

CHANSONS MADECASSES

NAHANDOVE

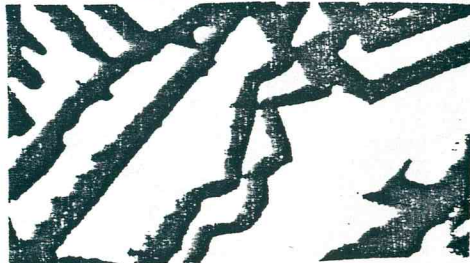
NAHANDOVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOVE!
THE NOCTURNAL BIRD HAS BEGUN ITS CRIES,
A FULL MOON SHINES OVERHEAD,
AND THE NASCENT DEW MOISTENS MY HAIR.
'TIS THE HOUR: - WHO CAN DELAY YOU,
NAHANDOVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOVE?
THE BED OF LEAVES IS PREPARED;
I HAVE STREWN IT WITH FLOWERS AND SWEET-SMELLING HERBS,
IT IS WORTHY OF YOUR CHARMS, NAHANDOVE...
SHE COMES, I HAVE RECOGNIZED THE HURRIED BREATHING
CAUSED BY A QUICK STEP;
I HEAR THE RUSTLING OF THE LOIN-CLOTH WHICH SWATHES HER;
'TIS SHE, NAHANDOVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOVE!
O REGAIN YOUR BREATH, MY YOUNG FRIEND;
REST YOURSELF ON MY KNEES.
HOW ENCHANTING IS YOUR GAZE, HOW LIVELY AND DELICIOUS THE MOVEMENT
OF YOUR BREAST BENEATH THE HAND THAT PRESSES IT!
YOUR SMILE, NAHANDOVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOVE!
YOUR KISSES PENETRATE TO THE SOUL;
YOUR CARESSES SET ALL MY SENSES ABLAZE;
STOP OR I SHALL DIE. DOES ONE DIE, OF VOLUPTUOUSNESS,
NAHANDOVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOVE?
PLEASURE PASSES LIKE LIGHTNING; YOUR GENTLE BREATHING WEAKENS,
YOUR MOIST EYES CLOSE, YOUR HEAD HANGS SOFTLY
AND YOUR TRANSPORTS FADE AWAY IN LANGUOR.
NEVER WERE YOU SO BEAUTIFUL,
NAHANDOVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOVE!
YOU LEAVE, AND I WILL LANGUISH IN REGRETS AND DESIRES;
I WILL LANGUISH UNTIL THE EVENING;
YOU WILL RETURN THIS EVENING,
NAHANDOVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOVE!

AOUA!

AOUA! AOUA! MISTRUST THE WHITES,
DWELLERS ON THE COAST.
FROM THE TIME OF OUR FATHERS,
WHITES DESCENDED ON THIS ISLAND.
THEY WERE TOLD: HERE ARE LANDS;
LET YOUR WOMENFOLK WORK THEM.
BE JUST, BE GOOD, AND BECOME OUR BROTHERS.
THE WHITES PROMISED,
AND YET THEY MADE SUPPRESSIONS.
A MENACING FORT WAS ERECTED,
THUNDER WAS ENCLOSED IN
THE BRONZE MOUTH OF THE CANNON;
THEIR PRIESTS WANTED TO GIVE US A GOD
WHOM WE DID NOT KNOW;
THEY TALKED AT LAST OF OBEDIENCE
AND SLAVERY;
RATHER, DEATH!
THE CARNAGE WAS LONG AND TERRIBLE;
BUT DESPITE THE THUNDERBOLTS
WHICH THEY VOMITED,
AND WHICH CRUSHED WHOLE ARMIES,
THEY WERE ALL EXTERMINATED.
AOUA! AOUA! MISTRUST THE WHITES!
WE HAVE SEEN NEW TYRANTS,
STRONGER AND MORE NUMEROUS,
PLANTING THEIR PAVILION ON THE STRAND:
HEAVEN HAS FOUGHT FOR US;
IT HAS CAUSED RAINS,
TEMPESTS AND POISONED WINDS
TO FALL UPON THEM.
THEY ARE NO MORE
AND WE ARE ALIVE AND FREE.
AOUA! AOUA! MISTRUST THE WHITES,
DWELLERS ON THE COAST...

IL EST DOUX...

IT IS NICE TO LIE IN THE HEAT
BENEATH A BUSHY TREE
AND TO WAIT FOR THE EVENING BREEZE
TO BRING COOLNESS.
WOMEN, DRAW NIGH.
WHILE I REST HERE BENEATH
A BUSHY TREE,
DIVERT MY EAR WITH YOUR DRAWN-OUT TONES;
SING THE SONG OF THE YOUNG MAIDEN
WHILE SHE PLATS HER HAIR, OR WHEN
SEATED BY THE RICE SHE SCARES AWAY
THE GREEDY BIRDS.
THE SONG PLEASES MY SOUL;
DANCING IS FOR ME ALMOST
AS NICE AS A KISS.
LET YOUR PACES BE SLOW,
LET THEM IMITATE
THE POSTURES OF PLEASURE AND
ABANDONMENT TO VOLUPTUOUSNESS.
THE EVENING BREEZE RISES,
THE MOON BEGINS TO SHINE
THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN TREES.
GO AND PREPARE THE MEAL.



THIS IS A SENIOR CONCERT BY

JANET GILLESPIE

TIG FOR NONET (1986)

JANET GILLESPIE

LYNN BUCK, FLUTE
GUNNAR SCHONBECK, CLARINET
KATE BRANDT, VIOLIN
JOHN SWAN, VIOLIN
JACOB GLICK, VIOLA
ELIZABETH BRUNTON, 'CELLO
MICHAEL SEVERENS, 'CELLO
MAX WEISS, 'CELLO
DANIEL GORN, CONTRABASS
JANET GILLESPIE, CONDUCTOR

ELEN'S ARIA" FROM PETER GRIMES BENJAMIN BRITTEN

JANET GILLESPIE, SOPRANO
WILLIE FINCKEL, PIANO

"I WONDER ABOUT THE TREES" (1984) LIONEL NOWAK

JANET GILLESPIE, SOPRANO
JACOB GLICK, VIOLA

WE TWO" (1986)

JANET GILLESPIE

JANET GILLESPIE, SOPRANO
PETER GOLUB, PIANO

SUITE FOR 'CELLO QUARTET (1986)

JANET GILLESPIE

- ☐ ALLEGRETTO, CON DELICATEZZA
- ☐ GIOCO SO E SINISTRO
- ☐ CANTABILE GENEROSO
- ☐ SONORO

ELIZABETH BRUNTON, 'CELLO
MICHAEL FINCKEL, 'CELLO
MICHAEL SEVERENS, 'CELLO
MAX WEISS, 'CELLO

————— BREAK —————

DREI GESÄNGE, OP. 48

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG

- ☐ SOMMERMÜD
- ☐ TOT
- ☐ MÄDCHENLIED

JANET GILLESPIE, SOPRANO
ALLEN SHAWN, PIANO

"TANGO" FOR VIOLIN + PIANO (1987) JANET GILLESPIE

KATE BRANDT, VIOLIN
ALLEN SHAWN, PIANO

FANTASY FOR CLARINET + PIANO (1987) JANET GILLESPIE

CLAUDIA FRIEDLANDER, CLARINET
PETER GOLUB, PIANO

CHANSONS MADÉCASSES

MAURICE RAVEL

- NAHANDOVE
- AOUA!
- IL EST DOUX...

JANET GILLESPIE, SOPRANO
LYNN BUCK, FLUTE/ PICCOLO
MICHAEL FINCKEL, 'CELLO
WILLIE FINCKEL, PIANO

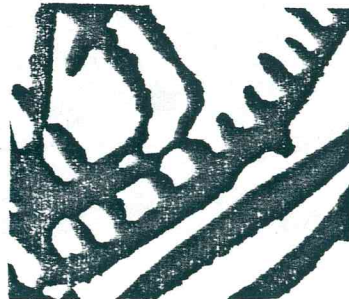
STAGE MANAGER: CHRISSY CAMPANELLA
USHERS/ RUNNING CREW: DINA EMERSON + DAISY WHITE
HOSPITALITY: A. M. RUSS + FRIENDS
WARDROBE + STYLING: LYDIA VIVANTE + ALIX BAILEY
POSTER + PROGRAM: ART - KATRINA LEESTMA
DESIGN - JANET GILLESPIE
VIDEO + AUDIO RECORD: CURT CATALLO + KALEB QUENK

□ HEART-FELT THANKS TO: FRANK BAKER, MICHAEL DOWNS,
REMY CHARLIA, ALLEN SHAWN, VIVIAN FINE, MR. JEFFREY LEVINE,
WILLIE FINCKEL, MIKE FINCKEL, PETER GOLUB, JACK GLICK,
LIONEL NOWAK, MILFORD GRAVES, GUNNAR SCHONBECK, REINHARD
MAYER, JOAN GOODRICH, A. M. RUSS, CHRISSY CAMPANELLA, DINA
EMERSON, DAISY WHITE, CURT CATALLO, KALEB QUENK, KATRINA
LEESTMA, LYDIA VIVANTE, ALIX BAILEY, LYNN BUCK, KATE BRANDT,
ELIZABETH BRUNTON, CLAUDIA FRIEDLANDER, DAN GORN, MICHAEL
SEVERENS, JOHN SWAN, MAX WEISS, SUSANNAH WATERS, DAISY
GOODMAN, CAROL + WALT + MICHAEL HOESCH, JACK HARNEY, BRIAN
MINDLIN, JIM FOURNIER, MY FAMILY OUT WEST, AND THE REST
OF MY TRULY WONDERFUL FRIENDS!

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976) ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG (1874-1951)
□ PETER GRIMES (1945) □ DREI GESÄNGE, OP. 48 (1933)

THIS OPERA IS BASED ON A POEM BY
GEORGE CRABBE ENTITLED THE
BOROUGH. PETER IS A SIMPLE FISHER-
MAN IN A SMALL VILLAGE ON THE EAST
COAST OF ENGLAND WHO HAS HIS
SIGHTS SET ON IMPROVING HIS LOT,
BOTH FINANCIALLY AND ROMANTICALLY
(HE PLANS TO PROPOSE TO THE WIDOWED
SCHOOLMISTRESS, ELLEN ORTON). YET
PETER'S TEMPER IS AS FIERY AS HIS
DRIVE, AS TUMULTUOUS AS THE SEA
WHICH RAGES AROUND HIM. ALL THE
VILLAGE KNOWS OF HIS HARSH
TREATMENT OF THE APPRENTICE BOY,
AND WHEN THE CHILD DIES OF DE-
HYDRATION (ACCORDING TO PETER)
IN A STORM AT SEA, ALL SUSPECT
PETER OF MURDER. ELLEN ORTON
IS THE ONLY ONE WHO SHUNS THE
SCATHING GOSSIP AND SEES GOOD IN
THE MAN. ONE DAY ELLEN TAKES THE
NEW APPRENTICE FOR A WALK ALONG
THE PIER AND NOTICES A TEAR IN
HIS SHIRT. UPON FURTHER INVESTI-
GATION A LARGE BRUISE IS DISCOVER-
ED ON THE BOY'S NECK. THE WOMAN
SIGHS IN PROFOUND SADNESS + DIS-
APPOINTMENT, REALIZING THAT PETER
HAS RESUMED HIS ABUSIVE BEHAVIOR.
ELLEN SINGS HER ARIA TO THE SILENT
BOY IN EARSHOT OF THE TOWN CHURCH,
THE ORGAN OF WHICH DISCORDANTLY
PUNCTUATES HER SONG AS AN EERY
REMINDER OF A SOCIETY ANXIOUS TO
JUDGE AND, INEVITABLY, CONDEMN.

BRITTEN HAD A PARTICULAR TALENT
FOR COMPOSING VOCAL MUSIC AND
OPERA. HIS OPERAS - ESPECIALLY
THE FIRST, PETER GRIMES - HELPED
REVITALIZE ENGLISH OPERA,
LANGUISHING SINCE THE TIME OF
PURCELL.



SCHÖNBERG WROTE THE DREI GESÄNGE
IN JANUARY + FEBRUARY OF 1933,
CONCURRENT WITH HITLER'S RISE
TO POWER. THESE WERE THE LAST
PIECES HE COMPOSED BEFORE FLEEING
BERLIN IN MARCH 1933. THEY WERE
PUBLISHED MUCH LATER, IN 1948 -
EVIDENTLY HE FORGOT ABOUT THE
SONGS UNTIL HE HAD BEEN IN AMERICA
FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

THE SONGS ARE BASED ON TWELVE-
TONE ROWS, AND IN THIS RESPECT
SERVE AS A PROTOTYPE FOR LATER
VOCAL WORKS. SCHÖNBERG'S STUDENTS
BERG AND WEBER HAD WRITTEN
SONGS SEVERAL YEARS EARLIER WHICH
EMPLOYED TWELVE-TONE METHODS,
YET THE DREI GESÄNGE ARE RE-
MARKABLE FOR THEIR STRICT AD-
HERENCE TO AND LYRICAL EXPRES-
SION OF THE PRINCIPLE OF
DODECAPHONY.

MAURICE RAVEL (1875-1937)
□ CHANSONS MADÉCASSES (1925)

IN 1925 RAVEL WAS COMMISSIONED
BY ELIZABETH SPRAGUE COOLIDGE
(WHO ALSO COMMISSIONED WORKS BY
SCHÖNBERG, STRAVINSKY, ET AL.)
TO WRITE A SONG CYCLE FOR VOICE,
FLUTE, 'CELLO + PIANO, AND HE
CHOSE TO SET THREE NATIVE MADAGASCAN
POEMS TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH IN
1787 BY THE CREOLE POET EVARISTE-
DÉSIRÉ DE PARUY. COOLIDGE PLANNED
A GALA PREMIÈRE OF THE CYCLE FOR
OCTOBER 1925 IN PARIS, BUT AT THAT TIME
RAVEL HAD ONLY COMPLETED THE MIDDLE
SONG, "AOUA!" AFTER REPEATED CALLS
FROM THE AUDIENCE, THE MUSICIAN
DECIDED TO PLAY THE SONG A SECOND
TIME, AND THE (MINOR) COMPOSER
LÉON MOREAU JUMPED UP AND
SHOUTED: "MONSIEUR LÉON MOREAU
S'EN VA. HE DOES NOT WISH TO
LISTEN AGAIN TO SUCH WORDS WHILE
OUR COUNTRY IS FIGHTING MOROCCO!"

(RAVEL, CONT.)

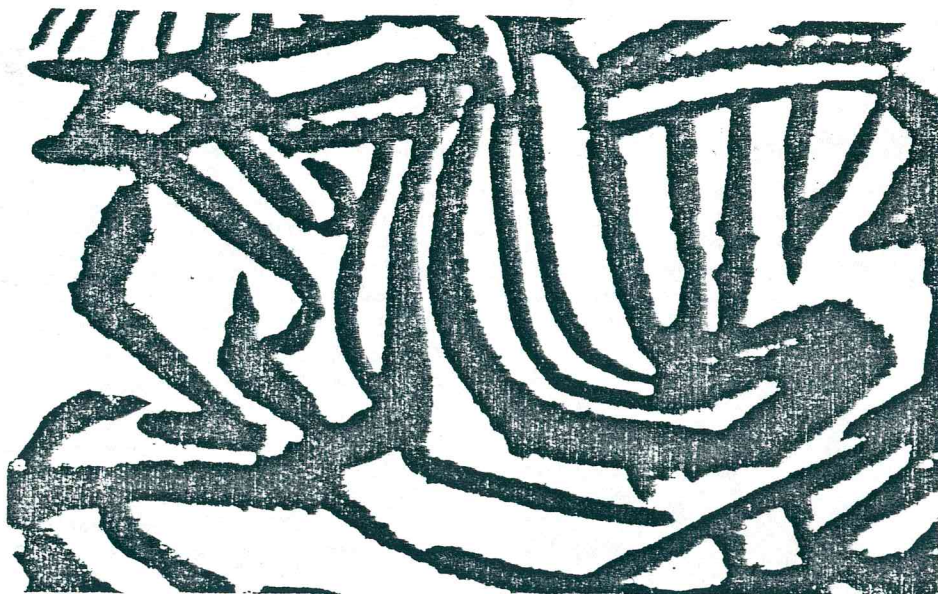
SEVERAL IN THE AUDIENCE AGREED, AND SOMETHING OF A RIOT ENSUED. MOREAU DEPARTED WITH A SMALL GROUP OF SYMPATHIZERS, AND "MOUA!" WAS REPEATED AND ENTHUSIASTICALLY APPLAUDED. THROUGHOUT THE SCENE RAVEL SAT QUIETLY AT THE PIANO, NONPLUSSED, AND THE RESULT OF THE AFFAIR WAS MERELY TO INCREASE HIS POPULARITY & THE SUCCESS OF THE ENTIRE CYCLE, WHICH PREMIÈRED THE FOLLOWING JUNE. RAVEL CONFIDED TO HIS BROTHER THAT THE CHANSONS MADÉCASSES WAS HIS FAVORITE WORK, ALONG WITH SHEHERAZADE.

OF SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES RAVEL WROTE: "HOW CAN ONE COMPOSE MUSIC BY LOGICAL SYLLOGISMS OR MATHEMATICAL FORMULAE? IF ONE DOES, IT LOSES ITS MOST DISTINCTIVE QUALITY AS THE EXPRESSION OF HUMAN FEELINGS. MUSIC SHOULD ALWAYS BE FIRST EMOTIONAL, AND ONLY THEN INTELLECTUAL." AT THE SAME TIME, HE WAS FASCINATED BY ALL TYPES OF MUSIC, AND SINGLED OUT CHANSONS MADÉCASSES AS A WORK HE COULD NOT HAVE COMPOSED WITHOUT THE EXAMPLE OF SCHÖNBERG.

"I WONDER ABOUT THE TREES"

I WONDER ABOUT THE TREES.
WHY DO WE WISH TO BEAR
FOREVER THE NOISE OF THESE
MORE THAN ANOTHER NOISE
SO CLOSE TO OUR DWELLING PLACE?
WE SUFFER THEM BY DAY
TILL WE LOSE ALL MEASURE OF PACE,
AND FIXITY IN OUR JOYS,
AND ACQUIRE A LISTENING AIR.
THEY ARE THAT THAT SPEAKS OF GOING
BUT NEVER GETS AWAY;
AND THAT TALKS NO LESS FOR KNOWING,
AS IT GROWS WISER AND OLDER,
THAT NOW IT MEANS TO STAY.
MY FEET TUG AT THE FLOOR
AND MY HEAD SWAYS TO MY SHOULDER
SOMETIMES WHEN I WATCH TREES SWAY,
FROM THE WINDOW OR THE DOOR.
I SHALL SET OUT FOR SOMEWHERE,
I SHALL MAKE THE RECKLESS CHOICE
SOME DAY WHEN THEY ARE IN VOICE
AND TOSSING SO AS TO SCARE
THE WHITE CLOUDS OVER THEM ON.
I SHALL HAVE LESS TO SAY,
BUT I SHALL BE GONE.

- ROBERT FROST



"WE TWO"

WE TWO ARE LEFT:
I WITH SMALL GRACE REVEAL
DISTASTE AND BITTERNESS;
YOU WITH SMALL PATIENCE
TAKE MY HANDS;
THOUGH EFFORTLESS,
YOU SCALD THEIR WEIGHT
AS A BOWL, LINED WITH EMBERS,
WHEREIN DROOP
GREAT PETALS OF WHITE ROSE,
FORCED BY THE HEAT
TOO SOON TO BREAK.

WE TWO ARE LEFT:
AS A BLANK WALL, THE WORLD,
EARTH AND THE MEN WHO TALK,
SAYING THEIR SPACE OF LIFE
IS GOOD AND GRACIOUS,
WITH EYES BLANK
AS THAT BLANK SURFACE
THEIR IGNORANCE MISTAKES
FOR FINAL SHELTER
AND A RESTING PLACE.

WE TWO REMAIN:
YET BY WHAT MIRACLE,
SEARCHING WITHIN
THE TANGLES OF MY BRAIN,
I ASK AGAIN,
HAVE WE TWO MET WITHIN
THIS MAZE OF DAEDAL PATHS
IN-WOUND MID GRIEVOUS STONE,
WHERE I ONCE STOOD ALONE?

- H. D. (Hilda Doolittle)



DREI GESÄNGE, OP. 48

SUMMER WEARINESS

JUST WHEN YOU THINK
IT'S ETERNAL NIGHT,
AN EVENING ARRIVES BEARING KISSES
AND STARS.

JUST WHEN YOU THINK
IT'S ALL, ALL OVER,
IT'S SUDDENLY LIKE CHRISTMAS EVE
OR A LOVELY DAY IN MAY.

SO THANK GOD, AND BE STILL
THAT YOU'RE STILL ALIVE AND KISS:
MANY HAVE HAD TO DIE
WITHOUT A STAR.

DEATH

IT'S ALL THE SAME,
WHAT'S THE POINT?!

THIS ONE IS HAPPY,
THAT ONE IS MAD.

WHAT'S THE POINT?!

IT'S ALL THE SAME,
THIS ONE'S FOUND HAPPINESS
AND I'VE FOUND NONE.

GIRL'S SONG

THE SUN IS SHINING SO BRIGHTLY,
I'M TIRED, BUT I HAVE TO GO TO THE OFFICE;
AND I'M ALWAYS SO SAD,
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE BEEN HAPPY.

I DON'T KNOW, I CAN'T SAY
WHY THINGS ARE ALWAYS SO HARD FOR ME;
ALL THE OTHER GIRLS
GO ABOUT LAUGHING AND CAREFREE.

MAYBE I'LL JUST JUMP IN THE WATER!
OH, IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME!

ONE DAY A PIMP CAME AROUND
AND ONCE THERE WAS A SUMMER.

I WANT TO GO INTO A CLOISTER AND PRAY
FOR OTHERS, SO THEY MIGHT HAVE
A BETTER LIFE
THAN HAD MY POOR HEART;
NO STAR, NO PRAYER CAN HELP IT!

- JAKOB HARINGER
(TRANS.: JANET GILLESPIE)