SPECIAL THANKS:

Robert Ashens, Jim Bradford, and the rest of the Eugene Opera staff and crew for allowing the UO Opera ensemble to borrow set pieces for this show and helping make things easy for our two organizations to collaborate in these and other major ways. Please support the Eugene Opera and all local arts organizations to help perpetuate our rich local music scene.

The University of Oregon and its staff in the School of Music for their tireless assistance in making this production possible.

Anne Nykyforchyn Albert for helping schlep things.

The University of Oregon Theater Department for lending the use of props for our show.

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SCHOOL OF MUSIC COMING EVENTS

For more information on any of these events, or to be on the UO Music mailing list, call the music school’s Community Relations Office, weekdays, at 346-5678.

Wednesday, Nov. 17 • 8 p.m., Beall Hall
OREGON COMPOSERS FORUM
New music by UO composition students; Free

Friday, Nov. 19 • 8 p.m., Room 178 Music
THE JAZZ CAFE
UO Jazz Combos; $5, $3

Friday, Nov. 19 • 8 p.m., Beall Hall
CHENG-AN GINA CHI, violin
Doctoral Recital; Free

Saturday, Nov. 20 • 8 p.m., Room 198 Music
FUTURE MUSIC OREGON
UO Music Technology Program; $5, $3
New computer and intermedia compositions.

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105th Season, 22nd program
This scene at the beginning of the opera introduces the two central characters in the work, the wily servants Figaro and his fiancée Susanna. Figaro is measuring a room by pacing off the dimensions; this room will serve as the happy couple’s “private” apartment next to the chambers of the Count and the Countess. Unfortunately, the Count (Figaro’s master) has unwholesome desires for Susanna and has hopes of having his way with Susanna on her wedding night, in keeping with the traditional droit du seigneur, or “right of the master,” even though the Count legally abolished this tradition before his wedding to his wife, Rosina. This scene shows how Figaro and Susanna lay plots for the eventual undermining of the Count’s goals.

Now we have the introduction of several other characters in the plot: the pubescent nobleman Cherubino (a “pants role” for Mezzo-soprano), the lecherous Count Almaviva, and the foppish gossip-monger/music teacher Basilio. Cherubino’s introductory aria passionately explains his desire to be around women; the ensuing recitative and trio show the personalities of the lustful, yet jealous Count and the unctuous Basilio who only wants to spread vicious gossip.

The audience hears a rousing chorus of men from outside the tavern, singing the praises of the Toreador, Escamillo. Soon, the cavalcade of fans bursts into the tavern followed soon by the bullfighter himself, who sings about his adventures in the arena while toasting his admirers:

Gentlemen, I return your toast, for bullfighters can agree with you soldiers: we fight for pleasure! The arena is full; it’s a festival! The arena is full from rafters to floor. The spectators, losing their heads, heckle each other mercilessly! Insults, screams, and commotion pushed to the point of frenzy! It’s the celebration of courage, the celebration of people of spirit! Let’s go, on guard, let’s go! Ah!

Toreador, on guard! And think well, think well while fighting that a dark eye is watching you and that love awaits you! Toreador, love awaits you!

All of a sudden, the people are silent. Ah, what is happening? No more screaming, this is the moment! The bull rears, bounding out of the pen! He rears, he enters, he strikes! A horse rolls over, dragging along a picador. “Ah, well done, bull,” roars the crowd! The bull comes, and comes, and strikes again! Shaking his banderillas, full of rage he runs! The arena is soaked with blood! People are running away; they’re jumping over the railings! It’s your turn now… let’s go! Ah!

Toreador, on guard! And think well, think well while fighting that a dark eye is watching you and that love awaits you! Toreador, love awaits you!

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stein is not aware that the woman with whom he is flirting is his own wife, Rosalinda! Rosalinda decides to take matters (and Gabriel’s watch) into her own hands. This scene is presented in anticipation of Eugene Opera’s upcoming production of Die Fledermaus on December 31 and January 2.

From *Albert Herring*  
Benjamin Britten  
*(1913-1976)*

**Act II introduction**

Sid: Gene Chin  
Albert: Michael Sarnoff-Wood  
Nancy: Jill Windes

Albert Herring is a story about a sheltered, quiet young man who is nominated “May King” by the governing board of the town of Loxford, since not one young girl in the town is virtuous enough to be nominated “May Queen”. This scene, where the audience first meets Albert, also introduces Sid and Nancy, a young couple first exploring a budding romance. Sid, a friend of Albert, makes a special attempt to introduce Albert to the pleasures of life, such as drinking, hunting, gambling, and, especially, courting a girl. Albert is resistant to such things, since his “Mum” has shackled him with the obsessive need for keeping “clean in thought and deed.”

From *La Bohème*  
Giacomo Puccini  
*(1858-1924)*

**Act III Aria and Quartet**

Mimi: Jennifer Quinnelly  
Rodolfo: Dave Gustafson  
Musetta: Hallie Silverston  
Marcello: H. J. Kim

Mimi and Rodolfo are at the close of a long argument outside an Inn where Rodolfo is staying with his friend Marcello. Mimi, cold and suffering from exhaustion and tuberculosis, sings “Donde lieta,” her final goodbye to Rodolfo:

From the place she left, happy with your love, Mimi returns alone to her solitary nest. She goes once again to make solitary flowers! Farewell, without regrets. Wait... Gather together the few things that I left scattered around. In my locked chest are my gold ring and prayer book. Wrap them up and I will have the porter come get them... Careful... under the pillow is the pink bonnet you gave me. If you want it, if you want it, keep it in remembrance of our love! Farewell, without regrets.

Rodolfo responds sadly and recalls their good times together, while Mimí recalls the arguing and jealousy:
Rod: So it’s really over. You’re leaving my little one? Goodbye to our dreams of love.
Mimi: Goodbye to our sweet awakenings.
R: Goodbye life in a dream… That one smile of yours could dispel.
M: Goodbye suspicions… poignant bitterness…
R: …kisses… that, like a true poet, I rhyme with caresses.
Both: To be alone in winter is death. But when spring comes, the sun is our companion.
M: Nobody’s alone in April.
R: One can speak with the roses and lilies.
M: Birds twitter softly in their nests
Both: With the coming of spring, the sun is our companion! The fountains whisper, the evening breeze heals the pain of human creatures… Shall we wait until spring comes again?
M: I’m yours always…all my life. I wish that winter would last forever.
Both: We’ll part when the flowers begin to bloom.

Meanwhile, from within the Inn, an explosive argument between Marcello and Musetta makes its way out onto the street; apparently Marcello caught Musetta flirting with another man again:
Marcello: What were you doing and saying by the fire with that man?
Musetta: What do you mean?
Marc: When I came in, you blushed suddenly.
Mus: The man was asking me...” Do you like dancing, Miss?”
Marc: Vain, frivolous flirt!
Mus: I blushed and answered, “I could dance day and night!”
Marc: This conversation reveals your dishonesty.
Mus: I want complete freedom!
Marc: I’ll teach you a thing or two... if I catch you flirting again!
Mus: What are you saying? We aren’t married, after all!
Marc: Keep in mind that I will not be cuckolded!
Mus: I detest those lovers that act like… ha, ha, ha!... HUSBANDS!
Marc: I won’t be laughed at by some young upstart! Vain, frivolous flirt! Oh, so you’re leaving? I thank you… I can be a rich man then.
Mus: I’ll flirt with whoever I please! You don’t like it? Musetta goes her way.
Both: Goodbye, then.
Mus: I bid you farewell, sir, with pleasure!
Marc: I’m your servant, and I’m off!
Mus: House painter!
Marc: Viper!
Mus: Toad!
Marc: Witch!

INTERMISSION

From La Bohème Giacomo Puccini
Act IV Duet, “O Mimí, tu piú non torni” Marcello: Gene Chin Rodolfo: Dave Gaustafson
Marcello the painter and Rodolpho the poet are working and chatting in their small Paris apartment and thinking about their lost loves:
Marcello: In a coach?
Rodolfo: With footmen and horses. She greeted me, laughing.
“So, Musetta,” I said, “How’s your heart?” “It doesn’t beat, at least I don’t feel it. Thanks to the velvet that covers it.”
Marc: I’m glad.
Rod: (Faker, go on! You’re laughing and fretting inside.)
Marc: Not boasting? Good. I also saw...
Rod: Musetta?
Marc: Mimí.
Rod: You saw her? Really?
Marc: She was in a carriage, dressed like a queen.
Rod: Fine. I’m delighted.
Marc: (The liar! Love is consuming him.)
Both: Let’s work.
Rod: This pen is terrible!
Marc: This brush is terrible!
Rod: (O Mimí, you won’t return! O lovely days! Those tiny hands, that sweet-smelling hair, that snow-white neck! Ah! Mimí, my short-lived youth!)
Marc: (I don’t understand how my brush works and mixes colors to spite me. Whether I want to paint the earth or the sky, spring or winter, the brush outlines two dark eyes and inviting lips, and Musetta’s face comes out…)
Rod: (And you, little pink bonnet that she hid under her pillow before she left, you know all of our joy. Come to my heart, my heart that’s dead with our dead love.)
Marc: (Her face comes forward then, so lovely and so false. Meanwhile, Musetta is happy and my vile heart calls for her and waits for her.)