poetry and musical storytelling.

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# PROGRAM NOTES

## Nattsanger (Nightsongs) — Abbie Betinis

**Nattsanger (Nightsongs)** is a cycle of seven songs exploring the mysterious nature of the period of time from sunset to dawn. Each movement focuses on a small feature specific to the night, from examining the close of day (I), through REM sleep and motion in stillness (III), the non sequitur aspect of the dream state (IV), the relationship of a fixed point to the ever-skewing night sky (VI), and finally to the fluctuation between dream state and reality (VII). Initially conceived as a partner piece to Dominick Argento's song cycle "To Be Sung Upon the Water," it borrows not only its instrumentation (sans bass clarinet), but also aspects of that piece's arched symmetrical form.

## De Otro Mundo — Ivette Herryman Rodriguez

**De Otro Mundo** is a song cycle composed for HAVEN Trio with the generous support of a Chamber Music America Grant (2021). The three songs in the cycle use text from the poem Domingo Triste (Sad Sunday) by José Julián Martí Pérez, a Cuban author from the 19th century. There is a deep sadness in the text that is related to being far from home. Personally, the music I wrote for this cycle is inspired by my memories of Cuba, and what it has felt like for me to not live there anymore.

The first song portrays through music the pain that the poet carries and is rooted on the theme of home. I use two musical devices: minor sixths, inspired by a memory of learning the song La tarde by Sindo Garay very early in my musical studies. Minor sixths are a taste of home for me. As the song develops, the minor sixths change to other intervals, but remain an essential building block of the music. The second device is what I consider to be a hallmark of Cuban music, which is a turn figure: E-F-E-D#-E (up a minor second and down a minor second with a return to the starting note). I have heard this gesture in many songs and jazz-like improvisations and compositions by Cuban artists.

The second song is inspired by the line in the poem that reads: "ya en mi no queda más que un reflejo mío" ("there is no longer in me more than a reflection of me"). Two musical motives from the first song are recreated in this song, and a progression of chords which roots move by thirds are at the core of this music. The character of the music is somewhat lighter, although the sadness of the poem remains present.

The third song is inspired by two contrasting images in the text: "miro a los hombres como paisajes de otro mundo" ("I look at men as landscapes from another world") and "el…teatro ardiente de la vida en mi torno"(the…fiery theater of life around me"). The song is also portraying the feelings evoked by the lines: "ya no soy vivo…¡las anclas que me arrancaron de la tierra mía!" (I am no longer alive…the anchors that ripped me off my land!).

I use in this song three E-Bows that are placed on the strings of the piano and produce a sustained sound. This for me represents "another world," which is paired with chords that move by thirds in the piano to create polytonality. The motion by thirds comes from the previous song in the cycle. Polytonality portrays the presence of two worlds as well as the sound of the E-Bows against the sound of the piano, that is the sound of the piano strings versus the sound of the piano keys. The music that portrays "the…fiery theater of life around me" is faster and charged with more angular sounds. This section ends in a sort of operatic fashion, when the singer sings: "mis pedazos palpo" ("I can feel my pieces" (as in pieces of his flesh), which is also the climax of the music.

The song ends with the return of the E-Bow sound. In this section, three E-Bows are used to form a chorale texture. The singer sings a lament over the chorale and the clarinet joins the chord progression by playing trills on the notes that change from chord to chord. The ending is a surprise element meant to communicate heaviness and shock.

# PROGRAM NOTES

## Velada 1949 — Gilda Lyons

Memory and breath are each inextricably linked to the creation of vocal sound. As vocalists, our muscles remember how to find the sounds in our arsenals; we physicalize resonance, and we remember—possibly even more than the sound itself—the way something feels in our bodies. The physical act of remembering is, in this way, a layered experience. I'd argue that that is true in many ways in a life.

In Velada 1949, I have explored a deep family memory shared with me as a child; it's so much a part of me that I haven't—until now—gone deeper into the different ways that it has resonated over the course of a lifetime: At the age of 4, my mother, Gilda Alemán—who was coached by my tía abuela Mana, Mariana García—learned and recited from memory in public performance the much-beloved poem "La Rosa Niña" by the revered Nicaraguan poet Rubén Darío. At well over 500 words, it's dazzling to imagine her standing on a stage in front of a crowded Teatro González, spot-lighted, with flashbulbs going off all around her, and reciting from memory pages of text. In writing this piece, I asked my mother to go deeper into this memory with me; even now, as a grandmother, she can still recite the entire poem without stumbling. It lives in her body, as a physical sensation. As memory.

There is a newspaper article from La Prensa—the Nicaraguan newspaper that covered the Velada on which my mother performed—from which I drew text for this work; this text is interwoven with lines from Darío's poem, and my mother's own words, which I recorded in conversation with her.

There is a photo of my mother on stage that night, in her pretty dress and buckled shoes, standing in front of a microphone, completely focused on her performance. She is holding her hands out, slightly raised and to her side—a motion I find myself making sometimes as I sing. It is a snapshot of her, at 4 years old, remembering, and making memory. On the back of the photo it says: Velada 1949.

## Prayer for the Waters — Evan Chambers

**We are here to awaken from the illusion of our separateness…**
**What we most need to do is to hear, within us, the sound of the earth crying.**
(Thich Nhat Hanh)

At this point in human history, we are so plagued by our illusion of separateness that we have made it an emergency for the whole planet. The scale of environmental catastrophe we have wrought is so vast that we cannot comprehend it without great effort.

That effort, I believe, is required of us. If there is hope of salvaging the ecosystem (or even if all is already lost), we humans must cut through denial and own our blind destruction. We must learn to hear the crying of the Earth, lament what we have done, and find our **atonement**.

If only we could **dance out the poison**, and begin moving together in a new way, I find myself wishing for some fearsome but purifying Tarantella that would sweep through our cities like a mass exorcism. Dancing manias (or mass "infections" by involuntary movement) are common in times of extreme stress; there were many reports of these during the plague times and after the Industrial Revolution. I imagine a desperate urge to freedom in such outbursts that might help us to expel the toxic venom that has lodged deep in our technologically constrained lives.

Then, with clearer eyes, we might begin to live in a posture of reverence. We can turn and offer up a small **prayer for the waters** that sustain us. After all, we are of the water; it is in us and we are made of it. It is above and below us, in all the air that surrounds us. If you look for the river or the lake or the sea, you will find them everywhere, as the water only appears to be separated from itself into bodies. In truth it is all one presence, and it touches everything. May each of us care for the waters of the Earth as we would care for ourselves.

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# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

**Nattsanger (2008)**
Text: Rolf Jacobsen (1907-1994)
Translation: Rolf Jacobsen

**1. Aftenrøden**
Som om alt var godt
holder bergene frem sine skåler
for søster Dag når hun vasker dine sår.
Tankefullt tømmer hun ut sitt lys i dem
-- blod, alltid denne blodstreng, --
dette grums av død på bunnen
sier hun til søster Natt men shun brer deg ned
og klirrer med stjerner ved din seng.

**2. Når de Sover**
Alle er barn når de sover.
Da er det ikke krig i dem.
De åpner hendene og puster
i den stille sytme som himlen har gitt menneskene.

De spisser munnen som små barn
og åpner hendene halvt alle,
soldat og statsmann, tjenere og herrer.
Stjernene star vakt da og det
er en dis over hvelvene,
noen timer da ingen skal gjøre hverandre ondt.

Kunne vi bare tale til hverandre da
Når hjertene er some halvt åpne blomster.
Ord som gylne bier
skulde trenge inn der.
-- Gud, laer mig søvnens sprog.

**3. Mose, rust, og moll**
Mosen kommer ut av jorden.
Lydløst som nattens flaggermus
setter den sig på stenene og venter,
eller need i gresset
med sine askegrå vinger.

Rusten går fra nagle til nagle
og fra jernplate til jernplate i mørket
og undersøker nøiaktig
om tiden er inne.
Når stemplene er gått til ro;
når baeresøilene er langt inne i natten,
skal den gjøre sitt blodige, stille arbeide.

Stjernenes hvite møll
sitter i klaser på himmelens mørke glassruter
og stirrer
og stirrer på byenes lys.

**1. Red sunset**
As if all were good
the foothills offer their bowls
to Sister Day when she bathes your wounds.
Thoughtfully she empties her light into them
blood, always this same string of blood,
these grounds of death on the bottom,
she says to Sister Night as she tucks you in
and rattles the stars by your bed.

**2. When they sleep**
All people are children when they sleep.
There's no war in them then.
They open their hands and breathe
in that quiet rhythm heaven has given them.

They pucker their lips like small children
and open their hands halfway,
soldiers and statesmen, servants and masters.
The stars stand guard
and a haze veils the sky,
a few hours when no one will do anybody harm.

If only we could speak to one another then
when our hearts are half-open flowers.
Words like golden bees
would drift in.
-- God, teach me the language of sleep.

**3. Moss, rust, and moths**
Moss rises from the ground.
Quiet as bats at night
it settles on the stones and waits,
or down in the grass
with ashen wings.

Rust passes from bolt to bolt
and from iron slab to iron slab in the dark,
and closely examines
if the time is right.
When the pistons have come to rest,
when the girders have gone deep into the night,
it will do its quiet, bloody work.

The stars like white moths
cluster at the dark windowpanes of heaven
and stare
and stare at the city lights.

# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

**4. Lavmaelt**
Ord
bare små
små ord
og lavmaelt
nesten uten pust
for oss

som brukne strå
ord uten lys
og nesten uten form,
ord som hos traer,
små halv-ord
som i søvn
for oss.

Mellem alt det store
små, små ord
å gjemme bort
på baksiden av en hand
og ved din øreflipp
små ord
helt uten lys
som dyr
og gress

**5. Lyktestolpen**
Så isnende alene i natten min lyktestolpe
De små brosten hviler holdene tett omkring den
der den holder sin lysparaply opp over dem
så ikke det vonde mørket skal komme naer.
Vi er alle langt hjemmefra, sier den.
Det er ikke håp mere.

**6. Nattmusikk**
Stjernebildene skal forandre sig,
Karlsvognens stang
skal strekkes ut mot syd
og Orion miste sitt sverd
før den siste smerte er forbi
sier stenen.

Det er malt til
også for mig.
Som fontenens glitrende støv
springer opp og faller ned i sig selv,
kommer alle mine dager inne fra mig selv,
målt til i en skål av sten.

Det er rolig lys over gamle traer.
De lar vinden lope gjennem løvet
og stjernene gå høyt over sine kroner
i majestetiske tog.

**4. Whispered**
Words
just small
small words
whispered
almost without breath
for us

like broken straw
words without light
and almost without form
words among trees
small half-words
that lie asleep
for us.

Amidst all that is great
small, small words
to keep hidden
on the back of a hand
or your earlobe
small words
utterly without light
like animals
or grass

**5. Lamppost**
So glacially alone at night is my streetlamp.
The small paving stones lay their heads down all around.
where it holds its light-umbrella up over them
so that the wicked dark will not come near.
We are all far from home, it says.
There is no hope anymore.

**6. Nightmusic**
The constellations will change,
the Big Dipper's handle
will be pulled to the south
and Orion lose his sword
before the last pain is gone,
says the stone.

I too
am allotted my share.
As the fountain's glittering dust
springs up and falls back into itself,
all my days come from somewhere inside me,
doled out in a bowl of stone.

There's a calm light around old trees.
They let the wind flow through their leaves
and the stars pass high over their crowns
in majestic procession.

**6. Nattmusikk**
Stjernebildene skal forandre sig,
Karlsvognens stang
skal strekkes ut mot syd
og Orion miste sitt sverd
før den siste smerte er forbi
sier stenen.

Det er malt til
også for mig.
Som fontenens glitrende støv
springer opp og faller ned i sig selv,
kommer alle mine dager inne fra mig selv,
målt til i en skål av sten.

Det er rolig lys over gamle traer.
De lar vinden lope gjennem løvet
og stjernene gå høyt over sine kroner
i majestetiske tog.

**7. Sjøfugl**
Morgenen kom med sjøfugl
som snefokk under en styrtet himmel
og hese rop: Hvor er vi?
Nåde. Nåde.
Som efter en plutselig forvandling:
-- Dunbryst, kolde, kulerunde øyne,
røde klovne-neser, hvitpudret hals
sammensnørt i skrik:
Hvor er vi? Nåde.

**6. Nightmusic**
The constellations will change,
the Big Dipper's handle
will be pulled to the south
and Orion lose his sword
before the last pain is gone,
says the stone.

I too
am allotted my share.
As the fountain's glittering dust
springs up and falls back into itself,
all my days come from somewhere inside me,
doled out in a bowl of stone.

There's a calm light around old trees.
They let the wind flow through their leaves
and the stars pass high over their crowns
in majestic procession.

**7. Seabirds**
Morning came with the seabirds
like snow swirling under a collapsed sky,
and with a raspy call: Where are we?
Mercy. Mercy.
As after a sudden transformation:
-- Downy breast, cold hollowed eyes,
red clown-nose, a white-powdered throat
tightened in a cry:
Where are we? Mercy.

## De Otro Mundo (2022)
Text: José Julián Martí (1853-1895)

## From Another World

**I.** En los ojos llevo un dolor
Las campanas, el sol, el cielo claro
me llenan de tristeza, y en los ojos
llevo un dolor que el verso compasivo mira,
un rebelde dolor que el verso rompe
¡y es, oh mar, la gaviota pasajera
que rumbo a Cuba va sobre tus olas!

**I.** In My Eyes I Carry Pain
The bells, the sun, the clear sky
fill me with sadness, and in my eyes
I carry a pain that the compassionate
verse looks at, a rebel pain that the
verse breaks and it is, oh sea, the
passing seagull that heading to Cuba goes on your waves!

II. Un reflejo mío
Vino a verme un amigo, y a mi mismo
me preguntó por mi; ya en mi no queda
más que un reflejo mío, como guarda
la sal del mar la concha de la orilla.
Cáscara soy de mi, que en tierra ajena
gira, a la voluntad del viento huraño,
at the vacía, sin fruta, desgarrada, rota.

II. A Reflection of Me
A friend came to see me, and myself
he asked about me: there is no longer
in me more than a reflection of me,
how it keeps the salt of the sea the
shell of the shore. I am a shell of me,
that in a foreign land turns,
will of the sullen wind, empty, no fruit, torn, broken.

**III**. Paisajes de otro mundo
Miro a los hombres como montes; miro
como paisajes de otro mundo, el bravo
codear, el mugir, el teatro ardiente
de la vida en mi torno: ni un gusano
es ya más infeliz: ¡suyo es el aire,
y el lodo en que muere es suyo!
Siento la coz de los caballos, siento his!
las ruedas de los carros; mis pedazos
palpo: ya no soy vivo: ¡ni lo era
cuando el barco fatal levó las anclas
que me arrancaron de la tierra mía!

**III**. Landscapes From Another World
I look at men as mountains; I look
like landscapes from another world
the brave elbow, the moo, the fiery
theater of life around me: not a worm
is already more unhappy: his is the
air, and the mud in which he dies is
I feel the kick of horses, I feel
chariot wheels; my pieces I can feel:
I am no longer alive: nor was I
when the fatal ship lifted the anchors
that ripped me off my land!

## VELADA 1949

Text drawn from a December 1949 article in La Prensa, Rubén Darío's "La Rosa Niña," and words by Gilda Alemán Lyons. Adapted by the composer.

chiquitina de 4 años, recitó como una rosa niña
little one, four years old, recited like una rosa niña

Yo soy una niña
que oyó a los vecinos pastores cantar
que hace al sol más sol, y la miel más miel
who heard the neighboring shepherds sing
who makes the sun more sun
who makes the honey more honey

Yo soy una niña
La metamorfosis fue santa aquel día
The metamorphosis was sacred that day

chiquitina de 4 años

La Prensa, 1949
Noches de Arte en Diriamba
Art Nights
con el mejor elemento artístico local
los dueños del arte nacional
una selecta velada
en el Teatro González
Noches de Arte en Diriamba
Art Nights
Y, en el cuarto número, algo sensacional

La enfocan en todos los colores
Spot lit in all colors
Los flachs la asustan
The flashes startled her
pero no la interrumpen
but they did not interrupt her

Cristal, oro y rosa
Alba en Palestina

flor de infancia
llena de una luz divina
childhood flower
Cristal, gold and rose
full of divine light
flor de infancia

"You know as a child
I was nervous
I wanted to know the whole thing but
But now it's totally different
You remember not just the poem but
but the way it happened
the way it felt
This is a memory
of being together
of home
together
It's the realization that
the realization that you were loved"

y casi nos hace ver la estrella aparecer
and it almost makes us see the star appear
on the blue backdrop of the stage
en el fondo azul del escenario

chiquitina de 4 años