

Upcoming Concerts
Center for New Music & Composer Workshop

all concerts held in Clapp Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m.

Sunday, February 25, 1996

Composers Workshop Concert

Monday, March 25, 1996

guest artist Jane Carl, clarinet
featuring the music of C. IVES, L. BASSETT,
E. LADERMANN & Esa-Pekka SALONEN

Sunday, March 31, 1996

guest artist Craig Johnson, piano
featuring the music of
D. VAYO, H. EISLER, E. AUSTIN,
E. BERGMAN, W. ROSSI, & R. CARL

Wednesday, April 10, 1996

Composers Workshop Concert

Sunday, April 14, 1996

featuring contemporary chamber music, including Schnittke's *Cello Sonata*,
with Charles Wendt and Uriel Tsachor

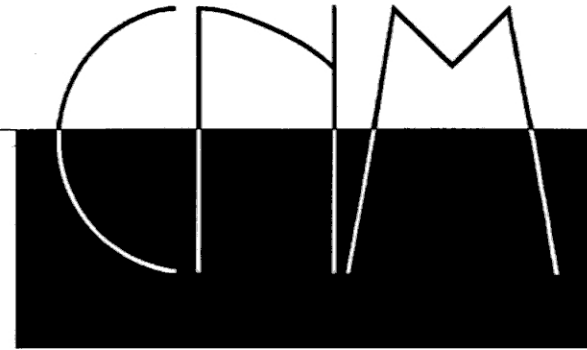
Sunday, April 28, 1996

presenting the MINNESOTA CONTEMPORARY ENSEMBLE

Duane Schultis, director

works by P. SISKIND, G. LIGETI (*Piano Etudes*), P. SCHAEFFER,
P. OLIVEROS, T. MUSGRAVE & S. REICH (*Octet*)

Many thanks to Katherine Eberle, who suggested tonight's performance of Britten's *Phaedra*.
Also, a rousing Happy Birthday (on Valentine's Day) to Gertrud Champe, a staunch supporter of
the Center since its inception.



center for new music

David K. Gompper, *director*

**29th Season
Concert III**

Sunday, February 11, 1996

Clapp Recital Hall

8:00 p.m.

Center for New Music

program

Phaedra, op. 93

Benjamin BRITTEN

Katherine Eberle* - *mezzo-soprano*

D. Martin Jenni* - *harpsichord*

Lee Ferguson - *timpani*

James Romig, Joseph Rebik - *percussion*

Andrew Carlson, Spencer Howard, Sarah Young, Quentin Arnold - *violin I*

Miki Yuasa, Robert Hofer, Karen Roberts - *violin II*

Deborah Dakin, Rachel McGuire, David Heard - *viola*

Emily Gosma, Hsien-Liang Lien, Noriko Kataoka - *violoncello*

Anthony "Owen" Stoops, Dennis Christians - *double bass*

David K. Gompper* - *conductor*

a brief pause

Hommage à A. Goyarrola

John D. WHITE

David Greenhoe* - *trumpet*

Delbert Disselhorst* - *organ*

Michael Geary - *percussion*

John D. White - *piano*

David K. Gompper* - *conductor*

*=faculty

This program is #159 in a series 1995-96, The University of Iowa, School of Music

PHAEDRA

PROLOGUE

In May,
in brilliant Athens, on my marriage day,
I turned aside for shelter from the smile
of Theseus. Death was frowning in an aisle—
Hippolytus! I saw his face, turned white!

RECITATIVE

My lost and dazzled eyes saw only night,
capricious burnings flickered through my bleak
abandoned flesh. I could not breathe or speak.
I faced my flaming executioner,
Aphrodite, my mother's murderer!
I tried to calm her wrath by flowers and praise,
I built her a temple, fretted months and days
on decoration.

Alas, my hungry open mouth,
thirsting with adoration, tasted drouth—
Venus resigned her altar to my new lord.

PRESTO (to Hippolytus)

You monster! You understood me too well!
Why do you hang there, speechless, petrified,
polite! My mind whirls. What have I to hide?
Phaedra in all her madness stands before you.
I love you! Fool, I love you, I adore you!
Do not imagine that my mind approved
my first defection, Prince, or that I loved
your youth light-heartedly, and fed my treason
with cowardly compliance, till I lost my reason.
Alas, my violence to resist you made
my face inhuman, hateful. I was afraid
to kiss my husband lest I love his son.
I made you fear me (this was easily done);
you loathed me more, I ached for you no less.
Misfortune magnified your loveliness.
The wife of Theseus loves Hippolytus!
See, Prince! Look, this monster, ravenous
for her execution, will not flinch.
I want your sword's spasmodic final inch.

RECITATIVE (to Oenone)

Oh Gods of wrath,
how far I've travelled on my dangerous path!
I go to meet my husband; at his side
will stand Hippolytus. How shall I hide
my thick adulterous passion for this youth,
who has rejected me, and knows the truth?
Will he not draw his sword and strike me dead?
Suppose he spares me? What if nothing's said?
Can I kiss Theseus with dissembled poise?
The very dust rises to disabuse
my husband—to defame me and accuse!
Oenone, I want to die. Death will give
me freedom; oh it's nothing not to live;
death to the unhappy's no catastrophe!

ADAGIO (to Theseus)

My time's too short, your highness. It was I,
who lusted for your son with my hot eye.
The flames of Aphrodite maddened me.
Then Oenone's tears,
troubled my mind; she played upon my fears,
until her pleading forced me to declare
I loved your son.
Theseus, I stand before you to absolve
your noble son. Sire, only this resolve
upheld me, and made me throw down my knife.
I've chosen a slower way to end my life—
Medea's poison; chills already dart
along my boiling veins and squeeze my heart.
A cold composure I have never known
gives me a moment's poise. I stand alone
and seem to see my outraged husband fade
and waver into death's dissolving shade.
My eyes at last give up their light, and see
the day they've soiled resume its purity.

from the verse translation of Racine's 'Phèdre' by Robert Lowell