

This is not a lullaby

This album is dedicated to my son Ezra.

Personal note

When we think about motherhood in music, the first thing that comes to mind is a lullaby. And indeed, mothers do spend a lot of time singing their children to sleep. But lullabies are meant for the baby. What about the mother's experience? With *This is not a lullaby*, I want to share with you a story of motherhood, transformation and unbreakable bonds. It is also a story of family and cultural heritage, told in my mother tongue Russian.

I am incredibly grateful to be joined on this journey by pianist Artem Belgurov and cellist Maya Fridman. Both are very dear colleagues with whom I felt a strong musical connection from the first rehearsal. I only had to close my eyes and listen to Maya's dreamy, fiery or mysterious introductions to the Tavener songs, to feel exactly how to sing them. With Artem, our shared vision on the intense and intimate sound-worlds of the Weinberg and Malkin songs made it an absolute joy to delve into this repertoire and poetry together. Recording this album in the glorious main hall of the Philharmonie Haarlem with TRPTK founder and producer Brendon Heinst was a particularly inspiring process.

In the midst of the coronavirus pandemic, it has been a blessing to work on this highly personal project inspired by my son Ezra. Becoming a mother has changed me in ways that go beyond words. That is why I am so excited to share this experience through the universal language of human emotions: music.

Special thanks

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to Marcos Meibergen, Josef and Lilia Malkin, Daniel Malkin, Manuela Ochakovski, Rozemarijn Tiben from Interartists Amsterdam, Roberta Alexander, Marc van der Heijde from Green Room Creatives, Patricia Rozario, Peter Budding, Chantelle Alyssa, Liesbeth den Boer and the wonderful people at the Philharmonie Haarlem, and of course Brendon Heinst, Hans Erblich and the entire team at TRTPK, Artem Belgurov and Maya Fridman.

This album is made possible by the Sena

Performers Foundation, Amarte Foundation, Stichting MusicaNostra and the many sponsors of our crowdfunding campaign, with a special mention for Maria Witmer. An enormous thank you to all who donated for their generous support!

Rocking the child, Op. 110 by Mieczyslaw Weinberg

One night, when my son was about six months old, I had just finished nursing him and couldn't get back to sleep. As it happens, I had just been invited to give a recital at a major festival, and decided to look for some music for the programme. I went down a browsing wormhole, and around 3 AM I stumbled upon a little song by Polish-Jewish composer Mieczyslaw Weinberg called *Rocking the cradle*, on a poem by the iconic Chilean poet Gabriela Mistral. It turned out to be part of a cycle of eleven songs, and each one sent shivers down my spine. Reminiscent of lullabies, most of the songs actually focus on the mother's and caregiver's emotional world. They offer an intimate, honest and poignant portrayal of motherhood and the unbreakable bond between mother and child.

Gabriela Mistral was the literary pseudonym of Lucila Godoy Alcayaga (1889 – 1957). Though not a mother in the biological sense, she can be considered a mother to underprivileged children in Chile and all over the world. Her dedication to children's education led her from teaching local schools all across Chile to becoming an international icon for children's and women's rights. She was instrumental in the foundation of UNICEF, and became the first woman and the first Latin-American to ever win the Nobel Prize for Literature. The songs in *Rocking the child* are Russian translations from her book *Ternura* (Tenderness, 1924). We are invited into moonlit nurseries where children sleep (or don't sleep), where mothers marvel at the tiny miracles before them, despair at their own sheer exhaustion, and quietly express their hopes, dreams and worries for their child. But we also enter the world of children who have no mothers, who are cold, hungry and alone. These were the children Mistral took under her wing, forever carrying them in her heart and mind.

These intimate yet powerful poems drew the

attention of Mieczyslaw Weinberg (1919 – 1996). Himself the father of two daughters and a survivor of war and persecution, children's suffering was a theme he identified with strongly. His father lost most of his family in the Kishinev Pogroms of 1903, and subsequently fled to Warsaw, where Mieczyslaw was born. At ten years old, young Mieczyslaw was already a pianist at the Yiddish Theatre, and he was expected to become a world-traveling soloist. However, with the outbreak of the Second World War, his life took a different turn. Fleeing the Nazi forces on foot, he eventually ended up in Moscow, where he became a celebrated composer and close friend of Dmitri Shostakovich.

Making a career as a Jewish composer in Stalinist Russia was no easy feat. With Stalin's policies becoming increasingly antisemitic after World War II, Weinberg always had to look over his shoulder. His fears eventually came true, when he was arrested and sentenced to death as part of the so-called Doctor's Plot, in which a group of mostly Jewish doctors and other prominent figures were falsely accused of an anti-Soviet conspiracy and brutally executed. Shostakovich personally wrote to Stalin and Lavrentiy Beria to defend Weinberg's innocence, but what eventually led to his release was Stalin's death in 1953.

Weinberg's music was performed by the greatest musicians of his time, such as David Oistrakh, Mstislav Rostropovich and Kirill Kondrashin. Though Shostakovich was twelve years his senior and Weinberg referred to him as his mentor, Shostakovich himself also credited Weinberg's influence in many of his compositions. As just one of many examples, Weinberg's use of Jewish themes inspired the creation of Shostakovich's song cycle *From Jewish folk poetry*. Along with Stravinsky, Prokofiev and Shostakovich, Weinberg can be seen as one of the most influential Russian composers of the 20th century. And yet, his music lay dormant for years, hardly enjoying the fame of his contemporaries. Only in recent years has his wealth of symphonic, chamber music and vocal repertoire been rediscovered.

For me personally, bringing his vocal music to a wider audience means passing on my family's cultural heritage to future generations. Both Weinberg's and my own forefathers saw the terrible pogroms in Bessarabia at the turn of the century.

Born around the same time as my grandparents, he made the same bomb-ridden flight on foot towards the Soviet Union as they did, only to encounter the same Stalinist horrors a few years later. And like my grandparents, he worked hard to overcome the traumas and loss of his past and to give his children a better and more secure future. Now, I am grateful to be able to honour and share some of his musical offspring, his Opus 110, *Rocking the child*.

Five Russian Songs by Josef Malkin

Both classical musicians themselves, my parents were probably my greatest musical influences. I am enormously thankful for all the musical knowledge, wisdom and intuition they passed down to me, teaching me about expression, intonation, phrasing, and many other things. When my father Josef Malkin started composing, it was my voice that he heard in his head, and it has remained that way for many of his vocal compositions. I have premiered and performed many of his works, and now I am incredibly proud to present the first ever album recording of five of his Russian songs. They were recently published as part of a larger collection of twelve songs by Donemus, a major publishing house for contemporary classical music.

Josef Malkin (1950) was born in Tbilisi, Georgia, where he began playing the violin. While studying in Moscow, he made the bold decision to emigrate to Israel, where he met my mother during their studies at the Tel Aviv Music Academy. Their 'gap year' in the Netherlands got a bit out of hand, as Malkin began his career as a violinist in the Netherlands' top orchestras. He was a member of the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra for over 25 years.

Inspired by the poetry of Dutch-Jewish author Ida Vos about her experiences as a child in hiding during World War II, Malkin composed his first songs in 2004. With Vos' blessing, he completed his song cycle *Zuarte Bloemen (Black Flowers)* and translated it into English for international performances with soprano and orchestra. His cantata *Yizkor* for soprano, chorus and orchestra garnered international attention as well. Performances followed in New York, Salt Lake City, Sofia, Cardiff, the Delft Chamber Music Festival

led by violinist Liza Ferschtman, as well as the Muziekgebouw aan 't IJ in Amsterdam with the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra. Three of his songs were included in the televised National Remembrance Day ceremony and concert in the Nieuwe Kerk in Amsterdam, in the presence of Queen Beatrix. Currently, Malkin's repertoire includes vocal works in Dutch, English, Hebrew and Russian, as well as numerous instrumental chamber music pieces.

With *Five Russian Songs*, parenthood is explored from yet another perspective, through a diverse range of poetry. We start with *A Letter* by Crimean poet Ilya Selvinsky (1899 – 1968). Selvinsky combined a proud Jewish identity with a sense of adventure and experimentation. He was one of the first to write about the horrors of the Holocaust, which he witnessed first-hand as a battalion commander for the Red Army. The colourful use of language in his poetry included the use of thieves' slang and Yiddishisms. In *A Letter*, he shows his humorous side by sharing with us the innocuous ramblings of a five-year-old. *Don't leave me* and *The Fortune Teller* by Boris Ryzhy (1974 – 2001) tell the story of a troubled young father who, despite having a loving wife and a young son, saw no other option but to end his own life at the age of 27. Growing up in a crime-filled Yekaterinburg, he was part of a 'forgotten generation' that came of age during the collapse of the USSR. Many of his friends met their untimely end in the circuit of petty crime, and Ryzhy himself always struggled with survivor's guilt. Successful on the surface as a youth boxing champion, up-and-coming poet and accomplished geologist, he battled addiction and depression. Today, Ryzhy is recognized as one of the greatest poets of his generation. Though I tried to stay away from lullabies for the most part, this cycle does include two non-traditional ones. The evocative and somewhat cryptic *To Polinka* was written by the acclaimed Amsterdam-based poet Vladimir Riabokon-Ribeaupierre (1957) for his daughter when she was a little girl. In contrast, Anna Akhmatova's dark *Lullaby* is anything but comforting.

Akhmatova Songs by Sir John Tavener

Becoming a mother means suddenly being thrust

into a completely new role, woefully unprepared (no matter how many books you've read) and utterly overwhelmed. The person you were, with interests, ambitions, hobbies, friends and clean clothes has ceased to exist. Now your body and soul's only function is to serve this tiny tyrant. At least, that's what life with a newborn can feel like. Yes, babies are wonderful miracles and there are many moments to be enjoyed, yet they can also completely erase your sense of identity. When I gave my first concert after ten weeks of maternity leave, I breathed a sigh of relief. There I was, wearing my glamorous red jumpsuit, talking and making music with colleagues like a normal person.

You may wonder what Sir John Tavener's *Akhmatova Songs* have to do with motherhood. Actually, not much. And that is precisely the point. Exploring motherhood from different perspectives means also leaving room for a mother's own interests and sources of inspiration, outside of her role as a mother. During a time when women were still expected to be mothers and homemakers in the first place, prolific Russian poet Anna Akhmatova (1889 – 1966) chose another path. She became the undisputed queen of Russian poetry, giving a voice to and inspiring many women of her generation to take up their pens and express themselves through poetry.

Born as Anna Andreevna Gorenko into an aristocratic family in Tsarskoe Selo, an upper-class suburb of Saint-Petersburg, Akhmatova started writing poetry as a teenager. She published her first book *Vecher* (Evening) in 1912, the same year her son Lev was born, and instantly rose to fame. Akhmatova was part of the avant-garde literary movement in Saint-Petersburg, often gathering at the bohemian cabaret club The Stray Dog with her friends and fellow poets like Osip Mandelstam and her husband Nikolai Gumilev. Soon after giving birth, Akhmatova left her son in the care of her mother-in-law and returned to her literary pursuits.

With the outbreak of the First World War and the subsequent Russian Revolution, the carefree days at the Stray Dog were over. Akhmatova bore witness to both world wars and the terrors of the Soviet regime, which saw her husband executed and her son arrested and sent to the prison camps. A staunch patriot, Akhmatova saw it as her task to record and comment on the political situation,

rather than flee the Stalinist purges like many other artists did. However, when her son Lev was sentenced to ten years in the prison camps, she sacrificed her sacred political convictions and published a poem in praise of Stalin. Unfortunately, this did not help secure Lev's release, and their bond always remained strained as he felt she did not do enough to help his cause.

Akhmatova saw herself as a kind of internal exile, forever separated from her homeland as it once existed. Her references to Dante Alighieri in *Dante* and *The Muse* offer a veiled parallel between Dante's Inferno and Soviet Russia. She further pays tribute to the Romantic poets Pushkin and Lermontov, whom she greatly admired, as well as her close friend and contemporary Boris Pasternak, who bravely withstood Stalin's pressure to condemn his colleagues. The short *Couplet* shows Akhmatova's stark self-criticism, while the final *Death* expresses a yearning for the inevitable.

What attracted Sir John Tavener (1944 – 2014) in these poems was “their simplicity, their starkness, their lack of frills, their complete lack of complexity”. According to Tavener himself, the *Akhmatova Songs* and other compositions from this period signified a departure from human emotion as a creative force. Much like Akhmatova herself expressed in *The Muse*, he felt that the music already existed, created by a higher power, and it was the artist's task to find it. And indeed, when hearing the ethereal and mysterious *Akhmatova Songs*, it is not hard to imagine a mystical source.

Known mostly for his choral works, Tavener started his musical career as a choir boy at Arnold House and Highgate. His first major break-through as a composer was his dramatic cantata *The Whale*, which he wrote in 1966 while studying at the Royal Academy of Music. It was premiered at London Sinfonietta's inaugural concert and released on the Beatles' Apple Records two years later. His *Song for Athene* was performed at Princess Diana's funeral, and brought him worldwide fame. Determined to express a universal truth through his music, he deliberately moved away from his Modernist contemporaries, who he said composed solely “from the brain”. Instead, Tavener sought to compose from the heart.

A deeply spiritual man, his work reflects his journey across religions. He was raised in the Presbyterian church, but as a young adult became more interested in the mystical aspects of Roman Catholicism. Eventually, he grew disillusioned with western Christianity and western culture in general, and found solace in the Russian orthodox church, to which he converted in the 1970's. Much of his music was inspired by Orthodox liturgy and Russian and Greek writers and themes. Though he was glad to reach such a wide audience, he despised the setting of the concert hall, and much preferred his music to be performed in sacred settings. In the last decade of his life, Tavener increasingly looked beyond Christianity and into Buddhism, Islam, Native American beliefs and Hinduism. In the *Akhmatova Songs*, which were written for Indian-British soprano Patricia Rozario, he drew inspiration from the melodic mode of Indian Raga. Suffering from ill health for most of his life, his ever-present awareness of his mortality inspired him to some of his greatest compositions, such as *The Death of Ivan Ilyich* (2012), and of course, the final of the *Akhmatova Songs*, in which the musical themes of the previous songs are woven into a transcendent whole.

To me, the *Akhmatova Songs* symbolize the third part of this story of motherhood. The first part is motherhood itself. The second part takes a broader view to include heritage and family relationships, and how we are all shaped by this as people and parents. And finally, the third part forms a mother's rediscovery of her own self.

Mieczysław Weinberg

Rocking the Child, Op. 110

Song-cycle on poems of Gabriela Mistral

Ребенок остался один

Услышав тихий плач, свернула я с дороги,
и увидала дом, и дверь его открыла.
Навстречу - детский взгляд, доверчивый и
строгий,
и нежность, как вино, мне голову вскружила.

Запаздывала мать - работа задержала;
ребенок грудь искал - она ему приснилась,
и начал плакать... Я - к груди его прижала,
и колыбельная сама на свет родилась.

В окно открытое на нас луна глядела.

Ребенок спал уже; и как разбогатела
внезапно грудь моя от песни и тепла!

А после женщина вбежала на крыльцо, но,
увидав мое счастливое лицо,
ребенка у меня она не отняла.

И не одинока я

Ночь темна и бесприютна,
Ночь спустилась на моря,
В люльке я тебя качаю,
И не одинока я.

Небо в мире бесприютно,
Месяц катится в моря,
На руки тебя взяла я,
И не одинока я.

Люди в мире бесприютны,
И у всех печаль своя.
Я к груди тебя прижала,
И не одинока я.

Ножки. Ручки

Ножки, ноги ребенка на морозе синеют...
Как же видят вас люди и не греют?

The child was left alone

Hearing the sound of quiet weeping, I turned back
from the road,
And saw a house, and opened a door.
I was met by the face of a child, trusting and
reproachful,
and its gentleness, like wine, went to my head.

Its mother was late home, delayed at work;
the child was seeking her breast, dreaming of it,
and it had begun to cry... I clasped him to my bosom,
and a lullaby was born of its own accord.

The moon looked upon us through the open
window.

The child was already asleep; and all of a sudden
how my breast was enriched by the song and the
warmth!

And then the woman came running to the porch,
But, seeing my happy face,
she did not take the child from me.

And I am not alone

Dark, homeless night,
night has descended upon the sea.
I am rocking you in the cradle,
and I am not alone.

The sky has no home in the world,
the moon swims in the sea,
I have taken you in my arms,
and I am not alone.

Mankind is homeless in the world,
and each has his own grief.
I have taken you to my breast,
and I am not alone!

Little feet. Little hands

Little feet, child's feet, are turning blue in the frost...
How can people see you and not offer you warmth?

Вас булыжник изранил,
к вам отбросы бросают,
Лед и снег, грязь и слякоть вас кусают.

И не видят слепые: там, где вы проходили,
Возникает сиянье белых лилий;
Где на землю ступили вы кровавой ступою,
Аромат туберозы над тропею.

Что ж, идите дорогой незаметной, прямою,

Совершенны и просты, как герои.
Что вас в мире дороже?
А живете в обиде,
Как же люди проходят и не видят?

Ручки, детские руки, вас зовут «попрошайки»,
А ведь дальнего мира вы хозяйки.
Ручки, детские руки - у садовой ограды;
А плоды только вам были б рады;

И для вас так прозрачна в сотах сладость
густая...
А люди проходят, не понимая!
Ручки, белые руки, за чужими межами
Низко клонится колос перед вами.
Но не требуют, просят руки бедных и нищих.

Благословен да будет, кто дал вам пищу!
Благословен, кто, слыша крики рук
бессловесных,
В мире вам возвращает ваше место!

Качая колыбель

Море волн миллионы качает звонко,
Слыша ласку морей, качаю ребенка

Ветер-путник пшеницу качает легонько.
Слыша ласку ветров, качаю ребенка

Бог мильоны вселенных качает тихонько,
Слыша голос его, качаю ребенка.

Ночь

Тихо дочка засыпает,
И погас закат в окне.
Блеск? Одна роса блистает.

A cobblestone has wounded you,
they throw rubbish at you,
Ice and snow, mud and slush all sting you.

And the blind cannot see: that where you went past,
There springs forth a radiance of white lilies;
That where you trod the earth with bloody steps,
is the fragrance of a tuberose over the path.

What of it, you tread an imperceptible, straight
path,
You are perfect and simple, like a hero.
What is dearer in the world than you?
Yet you live with insults,
How can people pass by and not see?

Little hands, child's hands, they call you beggars,
And yet you are the masters of an indebted world.
Little hands, child's hands at the garden railings;
Yet the fruit would take delight only in you;

And for you the dense sweetness in the honeycombs
is so clear...
But people pass you by, not understanding!
Little hands, white hands, behind foreign borders
the ear of corn bows low before you.
But they do not demand, they do not ask, these
hands of the poor and destitute.

Blessed be he that has given you to eat.
Blessed he who hearing the cry of your wordless
hands,
gives you back your place in the world!

Rocking the cradle

The sea of waves rocks millions swishingly,
Hearing the caress of the seas, I rock the child.

The travelling wind gently rocks the wheat.
Hearing the caress of the winds, I rock the child.

God rocks millions of universes quietly.
Hearing his voice, I rock the child.

Night

My daughter goes softly to sleep,
and the twilight fades at the window.
Is that a radiance? Just a dewdrop glistening.

Свет? Лежит он лишь на мне.

Тихо дочка засыпает,
На дороге тишина.
Вздых? Одна река вздыхает.
Жизнь? Не сплю лишь я одна.

Затопил туман лошину,
Скрылся замок голубой;
Лег на спящую долину,
Как рука на лоб, покой.

Я тихонько напевала,
И дитя качала я,
А под пенье задремала
Вся усталая земля.

Печальная мать

Мой хозяин, мой владыка,
Спи без страха и тревог;
Но моей душе не спится,
Нет у сна ко мне дорог.

Спи, и пусть твоё дыханье
Будет тише в легком сне
Стебелька травы на поле,
Шелковинки на руне.

Спит в тебе моя тревога,
И тоска, и боль обид.
За меня глаза смежашь, —
Я не сплю, но сердце спит.

Роса

Жила-была роза,
полна рососою.
Так дочь в моем сердце
всегда со мною.

Сжимается роза,
чтоб роса укрылась,
Избегает ветра,
чтоб роса не скатилась.

Роса приходит
из мирозданья,
Любовь рождает
её дыханье.

Is that a light? It is falling only on me.

My daughter is going softly to sleep,
on the road is silence.
Is that a breath? Just a river sighing.
Is it life? I am not the only one sleeping alone.

The fog has submerged the hollow,
the blue castle has vanished;
on the sleeping valley
peace has descended, like a hand on a brow.

I began to sing softly,
and I was rocking the child,
And at my singing all the tired earth
fell to dreaming

A sorrowful mother

My master, my sovereign,
sleep without fear or anxiety;
But my soul cannot sleep,
there is no path for sleep to come to me.

Sleep, and may your breath
go quieter in easy sleep
than a little stalk of grass on the field,
than a gossamer thread on a hand.

My anxiety sleeps in you,
and my sorrow and the pain of insults.
Behind me you close your eyes,
I do not sleep, but my heart sleeps.

The dew

There once was a rose
heavy with dew,
And it was thus that my daughter was in my heart,
always with me.

The rose contracts,
so that the dew may find shelter,
it flees from the wind,
so that the dew may not roll away.

The dew arrives
from the firmament,
and its breath
gives birth to love.

От счастья роза
все молчаливей,
Среди всех роз
нет ее счастливей.

Жила-была роза,
полна росой.
Так дочь в моем сердце
всегда со мною.

Кротость

Для тебя пою я песню,
В ней земля не знает зла;
Как твоя улыбка, нежны
и колючки и скала.
Для тебя пою,
из песни изгнала жестокость я;
Как твое дыханье, кротки
и пантера и змея.

Страх

Не хочу, чтоб когда-нибудь в жизни
Моя девочка ласточкой стала,
Чтобы в небо она уносилась
И к цинновкам моим не слетала,
Чтоб гнездо она в роще свивала,
А волос я бы ей не чесала.
Не хочу, чтоб когда-нибудь в жизни
Моя девочка ласточкой стала.

Не хочу, чтоб когда-нибудь в жизни
Моя дочка принцессою стала,
В золотых башмачках с каблучками
Разве девочка в поле играла б?
Разве под вечер рядом со мною
На постели одной засыпала б?
Не хочу, чтоб когда-нибудь в жизни
Моя дочка принцессою стала!

Ни за что не хочу, чтоб однажды
Моя дочь королевою стала.
Ведь ее усадили б на троне,
- Мне бы входа туда не бывало.
Да и под вечер больше, конечно,
Я бы в люльке ее не качала.
Не хочу, чтоб когда-нибудь в жизни
Моя дочь королевою стала!

From happiness the rose
is all the more silent,
among all roses
there is none happier.

There once was a rose
heavy with dew,
And it was thus that my daughter lived in my heart,
always with me.

Meekness

For you I am singing my song,
and in it the earth knows no evil;
Like your smile, tender
are the thorns and the rock face.
For you, I sing, and I have chased away
cruelty from my song;
Like your breath, meek
are the panther and the snake.

Fear

I do not want my little girl
ever to become a swallow,
That she should fly away into the sky
and not fly to my hearth,
I did not comb her hair
so that she might build a nest in the grove.
I do not want my little girl
ever to become a swallow.

I do not want my daughter
ever to become a princess.
In golden shoes with heels,
how might my little girl then play in the field?
How towards evening might she then
fall asleep beside me on the same bed?
I do not want my daughter
ever to become a princess.

I do not want my daughter
ever to become a queen.
For they would sit her on a throne,
and I would not be allowed to see her.
Yes, and in the evening, of course,
I would no longer rock her in the cradle.
I do not want my daughter
ever to become a queen.

Находка

Я шла по полю,
нашла ребенка:
В стогу зарывшись,
он спал тихонько.

А может быть, я
в саду проснулась;
Я гроздь искала,
щеки коснулась.

Глазам я больше
не дам закрыться:
Не то рососою
он испарится.

Моя песня

Песню ту, что я сложила
Для детей, чья жизнь - мученье,
Из простого сожаленья
ты мне спой!

Колыбельную, что пела детям,
Детям слабым и голодным -
Ранена и я сегодня -
Ты мне спой!

Бьет в глаза мне свет жестокий,
Каждый шум меня тревожит;
Песню, чтоб заснуть мне тоже,
Ты мне спой!

Песни я ткала, не пела,
Был как снег рисунок тонок;
Что душа моя ребенок,
знала ль я?

Песню ту, что я сложила
Для детей, чья жизнь - мученье,
Из простого сожаленья
ты мне спой!

A discovery

I was walking through the field,
I found a child:
having buried himself in a haystack,
he was sleeping softly.

And perhaps I
awoke in the garden,
and looked for a bunch of grapes,
and touched his cheeks.

I will no longer let my eyes close:
so that he may not vanish
as a dewdrop
into thin air.

My song

That song, which I set down
for children whose life was a torture
Out of pure pity
I ask you, sing it for me!

That lullaby, which I sang to the children,
to weak, hungry children,
since I too am wounded today,
sing it to me!

A cruel light strikes my eyes,
and every noise troubles me;
so that I too may fall asleep,
sing the song to me!

I wove the song, I did not sing it.
I was, like snow, a delicate drawing;
did I know
that my soul is a child?

That song, which I set down
for children whose life was a torture,
Out of pure pity
I ask you, sing it for me!

English translations by David Fanning

Josef Malkin

Five Russian Songs

Письмо - Илья Сельвинский

Мамоч-
ка мил-дорогая
Я. Вас. Люблю.
Баушка мил-дорогая
Больше я буду.
Я уже знаю буквы
Скоро мне шесть
Они наверно подарят куклу
А у меня есть
Уже больше нету места.
Цлую всех вас.
Эта палка и бубликов десять
Значит – мильон раз.
У нас есть один мальчик
Он очень ухий
А есть который другой мальчик.
Незабудущая вас
Кука.

Полиньке - Владимир Рябокоть-Рибопьер

Сон придет, Полинька, спи,
сон ведь – сирень – стережет шаги твои,
сон как пустая скамейка –
и дерево позади.
Вот и грецкий орех раскрылся на половинки
для тебя и для спящей Ани,
сказка о рыбаке и рыбке
смутных полна ожиданий.
Из ореха, видишь, туман, огоньки
сыпятся на вечерний стол –
означают они зимы полновесный взмах –
и коньки.
Мой зеркальный стол отражает день,
то ли холодно, то ли радостно
и сирень, и сирень,
нянчит сон твой, Полинька, в складках штор.

Не покидай меня - Борис Рыжий

Не покидай меня, когда
горит полночная звезда,
когда на улице и в доме
все хорошо, как никогда.

A letter - Ilya Selvinsky

Mummy
My sweet – dearest
I. Love. You.
Granny my sweet-dearest
Bigger I will be.
I know lots of letters
I'm almost six.
I guess they will give me a doll
But I have one already
There is no more room
Kisssss to you all
That's a stick and ten donuts
Means a million times.
We have a boy here
He is very eary
And there is also another boy.
Never forgottod you,
Kuka

To Polinka – Vladimir Riabokon-Ribeaupierre

The dream will come, Polinka, sleep,
a dream – the lilac – guards your steps,
dream – like an empty bench –
and a tree behind.
See the walnut opened in half
for you and for sleeping Anya,
the tale of the Fisherman and the Fish
is full of vague expectations.
From the nut, see, the fog, lights
raining down on the evening table –
meaning winter's full swing –
and skates.
My mirrored desk is reflecting the day,
is it cold, or is it joyful
and the lilac, the lilac
nurses your dream, Polinka, in the curtains' folds.

Don't leave me - Boris Ryzhy

Don't leave me when the nightly skies
Are brightened by the crescent rise,
When everything is going right
In our own dwelling and outside.

Ни для чего и ни зачем,
а просто так и между тем
оставь меня, когда мне больно,
уйди, оставь меня совсем.

Пусть опустеют небеса.
Пусть станут черными леса.
Пусть перед сном предельно страшно
мне будет закрывать глаза.

Пусть ангел смерти, как в кино,
то яду подольет в вино,
то жизнь мою перетасует
и крести бросит на сукно.

А ты останься в стороне -
белей черемухой в окне
и, не дотягиваясь, смейся,
протягивая руку мне.

Погадай мне цыганка - Борис Рыжий

Погадай мне, цыганка, на медный грош,
растолкуй, отчего умру.
Отвечает цыганка, мол, ты умрешь,
не живут такие в миру.

Станет сын чужим и чужой жена,
отвернутся друзья-враги.
Что убьет тебя, молодой? Вина.
Но вину свою береги.
Перед кем вина? Перед тем, что жив.
И смеется, глядя в глаза.
И звучит с базара блатной мотив,
проясняются небеса.

Колыбельная - Анна Ахматова

Далеко в лесу огромном,
Возле синих рек,
Жил с детьми в избушке тёмной
Бедный дровосек.

Младший сын был ростом с пальчик, —
Как тебя унять,
Спи, мой тихий, спи, мой мальчик,
Я дурная мать.

Долетают редко вести

But leave me when I am in pain,
Don't look for reasons to remain,
Abandon me, leave me alone,
Depart forever and be gone.

Let then the skies be void and bare,
And colour all the forests black,
Let me in horror, in despair,
Eyes open wide, lay on my back.

As in a trivial burlesque
Let Death prepare a poisoned bait,
Let it, reshuffling my fate,
Toss down its sentence on the desk.

And you, like a white cherry bloom,
Appearing through the windowpane,
Do smile to me across the room,
And try to reach me, yet in vain.

The Fortune Teller – Boris Ryzhy

Tell me, gypsy, my future for a copper cent,
Do reveal, how will I die?
And the gypsy replies, yes, you'll die, my friend,
Lads like you are easily spent.

See your son estrange and your wife astray,
See your frenemies turn away.
What will finish you off, my lad? Your guilt.
Yet with you your guilt must stay.
What's your guilt, you ask? That you are not dead.
And she's laughing straight to my face.
And a jailbirds' tune sounds from the marketplace,
And the skies are turning red.

Lullaby – Anna Akhmatova

Far away deep in a forest
Where two rivers meet,
Lived a woodman with his children
In a dark retreat.

And the youngest one was tiny,
Teeny as a thumb.
Hush my baby, no more whining...
I'm a worthless mum.

Rarely come the long awaited

К нашему крыльцу,
Подарили белый крестик
Твоему отцу.

Было горе, будет горе,
Горю нет конца,
Да хранит святой Егорий
Твоего отца.

Letters to our doors.
And your father's decorated
With a small white cross.

Trouble's coming, trouble's staying
Troubles never wane.
May Saint-George's holy praying
Spare your dad the pain.

English translations by Josef Malkin

Sir John Tavener Akhmatova Songs

A cycle for soprano and cello to poems by Anna Akhmatova

ДАНТЕ

Он и после смерти не вернулся
В старую Флоренцию свою.
Этот, уходя, не оглянулся.
Этому я эту песнь пою.
Он из ада ей послал проклятье
И в раю не мог ее забыть...

Dante

And even after death he did not return
To his old Florence.
In going, he did not look back,
To him I sing this song...
From hell he sent his curses upon her,
And in heaven he could not forget her.

ПУШКИН И ЛЕРМОНТОВ

Здесь Пушкина изгнание началось
И Лермонтова кончилось изгнание.
Здесь горных трав легко благоуханье,
И только раз мне видеть удалось
У озера, в густой тени чинары,
В тот предвечерний и жестокий час —
Сияние неутоленных глаз
Бессмертного любовника Тамары.

Pushkin and Lermontov

Here began Pushkin's exile
And Lermontov's exile ended.
Here is the gentle scent of mountain grasses,
And only once I managed to see
Beside the lake, in the plane tree's thickest shade
In that cruel hour before the evening —
The blaze of his eyes unquenched,
The deathless lover of Tamara.

БОРИС ПАСТЕРНАК

Он награжден каким-то вечным детством,
Той щедростью и зоркостью светил,
И вся земля была его наследством,
А он ее со всеми разделил.

Boris Pasternak

Endowed with some eternal childhood,
He shone open-handed, clean of sight,
The whole earth was his heritage,
And this with all he shared.

ДВУСТИШИЕ

От других мне хвала - что зола,
От тебя и хула - похвала.

Couplet

For me praise from others — are ashes,
But from you even blame — is praise.

МУЗА

Когда я ночью жду ее прихода,
Жизнь, кажется, висит на волоске.
Что почести, что юность, что свобода
Пред милой гостьей с дудочкой в руке.
И вот вошла. Откинув покрывало,
Внимательно взглянула на меня.
Ей говорю: «Ты ль Данту диктовала Страницы
Ада?»
Отвечает: «Я».

СМЕРТЬ

Я была на краю чего-то,
Чему верного нет названья...
Зазывающая дремота,
От себя самой ускользанье..

А я уже стою на подступах к чему-то,
Что достается всем, но разной ценой...
На этом корабле есть для меня каюта
И ветер в парусах - и страшная минута
Прощания с моей родной страной.

The muse

At night, as I await her coming,
Life seems to hang upon a thread,
And what are honour, youth, or freedom
Before the kindly guest with flute in hand?
Here – she has come. Flung off her veil,
And attentively looked at me.
I say to her: “Did you dictate to Dante the script of
Hell?”
She answers: “I”.

Death

I was on the border of something
Which has no certain name...
A drowsy summons,
A slipping away from myself...

Already I stand at the threshold to something,
The lot of all, but at a varying price...
On this ship, there is a cabin for me
And wind in the sails – and the dreaded moment
Of parting with my native land.

English translations by Mother Thekla

Channa Malkin

Soprano Channa Malkin was born in Amsterdam, the Netherlands into a family of classical musicians. Known for her compelling musical personality and unbridled creativity, Channa was praised by *De Volkskrant* as “a young sound with a mature treatment. Her story-telling is profound”. She excels in a broad repertoire, from Italian baroque opera to Sephardic chamber music.

She debuted at the age of 16 as Barbarina (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) at Dutch National Opera. Since then, she has performed roles such as Poppea (*L'incoronazione di Poppea*) at the Rotterdam Opera Days, Despina (*Così fan tutte*), Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), Charite (*Cadmus et Hermione*), Eve (*In the beginning*, a world premiere by Carlijn Metselaar), and all female roles in a staged production of Grieg's *Peer Gynt* at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw with the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra.

Notable concert performances include the boy solo in Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms* with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra under the baton of Mariss Jansons, Händel's *Dixit Dominus* and the modern premiere of William Hayes' *The Fall of Jericho* with Holland Baroque conducted by Alexander Weimann, as well as Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* and *B Minor Mass* with the Jerusalem Baroque Orchestra conducted by Joshua Rifkin and Andrew Parrott, among others. Channa has premiered her father Josef Malkin's works *Yizkor* and *Black Flowers* for soprano, chorus and orchestra in New York and Salt Lake City, as well as with the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra in the Muziekgebouw aan 't IJ. Channa regularly performs as a soloist with baroque ensemble La Sfera Armoniosa, led by theorbist Mike Fentross.

In addition to opera and concert, Channa enjoys telling stories and connecting intimately with audiences in song recitals. Her debut album *Songs of Love and Exile*, together with guitarist Izhar Elias, was hailed by the international press as “Glorious”. The duo has performed at many of the main recital venues in the Netherlands, such as the National Opera and Stadsgehoorzaal Leiden.

Channa has demonstrated her creativity and entrepreneurship with the creation of her own

multimedia opera pastiche *Handel goes Tinder*, together with violinist Anastasia Kozlova and writer/director Michael Diederich. Channa has performed this production 33 times for sold-out venues and festivals in the Netherlands, with performances still to come at the Internationale Händel Festspiele in Göttingen, among other venues.

Channa studied at the Utrecht Conservatoire with Charlotte Margiono, while simultaneously performing as a soloist in the Netherlands and abroad. After graduating with honours from the conservatoire, Channa went on to study with Rosemary Joshua, with whom she discovered her love for early music. She continues working with her vocal coaches Manuela Ochakovski and Roberta Alexander on new repertoire. A nominee for the Grachtenfestival Prize 2020, she was hailed by the jury as a “captivating musical personality”.

www.channamalkin.com

Artem Belogurov

Artem Belogurov is equally at home at the modern piano, the harpsichord, the clavichord and the many varieties of historical pianos. His repertoire ranges through four centuries of solo, concerto, and chamber repertoire. Based in Amsterdam, he performs in Europe, North America, and Japan as a soloist as well as with his regular duo partner, cellist Octavie Dostaler-Lalonde, and his chamber ensemble Postscript. Artem is avidly interested in research, particularly relating to Romantic performance practice, and enjoys experimenting with and reviving forgotten expressive devices. This is his third CD for TRPTK.

www.artembelogurovmusic.com
www.postscriptensemble.com
www.romanticclub.com

Maya Fridman

Maya Fridman is a talented young artist residing in The Netherlands. From her early years of playing the cello, Maya was recognised as a prodigy and was taken under the hood of the Foundation of Yuri Bashmet, where she took part in various TV

and radio programs. During her studies at the Moscow State College of Music, she was awarded the First Prize in the International Festival of Slavic Music. In 2016, she received her Master's degree cum laude from the Conservatory of Amsterdam, where she studied with Dmitri Ferschtman.

For the last nine years, Maya has been performing regularly in Europe, in renowned venues such as the Royal Concertgebouw of Amsterdam, Muziekgebouw aan 't IJ, TivoliVredenburg Utrecht and the Vereeniging Nijmegen. Due to her vast musical interests, she always had a passion for improvisation and playing diverse musical styles. Each of her solo programs has a strong emotional impact on the audience and presents great works of the last century, as well as completely new works by contemporary composers.

Highlights from her vast discography include

The Fiery Angel, featuring her own arrangement of Prokofiev's opera of the same name for cello and piano with Artem Belogurov. It was dubbed "... the best chamber music album I've heard in 20 years" by American magazine *The Absolute Sound*. In 2019 Maya released *Canti d'inizio e fine* by composer Maxim Shalygin, to great critical acclaim. The album was chosen by Dutch newspaper *De Volkskrant*'s as one of the "40 Best Albums of 2019".

Maya was musician-in-residence with Gaudeamus in 2018/2019. In 2018 she was nominated for the Grachtenfestival Prijs, and in 2019, Maya won the coveted Dutch Classical Talent Award. In 2020/21, she became Artist in Residence at TivoliVredenburg.

www.mayafridman.com





Our goal is to create immersive experiences through sound. By creating an acoustic hologram, our recordings give you the illusion of being at the world's most beautiful concert halls and churches – all this, while never leaving your listening room.

No costs or efforts are spared to seize that magical moment in which music is being created, and bring it home to you in the highest quality. Why? Simply because this is how music should be experienced: fresh and alive, not canned and with a stale aftertaste of conservation. To us, music is life, and should be lived to the fullest in an authentic and uncompromising way.

Through these recordings, we bring you closer to the music and the musicians than you've ever imagined. The devil is in the details, and the ability to catch those makes all the difference between good quality and excellent quality. Listening to our recordings, you're able to perceive every breath, every bowing, every movement with an astonishing clarity. Not only do you hear the music, you hear the music as it's being created. This adds a human dimension to your listening experience, connecting you instantly and instinctively to what you're listening to.

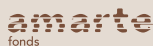
The basis for all of our recordings is our Optimised Omnidirectional Array (OOA for short), developed by founder and lead audio engineer Brendon Heinst. With OOA, we aim to create a truly accurate image of the soundstage, while

retaining uncoloured transparency in the tonal characteristics of the recording. Unlike many current recording techniques, OOA was developed scientifically through simulation and modelling, as well as through many extensive listening tests with an independent listening panel. But however great any microphone array can be, the signals still have to be converted into the digital domain. Our aim at TRPTK is to do this conversion process completely and utterly uncoloured, preserving all the tiniest little details without the harshness usually attributed to digital recordings. The way we do this is by recording at 352.8 kHz 32 bits DXD, at 16 times higher than CD quality. This means, in musical terms, that everything in the original performance is preserved. From the huge 32-foot pipe of a cathedral organ, to the highest notes on a piccolo flute. From the softest whispers all the way to the searingly loudest orchestral hits.

Speaking of soft whispers and loud orchestral hits; we choose our artists not just by their ability to amaze us. We're eager to collaborate with musicians and composers who walk that fine line between renewing genres and connecting to audiences. Together with them, we can achieve our goal of creating daring recordings that stay loyal to the idea of always aiming for the highest quality possible.

Because at TRPTK, we bring you not just the sound, but the core of music.

recording & mastering engineer at TRPTK



Credits

<i>Production manager</i>	Rozemarijn Tiben / InterArtists
<i>Recording & mastering</i>	Brendon Heinst
<i>Assistant engineer</i>	Hans Erblich
<i>Acoustics engineer</i>	Ben van Leliveld / AcousticMatters
<i>Piano technician</i>	Piano's Maene
<i>Editing</i>	Hans Erblich Channa Malkin Artem Belogurov Maya Fridman
<i>Visual concept & creative direction</i>	Green Room Creatives Spring Matters
<i>Photography & artwork</i>	Brendon Heinst
<i>Liner notes</i>	Channa Malkin

This album was recorded between December 1st and 4th, at De Philharmonie, Grote Zaal in Haarlem, The Netherlands. Artem Belogurov performs on a Steinway Model D Concert Grand. Maya Fridman performs on a cello built by Serge Stam.

Equipment

<i>Microphones</i>	DPA d:dicate 4006A DPA d:dicate 4015A Sony C100
<i>AD/DA converters</i>	Merging Technologies Hapi Merging Technologies Anubis
<i>Master clock</i>	Grimm Audio CC2 at 352.8 kHz
<i>Location monitoring</i>	KEF LS50 Meta <i>loudspeakers</i> Hegel C55 <i>five-channel amplifier</i>
<i>Mastering monitoring</i>	KEF Blade Two <i>loudspeakers</i> Hegel H30 <i>amplifiers</i>
<i>Power conditioning</i>	Furutech Daytona 303E CAD Ground Control GC1
<i>Cabling</i>	Furutech custom microphone cables Furutech custom balanced interlinks Furutech custom power cables Furutech custom loudspeaker cables
<i>Misc.</i>	JCAT Optimo 3 Duo <i>linear power supply</i> JCAT NET Card XE JCAT M12 Switch Gold Furutech e-TP609E NCF Furutech NCF Boosters R.T.F.S. acoustics modules

trptk