

November 10, 2025 6:00 p.m.

Baisley Powell Elebash Recital Hall

Sophie Delphis, *mezzo-soprano*
Joseph Vaz, *piano*

La Chanson d'Ève, op. 95 (1906)

Paradis

Prima verba

Roses ardentes

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

27 July 2024 (2025)

Betsy Podsiadlo

(b. 1998)

La Chanson d'Ève, op. 95 (1906)

Comme Dieu rayonne

L'aube blanche

Gabriel Fauré

La fille humaine (10 October 2024) (2025)

Yoshi Weinberg

(b. 1993)

La Chanson d'Ève, op. 95 (1906)

Eau vivante

Gabriel Fauré

12 December 2024 (2025)

Jonathan Howard Katz

(b. 1979)

La Chanson d'Ève, op. 95 (1906)

Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil

Dans un parfum de roses blanches

Gabriel Fauré

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the D.M.A. degree.

Please switch off your cell phones and refrain from taking flash pictures.

Sieben frühe Lieder (1907)
Nacht

Alban Berg
(1885-1935)

De nuit (2004)
I know not...

Betsy Jolas
(b. 1926)

La Chanson d'Ève, op. 95 (1906)
Crépuscule
Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles
Paradis reprise

Gabriel Fauré

Texts and Translations

La Chanson d'Ève

by Charles van Lerberghe

Paradis

C'est le premier matin du monde.
Comme une fleur confuse exhalée de la nuit,
Au souffle nouveau qui se lève des ondes,
Un jardin bleu s'épanouit.

Tout s'y confond encore et tout s'y mêle,
Frissons de feuilles, chants d'oiseaux,
Glissements d'ailes,
Sources qui sourdent, voix des airs, voix des eaux,
Murmure immense;
Et qui pourtant est du silence.

Ouvrant à la clarté ses doux et vagues yeux
La jeune et divine Ève
S'est éveillée de Dieu.

Et le monde à ses pieds s'étend comme un beau rêve.

Or Dieu lui dit: Va, fille humaine,
Et donne à tous les êtres
Que j'ai créés, une parole de tes lèvres,
Un son pour les connaître.

Et Ève s'en alla, docile à son seigneur,
En son bosquet de roses,
Donnant à toutes choses
Une parole, un son de ses lèvres de fleur:

The Song of Eve

translation by Sophie Delphis

Paradise

It's the first morning of the world.
Like an abashed flower exhaled by night,
With the new breath that rises from the waves,
A blue garden blossoms.

Everything is still blurred and indistinct,
Trembling leaves, singing birds,
Gliding wings,
Springs that rise, voices of air and water,
An immense murmuring;
Which yet is silence.

Opening to the light her soft and vacant eyes,
Young, heaven-born Eve
Is awakened by God.

And the world stretches out before her feet like a
beautiful dream.

Now God says to her: Go, human daughter,
And give to all the beings
I've created, a word from your lips,
A sound by which to know them.

And Eve went, obedient to her Lord,
Into her rose grove,
Bestowing on all things
A word, a sound from her flower-like lips:

Chose qui fuit, chose qui souffle, chose qui vole ...

Cependant le jour passe, et vague, comme à l'aube,
Au crépuscule, peu à peu,
L'Éden s'endort et se dérobe
Dans le silence d'un songe bleu.

La voix s'est tue, mais tout l'écoute encore,
Tout demeure en attente;
Lorsque avec le lever de l'étoile du soir,
Ève chante.

Prima verba

Comme elle chante
Dans ma voix,
L'âme longtemps murmurante
Des fontaines et des bois!

Air limpide du paradis,
Avec tes grappes de rubis,
Avec tes gerbes de lumière,
Avec tes roses et tes fruits;

Quelle merveille en nous à cette heure!
Des paroles depuis des âges endormies
En des sons, en des fleurs,
Sur mes lèvres enfin prennent vie.

Depuis que mon souffle a dit leur chanson,
Depuis que ma voix les a créées,
Quel silence heureux et profond
Naît de leurs âmes allégées!

Roses ardentes

Roses ardentes
Dans l'immobile nuit,
C'est en vous que je chante,
Et que je suis.

En vous, étincelles,
À la cime des bois,
Que je suis éternelle,
Et que je vois.

Ô mer profonde,
C'est en toi que mon sang
Renaît vague blonde,
Et flot dansant.

Et c'est en toi, force suprême,
Soleil radieux,
Que mon âme elle-même
Atteint son dieu!

On all that runs, that breathes, that flies ...

Meanwhile day passes, and hazy like at dawn,
At twilight, slowly
Eden sinks into sleep and shies away
In the silence of a blue dream.

The voice is quiet, but everything still listens for it,
Everything awaits;
When as the evening star rises,
Eve sings.

First words

How it sings
In my voice,
The long-murmuring soul
Of the fountains and woods!

Clear air of paradise
With your ruby clusters,
With your sheafs of light,
With your roses and your fruits;

How we marvel at this moment!
Words asleep for ages
In sounds, in flowers,
On my lips finally come to life.

Since my breath uttered their song,
Since my voice created them,
What blissful, deep silence
Is born from their lightened souls!

Burning roses

Burning roses
In the motionless night,
It's in you that I sing
And that I am.

It's in you, gleaming stars
High in the forests,
That I'm eternal
And that I see.

Deep sea,
It's in you that my blood
Is reborn a white wave
And dancing tide.

And it's in you, supreme force,
Radiant sun,
That my very soul
Reaches its god!

Comme Dieu rayonne aujourd'hui

Comme Dieu rayonne aujourd'hui,
Comme il exulte, comme il fleurit
Parmi ces roses et ces fruits!

Comme il murmure en cette fontaine!
Ah! comme il chante en ces oiseaux ...
Qu'elle est suave son haleine
Dans l'odorant printemps nouveau!

Comme il se baigne dans la lumière
Avec amour, mon jeune dieu!
Toutes les choses de la terre
Sont ses vêtements radieux.

L'aube blanche

L'aube blanche dit à mon rêve:
Éveille-toi, le soleil luit.
Mon âme écoute, et je soulève
Un peu mes paupières vers lui.

Un rayon de lumière touche
La pâle fleur de mes yeux bleus;
Une flamme éveille ma bouche,
Un souffle éveille mes cheveux.

Et mon âme, comme une rose
Tremblante, lente, tout le jour,
S'éveille à la beauté des choses,
Comme mon cœur à leur amour.

Eau vivante

Que tu es simple et claire,
Eau vivante,
Qui, du sein de la terre,
Jaillis en ces bassins et chantes!

Ô fontaine divine et pure,
Les plantes aspirent
Ta liquide clarté;
La biche et la colombe en toi se désaltèrent.

Et tu descends par des pentes douces
De fleurs et de mousses,
Vers l'océan originel,
Toi qui passes et vas, sans cesse, et jamais lasse
De la terre à la mer et de la mer au ciel.

Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil

Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil,
Mon arôme d'abeilles blondes,
Flottes-tu sur le monde,
Mon doux parfum de miel?

How God radiates today

How God radiates today,
How he exults and blossoms
Among these roses and fruits!

How he murmurs in this fountain!
Ah! how he sings in these birds ...
How sweet is his breath
In the new fragrant spring!

How he bathes in light
With love, my young god!
All things of the earth
Are his radiant attire.

The white dawn

The white dawn says to my dream:
Wake up, the sun is shining.
My soul listens, and I raise
My eyes a little towards it.

A ray of light touches
The pale flower of my blue eyes;
A flame awakens my mouth,
A breeze awakens my hair.

And my soul, like a rose
Trembling and listless all day,
Awakens to the beauty of things,
Like my heart to their love.

Spring water

How simple and clear you are,
Spring water,
Who, from the heart of the earth,
Surges into these pools and sings!

O divine, pure fountain,
The plants inhale
Your liquid clarity;
The doe and the dove quench in you their thirst.

And you descend by the gentle banks
Of flowers and moss
Towards the primeval ocean,
You who come and go, ceaselessly, and never tiring
From the land to the sea and from the sea to the sky.

Are you awake, my sun fragrance

Are you awake, my sun fragrance,
My aroma of blond bees,
Do you drift over the world,
My soft perfume of honey?

La nuit, lorsque mes pas
Dans le silence rôdent,
M'annonces-tu, senteur de mes lilas,
Et de mes roses chaudes?

Suis-je comme une grappe de fruits
Cachés dans les feuilles,
Et que rien ne décèle,
Mais qu'on odore dans la nuit?

Sait-il, à cette heure,
Que j'entrouvre ma chevelure,
Et qu'elle respire;
Le sent-il sur la terre?

Sent-il que j'étends les bras,
Et que des lys de mes vallées
Ma voix qu'il n'entend pas
Est embaumée?

Dans un parfum de roses blanches

Dans un parfum de roses blanches
Elle est assise et songe;
Et l'ombre est belle comme s'il s'y mirait un ange.

L'ombre descend, le bosquet dort;
Entre les feuilles et les branches,
Sur le paradis bleu s'ouvre un paradis d'or.

Une voix qui chantait, tout à l'heure, murmure.
Un murmure s'exhale en haleine, et s'éteint.

Dans le silence il tombe des pétales...

Crépuscule

Ce soir, à travers le bonheur,
Qui donc soupire, qu'est-ce qui pleure?
Qu'est-ce qui vient palpiter sur mon cœur,
Comme un oiseau blessé?

Est-ce une voix future,
Une voix du passé?
J'écoute, jusqu'à la souffrance,
Ce son dans le silence.

Île d'oubli, ô Paradis!
Quel cri déchire, dans la nuit,
Ta voix qui me berce?

Quel cri traverse
Ta ceinture de fleurs,
Et ton beau voile d'allégresse?

At night, while my steps
Prowl in the silence,
Do you announce me, scent of my lilacs
And of my warm roses?

Am I like a bunch of fruit
Hidden in the leaves,
Which nothing discerns
But whose smell can be sensed in the night?

Does he know, at this hour,
That I'm opening up my hair
And that it's breathing;
Does he sense it on earth?

Does he sense that I'm reaching out my arms,
And that with lilies from my valleys
My voice that he doesn't hear
Is full of scent?

In a perfume of white roses

In a perfume of white roses
She sits and dreams;
And the shade is as beautiful as if an angel were mirrored
there.

A shadow falls, the copse sleeps;
Among the leaves and the branches,
A gold heaven opens out over blue.

A voice that earlier sang now murmurs.
A murmur spreads out as a breath, and dies out.

In the silence petals fall...

Twilight

This evening, amidst happiness,
Who's sighing, what's crying?
What comes twitching in my heart,
Like a wounded bird?

Is it a voice from the future,
A voice from the past?
I listen, to the point of suffering,
To that sound in the silence.

Island of oblivion, oh paradise!
What cry shreds in the night
Your voice that cradles me?

What cry strikes through
Your band of flowers,
And your beautiful veil of joy?

Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles

Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles,
Lève-toi sous mes pas!

Viens, ô douce vague qui brille
Dans les ténèbres;
Emporte-moi dans ton néant!

Viens, souffle sombre où je vacille,
Comme une flamme ivre de vent!

C'est en toi que je veux m'étendre,
M'éteindre et me dissoudre,
Mort, où mon âme aspire!

Viens, brise-moi comme une fleur d'écume.
Une fleur de soleil à la cime
Des eaux,

Et comme d'une amphore d'or
Un vin de flamme et d'arôme divin,
Épanche mon âme
En ton abîme, pour qu'elle embaume
La terre sombre et le souffle des morts.

O death, stardust

O death, stardust,
Rise beneath my steps!

Come, soft wave that shines
In the darkness:
Take me into your void!

Come, dark breath in which I flicker,
Like a wind-drunk flame!

It's in you that I want to spread myself,
To burn out and dissolve,
Death, to which my soul aspires!

Come, shatter me like a flower of foam,
A flower of sun at the crest
Of the waters,

And as a from gold amphora
A wine of flame and divine fragrance,
Pour forth my soul
Into your abyss, so it might suffuse
The dark earth and the breath of the dead.

10 October 2024

by Sophie Delphis

I went home yesterday afternoon in good spirits and good strength.

I realized a new type of grief being at home: I'm out of suspension. My sickness is more real. It has finally completely come into the enclave of my normalcy.

Because I returned to my normalcy abnormal. I feel my alien aspect more.

I got lost in my bedroom at midnight. I woke up completely unaware of where I was. I could not understand the layout of my hospital room. I couldn't find the doors. The walls a wrong texture. I still feel the placement of my PICC line; I still have a patch upon the opening. I tried to follow it to an IV line like Theseus in the Labyrinth, but I was completely untethered. Finally I began to understand.

It was a beautiful October day. The sky was deep blue, the air fresh.

Now I want to learn to be less of an alien.

12 December 2024

by Sophie Delphis

I wake up in an entirely different body. My thoughts are clear and streaming. I'm able to move from point one to two to three. I'm able to lift my arm without it forcing me to the floor of my bathroom to recover. I make a few plans. I make a list of things to do. It's that odd, miraculous fourth day after chemo. I'll fall again tomorrow, if the pattern continues, but today is bliss.

I am collecting small dots healing on my skin. A little road map of minor interventions, of progress. I like these blemishes. I wonder how they'll fade. I watch them very slowly turn from holes into my circulatory system into abstract dots. When will the insideness of them disappear? Will it?

Nacht

by Carl Hauptmann

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborg'nem Schoß.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!

Night

translation by Richard Stokes

Clouds loom over night and valley.
Mists hover, waters softly murmur.
Now at once all is unveiled.
O take heed! take heed!

A vast wonderland opens up,
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,
Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards
From a hidden womb.

And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.
A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside
Shadow-black – a breath from the distant grove
Blows solitary soft.

And from the deep valley's gloom
Lights twinkle in the silent night.
Drink soul! drink solitude!
O take heed! take heed!

"I know not" (The Tables)

by Victor Hugo

translation by Betsy Jolas

I know not where this begins, nor where it comes to end, nor what can be found in the foreground, in the rear, in the middle, and right and left and east and west and south and north; I do not know it inside nor outside;
I see planets and planets and stars and stars and stars; I see constellations, I also see rays all tangled up with wonders and fastened to gleams of light; and dazzled minds engulfed in contemplation, and contemplation immersed in those dazzled minds; I am caught in the fabulous whirling of the wheel with the golden nave.
Where does all this lead? I do not know. And night makes a rutted way for stars.

About the Program

re.creation

In the opening piece of **Gabriel Fauré's** *La Chanson d'Ève*, God gives Eve a task: "Go, human daughter, / And give to all the beings / I've created, a word from your lips, / A sound by which to know them." This directive echoes the foundational Judeo-Christian creation myth: "Then God said, 'Let there be light'; and there was light" (Genesis 1:3); "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" (John 1:1). That is, the act of speaking is entwined with the act of creating, voice and generative power indelibly linked. Here, Eve is the one given the breath of life to speak, and specifically to *name* or, effectively, to interpret God's world to

bring it into its fullest existence. There's no snake, no forbidden fruit, no Adam. She doesn't have to pluck knowledge and be punished for it. God turns Eve into a co-creator through her voice.

We typically see Eve as an originator by virtue of her reproductive abilities; here she's a creator through intellectual and artistic action. However, that divine action still comes from her body and from her sensory connection to the natural world around her. At the end of the song, "[Eve's] voice is quiet, but everything still listens for it, Everything awaits; / When as the evening star rises, / Eve sings." God utters the first words of the cycle, but eight of the nine songs that follow are in Eve's first-person. In just a few stanzas, the narrative power shifts. In carrying out her task, Eve herself becomes a god.

This possibility immediately and massively struck me as someone who uses her voice to interpret the works of others – composers who in the first years of my training were exclusively men. Increasingly, I find that the acts of interpreting, creating, writing, reading, performing, and listening are interconnected and blurred, and this has become a major theme in what I write, what I choose to sing, and how I approach my relationship to performance. In the summer of 2024, I began developing a concert-length piece centered around the Fauré cycle that would mix musical performance, analysis, and lived experience to explore what the act of creation can mean in its various facets. As I wrote my sensations and ideas about Eve, nature, and generation in my journals, I was also unknowingly documenting the symptoms of a rare blood cancer. By September, a large and rapidly growing tumor in my chest was encroaching on my heart and lungs. Because I was working on *La chanson d'Eve* in a residency and rehearsing it for an upcoming concert, its phrases became the daily testing ground for my deteriorating breath capacity. At the end of the month, I was hospitalized with chest pains, difficulty breathing, and a newly discovered mass. Two weeks later, the aggressive chemotherapy course I had begun in hospital was already impacting my tumor, and I calculated my improving breath through the same Fauré phrases. Eve remained my companion, and my interest in the creative body took on new, existential dimensions.

Patients are encouraged to find creative outlets during cancer treatment. We're told to write, to speak, to create in order to process. Crafting is intrinsically linked to performance for me, and as I mature as an artist, I'm more invested in the process of making music, of doing/making (*faire*) as an act from and of the body. My diagnosis meant the threat of losing my ability to create. When I was first hospitalized, I had to slash the artistic season that was just starting, at first partially, then entirely. If my first concern upon learning that I had a large tumor in my chest was for my life, my second fear, immediately, was that I would no longer sing, in the uncertain period of "during" and perhaps never again after. I did sing in my "during." I practiced in the hospital hooked up to chemo. I practiced sitting down when I didn't have the strength to stand. I practiced during the long winter and spring of second- and third-line therapy when my cancer didn't fully respond to chemotherapy. I practiced during radiotherapy in summer.

I sang for upkeep, for my "after." It was a decidedly faithful act from someone who's always been staunchly unreligious, faithful in the sense of being loyal to a practice, and in the sense of having faith that I would be able to sing in public again. I was regularly – let's not pretend it was daily – returning to my body, myself, and my means of creating. I was also returning to myself in writing: pages and pages of journal entries, about the changes to my body and about the act of writing the body. And I was, in those journal pages, hashing out my thoughts for my dissertation on embodiment and the performer's body, the type of material creation that comes from the body and its processes. It all seemed to me to be one ongoing action of consideration, practice, analysis. I contemplated my body as the vector for myself, my body as the thing of interest, and my voice – literal and figurative – as the means of understanding, processing, and sharing. My new artistic and intellectual project became the intersection of my flesh and experience with the gigantic daily care of cancer.

In that way it was not so different from when I take on a piece of music. As a singer, I must attend to daily practical and physical demands while slotting myself into a work's cultural imprint and legacy. When I sing, I have to contend with the overlap and distance between me and the work, how my voice does and does not belong to the piece, how the piece does and does not belong to my voice. How my physical performance – my physical reality – incarnates and so creates the piece, and how the piece shapes my voice. Similarly, my cancer is uniquely my own while also part of the complex etiological, pathological, and cultural entity that is cancer.

I immediately began to call cancer my new 2024-25 season project as chemo cycles and hospital stays replaced performances on my calendar. But I was adamant that the project of my cancer would be more than appointments, managing side effects, and surviving. This meant that living my cancer would be writing and performing it: an ongoing enterprise of creating and recreating myself as a body and interpreter.

La Chanson d'Ève was composed between 1906 and 1910, during Fauré's late creative period, in which his compositional style had become increasingly refined, introspective, and harmonically daring. The song cycle sets ten poems by Charles van Lerberghe, drawn from his symbolist collection *La Chanson d'Ève* (1904), which explores the awakening of consciousness, nature, and spirituality through the figure of Eve. Coupled with the ethereal, pantheistic imagery of the poetry, Fauré's music creates a crystalline, sometimes ebullient, and suspended world of wonder.

The cycle opens with the first morning of the world, everything still blurry and indistinct. The second song begins Eve's first-person narrative. Its title, "Prima verba" (first words) conjures up *primavera* (spring), but while it depicts new life, the song is calm, serene, pensive. This isn't timidity on Eve's part as she embarks on her awesome task; rather, it's the comfort of discovering while already belonging: "The long-murmuring soul of the fountains and woods sings in my voice... Words asleep for ages finally come to life on my lips." This paradoxical circumstance sums up the creativity of interpretation. The world predated Eve – it lay dormant and expectant – but needed her to come into its new self. It was both pre-existing – already existing – and pre // existing – it had not yet come into its existence. Eve responds to the world, and in her response, even in her very presence, she's the one to create it.

The first day comes into being "like an abashed flower exhaled by the night." Because breath is the basis of sound both spoken and sung, it's the basis of Eve's act of creation and communication with the world around her. Her body exhales sound and scent, and the plants respond with their own perfume. The Latin *spirare* (to breathe) is the root of the French *respirer*, *aspirer*, *inspirer*, *expirer*, and the English aspire, inspire, expire. One definition of "inspiration" is to receive divine guidance; another is to receive breath. The breath of life is the breath of creation. The fact that we're alive means that we're able to create in turn.

Aspirer – or *aspire* – also means to reach, to yearn. The plants lap up divine water ("Eau vivante"), but they also aspire to God. Eve, in the process of being and making, constantly reaches back to God, "towards the primeval ocean." This originating point isn't a final place of return, however, but rather part of a cycle of flow: "You who come and go, ceaselessly." Similarly, the death to which Eve sings, "It's in you that I want to spread, to burn out and dissolve" is a stardust that makes up the matter of the universe ("Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles").

Eve uses the verb *aspirer* as she addresses death: *Mort, où mon âme aspire!* This can mean, "Death, to which my soul aspires," but I can also translate it as, "Death, where my soul inhales." They come to mean the same thing, reaching out and reaching inward. All the reaching and listening and breathing that went into creating the world and life itself now serves death, another transmutation in the cycle. Eve dissolves into the work she helped create, into the night that exhales the next first morning of the world.

Fauré's cycle takes Eve from morning into night, but I felt that a program that chronicles a year of sickness, treatment, and waiting should spend longer in the darkness. Night conjures up exposed uncertainty and fear, but its strangeness and solitude can also lead to wonder.

"Nacht" ("Night") is the first song of **Alban Berg's** *Sieben frühe Lieder* (*Seven Early Songs*), composed between 1905 and 1908, when Berg was studying with Arnold Schoenberg in Vienna. The poem, by Carl Hauptmann, evokes an unfamiliar nocturnal landscape where darkness absorbs nature and human consciousness, exploring the dissolution of boundaries between self and nature, light and shadow, consciousness and dream. The song ends with an imperative: *O gib acht! gib acht*. This can be translated as a warning – be careful – but it can also be the instruction to pay attention to the marvels that night brings.

Betsy Jolas was "fascinated by the strange beauty" of the Victor Hugo pieces collected by the poet André du Bouchet (at one time, her brother-in-law) in *L'œil égaré dans les plis de l'obéissance au vent*. She set these three times: in 1961 as a radio cantata for choir, soloists, and orchestra; in 2002 as a six-song cycle for baritone and piano; and in 2004 as two songs for solo voice available in French or in an English translation by Jolas herself. *De nuit* (*By night*) explores the vastness and mystery of night, as well as multiple planes of solitude and imagination through an exposed *a capella* setting and use of different vocal textures including speech, humming, and microtonality. The singer is left alone to create a world with the spare structure of the work's words, a single line of pitches, and the space around them. "Where does all this lead? I do not know. And night makes a rutted way for stars."

There's always an element of solitude to illness. I've had the privilege of an incredible community watching me and bolstering me throughout my cancer, but isolation has nonetheless been unavoidable. It's been maddening, terrifying, clarifying, repulsive, and required. And, over and over, I've found the same self in the spiral inward of my illness, calqued onto a more extreme situation. Once I largely stopped fearing I would die, I started fearing I would cease to exist. To put it simply, I became a performer because I feed on attention. But there's also a necessary element of solitary work in my musical practice and writing, and the more I mature, the more I realize that whatever comfort and conviction I'm able to nurture in isolation serves me in front of an audience. It defines me – or rather, it allows me to define myself and better understand others' reflection of me.

My community has allowed me to continue to perform myself in the absence of performing music, and now it allows me to perform music about myself. My friends and collaborators Betsy Podsiadlo, Yoshi Weinberg, and Jonathan Howard Katz have each written a piece with texts from my journals, giving me the opportunity to perform my cancer in a new way. Like the progression of morning to night in *La Chanson d'Eve* and the additional night music I've chosen by Berg and Jolas, all three entries revolve around moments of the day: high noon, midnight, and morning. Perhaps it's only logical to situate a changing body within the architecture of hours.

I wrote the text of *27 July 2024* (set by Betsy Podsiadlo) in a sunny meadow in Summit, New York, during a short residency working on my Eve project. I sang and wrote outside surrounded by clover, wild thyme, and bees, analyzing the multisensory melding in van Lerberghe's poetry and trying to memorize the experiences of my body thinking and making music. Those experiences included my increasingly tender and brittle ribcage, the reality of my breathing body necessarily seeping into my work. I tried to process the disturbing uncanniness of my condition through nature encircling me. "My sternum is a large black beetle. His legs are stuck."

La Fille humaine ("The Human Daughter," **Yoshi Weinberg**), whose title comes from God's command to Eve in the first Fauré song (*Va, fille humaine*), is brimming with the novel surrealness of diagnosis and treatment. I wrote this journal entry the day after I was released from my first hospitalization. I had just publicly announced my cancer. During the night, I had woken up still thinking I was in my hospital room. After five days of continuous chemotherapy day and night, I couldn't understand why the ever-present line connecting my arm to my infusion was absent. In the

morning, I wrote: “My sickness is more real. It has finally completely come into the enclave of my normalcy. Because I returned to my normalcy abnormal. I feel my alien aspect more.” Cancer means navigating innumerable, blurry lines of “before” and “after.” The fixed track in Yoshi’s setting is composed of recordings I made in late August 2024 singing the highly contrapuntal piano lines in two of the Fauré pieces. That voice was produced by a chest riddled with cancer. Now, I am literally accompanied by my “before” in my “after.”

“After” is also the focal theme of the entry of *12 December 2024* (**Jonathan Howard Katz**). After each cycle of chemo, I noted the ever-changing side effects, trying to map out a pattern to make sense of how my body felt in the moment and how it might feel in the future. I also tracked my changing appearance – temporary changes such as my face puffed by steroids, my bald body, my soft skin, and the changes that would follow me longer, such as the constellation of small scars accumulating on my upper arms and torso. I wondered: “When will the insideness of them disappear? Will it?”

Thank you to all who have accompanied me in my process[ing] and continue to do so.

About the Artists

Franco-American mezzo-soprano **Sophie Delphis’** stage roles this season include: Christine (*Phantom of the Opera*, Theater in Quarantine/NYU Skirball), Principal Second Soprano (*What to Wear*, Beth Morrison Projects/BAM), and Félicie/Adélaïde (*La Belle et la Bête*, Opera Parallèle). Her recital and chamber work performances include: Fauré’s *La Chanson d’Ève*, Ravel’s *Chansons madécasses* and *Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé*, Schoenberg’s *Pierrot Lunaire* and *Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten*, Saariaho’s *From the Grammar of Dreams*, León’s *Atwood Songs*, Reich’s *Music for 18 Musicians*, and Messiaen’s *Harawi*. She regularly collaborates with composers, improvisers, and theater artists on new works, with American Opera Projects, BargeMusic, InfraSound Ensemble, the Why Collective, and others. She is a dancer and singer with Brooklyn Motion Capture Dance Ensemble, which combines technology, movement, and composition. Passionate about language and poetics, she is a writer, a French translator and teacher, and a doctoral candidate in performance at the Graduate Center City University of New York. In both her performing and academic work, Sophie explores the embodied process of multi-sensory experience, analysis, translation, and transformation in the creation and interpretation of words and music.

Pianist **Joseph Vaz** has performed internationally as a soloist and chamber musician across North America and Europe, in venues from Carnegie Hall to the Arnold Schönberg Center in Vienna.

Born in Faro, Portugal, Joseph now lives in New York City, where he is the 2025-2027 piano fellow for Carnegie Hall’s Ensemble Connect, and is also a doctoral candidate at the CUNY Graduate Center. Vaz has studied with renowned performers and pedagogues, including Julian Martin, Ran Dank, and Emile Naoumoff. He is a laureate of several national and international competitions, with recent performances at the Pacific Stars International (2nd Prize), James Mottram International Piano Competition, and the Wideman International Piano Competition.

Joseph frequently performs at international festivals, including recent appearances at the Gilmore Piano Festival, Sarasota Music Festival, Lucerne Festival Academy, and Aspen Music Festival. His orchestral debut came with the Cincinnati Pops Orchestra in 2015, and he has also performed as soloist with Harmonia Orchestra Seattle, the Seven Hills Sinfonietta and other orchestral ensembles.

Joseph is a dedicated collaborator, and regularly performs chamber music on series in New York City and beyond. As a proponent of new music, Joseph has worked closely with several composers on pieces for world premieres. His debut album, “Galanteries: The Solo Piano Music of William White,” was released by PARMA Recordings in January 2025, and has been heard on radio stations throughout the USA (WMBR, KKUP, WCVE, WRUV).