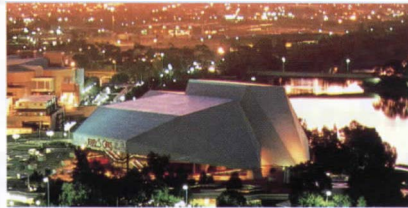


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Adelaide Festival

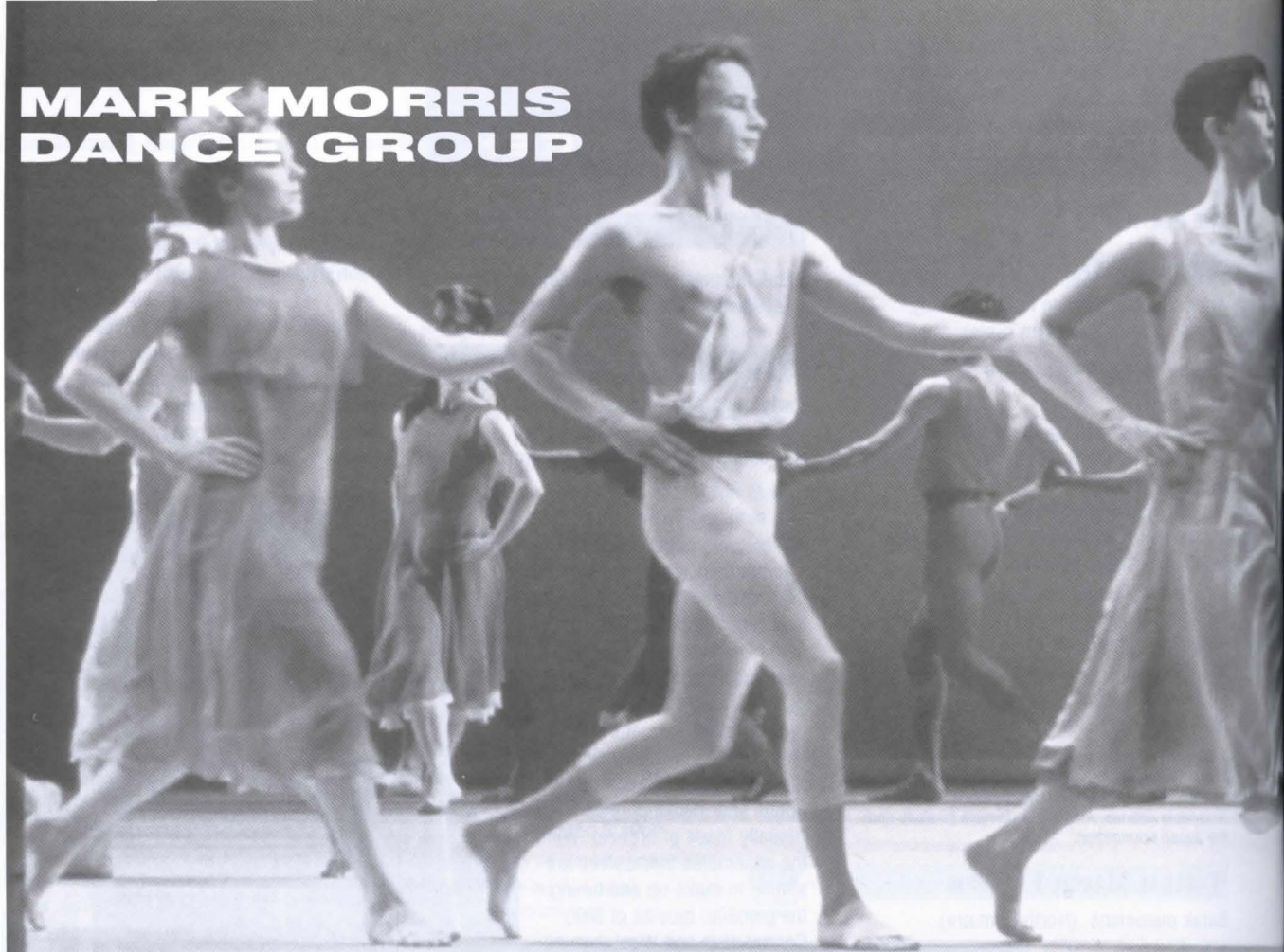
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MARK MORRIS DANCE GROUP



TRADITION AND THE INDIVIDUAL TALENT By Joan Acocella

When Mark Morris came to prominence in the mid-1980s, it was as a brash, convention-breaching young artist, an *enfant terrible*. That is the sort of thing that gets the presses rolling, and Morris had it, in long supply. He made a solo for himself, *The Vacant Chair*, in which he performed dressed only in his underpants, with a brown paper bag over his head. In another piece, *One Charming Night*, he played a vampire seducing a little girl – and succeeding. (At the end of the dance, the girl flew away with him quite happily.) He also showed little respect for the difference between male and female. Insults to gender were common in modern dance of the early Eighties, but Morris went further. His women didn't just lift men; they also dropped them, with an audible crunch, onto the floor.

It wasn't just Morris's dances that were unorthodox. He was too. He had long, shaggy hair, and he smoked clove cigarettes. He took curtain calls in thongs. When faced with an interviewer, he almost never failed to point out that he was homosexual. (Once, in Brussels, the queen of Belgium came to see his show. "*Vive la reine!*" the crowd shouted. "I thought they meant me," Morris later said to a reporter.)

Yet he was also very butch, always lumbering around loudly and waving a beer bottle as he spoke. Something that made him seem even more outrageous was that he thought he was quite middle-of-the-road. He loudly deplored New York's "hipster scene", and he dismissed with contempt the idea that he represented an avant-garde. The avant-garde, he said, "doesn't exist and hasn't since 1917". In his view he was just a serious traditional choreographer, carrying on the main line of American modern dance. And he was right. All the leading characteristics of traditional modern dance – weightiness, naturalness, earnestness – are there in Morris's work. His dancers place themselves before you as human beings. Some are burly, some thin, some white, some black. They look like the crowd that you might meet at a cash machine in New York. At times they appear to move that way as well. There is a certain unvarnished forthrightness in Morris's choreography that makes it read as candid, sincere. Not just the movement, but the dances as a whole have a quality of sincerity. Morris's works tend to tell stories. They address the "great themes": love, fellowship, loneliness, death. Morris is not creating anti-theatre or meta-theatre. He is creating theatre.

Another traditional aspect of Morris's work is its grounding in music. For a modern

dance choreographer, he had an unusual training, most of it in folk dance. It was at a flamenco concert, when he was eight, that he decided he wanted to be a dancer, and he went on to study Spanish dance for 10 years. He also spent three years performing with a Balkan folk dance group in his native Seattle. Both flamenco and Balkan dance are very sophisticated musically, and by dint of learning them Morris developed a keen musical intelligence. He also studied music independently of dance. His father taught him to read music when he was a child, and thereafter he spent most of his afternoons at the family piano.

His devotion to music can be read in his work. His dances are not just performed to their music; they are a reading of the music. Morris is one of the few choreographers who works with the score in his hand, and you can tell. Fugue, canon, a melody played in parallel thirds, a melody played over a ground bass: if, in watching a piece by Mark Morris, you hear this in the music, you are probably seeing it in the dance at the same time. Morris loves clarity in dance, and he achieves it by making his dances mirror the structure of the music. He also chooses his music for its structural clarity. (This is one of the reasons for his preference for baroque scores, with their sturdy architecture.) And whenever possible, his company performs to live music.



So Morris, as he insisted, was not the wild man the press thought he was. He was a careful craftsman, building his dances out of their music and using them, as artists have always used their media, to say something about life. Still, the meanings that he found in life were rather darker than one expected from a traditional-minded choreographer. Not just in his vampire dance, but in many of his works he showed a taste for the grotesque, a penchant for irony, an acrid wit. He had a vision of truth and beauty, yet he seemed to feel that they were hard to find, hard to hold on to. As a result, his dances habitually showed a divided tone, with competing emotions – pathos and dryness, nastiness and cheerfulness, satire and earnestness – banging up against each other. This was a large part of what made his traditionalism look so modern.

In 1984, Morris gave his first concert in a large, “mainstream” theatre. By 1986, two years later, major ballet companies were commissioning works from him, and the Public Broadcasting Service was making an hour-long program on him – extraordinary attentions for an artist who was just turning 30. He was the most talked-about young choreographer in the United States. And then his life underwent a change. In 1987, the French choreographer Maurice Béjart, who for 27 years had been director of

dance at Belgium’s national opera house, the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, quarrelled with the Monnaie and resigned. In a surprise move, the Monnaie invited Morris to replace him. Morris had little interest in moving to Europe, but the terms of the Monnaie’s offer were almost irresistible: the company would have studios of its own, set and costume shops, and the services of a live orchestra and chorus – things they had never had in the United States. Morris could make big works, with big casts, big scores. He accepted, and in 1988 the Mark Morris Dance Group moved to Brussels on a three-year contract.

They were a hard three years. Grieving over Béjart, the Brussels dance critics did not welcome his successor. Furthermore, their tastes had been formed by the sort of splashy, post-existentialist dance-theatre that Béjart had been giving them for three decades. As for Morris’s work, with its musicality and its pure-dance value, they had little acquaintance with this kind of thing, and little liking for it. By 1989 several reviewers were calling for his dismissal. “Mark Morris, go home!” read the front-page headline of Brussels’s largest paper, *Le Soir*, after the premiere of the company’s fourth Brussels show. Morris, for his part, was not notably generous to Belgian ideas about dance. Asked by a journalist what he thought of Belgium’s young, ▶▶

MARK MORRIS DANCE GROUP

Dancers

Katharina Bader, Alyce Bochette, Joe Bowie, Charlton Boyd, Derrick Brown, Juliet Burrows, Ruth Davidson, Tina Fehlandt, Shawn Gannon, John Heginbotham, Dan Joyce, Clarice Marshall, Marianne Moore, Donald Mouton, Rachel Murray, Mark Nimkoff, Deniz Oktay, June Omura, Kraig Patterson, Mireille Radwan-Dana, Guillermo Resto, Keith Sabado, Vernon Scott, William Wagner, Megan Williams, Julie Worden

Artistic Director: Mark Morris

General Director: Barry Alterman

Managing Director: Nancy Umanoff

Participation of Mark Morris Dance Group has been made possible in part through support from the Fund for US Artists at International Festivals and Exhibitions, a public/private partnership of the National Endowment for the Arts, the United States Information Agency, The Rockefeller Foundation, and The Pew Charitable Trusts, with administrative support from Arts International.

These performances of the Mark Morris Dance Group are sponsored by the Lila Wallace-Reader’s Digest Fund.

The Mark Morris Dance Group’s rehearsal and creation time has been supported by a grant from the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation

Staff

Technical Director: Johan Henckens

Development Director: Karen Hershey

Director of Company Services: Tom Geyer

Office Administrator: Eva Nichols

Lighting Supervisor: Michael Chybowski

Musical Director: Linda Dowdell

Wardrobe: Patricia White

Legal Counsel: Mark Selinger

(Kaye, Scholer, Fierman, Hays & Handler)

Orthopaedist: David S. Weiss M.D.

Accountant: Kathryn Lundquist, CPA

Thanks to Maxine Morris and god.

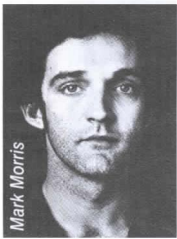
Sincerest thanks to all the dancers for their dedication, support and incalculable contribution to the work.

For information contact: Mark Morris Dance Group, 225 Lafayette Street, Suite 504, New York, NY 10012-4015. Tel: (212) 219-3660, fax: (212) 219 3960.

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The Mark Morris Dance Group receives additional support from Philip Morris Companies Inc., Times Mirror and Time Warner through employee matching contributions programs.



Mark Morris

anguish-ridden dance-theatre movement, he answered, "All you have to do here is not wash your hair for a week and then sit on stage and act depressed and you've got it. 'Magnifique! Formidable!'"

Between the quarrel with the press and other troubles, the Belgian years were a bitter time for the troupe. But Morris has an extraordinarily thick hide. Whatever his difficulties at the Monnaie, he knew he would have the opera house's resources for only a short time, and he took advantage of them, creating for his company a series of large-scale works that surpassed anything he had done before. In 1991 he brought the troupe back to New York, where they are once again working in rented studios, but with the addition of Morris's Belgian works, the company's repertory is now one of the richest in American dance.

Two of those Belgian works – the two finest – are being presented at the Adelaide Festival. *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, from 1988, shows Morris in his most visionary mode. Everything about this dance is big, all-embracing. Set to Handel's 1740 oratorio of the same name, which in turn takes its text from Milton's famous pastoral poems *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the piece unites poetry, music, and dance, and in doing so brings together the arts of the past four centuries.

Its subject matter is equally broad. Following Milton's text, it aims to show us the whole known world – the farms, the cities, the people, the animals, the gods – and tells us stories about them. (It is a good idea to read the text, printed in this program, before seeing the show.) The

stage blooms with patterns: squares, wedges, grids, rosettes. Most important of all is the circle, symbol of harmony. Act 1 ends in a full-company circle dance. This is the human family completing its daily round. Act 2's rousing finale culminates in an even more spectacular circle dance, with three concentric rings spinning in opposite directions – not just the human family now, but the cosmos.

Dido and Aeneas, from 1989, is as dark as *L'Allegro* is light. A danced version of Purcell's 1689 opera – the singers stand offstage – Morris's piece, like Purcell's, tells the story of Aeneas's dalliance with the Queen of Carthage: their love, his departure, her death. His treatment of the tale is as tragic as Purcell's but notably un sentimental. The dances for Dido and her court, though they deal with consuming passions, are angular, two-dimensional, contained; they look like an Egyptian frieze. (In fact, they were inspired in part by Indonesian and Indian dance.)

By contrast, the dances for Dido's enemy the Sorceress and her coven of witches are brawling and three-dimensional; they look like a fight in a bar. The court dances, because of their severity, are a good showcase for Morris's music-mirroring. In Act 2, for example, the so-called Second Woman, a lady-in-waiting, entertains the hunting party with a song about Diana and Actaeon in which the melody is sung over a ground bass. As you hear this, you can see the dancer dancing to the melody with her upper body while she stamps out the ground bass with her legs.

Dido is also an excellent example of Morris's taste for divided emotions. The piece as a whole is a tragedy of sex, but

this does not stop Morris from making the witches' final number a hilariously rude comedy of sex, complete with a masturbation scene from the Sorceress. Finally, *Dido* epitomizes Morris's violation of gender rules. He plays both Dido and the Sorceress; a transgression which, however, does not shock. On the contrary, it has the effect of depersonalizing the tragedy, making it more universal.

Together with *L'Allegro* and *Dido*, the company is bringing a mixed bill of shorter dances made by Morris in 1992 and 1993. Two of them are set to scores by California experimental composers: *Grand Duo*, a thundering primitivist dance to Lou Harrison, with a hair-raising finale; and *Mosaic and United*, to Henry Cowell, a dance with a strange atmosphere, both grim and deluxe. *A Spell*, to seventeenth-century lute songs, is a new direction for Morris: a straight love dance, qualified, though, by a note of comedy in the person of Morris as a hairy-legged Cupid.

Finally, there is *Bedtime*, a dance about sleep, dreaming and death, in keeping with the Schubert songs to which it is set. *Bedtime* concludes with *Erlkönig*, danced to Schubert's most famous song, with Goethe's most famous ballad as its lyric. Here again is the terrible tale of the child whose soul is stolen by the king of the fairies, but as in *Dido* the tragedy is tested by comedy. It ends as a tragedy, but one that has been counterbalanced, and thereby made more sturdy, more complex. And that is the glory of so much of Morris's work: the old values remain, but only after passing through the crucible of a modern sensibility. ■

Joan Acocella is a New York dance critic.



MARK MORRIS DANCE GROUP

DIDO AND AENEAS

By Henry Purcell

Libretto by Nahum Tate

Staging and choreography: Mark Morris

Conductor: Gareth Jones

Set design: Robert Bordo

Lighting design: James F. Ingalls

Costume design: Christine Van Loon

Cast

Belinda:	Ruth Davidson	Emma Lysons <i>soprano</i>
Dido:	Mark Morris	Lorraine Hunt <i>soprano</i>
Second Woman:	Rachel Murray	Wendy Hopkins <i>soprano</i>
Aeneas:	Guillermo Resto	David Lemke <i>baritone</i>
Sorceress:	Mark Morris	Lorraine Hunt <i>soprano</i>
Witches:	Tina Fehlandt	Emma Lysons <i>soprano</i>
	Keith Sabado	Wendy Hopkins <i>soprano</i>
Sailor:	Kraig Patterson	Stephen Bennett <i>baritone</i>

Courtiers, witches, spirits, sailors:

Alyce Bochette, Joe Bowie, Ruth Davidson, Tina Fehlandt, Rachel Murray, June Omura, Kraig Patterson, Keith Sabado, William Wagner, Megan Williams

Chorus of the State Opera of South Australia
Australian Chamber Orchestra.

Company lists and biographies from page 102.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

DIDO AND AENEAS

STEPHEN WHITTINGTON: Considering that opera had failed to take root in seventeenth-century England, it is remarkable that Purcell was able to create, in *Dido and Aeneas*, not only the first great opera in English, but one of the greatest operas of its time in any language. Moreover, *Dido and Aeneas* was composed for school performance, not for the professional stage. The single surviving libretto informs us that it was "Perform'd at Mr. Josias Priest's Boarding-School at Chelsey. By Young Gentlewomen. The words made by Mr. Nat. Tate. The Musick Composed by Mr. Henry Purcell." Josias Priest (c.1655-1737) was a dancer and choreographer who ran a finishing school for girls. Nahum Tate (1652-1715), author of a book on the proper upbringing of young ladies, was also a poet and playwright. He had established his reputation with the tragedy *Brutus of Alba*, or the *Enchanted Lovers*, in which he improbably combined the legend of the foundation of the Kingdom of Britain by Brutus, a refugee from Troy, with the story of Dido and Aeneas, as told by Virgil. To this unlikely plot, Tate added the witches which were so popular with Restoration audiences. This was the literary source of the opera; but *Dido and Aeneas* is not an adaptation of *Brutus of Alba*. Tate appreciated the requirements of opera sufficiently to completely recast his drama. The libretto is

sketchy but has the virtue of making the dramatic outline of the story starkly clear. A skilfully contrasted series of tableaux offered Purcell the opportunity to create musical oppositions and transitions which he, alone among English composers of the time, was perfectly equipped to realize.

The opera as it survives lacks the prologue and several other numbers. Nevertheless, the dramatic unity of the whole is apparent. The work commences with a short overture in the French manner, after which we are plunged straight into the drama. Belinda, Dido's sister, plays the part of the confidante, a conventional role familiar from Italian opera. In her light-hearted call to Dido to "Shake the Cloud from off your Brow", she counsels Dido to be cheerful. The chorus echoes her advice, but to no avail. Dido's torment is incurable, as she confesses in the beautiful "Peace and I are Strangers grown". This aria is constructed using one of Purcell's favourite devices: the queen's sighs are heard over a simple, repeating ground bass of four bars, which becomes more insistent as the movement progresses. When words fail her, the strings take up Dido's plaintive song: a dramatic stroke as simple as it is moving. Aeneas appears and the chorus sings of the triumphs of love; the first scene then concludes with the Triumphant Dance, a stately chaconne.

The second scene introduces the Sorceress and her coven of witches, who, in line with Restoration stage conventions, combine the

comic and the horrific. The strings suggest distant hunting horns, and the act ends with an echo dance by the coven, in a style recalling the highly characterized pieces favoured in the pre-Civil War Stuart masques of Locke and others.

The hunting party scene which opens Act 2 contains much beautiful and dramatic music. An attendant woman recites the unhappy fate of Actaeon, the vocal line following a richly varied path over a steadily moving bass line. The storm is depicted with impressive effect; Belinda's lively little song captures her nurse-like anxiety perfectly. The anguish of Aeneas, when he realizes the sacrifice he must make to obey what he believes is a divine command, is powerfully projected. Another character-dance concludes the scene, as the witches gleefully celebrate the success of their deception.

Purcell saves his greatest music for the final scene. A sturdy chorus of sailors has one of those swinging, catchy tunes for which Purcell was renowned. The witches' chorus again combines horror and humour as they sing "Destruction's our delight", with little bits of imitation for the wicked "Ho Hos". The climax of the opera comes with the farewell; in a particularly impressive moment, the chorus assumes the function of its Greek prototype, commenting impassively on the contradiction inherent in human passions, and providing a succinct definition of the notion of tragedy as the seventeenth century understood it:

"Great minds against themselves conspire, and shun the cure they most desire." This leads straight into the most famous number in the opera, Dido's lament, "When I am laid in earth." Again Purcell resorts to the ground bass, this time a five-bar long pattern built around a descending chromatic scale, a musical figure universally recognized in the baroque era as an expression of grief. The use of dissonant suspensions and passing tones in the melody intensifies the expression. This aria is rightly recognized as one of the finest things in the entire operatic repertoire; Purcell miraculously achieves a monumental tragic grandeur within the narrow limits imposed by the form. The opera concludes with a short chorus which completes the drama with a tragic but dignified finality.

The dramatic power of *Dido and Aeneas* is a measure of Purcell's genius; in it he strikes a genuinely tragic note which his contemporary English dramatists rarely if ever achieved. Yet it stands virtually alone: a solitary masterpiece with few predecessors, it was to have no successor. ▶▶

Mark Morris Dance Group: Dido and Aeneas

Henry Purcell was born in 1659 and died in Westminster in 1695. He was a chorister in the Chapel Royal until his voice broke in 1673, and he was then made assistant to John Hingeston, whom he succeeded as organ-maker and keeper of the king's instruments in 1683.

In 1677 he was appointed composer-in-ordinary for the king's violins and in 1679 succeeded his teacher, Blow, as organist of Westminster Abbey. It was probably in 1680 or 1681 that he married. From that time he began writing music for the theatre.

In 1682 he was appointed an organist of the Chapel Royal. His court appointments were renewed by James II in 1685 and by William III in 1689, and on each occasion he had the duty of providing a second organ for the coronation. The last royal occasion for which he provided music was Queen Mary's funeral in 1695. Before the year ended Purcell himself was dead. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on November 26, 1695.

Purcell was one of the greatest composers of the baroque period and one of the greatest of all English composers. His earliest surviving works date from 1680 but already show a complete command of the craft of composition. They included the fantasias for viols, masterpieces of contrapuntal writing in the old style, and some at least of the more modern sonatas for violins, which reveal some acquaintance with Italian models.

In time Purcell became increasingly in demand as a composer, and his theatre music in particular made his name familiar to many who knew nothing of his church music or the odes and welcome songs he wrote for the court. Much of his theatre music consists of songs and instrumental pieces for spoken plays, but during the last five years of his life Purcell collaborated on five "semi-operas" in which the music has a large share, with *divertissements*, songs, choral numbers and dances. His only true opera (i.e. with music throughout) was *Dido and Aeneas*.

DIDO AND AENEAS

THE PLAYHOUSE

February 24 at 8.30pm.
February 25 at 8.30pm.
February 26, 27 at 2pm.
February 27 at 6.30pm

Duration: 60 minutes (no interval)

SYNOPSIS

Scene 1. The Palace

The Trojan war is over. Aeneas and his people have found themselves in Carthage after a treacherous sea voyage. His destiny, as decreed by the Gods, is to found Rome, but he has become obsessed with Dido, Queen of Carthage. Dido's sister and confidante, Belinda, and other optimistic courtiers urge her to enjoy her good fortune, but the young widow Dido is anxious. Aeneas arrives to ask the Queen, again, to give herself to him. Belinda notices, with relief, that Dido seems to be capitulating. Dido and Aeneas leave together. Love triumphs.

Scene 2. The Cave

The evil Sorceress summons her colleagues to make big trouble in Carthage. Dido must be destroyed before sunset. Knowing of Aeneas's destiny to sail to Italy, the Sorceress decides to send a spirit disguised as Mercury to tell him he must depart immediately. Since Dido and Aeneas and the rest are out on a hunt, the witches plan to make a storm to spoil the lovers' fun and send everyone back home. The witches cast their spell.

Scene 3. The Grove

Dido and Aeneas make love. Another triumph for the hero. The royal party enters and tells a story for Aeneas's benefit. Dido senses the approaching storm. Belinda, ever practical, organizes the trip back to the palace. Aeneas is accosted by the false Mercury with this command: Leave Carthage Now. He accepts his orders, then wonders how to break the news to Dido. He is worried.

Scene 4. The Ships

Aeneas and the Trojans prepare for the journey. The Sorceress and her witches are quite pleased to see that their plot is working. Once Aeneas has sailed they will conjure an ocean storm. They are proud of themselves.

Scene 5. The Palace

Dido sees the Trojans preparing their ships. Aeneas tries to explain his predicament and offers to break his vow in order to stay with her. Dido is appalled by his hypocrisy. She sends him away and contemplates the inevitability of death. "Remember me but forget my fate." Dido dies.

LIBRETTO

DIDO AND AENEAS

An opera in three acts.
Text by Nahum Tate

ACT ONE – The Palace [scene one]

Enter Dido, Belinda and attendants

Belinda Shake the cloud from off your brow,

Fate your wishes does allow;
Empire growing,
Pleasures flowing,
Fortune smiles and so should you.
Shake the cloud from off your brow.
Banish sorrow, banish care.

Chorus

Grief should ne'er approach the fair.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Belinda, I am press'd
With torment not to be confess'd.
Peace and I are strangers grown.
I languish till my grief is known
Yet would not have it guess'd.
Peace and I are strangers grown.

Dido

Belinda

Dido

Belinda

Grief increases by concealing.
Mine admits of no revealing.
Then let me speak; the Trojan guest
Into your tender thoughts has press'd.
The greatest blessing Fate can give,
Our Carthage to secure, and Troy
revive.

Chorus

When monarchs unite, how happy
their state:
They triumph at once o'er their foes
and their fate.

Dido

Whence could so much virtue spring?
What storms, what battles did he sing?
Anchises' valour mix'd with Venus'
charms,
How soft in peace and yet how fierce
in arms!

Belinda

A tale so strong and full of woe
Might melt the rocks as well as you.
What stubborn heart unmov'd
could see

Dido

Such distress, such piety?
Mine with storms of care oppress'd
Is taught to pity the distress'd;
Mean wretches' grief can touch.
So soft, so sensible my breast,
But, ah! I fear I pity his too much.

Belinda

and

Second

Woman

Fear no danger to ensue.
The hero loves as well as you.
Ever gentle, ever smiling,
And the cares of life beguiling,
Fear no danger to ensue.
The hero loves as well as you.
Cupids strew your paths with flowers
Gather'd from Elysian bowers.
Fear no danger to ensue,
The hero loves as well as you.

Chorus

Fear no danger to ensue.
The hero loves as well as you.
Ever gentle, ever smiling,
And the cares of life beguiling,
Fear no danger to ensue,
The hero loves as well as you.
Cupids strew your paths with flowers
Gather'd from Elysian bowers.

Aeneas enters with his train

Belinda

See, see, your royal guest appears;
How godlike is the form he bears!
When, when, royal fair, shall I be bless'd
Whith cares of love and state
distress'd?

Dido

Aeneas

Fate forbids what you pursue.
Aeneas has no fate but you!
Let Dido smile, and I'll defy
The feeble stroke of Destiny.

Chorus

Cupid only throws the dart
That's dreadful to a warrior's heart,
And she that wounds can only cure
the smart.

Aeneas

If not for mine, for empire's sake.
Some pity on your lover take;
Ah! make not in a hopeless fire
A hero fall, and Troy once more expire.
Pursue thy conquest, Love, her eyes
Confess the flame her tongue denies.

Belinda

Chorus To the hills and the vales, to the rocks
and the mountains,
To the musical groves and the cool
shady fountains,
Let the triumphs of love and of beauty
be shown.
Go revel, ye Cupids, go revel, the day
is your own.

ACT TWO
Scene 1 – The Cave
[scene two]

Enter Sorceress

Sorceress Wayward sisters, you that fright
The lonely traveller by night.
Who like dismal ravens crying
Beat the windows of the dying.
Appear!
Appear at my call and share in the
fame
Of a mischief shall make all Carthage
flame.
Appear! Appear! Appear!

Enter Witches

First Witch Say, Beldame, say what's thy will?

Chorus Harm's our delight and mischief all
our skill.

Sorceress The Queen of Carthage, whom we hate
As we do all in prosp'rous state.
sunset shall most wretched prove
Depriv'd of fame, of life and love.

Chorus Ho ho ho ho ho!

First Witch Ruin'd ere the set of sun?
Tell us, tell us, how shall this be done?

Second Witch Tell us, tell us, how shall this be done?

Sorceress The Trojan Prince you know is bound
By Fate to seek Italian ground:
The Queen and he are now in chase.

First Witch Hark! Hark! the cry comes on apace!

Sorceress But when they've done, my trusty elf,
In form of Mercury himself,
As sent from Jove, shall chide
his stay.

And charge him sail tonight with all
his fleet away!

Chorus Ho ho ho ho ho!

First and Second Witches But ere we this perform
We'll conjure for a storm
To mar their hunting sport
And drive 'em back to court.

Chorus *(in the manner of an echo)*
In our deep waulted cell, the charm
we'll prepare
Too dreadful a practice for this
open air.

Thunder and lighting, horrid music.

The Furies sink down in the cave, the rest fly up.

Scene 2 – The Grove
[scene three]

Enter Aeneas, Dido, Belinda and their train

Belinda Thanks to these lonesome vales,
These desert hills and dales,
So fair the game, so rich the sport,
Diana's self might to these
woods resort.

Chorus Thanks to these lonesome vales,
These desert hills and dales,
So fair the game, so rich the sport,
Diana's self might to these woods
resort.

Second Woman Oft she visits this lone mountain,
Oft she bathes in this fountain.
Here, here Actaeon met his fate,
Pursued by his own hounds;
And after mortal wounds
Discover'd too late

Aeneas Here Actaeon met his fate.
Behold upon my bending spear
A monster's head stands bleeding
With tushes far exceeding
Those did Venus' huntsman tear!

Dido The skies are clouded: hark, hark!
how thunder
Rends the mountain oaks asunder!

Belinda Haste, haste, to town, this open field
No shelter from the storm can yield!

Chorus Haste, haste, to town, this open field
No shelter from the storm can yield!

*The Spirit of the Sorceress descends to Aeneas in
the likeness of Mercury*

Spirit Stay, Prince, and hear great Jove's
command:

Aeneas He summons thee this night away.
Tonight?

Spirit Tonight thou must forsake this land;
The angry god will brook no longer
stay,
Jove commands thee, waste no more
In love's delights these precious hours

Allow'd by th'almighty powers
To gain th'Hesperian shore
And ruin'd Troy restore.

Aeneas Jove's command shall be obey'd;
Tonight our anchors shall be weigh'd.

But, ah! what language can I try
My injur'd Queen to pacify?

No sooner she resigns her heart
But from her arms I'm forc'd to part.

How can so hard a fate be took?
One night enjoy'd, the next forsook.

Yours be the blame, ye gods! for I
Obey your will; but with more ease
could die.

ACT THREE – The Ships
[scene four]

Enter Sailors

First Sailor Come away, fellow sailors,
your anchors be weighing,
Time and tide will admit no delaying:
Take a boozey short leave of your
nymphs on the shore,
And silence their mourning
With vows of returning,
But never intending to visit them more.

Chorus No, never intending to visit them more.
Come away, fellow sailors, come away
Your anchors be weighing,
Time and tide will admit no delaying:

Take a boozey short leave of your
nymphs on the shore,
And silence their mourning
With vows of returning,
But never intending to visit them more.
No, never intending to visit them more.

Enter Sorceress and Witches

Sorceress See, see the flags and streamers
curling.
Anchors weighing, sails unfurling!

First Witch Phoebe's pale deluding beams
Gliding o'er deceitful streams.

Second Witch Our plot has took,
The Queen's forsook!

First Witch Elissa's ruin'd

First and Second Witches Ho ho ho ho ho!

Ho ho ho ho ho!

Ho ho ho ho ho!

Our plot has took.

The Queen's forsook!

Sorceress Our next motion

Must be to storm her lover on the
ocean.

From the ruin of others our pleasures
we borrow;

Elissa bleeds tonight and Carthage
flames tomorrow!

Chorus Destruction's our delight.
Delight our greatest sorrow;
Elissa dies tonight
And Carthage flames tomorrow! Ho ho!

*Jack o'Lantern leads the Sailors out of their way
among the witches. Enter Dido
Belinda and women.*

[scene 5 - the palace]

Dido Your counsel all is urg'd in vain,
To earth and heaven I will complain;
To earth and heaven why do I call?
Earth and heaven conspire my fall.
To Fate I sue of other means bereft.
The only refuge for the wretched left.

Aeneas enters

Belinda See, madam, see where the Prince
appears!
Such sorrow in his look he bears
As would convince you still he's true.

Aeneas What shall lost Aeneas do?
How, how, royal fair, shall I impart
The gods' decree and tell you we must
part?

Dido Thus on the fatal banks of Nile
Weeps the deceitful crocodile;
Thus hypocrites that murder act
Make heav'n and gods the author of
the fact!

Aeneas By all that's good...

Dido By all that's good no more!
All that's good you have forswore.

To your promis'd empire fly,
And let forsaken Dido die.

Aeneas In spite of Jove's commands I'll stay.
Offend the gods and Love obey.

Dido No faithless man, thy course pursue:
I'm resolv'd as well as you.

No repentance shall reclaim
The injur'd Dido's lighted flame;

For tis enough, whate'er you now
decree,

That you had once a thought of
leaving me.

Aeneas Let Jove say what he please, I'll stay!
Dido Away, away!

Aeneas No, no I'll stay.

Dido Away, away! No, no, away, away!
To Death I'll fly if longer you delay.

Aeneas I'll stay, I'll stay and Love obey!
Dido Away, away!

Exit Aeneas

But Death, alas! I cannot shun;
Death must come when he is gone.

Chorus Great minds against themselves
conspire

And shun the cure they most desire.
Thy hand, Belinda; darkness
shades me.

Dido On thy bosom let me rest:
More I would but Death invades me;

Death is now a welcome guest.
When I am laid in earth, may my
wrongs create

No trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, but, ah! forget
my fate.

*She dies. Cupids appear in the clouds o'er
her tomb.*

Chorus With drooping wings, ye Cupids,
come

And scatter roses on her tomb.
Soft, soft and gentle as her heart

Keep here your watch and never part.

THE END

Mark Morris Dance Group: Dido and Aeneas

Henry Purcell was born in 1659 and died in Westminster in 1695. He was a chorister in the Chapel Royal until his voice broke in 1673, and he was then made assistant to John Hingeston, whom he succeeded as organ-maker and keeper of the king's instruments in 1683.

In 1677 he was appointed composer-in-ordinary for the king's violins and in 1679 succeeded his teacher, Blow, as organist of Westminster Abbey. It was probably in 1680 or 1681 that he married. From that time he began writing music for the theatre.

In 1682 he was appointed an organist of the Chapel Royal. His court appointments were renewed by James II in 1685 and by William III in 1689, and on each occasion he had the duty of providing a second organ for the coronation. The last royal occasion for which he provided music was Queen Mary's funeral in 1695. Before the year ended Purcell himself was dead. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on November 26, 1695.

Purcell was one of the greatest composers of the baroque period and one of the greatest of all English composers. His earliest surviving works date from 1680 but already show a complete command of the craft of composition. They included the fantasias for viols, masterpieces of contrapuntal writing in the old style, and some at least of the more modern sonatas for violins, which reveal some acquaintance with Italian models.

In time Purcell became increasingly in demand as a composer, and his theatre music in particular made his name familiar to many who knew nothing of his church music or the odes and welcome songs he wrote for the court. Much of his theatre music consists of songs and instrumental pieces for spoken plays, but during the last five years of his life Purcell collaborated on five "semi-operas" in which the music has a large share, with *divertissements*, songs, choral numbers and dances. His only true opera (i.e. with music throughout) was *Dido and Aeneas*.

DIDO AND AENEAS

THE PLAYHOUSE

February 24 at 8.30pm.
February 25 at 8.30pm.
February 26, 27 at 2pm.
February 27 at 6.30pm

Duration: 60 minutes (no interval)

SYNOPSIS

Scene 1. The Palace

The Trojan war is over. Aeneas and his people have found themselves in Carthage after a treacherous sea voyage. His destiny, as decreed by the Gods, is to found Rome, but he has become obsessed with Dido, Queen of Carthage. Dido's sister and confidante, Belinda, and other optimistic courtiers urge her to enjoy her good fortune, but the young widow Dido is anxious. Aeneas arrives to ask the Queen, again, to give herself to him. Belinda notices, with relief, that Dido seems to be capitulating. Dido and Aeneas leave together. Love triumphs.

Scene 2. The Cave

The evil Sorceress summons her colleagues to make big trouble in Carthage. Dido must be destroyed before sunset. Knowing of Aeneas's destiny to sail to Italy, the Sorceress decides to send a spirit disguised as Mercury to tell him he must depart immediately. Since Dido and Aeneas and the rest are out on a hunt, the witches plan to make a storm to spoil the lovers' fun and send everyone back home. The witches cast their spell.

Scene 3. The Grove

Dido and Aeneas make love. Another triumph for the hero. The royal party enters and tells a story for Aeneas's benefit. Dido senses the approaching storm. Belinda, ever practical, organizes the trip back to the palace. Aeneas is accosted by the false Mercury with this command: Leave Carthage Now. He accepts his orders, then wonders how to break the news to Dido. He is worried.

Scene 4. The Ships

Aeneas and the Trojans prepare for the journey. The Sorceress and her witches are quite pleased to see that their plot is working. Once Aeneas has sailed they will conjure an ocean storm. They are proud of themselves.

Scene 5. The Palace

Dido sees the Trojans preparing their ships. Aeneas tries to explain his predicament and offers to break his vow in order to stay with her. Dido is appalled by his hypocrisy. She sends him away and contemplates the inevitability of death. "Remember me but forget my fate." Dido dies.

LIBRETTO

DIDO AND AENEAS

An opera in three acts.
Text by Nahum Tate

ACT ONE – The Palace [scene one]

Enter Dido, Belinda and attendants

Belinda Shake the cloud from off your brow,

Fate your wishes does allow;
Empire growing,
Pleasures flowing,
Fortune smiles and so should you.
Shake the cloud from off your brow.
Banish sorrow, banish care.
Grief should ne'er approach the fair.
Chorus Ah! Ah! Ah! Belinda, I am press'd
Dido With torment not to be confess'd.
Peace and I are strangers grown.
I languish till my grief is known
Yet would not have it guess'd.
Peace and I are strangers grown.
Belinda Grief increases by concealing.
Dido Mine admits of no revealing.
Belinda Then let me speak; the Trojan guest
Into your tender thoughts has press'd.
The greatest blessing Fate can give,
Our Carthage to secure, and Troy
revive.
Chorus When monarchs unite, how happy
their state:
They triumph at once o'er their foes
and their fate.
Dido Whence could so much virtue spring?
What storms, what battles did he sing?
Anchises' valour mix'd with Venus'
charms,
How soft in peace and yet how fierce
in arms!
Belinda A tale so strong and full of woe
Might melt the rocks as well as you.
What stubborn heart unmov'd
could see
Such distress, such piety?
Dido Mine with storms of care oppress'd
Is taught to pity the distress'd;
Mean wretches' grief can touch.
So soft, so sensible my breast,
But, ah! I fear I pity his too much.
Belinda Fear no danger to ensue.
and The hero loves as well as you.
Second Ever gentle, ever smiling,
Woman And the cares of life beguiling,
Fear no danger to ensue.
The hero loves as well as you.
Cupids strew your paths with flowers
Gather'd from Elysian bowers.
Fear no danger to ensue,
The hero loves as well as you.
Chorus Fear no danger to ensue.
The hero loves as well as you.
Ever gentle, ever smiling,
And the cares of life beguiling,
Fear no danger to ensue,
The hero loves as well as you.
Cupids strew your paths with flowers
Gather'd from Elysian bowers.
Aeneas enters with his train
Belinda See, see, your royal guest appears;
How godlike is the form he bears!
Aeneas When, when, royal fair, shall I be bless'd
Whith cares of love and state
distress'd?
Dido Fate forbids what you pursue.
Aeneas Aeneas has no fate but you!
Let Dido smile, and I'll defy
The feeble stroke of Destiny.
Chorus Cupid only throws the dart
That's dreadful to a warrior's heart,
And she that wounds can only cure
the smart.
Aeneas If not for mine, for empire's sake.
Some pity on your lover take;
Ah! make not in a hopeless fire
A hero fall, and Troy once more expire.
Belinda Pursue thy conquest, Love, her eyes
Confess the flame her tongue denies.

Chorus To the hills and the vales, to the rocks
and the mountains,
To the musical groves and the cool
shady fountains,
Let the triumphs of love and of beauty
be shown.
Go revel, ye Cupids, go revel, the day
is your own.

ACT TWO

Scene 1 – The Cave
[scene two]

Enter Sorceress

Sorceress Wayward sisters, you that fright
The lonely traveller by night.
Who like dismal ravens crying
Beat the windows of the dying.
Appear!
Appear at my call and share in the
fame
Of a mischief shall make all Carthage
flame.
Appear! Appear! Appear!

Enter Witches

First Witch Say, Beldame, say what's thy will?

Chorus Harm's our delight and mischief all
our skill.

Sorceress The Queen of Carthage, whom we hate
As we do all in prosp'rous state.
sunset shall most wretched prove
Depriv'd of fame, of life and love.

Chorus Ho ho ho ho ho!

First Witch Ruin'd ere the set of sun?
Tell us, tell us, how shall this be done?

Second Witch Tell us, tell us, how shall this be done?

Sorceress The Trojan Prince you know is bound
By Fate to seek Italian ground:
The Queen and he are now in chase.

First Witch Hark! Hark! the cry comes on apace!

Sorceress But when they've done, my trusty elf,
In form of Mercury himself,
As sent from Jove, shall chide
his stay.

And charge him sail tonight with all
his fleet away!

Chorus Ho ho ho ho ho!

First and Second Witches But ere we this perform
We'll conjure for a storm
To mar their hunting sport
And drive 'em back to court.

Chorus *(in the manner of an echo)*
In our deep vaulted cell, the charm
we'll prepare
Too dreadful a practice for this
open air.

Thunder and lighting, horrid music.
The Furies sink down in the cave, the rest fly up.

Scene 2 – The Grove
[scene three]

Enter Aeneas, Dido, Belinda and their train

Belinda Thanks to these lonesome vales,
These desert hills and dales,
So fair the game, so rich the sport,
Diana's self might to these
woods resort.

Chorus Thanks to these lonesome vales,
These desert hills and dales,
So fair the game, so rich the sport,
Diana's self might to these woods
resort.

Second Woman Oft she visits this lone mountain,
Oft she bathes in this fountain.
Here, here Actaeon met his fate,
Pursued by his own hounds;
And after mortal wounds
Discover'd too late

Aeneas Here Actaeon met his fate.
Behold upon my bending spear
A monster's head stands bleeding
With tushes far exceeding
Those did Venus' huntsman tear!

Dido The skies are clouded: hark, hark!
how thunder
Rends the mountain oaks asunder!

Belinda Haste, haste, to town, this open field
No shelter from the storm can yield!

Chorus Haste, haste, to town, this open field
No shelter from the storm can yield!

*The Spirit of the Sorceress descends to Aeneas in
the likeness of Mercury*

Spirit Stay, Prince, and hear great Jove's
command:
He summons thee this night away.

Aeneas Tonight?
Spirit Tonight thou must forsake this land;
The angry god will brook no longer
stay,

Jove commands thee, waste no more
In love's delights these precious hours
Allow'd by th'almighty powers
To gain th'Hesperian shore
And ruin'd Troy restore.

Aeneas Jove's command shall be obey'd;
Tonight our anchors shall be weigh'd.

But, ah! what language can I try
My injur'd Queen to pacify?

No sooner she resigns her heart
But from her arms I'm forc'd to part.

How can so hard a fate be took?
One night enjoy'd, the next forsook.

Yours be the blame, ye gods! for I
Obey your will; but with more ease
could die.

ACT THREE – The Ships
[scene four]

Enter Sailors

First Sailor Come away, fellow sailors,
your anchors be weighing,
Time and tide will admit no delaying:
Take a boozy short leave of your
nymphs on the shore,
And silence their mourning
With vows of returning,
But never intending to visit them more.

Chorus Come away, fellow sailors, come away
Your anchors be weighing,
Time and tide will admit no delaying:

Take a boozy short leave of your
nymphs on the shore,
And silence their mourning
With vows of returning,
But never intending to visit them more.
No, never intending to visit them more.

Enter Sorceress and Witches

Sorceress See, see the flags and streamers
curling.
Anchors weighing, sails unfurling!

First Witch Phoebe's pale deluding beams
Gliding o'er deceitful streams.

Second Witch Our plot has took,
The Queen's forsook!

First Witch Elissa's ruin'd

First and Second Witches Ho ho ho ho ho!

Ho ho ho ho ho!

Ho ho ho ho ho!

Our plot has took.

The Queen's forsook!

Sorceress Our next motion

Must be to storm her lover on the
ocean.

From the ruin of others our pleasures
we borrow;

Elissa bleeds tonight and Carthage
flames tomorrow!

Chorus Destruction's our delight.
Delight our greatest sorrow;
Elissa dies tonight
And Carthage flames tomorrow! Ho ho!

*Jack o'Lantern leads the Sailors out of their way
among the witches. Enter Dido
Belinda and women.*

[scene 5 - the palace]

Dido Your counsel all is urg'd in vain,
To earth and heaven I will complain;
To earth and heaven why do I call?
Earth and heaven conspire my fall.
To Fate I sue of other means bereft.
The only refuge for the wretched left.

Aeneas enters

Belinda See, madam, see where the Prince
appears!
Such sorrow in his look he bears
As would convince you still he's true.

Aeneas What shall loose Aeneas do?
How, how, royal fair, shall I impart
The gods' decree and tell you we must
part?

Dido Thus on the fatal banks of Nile
Weeps the deceitful crocodile;
Thus hypocrites that murder act
Make heav'n and gods the author of
the fact!

Aeneas By all that's good...

Dido By all that's good no more!
All that's good you have forswore.

To your promis'd empire fly,
And let forsaken Dido die.

Aeneas In spite of Jove's commands I'll stay.
Offend the gods and Love obey.

Dido No faithless man, thy course pursue:
I'm resolv'd as well as you.

No repentance shall reclaim
The injur'd Dido's lighted flame;
For tis enough, whate'er you now
decree,
That you had once a thought of
leaving me.

Aeneas Let Jove say what he please, I'll stay!

Dido Away, away!

Aeneas No, no I'll stay.

Dido Away, away! No, no, away, away!
To Death I'll fly if longer you delay.

Aeneas I'll stay, I'll stay and Love obey!

Dido Away, away!

Exit Aeneas
But Death, alas! I cannot shun;
Death must come when he is gone.

Chorus Great minds against themselves
conspire
And shun the cure they most desire.

Thy hand, Belinda; darkness
shades me.

Dido On thy bosom let me rest:
More I would but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest.

When I am laid in earth, may my
wrongs create

No trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, but, ah! forget
my fate.

*She dies. Cupids appear in the clouds o'er
her tomb.*

Chorus With drooping wings, ye Cupids,
come
And scatter roses on her tomb.

Soft, soft and gentle as her heart
Keep here your watch and never part.

MOSAIC AND UNITED

Music: Henry Cowell
 Lighting: Michael Chybowski
 Costumes: Isaac Mizrahi

Lorna Cumming *violin*
 Monica Curro *violin*
 Colin Cornish *viola*
 Michael Williams *cello*

Dancers

Tina Fehlandt, Dan Joyce, Keith Sabado,
 William Wagner, Megan Williams

A SPELL

INTERMISSION

Music: John Wilson
 Lighting: Michael Chybowski
 Costumes: Susan Ruddle

Lorraine Hunt *mezzo-soprano*
 Tommie Andersson *lute*
 Lorna Cumming *violin*

Dancers

Ruth Davidson, Mark Morris, Guillermo Resto

BEDTIME

PAUSE

Music: Franz Schubert
 Lighting: James F. Ingalls
 Costumes: Susan Ruddle

Lorraine Hunt *mezzo-soprano*
 Linda Dowdell *piano*

Male voices from the
 Adelaide Chamber Singers

Michael Denholm *tenor*
 Christopher Stevens *tenor*
 Craig Weatherill *tenor*
 David Visenten *tenor*
 Kynan Johns *baritone*
 Alan McKie *baritone*
 Matthew Rutly *baritone*
 Peter Deane *baritone*

Musical director: Carl Crossin

Dancers

Alyce Bochette, Ruth Davidson,
 Tina Fehlandt, Clarice Marshall,
 Marianne Moore, Mark Morris,
 Rachel Murray, June Omura,
 Kraig Patterson, Mireille Radwan-Dana,
 Guillermo Resto, Megan Williams

GRAND DUO

INTERMISSION

Music: Lou Harrison
 Lighting: Michael Chybowski
 Costumes: Susan Ruddle

Richard Tognetti *violin*
 Linda Dowdell *piano*

Dancers

Alyce Bochette, Joe Bowie, Ruth Davidson, Tina Fehlandt, Dan Joyce, Clarice Marshall, Rachel Murray, June Omura, Kraig Patterson, Mireille Radwan-Dana, Guillermo Resto, Keith Sabado, William Wagner, Megan Williams

MOSAIC AND UNITED**Henry Cowell (1897-1965)**

String Quartet No.3 (*Mosaic*) I,II,III,IV,V,III, I
 String Quartet No.4 (*United*) I,II,III,IV,V

String Quartet No.4 (United Quartet) by Henry Cowell used by arrangement with C. F. Peters Corporation, Publisher and Copyright Holder.

STEPHEN WHITTINGTON: Henry Cowell, American composer, pianist and writer on music, is best summed up in his own words: "I want to live in the *whole* world of music." Cowell's musical vision was extraordinarily wide, encompassing European classical music as well as the traditional musics of Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas. His enthusiasm, experimental open-mindedness and energetic activity did much during the first part of the twentieth century to promote novel techniques, and the ramifications of his prophetic compositional discoveries have continued to permeate European and American musical practice.

Cowell grew up near San Francisco and became acquainted at an early age with the folk music of his Irish ancestors, European opera, and Chinese opera, which he heard in San Francisco's Chinatown. His parents were free-thinkers who disdained tradition and allowed their son great freedom. He soon displayed prodigious talent on the violin and later piano; he also began composing, and, unfettered by preconceptions, created music of startling originality. At the age of 15 he gave a recital of his own piano works in San Francisco, and amazed the audience by evoking the sound of the sea with "tone clusters" played with the fists and forearms. Identified by a Stanford University professor as the possessor of an intellect of genius level, Cowell was sent to study with Charles Seeger at Berkeley. With Seeger's help, Cowell systematized his unconventional compositional technique, wrote a book expounding it, and embarked on a career as a composer and pianist which took him on five tours of Europe and the Soviet Union.

Cowell's most experimental phase lasted until 1936, when he was imprisoned on a "morals charge", in one of the more disgraceful episodes in American legal history. Following his pardon in 1940, Cowell moved to New York, where he became active as a teacher at the New School of Social Research. His importance as a teacher can be gauged from the calibre of his students, who include John Cage and Lou Harrison. In addition, Cowell founded the immensely influential New Music Editions, which from 1927 became the most important publisher of experimental

and avant-garde music in the United States.

Cowell's four string quartets, from his experimental period, are among his most innovative works. In the *Mosaic* Quartet (No.3), the players are involved in making fundamental decisions about the structure, assembling the movements in a mosaic-like fashion. The extensive use of sliding tones gives the music a distinctive colour.

In the *United* quartet a single rhythmic pattern of five beats, with a characteristic accentuation – stressed, stressed, unstressed, stressed, unstressed – is employed to control the structure of the music from the level of individual bars right up to the dynamic relationship between the five movements. The consistency with which this scheme is carried out is probably unique in musical history, and yet the music remains powerful and accessible, combining elements of primitive, Asian and European musics. As John Cage observed, "We live in a global village. This music is up-to-the-minute: it is occidental and oriental at the same time."

A SPELL**John Wilson (1595-1674)****Lute Songs**

*Where the bee sucks; Stay, o stay;
 Do not fear to put thy feet;
 Take, o take those lips away*

STEPHEN WHITTINGTON: The lute song was cultivated at the court of Henry VIII, who was a fine performer himself. The greatest master of the lute song was John Dowland (1563-1626), "whose heavenly touch upon the lute, doth ravish human sense". His lead was followed by many others, among them one John Wilson. Wilson was involved in the musical life of the court and the London theatre from about 1614. He is probably the Jacke Wilson alluded to in the 1623 Folio edition of *Much Ado About Nothing*, and may have begun his career as a singing boy in Shakespeare's company (among Wilson's songs are settings of *Where the bee sucks*, *Take, o take those lips away* and *Lawn as white as driven snow*). Wilson was a member of the King's Musick from 1635. During the Civil War he moved to Oxford, and eventually became professor of music at the university. He was known as "the best at the lute in all of England", but also "a great pretender to buffoonery". His songs reveal a startling, even bizarre, harmonic imagination, employing chromatic progressions with a freedom rare in English music. The long flowing lines of his melody are accentuated by sharp, pungent dissonances and suspensions.

BEDTIME

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Wiegenlied; Ständchen; Erlkönig

STEPHEN WHITTINGTON: The greatest of all song-composers, Schubert composed more than 600 songs ranging from simple one-page melodies to the masterly song-cycles *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*. In his lifetime, Schubert was chiefly known for his songs, written for his close circle of friends, the "Schubertiade". His vast output of instrumental music – symphonies, operas, sonatas, quartets – had to be virtually rediscovered years after his death. Schubert's response to poetry was immediate and intense. The poet Franz Grillparzer, a member of Schubert's circle, wrote as an epitaph for his friend: "He bade the art of poetry resound and the art of music speak."

Schubert chose poetry which ranged from the mediocre to the sublime. To the latter category belong the 71 settings of Goethe. But even the simplest verses could evoke music of exquisite beauty. The poems of Matthias Claudius (1740-1815) are in the vein of folksong, and it was perhaps precisely that which attracted Schubert, who created two of his finest songs, the haunting *Der Tod und das Mädchen*, and gentle *Wiegenlied* (Cradle Song) to verses of Claudius.

Several of Schubert's songs have been known under the title *Ständchen* or *Serenade*; this is the poem by Grillparzer, with music from 1827 for alto and male voice choir (TTBB); it was a great favourite with the Victorians. It should not be confused with the more familiar *Leise Hehn meine Lieder*, from the posthumous

collection known as *Schwanengesang*.

The most famous of Schubert's dramatic songs *Erlkönig*, to verses of Germany's greatest poet Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), dates from 1815 and was published as Schubert's Op.1. The whirlwind piano accompaniment, above which are heard the cries of the terrified child, the reassurances of the parent, and the seductive tones of the Erl King, create an unforgettable scene.

Author unknown

WIEGENLIED

(D498) November 1816; published in 1829.

Schlafe, holder, süsser Knabe,
Leise wiegt dich deiner Mutter Hand;
Sanfte Ruhe, milde Labe
Bringt dir schwebend dieses Wiegenband.

Schlafe in dem süssen Grabe,
Noch beschützt dich deiner Mutter Arm,
Alle Wünsche, alle Habe
Fasst sie liebend, alle liebewarm.

Schlafe in der Fraumen Schoosse,
Noch umtönt dich lauter Liebeston,
Eine Lilie, eine Rose,
Nach dem Schlafe werd' sie dir zum Lohn.

LULLABY

Sleep, dear, sweet boy,
Your mother's hand rocks you softly.
This swaying cradle strap
Brings you gentle peace and tender comfort.

Sleep in the sweet grave;
Your mother's arms still protect you.
All her wishes, all her possessions
She holds lovingly, with loving warmth.

Sleep in her lap, soft as down;
Purely notes of love still echo around you.
A lily, a rose
Shall be your reward after sleep.

Franz Grillparzer (1791-1872)

STÄNDCHEN (first version)

(D920) July 1827; published 1891

Zögernd leise
In des Dunkels näch't ger Hülle
Sind wir hier;
Und den Finger sanft gekrümmt,
Leise, leise,
Pochen wir
An des Liebchens Kammerthür.

Doch nun steigend,
Schwellend, schwellend,
Mit vereinter Stimme, Laut
Rufen aus wir hochvertraut:
Schlaf du nicht,
Wenn der Neigung Stimme spricht!

Sucht' ein Weiser nah und ferne
Menschen einst mit der Laterne;
Wieviel seltner dann als Gold
Menschen, uns geneigt und hold?
Drum wenn Freundschaft, Liebe spricht,
Freundin, Liebchen, schlaf du nicht!

Aber was in allen Reichen
Wär' dem Schlummer zu vergleichen?
Drum statt Worten und statt Gaben
Sollst du nun auch Ruhe haben.
Noch ein Grässchen, noch ein Wort,
Es verstummt dir frohe Weise,
Leise, leise,
Schleichen wir uns, ja, schleichen
wir uns wieder fort!

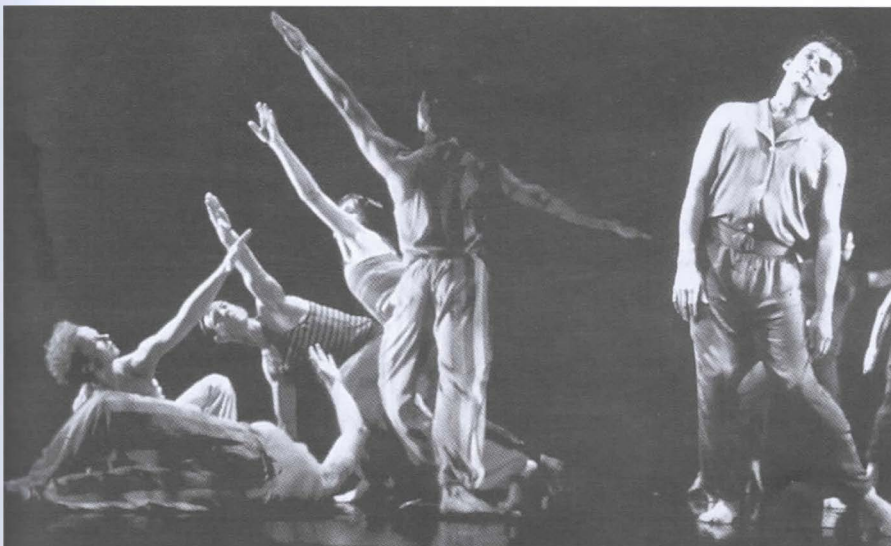
SERENADE

Softly, hesitantly,
Cloaked in night's darkness,
We have come here;
And with fingers gently curled,
Softly, softly
We knock
On the beloved's bedroom door.

But now, our emotion rising,
Swelling,
Surging, with united voice
We call out loud, in warm friendship:
"Do not sleep
When the voice of affection speaks."

Once a wise man with his lantern
Sought people near and far;
How much rarer, then, than gold
Are people who are fondly disposed to us?
And so, when friendship and love speak,
Do not sleep, friend, beloved!

But what in all the world's realms
Can be compared to sleep?
And so, instead of words and gifts,
You shall now have rest.
Just one more greeting, one more word,
And our happy song ceases;
Softly, softly
We steal away again.



Mark Morris Dance Group: Recent Works

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) **ERLKÖNIG (fourth version)** (D328) October 1815(?); published in 1821 as Op.1

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?"
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif"
"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"
"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter am düstern Ort?
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

THE ERLKING

Who rides so late through the night and
wind?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy in his arms,
He holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why do you hide your face in
fear?"

"Father, can you not see the Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and tail?"

"My son, it is a streak of mist."

"Sweet child, come with me,
I'll play wonderful games with you;
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore,
My mother has many a golden robe."

"Father, father, do you not hear
What the Erlking softly promises me?"

"Calm, be calm my child:
The wind is rustling in the withered
leaves."

"Won't you come with me, my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait upon you;
My daughters lead the nightly dance,
And will rock, and dance, and sing
you to sleep."

"Father, father, can you not see
Erlking's daughters there in the darkness?"
"My son, I can see clearly:
It is the old grey willows gleaming."

"I love you, your fair form allures me,
And if you don't come willingly, I'll use force."
"Father, father, now he's seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!"

The father shudders, he rides swiftly,
He holds the moaning child in his arms;
With one last effort he reaches home;
The child lay dead in his arms.

Lullaby, Serenade and The Erlking English translations
©Richard Wigmore (1988) from Schubert: The Complete
Song Texts reproduced by kind permission of Victor
Gollancz Ltd, London.

GRAND DUO

Lou Harrison (b.1917)

Grand Duo for Violin & Piano

Prelude: Moderato – Lento, Lib

Stampede: Allegro

A Round (Annabelle & April's):

Molto moderato, generally tender
Polka

Lou Harrison's career as a composer spans six decades, from the mid-1930s to the present. Two strands in his music, which intertwine from the start are the modernist and the indigenous-traditionalist, or world music, outlooks. The former reflects the influence of his studies with Schoenberg, while the latter grew out of his own musical experience under the influence of his other teacher, Henry Cowell (see notes for *Mosaic and United*).

Harrison's early music is described by the composer himself as his "Mission" period. Harrison's deep knowledge of European Renaissance and Baroque music – the "golden era" of "total polyphony", as he calls it – combined with his admiration for the simple lines of adobe architecture, created a music which had a distinctively Californian character.

In the 1940s Harrison became more involved with modern music, editing, conducting and composing music in which Schoenberg's twelve-tone method is tempered by Harrison's innate feeling for melodic line. In the 1950's, Harrison's music showed a strong reassertion of Asian influences. He returned to California in 1954 and settled at Aptos in the Santa Cruz mountains, where he still lives.

A Rockefeller grant enabled Harrison to travel to Asia and study Korean and Chinese musics. His residence in Asia radically expanded his sense of musical sound and ensemble possibilities. Back in California, Harrison became deeply involved in Indonesian *gamelan* music. In recent years, Harrison has composed several major symphonic works which combine European and Asian elements in a powerful synthesis. The *Grand Duo for Violin and Piano* was written in 1988 on a commission from the Cabrillo (California) Music Festival.

RECENT WORKS

THE PLAYHOUSE

March 2 at 8.00pm. March 4 at 6.00pm.
March 5, 6 at 2.00pm

Duration: 2hrs (including 2 intervals)



L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO ED IL MODERATO

George Frideric Handel

Pastoral ode after poems by John Milton, rearranged by Charles Jennens (Bärenreiter Edition-Kassel)

Choreography: Mark Morris

Conductor: Gareth Jones

Set design: Adrienne Lobel

Costume design: Christine Van Loon

Lighting design: James F. Ingalls

Dancers

Katharina Bader, Alyce Bochette, Joe Bowie, Charlton Boyd, Derrick Brown, Juliet Burrows, Ruth Davidson, Tina Fehlandt, Shawn Gannon; John Heginbotham, Dan Joyce, Clarice Marshall, Marianne Moore, Donald Mouton, Rachel Murray, Mark Nimkoff, Deniz Oktay, June Omura, Kraig Patterson, Mireille Radwan-Dana, Guillermo Resto, Keith Sabado, Vernon Scott, William Wagner, Megan Williams, Julie Worden^{understudy}

Vocalists

Jennifer McGregor *soprano*

Jennifer Bates *soprano*

Lorraine Hunt *mezzo-soprano*

Gregory Massingham *tenor*

Stephen Bennett *baritone*

Chorus of the State Opera
of South Australia

Australian Chamber Orchestra

Company lists from page 100

Overture: G.F. Handel – Concerto Grosso
in G Major, Op. 6, no. 1
(*A tempo giusto – Allegro*)

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL (1685-1759)

STEPHEN WHITTINGTON: "To an English audience, music joined to poetry is not an entertainment for an evening... something that had the appearance of a plot is necessary to keep their attention awake." Such was Handel's opinion, according to Sir John Hawkins. In *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, Handel's librettist, Charles Jennens, took Milton's essentially undramatic pair of allegorical poems (c. 1632), *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and interleaved parts of them to provide an altercation between the two humours. *L'Allegro* is the cheerful man, the hedonist, the lover of life and all its pleasures; *Il Penseroso* is the melancholy man, pensive, brooding, solitary. To Milton's text, Jennens wrote a third part glorifying the eminently Georgian virtue of moderation; *Il Moderato* is the moderate man, following the dictates of Reason, avoiding all excess.

In spite of Jennens's efforts, the text remained undramatic, and it required a composer of Handel's genius to grasp its potential. Handel wrote no overture; Mark Morris uses two movements from the contemporaneous Concerto Grosso in G, Op. 6 No. 1. Thence we are plunged in the heart of the matter as *L'Allegro* inveighs against melancholy in a sombre *arioso*. A frivolous *ritornello* introduces *Il Penseroso*, who condemns vain, deluding joys. Curiously, each of the characters has begun by singing the other's music: an indication that in a sense they are one, being twin poles of a single mind. A dialogue ensues: *L'Allegro* is witty, carefree and bucolic by turns, and Handel's music is simple and melodious. The music of *Il Penseroso*, built upon a ground bass, is serious and almost obsessively repetitive. Handel makes vivid use of Milton's pastoral imagery.

Part II is constructed in larger sections than Part I. The scene shifts from countryside to populous cities alive with the busy hum of men. Milton's Melancholy is a Goddess sage and holy, and is shown to be superior to Mirth's superficial enjoyment of life. The urban pleasures espoused by *L'Allegro* – the court, the theatre, poetry and music – seem less real than the emotional depths of *Il Penseroso*. One of Handel's finest airs, "Hide me from day's garish eye", explores



the spectral world where reality and dreams, pleasure and pain, merge. In the exquisite duet, *As Steals the Morn*, the polarities of the mind sing as one, and the complex passions lurking behind the façade of rationality are unmistakably evoked.

Morris has re-ordered Jennens's work, omitting much of *Il Moderato*, with which Jennens sought to balance the two extremes of Mirth and Melancholy; his version ends with the chorus in delighted praise of *L'Allegro*.

L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato was first performed on February 27, 1740, during one of the coldest winters in memory. The Theatre Royal, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was "secur'd against the cold" for the five performances; the soloists were

singers whom Handel had largely trained himself – the English tenor Beard, the French soprano La Francescina, the German bass Rheinhold, and "the Boy". The work was generally received well, although Handel lost money on it. The third section came in for criticism; Charles Jennens recalled that the "wits at Tom's Coffee House honour'd it with the name Moderatissimo".

An anonymous poem in the *Gentleman's Magazine* best represents the reaction of appreciative listeners: "But Handel's harmony affects the soul, To soothe by sweetness, or by force control; And with like sounds as tune the rolling spheres, So tunes the mind, that ev'ry sense has ears."

George Frideric Handel (the anglicized form of his name that Handel himself used) was born in Halle, Germany, on February 23, 1685, and died in London, on April 14, 1759. He began studying music over the initial opposition of his father, a barber-surgeon. In 1702 he entered the university in Halle to read law and at the same time held the probationary post of organist at the Domkirche. The next year Handel left for Hamburg, where he played violin and oboe, and later harpsichord at the opera, and had the operas *Almira* and *Nero* produced. From 1706 to 1709, he travelled in Italy, visiting the principal cities and meeting the leading composers. In 1709 *Agrippina* was produced in Venice where Handel had made a great reputation as a harpsichordist. Other works composed in Italy include the oratorios *La Resurrezione* and *Il Trionfo del Tempo*. He was appointed *Kapellmeister* to the Elector of Hanover in 1710, but left almost immediately on a leave of absence for London, where *Rinaldo* was produced with great success the next year. He settled in London in 1712 and never returned to his post in Hanover. Between 1712 and 1715 he produced four operas, and in 1713 composed a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* to celebrate the Peace of Utrecht, receiving a life pension of £200 from Queen Anne. On her death in 1714 the Elector of Hanover succeeded to the throne as George I, and apparently took a lenient view of his former *Kapellmeister's* truancy, for Handel's pension was soon doubled. As musical director to the Earl of Carnarvon (later Duke of Chandos) 1717-20, Handel composed the *Chandos Anthems*, *Acis and Galatea* and the masque *Haman and Mordecai*.

Handel's most prolific period as an opera composer began with the founding of the Royal Academy of Music in 1720, ▶▶

Air

Mirth, admit me of thy crew!
To listen how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

IL PENSEROSO

Air

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
Hear the far-off Curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow, with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

Air

Far from all resort of Mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

L'ALLEGRO

Recitative

If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew!

Air

Let me wander, not unseen
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green:
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles over the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

IL MODERATO

Air

Each action will derive new grace
From order, measure, time and place;
Till Life the goodly structure rise
In due proportion to the skies.

L'ALLEGRO

Accompagnato

Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide
Tow'rs and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

Air

Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebeck sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checquer'd shade.

Chorus

And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
till the livelong daylight fail,
Thus past the day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.

PART THE SECOND

IL PENSEROSO

Accompagnato

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred
How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Oh! let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th'immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

Air

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what, though rare, of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

Recitative

Thus, Night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till unwelcome Morn appear.

L'ALLEGRO

Solo

Populous cities please me then,
And the busy hum of men.

Chorus

Populous cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons Bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
Populous cities: *Da Capo*

Air

There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

IL PENSEROSO

Accompagnato

Me, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves;
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look.

Air

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
Which at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consorts as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd
Softly on my eyelids laid.
Then as I wake, sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th'unseen genius of the wood.

L'ALLEGRO

Air

I'll to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on;

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

Air

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs;
Sooth me with immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

IL MODERATO

Duet

As steals the morn upon the night,
And melts the shades away:
So truth does Fancy's charm dissolve,
And rising reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

IL PENSEROSO

Recitative

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters' pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars' massy proof,
And story'd windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

Chorus

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voic'd choir below,
In service high and anthem clear!
And let their sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes!

Air

May at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that Heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

Solo

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

Chorus

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And we with thee will choose to live.

L'ALLEGRO

Air

Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have suite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

Air

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

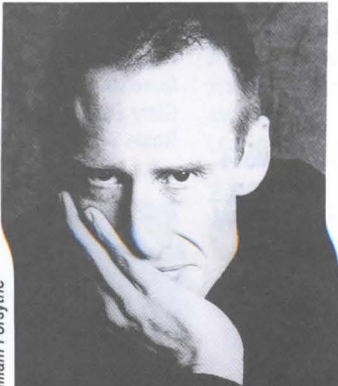
Chorus

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee we mean to live.

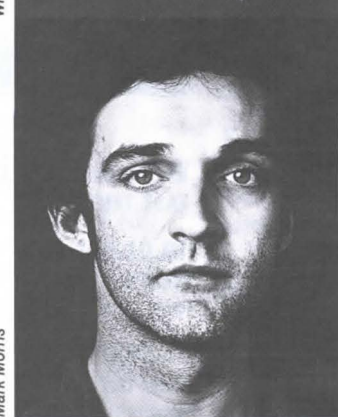
RADIO NATIONAL'S FESTIVAL FORUM

Festive argument every weekday noon at the Festival Centre.

The Festival's leading figures – artists, performers, writers and composers – discuss their work, the Festival program and matters of the day. Forum is chaired by ABC Radio National presenters and arts identities.



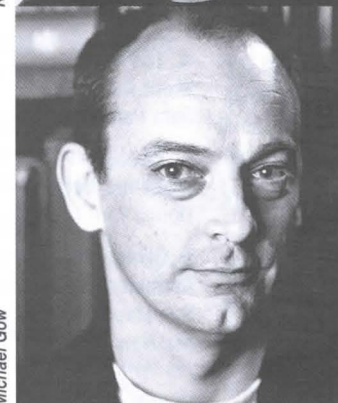
William Forsythe



Mark Morris



Neil Armfield



Michael Gow

MONDAY FEBRUARY 28

Local, national and international critics review the weekend's Festival events.
Chair: David Marr – Presenter, Arts Today, Radio National

TUESDAY MARCH 1

Two of the most influential and controversial creators of theatre today talk about their art.
William Forsythe – Artistic Director, Frankfurt Ballet (Germany)
Mark Morris – Mark Morris Dance Group (USA)
Chair: Christopher Hunt

WEDNESDAY MARCH 2

Leading Australian playwrights and directors discuss contemporary theatre.
Michael Gow, writer and director of *Furious* (Australia)
Luke Devenish, co-writer of *Disturbing the Dust* (Australia)
Katherine Thomson, playwright (Australia)
Neil Armfield, director of *A Cheery Soul* (Australia)
Chair: Julie Copeland, Arts National

THURSDAY MARCH 3

Rendra
Goenawan Mohamad
Stalker
Chair: Janne Ryan – Executive Producer (Arts), Arts Radio National

FRIDAY MARCH 4

Aboriginal, Asian and Euro-Australians working in the arts discuss what their national identities mean to their fields.
Phillip Batty, Tandanya National Aboriginal Cultural Institute
Doreen Mellor, Tandanya National Aboriginal Cultural Institute
William Yang, photographer, creator, performer of *Sadness* (Australia)
Chair: Lorena Allam – Presenter, AWAYE, Radio National

FESTIVAL CENTRE

PIANO BAR

February 28-March 4, March 7-11 at 12noon

FREE ADMISSION

MONDAY MARCH 7

A group of local, national and international critics review the weekend's Festival events.

TUESDAY MARCH 8

Women appearing at the Festival talk about whether it matters to distinguish gender in their fields and if so how.
Penny Arcade, *Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!* (USA)
Virginia Barratt, VNS Matrix (Australia)
Heather Shearer, Aboriginal dot painter (Australia)

WEDNESDAY MARCH 9

A varied and cosmopolitan group of Festival performers ponder the theatre of the future.
Teiji Furuhashi, Dumb Type (Japan)
Anthony Strachan, Chrome (Australia)
Teresa Crea, Doppio Teatro (Australia)
Rose English, *My Mathematics* (UK)
Chair: David Britton – Executive Producer (Drama), ABC Radio

THURSDAY MARCH 10

Perspectives on the heritage of Europe in relation to Asian/Pacific Musics.
Richard Mills (Australia)
Graham Koehne (Australia)
Cathie Travers (Australia)
Andrew Ford (Australia)

FRIDAY MARCH 11

"O Shakespeare. Thou are translated."
Shakespeare and other classics in other cultures.
Yasunari Takahashi, *The Braggart Samurai* (Japan)
Takeshi Kawamura, *Daisan Erotica, A Man Called Macbeth* (Japan)
Chair: Christopher Hunt

The venue for Radio National's 1994 Festival Forum is the Piano Bar, at the northern end of the Festival Theatre foyer in the Adelaide Festival Centre. Enjoy the spirited debate in an air-conditioned venue. Refreshments available.

For further details contact Cate Fowler, Festival Forum Co-ordinator, (08) 216 8664.



ADELAIDE FESTIVAL 1994

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Open Roof Production Co-ordinator

Wendy McPherson

Stage Managers

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Emma Baily
Len McPherson
Dan Jonsson

Marketing Intern

Erika Lambert

Adelaide Installations managed by

The Art Gallery of South Australia
Director: Ron Radford

Project Manager: Nat Williams

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Team Co-ordinator: Craig Andrae

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Theatre Supervisor Her Majesty's Theatre

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Technical Manager – Mechanists

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Technical Manager – Sound

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Production Department Assistant

Kristina Smith

Electrics Co-ordinator

Denise Lovick

Mechanist Co-ordinator

Rick Blackmore

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Michael McCabe

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Program Book 1994

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No refunds or exchanges on completed bookings.

The Adelaide Festival reserves the right to alter programs or artists without notice in case of unavoidable necessity.

The taking of photographs and the use of any video or audio device at any Festival performance are strictly forbidden and such device or devices must be surrendered upon demand to any authorised officer of the Adelaide Festival.

Patrons please deactivate watch alarms, pagers and portable telephones before entering a performance.

Latecomers will not be admitted until a suitable break in the performance.

In the interests of all patrons, babies and small children will not be admitted to indoor Festival performances.

Adelaide Festival of Arts Incorporated

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**SGIC is proud to be a sponsor of the
1994 Adelaide Festival.**



We'll see you through.

THE ADELAIDE FESTIVAL

An outline history

The biennial Adelaide Festival has been for 35 years Australia's foremost cultural event. It provides South Australia with its official state motto: The Festival State.

Held in Australia's balmy early autumn, the festival has celebrated not only the arts but the attributes of a charming compact city, its unusually good food, some of the best wine in the world, and a rare readiness to risk.

Its activities are focused on the Adelaide Festival Centre, a 20-year old purpose-built arts complex. Founded as a European-style music festival, the Adelaide Festival's history has reflected that origin. Australian content has always been strong. The festival has attracted Europe & America's foremost artists. A highly selective list of guests includes:

- (1960) PHILIPPE ENTREMONT, GIOCONDA DA VITO, DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET, JANACEK STRING QUARTET, SIR DONALD WOLFIT, EXHIB: TURNER PAINTINGS FROM THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON
- (1962) LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA WITH SIR MALCOLM SARGENT & JOHN PRITCHARD, YEHUDI MENUHIN, HEPHZIBAH MENUHIN, BHASKAR DANCES OF INDIA, EXHIB: AUSTRALIAN ART - COLONIAL TO CONTEMPORARY
- (1964) SIR WILLIAM WALTON, BLACK THEATRE OF PRAGUE, INGRID HAEBLER, HEATHER HARPER, DELLER CONSORT, EDDIE CONDON'S JAZZ ALL-STARS, AUSTRALIAN BALLET COMPANY, BAYANIHAN PHILIPPINE DANCE COMPANY, EXHIBS: THE QUEEN'S PICTURES (FROM HRH QUEEN ELIZABETH II); ARTHUR BOYD RETROSPECTIVE
- (1966) DAME JUDITH ANDERSON, SIR ROBERT HELPMANN, LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA WITH ISTVAN KERTESZ & COLIN DAVIS, LOUIS KENTNER, MODERN JAZZ QUARTET, PORGY AND BESS (NZ OPERA CO), KALAKSHETRA OF MADRAS, ANGUS WILSON & YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO (WRITERS' WEEK), EXHIB: LAWRENCE DAWS RETROSPECTIVE
- (1968) MAHLER 8TH SYMPHONY, ANNIE FISCHER, MARLENE DIETRICH, JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO, RITA STREICH, ACKER BILK, SALZBURG MARIONETTES, ANTHONY BURGESS (WRITERS' WEEK) EXHIBS: AUBUSSON TAPESTRIES & SICKERT
- (1970) BENJAMIN BRITTEN, PETER PEARS, ENGLISH OPERA GROUP, RUDOLPH NUREYEV, ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, WARSAW PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA WITH WITOLD ROWICKI, LARRY ADLER, ROYAL THAI BALLET, BALINESE DANCE COMPANY, EDNA O'BRIEN (WRITERS' WEEK), EXHIB: RECENT BRITISH PAINTING
- (1972) ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY, JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR (DIR: JIM SHARMAN), CLEO LAINE, ACADEMY OF ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS, CARLOS MONTOYA, CHARLIE BYRD TRIO, ALLEN GINSBERG (WRITERS' WEEK), EXHIB: PAUL GAUGUIN
- (1974) FIRES OF LONDON & PETER MAXWELL DAVIES, PAUL SACHER, HANS HOTTER, HUNGARIAN STATE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, ARTHUR FIEDLER, HEINZ HOLLIGER, B B KING, MARGARET ROADKNIGHT, "MR BROUCEK'S EXCURSIONS", MICHAEL FRAYN, NADINE GORDIMER & JOHN UPDIKE (WRITERS' WEEK), EXHIB: ART OF THE DREAMTIME
- (1976) JOHN CAGE, HANS WERNER HENZE, ATHOL FUGARD, MAX WALL, MERCE CUNNINGHAM, RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF SAARBRUECKEN, HERBIE MANN, BETTINA JONIC, REG LIVERMORE, "WOZZECK" (AUSTRALIAN OPERA, DIR: ELIJAH MOSHINSKY), SPIKE MILLIGAN, CHARLOTTE MOORMAN & NAM JUNE PAIK, FOLK THEATRE OF TIBET, JONATHAN MILLER, WOLE SOYINKA & TED HUGHES (WRITERS' WEEK), EXHIB: SCULPTURE OF THAILAND
- (1978) ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA WITH ZUBIN MEHTA, LES PERCUSSIONS DE STRASBOURG, SIR MICHAEL TIPPETT AND "MIDSUMMER MARRIAGE", PHILIPPE GENTY, STEVE BERKOFF, OSCAR PETERSON, SYDNEY STRING QUARTET, GHEORGHE ZAMFIR, LUCIA POPP, FRANS BRUGGEN, ROGER WOODWARD, SEYMOUR GROUP, ROBYN ARCHER, KABUKI, CRICOT 2 "DEAD CLASS", COLIN THIELE, GALWAY KINSELL & GAVIN EWART (WRITERS' WEEK), EXHIB: EL DORADO - COLOMBIAN GOLD
- (1980) PETER BROOK WITH CICT "CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS" "THE IK" "UBU", LA CLACA, GISELA MAY, CATHY BERBERIAN, MABOU MINES, ACTING COMPANY OF NEW YORK, ARIETTE TAYLOR "FILTHY CHILDREN", BALLET OF THE KOMISCHE OPERA BERLIN, "TWO FIDDLERS", FIRES OF LONDON, "DEATH IN VENICE" (SOSA, DIR: JIM SHARMAN), JAMES GALWAY, CHRISTOPHER HOGWOOD, NETHERLANDS WIND ENSEMBLE, CHICO FREEMAN, SKY, RICHARD STILGOE, EXHIB: THE BOYLE FAMILY & "FUTURESIGHT"
- (1982) PINA BAUSCH, ELIZABETH SODERSTROM, EKKEHARD SCHALL, KEITH JARRETT, CIRCUS OZ, "MAKROPOULOS CASE" (SOSA), GRIMETHORPE COLLIERY BRASS BAND, NUOVA COMPAGNIA DI CANTO POPOLARE, THE KONTARSKY BROTHERS, GEORGE MELLY, VLADIMIR ASHZENAZY WITH THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, EXHIB: EDWARD HOPPER
- (1984) ORKATER, MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND, "LADY MACBETH OF MTSSENSK" (SOSA), MOLISSA FENLEY, TENKEI GEKJO: "WATER STATION (MIZU-NO EKI)", SAN QUENTIN DRAMA WORKSHOP, MACUNAIMA, RAUN RAUN THEATRE, POLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA, PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA WITH VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY
- (1986) [SOUTH AUSTRALIAN 150 JUBILEE YEAR]: KAZUO OHNO, NEOERLANDS DANS THEATER, RUSTAVELI CO, WOOSTER GROUP, JAN FABRE, KECAK DANCE, BILLIE WHITELAW, SPALDING GRAY, THALIA THEATER, LAURIE ANDERSON, "VOSS" (AUSTRALIAN OPERA), OPERA FACTORY ZURICH, BOBBY MCFERRIN, MUSICA ANTIQUA KOELN, RICHARD STOLTZMAN, JOHN WILLIAMS, PHILIP GLASS ENSEMBLE, MARIO VARGAS LLOSA & CRAIG RAINE (WRITERS' WEEK), EXHIB: NEW GERMAN ART
- (1988) [AUSTRALIAN BICENTENNIAL YEAR]: CICT "MAHABHARATA", THÉÂTRE REPÈRE, SANKAI JUKU, PIERRE BOULEZ, NOH THEATRE, POLIVKA, EARTH PLAYERS OF JOHANNESBURG, FASCINATING AIDA, MOSCOW CIRCUS, TWYLA THARP DANCE, SPIRIT OF INDIA DANCE, DAME JOAN SUTHERLAND, CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA WITH SIR GEORGE SOLTÍ & MICHAEL TILSON THOMAS, DROTNINGHOLM BAROQUE ENSEMBLE, ROSTROPOVICH, ORCHESTRA OF THE 18TH CENTURY WIND-BAND, KATYA & MARIELLE LABEQUE, SYDNEY STRING QUARTET, SARAH VAUGHAN, WYNTON MARSALIS, KRDNOS
- (1990) GEORGIAN FILM ACTORS' STUDIO, ABBEY THEATRE, LYUBIMOV'S HAMLET, ARCHAOS, MAGUY MARIN, KATHAKALI, KRONOS, LYON OPERA BALLET, VIENNA SINGVEREIN, MELVYN TAN, SYNERGY, ALI AKBAR KHAN, STEVE REICH, JOE PASS, LEO KOTTKE, PACO PENA, STEPHANE GRAPPELLI, HELENE DELAVAUULT, KATE CEBERANO, ROBERT HUGHES (ARTISTS' WEEK), TONI MORRISON, JAMES FENTON & SALLY MORGAN (WRITERS' WEEK), EXHIB: 1ST ADELAIDE BIENNIAL OF AUSTRALIAN ART, THE ART OF FRIDA KAHLO
- (1992) KATONA JOSZEF THEATER, HENRYK GORECKI, SUBRAMANIAM, COMPAGNIE PRELJDCAJ, "NIXON IN CHINA" (SOSA), STEVEN BERKOFF'S "SALOME", DER KREIS, RAKUTENDAN "WOVEN HELL", CHEEK BY JOWL, SUZUKI "MACBETH", BOBBY BAKER, "SISTERGIRL", MERYL TANKARD, JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET, EVELYN GLENNIE, STEPHEN HOUGH, WOMADELAIDE, MAPAPA ACROBATS, NINA SIMONE, FLYING KARAMAZOV BROTHERS, ANDY GOLDSWORTHY, ANSELM KIEFER, ILOTOPIE

For the first three festivals its founder, Professor John Bishop, was Artistic Director, followed after his death by Sir Robert Helpmann (1968,1970) and Louis van Eyssen (1972). For some years after the opening of the Festival Centre in 1973 its then General Manager Anthony Steel also directed the Festival. Since the late 1970s there has normally been a different Artistic Director for each biennial festival. The 1980 Festival was directed by Christopher Hunt who was succeeded by Jim Sharman for 1982; Anthony Steel returned to take over mid-course from Elijah Moshinsky in 1984 and on his own again in 1986; he was followed by the Earl of Harewood (1988), Clifford Hocking (1990), and Rob Brookman (1992). The 1994 Festival is directed by Christopher Hunt. Artistic Director for 1996 will be Australian stage-director Barry Kosky.