



Photo by Steve Pisano

Nico Muhly and Alice Goodman's *The Street*

Thu, Feb 29, 2024 at 8 pm
The Nimoy

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Edgar Miramontes

Executive and Artistic Director





CAP UCLA Presents

Nico Muhly and Alice Goodman's *The Street*

Thu, Feb 29, 2024 at 8 pm
The Nimoy

Program duration: 90 minutes
No intermission



Funds provided by the Doris Duke Charitable Foundation Endowment Fund.

ARTISTS

Music: Nico Muhly

Text: Alice Goodman

Harp: Parker Ramsay

Narration: Mia Barron

Singer: Jennifer Ellis Kampani

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Nico Muhly, born in 1981, is an American composer who writes orchestral music, works for the stage, chamber music and sacred music. He's received commissions from The Metropolitan Opera: *Two Boys* (2011), and *Marnie* (2018); Carnegie Hall, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the San Francisco Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, Wigmore Hall, the Tallis Scholars, King's College and St John's College, Cambridge, among others. He is a collaborative partner at the San Francisco Symphony and has been featured at the Barbican and the Philharmonie de Paris as composer, performer and curator.

An avid collaborator, he has worked with choreographers Benjamin Millepied at the Paris Opéra Ballet, Bobbi Jene Smith at the Juilliard School, Justin Peck and Kyle Abraham at New York City Ballet; artists Sufjan Stevens, The National, Teitur, Anohni, James Blake and Paul Simon. His work for film includes scores for *The Reader* (2008) and *Kill Your Darlings* (2013), the BBC adaptation of *Howards End* (2017) and *Pachinko* (2022). Among his concerti are works for violin, (*Shrink*, for Pekka Kuusisto), organ (*Register*, for James McVinnie), viola (Nadia Sirota), two pianos (*In Certain Circles*, for Katia and Marielle Labèque) and his vocal collaborators include Iestyn Davies, Renée Fleming and Nicholas Phan. He has collaborated with visual artists Maira Kalman and Oliver Beer, and has created site-specific pieces for the National Gallery, London and the Art Institute of Chicago, and written articles for the *Guardian*, the *New York*

Times and the *London Review of Books*. Recordings of his works have been released by Decca and Nonesuch, and he is part of the artist-run record label Bedroom Community, which released his first two albums, *Speaks Volumes* (2006) and *Mothertongue* (2008).

Alice Goodman was born in Minnesota in 1958 into a Reform Jewish family, and educated at Harvard and at Cambridge University. In 1985 she was approached by the director Peter Sellars to write the libretto for John Adams' opera *Nixon in China*, a work which is now recognised as one of the major operas of the twentieth century. Another collaboration with Peter Sellars, John Adams and choreographer Mark Morris produced *The Death of Klinghoffer*, which premiered in Brussels in 1991. This opera recounts the execution of the wheelchair-bound Jewish passenger Leon Klinghoffer by Palestinian terrorists on board the Italian cruiseliner Achille Lauro in 1984. Klinghoffer drew, and continues to draw, acclaim – and vocal condemnation from some quarters – for its sympathetic and humane portrayal of both the victims and perpetrators of political violence. In 1991 Goodman also translated *The Magic Flute* for Sellars' production at Glyndebourne Festival Opera. More recently, Goodman has collaborated with the composer Tarik O'Regan on a cantata, *A Letter of Rights*, in 2015 for Salisbury Cathedral, with Peter Sellars and Benjamin Bagby on Fauvel at the Théâtre du Châtelet (March 2022), and with Nico Muhly on *The Street*, Stations of the Cross for harp soloist, reader and choir (April 2022). In 1990 Goodman was accepted into the Church. She studied theology at Boston University School of Theology and Ripon College Cuddesdon, and was ordained in the Church of England in 2001. Since 2011 she has been Rector of three parishes in Cambridgeshire. Alice Goodman's libretti were published as a NYRB Classic in May 2017, under the title *History is Our Mother*.

Parker Ramsay has forged a career defying easy categorization. Equally at home on modern and period harps, he pursues his passions in tackling new and underperformed works and bringing his instrument to new audiences. Recent and upcoming performances include solo performances at Alice Tully Hall, the Miller Theatre at Columbia University, the Phillips Collection, Cal Performances, Shriver Hall, IRCAM, King's College, Cambridge, the Spoleto Festival USA and the Center for the Art of Performance at UCLA.

His recording of Bach's *Goldberg Variations* was praised as "remarkably special" (*Gramophone*), "nuanced and insightful" (*BBC Music Magazine*), "relentlessly beautiful" (*WQXR*), and "marked by a keen musical intelligence" (*Wall Street Journal*). His last album, released in October 2022, features *The Street*, a new concert-length work for solo harp and text by Nico Muhly and Alice Goodman. In 2024, he will tour *The Street* with Mark Morris Dance Company.

He has also collaborated with composers such as Marcos Balter, Saad Haddad, Josh Levine, Jared Miller and Sarah Kirkland Snider. Alongside gambist Arnie Tanimoto, Parker is co-director of *A Golden Wire*, a period instrument ensemble based in New York. As an organist, he has performed at Washington National Cathedral, Verizon Hall at the Kimmel Center, St Thomas Church, 5th Avenue and the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam. He has presented talks, performances and lectures on period instruments at the Smithsonian Collection and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He has been published in *VAN Magazine*, *Early Music America Magazine*, the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*.

Raised in Tennessee, Parker began harp studies with his mother, Carol McClure. He served as organ scholar at King's College, Cambridge before pursuing graduate studies at

Oberlin at Juilliard. In 2014, he was awarded First Prize at the Sweelinck International Organ Competition. He lives in Paris.

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Mia Barron won a Lucille Lortel Award for her work in the Off Broadway production of *The Coast Starlight* at Lincoln Center, an Obie award for *Hurricane Diane* at New York Theatre Workshop and an Obie and Drama Desk award for her work in the ensemble of *The Wolves* at Playwrights Realm/Lincoln Center. She has appeared on Broadway in Tom Stoppard's Tony winning production of *The Coast of Utopia* and in premieres of new works at major Off-Broadway theatres including; The Public Theater, Manhattan Theatre Club, Lincoln Center, Playwrights Horizons, Atlantic Theatre Company and New York Theatre Workshop. She has worked at regional theatre across the U.S, including the Guthrie, the Mark Taper Forum, the Geffen, the Actor's Theatre of Louisville, Long Wharf Theatre, The Huntington, Westport Playhouse, The Old Globe and Williamstown Theatre Festival, among others.

She co-created and starred in the hit Off Broadway production of *Big Times*, directed by Leigh Silverman, as well as the international tour of Joan Didion's *The White Album*, which premiered at BAM's Next Wave Festival and internationally at the Sydney Festival.

She is a Usual Suspect at New York Theatre Workshop, a member of the National Foundation for Advancement in the Arts, theatre panelist and a recipient of the Joan and Joseph F Cullman Award for Extraordinary Creativity at Lincoln Center Theatre. She has a BFA in drama from NYU and an MFA from the Graduate Acting Program at NYU.

Jennifer Ellis Kampani is a Grammy-nominated soprano and one of the leading interpreters of the Baroque repertoire. Last season marked her Carnegie Hall debut singing *Archivo de Guatemala* with the group El Mundo, and the lead in the Tomás de Torrejón y Velasco opera *La Purpura de la Rosa* with Baroque Chamber Music Orchestra of Colorado. Her international career has included appearances with the period instrument groups American Bach Soloists, Washington Bach Consort, New York Collegium, Baroque Band, Portland Baroque Orchestra, Opera Lafayette, Apollo's Fire and Boston Camerata. She has also been heard with the Mark Morris Dance Group, Richmond and Charlotte Symphonies and the Washington Cathedral Choral Society. Jennifer has been featured in many concert series and festivals including Le Flaneries Musicales de Reims in France, Aston Magna, Da Camera Society, Houston Early Music, Music Before 1800, Carmel Bach and the Berkeley and Boston Early Music Festivals. Ms Kampani has recorded *Kingdoms of Castille*, *Salir el Amor del Mundo*, *the Art of Vivaldi's Lute* (with Ron MacFarlane), and *Passion and Lament* for Dorian, *Villancicos y Cantatas* and *The Essential Giuliani* (with Richard Savino) for Koch, *Le Tournoi de Chauvency* for K617 (France) and the complete works of Cozzolani (*Gramophone* editors pick, August 2002) for Musica Omnia. She currently lives in Los Angeles and is on faculty at USC.

PROGRAM NOTES

A note from Parker Ramsay:

There can be no discussion of origins of *The Street* without mention of my experience recording *Bach's Goldberg Variations* at King's in September 2019. As the chapel acoustic is so intimately associated with the world-famous choir and organ (which I played daily as an undergraduate), the harp's suitability for such a large and cavernous space

has always been a pleasant surprise. But it was in the recording sessions (long after my studies) that I pondered whether a solo work might be conceived for the harp, tailored for the space beneath the fan vaulting.

It was difficult to conceive of any work for King's without acknowledgment of the chapel's religious function and choral foundation. In my mind, any work written to be played in the chapel would necessitate some spiritual elements and even incorporate the choir. At this juncture I was very fortunate in two regards: first, that King's was receptive to the idea of such a collaboration, and second, that I had recently been introduced to Nico Muhly, an incredibly diverse and energetic musician with an incredible dedication to sacred music. I was particularly fond of and fascinated by several cyclical works for organists James McVinnie and Richard Gowers, including the *O Antiphon Preludes*, *Nativity Cycle* and *Lenten Gospels*, first performed at King's College. To my ears, they presented a fresh means of carrying listeners through religious images and sensations, at times incorporating spoken word and plainsong chant. Having learned cycles by Messiaen (*La Nativité*, *L'Ascension*, etc.) and Dupré (*Le Chemin de la Croix*) as an organ student, these brainchildren of Jamie's and Nico's seemed like a new chapter in history of (semi-) liturgical organ repertoire. As such, I asked Nico if he would consider undertaking a work based on the Stations of the Cross, composing fourteen harp movements to be sung in alternatim with a selection of plainsong chants which we could select together. I was overjoyed when Nico agreed to work on the project, and was so again in when we approached Alice Goodman, who agreed to write a set of meditations to guide the musical composition of each movement.

The work's relationship to other harp repertoire is an interesting one, as perhaps the closest work in corpus is

Benjamin Britten's *Ceremony of Carols*. In this cyclical work for upper voices and harp, Britten famously adapted the Christmas Eve tradition of A Service of Nine Lessons and Carols, and turned it on its head. For instance, Adam lay ybounden, which is traditionally sung at the beginning of a carol service, appears at the end of the work. And rather than narrating a story in anticipation of the Nativity (as one would expect for Christmas Eve), the work opens and closes with a plainsong for Christmas Day, 'Hodie Christus natus est', which is likewise reiterated, note for note in the Interlude. From the harpist's perspective, the incorporation of plainsong chant into the harp solo movements of *The Street* is particularly reminiscent of Britten's *Ceremony*: in Station XII, when the entirety of 'Tenebræ factæ sunt' is gently harmonised in the upper register of the harp to illustrate Christ's death; in Station X, the antiphon 'Astiterunt reges terræ' arises out of a mocking chaos surrounding the abuse of Christ by the Roman soldiers; and in Station VII, cascades of arpeggios (reminiscent of great works of the French repertoire) underly an iteration of 'Caligaverunt oculi mei'.

But another curious connection for the harpist is the relationship of *The Street* to Paul Hindemith's *Sonata for Harp*. Composed not long after the premiere of *Mathis der Maler* (a dramatisation of Mathias Grünewald's painting of the famous Isenheim Altarpiece), Hindemith selected an obscure poem by Ludwig H.C. Höltz to guide and direct the architecture of the work: "Oh friends, when I am dead, hang my harp upon the altar." This is most apparent in the third movement, where the entirety of the poem is set as an untexted melody in the third movement. I admit to having smiled when I first saw Nico's draft of Station IX, whereby Alice's invocation – "However low I fall, let me not fall from you" – is set three times, before appearing again in fragments in Stations XIII and XIV.

From a technical perspective also, the work is confluent with the development of the harp repertoire in the twentieth century, from the arpeggio-driven works of Gabriel Fauré to the more austere techniques used by Hindemith and Britten. Above all, the result is a work with an incredible amount of colour and variety, whereby the harpist can use fully the instrument's acoustical potential to dramatic effect (such as in Stations I and X). At the same time, there is also space for the harpist to exploit their own individual tone to toy with subtle harmonic instability, such as in the gentle arpeggios with which Veronica wipes the face of Christ in Station VI. The work is of course not unchallenging, but it is a work by a composer who researched the core repertoire that student and professional harpists alike continually use to philosophise about technical intricacies.

The Street is also incredibly flexible in its potential for performance. In its entirety, the work integrates spoken word, plainsong and harp solos into a large work which straddles the boundaries between oratorio and liturgy. But a harpist is also free to present the work as a set of fourteen harp solos with narration or a printing of the text in a programme note. In my mind, there is an appealing element of utility, whereby it can be performed as a smaller concert work or liturgical meditation. As such, there are two versions of *The Street*: the first for harp solo, and the second in its fullest incarnation with spoken word and plainsong.

A note from Alice Goodman:

The religious imagination makes what it needs out of what it's given. You may not have been among the crowds that filled Jerusalem during that first Holy Week; you may have been born in a different age. Never mind. You can make the pilgrimage, walk through the streets, pray, and you are there. You may not be able to manage the pilgrimage. Never mind. Go down to church. Around the walls there are fourteen images of the Stations of the Cross, the Via Dolorosa

recreated for local use. Walk around them, pausing to pray. Imagine you are there, in that time and in that place. Here is this tiny schematic scene; a picture or a carving. What is in it for you? What do your senses tell you? You are to be attuned to every vibration of guilt and sorrow, love, and boredom. The membrane between the religious imagination and the erotic imagination is semi-permeable, incredibly thin. This is what St Robert Southwell SJ (1561–95, martyr and poet) acknowledged when he wrote, ‘Passions I allow and loves I approve, onely I would wishe that men would alter their object and better their intent.’

The Street is a set of meditations on the fourteen traditional Stations of the Cross. That’s what attracted me to the project. Traditionally, each Station is given a meditation and a prayer. You look at the image, you hear or read the meditation, you say the prayer: you take it in and move on. Writing these texts was the kind of technical challenge that as a librettist I’ve always found liberating.

A note from Nico Muhly:

When writing *The Street*, I realised that the initial challenge was going to be treating Alice’s text not as a libretto to be set (as, of course, it wasn’t one), but as a set of meditations containing clues to how the attendant music might sound. In this sense, the texts do function as a sort of hidden ritualistic play, themselves referencing a ritual, itself referencing a single afternoon in history. The presence of the plainchant provided other, more subtle sources of material. It became immediately clear that I needed to work with a set of “reference images” – musical building blocks which could act as touchpoints along the route of the piece: The Cross, The Hands, and Holding.

STATION I

Often, a single line of text provided the starting-point for the music: when Jesus is condemned to death (Station I),

Goodman describes the crowd shouting crucify him: “the pitch dropping as it passes where you stand.” The harp, in turn, plays a modern version of the same, a kind of digital-delay effect, where the pitch creeps down the scale. These two chords – a minor chord falling into a hollow suspended chord – outline a highly abstracted cruciform shape, and this Cross motif appears in various guises throughout the piece.

STATION II

“Remember the carpenter’s work” suggests an honest, folksy labor, work done with the hands. Alice’s text often point towards the quotidian nature of burial, of making, of working, and here, the music is unaffected and simple; over it we hear echoes of the chant “Crucem tuam adoramus, Domine” (We adore Thy Cross, O Lord). These simple chords come to represent dirt, the ground, the trees, and work done with the hands.

STATION III

“These are the street sounds of Jerusalem, layers of them, all the various accents and dialects of those come up for the Passover; throat-clearing, street vendors, laughter, excuses, curses.” Here, the noises of the street are the primary focus. The texts almost ignores Jesus entirely, having the effect of making us focus on him even more. The harp functions as a clattering, gossipy instrument here, with only occasional nods towards the man silently falling on the ground.

STATION IV

A cradle song and the music of Holding. This theme, expressed here in its purest form is less about pitch or harmony, but about rhythm; it is a rocking song, a berceuse, which is subjected to various manipulations in later movements.

STATION V

“Your cross is the cross of forced labour; your yoke chafes and your burden is as much as you can bear.” A lumbering, awkward ostinato underneath fast and agitated music. A nod towards the Holding music finishes the movement.

STATION VI

Veronica, looking at her sudarium, notices that “He is printed in molecules of blood and sweat,” and hears a chord, diffused and delicate, as if seen under a microscope. I wanted this to feel businesslike and almost scientific; I remember reading about the teams of people who go around “verifying” holy relics and what an extraordinary task it is to do this specific kind of forensic work. The chords attendant to the “silent man” in station III reappear here, imagining Veronica as an old woman, quietly contemplating the cloth.

STATION VII

A narrator – all of us, perhaps – causes Jesus’s second fall: “My fault. I put out my foot and tripped him. What can I say?” and the harp responds with a bullying, rhythmically intense unbroken set of shifting, stumbling gestures. The harp plays aggressive, mocking, almost siren-like gestures coming in and out of focus.

STATION VIII

This is the most explicitly chant-based movement, in which much of the chant “Filiæ Jerusalem” (“Daughters of Jerusalem, come and see this martyr wearing the crown...”) appears verbatim. Each phrase is offset by a gentle, reassuring gesture.

STATION IX

Station IX is the most thematically interwoven of the movements: it begins with a fall in super slow-motion, always incorporating the Cross motif both as harmony and, eventually, as the doppler-effect phrase we heard in Station

I. “Jesus, there he is, on hands and knees among the broken vessels” suggests a return of the manual labour music, over which a new tune emerges; this is the only time I set one of Alice’s texts explicitly; the line “However low I fall, let me not fall far from you” is played by the harp, but could be sung in the right context. It is repeated thrice, interrupted by the Cross motif in violent, blocklike chords.

STATION X

“Are you ashamed that your eyes are drawn irresistibly to the centre of the picture? You want to see, see for yourself, despite yourself. You want to see the organs of generation, the sign of full humanity, vulnerability, and covenant.” As in station VII, this text implicates us and accuses us. The music is jagged, but the line “His knees are skinned like a child” suggests a memory of the cradle song. The chant “Astiterunt reges Terræ” (The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed) appears briefly.

STATION XI

“The nail sinks into flesh, descends through tendon, bone, wood. And another. And another, and the rich, ferrous smell of blood.” The harpist plays with a guitar pick or credit card or other plectrum, creating a strange, otherworldly, metallic sound. “The man knows what he’s doing. This will hold” invites a perverse statement of the Hands motif: it is the soldier’s job, and he is working with his hands and with wood, but it is terrible work.

STATION XII

This is essentially a harmonisation of the chant “Tenebræ factæ sunt” (Darkness fell...) broken up by loud, violent interjections. Alice’s text asks, “Later they said that that the sun was eclipsed, the veil of the Temple torn, the dead rose from their tombs. Maybe so. Isn’t it enough though that he died?” The harp, nodding towards this, plays a kind

of thunder effect, which is immediately brushed aside to return to the simple work of the plainchant.

STATION XIII

She writes: “Two men on ladders, one with the pincers to pull out the nails. Gently. Not that gentleness matters to him now, but not a bone shall be broken. This is not the kind of work we’re used to. Let’s get it done before it’s too dark to see,” and in station XIV,

After the moment of death, we focus on the practical work of getting the body into the tomb; we don’t yet know what the rest of the weekend holds. The music in XIII is procedural, slightly wavering, and obeys a sort of functional logic; it consists of simple chords over a single repeated pitch, and the steady tempo of ritualised work.

STATION XIV

“Before sunset and the appearance of the first star in the sky, just before the beginning of the sabbath, two men enshroud a body. Never have they done this work before. Though well-versed in the laws and traditions involved in the task, their hands lack skill. Wash the body. Lay it out. Fetch the clean linen cloths.” It starts with the Holding music, the enshrouding of the body rhyming with the swaddling cloths thirty-three years early, which . Goodman ends her meditations with the Mourner’s Kaddish, and the harp, having played a remembered cradle-song chastened by more recent memories fast forwards an hour, and ends with a vision of the night sky, punctuated by three statements of the Cross motif, finally de-knotted and allowed, after a fashion, to resolve.

TEXTS

1. Jesus is condemned to death

Did you expect it to go any other way? It makes a difference though to hear the words clattering out into the waiting room. The weight of the apprehensive moment. Yes, but he could have died at any time. He could have been stillborn, or slaughtered with the Innocents. He could have died on the road, or of sickness, or by accident. He was always going to die. Conceived as our mortal flesh, he bore our infirmities. Yes, and we killed him deliberately. We put on the black cap and pronounced his death. 'Take him out and crucify him.' There's the Doppler effect in the crowd below, shouting 'CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM!' the pitch dropping as it passes where you stand.

Vinea mea electa, ego te plantavi:
quomodo conversa es in amaritudinem,
ut me crucifigures et Barrabbam dimitteres.

*O vineyard, my chosen one. I planted thee.
How is thy sweetness turned into bitterness,
to crucify me and take Barabbas in my place?*

2. Jesus takes up his Cross

Remember the carpenter's bench; the smell of the cut wood. Cedar, cypress, pine, or oak. Light coming through the door. Or an overcast day, with the sawdust trodden down. Remember learning the names of trees: cedar; cypress; pine. He knows how to bend to lift this beam and how to straighten his back. He's done it before. This is sound wood, and it will bear him. This is the oak of Mamre under whose shade Abraham sat until the three angels appeared. This is the cypress that made the rafter over Solomon's bed. This is the cedar from the forests of Lebanon, the very image of majesty. This is green wood. He bends and lifts it.

And all the trees of the field shall know that I am the Lord; I bring low the high tree, and make high the low tree, dry up the green tree, and make the dry tree flourish. I am the Lord; I have spoken, and I will do it.

Crucem tuam adoramus, Domine
et sanctum resurrectionem tuam laudamus, et glorificamus
ecce enim propter lignum venit gaudium in universo mundo.

*We adore Thy Cross, O Lord
and we praise and glorify Thy holy Resurrection
for behold by the wood of the Cross joy has come into the
whole world.*

3. Jesus falls for the first time

‘My strength is made perfect in weakness.’ It’s one thing to say it, another to witness. The sheer weight of the cross was unexpected, as was the mass of human depravity, ignorance, cruelty, apathy; the sediment built up since before the Flood. A man fell among thieves, who stripped him and left him bleeding. He never said a mumbling word. These are the street sounds of Jerusalem, layers of them, all the various accents and dialects of those come up for the Passover; throat-clearing, street vendors, laughter, excuses, curses. The sound of a slap and a child’s wail. The cattle are lowing, and the sheep and goats bleat together in one herd. Hobnailed sandals scrape the stone. The man falling makes almost no sound.

Popule meus, quid feci tibi?
Aut in quo contristavi te? Responde mihi.
Quia eduxi te de terra Aegypti:
parasti Crucem Salvatori tuo.

*O my people, what have I done to thee?
Or how have I offended you? Answer me.
Because I led thee out of the land of Egypt:*

thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Saviour.

4. Jesus meets his Mother

Nothing can be said to console her. No one is more painfully aware. A sword will pierce your own soul too. Her son is perfect. He has held her finger in the grip of his hand, she has kissed the soles of his feet. She remembers the day of his circumcision: a bridegroom of blood you are to me. First blood shed since the cord was cut. 'Who is my mother?' he asked 'Who are my brothers and my sisters?' For three years she stepped aside, now she has come up to Jerusalem. She takes her place by the side of the road of sorrows to see him and be seen in that first long look between mother and child. 'I now see bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self before me.' 'Woman, behold your son.' She sees the place under his rib where the sword will go. 'Behold your mother.'

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cuius animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti!

Quae moerebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas incliti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

*At the cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last.*

*Through her soul, of joy bereaved,
bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
now at length the sword hath passed.*

*Oh how sad and sore distressed
was that mother highly blessed,
of the sole-begotten One!*

*Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.*

*Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?*

*Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?*

5. Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus carry the Cross

He didn't choose to help. He was compelled. With half an eye they could see he was up to the job; he was a big guy up from the south. O Simon from Cyrene, father of Rufus and Alexander, you were the first to take up your cross and follow. Your cross is the cross of forced labour: your yoke chafes and your burden is as much as you can bear. Jesus is walking in front of you, you are hard on his heels. What brought you to Jerusalem? Were you here for the

Passover? Going up to the Temple to make the sacrifice and eat the lamb? Pharoah enslaved us and laid burdens upon us, and look, here we are. Blessed are you, O Lord our God, who brought us out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. You shall not oppress a stranger, for you were strangers in the land of Egypt. You shall not oppress a stranger, for I, the Lord your God am holy. Even here, even in occupied Jerusalem. Your children will praise your name.

Senex puerum portabat:
puer autem senem regebat:
quem virgo peperit,
et post partum virgo permansit:
ipsum quem genuit, adoravit.

*The old man carried the child,
but the child ruled the old man;
him whom the Virgin brought forth,
and after childbirth remained a virgin
him whom she bore, she adored.*

6. Veronica wipes the face of Jesus

What became of that woman who stepped into the line of traffic and wiped his face with her veil? She will keep this cloth forever because it smells like his sweat, and because it absorbed a little of his blood, and, it may be, tears and phlegm. She covered her hair modestly before she went out; she covered her face so no stranger would see it; she never told her name. She touched him, not with the hem of her garment, but with the whole cloth. Consider what this means, and whether you'd have dared do it. Without asking, she unveiled herself to wipe his thorn-crowned face. He is printed in molecules of blood and sweat. 'Thy face, Lord, will I seek,' we say, and through her came to see his face and live.

Plange quasi virgo, plebs mea,
ululate, pastores, in cinere et cilicio

quia veniet dies Domini magna et amara valde

*Weep like a virgin, my people,
howl, keepers of the flock, covered with ashes and wearing
hair-shirts,
for the great and very bitter day of the Lord will come.*

7. Jesus falls for the second time

Does his foot hit a stumbling-stone? Maybe one of the Stolpersteine standing proud of the road on the way to Golgotha? Or does he fall beneath the burden of our sins? Not ours. Mine. He falls the second time because of me. My fault. I put out my foot and tripped him. What can I say? I couldn't resist the temptation. The work of an instant. He was looking so pathetic, I couldn't bear it. The whole crowd needed a pratfall to relieve the tension. For my sins, I couldn't bear his sorrow. So he fell for my sins? That's about it. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread by the roadside, watching him fall and be hauled back onto his feet. Remember, thou art dust and to dust shalt thou return.

Caligaverunt oculi mei a fletu meo:
quia elongatus est a me, qui consolabatur me:
Videte, omnes populi, si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.

*My eyes are darkened by my tears:
For he is far from me that comforted me:
See, O all ye people, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.*

8. Jesus meets the women of Jerusalem

The daughters of Jerusalem are crying, genuinely crying. They are office cleaners, night shift nurses, shopping cart women, security guards on the Métro, clerks in bodegas, nail artists, students, policewomen, sex workers, all their wet faces turned up; a river of faces. Do not be afraid. When you are living in a world of lies, hearing the hard truth is a comfort. Well, you don't need to be afraid any more. It's

good to see the truth and know it for certain, that Love, unimaginably vast and powerful, eternal, magnificent, working wonders; is infinitely vulnerable to rough handling.

Filiae Hierusalem, venite et videte Christum cum coronis qui coronavit eum Dominus in die solemnitatis et laetitiae.

Daughters of Jerusalem, come and see Christ wearing the crowns with which the Lord has adorned him on this solemn day of rejoicing.

9. Jesus falls for the third time

O felix culpa! Happy fall! Don't you see? Jesus falls because he comes down to us, and always has, and we are there on the ground looking up. He came down to be among us. He lowered himself to the ground with becoming gravity, gravity which he himself had created. Willingly accepting the accidents of our nature, humbling himself, going into exile. This falling is a blessing: he touches the earth and blesses it. Jesus, there he is, on hands and knees among the broken vessels. He gathers grace. What he made he can mend, even what we have marred. Holy Jesus, full of grace, you emptied yourself for our sake to fall broken by the stones of your own city. However low I fall, let me not fall far from you.

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam:
attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus.

*O all ye that pass by the way,
attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow.*

10. Jesus is stripped of his garments

They part my garments among them and cast lots upon my vesture. His mother wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, and from that moment to this Jesus has never been seen naked. Do you see him now? Or are you distracted by the soldiers gambling? Or wondering

about the seamless garment? None of you shall approach to any that is near of kin to him to uncover their nakedness: I am the LORD. We have stripped our Lord naked as the day he was born. Jesus is shivering. His knees are skinned like a child's; his back cross-hatched with blood, like a slave's. Are you ashamed that your eyes are drawn irresistibly to the centre of the picture? You want to see, see for yourself, despite yourself. You want to see the organs of generation, the sign of full humanity, vulnerability, and covenant. You want to see Jesus naked as Adam in Paradise, naked, but woefully battered by the Fall.

Astiterunt reges terrae,
et principes convenerunt in unum,
adversus Dominum et adversus Christum eius.
Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea,
Et super vestem meam miserunt sortem.
Insurrexerunt in me testes iniqui,
et mentita est iniquitas sibi.

*The kings of the earth rise up,
and the rulers take counsel together,
against the Lord, and against his anointed.
They parted my garments amongst them;
and upon my vesture they cast lots.
Unjust witnesses rise up against me,
And iniquity lies to itself.*

11. Jesus is nailed to the Cross

Except I shall see in his hand the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe. So much happens so fast once you get outside the city limits. Three men to be crucified and raised up to view. The crowd stands back, nervous to the point of laughter. Where are the friends that followed him? There's one. And there are the muffled women. The nail sinks into flesh, descends through tendon, bone, wood. And

another. And another, and the rich, ferrous smell of blood. The man knows what he's doing. This will hold. 'If you are the Messiah, get down from your cross,' cry the priests and the officials. 'If you're the Messiah, save yourself and us,' Gestas says out of the corner of his mouth.

Ego clamavi, quoniam exaudisti me, Deus:
inclina aurem tuam,
et exaudi verba mea.

*I have called upon thee, O God, for thou shalt hear me:
incline thine ear to me, and hearken unto my words.*

12. Jesus dies on the Cross

He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. 'I sin every day without repenting, the fear of death disturbs me. Lord, remember me when you come into your kingdom.' Jesus replies somehow, turns his head, makes the connection. 'This is the truth. Today you shall be with me in Paradise.' Then, after a few more words, the last breath rattles out, and his face changes. Later they said that that the sun was eclipsed, the veil of the Temple torn, the dead rose from their tombs. Maybe so. Isn't it enough though that he died? He shrank somehow into himself. The eyes became jelly, the mouth hung open a little, the skin of his face went yellow and grey. Jesus of Nazareth. King of the Jews. One soldier, the one not occupied breaking legs, pushes up with his lance, an iron willow leaf fixed on a pole. The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations. Thick blood and thin water splash over his feet onto the ground. I can see it all.

Tenebrae factae sunt, dum crucifixissent Jesum populi:
et circa horam nonam exclamavit Jesus voce magna:
Deus meus, ut quid me dereliquisti?
Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.

*Darkness fell when the people crucified Jesus:
and about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice:
My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?
And he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.*

13. Jesus is taken down from the Cross

Pilate gave permission. Why not? He had nothing against the Nazarene, who was in any case, dead. And Joseph of Arimathea knew how to ask such a favour. Joseph was hauled out of the pit by his brethren. Jesus is taken down from the cross by Joseph; by Joseph, by bald-headed Peter, by Nicodemus, who's stopped being worried about appearances, Two men on ladders, one with the pincers to pull out the nails. Gently. Not that gentleness matters to him now, but not a bone shall be broken. This is not the kind of work we're used to. Let's get it done before it's too dark to see. Gently now, before rigor mortis sets in.

Salva nos domine vigilantes
custodi nos dormientes
ut vigilemus cum Christo
et requiescamus in pace.
Custodi nos, domine, ut pupillam oculi:
sub umbra alarum tuarum protege nos.

*Preserve us, O Lord, while waking,
and guard us while sleeping,
that awake we may watch with Christ,
and asleep we may rest in peace.
Keep us as the apple of an eye:
hide us under the shadow of thy wings.*

14. Jesus is laid in the tomb

Before sunset and the appearance of the first star in the sky, just before the beginning of the sabbath, two men enshroud a body. Never have they done this work before. Though well-versed in the laws and traditions involved in the task, their

hands lack skill. Wash the body. Lay it out. Fetch the clean linen cloths. Fold the shroud like this, and the other cloth over the face. In every fold, pour spices. Spices and more spices; myrrh and aloes. Thou wilt not give thy holy one to see corruption. Jesus never hesitated to touch the dead—the widow’s son being carried out of Nain for burial, Jairus’ little girl laid on the bed while the mourners wailed outside. Every touch tells them: Jesus is dead, as dead as earth. They know when one is dead and when one lives. While still inside the tomb they pray: ‘Blessed and praised, glorified and exalted, extolled and honoured, adored and lauded be the name of the Holy One, blessed be He, beyond all the blessings, and hymns, praises and consolations that are ever uttered in the world; and let all say, Amen.’



Photo by Tatiana Daubek

DESIGN FOR SHARING (DFS)

Each year, Design for Sharing (DFS) brings thousands of K-12 public school students from across Los Angeles to CAP UCLA venues for free performances and interactive workshops with professional artists.

DFS programs are open to any public school in greater Los Angeles, and are always free to attend.

cap.ucla.edu/dfs



**CAP
UCLA**





Eighth Blackbird

Sun, Mar 3, 2024 at 7 pm
The Nimoy

Hailed by the *Chicago Tribune* as “...one of the smartest, most dynamic contemporary classical ensembles on the planet,” Eighth Blackbird will light up the stage at The Nimoy with their forward-thinking music, innovative performative style, and their growing legacy of guiding an emerging generation of artists.

“The blackbirds are examples of a new breed of super-musicians.” – *The Los Angeles Times*

cap.ucla.edu/eighthblackbird



UCLA NIMOY THEATER

CAP UCLA has a new home for live performance
in Westwood!

Located near the UCLA campus on Westwood Boulevard,
The Nimoy is a reimagining of the historic Crest Theatre as a
flexible, state-of-the-art performance space.

This dynamic and intimately scaled venue immerses
audiences in a profoundly engaging experience of live
performance — while providing contemporary performing
artists from Los Angeles and around the world expanded
opportunities to develop and present new work.

cap.ucla.edu/nimoy





Magos Herrera

Aire

Sat, Mar 9, 2024 at 8 pm
The Nimoy

One of the most expressive vocalists in the contemporary Latin American jazz scene, Mexico-City born Magos Herrera is known for her eloquent vocal improvisation, blending contemporary jazz with Latin American melodies and rhythms. Her latest work, *Aire* transforms grief and loneliness into luminous songs.

“[Herrera] gets way under the skin of the song, recalling great communicators like Edith Piaf or Billie Holiday.” – NPR

cap.ucla.edu/magos

LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We at UCLA's Center for the Art of Performance acknowledge the Gabrielino/Tongva peoples as the traditional land caretakers of Tovaangar (the Los Angeles basin and South Channel Islands).

As a land grant institution, we pay our respects to the Ancestors (Honuukvetam), Elders (Ahihirom), and relatives/relations (Eyoohinkem) past, present and emerging.

There is no room for racism, intolerance, or inequity.

Anywhere

Not on our stages, in our offices, on our loading docks, in the box office lines, or on the dance floor.

With anyone

Not with our staff, crew, artists, volunteers, ushers, audiences or fans.

We uphold and embrace principles of antiracism, equity, diversity and **AUTHENTIC** inclusion as integral to our mission.

We must **EMPOWER** the historically underrepresented.

We must **UPLIFT** excluded voices.

We must **RESIST** structural racism.

We will **COMMIT** fiercely to our responsibility to observe, absorb, consider, contemplate, endure, share and engage in this change.

We **STAND AGAINST** all forms of discrimination.

We will **STRIVE** to make our organization more equitable and inclusive.

As part of UCLA's School of Art & Architecture (SOAA), we – UCLA's Center for the Art of Performance (CAP UCLA) and Theater Management Services (TMS) – are committed to connecting and creating space for the arts and for all communities.

We acknowledge our organizations' histories as being predominantly white institutions. We are facing uncomfortable truths about systemic racism as we work to make the deep changes necessary to transform the organizational dynamics in our work culture and business practices and dismantle existing oppressive structures. We know there will be shortcomings, which we will face head on. We commit to continually addressing and adapting to changes as they arise. It is only in an improved, supportive work environment that everyone can be fully present, and respected as their true authentic selves.

This statement was drafted by a committee of staff members from both the Center for the Art of Performance and Theater Management Services, from a variety of backgrounds, viewpoints and perspectives.

Together we stand with UCLA's School of Art and Architecture's EDI statement.



CAP UCLA COUNCIL LEADERSHIP

CAP UCLA Executive Producer Council

The Executive Producer Council is CAP UCLA's philanthropic leadership group, which develops and contributes resources vital to CAP UCLA's programming and mission. The Council champions the creative development and presentation of live programs and public dialogue with contemporary performing artists by providing direct support for CAP UCLA's annual programming. The Council is engaged in dialogue about the artistic and curatorial practices that inform annual programs, long-term initiatives and collaborative planning efforts which stand at the heart of CAP UCLA's mission and public purpose.

Design for Sharing (DFS) Council

The Design for Sharing Council is a group of dedicated supporters whose efforts help to resource the K-12 arts education programs of DFS.

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The opening of The Nimoy offers donors a rare opportunity to create a lasting legacy while celebrating their passion for contemporary performing arts at UCLA. Learn more about naming a seat in The Nimoy – CAP UCLA's newest home for live performance – and other opportunities to become a part of this state-of-the-art theater.

cap.ucla.edu/give-nimoy



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