

COSMOS

February 13th, 2026 at 7pm

Glorya Kaufman Community Center at The Wende Museum

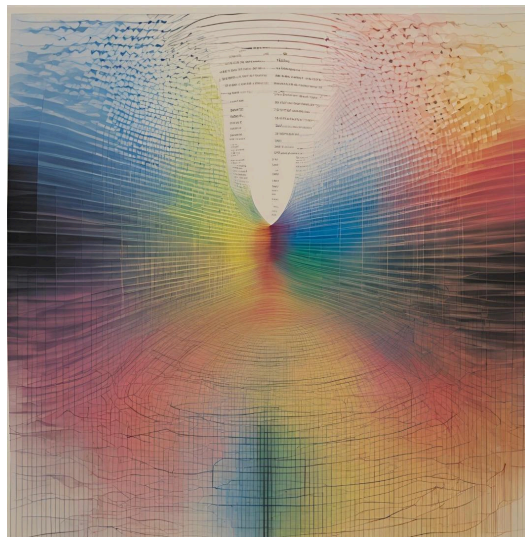
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Welcome to Spectra, a concert series where programming is prismatic. Each program refracts a theme into a spectrum of musical perspectives and celebrates the unique field that emerges. The present mission is to illuminate resonant conversations between the aesthetic currents/compositional practices of music across history and to create an inclusive space for musicians and audiences to connect and inspire each other. The long-term vision is to queer the presentation of “art” music by prioritizing the fluidity of relation over the rigidity of canon.

Donations are greatly appreciated to support production costs and future performance projects. Please consider giving what you can, either in person at the concert or through our [Venmo page](#) or [GoFundMe](#).

Finally, we would love to hear from you about your concert experience and stay connected. Please connect with us via [Instagram](#) or our [website](#). Visit our [YouTube channel](#) for recordings of previous concerts.

Thank you for being here. Please join us afterwards for refreshments!



Mood 3 from *To and Fro*

Tania León
(b. 1943)

Die stille Stadt (The Still Town) from *Fünf Lieder*

Alma Mahler
(1879-1964)

White Moon from *Five Songs*

Ruth Crawford Seeger
(1901-1953)

Venedig (Venice) from *Drei Gesänge*

Dora Pejačević
(1885-1923)

Yekaterina Lynch, soprano
Alexandre Tchaykov, piano

Makrokosmos Volume II

George Crumb
(1929-2022)

Part 1:

1. Morning Music (Genesis II) (Cancer)
2. The Mystic Chord (Sagittarius)
3. Rain-Death Variations (Pisces)
4. Twin Suns (Doppelgänger aus der Ewigkeit) (Gemini)

Part 2:

5. Ghost-Nocturne: for the Druids of Stonehenge (Night-Spell II) (Virgo)
6. Gargoyles (Taurus)
7. Tora! Tora! Tora! (Cadenza Apocalittica) (Scorpio)
8. A Prophecy of Nostradamus (Aries)

Part 3:

9. Cosmic Wind (Libra)
10. Voices from "Corona Borealis" (Aquarius)
11. Litany of the Galactic Bells (Leo)
12. Agnus Dei (Capricorn)

Alexandre Tchaykov, piano

Intermission

Piano Sonata No. 10

Alexander Scriabin
(1872-1915)

Alexandre Tchaykov, piano

1. Pity Me Not Because the Light of Day (Edna St. Vincent Millay)
2. How To Swing Those Obbligatos Around (Alice Fulton)
3. The Crazy Woman (Gwendolyn Brooks)
4. Just Once (Anne Sexton)
5. Never More Will the Wind (H.D.)
6. The Sage (Denise Levertov)
7. O To Be a Dragon (Marianne Moore)
8. The Bustle in a House (Emily Dickinson)
9. I Saw Eternity (Louise Bogan)
10. Night Practice (May Swenson)
11. The Fish (Elizabeth Bishop)

Carmen Edano, mezzo-soprano
Alexandre Tchaykov, piano

Program Notes

Night Sketches

A quartet of songs by four women composers opens our exploration, each illustrating a different experience of the night as a composite of light and dark.

“**Mood 3**” is the third song in Cuban-American composer **Tania León**’s collaboration with American artist Alison Knowles, *To and Fro*. Wide, shifting harmonies and melodic contours create a mysterious lullaby about searching for layers of meaning in a vast darkness. When the text pivots to remark how Native American tribes name the year’s full moons to shed light on their place in the cosmos, the music suddenly becomes more active, rejoicing in the found clarity. Throughout, we constantly return to the slower tempo of the opening lullaby that asks the concluding question: “Are we present?”

“**Die stille Stadt**” by German composer **Alma Mahler** is a setting of a poem by German poet Richard Dehmel. Surrounded by encroaching night, the poem’s traveler fearfully wanders through a misty, silent town until the gleam of a child’s song finally illuminates their way. The music goes down several unstable tonal paths to reflect the sensation of being lost before settling in the tranquility of D major at the end.

“**White Moon**” by American composer **Ruth Crawford Seeger** is a setting of a poem by American poet Carl Sandburg. The text describes the ethereal, otherworldly beauty of moonlight against a baby’s face, complemented in the music by gentle, flickering dissonances in the upper registers of the piano. The sparseness of the texture creates a wondrous mystique around the moon as it crosses paths with the night’s “gnarled shadows.”

“**Venedig**” by Croatian composer **Dora Pejačević** is a setting of a poem by German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche. The poem describes being deeply inspired by lights and sounds resonating in the waters of Venice at night and turning inward to hear one’s being singing with joy. The music dynamically builds to this moment of bliss before fading away at the end as the speaker questions whether any other soul could hear their own.

Sonic Astrology

Makrokosmos Volume II is the second in a cycle of four works by American composer **George Crumb**. Across twelve character pieces based on the twelve astrological signs of the zodiac, Crumb introduces a wide array of extended techniques that require the pianist to approach the instrument in unorthodox ways, generating sound not only from the keyboard, but also from plucking, strumming, muting, scraping, striking, and distorting the interior strings. These techniques transform the timbral universe of the piano into that of a string/percussion instrument, revising our understanding of its capabilities.

What makes *Makrokosmos* so compelling is the way its maximalist concepts are meticulously rendered in colorful, unexpected soundscapes. Each piece emerges from a mythos that represents different ways humans have tried to understand and organize the universe at large. Allusions to spirituality, magic, astronomy, symbology and mysticism in the titles abound. The handcrafted scores are extremely detailed and precise, outlining intricate rhythmic choreography the performer must follow to discover the interaction of the musical elements in each piece.

Insects Born of The Sun

About his final **Piano Sonata No. 10**, the Russian composer **Alexander Scriabin** said:

"Insects, butterflies, moths - they are all living flowers. They are the most subtle caresses, almost without touching...They are all born of the sun and the sun nourishes them...This sunlike caress is the closest to me - take my tenth sonata - it is an entire sonata from insects."

In this poignant description, the subtle, delicate world of insects is like a microcosmic manifestation of the sun's macrocosmic potential. The sonata's texture buzzes with trills and tremolos that evoke both the insects themselves, and their luminous spiritual energy. The music is radiant, propulsive, sensuous, and ecstatic, relishing in the various species of trills. Towards the end, a suddenly breathless tempo makes it seem as if the insects had truly been converted into light.

A Galaxy of Poets

I Will Breathe A Mountain is a 1991 song cycle by American composer **William Bolcom**, featuring eleven poems by eleven American women. Often, a song cycle is united by texts originating from a single source, but Bolcom, together with the help of poet Alice Fulton, opted for a cycle that showcases an incredible variety of poetic forms, themes, techniques, and tones. From sonnets, to metered lyrics, to free verse, to visual poetry, the work highlights a rich and diverse body of 19th and 20th-century verse.

From the gradual, heartbreaking revelation of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Pity Me Not Because the Light of Day," to the eerie lyricism of Gwendolyn Brooks' "The Crazy Woman," to the enigmatic imagism of Marianne Moore's "O To Be A Dragon," to the painstaking natural catalogue of Elizabeth Bishop's "The Fish," the songs are like sonic planets dedicated to each poet. The title of the work, referencing the final courageous words of May Swenson's "Night Practice," refers to the unwavering will to create in the face of death, to breathe an artistic universe into existence.

Artist Bios

Alexandre Tchaykov

Alexandre Tchaykov is a Bulgarian pianist and poet devoted to the exploration of contemporary musical idioms and interdisciplinary discourses. He holds degrees from UCLA (DMA), Northwestern University (MM), and UGA (BM and BA English). A passionate teacher, he leads a private piano studio and has served as an instructor for college courses in musicianship, music history, and music appreciation. His dissertation recital, [“LYRIC: An Ode to Poetry and Song.”](#) assesses the conceptual overlap between poetic and musical expression. Over the years, he has held fellowships at several renowned music festivals, including Tanglewood, New Music on the Point, and Kneisel Hall. When he isn't practicing, teaching, or writing, you can find him baking in the kitchen or wandering in nature.

Carmen Edano

Carmen Edano is a Filipino mezzo-soprano praised for her “protean singing” and “elastic voice.” Carmen made her debut in the LA new music scene as Jing in The Industry’s cosmic production of Star Choir, a new opera by Malik Gaines and Alexandro Segade. These past two summers, she was a Tanglewood Vocal Fellow and studied under award-winning soprano Dawn Upshaw. She currently sings with the Los Angeles Master Chorale, and was the Alto Soloist in the 2024 Messiah-Sing-Along. Carmen has performed as Baba the Turk in Stravinsky’s The Rake’s Progress, Giannetta in Donizetti’s L’elisir d’amore, and Le Mari in Poulenc’s Les Mamelles de Tirésias. Carmen was also the winner of UCLA’s 2023 All-Star Competition. She received her BA in Vocal Performance and Music Education from Pepperdine University, and her MM in Opera from the University of California Los Angeles. She spends her free time crocheting and hanging out with her cat, Deedee.

Yekaterina Lynch

Yekaterina Lynch is a California-based soprano and graduate of UCLA’s Herb Alpert School of Music. She previously trained at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music’s Pre-College Program and studied at the Odessa Conservatory in Ukraine. At UCLA, she was a recipient of both the Elaine Krown Klein and Mimi Alpert Feldman Scholarships. Yekaterina recently covered the principal role of Maria in the world premiere of The Grand Hotel Tartarus by Richard Danielpour (2024). Her performance credits include Echo in the premiere of Kay Rhie’s Quake (2023) and Damon in Handel’s Acis and Galatea. Partial roles include Meg (Falstaff), Mère Marie (Dialogues of the Carmelites), and Rosalinda (Die Fledermaus). A passionate advocate for contemporary music, Yekaterina most recently gave a performance of Schoenberg’s Pierrot lunaire in celebration of the composer’s 150th anniversary, held at Schoenberg Hall. She also served as Music Director of Con Brio, a student-led string orchestra at UCLA, for two years and as Associate Director for Opera UCLA’s spring production of Handel’s Rodrigo. This fall, Yekaterina will also be the Assistant Director on Turn of the Screw with Opera UCLA.

Song Texts

Mood 3

Alison Knowles (1933-2025)

nature guides the breath
through to another layer
a deeper darkness
for a bit you could see
quite a distance
the snow haze transmitted by a mark

Each tribe gives different names to the thirteen moons rising in each year.
The names shed light on what your tribe is, where you live, what to plant or harvest.

A chance mark at the edge appears on the cloth and catches us off guard.
We have caught something as if from the corner of the eye. We see through to another layer.
Are we present? Serious bass fishing begins at dawn.

Die stille Stadt

Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
ein blasser Tag vergeht.
es wird nicht lange dauern mehr,
bis weder Mond noch Sterne
nur Nacht am Himmel steht.

A town lies in the valley,
a pale day is fading;
it will not be long
before neither moon nor stars
but night alone will deck the skies.

Von allen Bergen drücken
nebel auf die Stadt,
es dringt kein Dach, nicht Hof noch Haus,
kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch heraus,
kaum Türme noch und Brücken.

From every mountain
mists weigh on the town;
no roof, no courtyard, no house
no sound can penetrate the smoke,
scarcely towers and bridges even.

Doch als dem Wanderer graute,
da ging ein Lichtlein auf im Grund
und durch den Rauch und Nebel
begann ein leiser Lobgesang
aus Kindermund.

But as fear seized the traveller,
a gleam appeared in the valley;
and through the smoke and mist
came a faint song of praise
from a child's lips.

White Moon

Carl Sandburg (1878-1967)

White Moon comes in on a baby face.
The shafts across her bed are flimmering.

Out on the land White Moon shines,
Shines and glimmers against gnarled shadows,
All silver to slow twisted shadows
Falling across the long road that runs from the house.

Keep a little of your beauty
And some of your flimmering silver
For her by the window tonight
Where you come in, White Moon.

Venedig

Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900)

An der Brücke stand
jüngst ich in brauner Nacht.
Fernher kam Gesang;
goldener Tropfen quoll's
über die zitternde Fläche weg.
Gondeln, Lichter, Musik -
trunken schwamm's in die Dämmerung hinaus ...

Meine Seele, ein Saitenspiel,
sang sich, unsichtbar berührt,
heimlich ein Gondellied dazu,
zitternd vor bunter Seligkeit.

Hörte ihr jemand zu?

By the bridge I stood
recently in the brown night.
From the distance came the sound of song;
golden drops surged away
over the vibrating surface.
Gondolas, light, music -
drunk, it floated off into the dusk...

My soul, a lute,
unseeably moved, sang
a gondolier's song secretly to itself,
trembling with joyous bliss.

Did anyone listen to it?

I Will Breathe A Mountain

William Bolcom

Pity Me Not Because the Light of Day

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

Pity me not because the light of day
At close of day no longer walks the sky;
Pity me not for beauties passed away
From field and thicket as the year goes by;
Pity me not the waning of the moon,
Nor that the ebbing tide goes out to sea,
Nor that a man's desire is hushed so soon,
And you no longer look with love on me.
This have I known always: Love is no more
Than the wide blossom which the wind assails,
Than the great tide that treads the shifting shore,
Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales:
Pity me that the heart is slow to learn
What the swift mind beholds at every turn.

How To Swing Those Obligatos Around

Alice Fulton (b. 1952)

He had shag hair & a boutique.
In the bar he told me I had too much class
to be a telephone operator & I told him
he should have been thirty in 1940:
a gangster with patent leather shoes
to shine under girl's skirts & a mother
who called him sonny. He should have
crashed a club where they catered
to the smart set, disposing of
the bouncer with You spent three months
in a plaster cast the last time
you tangled with me & I should have been

the singer in tight champagne
skin waiting for him to growl
I don't know how to begin
this beguine but you certainly know how to
swing those obligatos around & we
would fox-trot till a guy
he knew from Sing Sing cut in.
& he said he loved old flicks
I should come up to his place & see
the art deco ashtrays on his shag rug
that I shouldn't waste myself
at Bell tel but marry him
& take his business calls &
I said How many years do you get
if they give you life

The Crazy Woman

Gwendolyn Brooks (1917-2000)

I shall not sing a May song.
A May song should be gay.
I'll wait until November
And sing a song of gray.

I'll wait until November.
That is the time for me.
I'll go out in the frosty dark
And sing most terribly.

And all the little people
Will stare at me and say,
"That is the Crazy Woman
Who would not sing in May.

Just Once

Anne Sexton (1928-1974)

Just once I knew what life was for.
In Boston, quite suddenly, I understood;
walked there along the Charles River,
watched the lights copying themselves,
all neoned and strobe-hearted, opening
their mouths as wide as opera singers;
counted the stars, my little campaigners,
my scar daisies, and knew that I walked my love
on the night green side of it and cried
my heart to the eastbound cars and cried
my heart to the westbound cars and took
my truth across a small humped bridge
and hurried my truth, the charm of it, home
and hoarded these constants into morning
only to find them gone.

Never More Will The Wind

H.D. (1886-1961)

Never more will the wind
cherish you again,
never more will the rain.

Never more
shall we find you bright
in the snow and wind.

The snow is melted,
the snow is gone,
and you are flown:

Like a bird out of our hand,
like a light out of our heart,
you are gone.

The Sage

Denise Levertov (1923-1997)

The cat is eating the roses:
that's the way he is.
Don't stop him, don't stop
the world going round,
that's the way things are.
The third of May
was misty; fourth of May
who knows. Sweep
the rose-meat up, throw the bits
out in the rain.
He never eats
every crumb, says
the hearts are bitter.
That's the way he is, he knows
the world and the weather.

O To Be a Dragon

Marianne Moore (1887-1972)

If I, like Solomon,...
could have my wish—
my wish..O to be a dragon,
a symbol of the power of Heaven—
of silkworm
size or immense; at times invisible.
Felicitous phenomenon!

The Bustle in a House

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

The Bustle in a House
The Morning after Death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon Earth –

The Sweeping up the Heart
And putting Love away
We shall not want to use again
Until Eternity –

I Saw Eternity

Louise Bogan (1897-1970)

O beautiful Forever!
O grandiose Everlasting!
Now, now, now,
I break you into pieces,
I feed you to the ground.
O brilliant, O languishing
Cycle of weeping light!
The mice and birds will eat you
And you will spoil their stomachs
As you have spoiled my mind.
Here, mice, rats,
Porcupines and toads,
Moles, shrews, squirrels,
Weasels, turtles, lizards,–
Here's a bright Everlasting!
Here's a crumb of Forever!
Here's a crumb of Forever!

Night Practice

May Swenson (1913-1989)

I
will
remember
with my breath
to make a mountain
with my sucked-in breath
a valley, with my pushed-out
breath a mountain. I will make
a valley wider than the whisper, I
will make a mountain higher than the cry;
with my will breathe a valley. I will push out
a mountain, suck in a valley, deeper than the shout
YOU MUST DIE, harder, heavier, sharper, a mountain than
the truth YOU MUST DIE. I will remember. My breath will
make a mountain. My will will remember to will. I, suck-
ing, pushing, I will breathe a valley, I will breathe a mountain.

The Fish

Elizabeth Bishop (1911-1979)

I caught a tremendous fish
and held him beside the boat
half out of water, with my hook
fast in a corner of his mouth.
He didn't fight.
He hadn't fought at all.
He hung a grunting weight,
battered and venerable
and homely. Here and there
his brown skin hung in strips
like ancient wallpaper,

and its pattern of darker brown
was like wallpaper:
shapes like full-blown roses
stained and lost through age.
He was speckled and barnacles,
fine rosettes of lime,
and infested
with tiny white sea-lice,
and underneath two or three
rags of green weed hung down.
While his gills were breathing in
the terrible oxygen
–the frightening gills,
fresh and crisp with blood,
that can cut so badly–
I thought of the coarse white flesh
packed in like feathers,
the big bones and the little bones,
the dramatic reds and blacks
of his shiny entrails,
and the pink swim-bladder
like a big peony.
I looked into his eyes
which were far larger than mine
but shallower, and yellowed,
[the irises backed and packed
with tarnished tinfoil
seen through the lenses
of old scratched isinglass.
They shifted a little, but not
to return my stare.
–It was more like the tipping
of an object toward the light.]
I admired his sullen face,
the mechanism of his jaw,
and then I saw

that from his lower lip
–if you could call it a lip–
grim, wet, and weaponlike,
hung five old pieces of fish-line,
[or four and a wire leader
with the swivel still attached,]
with all their five big hooks
grown firmly in his mouth.
[A green line, frayed at the end
where he broke it, two heavier lines,
and a fine black thread
still crimped from the strain and snap
when it broke and he got away.]
Like medals with their ribbons
frayed and wavering,
a five-haired beard of wisdom
trailing from his aching jaw.
I stared and stared
and victory filled up
the little rented boat,
from the pool of bilge
where oil had spread a rainbow
around the rusted engine
to the bailer rusted orange,
the sun-cracked thwarts,
the oarlocks on their strings,
the gunnels–until everything
was rainbow, rainbow, rainbow!
And I let the fish go.