**SELECTED PROGRAM NOTES**

*Pity Paid* (2004) ... Jeffrey Stadelman ...

Work on this little one-movement violin concerto began in June of 2002, but was suspended for other projects almost immediately. After several abortive attempts to pick up the thread, I finally returned to my sketches around New Year's 2004, and drew the double bar with great relief in early March.

The title was taken from Christian Bök's "sonic translation," into English, of the poem "Voyelles" by Arthur Rimbaud.

The concerto was written for Movses Pogossian and the Slee Sinfonietta. In addition to the marvelous soloist, Movses, I thank all those who helped me bring this project to completion, including Magnus Mårtensson, David Felder, Stephen Manes, Chris Jacobs, Jim Gardner, and Phil Rehard. And especially my family.

— Jeffrey Stadelman

*Danses sacrée et profane* ... Claude Debussy ...

(Born August 22, 1862, in St. Germain-en-Laye; died March 25, 1918, in Paris)

Debussy was the creator and leading exponent of French musical impressionism. He began the study of piano at the age of nine, entering the Paris Conservatory to study piano with Marmontel and composition with Ernest Guiraud. From 1887 on he confined his activity to composition, rarely performing the piano in public. Although he associated very little with musicians, he met the leading impressionist poets and painters frequently at gatherings at the home of the poet, Stéphane Mallarmé. Their influence is apparent in Debussy's first important orchestral work, Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun, inspired by Mallarmé's poem called The Afternoon of a Faun. This work laid the foundation for the style of impressionist music and initiated Debussy's most productive period, which lasted nearly twenty years and saw the composition of his orchestral suites, an opera, Pelléas et Mélisande, and most of his piano music.

Debussy's style was one of the most important influences on the evolution of early 20th-century music. Even as a student he refused to yield to the rules of traditional music theory. Later he stated, "There is no theory. You have only to listen. Please is the law." Preferring understated effects, he rejected the overloud forms and the harmonic style of the post-Wagnerians, such as Mahler and Bruckner. He wanted his music to sound almost improvisatory, as though it had not been written down.

Gustave Lyon, the director of Pleyel, the firm which had recently developed a new type of chromatic harp with strings arranged in two rows, one corresponding to the natural keys of the piano and one to the chromatic keys, commissioned *Danses sacrée et danse profane* in 1904. The harps used until then had been double-action harps. To sound the chromatic notes on these, the use of pedals was necessary. Debussy created this two-part work for chromatic harp and string orchestra. The Brussels Conservatory used it as a test piece even before it received its premiere at the Concerts Colonne in Paris. Debussy's composition had the effect of spurring other composers to write for this newly improved instrument. Ravel wrote an *Introduction and Allegro* and a less well-known composer, Florent Schmitt, wrote an *Andante and Scherzo*.

The composition grew from Debussy's own idea of classical Greek dance (actually, little or nothing of Greek music is either extant or understood) and is noble in tone. Very poetic, it is a brief work and the only work Debussy ever wrote for a chamber orchestra. The two dances are different from each other in tempo as well as in their harmonic coloration. Chords in parallel movement distinguish the first, *Danses sacrée*, while the second, *Danse profane* is replete with dissonance and cascading arpeggios.

— Susan Halpern
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
Le lit de feuilles est préparé;
Et des herbes odoriférantes;
Elle vient. J’ai reconnu la respiration précipitée
Qui l’enveloppe: c’est elle,
Et devenez nos frères.

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
Tu reviendras ce soir,
Le chant plait à mon âme.

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
Dans des bouches d’airain;
Les blâmes promirent, et cependant
Ils parlèrent enfin d’obéissance
Elle vient. J’ai reconnu la respiration précipitée

Aoua! Aoua!
Et nous vivons libre.

Aoua! Aoua!
Il est digne de tes charmes,
Les blâmes promirent, et cependant
Ils furent tous exterminés.

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
Elle vient. J’ai reconnu la respiration précipitée
Que ton regard est enchanteur!

Aoua! Aoua!
Il est digne de tes charmes,
Et d’herbes odoriférantes;
Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans,
Méfiez-vous des blancs!

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men!

Chansons Madecasses

I.
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
L’oiseau nocturne a commencé ses cris,
La pleine lune brille sur ma tête,
Et la rosée naissante humecte mes cheveux.
Voici l’heure: qui peut t’arrêter,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove?

Le lit de feuilles est préparé;
Je t’ai paré de fleurs
de fleurs et d’herbes odoriférantes;
it est digne de tes charmes,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Elle vient. J’ai reconnu la respiration précipitée
Que ton regard est enchanteur!

Aoua! Aoua!
Et nous vivons libre.

Aoua! Aoua!
Il est digne de tes charmes,
Et d’herbes odoriférantes;
Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans,
Méfiez-vous des blancs!

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men!

II.

Aoua! Aoua!
Méfiez-vous des blancs,
habitants du rivage.
Du temps de nos pères,
les blancs descendent en cette île.

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men,
dwellers on the shore.
In our fathers’ time
white men descended upon this island.
One of them said: Here is land,
let your wives cultivate it;
be just, be good,
and become our brothers.

Le chant plait à mon âme.
La danse est pour moi presque aussi douce
qu’un baiser. Que vos pas soient lents,
qu’ils imitent les attitudes du plaisir
et l’abandon de la volupté.

Le chant plait à mon âme.
La danse est pour moi presque aussi douce
qu’un baiser. Que vos pas soient lents,
qu’ils imitent les attitudes du plaisir
et l’abandon de la volupté.

Le vent du soir se lève;
La lune commence à briller
au travers des arbres de la montagne.
Allez, et préparez le repas.

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men,
dwellers on the shore.
In our fathers’ time
white men descended upon this island.
One of them said: Here is land,
let your wives cultivate it;
be just, be good,
and become our brothers.

The white men promised, and meanwhile
they were building entrenchments.
A menacing fort arose;
thunder was enclosed
in bronze mouths.
Their priests wanted to give us a god
we do not know;
finally, they spoke of obedience
and of slavery;
rather – death!
The carnage was long and terrible,
yet for all the lightning bolts they spat forth,
which destroyed entire armies,
they were utterly exterminated.

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men!

III.
Il est doux de se coucher, durant la chaleur,
sous un arbre touffu, et d’attendre
que le vent du soir amène la fraîcheur.

It is good to lie down in the heat of the day,
der under a leafy tree, and to wait
until the evening wind brings freshness.

Femmes, approchez.
Tandis que je me repose ici
sous un arbre touffu, occupez mon oreille
par vos accens prolongés.

Women, approach.
While I rest here
under a leafy tree, delight my ear
with your soothing voices.
Repeat the song of the young girl
while she braids her hair
or, while sitting by the rice patch,
she chases the greedy birds away.

The song is pleasing to my spirit.
Dancing for me is almost as sweet
as a kiss. Step slowly,
imitate the poses of pleasure
and the surrender to voluptuous bliss.

Le vent du soir se lève;
La lune commence à briller
au travers des arbres de la montagne.
Go, and prepare the meal.

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men,
dwellers on the shore.
In our fathers’ time
white men descended upon this island.
One of them said: Here is land,
let your wives cultivate it;
be just, be good,
and become our brothers.

The white men promised, and meanwhile
they were building entrenchments.
A menacing fort arose;
thunder was enclosed
in bronze mouths.
Their priests wanted to give us a god
we do not know;
finally, they spoke of obedience
and of slavery;
rather – death!
The carnage was long and terrible,
yet for all the lightning bolts they spat forth,
which destroyed entire armies,
they were utterly exterminated.

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men!

IV.

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men,
dwellers on the shore.
In our fathers’ time
white men descended upon this island.
One of them said: Here is land,
let your wives cultivate it;
be just, be good,
and become our brothers.

The white men promised, and meanwhile
they were building entrenchments.
A menacing fort arose;
thunder was enclosed
in bronze mouths.
Their priests wanted to give us a god
we do not know;
finally, they spoke of obedience
and of slavery;
rather – death!
The carnage was long and terrible,
yet for all the lightning bolts they spat forth,
which destroyed entire armies,
they were utterly exterminated.

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men!

Chansons Madecasses

Evariste Parny

Program Text

Aoua! Aoua!
Méfiez-vous des blancs,
habitants du rivage.
Du temps de nos pères,
les blancs descendent dans cette île.

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men,
dwellers on the shore.
In our fathers’ time
white men descended upon this island.
One of them said: Here is land,
let your wives cultivate it;
be just, be good,
and become our brothers.

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men,
dwellers on the shore.
In our fathers’ time
white men descended upon this island.
One of them said: Here is land,
let your wives cultivate it;
be just, be good,
and become our brothers.

Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men,
dwellers on the shore.
In our fathers’ time
white men descended upon this island.
One of them said: Here is land,
let your wives cultivate it;
be just, be good,
and become our brothers.