

UMS
presents

Stile Antico

Why Fum'th in Fight

Thomas Tallis

Psalm 2

Why fum'th in fight, the Gentiles spite,
In fury raging stout?
Why tak'th in hand, the people fond,
Vain things to bring about?
The Kings arise, the Lords devise,
In counsels met thereto;
Against the Lord, with false accord,
Against his Christ they go.

Vigilate

William Byrd

Mark 13:35-37

Vigilate, nescitis enim quando
dominus domus veniat, sero,
an media nocte, an gallicantu,
an mane.
Vigilate ergo, ne cum venerit repente,
inveniat vos dormientes.
Quod autem dico vobis, omnibus dico:
vigilate.

Watch ye therefore for you know not when the
lord of the house cometh,
at even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing,
or in the morning:

Watch therefore, lest coming on a sudden,
he find you sleeping.

And what I say to you, I say to all:
Watch.

Come Holy Ghost

Tallis

Come Holy Ghost eternal God,
Which dost from God proceed,
The Father first, and eke the Son,
One God as we do read.

Propers for Pentecost

Byrd

Spiritus Domini*Wisdom 1:7*

Spiritus Domini replevit orbem terrarum.
Alleluia.

Et hoc, quod continet omnia, scientiam
habet vocis. Alleluia.

Exurgat Deus, et dissipentur inimici ejus, et
fugiant qui oderunt eum a facie ejus.

Gloria Patri et Filio,
et Spiritui sancto.

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper, et
in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

The Spirit of the Lord has filled the world.
Alleluia.

And that which holds all things together
knows what is said. Alleluia.

Let God arise and scatter his enemies, and let
those who hate him flee from his face.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be world without end. Amen.

Confirma hoc*Psalm 67:29–30*

Confirma hoc Deus, quod operatus es in
nobis.

A templo tuo, quod est in Jerusalem, tibi
offerent reges munera. Alleluia.

Confirm, O God, what thou hast wrought
in us.

From thy temple in Jerusalem, kings shall offer
presents to thee. Alleluia.

Factus est repente*Acts 2:2,4*

Factus est repente de coelo sonus, tanquam
advenientis spiritus vehementis, ubi erant
sedentes. Alleluia.

Et repleti sunt omnes spiritu sancto,
loquentes magnalia Dei.
Alleluia.

Suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as
of a mighty wind coming where they were
sitting. Alleluia.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost,
speaking the wonderful works of God.
Alleluia.

Expend, O Lord, My Plaint

Tallis

Psalm 5

Expend, O Lord, my plaint of word
In grief that I do make.
My musing mind recount most kind;
Give ear for thine own sake.
O hark my groan, my crying moan,
My King, my God thou art.
Let me not stray, from thee away,
To thee I pray in heart.

Infelix ego

Byrd

The beginning of Savonarola's meditation on Psalm 51

Infelix ego, omnium auxilio destitutus,
 qui coelum terramque offendi.
 Quo ibo? Quo me vertam? Ad quem
 confugiam? Quis mei miserebitur?
 Ad coelum levare oculos non audeo,
 quia ei graviter peccavi.
 In terra refugium non invenio, quia ei
 scandalum fui.

Quid igitur faciam? Desperabo? Absit.
 Misericors est Deus, pius est salvator meus.
 Solus igitur Deus refugium meum:
 ipse non despiciet opus suum,
 non repellet imaginem suam.

Ad te igitur, piissime Deus, tristis ac
 moerens venio, quoniam tu solus spes
 mea, tu solus refugium meum. Quid autem
 dicam tibi? Cum oculos levare non audeo,
 verba doloris effundam, misericordiam
 tuam implorabo, et dicam: Miserere mei,
 Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam
 tuam.

Man Blest No Doubt

Tallis

Psalm 1

Man blest no doubt, who walk'th not out,
 in wicked men's affairs;
 And stand'th no day, in sinners' way,
 Nor sitt'th in scorners' chairs;
 But hath his will in God's law still,
 This law to love aright;
 And will him use, on it to muse,
 To keep it day and night.

Unhappy am I, bereft of help on every side;
 I have offended against heaven and earth.
 Where shall I go? Where shall I turn? To
 whom shall I flee? Who will take pity on me?
 I dare not lift up mine eyes to heaven, for
 against heaven have I sinned greatly. I find
 no refuge on earth, for there I have become
 a stumbling-block.

What then shall I do? Shall I despair? No!
 God is merciful, my Savior is holy.
 Therefore God alone is my refuge:
 he will not despise his own work,
 nor reject his own image.

To thee, therefore, most holy God, do I
 come sad and sorrowing, since thou alone
 art my hope, thou alone my refuge. What
 then shall I say to thee? Since I dare not
 lift up mine eyes, I will pour forth words of
 grief, I will invoke thy mercy and say:
 "Have pity on my, O God, in thy great
 compassion!"

Quis est homo

Byrd

Psalm 33:13–17

Quis est homo qui vult vitam, diligit dies
videre bonos?
Prohibe linguam tuam a malo, et labia tua
ne loquantur dolum.

Who is the man that desires life, and prizes
length of days that he may see good things?
Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from
speaking guile.

Diverte a malo, et fac bonum: inquire
pacem, et persequere eam. Oculi
Domini super justos, et aures ejus ad
preces eorum. Vultus autem Domini
super facientes mala, ut perdat de terra
memoriam eorum.

Turn aside from evil, and do good: seek peace,
and pursue it. The eyes of the Lord are
upon the righteous, and his ears incline to
their prayers. But the face of the Lord is set
against evil-doers, to blot out all record of
them from the earth.

Let God Arise in Majesty

Tallis

Psalm 68

Let God arise, in majesty,
And scatt' red be his foes;
Yea flee they all, his sight in face,
To him which hateful goes;
As smoke is driv'n, and comes to nought,
Repulse their tyranny;
At face of fire, as wax doth melt,
God's face the bad might fly.

Exurge Domine

Byrd

Psalm 43:23–24

Exsurge Domine, quare obdormis? Exsurge,
et ne repellas me in finem. Quare faciem
tuam avertis? Oblivisceris inopiae nostrae et
tribulationis nostrae? Exsurge, Domine.

Arise, why sleepest thou, O Lord? Arise and
cast me not off to the end. Why turnest thou
thy face away and forgettest our want and our
trouble? Arise, O Lord.

God Grant with Grace

Tallis

Psalm 67

God grant with grace, he us embrace,
In gentle part, bless he our heart;
With loving face, thine be his place,
His mercies all, on us to fall;
That we thy way, may know all day,
While we do sail, this world so frail;
Thy health's reward, is nigh declared,
As plain as eye, all Gentiles spy.

Laetentur Caeli

Byrd

Isaiah 49:13

Laetentur coeli, et exultet terra,
 jubilate montes laudem:
 quia Dominus noster veniet,
 et pauperum suorum miserebitur.

Orietur in diebus tuis iustitia et
 abundantia pacis.

Give praise, O ye heavens, and rejoice, O earth,
 ye mountains, give praise with jubilation:
 because our Lord will come,
 and will have mercy on his poor ones.

In your days shall justice spring up, and
 an abundance of peace.

E'en Like the Hunted Hind

Tallis

Psalms 42

E'en like the hunted hind, the waterbrooks
 desire; E'en thus my soul, that fainting is,
 to thee would fain aspire;
 My soul did thirst to God, to God of life
 and grace;
 It said e'en thus, when shall I come, to see
 God's lively face?

Ne irascaris

Byrd

Isaiah 64:9-10

Ne irascaris Domine satis,
 Et ne ultra memineris iniquitatis nostrae.
 Ecce respice populus tuus omnes nos.

Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta.
 Sion deserta facta est,
 Jerusalem desolata est.

Be not very angry, O Lord,
 And remember no longer our iniquity:
 Behold, see we are all thy people.

The city of thy sanctuary is become a desert,
 Sion is made desert,
 Jerusalem is desolate.

O Come in One to Praise the Lord

Tallis

Psalms 95

O come in one to praise the Lord
 And him recount our stay and health.
 All hearty joys let us record
 To his strong rock, our Lord of health.
 His face with praise, let us present,
 His works in sight, let us announce.
 Join we I say in glad ascent.
 Our psalms and hymns let us pronounce.

Laudibus in Sanctis

Byrd

Psalm 150, paraphrased in Latin elegiac verse

Laudibus in sanctis Dominum
celebrate supremum:

Firmamenta sonent
inclita facta Dei.

Inclita facta Dei cantate,
sacraque potentis

Voce potestatem saepe sonate manus.

Magnificum Domini cantet tuba
martia nomen:

Pieria Domino concelebrate lira.

Laude Dei resonent resonantia
tympana summi,

Alta sacri resonent organa laude Dei.

Hunc arguta canant tenui psalteria corda,
Hunc agili laudet laeta chorea pede.

Concava divinas effundant cymbala laudes,
Cymbala dulcisona laude

repleta Dei.

Omne quod aetheris in mundo
vescitur auris

Halleluya canat tempus in omne Deo.

Celebrate the Lord most high
in holy praises:

Let the firmament echo
the glorious deeds of God.

Sing ye the glorious deeds of God,
and with a holy voice sound
forth oft the power of his mighty hand.

Let the warlike trumpet sing the great name
of the Lord:

Celebrate the Lord with Pierian lyre.

Let resounding timbrels ring to the praise of
the most-high God,

Lofty organs peel to his praise.

Him let melodious psalteries sing with fine string,
Him let joyful dance praise with nimble foot.

Let hollow cymbals pour forth divine praises,
Sweet-sounding cymbals filled with
the praise of God.

Let everything in the world that feeds upon the
air of heaven

Sing Halleluia to God for evermore.

Please Note...

Pianist **Warren Jones** replaces Craig Rutenberg for this afternoon's recital. UMS welcomes Mr. Jones back to Ann Arbor for his sixth UMS appearance. Mr. Jones made his UMS debut in recital with baritone Samuel Ramey in November 1989, and most recently appeared in January 2005 in recital with Stephanie Blythe at the Lydia Mendelssohn Theatre.

Warren Jones frequently performs with many of today's best-known artists and is Principal Pianist for the California-based chamber music group Camerata Pacifica. He has often been a guest artist at Carnegie Hall and in Lincoln Center's Great Performers Series, as well as the festivals of Tanglewood, Ravinia, and Caramoor. Mr. Jones has been invited three times to the White House by American presidents to perform at concerts honoring the President of Russia and Prime Ministers of Italy and Canada, and he has appeared three times at the US Supreme Court as a specially invited performer for the Justices and their guests. Mr. Jones is a member of the faculty at the Manhattan School of Music in New York, where highly gifted young artists work with him in a unique graduate degree program in collaborative piano. For 10 years he was Assistant Conductor at the Metropolitan Opera and for three seasons served in the same capacity at San Francisco Opera. Born in Washington DC, Mr. Jones grew up in North Carolina and graduated with honors from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

UMS
and the
Gardner and
Bonnie Ackley
Endowment Fund
present

Christine Brewer *Soprano*
Craig Rutenberg *Piano*

I

Divinités du Styx from *Alceste*

Christoph Willibald Gluck
(Ranieri de Calzabigi, translation by
Kenneth Richardson)

Divinités du Styx! Ministres de la mort!
Je n'invoquerai point votre pitié cruelle.
J'enlève un tendre époux à son funeste sort,
Mais je vous abandonne une épouse fidèle.

Divinités du Styx! Ministres de la mort!
Mourir pour ce qu'on aime est un
trop doux effort,
Une vertu si naturelle,
Mon cœur est animé du plus noble transport!

Je sens une force nouvelle,
Je vais où mon amour m'appelle.
Mon cœur est animé du plus noble transport!

Divinités du Styx! Ministres de la mort!
Je n'invoquerai point votre pitié cruelle.

Ye gods of endless night

Almighty gods of death! Immortal fiends of hell!
In your cruel embrace, I'll die forever grateful.
To save my husband's life, mine is bid farewell:
My duty as a wife who is ever faithful.

Almighty gods of death! Immortal fiends of hell!
To die for my beloved, is such a
sweet farewell;
A loving gift so true and blissful.
My heart is filled with joy as love casts a magic spell.

I fear not death however painful,
To save my husband from a fate so shameful.
My heart is filled with joy as love casts a magic spell.

Almighty gods of death! Immortal fiends of hell!
In your cruel embrace, I'll die forever grateful.

II

Wesendonck Lieder, Op. 91

Richard Wagner

(Mathilde Wesendonck)

Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne
Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,

Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
Daß, wo still es will verbluten,
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,

Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,
Da der Engel niederschwebt,
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

Stehe still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!

Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
Hemmet den Atem, stilltet den Drang,
Schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!
Daß in selig süßem Vergessen
Ich mög alle Wonnen ermessen!

Wenn Aug' in Auge wonnig trinken,
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich wiederfindet,
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündigt,
Die Lippe verstummt in
 staunendem Schweigen,
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Innre zeugen:
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

The Angel

In childhood's early days,
I often heard them speak of angels,
Who would exchange Heaven's sublime bliss
For the Earth's sun.

So that, when an anxious heart in dread
Is full of longing, hidden from the world;
So that, when it wishes silently to bleed
And melt away in a trickle of tears,

So that, when its prayer ardently
Pleads only for release,
Then the angel floats down
And gently lifts it to Heaven.

Yes, an angel has come down to me,
And on glittering wings
It leads, far away from every pain,
My soul now heavenwards!

Be quiet!

Roaring and rushing wheel of time,
You are the measurer of Eternity;
Shining spheres in the wide universe,
You who surround the world globe,
Eternal creation, halt!
Enough development, let me be!

Cease, generative powers,
The primal thoughts which you are ever creating!
Slow your breathing, still your urge
Silently, only for a second long!
Swelling pulses, fetter your beating,
End, o eternal day of willing!
That in blessed, sweet forgetfulness,
I may measure all my bliss!

When one eye another drinks in bliss,
And one soul into another sinks,
One nature in another finds itself again,
And when each hope's fulfillment is finished,
When the lips are mute in
 astounded silence,
And no wish more does the heart create,
Then man recognizes the sign of Eternity,
And solves your riddle, holy Nature!

Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.

Weit in sehndem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen
Oder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl, ich weiß es, arme Pflanze;
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.

Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum:
Schwere Tropfen seh ich schweben
An der Blätter grünem Saum.

Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
Dir die schönen Augen rot,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;

Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düstren Welt,
Du am Morgen neu erwacht,
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,
Muß die Sonne selbst verzagen,
Muß die Sonne untergehn?

Und gebietet Tod nur Leben,
Geben Schmerzen Wonne nur:
O wie dank ich, daß gegeben
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

In the Hothouse

High-vaunted crowns of leaves,
Canopies of emerald,
You children of distant zones,
Tell me, why do you lament?

Silently you bend your branches,
Draw signs in the air,
And the mute witness to your anguish—
A sweet fragrance—rises.

In desirous longing, wide
You open your arms,
And embrace through insane predilection
The desolate, empty, horrible void.

I know well, poor plants,
A fate that we share,
Though we bathe in light and radiance,
Our homeland is not here!

And how gladly the sun departs
From the empty gleam of the day,
He veils himself, he who suffers truly,
In the darkness of silence.

It becomes quiet, a whispered stirring
Fills uneasily the dark room:
Heavy drops I see hovering
On the green edge of the leaves.

Anguish

Sun, each evening you weep
Your pretty eyes red,
When, bathing in the mirror of the sea
You are seized by early death.

Yet you rise in all your splendor,
Glory of the gloomy world,
Newly awakening in the morning
Like a proud, victorious hero!

Ah, why should I then lament,
Why, my heart, are you so heavy,
If the sun itself must despair,
If the sun must set?

And if Death gives rise only to Life,
And pain gives way only to bliss,
O how thankful I am, that
Nature gives me such anguish!

Träume

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfängen,
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blühen,
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,
Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,

Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Dreams

Tell me, what kind of wondrous dreams
are embracing my senses,
that have not, like foam,
vanished into desolate nothingness?

Dreams, that with each passing hour,
each passing day, bloom fairer,
and with their heavenly tidings
roam blissfully through my heart!

Dreams which, like holy rays of light
sink into the soul,
there to paint an eternal image:
forgiving all, thinking of only one.

Dreams which, when the spring sun
kisses the blossoms from the snow,
so that into unsuspected bliss
they greet the new day,

so that they grow, so that they bloom,
and dreaming, bestow their fragrance,
these dreams gently glow and fade on your breast,
and then sink into the grave.

III**Ich liebe dich, Op. 37, No. 2**

Richard Strauss
(Detlev von Liliencron)

Vier adlige Rosse
voran unserm Wagen,
wir wohnen im Schlosse
in stolzem Behagen.

Die Frühlichterwellen
und nächstens der Blitz,
was all sie erhellen,
ist unser Besitz.

Und irrst du verlassen,
verbannt durch die Lande;
mit dir durch die Gassen
in Armut und Schande!

Es bluten die Hände,
die Füße sind wund,
vier trostlose Wände,
es kennt uns kein Hund.

I love you

Four noble horses
in front of our carriage,
we live in the castle
in proud comfort.

The early brightness
and the lightning at night—
everything that they shed light upon
belongs to us.

Although you wander forsaken,
an exile, through the world,
I am with you in the streets
in poverty and shame!

Our hands will bleed,
our feet will ache,
the four walls will be without comfort,
and no dog will know us.

Steht silberbeschlagen
dein Sarg am Altar,
sie sollen mich tragen
zu dir auf die Bahr',

Und fern auf der Heide
und stirbst du in Not,
den Dolch aus der Scheide,
dir nach in den Tod!

**Breit über mein Haupt dein schwarzes
Haar, Op. 19, No. 2**

Strauss

(Adolf Friedrich von Schack)

Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar,
Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht!
Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

Befreit, Op. 39, No. 4

Strauss

(Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmel)

Du wirst nich weinen. Leise, leise
wirst du lächeln; und wie zur Reise
geb ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände!

Du hast sie bereitet,
ich habe sie dir zu Welt geweitet—o Glück!

Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen
und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.

Du schenkest mir dein ganzes Leben,
ich will es ihnen wiedergeben—o Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's Beide,
wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,
so geb' ich dich der Welt zurück.

Dann wirst du mir nur noch im
Traum erscheinen
und mich segnen und mit mir weinen—
o Glück!

If, fitted with silver,
your coffin will stand at the altar,
they shall bear me as well
on the bier to you.

And if, far away on the heath,
you die in anguish,
I shall draw my dagger from its sheath
and follow you in death!

Spread over my head your black hair

Spread over my head your raven hair,
And bend your face to me!
Bright and clear into my soul
Pours the light of your eyes!

I do not seek the sun's splendor on high
Nor the radiant garland of the stars,
I only seek the night of your hair
And the radiance of your eyes.

Relieved

You will not cry. You will smile
very gently; and as if you were departing
I return your glance and kiss.
Our dear four walls!

You furnished and decorated them,
I turned them into your world—oh, happiness!

Then you will ardently grasp my hands,
and will leave me your soul,
leaving me behind with our children.

You gave me all your life,
I want to give it back to them—oh, happiness!

It will happen very soon, we both know;
We have relieved each other from the pain,
so I'll give you back to the world.

Then you will appear to me
only in my dreams,
and bless me and weep with me—
oh, happiness!

IV**Selige Nacht**

Joseph Marx
(Otto Erich Hartleben)

Im Arm der Liebe
schliefen wir selig ein,
Am offenen Fenster
Lauschte der Sommerwind,
Und uns'rer Atemzüge
Trug er hinaus
In die helle Mondnacht.

Und aus dem Garten tastete
Zagend sich ein Rosenduft
An uns'rer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume.
Träume des Rausches
So reich an Sehnsucht.

Hat dich die Liebe berührt

Marx
(Paul Heyse)

Hat dich die Liebe berührt,
Still unter lärmenden Volke,
Gehst du in goldner Wolke,
Sicher von Gott geführt.

Nur wie verloren, umher
Lässest die Blicke du wandern,
Gönnt ihre Freuden den Andern,
Trägst nur nach einem Begehrt.

Scheu in dich selber verzückt,
Möchtest du leugnen vergebens,
Daß nun die Krone des Lebens,
Strahlend die Stirn dir schmückt.

Blissful Night

In the arms of love
we slumbered blissfully.
At the open window
the summer wind listened;
and carried away the peacefulness
of our breathing
into the moonlight.

And from the garden
the fragrance of roses cautiously
swept over our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams.
Dreams of desire,
so full of longing.

If Love Has Touched You

If love has touched you softly,
among the noisy folk,
amid a cloud of gold,
you're led by God safely.

Only as one thus bemused,
you let your gaze depart.
you do not envy the joy of others.
only one desire is yours.

Shyly delighted with yourself,
though you would deny it,
now adorns your brow
the gleaming crown of life.

V

Cabaret Songs

Benjamin Britten

(W.H. Auden)

Calypso

Driver, drive faster and make a good run
 Down the Springfield Line under the
 shining sun.
 Fly like an aeroplane, don't pull up short
 Till you brake for the Grand Central Station,
 New York.

For there in the middle of that waiting hall
 Should standing the one that I love best of all,
 If he's not there to meet me when I get
 to town,
 I'll stand on the pavement with tears
 rolling down.

Driver, drive faster,
 Driver, drive faster.

For he is the one that I love to look on,
 The acme of kindness and perfection.
 He presses my hand and he says he loves me
 Which I find an admirable peculiarity.

Driver, drive faster,
 Driver, drive faster
 Driver, drive faster, drive faster.

The woods are bright green on both sides
 of the line
 The trees have their loves thought they're
 different from mine.
 But the poor fat old banker in the
 sunparlour car
 Has no one to love him except his cigar.
 Driver, drive faster, drive faster, drive faster,
 drive faster, faster, faster, faster, faster.

If I were the head of the Church or the State
 I'd powder my nose and just tell them to
 wait.
 Drive faster, faster, faster, faster, faster,
 faster, faster, faster, faster.

For love's more important and powerful than
 Even a priest or a politician, faster, faster,
 faster, faster, faster

Ah la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
 Faster, drive faster, drive faster, drive faster,
 Drive faster, faster, faster, faster.

Tell Me the Truth About Love

Liebe, l'amour, amor amoris
 Some say that Love's a little boy,
 And some say it's a bird,
 Some say it makes the world go round,
 And some say that's absurd,
 But when I asked the man next-door,
 Who looked as if he knew,
 His wife was very cross indeed,
 And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pajamas,
 Or the ham in a temp'rance hotel?
 O tell me the truth about love
 Does its odor remind one of llamas,
 Or has it a comforting smell?
 O tell me the truth about love
 Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is,
 Or soft as eiderdown fluff?
 Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?
 O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summer-house;
 It wasn't ever there:
 I tried the Thames at Maidenhead,
 And Brighton's bracing air.
 I don't know what the blackbird sang,
 Or what the roses said;
 But it wasn't in the chicken-run,
 Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordinary faces?
 Is it usually sick on a swing?
 O tell me the truth about love.
 Does it spend all its time at the races,
 Or fiddling with pieces of string?
 O tell me the truth about love.
 Has it views of its own about money?
 Does it think Patriotism enough?
 Are its stories vulgar but funny?
 O tell me the truth about love.

Your feelings when you meet it,
 I am told you can't forget,
 I've sought it since I was a child
 But haven't found it yet
 I'm getting on for thirty-five,
 And still I do not know
 What kind of creature it can be
 That bothers people so.

When it comes, will it come without warning
 Just as I'm picking my nose?
 O tell me the truth about love.
 Will it knock on my door in the morning,
 Or tread in the bus on my toes?
 O tell me the truth about love.
 Will it come like a change in the weather?
 Will its greeting be courteous or rough?
 Will it alter my life altogether?
 O tell me the truth about love.

Johnny

O the valley in the summer where I and my
 John
 Beside the deep river walk on and on
 While the grass at our feet and the birds up
 above
 Whispered so soft in reciprocal love,
 And I leaned on his shoulder; "O Johnny, let's
 play":
 But he frowned like thunder and he went
 away.

O the evening near Christmas as I well recall
 When we went to the Charity Matinee Ball,
 The floor was so smooth and the band was so
 loud
 And Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
 "Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance
 till day":
 But he frowned like thunder and went away.

Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
 When music poured out of each wonderful
 star?
 Diamonds and pearls hung like ivy down
 Over each gold and silver silk gown;
 "O Johnny I'm in heaven," I whispered to say:
 But he frowned like thunder and went away.
 O but he was as fair as a garden in flower,
 As slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower,
 When the waltz throbbled out down the long
 promenade
 O his eyes and his smile they went straight to
 my heart;
 "O marry me, Johnny, I'll love and obey":
 But he frowned like thunder and he went
 away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my
 lover,
 You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on
 the other,

The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
 Every star rattled a round tambourine;
 Ten thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:
 But you went away.

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
 Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy
 bone,
 Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
 Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
 Scribing on the sky the message He is Dead.
 Tie crêpe bows round the white necks of the
 public doves,
 Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton
 gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and
 West,
 My working week and my Sunday rest,
 My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
 I thought that love could last forever: I was
 wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every
 one.
 Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
 Pour away ocean and sweep up the woods;
 For nothing now can ever come to any good.

VI

Ye Banks and Braes

Arr. Roger Quilter
 (Robert Burns)

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care?
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wontons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

The Salley Gardens

Arr. Britten
 (William Butler Yeats)

Down by the salley gardens my love and I
 did meet;
 She passed the salley gardens with little
 snow-white feet.
 She bid me take love easy, as the leaves
 grow on the tree;
 But I, being young and foolish, with her
 would not agree.
 In the field by the river my love and I did
 stand,
 And on my leaning shoulder she laid her
 snow-white hand.
 She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows
 on the weirs;
 But I was young and foolish, and now am
 full of tears.

The Leprechaun

Arr. Herbert Hughes
(P. W. Joyce)

In a shady nook one moonlight night,
a leprechaun I spied:
With scarlet cap and coat of green,
A cruiskeen by his side.
'Twas tick tack tick, his hammer went,
Upon a weeny shoe;
And I laughed to think of a purse of gold;
but the fairy was laughing too!

With tiptoe step and beating heart,
Quite softly I drew nigh:
There was mischief in his merry face;
A twinkle in his eye.
He hammered and sang with tiny voice,
And drank his mountain dew,
And I laughed to think he was caught at
last;
But the fairy was laughing too!

As quick as thought I seized the elf:
"Your fairy purse" I cried.
"The purse," he said, "'tis in her hand,
That lady at your side."
I turned to look: the elf was off!
Then what was I to do?

O, I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;
And the fairy was laughing too!

VII**Sing to me, Sing, and Sing Again**

Sidney Homer
(William Ernest Henley)

Sing to me, sing, and sing again,
My glad, great-throated nightingale:
Sing, as the good sun through the rain—
Sing, as the home-wind in the sail!

Sing to me life, and toil, and time,
O bugle of dawn, O flute of rest!
Sing, and once more, as in the prime,
There shall be naught but seems the best.

And sing me at the last of love:
Sing that old magic of the May,
That makes the great world laugh and move
As lightly as our dream to-day!

Night

Edwin MacArthur
(Charles Hanson Towne)

Wherefore should darkness
Terrify my soul?
Night is the hope of day,
The scabbard deep,
Where in the sword of sunlight
Fain would creep
After the warring shouts
That 'round us roll.

Dawn hath its glamour
Like pearls upon a shoal;
Noon hath its wonder
When it climbs the steep
Blue hills of light;
And yet we fall asleep, afraid,
Sometimes with fears
Beyond control.

O let the shadows fold us in our wings,
And when one long
Unstarlit night shall come,
Let us not go like poor sheep, driv'n and dumb,
But with a spirit that exultant sings;
For where the darkness trails the desolate sod,
He walks before.
Night, night is the shadow of God.

Hickory Hill

Paul Sargent
(Robert Hillye)

The moon is aloft, the wind lies still,
Voices come soft from Hickory Hill
But there's nobody there to whisper a word,
No one to hear or be overheard.

I only remember the moon all white on the
clear November hill at night.

But the words we left that other year
Surely drift from the hillside there.
And no one would dare clear nights in the fall
To stand listening there, I least of all.

Love went a'Riding

Frank Bridge
(Mary Coleridge)

Love went a-riding,
Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode...

The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.
Than all the youths and the maidens cried,
"Stay here with us." "King of Kings."
But Love said, "No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings."

Love went a-riding...

If I Could Tell You

Idabelle Firestone
(Madeleine Marshall)

If I could tell you
The thoughts I cherish
And all the ways you are dear to me.

A tender feeling
Of love revealing
When e're your smiling face I see.

If I could capture
The blue of heaven
That wondrous rapture
Within your eyes.

If I could tell you
Of my devotion
If I could pledge all my love so true.

Then my confession
Would find expression
In all the music my heart sings to you!

Hills

Frank LaForge
(Arthur Guiterman)

I want my hills! Hills!
The trail that scorns the hollows
So let me hold my way by nothing halted
Until at close of day I stand exalted!
High on my hills to dream
Dear hills that know me.
And then how fair will seem the lands below me.
How pure at vesper time the far bells chiming
God! Give me hills to climb!
Hills! Hills!
And strength for climbing.

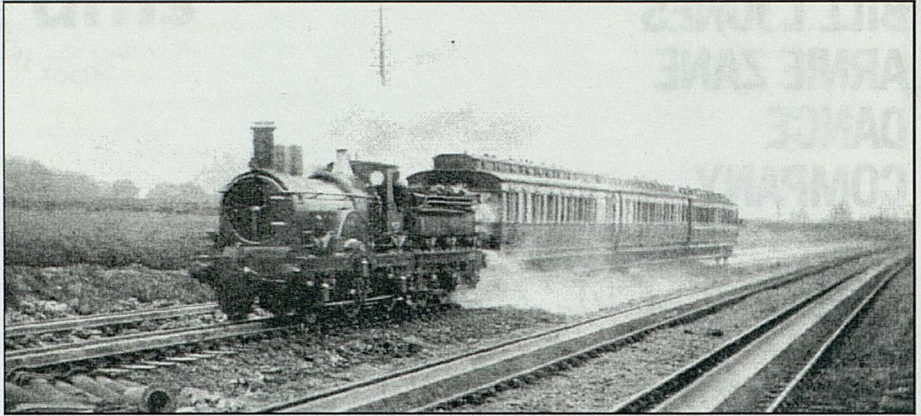
**BILL T. JONES
ARNIE ZANE
DANCE
COMPANY**

Fondly Do We Hope...

Fervently Do We Pray



 **RAVINIA**
Lead Commissioner



DIRECTOR'S NOTE

Lincoln's "Ghost Train"—the spectral procession of folk legend said to be departing Washington every April to follow the route of the funeral train, yet never arriving in Springfield—was a piquant, bizarre and moving image that was important at the beginning of my investigation, but somehow got lost. It was only within days of the work's premiere that it was remembered as I heard a train passing by the Ravinia Festival grounds.

It affected the sound design, and after two years of research and development of the piece, the idea returned now less as an esoteric absurdity than as a metaphor for what I believe is Lincoln's true legacy: A commitment to the democratic process, our "government of the people, by the people, for the people..."

In the work, this hair-raising social experiment is represented by that mysterious and elusive sound of the train that Lincoln boarded in 1809, left in 1865, and that we ride today, teetering on the brink of panic and desperation. Lincoln's legacy encourages us to stay committed to this harrowing journey, unsure if this train ever arrives at its destination.

-Bill T. Jones

Fondly Do We Hope...

Fervently Do We Pray

ACT I

Introduction

The Crossing

Biographies

Crossing Brooklyn Ferry

Lady Liberty

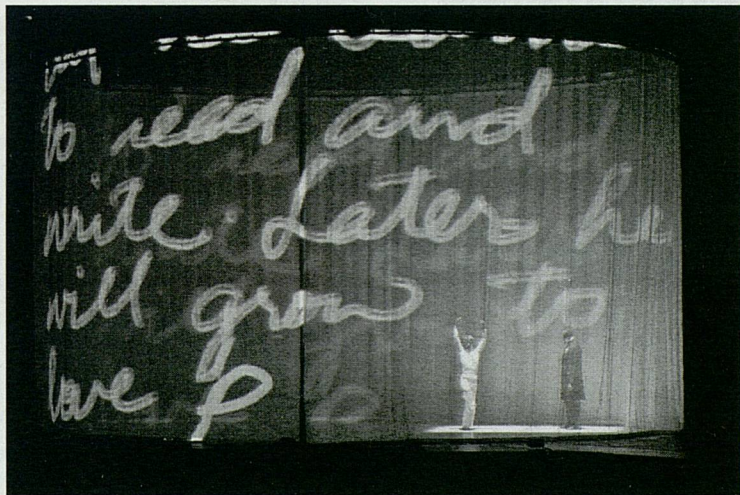
The Auction

Debates/The Boil that Bursts

ACT II

The War

EPILOGUE



LYRICS

Weevily Wheat

(American Folk Song. Additional lyrics from *The Last Leaf* by Oliver Wendell Holmes)

I don't want none of your weevily wheat
I don't want none of your barley
I want some flour and half an hour
to bake a cake for Charlie.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
The pavement stones crack like bones
As he totters o'er the ground

They say that in his prime, my friends
Knife of time cut him down,
No better man found, on the Crier round
Through the town

Since I Laid My Burden Down

(American Spiritual. Additional lyrics from *The Last Leaf* by Oliver Wendell Holmes)

Glory Glory Hallelujah
Since I laid my burden down
Glory Glory Hallelujah
Since I laid my burden down

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom (2x)
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb (2x)

Burden down, Lord (2x)
Since I laid my burden down



Annie Laurie

(Scottish Traditional. Additional lyrics from *The Last Leaf* by Oliver Wendell Holmes)

Maxwellton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her answer true
Gave me her promise true,
That ne'er forgot shall be,
And for bonny Annie Laurie,
I would lay me doon an' dee

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling (2x)
And Again
With his cane
Cut him down
Through the town
Sad and Wan
They are gone
In their bloom
On the tomb
Long ago
In the snow
Like a staff
In his laugh
At him here
Are so queer
In the spring
Where I cling

Mary Ann

(Music and lyrics by George Lewis, Jr.)

Watch her weeping Mary Ann, our tears are forever, in
portrait and fold
Restless weeping Mary Ann, we wait for her another, to curl
up and come home

Echo forever Mary's man, through heart and through body,
in void of the mind
Enter screaming hapless world, the loss of our hero, the loss
of his girl

Lady Liberty

(Music and lyrics by Jerome Begin, Christopher Lancaster, George Lewis, Jr.)

She is dangerous
She is dangerous
See it in her gaze
She's walkin' both ways
Always changing sides
See it in her eyes

Shepherd keeps his sheep
Shepherd keeps his babes
Wolf looks for his prey
And when the sheeps do play
Wolf will show his teeth
On the crimson heath

Chorus:
Right hand holds a sword
Left hand a laurel wreath
With thee crown of stars
Lady Liberty

The sheep does pay his due
The shepherd's guarded view
Keeps the shepherd warm
The wolf's intended harm
The wolf is looking thin
Empty is his skin

Chorus:
I know...

I am Faithful
(Music by Felix Mendelssohn, Jerome Begin, Chris Lancaster, George Lewis, Jr. Lyrics from Lincoln's *Second Inaugural Address*, Book of Revelation, and Whitman's *The Wound-Dresser*)

Priceless blood reddens the grass
Every drop of blood drawn
The crushed head, glazed already the eye
Every drop of blood drawn
The neck with the bullet through
May this mighty scourge
His eyes are closed, his face is pale

Priceless blood reddens the grass, I am faithful I do not give out
The stump of the arm the amputated hand

By the lash
The fractured thigh
By the sword
The wound in the abdomen
Every drop of blood



Every drop
I dress the perforated shoulder the foot with the bullet wound
Every drop shall be paid

Chorus:
Every drop, every drop of blood
I am faithful, I am faithful
I am faithful, I am faithful
I do not give out

May this scourge, may this scourge,
May this mighty scourge pass away, pass away

Priceless blood reddens the grass,
I am faithful, I do not give out
His eyes are closed, his face is pale

And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us

His eyes are closed, his face pale
Chorus x2

Song of Solomon

(Music by Jerome Begin and Christopher Lancaster. Lyrics from King James Bible)

Arise my love, my fair one and come away.
Stay me, comfort me. For I am sick of love.
Stay me, comfort me. For I am sick of love.
Set me as a seal upon your heart.
For love is strong as death.

EXCERPTS OF TEXT

Crossing Brooklyn Ferry (excerpt)
by Walt Whitman:

I am with you, you men and women of a generation, or ever
so many generations hence;
I project myself—also I return—I am with you, and know
how it is.
Just as you feel when you look on the river and sky, so I felt;
Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I was one of a
crowd;

What is it, then, between us?
What is the count of the scores or hundreds of years
between us?

I too lived—

It is not upon you alone the dark patches fall,
The dark threw patches down upon me also;
The best I had done seem'd to me blank and suspicious;
My great thoughts, as I supposed them, were they not in
reality meagre?
would not people laugh at me?

It is not you alone who know what it is to be evil;
I am he who knew what it was to be evil;
I too Blabb'd, blush'd, resented, lied, stole, grudg'd,
Had guile, anger, lust, hot wishes I dared not speak,
Was wayward, vain, greedy, shallow, sly, cowardly,
malignant;
The snake not wanting in me.

I lived the same life with the rest, the same old laughing,
gnawing, sleeping,
Play'd the part that still looks back on the actor or actress,
The same old role, the role that is what we make it, as great
as we like,
Or as small as we like, or both great and small.

Closer yet I approach you;
What thought you have of me, I had as much of you—
I consider'd long and seriously of you before you were born.

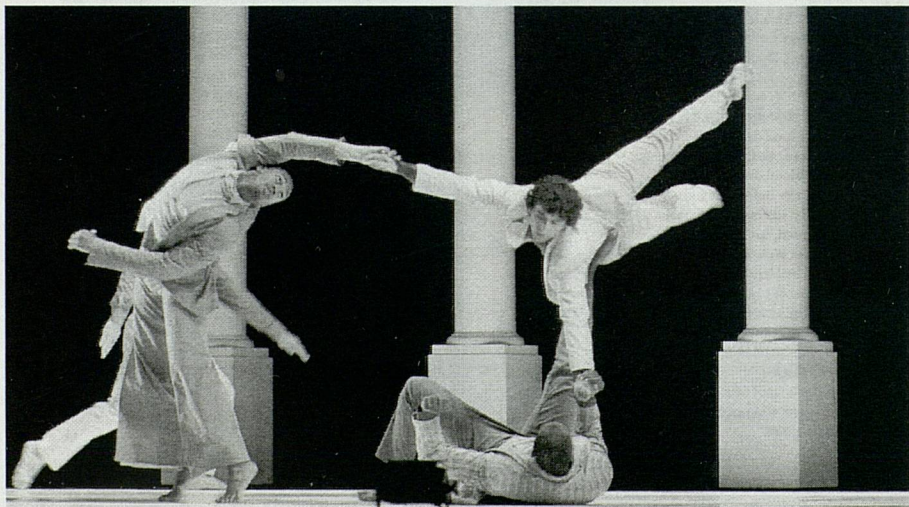
Who knows but I am as good as looking at you now, for all
you cannot see me?

Excerpt from *Address at Sanitary Fair*, Abraham Lincoln,
Baltimore, MD April 18, 1864:

The shepherd drives the wolf from the sheep's throat, for
which the sheep thanks the shepherd as a liberator, while the
wolf denounces him for the same act as the destroyer of
liberty, especially as the sheep was a black one. Plainly the
sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon a definition of the
word liberty.

Excerpt from *First Inaugural Address*, Abraham Lincoln,
Washington D.C. March 4, 1861:

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon
this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking
time. In your hands and not in mine is the momentous issue.
The government will not assail you. You can have no
conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. We are not
enemies but friends. We must not be enemies.



“AFLOAT ON THE SAME STREAM”

By Suzanne Carbonneau

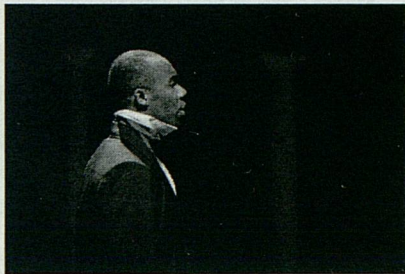
In his first monumental work of dance theater, Bill T. Jones addressed the infernal contradictions at the heart of America. His *Last Supper at Uncle Tom's Cabin/The Promised Land* revisited the torturous history of a revered cultural icon that had grown gangrenous over time. Harriet Beecher Stowe's 1852 novel had argued the immorality of slavery and was instrumental in turning Northern sentiment towards abolition, but the novel's post-Civil War co-optation by Confederate apologists resulted in Uncle Tom becoming a synonym for “race traitor.” With characteristic fearlessness, however, Jones waded into this untouchable material, employing Stowe's novel as a springboard for meditations on identity, hatred, sex, death, and religion. Jones's work was simultaneously personal and political, and ultimately nothing less than a moral history of America.

Nearly twenty years later, Jones revisits that decisive moment in American history. In his newest work of dance theater, *Fondly Do We Hope...Fervently Do We Pray*, Abraham Lincoln is the catalyst for a rumination on the American conscience that embraces past, present, and future. With this commission by the Ravinia Festival to mark the Lincoln bicentennial, Jones once again looks into the heart of American darkness through a figure who has been both canonized and tarnished. And once again, Jones has something larger in mind than either hagiography or condemnation, employing the Lincoln myth to create a dream analysis of America itself.

The title, of course, comes from Lincoln's magisterial second inaugural address, words carved into the Lincoln Memorial, where 21st-century visitors still burst into tears at the sight of Daniel Chester French's statue of a careworn Lincoln. He is our peerless, timeless national hero, enshrined in American myth as the man who redeemed us from our foundational sin of racial slavery. Unlike George Washington, who has been lost in historical distance as an Olympian figure, Lincoln appeals to our vision of the quintessential American as a common man of noble action. He is, as Jones points out, our Great Man and our Everyman. How then to reconcile the complexities of the historical record with this indelible myth?

But as in *Last Supper*, Jones is not out to present a straightforward version of history. Nor is this biopictorial theater. *Fondly Do We Hope* is something else entirely: a consideration of how the great questions of an age sound the body politic; on how history repeats itself; and on how we experience history not only as fact but also as feeling. Jones employs all the elements of theater to assemble a reverie about Lincoln that is also a contemplation about each one of us.

In recognition of Jones's ambition to span historical divides, *Fondly Do We Hope* is a dance with history. Its conversation toggles between past and present, between present and the future. Appropriately for a work about mongrel America, the languages of *Fondly Do We Hope* are polyglot—kinetic, visual, aural, textual. As he did in the *Promised Land* apotheosis of *Last Supper*, Jones looks to the experience of the body as our



shared human condition across culture, across race, across time. “At the heart of the piece,” says Jones, “are muscles, blood and flesh.”

The lodestone text of *Fondly Do We Hope*, repeated three times to suggest its perennial relevance, is Walt Whitman's paean to human anatomy, “Poem of the Body.” Jones employs his dancers' bodies—so lovingly catalogued by Whitman in their particulars (“Leg fibers, knee, knee-pan, upper-leg, under-leg”)—as the engine of the work. The performers dance on a luxuriantly figured carpet of words by Lincoln and his compatriots. The movement is not intended to depict psychological situations nor to illustrate this text. Rather, it exists as evocative counterweight to the specificity of the narration. This movement material—what Jones describes as “the DNA” of this work—is laid out at the opening by a single performer, dancing to Whitman's delirious celebration of our physical matter. Over the course of *Fondly Do We Hope*, Jones harvests this thematic inventory for boundless variations. Always, Jones says, the movement is in “the service of feelings and ideas.” Together, words and movement alchemize into something greater than the sum of these individual elements.

Music, too, is a central device that bridges Lincoln's day with our own. Contemporary compositions are interspersed with 19th-century music drawn from every level of society, suggesting the complexity of Lincoln's experience as frontiersman and person of hard-won cultivation. Traditional tunes, including “Annie Laurie” and the Lincoln favorite “Weevily Wheat,” along with the American spiritual “Since I Laid My Burden Down,” nuzzle against European classical compositions. Befitting Lincoln's personality and the tragedy of the war he oversaw, this score is largely melancholic. The cemetery looms over a musical setting of a verse Lincoln particularly admired, Oliver Wendell Holmes's *The Last Leaf*. Death even seeps into Mendelssohn. Passages from Whitman's searing *The Wound-Dresser* are heard as oratorio within Mendelssohn's score, reminding us that Lincoln's assassination followed upon mass slaughter. A companion oratorio from Lincoln's Second Inaugural is similarly death-soaked (“every drop of blood drawn with the lash, shall be paid by another drawn with the sword”).

The mix of voices in *Fondly Do We Hope* reflects the breadth of Lincoln's influence and influences: in addition to Lincoln's own words, we hear Thomas Jefferson, the King James Bible,

Frederick Douglass. But it is Whitman who speaks for Lincoln from somewhere deep within his psyche. Jones names Whitman as Lincoln's "proxy" with good reason. Whitman himself declared a profound identification with the President: "Lincoln is particularly my man — particularly belongs to me; yes, and by the same token, I am Lincoln's man: I guess I particularly belong to him; we are afloat on the same stream — we are rooted in the same ground." And it is through Whitman, who famously proclaimed his communion with all living things in "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," that Lincoln travels through time to speak directly to us. We belong to Lincoln, as he belongs to us.

In acknowledgment that Lincoln is "a story that we tell ourselves, and more importantly, a story that we tell our children," Jones presents us with faux-naïf schoolbook biographies of Lincoln and Mary Todd. Jones believes that we cling to this Great Man version of Lincoln as a model for how we might "make our peace with an insane and oftentimes unfair world." But Jones believes that in perpetuating these simplistic biographies, we are obscuring the true nature of our relationship with the past. We have only to look to the character of Mary Todd, for example, to recognize the value in a more considered analysis. As she did in Lincoln's life, Todd holds a central place in *Fondly Do We Hope*. Jones points to Todd's obsessive acquisitiveness as a profound metaphor for our own unhinged age. He cites her heartbreaking madness and grief as another. Jones links the story of Todd and her inability to cope upon the death of her husband, with the national disarray experienced at the loss of that same person. In this analogy, the Song of Solomon speaks for both personal and communal sorrow ("Set me as a seal upon thine heart. For love is strong as death").

Traveling again to the present, Jones stages diagrammatic histories of four of our contemporaries as companion biographies to those of Lincoln and Mary Todd. Taken together, these fellow citizens suggest the diversity of the American public. The biography of one of them corresponds with the outlines of Jones's own life ("born in 1952"; "a family of fieldworkers"; "seven brothers and four sisters"; "a life in the theater"; "his great grandmother, he thinks, was born a slave"). Ultimately, just as we did with Lincoln and Mary Todd, we come to understand the poverty of the schematic biography, which focuses on the "facts" of a life but ignores its resonances, contradictions, reverberations. We begin to see that this approach does injustice to all its subjects—Great Man or the least among us. But still, Jones has made us consider how our own stories intersect with history. He asks: Do we face great questions in our day equivalent to the conflagration over slavery? What is the work still to be done? Who will do that work?

And just as importantly, what are the issues that shaped Lincoln's thinking and that forge our own? Jones looks to the Lincoln-Douglas Debates for the marrow of those ideas that

divided Americans in the mid-nineteenth century. Slavery, the boil that would shortly burst into the Civil War, was the inescapable subject of those arguments. With precise calibration, Jones distills the Lincoln-Douglas positions to their essences, while introducing a more raucous discourse touching on the issues of our own day. In pairs, the dancers engage these debates with richly abstracted and virtuosic movement that Jones describes as "pitched and performed in such a way that it's as if the dancers were orators." That is, the dancers do not act out the text, but they do move to its cadences, pauses and emphases.

The simple visual design of the work, conceived by Bjorn Amelan, embodies a complex metaphor. An imposing cylindrical volume echoes a central movement image in which the dancers circle the stage in a cloudlike formation. Jones calls this "The Maelstrom," a reference to a fabled oceanic whirlpool that terrorized the 19th-century imagination. The Maelstrom is, of course, a visual metaphor for the great tumult of the Civil War, just as it is, Jones says, an apt symbol for our contemporary "undeclared cultural war." Amelan's spare set also features columns that simultaneously suggest the White House, grand antebellum plantations, and the birthplace of democracy in ancient Greece. This décor creates a continually evolving arena for the projection of spectral images that link past and present. In her video of phantom figures from the 19th century, Janet Wong conjures a ghost-world whose inhabitants shadow the contemporary ensemble, just as Whitman had projected himself into the future.

In the end, Jones insists that *Fondly Do We Hope* is not intended as a history lesson. On the contrary, he cites its claims on history as "glancing and ambivalent." Jones understands that his own relationship with history is too fraught, too labyrinthine to allow himself to offer us pieties or platitudes in place of the frustratingly imperfect and genuinely great Lincoln. Recognizing that Lincoln was a man of his time—some of Lincoln's earlier declarations about gradual abolition or racial inferiority can be shocking—Jones admires Lincoln all the more for his ability to grow and change, to *become* a great man. The choreographer declares that at the end of his journey in making this work, he finds himself genuinely moved by Lincoln. "In some ways," says Jones, "I think I love him more than I ever did."

At the conclusion of *Fondly Do We Hope...Fervently Do We Pray*, we are accorded what Jones calls "cautious hopefulness" about Lincoln's legacy. Adapting Whitman's example of imagining ourselves into the future, Jones leaves us with the biography of a person just coming into life. We hear from this descendant a hundred years hence, as he nears the end of his days—as far from us in time as is Lincoln. And in 2109, this speaker is left with the same questions about us that we have of Lincoln, experiencing an identical desire "to believe in great men and great women." What will this citizen of the future see in us when he looks back? What will we have done in answering the great challenges of our day? Will he find us—as Lincoln grew to be—led by the "better angels of our nature"?

—Essay © Suzanne Carboneau 2009

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UMS
and
CFI Group
present

Swedish Radio Choir

Ragnar Bohlin, *Guest Conductor*

Aftonen

Hugo Alfvén
(Herman Säterberg, translation by Nathan Leaf)

Skogen står tyst, himlen är klar.
Hör, huru tjugande vallhornet
lullar.

Kvällsolens bloss, sänker sig,
Sänker sig ner uti den lugna, klara våg.
Ibland dälder, gröna kullar,
eko kring nejden far...

The forest is still, the sky is clear.
Hear how enchanting shepherd's horns
sing lullabies.

The evening sun's blush silently sinks,
Sinks down into the calm, clear waves.
Among the valleys and green hills
the echo resounds near and far...

In Time of Pestilence

Ned Rorem
(Thomas Nashe)

Adieu, farewell earth's bliss!
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly;
I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave;
Swords may not fight with fate;
Earth still holds open her gate;
Come, come! The bells do cry;
I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply;
I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky;
I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Gustav Mahler

(Friedrich Rückert, translation by Emily Ezust)

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!

I am lost to the world,
with which I used to waste so much time,
It has heard nothing from me for so long,
that it may very well believe that I am dead!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält;
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

It is of no consequence to me,
Whether it thinks me dead;
I cannot deny it,
for I really am dead to the world.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

I am dead to the world's tumult,
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love and in my song!

Lobet den Herrn

Sven David Sandström

Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden,
und preiset ihn, alle Völker!
Denn seine Gnade und Wahrheit
waltet über uns in Ewigkeit.
Alleluja.

Praise ye the Lord, all ye nations,
and honor him, all ye peoples!
For that his grace and his truth have power
over us for evermore.
Alleluia.

Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied, BWV 225

Johann Sebastian Bach

(Psalm 194, 1-3)

Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied!
Die Gemeinde der Heiligen sollen ihn loben.
Israel freue sich des, der ihn gemacht hat.
Die Kinder Zion sei'n Fröhlich über ihrem
Könige.
Sie sollen loben seinen Namen im Reigen:
mit Pauken und Hargen sollen
sie ihm spielen.

Sing unto the Lord a new song!
The congregation of saints shall praise Him.
Let Israel rejoice in Him that made him.
Let the children of Zion be joyful in
their King.
Let them praise His name in the dance:
Let them sing praises unto Him with the
timbre and harp.

(Anonymous)

Gott, nimm dich ferner unser an!
Denn ohne dich ist nichts getan
mit allen unsern Sachen.
Drum sie du unser Schirm und Licht,
und trügt uns unsre Hoffnung nicht,
so wirst du's ferner machen.
Wohl dem, der sich nur steif und fest
Auf dich und deine Huld verlässt.

God, continue to take care of us!
For without you all our efforts
lead to nothing.
Therefore you are our shield and light,
and do not disappoint our hope,
So will you continue.
Blessed is he who steadfastly
relies on you and your grace.

(Johann Gramann)

Wie sich ein Vater erbarmet
Über seine junge Kinderlein,
so tut der Herr uns allen,
so wir ihn kindlich fürchten rein.
Er kennt das arm Gemächte,
Gott weiss, wir sind nur Staub,
gleich wie das Gras vom Rechen,
Ein Blum und fallend Laub.
Der Wind nur drüber wehet,
So ist es nicht mehr da.
Also der Mensch vergehet,
sein End, das ist ihm nah.

Just as a father pities
his own young children,
so does the Lord towards us all,
so, like children, we meekly fear him.
He knows our poor handiwork,
God knows we are but dust,
like grass at reaping,
like a flower and falling leaf.
The wind blows over it,
and it is no longer there.
Thus man passes away,
his end is near.

(Psalm 150, 2, 6)

Lobet den Herrn in seinen Taten,
lobet ihn in seiner grossen Herrlichkeit.
Alles, was Odem hat, lobe den Herrn.
Halleluja!

Praise the Lord for his mighty acts,
praise Him according to His Excellent greatness.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
Alleluja!

Mouyayoum

Anders Hillborg

Mass for Double Chorus

Frank Martin

Kyrie

Kyrie, eleison.
Christe, eleison.
Kyrie, eleison.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo,
et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam
gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens,
Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe;
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris,
qui tollis peccata mundi;
miserere nobis;
qui tollis peccata mundi;
suscipe deprecationem nostram;
qui sedes ad dexteram Patris;
miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus Sanctus,
tu colus Dominus,
tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe,
Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria
Dei Patris.
Amen.

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace to men of goodwill.
We praise You. We bless You.
We adore You. We glorify You.
We give You thanks for Your
great glory.
Lord God, Heavenly King,
Almighty God the Father,
Lord Jesus Christ, only Son of the Father;
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
You take away the sins of the world;
have mercy on us;
You take away the sins of the world;
receive our prayer;
You sit at the right hand of the Father;
have mercy on us.
For You alone are holy,
You alone are the Lord,
You alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ,
with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of
God the Father.
Amen.

Please turn page quietly...

Credo

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem coeli et terrae, visibilium omnium, et invisibilium.	I believe in one God, the Father, the Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, of all that is seen and unseen.
Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum Filium Dei unigenitum, et ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula.	I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, eternally begotten of the Father.
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero;	God from God, Light from Light, True God from true God;
Genitum, non factum; consubstantialem Patri; per quem omnia facta sunt.	Begotten, not made; of one being with the Father; through Him all things were made.
Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de coelis;	For us men, and for our salvation, He came down from heaven;
et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine et homo factus est.	by the power of the Holy Spirit He became incarnate from the Virgin Mary and was made man.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis: sub Pontio Pilato passus, et sepultus est.	For our sake He was crucified under Pontius Pilate, He suffered death and was buried.
Et resurrexit tertia die, secundum Scripturas;	On the third day He rose again in accordance with the Scriptures;
Et ascendit in coelum; sedet ad dexteram Patris.	He ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of the Father.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria iudicare vivos et mortuos, cujus regni non erit finis.	He shall come again in glory to judge both the living and dead, and His kingdom shall have no end.
Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et vivificantem;	I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life,
qui ex Patre Filioque procedit;	Who proceeds from the Father and the Son;
qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur;	with the Father and the Son He is worshipped and glorified;
qui locutus est per Prophetas.	He has spoken through the prophets.
Et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam Ecclesiam.	I believe in one holy, catholic, and apostolic Church,
Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum,	I acknowledge one baptism for the forgiveness of sins,
et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum; et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.	and I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth;	Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of power and might;
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.	Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in excelsis.	Hosanna in the highest.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.	Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in excelsis.	Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi; miserere nobis.	Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world; have mercy on us.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi; dona nobis pacem.	Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world; grant us peace.

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Please Note: *Károly Schranz, the second violinist of the Takács Quartet, has had to undergo rotator cuff surgery and will not be performing on this concert. As a result, the Takács Quartet has changed their program to include other chamber works for violin, viola, and cello. We regret this change, but wish Mr. Schranz a speedy recovery and look forward to welcoming the entire quartet back in the 10/11 season.*

Members of the
Takács Quartet

Edward Dusinberre, *Violin*
Geraldine Walther, *Viola*
András Fejér, *Cello*

Program

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Monday Evening, March 15, 2010 at 8:00
Rackham Auditorium • Ann Arbor

Duo for Violin and Viola No. 2 in B-flat Major, K. 424

Adagio—Allegro
Andante cantabile
Thema con variazioni: Andante grazioso

Zoltán Kodály

Duo for Violin and Cello, Op. 7

Allegro serio, non troppo
Adagio
Maestoso e largamente, ma non troppo lento—Presto

I N T E R M I S S I O N

Ludwig van Beethoven

String Trio in G Major, Op. 9, No. 1

Adagio—Allegro con brio
Adagio, ma non tanto, e cantabile
Scherzo: Allegro
Presto

46th Performance of the
131st Annual Season

47th Annual
Chamber Arts Series

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Media partnership is provided by WGTE 91.3 FM.

Special thanks to Steven Ball for coordinating the pre-concert music
on the Charles Baird Carillon.

Takács Quartet appears by arrangement with Seldy Cramer Artists,
and records for Hyperion and Decca/London Records.

Takács Quartet is Quartet-in-Residence at the University of Colorado in
Boulder and are Associate Artists at the South Bank Centre, London.

Please visit www.takacsquartet.com for further information on the
Takács Quartet.

Large print programs are available upon request.

Now that you're in your seat...

Our revised program features two of the great string duos. Mozart's violin/viola duos are still extraordinary in their rich use of the instruments and are an insight into Mozart's early thinking about this combination, which led eventually to the *Sinfonia Concertante in E-flat Major, K. 364*. The Kodály violin/cello duo is a more powerful statement than his string quartets, and a very good piece for us; our interpretation is influenced greatly by our work with Muzsikás. The Beethoven Op. 9 String Trios, written before any of his quartets, are masterpieces. His *String Trio in G Major, Op. 9, No. 1* is full of virtuosic writing for the instruments, but particularly in the transitions you see Beethoven's daring and ingenuity. The G-Major Trio features a barnstorming finale.

—Edward Dusinberre, Violinist

Duo for Violin and Viola No. 2 in B-flat Major, K. 424 (1783)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Born January 27, 1756 in Salzburg, Germany

Died December 5, 1791 in Vienna

Duo for Violin and Cello, Op. 7 (1914)

Zoltán Kodály

Born December 16, 1882 in Kecskemét,

Hungary

Died March 6, 1967 in Budapest, Hungary

String Trio in G Major, Op. 9, No. 1 (1798)

Ludwig van Beethoven

Born December 15 or 16, 1770 in Bonn,

Germany

Died March 26, 1827 in Vienna

One of Beethoven's very earliest attempts in the field of chamber music for string ensembles was *String Trio No. 1 in E-flat Major, Op. 3 (1793)*, modeled upon Mozart's great *Divertimento for Strings in E-flat, K. 563*, of 1788. The Op. 3 Trio, which Beethoven perhaps composed in Bonn, was later revised in Vienna, his experience at the revision benefitting the Op. 9 to follow.

Beethoven applied much care to his work on the three trios of Op. 9, and the eminent Beethoven authority Donald Francis Tovey would later call them "among the very greatest works of (Beethoven's) first period." Exact information of the time of composition of these trios is lacking. The Op. 9 Trios, whose craftsmanship foreshadows that of the Op. 18 String Quartets (1800), were dedicated to Count Johann Georg von Browne, a patron whom Beethoven described in the dedication as that "first Maecenas of his Muse."

Please refer to your program book for a complete biography of the Takács Quartet.

UMS
presents

Please Note: *Pieter Wispelwey is replacing Julia Fischer, who canceled her US tour because of family concerns.*

Pieter Wispelwey *Cello*

Program

Wednesday Evening, March 24, 2010 at 8:00
Rackham Auditorium • Ann Arbor

Johann Sebastian Bach

Suite No. 1 in G Major for Solo Cello, BWV 1007

Praeludium Menuet I
Allemande Menuet II
Courante Gigue
Sarabande

Benjamin Britten

Suite No. 1 for Solo Cello, Op. 72

Canto primo: *Sostenuto e largamente*
I. Fuga: *Andante moderato*
II. Lamento: *Lento rubato*
Canto secondo: *Sostenuto*
III. Serenata: *Allegretto (pizzicato)*
IV. Marcia: *Alla Marcia moderato*
Canto terzo: *Sostenuto*
V. Bordone: *Moderato quasi recitative*
Moto perpetuo e Canto quarto: *Presto*

INTERMISSION

Bach

Suite No. 2 in d minor for Solo Cello, BWV 1008

Praeludium Menuet I
Allemande Menuet II
Courante Gigue
Sarabande

Britten

Suite No. 3 for Solo Cello, Op. 87

Introduzione: *Lento*
Marcia: *Allegro*
Canto: *Con moto*
Barcarolla: *Lento*
Dialogo: *Allegretto*
Fuga: *Andante espressivo*
Recitativo: *Fantastico*
Moto perpetuo: *Presto*
Passacaglia: *Lento solenne*

50th Performance of the
131st Annual Season

47th Annual
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Mr. Wispelwey records for Channel Classics and appears by
arrangement with Arts Management Group, Inc., New York, NY.

Suites for Unaccompanied Cello
Suite No. 1 in G Major for Solo Cello,
BWV 1007 (1717–1723)
Suite No. 2 in d minor for Solo Cello,
BWV 1008 (1717–1723)

J. S. Bach

Born March 21, 1685 in Eisenach, Germany
Died July 28, 1750 in Leipzig

In 1717, Bach was appointed composer and music director to Prince Leopold, ruler of the tiny state of Anhalt-Cöthen. The Prince was an accomplished musician with a great appetite for instrumental music, and it was at his court that Bach wrote most of his chamber music. We know that Bach was the greatest keyboard player of his time and that he liked to play the viola in ensembles, but he did not play the cello. Being Bach, however, he was the complete master of any musical medium for which he chose to compose. In 1774, Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach wrote to J.N. Forkel, the scholar who was collecting material for the first book-length study of his father, "He understood the capabilities of all the string instruments perfectly. This is shown by his solos for the violin and cello without bass [accompaniment]." These "Solos," six for violin and six for cello, are among the most extraordinary inventions of Bach's incomparable creative powers.

They are full of mysterious musical and mechanical problems. There is more music in them than can be played, more than is apparent on a simple reading of the notes. Bach was a supremely practical man, and what he put down on paper only told the performer where to put his fingers. Much of the rest of the music is really in the minds of the listener and of the player. It is implicit or only suggested in what is written; to apprehend it requires acts of memory over a short period of time, measured, in place in tiny fragments, a mental process like "seeing" in a painting details that are only hinted at by the artist. Forkel said in his book: "Bach went so far in his understanding of melody and harmony that he could exhaust their possibilities. He combines in a single line all the notes needed to make the harmony and counterpoint complete, so that another note is neither necessary nor possible [Adapted]." Prince Leopold, who gave Bach a high position at his little court and paid him

generously, must have been a man of elevated taste, for all this remarkable music was written for his pleasure.

A suite, in Bach's time, consisted essentially of a formal opening movement that was a kind of musical call-to-attention, and then a series of stylized adaptations of 16th-century dances that had moved from the ballroom to the concert-room in the 17th century. In Bach's six cello suites, the preludes vary considerably in character, but they are all designed to fix the home key firmly in mind. With few exceptions, all the movements of each suite are in the same key, and Bach uses the same sequence of dances in all the suites, except for the next-to-last movements. These "galanteries" were then still-popular social dances: minuets, bourrées, and gavottes.

.....
Suite No. 1 in G Major for Solo Cello,
BWV 1007

The character of the first cello suite's "Prelude" is derived from the kind of improvisation that was once expected of instrumentalists when they first sat down to play, sometimes calling it "precluding." The dance movements are a contemplative "Allemande"; a "Courante," which was a running or jumping dance; a slow "Sarabande"; a contrasting pair of graceful "Minuets"; and a lively closing "Gigue" or jig.

.....
Suite No. 2 in d minor for Solo Cello,
BWV 1008

The second suite's "Prelude" is more ruminative that declamatory, and its distant wanderings from the home key give both freshness and emphasis to the return of d minor. The dances begin with a fresh and relaxed "Allemande," a nimble "Courante," and a poetic "Sarabande." A pair of graceful "Minuets" follows, the first repeated after the second has been played, and a "Gigue" closes the suite.

Program notes by Leonard Burkat.

Suite No. 1 for Solo Cello, Op. 72 (1964)

Benjamin Britten
 Born November 22, 1913 in Lowestoft, Suffolk,
 England
 Died December 4, 1976 in Aldeburgh

Since Bach's magnificent examples, the literature of the unaccompanied string sonata and suite has been extended chiefly by composers of pronouncedly neo-Bachian tendencies, such as Max Reger and Paul Hindemith. But Bartók's solo *Violin Sonata*, for example, showed that the influence of Bach, though in these media impossible to shake off, could be assimilated into much wider terms of stylistic reference.

It is certain that Britten's three suites for cello solo declare a debt to Bach's textural methods, and in more than their fugal movements. Since a string player cannot sustain more than two notes at once, the convention, supremely exemplified in Bach, has been to change pitch register so as to sketch in now this part, now that, of a "texture" that can exist as connected threads only in the mind's ear; the process is closely comparable to the *style brisé* of the lutenists. To what purpose Britten has studied the convention may be seen in almost all the movements of these suites, yet only in a few is relevant to consider Baroque models. For the rest, a succession of contrasted character pieces, nimbly exploiting different technical possibilities of the cello, suggests comparison rather with Britten's own early instrumental writing. Not surprisingly, a dominating influence has been the dedicatee, Mstislav Rostropovich, a great Bach player and an executant with a variety of special techniques effortlessly at his command. But Rostropovich was also a great ambassador for Soviet music and, as with certain movements of the Britten cello sonata, it is possible to hear links in his music with the world of Prokofiev and Shostakovich.

The first suite, in G Major, was composed in November and December 1964, and was first performed by Rostropovich at the 1965 Aldeburgh Festival. It is framed and punctuated by a "Canto." Memorable though the effect of this "song" is, one scarcely recalls it simply as a tune: certain basic melodic shapes emerge from the peak notes on the opening presentation, but they are just as likely to reappear in the middle or at the bottom of the texture in later statements. As the parts alternate swiftly between melodic and harmonic functions, a very rich sonority

is suggested, even though no more than two notes are heard at once. The sound of these diatonic sevenths and ninths recalls the transfigured world on to which Act III of Britten's *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* opens, and the "Canto's" *ritornello* function is made as evocative as are the recurrent images which articulate that opera.

Program note by Peter Evans.

Suite No. 3 for Solo Cello, Op. 87 (1971)

Britten

If Britten's great inspiration for his vocal music was his friendship with the tenor Peter Pears, a major portion of his instrumental music owes its existence to Britten's friendship—dating from the 1960s—with cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. It was for this inspiring and energetic Russian that he composed the *Sonata for Cello and Piano*, Op. 65, the *Symphony for Cello and Orchestra*, Op. 68, and the three suites for cello solo, Opp. 72, 80, and 87.

Rostropovich gave the premières of all of these works during Britten's own Aldeburgh Festival.

The two friends were introduced to each other by none other than Dmitri Shostakovich in 1960, at the time that Rostropovich gave the première of Shostakovich's *Cello Concerto, No. 1* in England. From that time onward, Rostropovich and his wife, the soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, were guests at the Aldeburgh Festival.

Britten addressed a distant salute to his Russian colleague in the 1971 *Suite No. 3 for Solo Cello*. In this work, he included Shostakovich's motto "DSCH"; not only his initials, but also the notes in the most frequently occurring motive in his music. It is a musical greeting between two friends, two soul mates who feel the approach of death (Shostakovich would die four years later in August 1975) and fill their notes with that awareness.

*Program note by Clemens Romijn;
 translation by David Shaper.*

Pieter Wispelwey is among the first of a generation of performers who are equally at ease on the modern or the period cello. His acute stylistic awareness, combined with a truly original interpretation and a phenomenal technical mastery, has won the hearts of critics and the public alike in repertoire ranging from J. S. Bach to Elliott Carter.

Born in Haarlem, Netherlands, Mr. Wispelwey's sophisticated musical personality is rooted in the training he received: from early years with Dicky Boeke and Anner Bylsma in Amsterdam to Paul Katz in the US and William Pleeth in Great Britain. In 1992 he became the first cellist ever to receive the Netherlands Music Prize, which is awarded to the most promising young musician in the Netherlands.

Highlights among future concerto performances include return engagements with the Kontzerhaus Orchester Berlin, RTE National Symphony Orchestra Dublin, Liège Philharmonic, Yomiuri Nippon Symphony, and Kollegium Musikum Winterthur; debuts with the Edmonton Symphony, Tokyo Symphony, Osaka Philharmonic; as well as extensive European touring with Emmanuel Krivine's *Chambre Philharmonique*, the *Württembergisches Kammerorchester*, the *Amsterdam Sinfonietta*, the *Kammerorchester Basel*, and the *Academy of Ancient Music*.

Forthcoming recital appearances include New York's Lincoln Center, Montecarlo Printemps des Arts, Bath International Festival, Flanders Festival, Amsterdam's Robeco Series, and Prinsengracht Festival. In the 09/10 season he will also be touring in a trio with Viktoria Mullova and Kristian Bezuidenhout, with performances at Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, Rotterdam's De Doelen Hall, Vienna's Konzerhaus, and at London's Wigmore Hall.

Mr. Wispelwey's career spans five continents and he has appeared as soloist with many of the world's leading orchestras, including Sydney Symphony, Australian Chamber Orchestra, Boston Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Tokyo Philharmonic, London Philharmonic, BBC Symphony, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Gewandhaus Orchester Leipzig, Budapest Festival Orchestra, and Camerata Salzburg, collaborating with conductors including Ivan Fischer, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Herbert

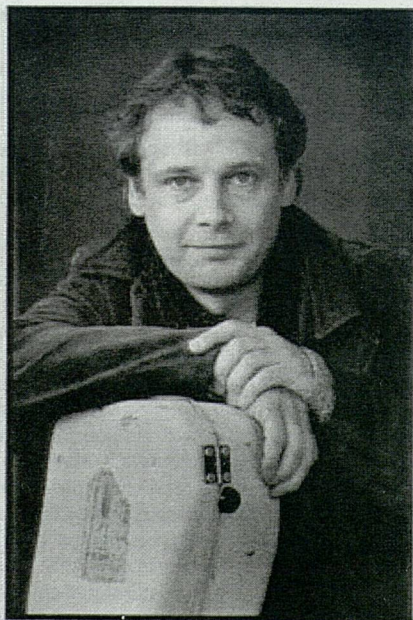
Blomstedt, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Jeffrey Tate, Kent Nagano, Sir Neville Marriner, Philippe Herreweghe, Marc Minkowski, Ton Koopman, and Sir Roger Norrington.

With regular recital appearances in London (Wigmore Hall), Paris (Châtelet, Louvre), Amsterdam (Concertgebouw, Muziekgebouw), Brussels (Bozar), Berlin (Konzerthaus), Milan (Societta del Quartetto), Buenos Aires (Teatro Colon), Sydney (Utson Hall), Los Angeles (Disney Hall), and New York (Lincoln Center), Mr. Wispelwey has established a reputation as one of the most charismatic recitalists on tour.

Pieter Wispelwey's discography, available on Channel Classics, displays an impressive catalogue of over 20 recordings, six of which attracted major international awards. His most recent release is a disc featuring Shostakovich's *Cello Concerto No. 2*. Future releases include the Walton Concerto (Sydney Symphony/Jeffrey Tate) and Prokofiev's *Symphonie Concertante*, Op.125 (Rotterdam Philharmonic/Vassily Sinaiski).

Pieter Wispelwey plays on a 1760 Giovanni Battista Guadagnini cello and a 1710 Rombouts baroque cello.

This evening's recital marks Pieter Wispelwey's UMS debut.



Pieter Wispelwey

UMS
presents

Please Note: Jennifer Koh is replacing Julia Fischer, who canceled her US tour because of family concerns.

Jennifer Koh *Violin*

Program

Thursday Evening, March 25, 2010 at 8:00
Rackham Auditorium • Ann Arbor

Johann Sebastian Bach

Partita No. 3 in E Major for Solo Violin, BWV 1006

Preludio
Loure
Gavotte en Rondeau
Menuet I
Menuet II
Bourrée
Gigue

Eugène Ysaÿe

Sonata in a minor for Unaccompanied Violin, Op. 27, No. 2

Obsession: Poco vivace
Malinconia: Poco lento
Dance des ombres: Sarabande (Lento)
Les furies: Allegro furioso

Kaija Saariaho

Nocturne, In Memory of Witold Lutoslawski

Elliott Carter

Fantasy: Remembering Roger

Esa-Pekka Salonen

Lachen verlernt

A film by Tal Rosner, with music by Mr. Salonen
Commissioned by Jennifer Koh, Cedille Records,
and Oberlin Conservatory, UK-USA, 2009

INTERMISSION

Bach

Partita No. 2 in d minor for Solo Violin, BWV 1004

Allemande
Courante
Sarabande
Gigue
Chaconne

51st Performance of the
131st Annual Season

Media partnership for this performance is provided by WGTE 91.3 FM
and WRCJ 90.9 FM.

47th Annual
Chamber Arts Series

Ms. Koh appears by arrangement with Opus 3 Artists, New York, NY.

*The photographing or sound
and video recording of this
recital or possession of any
device for such recording is
prohibited.*

Partita No. 3 in E Major for Solo Violin, BWV 1006 (1720)

J. S. Bach

Born March 21, 1685 in Eisenach, Germany
Died July 28, 1750 in Leipzig

Bach's six sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin date from about 1720, when Bach was music director at the court of Anhalt-Cöthen. The three sonatas are in *sonata di chiesa* form, employing a slow-fast-slow-fast sequence of movements, but the structure of the three partitas is more complex. The term *partita*—which suggests a collection of parts—refers to a suite of dances, and Bach wrote his three partitas for unaccompanied violin as sets of dance movements. While each of the sonatas has four movements, of which the second is always a fugue, the partitas have more movements (five to seven) and are somewhat freer in form, as Bach adapted a number of old dance forms to the capabilities of the solo violin. In his final partita for unaccompanied violin, Bach virtually dispenses with the standard *allemande-courante-sarabande-gigue* sequence of the partita and instead creates an entirely original structure consisting of a stunning opening movement, a varied series of dances, and a concluding gigue (the only survivor from the traditional sequence).

The title "Preludio" suggests music that is merely an introduction to something else, but this "Preludio" is a magnificent work in its own right, in some ways the most striking of the seven movements of this partita. Built on the jagged, athletic opening theme, this movement is a brilliant flurry of steady 16th-notes, featuring complicated string-crossings and racing along its blistering course to an exciting conclusion. Among the many pleasures of this music is Bach's use of a technique known as *bariolage*, the rapid alternation between the same note played on stopped and open strings, which gives this music some of its characteristic glinting brilliance. It is no surprise that this "Preludio" is among the most popular pieces Bach ever wrote, and those purists ready to sneer at Leopold Stokowski's arrangement for full orchestra should know that Bach beat him to it: in 1731, 10 years after writing the violin partita, Bach arranged this "Preludio" as the

opening orchestral movement of his *Cantata No. 29, "Wir danken dir, Gott."*

Bach follows this striking beginning with a sequence of varied dances. The term *loure* originally referred to a form of French bagpipe music and later came to mean a type of slow dance accompanied by the bagpipe. Bach dispenses with the bagpipe accompaniment, and in this elegant movement the violin dances gracefully by itself. Bach was scrupulously accurate in his titles, and the "Gavotte en Rondeau" (gavotte in the form of a rondo) conforms to both these forms: a gavotte is an old French dance in common time that begins on the third beat, while rondo form asks that one section recur throughout. This vigorous and poised movement features some wonderful writing for the violin as the original dance theme repeats in many guises. The two minuet movements are sharply contrasted: "Menuet I" takes its character from the powerful chordal beginning, while "Menuet II," dancing gracefully, is more subdued. The "Bourrée" drives along its lively course, energized by a powerful upbeat, and the "Gigue" (an old English dance related to the jig) brings the work to a lively close.

Sonata in a minor for Unaccompanied Violin, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Obsession") (1924)

Eugène Ysaÿe

Born July 16, 1858 in Liege, Belgium
Died May 12, 1931 in Brussels

Eugène Ysaÿe was one of the finest violinists of all time, famed for his musical intelligence, consummate technique, and rich sound. A student of Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski, Ysaÿe was a true champion of new music: he gave the premières of the Franck and Debussy sonatas and the Chausson *Poème* (all of which were dedicated to him), and his string quartet gave the first performance of the Debussy *Quartet*. So greatly admired was Ysaÿe as man and artist that his funeral in 1931 became the occasion for national mourning in Belgium.

Ysaÿe's set of six sonatas for unaccompanied violin dates from 1924. The composer had become interested in the styles

of particular contemporary violinists, and he dedicated each sonata to a different violin virtuoso, trying to capture something of that performer's style in "his" sonata. The list of dedicatees includes some very distinguished names: Sziget, Kreisler, Enesco, and Thibaud. So fascinated was Ysaÿe by the idea of adapting these pieces to individual performers that he composed this music almost overnight: he went up to his room with instructions that he was not to be disturbed (meals were sent up to him), and when he came down 24 hours later he had sketched all six sonatas.

Ysaÿe dedicated his *Sonata No. 2* to the French violinist Jacques Thibaud, who made a career as a touring soloist in the first decade of the 20th century but who seemed to prefer chamber music: Thibaud was a member of one of the greatest piano trios in history (its other members were pianist Alfred Cortot and cellist Pablo Casals), and he often played string quartets informally with Ysaÿe. He was killed in a plane crash in the French Alps in 1953.

Thibaud was one of the violinists who played Bach's works for unaccompanied violin at a time when this music was not widely performed, and in fact he would practice sections of these works every day as a form of self-discipline. Ysaÿe knew this and incorporated bits of the "Preludio" from the *Partita in E Major* into the first movement of the sonata he wrote for Thibaud. The "obsession" that runs through this work, however, is not Bach, but the ancient *Dies Irae* plain-song tune, used by Berlioz (in the *Symphonie fantastique*), Rachmaninoff (virtually everywhere), and many others. This grim old tune permeates the *Sonata No. 2*, appearing in different forms in all four movements.

Ysaÿe simply "lifts" the beginning of the "Preludio" for the beginning of his own sonata, and bits of Bach's passagework drift in and out of the texture of his first movement. That texture is extremely interesting. This is a very busy movement, built, like the Bach, on a steady pulse of 16th-notes, and as it proceeds we begin to hear the *Dies Irae* tune rising from those rushing textures. Sometimes its appearance is subtle, and sometimes it is shouted out as the top and bottom notes of swirling arpeggios that punch that ancient melody into our consciousness. As in the

Bach "Preludio," Ysaÿe makes use of *bariolage* as the rapid-fire rush of 16ths glints and flashes off closed and open 'Es.' Both Bach and Ysaÿe's first movements end with a great upward rush.

The first movement is titled "Obsession," and its obsessive *Dies Irae* motif will recur in the other three movements; each of these has a title as well. The second movement, "Malinconia," is indeed melancholy; muted throughout, it dances gravely along its heavily double-stopped lines, and the *Dies Irae* arrives only in the final seconds. That motif, however, dominates the third movement, "Dance des ombres" (Dance of the Shadows). Though nominally a "Sarabande," and so a movement right out of the Bach partitas, this is in fact a series of variations on the obsession-tune. That motif is buried within the bold *pizzicato* beginning, and when Ysaÿe has the violinist take up the bow the variations—six of them—begin in earnest, finally driving to a grand close. The second variation is a *musette*, an old dance accompanied by bagpipe, and Ysaÿe has the violin's open 'G'-string play the bagpipe drone here. The finale returns to the brilliant manner of the opening movement. Titled "Les furies" and aptly marked "Allegro furioso," this is a showpiece for virtuoso violinist, who takes the *Dies Irae* through a series of wild extensions, marked by some eerie sounds—*ponticello* passages, harmonics, and violent string-crossings help drive this sonata to its haunted close.

Nocturne, In Memory of Witold Lutoslawski (1994)

Kaija Saariaho

Born October 14, 1952 in Helsinki, Finland

Fantasy: Remembering Roger (1999)

Elliott Carter

December 11, 1908 in New York City

The next two pieces on tonight's program share some remarkable similarities: both were written by major composers, both honor a deceased composer, both are scored for solo violin, and both are about four minutes long.

Polish composer Witold Lutoslawski, born 1913, was loved and respected by the

international community of musicians. He died on February 7, 1994, and in the days immediately after his death Finnish composer Kaija Saariaho quickly sketched a violin piece in his memory. She faxed her manuscript to violinist John Storgårds, who gave the first performance in Helsinki on February 16, only nine days after Lutoslawski's death. This brief piece, titled *Nocturne*, proved fertile for its composer: it became the basis for Saariaho's violin concerto, titled *Graal Théâtre*, which was premiered in London in 1995. *Nocturne* begins with a solitary 'A,' the violin's tuning note, and the music expands outward from that single note. This brief elegy pays careful attention to sound, with entirely different sounds sometimes produced at the same time. Along the way, Saariaho explores such string techniques as double-stopping, *pizzicato*, *ponticello* bowing, and extended use of harmonics.

American Elliott Carter composed *Fantasy: Remembering Roger* in April 1999, and it subsequently became the final movement of his *Four Lauds for Solo Violin*, a sequence of four short pieces written, as Carter said, "to express gratitude to some of the musicians whose friendship has meant so much to me." *Remembering Roger* was composed in memory of American composer Roger Sessions (1896–1985), who taught for many years at Princeton and Berkeley and who composed a formidable body of music that includes nine symphonies, two operas, concertos, chamber music, and vocal works. Violinist Rolf Schulte gave the first performance of *Remembering Roger* in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on October 12, 1999. Where Saariaho cast her memorial piece in the form of a nocturne, Carter specifies that *Remembering Roger* is a fantasy, which suggests complete freedom of form. In contrast to Saariaho's often-subdued *Nocturne*, Carter's *Remembering Roger* is hyperactive, dramatic, and hard-edged. This is a consciously virtuosic piece, with the musical line swirling across the violin's four strings, rapid alternation of bowed and *pizzicato* notes, complex chording, and sustained *spiccato* passages.

These two pieces make clear that there are many ways to write memorial music.

Lachen verlernt (2009)

Esa-Pekka Salonen

Born June 30, 1958 in Helsinki, Finland

This piece is a visual interpretation of Esa-Pekka Salonen's solo violin concerto, performed by Jennifer Koh.

Comments visual artist Tal Rosner, who directed the film that accompanies Salonen's music:

When approaching *Lachen verlernt* I was struck by its depth and visual perspective. Laughter forgotten and then re-learned, like a voice echoing in the distance, getting closer and louder, demanding its place in our perception. The more we learn it, the more we see, discovering the detailed information imprinted in its circuit.

Using images of power cables, reminiscent of the violin's strings, I play with compositions, stretching and expanding, together with the instrument. But inside, a different world—turbulent and chaotic—electric currents are making their way to our homes, secretly carrying charged magnetic energy. This leads to images of a cityscape at night, all blurred and shaken. The lines become alive, trembling in the dark, pulsating to the rhythm and the speed.

Examining the space between the two, the distant and the close-up, the structured and the wild, is at the core of this video piece.

Partita No. 2 in d minor for Solo Violin, BWV 1004 (1720)

Bach

The *Partita No. 2 in d minor* has become the most famous of Bach's six unaccompanied works, for it concludes with the "Chaconne," one of the pinnacles of the violin literature. Before this overpowering conclusion, Bach offers the four basic movements of partita form, all in binary form. The opening "Allemande" is marked by a steady flow of 16th-notes occasionally broken by dotted rhythms, triplets, and the sudden inclusion of 32nd-notes. The "Courante" alternates a steady

flow of triplets within dotted duple meters. The "Sarabande" proceeds along double- and triple-stops and a florid embellishment of the melodic line, while the "Gigue" races along cascades of 16th-notes in 12/8 time; the theme of the second part is a variation of the opening section.

While the first four movements present the expected partita sequence, Bach then springs a surprise by closing with a chaconne longer than the first four movements combined. The "Chaconne" offers some of the most intense music Bach ever wrote, and it has worked its spell on musicians everywhere for the last two-and-a-half centuries: beyond the countless recordings for violin, it is currently available in performances by guitar, cello, lute, and viola, as well as in piano transcriptions by Brahms, Busoni, and Raff.

A chaconne is one of the most disciplined forms in music: it is built on a ground bass in triple meter over which a melodic line is repeated and varied. It demands great skill from a performer under any circumstances, but it becomes unbelievably complex on the unaccompanied violin, which must simultaneously suggest the ground bass and project the melodic variations above it. Even with the flatter bridge and more flexible bow of Bach's day, some of this music borders on the unplayable, and it is more difficult still on the modern violin, with its more rounded bridge and concave bow.

This makes Bach's "Chaconne" sound like supremely cerebral music—and it is—but the wonder is that this music manages to be so expressive at the same time. The four-bar ground bass repeats 64 times during the quarter-hour span of the "Chaconne," and over it Bach spins out gloriously varied music, all the while keeping these variations firmly anchored on the ground bass. At the center section, Bach moves into D Major, and here the music relaxes a little, content to sing happily for awhile; after the calm nobility of this interlude, the quiet return to d minor sounds almost disconsolate. Bach drives the "Chaconne" to a great climax and a restatement of the ground melody at the close.

Program notes by Eric Bromberger, © 2010.

Violinist **Jennifer Koh** mesmerizes audiences with the sheer intensity of her playing. As a virtuoso whose natural flair is matched with a probing intellect, she is committed to exploring connections between the pieces she plays, searching for similarities of voice between among composers, as well as within the works of a single composer.

Highlights of Ms. Koh's current season include return guest appearances with the New Jersey Symphony, National Symphony of Washington DC, and the New World Symphony. Abroad, she makes her Proms debut with the BBC Symphony in the UK première of Augusta Read Thomas's violin concerto, *Juggler in Paradise*, and is also heard with the BBC Scottish Orchestra. A new concerto written and commissioned for Ms. Koh by Klas Torstensson will be premiered in Amsterdam with the Nieuw Ensemble this May.

To commemorate the 325th anniversary of J. S. Bach's birth in September 2009, Ms. Koh performed the first three concerts of a six-recital noontime series devoted to the complete Bach violin partitas, presented by Columbia University.

In October 2009, Ms. Koh performed in recital at Oberlin College's Finney Chapel in works ranging from Esa-Pekka Salonen's *Lachen verlernt* to Bach's *Partita No. 3 in E Major*. Other recitals this season include all-Mozart and Schubert programs with pianist Shai Wosner, and a duo program with



Photo: Fran Kaufman

Jennifer Koh

cellist Anssi Karttunen with performances in Philadelphia, Washington DC, New York, San Francisco, Houston, and Minneapolis.

In November 2008, Ms. Koh made her debut with the Mariinsky Theatre Orchestra performing the Russian première of Ligeti's *Violin Concerto* under Maestro Valery Gergiev in St. Petersburg. Other engagements that season included solo appearances with the orchestras of Atlanta, Philadelphia, Minnesota, Houston, and the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington DC. She was heard in recital in Vancouver, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia; and in chamber music in New York at the 92nd Street Y.

Since the 1994/95 season, when she won the International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow, the Concert Artists Guild Competition, and the Avery Fisher Career Grant, Ms. Koh has been heard with leading orchestras and conductors around the world, including the New York Philharmonic, Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Chicago Symphony, the Cincinnati Symphony, the National Symphony Orchestra, the New World Symphony, and Montreal Symphony. Abroad, she has appeared with the Czech Philharmonic, the BBC London Symphony, Moscow Radio Symphony, the Brandenburg Ensemble, and the Singapore Symphony.

Jennifer Koh records regularly for the Chicago-based Cedille label, and, in addition to *Rhapsodic Musings*, recently released the Grammy-nominated recording *String Poetic*. Other recordings include an acclaimed CD devoted to the complete Schumann violin sonatas, plus earlier recordings of music by such varied composers as Bach, Schubert, Szymanowski, Schoenberg, and jazz great Ornette Coleman.

A committed educator, Ms. Koh has also won high praise for her performances in classrooms around the country under her innovative Music Messenger outreach program, now in its seventh year.

Ms. Koh's outreach efforts have taken her to classrooms all over the country to perform challenging music—whether it be Bach, Paganini, or Bartók—for thousands of students who have little opportunity to hear classical music in their daily lives. She is also a Board member of the National Foundation for the

Advancement for the Arts, a scholarship program for high school students in the arts.

Born in Chicago of Korean parents, Jennifer Koh currently resides in New York City. A graduate of Oberlin College and an alumna of the Curtis Institute, where she worked extensively with Jaime Laredo and Felix Galimir, she is grateful to her private sponsor for the generous loan of the 1727 Ex Grumiaux Ex General DuPont Stradivari she uses in performance.

This evening's recital marks Jennifer Koh's UMS debut.

Award-winning artist and filmmaker **Tal Rosner's** work has been screened worldwide and won him a BAFTA award for his title sequence for Channel 4's series *Skins* (2008). He made his name with radical interpretations of musical compositions and his work has been described as "hypnotic" and "strikingly different," earning him the label "choreographer of the moving image."

Since 2005 he has been collaborating with musicians, combining multiple layers of sound and visuals to create a new language of classical/contemporary music videos. His video for Esa-Pekka Salonen's *Lachen verlernt* (2009) with violinist Jennifer Koh, premiered in Oberlin last October.

Mr. Rosner's independent experimental films *Doppelganger* (2005) and *Without You* (2008) have been screened at prestigious film festivals and venues, including Clermont-Ferrand, Rotterdam, Tribeca, and Tate Modern in London. A retrospective was dedicated to his work at the Forum des Images in Paris, as part of the Nemo Festival in April 2009.

UMS
and
Miller, Canfield, Paddock
and Stone, P.L.C.
present

The Rest Is Noise in Performance

Alex Ross
Ethan Iverson
Piano

Please Note:
The following pieces have been prepared for this afternoon's performance and are listed alphabetically by composer.

Milton Babbitt

Semi-Simple Variations (1956)

Béla Bartók

Allegro Barbaro for Piano, Sz. 49, BB 63 (1911)

George Gershwin

Three Preludes for Piano (excerpt) (1926)
Prelude No. 1

Charles Ives

Piano Sonata No. 2 "Concord, Mass., 1840–1860"
(excerpt) (1916–19, revised later)
The Alcotts

György Ligeti

Fém (1988)

Jelly Roll Morton

New Orleans Blues (c. 1910)

Charlie Parker

Moose the Mooche (recorded 1946)

Arnold Schoenberg

Three Piano Pieces, Op. 11, No. 3 (1909)
Bewegte Achtel

Dmitri Shostakovich

Preludes and Fugues for Piano, Op. 87 (excerpt)
(1950–51)
Prelude No. 4 in e minor

Jean Sibelius

Sonatinas for Piano, Op. 67: Sonatina No. 1 in f-sharp minor (excerpt) (1912)
Largo

Igor Stravinsky

Serenade for Piano in A Major (excerpt) (1925)
Hymne

Anton Webern

Piano Variations, Op. 27 (excerpt) (1936)
Sehr mässig

**Maly Drama Theater of
St. Petersburg**

**Residency and Production
of Anton Chekhov's
*Uncle Vanya***

The University of Michigan
Ann Arbor

March

22-28, 2010



PUBLIC EVENTS

Lecture/Demonstration



"Who is Chekhov?" **Katherine Mendeloff**, lecturer in drama, U-M Residential College; and **Michael Makin**, associate professor of Slavic languages and literatures, U-M. Community reception to follow. Ann Arbor District Library Downtown Branch, 343 S. Fifth.

Mon, March 22, 7-8:30 pm

Russian Language Tea

Informal gathering for the Maly Drama Theater, Ann Arbor's Russian-speaking community, and U-M students of Russian. Green Room, Power Center, 121 Fletcher.

Tues, March 23, 3-5 pm

Performance



Maly Drama Theater of St. Petersburg performs Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*. **Lev Dodin**, artistic director. Performed in Russian with projected English translations. March 24 performance for students only. For ticket information, call 734.764.2538 or visit www.ums.org. Power Center, 121 Fletcher.

Wed, March 24, 8 pm, Special Performance for Students

Thurs-Sat, Mar 25-27, 8 pm

Sun, Mar 28, 2 pm

CREES Colloquium



An interview with **Lev Dodin**, director of the Maly Drama Theater of St. Petersburg. Founders Room, Alumni Center, 200 Fletcher.

Fri, Mar 26, 6:30-7:30 pm

**UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
COURSES ON CHEKHOV**

WINTER 2010

Play Production Seminar: "Acting Chekhov"

(Humanities 481) Kate Mendeloff

Drama Topics: Contemporary Russian Plays

(Humanities 485) Kate Mendeloff

Russian Drama in Context

(Russian 357) Olga Maiorova

Chekhov

(Russian 463/855) Michael Makin

History of Theatre II

(Theater 322/English 444) Leigh Woods & Mbala Nkanga

Survey of Russian Literature from 1870 to 1900

(Russian 348/Humanities 348) Olga Maiorova

Summary of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*:

Anton Chekhov's tragicomic masterpiece of dashed dreams, thwarted love, and eternal longing begins as Professor Serebryakov and his young wife, Elena, arrive at the family's remote country estate that has been looked after by Sonya (the Professor's daughter from his first marriage) and her Uncle Vanya, the Professor's brother-in-law. Vanya has sacrificed his life managing the estate for the Professor, whom he once revered, but is now filled with regret for lost time, a pain made worse by the arousing presence of Elena. An acutely observed study of humanity, Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* remains a classic of Russian theater, a story of tangled love combining comic scenes of the everyday with a scathing attack on the idle provincial life of the upper classes.

For more information about the Maly Drama Theater and this performance, visit: www.ums.org.

Programs co-sponsored by:

Weiser Center for Europe & Eurasia; Center for Russian, East European, & Eurasian Studies; Department of Slavic Languages & Literatures; Residential College; and University Musical Society.



Photo by: Viktor Vassiliev