



du Maurier Arts Ltd.

V A N C O U V E R



presents

**LEIF OVE
ANDSNES**

• PIANO •

Sunday
February 21, 1993

**BARBARA
HENDRICKS**

• SOPRANO •

**STAFFAN
SCHEJA**

• PIANO •

Sunday
March 28, 1993

VANCOUVER PLAYHOUSE



season

1992 • 1993



The Incomparable

Jessye Norman

Back! By Popular Demand

May 25, 1993 One Night Only

8 pm at the Orpheum Theatre

A Certain Sell-Out!

Presented by



Tel 736-6034



Tel 683-0222

Tickets on Sale Now!

At all Ticketmaster Outlets or call 280-3311

M E E T T H E A R T I S T

Leif Ove Andsnes

Born in 1970, pianist Leif Ove Andsnes made his critically acclaimed North American orchestral debut in 1990 with the Cleveland Orchestra at the Blossom Festival under the baton of Neeme Jarvi. Subsequent appearances in the U.S. include the Los Angeles Philharmonic at the Hollywood Bowl and recitals at the Kennedy Center and Ravinia. During the 1992-93 season, he will make his debuts with the San Francisco, Atlanta, and Detroit symphonies, the Minnesota Orchestra, and his New York recital debut at the 92nd Street "Y".

Already acknowledged in Europe as one of today's most exciting young pianists, Mr. Andsnes regularly appears with the leading orchestras, including the Berlin Philharmonic, the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, the Philharmonia Orchestra in London, the Oslo Philharmonic, Frankfurt Radio Orchestra, and the Bergen Philharmonic, with which he will tour Japan. In August 1992, Andsnes made his debut at the Proms in London with the BBC Philharmonic. His schedule also includes recitals in the major cities of London, Paris, Prague and Copenhagen.

An exclusive Virgin recording artist, Mr. Andsnes's current and upcoming releases include the Grieg and Liszt A-Major concertos with the Bergen Philharmonic/Kitaenko, the Britten Concerto, the Chopin Sonatas, and an all-Janacek recording for which he was awarded the prestigious Deutschen Schallplattenkritik Prize.

Leif Ove Andsnes began playing the piano at the age of five and in 1986, entered the Bergen Music Conservatory where he studied with Jiri Hlinka. He has received numerous awards including the Norwegian Music Critic's Prize in 1988, the Grieg Prize in 1990 and, most recently, the prestigious Dorothy B. Chandler Performing Arts Award whose recipients have prominently and significantly demonstrated their potential for being in the forefront of the next generation's creative vanguard.

The Vancouver Recital Society is pleased to present the Canadian debut of Leif Ove Andsnes in tonight's recital.

Mr. Andsnes appears by arrangement with IMG Artists, 22 East 71st St., New York, New York, 10021. Mr. Andsnes records for Virgin Classics.

PROGRAMME

**Sonata in F minor,
Op.2, No.1**

**Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)**

*Allegro
Adagio
Minuetto - Allegretto
Prestissimo*

In the Mists

**Leos Janáček
(1854-1928)**

*Andante
Molto adagio
Andantino
Presto*

**Lyric Pieces,
Op. 43**

**Edvard Grieg
(1843-1907)**

*No. 1 Butterfly
No. 2 Lonely Wanderer
No. 6 To the Spring*

**Sonata in E minor,
Op. 7**

Grieg

*Allegro moderato
Andante molto
Alla minuetto, ma poco piu lento
Finale. Molto Allegro*

**Mephisto-Waltz,
No.1**

**Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)**

INTERMISSION



Tonight's performance is being recorded for broadcast at a later date
on CBC Stereo's "Arts National" (105.7 FM).

PROGRAMME NOTES

Beethoven's first published sonata of 1795 marks what sonata authority W.S. Newman understatedly called "a remarkably fine start" to his career as the piano sonata composer of piano sonata composers. It seems that the work was calculated as a forceful debut vehicle, containing effective passages lifted wholesale from an earlier work written when the composer was fifteen.

While Grieg was caught between the conservative and nationalistic brands of late 19th century romanticism, his near contemporary, Leos Janáček, was not. Like Grieg, Janáček grew from the nationalist romantic tradition, but the fierce originality of his work, especially that of his later years, is in considerable distinction to the increasingly tame output of the developing Grieg. *In the Mists* is a set of four remarkable piano pieces, composed, according to Janáček's biographer Jaroslav Vogel, "without a single moment of cheerful respite – [they are] one long struggle between resignation and newly felt pain, pain which gains the upper hand at the end. In my opinion the title should be interpreted as meaning not so much memories of childhood or impressions of nature, but as the expression of Janáček's mental state at the time, in view of the petty indifference shown by the world at large to his work."

The first of two Grieg works on this evening's recital are the *Lyric Pieces* Op.43 composed in 1886. "Lyric Pieces" amount to

a favourite generic classification of Grieg; this set of six are entirely typical – small scale miniatures with simple formal plans, filled with quaint character and detail.

Grieg's *Sonata* op.7 was written at a crucial moment in his early life and combines elements from his crippling conservative training (at the Leipzig Conservatory), stylistic and formal borrowings from his mentor, the Danish composer Niels Gade, and glimmerings of his just-kindled interest in distinctly Norwegian folk traditions. While it is considered something of a "problem" work in his catalogue (especially the difficult and extended finale), it sheds rather more light on aspects of the composer and his development than endless repetitions of the *Piano Concerto* and *Peer Gynt* suites.

Neither indifference nor neglect have ever been the fate of Liszt's own piano transcription of his orchestral *Tanz in der Dorfschenke* from the *Two Episodes* from Lenau's *Faust* of 1869 – known forever more as the *Mephisto Waltz* No. 1. In Liszt authority Humphrey Searle's opinion, its popularity is entirely justified; beyond its proto-Scriabin harmonies, it is a "brilliant dramatic piece which rightly deserves its place in the repertoire."

— Programme notes by David Gordon Duke.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The following government agencies
have made a major contribution to the Vancouver Recital Society during the past year
and we would like to acknowledge them with thanks:

The Government of Canada through the Department of Communications,
the Challenge '92 Program, and Employment and Immigration Canada;
The Government of British Columbia through the Ministry of Tourism and Ministry Responsible for Culture;
The City of Vancouver.

We gratefully acknowledge the financial support
of the Vancouver Foundation, the Leon and Thea Koerner Foundation, the Hamber Foundation,
the Z95.3 FM Young Artists and Audience Fund, the British Council, the Istituto Italiano di Cultura,
and the Cherniavsky Junior Club for the Performing Arts.

The Vancouver Recital Society is most grateful for the generous assistance of its honorary auditors,
Collins Barrow.

The Vancouver Recital Society would like to thank Tom Lee Music for providing its Steinway piano.

Barbara Hendricks

Born in Stephens, Arkansas, Barbara Hendricks received her musical training and her Bachelor of Music degree at the Juilliard School of Music in New York where she studied with mezzo-soprano Jennie Tourel. Earlier, she had completed her studies at the University of Nebraska where she received at the age of 20 the degree of Bachelor of Science in Mathematics and Chemistry.

Barbara Hendricks made her operatic debut with the San Francisco Opera in *L'incoronazione di Poppea* in 1976 and appeared thereafter with the opera companies of Boston, Santa Fe, Glyndebourne, Amsterdam, Berlin, Vienna, Hamburg, and Munich. In the new 1978 Berlin production under the baton of Daniel Barenboim, she scored a personal triumph as Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Miss Hendricks made her Paris Opera debut in 1982 as Juliette in *Roméo and Juliette* (followed by Nanetta in *Falstaff* and Mélisande in *Pelléas et Mélisande*). She also participated that year in the much publicized co-production of *Falstaff* conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini in Los Angeles, London, and Florence. In 1986 she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera as Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier* and in 1987 made her opera debut at La Scala as Susanna in *Figaro* conducted by Riccardo Muti. In 1988 the film of *La Bohème* by the Italian film director Luigi Comencini with Miss Hendricks as Mimi was released.

Critically acclaimed as one of the leading recitalists of her generation, Barbara Hendricks has appeared at every major music centre in Europe, Japan, North America and has toured extensively in the Soviet Union. Among the pianists with whom she has collaborated are Dmitri Alexeev, Michel Beroff, Youri Egorov, Radu Lupu, Maria-João Pires, Staffan Scheja, András Schiff, and Peter Serkin. She regularly organizes and performs chamber music concerts with friends who also share her passion for this genre.

On the concert platform, Miss Hendricks has performed with most of the leading orchestras and conductors of our time and on her over 50 recordings she has collaborated with such eminent conductors as Barenboim, Bernstein, Davis, Dorati, Guilini, Karajan, Maazel, Marriner, Mehta, and Solti.

Barbara Hendricks works actively with UNHCR and UNESCO as their Ambassador for Human Rights and has as such received numerous awards for her humanitarian work including a "Doctorat Honoris Causa" from the University of Louvain in Belgium (1990). Further, she was, in 1986, given the honour of "Commandeur des Arts et des Lettres" by the French Government, and in 1988 Nebraska Wesleyan University honoured her with the title "Doctor of Music." In May 1992 she was awarded the rank of "Chevalier dans l'Ordre de la Légion d'Honneur" by the French Government.

Miss Hendricks recently performed at the Inaugural Gala preceding President Clinton's Inauguration – the only classical artist to be included in that concert. Forthcoming highlights of this season include singing the role of Antonia in the Lyon Opera production of *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, and recitals in Salzburg, Cologne, Milan, and at the Hohenems Festival.

This evening's performance marks Miss Hendrick's debut in Vancouver.

Miss Hendricks records for Angel/EMI, CBS/Sony Classical, Decca, Deutsche Grammophone, Phillips and Telarc.

Miss Hendricks appears by arrangement with IMG Artists, 22 East 71st St., New York, New York 10021.

Staffan Scheja

The young Swedish virtuoso, winner of the celebrated Busoni Competition, made his orchestral debut at the age of twelve, playing with the Stockholm Philharmonic and the Swedish Broadcasting Corporation Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Herbert Blomstedt. Mr. Scheja studied at the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm, from which he won a Gold Medal, and at the Juilliard School of Music.

Staffan Scheja has been a featured soloist with such major symphony orchestras as: Munich Philharmonic; English Chamber Orchestra; French Radio Symphony Orchestra; Oslo Philharmonic; Philharmonia Hungarica; Prague Chamber Orchestra; Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra; Stockholm Philharmonic; and the Liverpool Philharmonic. In the fall of 1987, Mr. Scheja played at the inaugural concert with the NHK Symphony in Tokyo for the opening of its 4500-seat hall.

A frequent collaborator with soprano Barbara Hendricks, he has performed with her at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, and together they have toured throughout Europe and Japan. They were also guest artists at The White House in a special concert honouring Vaclav Havel.

Staffan Scheja's 1992-93 season will be highlighted by performances in Los Angeles, Fort Worth, Dallas, San Francisco, Ireland, Finland, Spain, Hong Kong, Taipei, Oslo and Honolulu.

Mr. Scheja has made extensive recordings for the radio, television and the gramophone. One of the recordings, "Europa", a successful exploration of cross-over music in collaboration with flutist Bjorn Jason Lindh, won the 1985 Swedish Gramophone Prize, the equivalent of the American Grammy. This record was released in the United States as the first recording in Mr. Scheja's contract with CBS Masterworks, followed recently by "Spirits of Europa", and "Europa Opus III". With his own company, LCM, Staffan Scheja has produced and released recordings of Ravel's *Gaspard de la Nuit* and *Miroirs* which are being distributed in the United States by CBS.

Presently, Mr. Scheja is the Artistic Director of the Gotland Chamber Music Festival in Sweden.

By arrangement with Janina K. Burns Associates. 250 W. 57th St. Suite 1627, New York, New York. 10107.

PROGRAMME

The artists kindly ask the audience not to applaud between individual songs but at the end of each song group.

Der Wanderer an den Mond Op.80, No. 1

Franz Schubert

Ständchen (No.4 of "Schwanengesang")

Liebesbotschaft (No.1 of "Schwanengesang")

Nacht und Träume Op.43, No.2

Sehnsucht Op.105, No.4

Du liebst mich nicht Op.59, No.1

From "**Goethe Lieder**"

Hugo Wolf

Ganymed

Die Spröde

Die Bekehrte

Frühling übers Jahr

Mignon III (Kennst du das Land)

INTERMISSION

La Bonne Chanson

Gabriel Fauré

Une Sainte en son auréole

Puisque l'aube grandit

La lune blanche luit dans les bois

J'allais par des chemins perfides

J'ai presque peur, en vérité

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été

N'est-ce pas?

L'hiver a cessé

Les Papillons

Ernest Chausson

Le colibri

Chausson

Viens, les gazons sont verts

Charles Gounod

L'absent

Gounod

Ouvre ton coeur

Georges Bizet

Les adieux de l'hôtesse arabe

Bizet



Tonight's performance is being recorded for broadcast at a later date
on CBC Stereo's "Arts National" (105.7 FM).

PROGRAMME NOTES

Two giants of German lieder – Franz Schubert and Hugo Wolf – stand at opposite ends of the 19th century, separated by more than just time.

By all accounts, Schubert was an amiable, sociable soul, far more at home among the villages, fields and woods surrounding his native Vienna than in its more sophisticated urban core. If this implies a certain degree of cultural naivety, the idea is strengthened by his easy acceptance of second and third rate poetry from some of his friends as the basis for many of his more than 600 songs. However, unlike the Medieval alchemists who laboured long and unsuccessfully to transform base metals into gold, Schubert possessed the uncanny knack of sensing a tiny seed of beauty in this poetry and transforming it into gold wonderment. And as if to discredit this idea of naivety, when he encountered truly great writing, such as that of Goethe, Schubert responded with a depth of feeling and understanding that is remarkable in its aptness.

Franz Liszt once described Schubert as "that most melodic of composers." Strangely, this comment was made after Liszt had made the acquaintance of a mere handful of Schubert songs, since relatively little of Schubert's music in any of its many forms became widely known until well into our present century. In fact, it was not until after World War II that the German musicologist, Otto Deutsch, completed his chronological cataloguing of Schubert's music, right down to *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*, D.965.

When Hugo Wolf came to Vienna at the age of 15 from his native Sturia, he brought with him two remarkable gifts – musical and literary. The former he developed through occasional lessons at the Vienna Conservatory in piano and violin. The latter he was to hone over the years as he essayed entry into the cultural hierarchy of Vienna, even though, in later years, he was to turn that literary gift against those in musical power as he questioned their standards and objectives.

Wolf wrote his first songs when he was still in his teens, but the main body of his more than 200 lieder were composed in what has been described as "white-hot passion" during the four years centered around 1890. He was meticulous in his choice

of poet and voice for his songs. This care does not imply any lack of spontaneity; this becomes evident when we listen to any of his settings of Moerike, Eichendorff, or Goethe, three of his favourite poets. Since the true interpretation of Wolf's songs calls for long and detailed co-operation between singer and pianist, perhaps it is not surprising that it took some thirty years after his death before the British writer and Wolf enthusiast, Ernest Newman, persuaded Walter Legge of the Gramophone Company to establish the Hugo Wolf Society. In this Society, sold only by advance subscription, a series of seven record albums was produced, with the songs interpreted by some of the world's leading singers and pianists of the 1930's, ranging from Elena Gerhardt to Alexander Kipnis. Even with this stimulus, Wolf lieder recitals are rarities – this writer can recall only one he has encountered in the past half century. Thus, the presence of this beautifully chosen group of Wolf-Goethe lieder on tonight's programme is doubly welcome.

With the music of Gabriel Fauré we move into a far different world, one of civilized, yet intimate commentary on human passions and foibles. If, at first hearing, one senses a certain coolness, further hearing will reveal an underlying fervour of feeling equal to anything heard in Schubert or Wolf.

Throughout his long life, Fauré knew, met, heard, or taught the major French figures of the musical scene. And yet, he remained very much his own person, untouched by the Impressionists to any noticeable degree, and even less affected by the followers of the dictates of Richard Wagner. Like the majority of his French colleagues, he was a proud advocate of his native language and took remarkable care in his choice of poetry for his songs. Prime among his favourite poets was Paul Verlaine, and from the many poems Verlaine wrote describing his ecstatic joy over his impending marriage, Fauré chose nine for his set of songs now known as *La Bonne Chanson*. Fauré captures and envelopes the radiant beauty of Verlaine's writing with such haunting exactness, we may place this song cycle beside Robert Schumann's *Dichterliebe* as a supreme achievement in the arts of blending words and music in a paen of love.

— Programme notes by Ian Docherty

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Our Post Office Box is now at a new address:

P.O. BOX 62022
ARBUTUS POSTAL OUTLET
143-4255 ARBUTUS STREET
VANCOUVER, B.C.
CANADA V6J 4R1

SURTHLES

Our Telephone and Facsimile numbers remain the same: Telephone: (604) 736-6034 • Facsimile: (604) 736-8703

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Wanderer an den Mond (Johann Gabriel Seidl)

*Ich auf der Erd', am Himmel du,
Wir wandern beide rüstig zu:
Ich ernst und trüb, du mild und rein,
Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?
Ich wander fremd von Land zu Land,
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;
Berg auf, Berg ab, Wald ein, Wald aus,
Doch bin ich nirgend, ach! zu Haus.
Du aber wanderst auf und ab
Aus Westens Wieg' in Ostens Grab,
Wallst Länder ein und Länder aus,
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.
Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland:
O glücklich, wer, wohin er geht,
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!*

Ständchen (Ludwig Rellstab)

*Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht,
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.
Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.
Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich,
Bebend harr ich dir entgegen!
Komm, beglücke mich!*

The wanderer addresses the moon

I on earth, you in the sky,
we wander, we two, briskly on:
I stern and dark, you mild and clear,
I wonder what our difference is?
I wander, a stranger, from land to land,
so homeless, so unknown;
up hill, down dale, into forest and out,
yet nowhere, alas, am I at home.
But you – you wander up and down,
from western cradle to eastern grave,
journey, a pilgrim, from land to land,
yet are, wherever you be, at home.
The heavens, infinitely spread,
are your beloved native land:
Oh happy he, who wherever he goes,
still stands upon his native soil!

Serenade

Gently imploring go my songs
through the night to you;
down into the quiet wood,
beloved, come to me.
Slender tree-tops stir and whisper
in the moon's light;
of any betrayer, hostile, listening,
have no fear, my love.
Can you hear the nightingales call?
Ah! You they are imploring
with those sweet lamenting notes,
imploring you for me.
They understand the heart's longing,
know the agony of love,
move with their silvery notes
every tender heart.
Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, listen to me,
trembling, I await you,
come, make my happiness!

Liebesbotschaft (Rellstab)

*Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüsse des Fernen ihr zu.*

*All ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihr Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.*

*Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt,
Tröste die Süsse mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.*

*Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süsse Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.*

Nacht und Träume (Matthäus von Collin)

*Heilige Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heilige Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!*

Sehnsucht (Seidl)

*Die Scheibe friert, der Wind ist rau,
Der nächt'ge Himmel rein und blau.
Ich sitz' in meinem Kämmerlein
Und schau' ins reine Blau hinein!*

*Mir fehlt etwas, das fühl' ich gut,
Mir fehlt mein Lieb, das treue Blut;
Und will ich in die Sterne seh'n,
Muss stets das Aug' mir übergeh'n!*

*Mein Lieb, wo weilst du nur so fern,
Mein schöner Stern, mein Augenstern?
Du weisst, dich lieb' und brauch' ich ja,
Die Träne tritt mir wieder nah.*

*Da quält' ich mich so manchen Tag,
Weil mir kein Lied gelingen mag,
Weil's nimmer sich erzwingen lässt
Und frei hinsäuselt, wie der West!*

*Wie mild mich's wieder grad' durchglüht!
Sieh' nur, das ist ja schon ein Lied!
Wenn mich mein Los vom Liebchen warf,
Dann fühl' ich, dass ich singen darf.*

Tidings of love

*Murmuring brook, so silver and bright,
do you haste to my love so merry and fast?
Ah, dear brook, my messenger be;
carry her greetings from one far away.*

*All her cherished flowers in the garden,
those she so sweetly wears at her breast,
and her roses in their crimson glow,
refresh, brook, with your cooling waters.*

*When she, at your side, lost in dreams,
thinking of me, hangs low her head,
console my sweet with a kindly look,
for soon shall her beloved return.*

*When the sun sinks in a reddish gleam,
rock my sweetheart into slumber.
Murmur her into sweet repose,
whisper her dreams of love.*

Night and dreams

*Holy night, down you sink;
down too float dreams,
as your moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.
To these they hearken, joyful;
crying out, when day awakes:
come again, holy night!
Sweet dreams, come again!*

Longing

*The window pane freezes, the wind is harsh,
The night sky clear and blue.
I sit in my little room
Gazing out into the clear blueness.*

*Something is missing, I feel only too well;
My love is missing, my true love.
And when I look at the stars
My eyes constantly fill with tears.*

*My love, where are you, so far away,
My fair star, my darling?
You know that I love you and need you;
Again tears well up within me.*

*For many a day I have suffered
Because no song of mine has turned out well,
Because none can be forced
To murmur freely, like the west wind.*

*How gentle the glow that again warms me!
Behold – a song!
Though my fate has cast me far from my beloved,
Yet I feel that I can still sing.*

Du liebst mich nicht (August von Platen)

*Mein Herz ist zerrissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Wiewohl ich dir flehend und werbend erschien,
Und liebebeflissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Du hast es gesprochen, mit Worten gesagt,
Mit allzu gewissen, du liebst mich nicht!
So soll ich die Sterne, so soll ich den Mond,
Die Sonne vermissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Was blüht mir die Rose, was blüht der Jasmin,
Was blühen die Narzissen, du liebst mich nicht!*

You love me not

*My heart is broken, you love me not!
Though I have come beseeching and wooing,
and ardently zealous, you love me not!
You have said it, put it into words,
words all too clear, you love me not!
So the stars, so the moon,
So the sun shall I miss, you love me not!
What to me the blooming of rose, of jasmine,
of narcissus, you love me not!*

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
From "*Goethe Lieder*"
(Johann Wolfgang Goethe)

Ganymed

*Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!*

*Dass ich dich fassen möchte
In diesen Arm!*

*Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.*

*Ich komm, ich komm!
Wohin? Ach, wohin?*

*Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender Vater!*

Ganymede

*How in the morning radiance
you glow upon me from all sides,
Spring, beloved!
With love's thousandfold bliss
to my heart thrusts itself
your eternal ardour's
sacred feeling,
beauty unending!*

*Might I clasp you
in these arms!*

*Ah, at your breast
I lie, languish,
and your flowers, your grass
thrusts themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my bosom,
sweet morning wind!
The nightingale calls me
lovingly from the misty vale.*

*I come, I come!
Whither? Ah, whither?*

*Upwards! Upwards the striving.
The clouds float
down, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!*

Die Spröde

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
Ging die Schäferin und sang,
Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
Dass es durch die Felder klang,
So la-la! le-ral-la-la!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,
Schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen;
Doch sie sang und lachte fort:
So la-la! le-ral-la-la!

Und ein anderer bot ihr Bänder,
Und der dritte bot sein Herz;
Doch sie trieb mit Herz und Bändern
So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz,
Nur la-la! le-ral-la-la!

Die Bekehrte

Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Weg entlang,
Damon sass und blies die Flöte,
Dass es von den Felsen klang,
So la la!

Und er zog mich zu sich nieder,
Küsste mich so hold, so süß.
Und ich sagte: "Blase wieder!"
Und der gute Junge blies,
So la la!

Meine Ruh ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich hör vor meinen Ohren
Immer nur den alten Ton,
So la la, le ralla!

The pert shepherdess

On a fair spring morning,
a pretty young shepherdess
went her carefree way,
singing through the fields,
tra-la-la, ra-la-la!

Thyrsis came and offered her
two or three lambs for a kiss.
She looked at him artfully for a while,
but went on singing and laughing,
tra-la-la, ra-la-la!

And another offered her ribbons,
and a third his heart,
but she laughed at the ribbons and at his heart,
as she had laughed at the lambs,
tra-la-la, ra-la-la!

The convert

In the sunset gleam
quietly I walked the path,
Damon sat playing his flute,
making the cliffs resound,
so la la!

And he drew me down to him,
kissed me so gently, so sweetly.
And I said: "Play again."
And the good lad played,
so la la!

My peace is now lost,
my joy is flown,
and in my ears I hear
still only that old
so la la, le ralla!



Don't miss the opportunity to hear again this season's first two exciting concerts on
CBC Stereo's "Arts National", 8 pm (105.7 FM)

Thursday, April 1, 1993
SANTIAGO RODRIGUEZ
PIANO

Tuesday, April 13, 1993
JIAN WANG
CELLO
LI JIAN
PIANO

Frühling übers Jahr

*Das Beet, schon lockert
Sich in die Höh,
Da wanken Glöckchen
So weiss wie Schnee;*

*Safran entfaltet
Gewaltge Glut,
Smaragden keimt es
Und keimt wie Blut,
Primeln stolzieren
So naseweis,
Schalkhafte Veilchen,
Versteckt mit Fleiss;
Was auch noch alles
Da regt und webt,
Genug, der Frühling,
Er wirkt und lebt.*

*Doch was im Garten
Am reichsten blüht,
Das ist des Liebchens
Lieblich Gemüt.
Da glühen Blicke
Mir immerfort,
Erregend Liedchen,
Erheiternd Wort;
Ein immer offen,
Ein Blütenherz,
Im Ernste freundlich
Und rein im Scherz.
Wenn Ros und Lilie
Der Sommer bringt,
Er doch vergebens
Mit Liebchen ringt.*

Mignon III (Kennst du das Land)

*Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,
im dunklen Laub die Goldorangen glühen,
ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl? Dahin, dahin
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn!*

*Kennst du das Haus, auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl? Dahin, dahin
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn!*

*Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg,
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut,
es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut;
kennst du ihn wohl? Dahin, dahin
geht unser Weg; o Vater, lass uns ziehn!*

Perennial spring

Already the flower-bed
breaks loose to the sky,
tiny bells waver,
white as snow;

Saffron sends forth
a vehement glow;
an emeraldine budding,
a budding blood red,
primroses parading
so impudent,
the wily violet
hidden with care;
and as for all else
that is astir,
no more...Spring
is alive, and at work.

But what in the garden
most richly blooms,
that is my loved one's
feelings so dear.
Here burn her glances
for me without cease,
stirring to song,
enlivening speech;
an ever-open
blossoming heart,
in grave matters kindly,
innocent in jest.
Though summer brings,
rose and lily,
vainly shall summer
compete with my love.

Mignon's Song (Do you know the land)

Do you know the land, where the lemons blossom,
the oranges glow golden amongst dark leaves,
a gentle wind blows from the blue sky,
the myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall?
Do you know it? There, there
would I go with you, my love!

Do you know the house? On pillars rests its roof,
its hall gleams, its apartment shimmers,
and marble statues stand and gaze at me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it? There, there
would I go with you, my protector!

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks its way in the mist,
in caves the ancient brood of dragons dwells,
the rock falls sheer, and over it, the flood;
Do you know it? There, there
lies our way! O father, let us go!

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

La Bonne Chanson

(Paul Verlaine)

Une Sainte en son auréole

*Une Sainte en son auréole,
Une Chatelaine en sa tour,
Tout ce que contient la parole
Humaine de grâce et d'amour;*

*La note d'or que fait entendre
Le cor dans le lointain des bois,
Mariée à la fierté tendre
Des nobles Dames d'autrefois;*

*Avec cela le charme insigne
D'un frais sourire triomphant
Éclos dans des candeurs de cygne
Et des rougeurs de femme-enfant.*

*Des aspects nacrés, blancs et roses,
Un doux accord patricien:
Je vois, j'entends toutes ces choses
Dans son nom Carlovingien.*

Puisque l'aube grandit

*Puisque l'aube grandit, puisque voici l'aurore,
Puisqu'après m'avoir fui longtemps, l'espoir veut bien
Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et l'implore,
Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien être le mien.*

*Je veux, guidé par vous, beaux yeux aux flammes douces,
Par toi conduit, ô main où tremblera ma main,
Marcher droit, que ce soit par des sentiers de mousses
Ou que rocs et cailloux encombrent le chemin;*

*Et comme, pour bercer les lenteurs de la route,
Je chanterai des airs ingénus, je me dis
Qu'elle m'écouterait sans déplaisir sans doute;
Et vraiment je ne veux pas d'autre Paradis.*

A Saint in her halo

*A Saint in her halo,
a chatelaine in her tower,
all that human words contain
of grace and love;*

*the golden note that can be heard
from the horn in the distance of the woods,
combined with the tender pride
of the noble ladies of long ago;*

*withal the rare charm
of a fresh, triumphant smile
blooming in the purity of the swan
and the blushes of a woman-child.*

*A pearly sheen, white and pink,
a sweet patrician harmony:
I see, I hear all these things
in her Carlovingian name.*

Since dawn is breaking

*Since dawn is breaking, since daybreak is here,
since hope, having eluded me so long, is ready
to return, heeding my supplication,
since all this happiness is to be mine.*

*Guided by you, lovely eyes alight with tenderness,
led by you, O hand in which my own hand trembles,
I will walk ahead, be it by mossy paths
or tracks made rough by rocks and boulders;*

*and as if to beguile the slowness of the journey,
I will sing some simple airs, I tell myself
that no doubt she will listen without displeasure;
and truly I wish for no other paradise.*

La lune blanche luit dans les bois

*La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
O bien aimée.
L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure,
Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise.*

J'allais par des chemins perfides

*J'allais par des chemins perfides,
Douloureusement incertain.
Vos chères main furent mes guides.
Si pâle à l'horizon lointain
Luisait un faible espoir d'aurore;
Votre regard fut le matin.
Nul bruit, sinon son pas sonore,
N'encourageait le voyageur.
Votre voix me dit: "Marche encore!"
Mon coeur craintif, mon sombre coeur
Pleurait, seul, sur la triste voie;
L'amour, délicieux vainqueur,
Nous a réunis dans la joie.*

J'ai presque peur, en vérité,

*J'ai presque peur, en vérité,
Tant je sens ma vie enlacée
A la radieuse pensée
Qui m'a pris l'âme l'autre été,
Tant votre image, à jamais chère,
Habite en ce coeur tout à vous,
Ce coeur uniquement jaloux
De vous aimer et de vous plaire;
Et je tremble, pardonnez-moi
D'aussi franchement vous le dire,
A penser qu'un mot, qu'un sourire
De vous est désormais ma loi,*

The white moon is shining in the woods

The white moon
is shining in the woods;
from each branch
comes a voice
under the boughs...
O beloved.
The pool reflects,
deep mirror,
the outline
of the black willow
where the wind is weeping...
Let us dream, this is the hour.
A vast and tender
peacefulness
seems to descend
from the heavens
made iridescent by the moon...
This is the exquisite hour.

I followed treacherous paths

I followed treacherous paths,
sadly insecure.
Your dear hands guided me.
Palely on the far horizon
gleamed a faint hope of dawn;
your eyes were the morning.
No sound, but of his own footsteps,
encouraged the traveller.
Your voice said to me: "Walk on!"
My heart full of fear, my despondent heart
wept, alone, on the sad journey;
love, deliciously triumphant,
has united us in joy.

In truth, I am almost afraid

In truth, I am almost afraid,
so closely do I feel my life linked
to the radiant conception
that possessed my soul last summer,
So constantly does your image, forever dear,
dwell in this heart, all yours,
this heart whose only longing
is to love and to please you;
And I tremble, forgive me
for telling you so frankly,
when I realize that a word, a smile
from you is henceforth law to me,

*Et qu'il vous suffirait d'un geste,
D'une parole ou d'un clin d'oeil,
Pour mettre tout mon être en deuil
De son illusion céleste.*

*Mais plutôt je ne veux vous voir,
L'avenir dût-il m'être sombre
Et fécond en peine sans nombre,
Qu'à travers un immense espoir,*

*Plongé dans ce bonheur suprême
De me dire encore et toujours,
En dépit des mornes retours,
Que je vous aime, que je t'aime!*

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles

*Avant que tu ne t'en ailles,
Pâle étoile du matin;
(Mille cailles chantent, chantent dans le thym!)*

*Tourne devers le poète,
Dont les yeux sont pleins d'amour;
(L'alouette monte au ciel avec le jour!)*

*Tourne ton regard que noie
L'aurore dans son azur;
(Quelle joie parmi les champs de blé mûr!)*

*Et fais luire ma pensée
Là-bas, bien loin, oh! bien loin!
(La rosée gaîment brille sur le foin!)*

*Dans le doux rêve où s'agite
Ma mie endormie encor...
(Vite, vite, car voici le soleil d'or!)*

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été

*Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été;
Le grand soleil complice de ma joie,
Fera, parmi le satin et la soie,
Plus belle encore votre chère beauté;*

*Le ciel tout bleu, comme une haute tente,
Frissonnera somptueux à longs plis
Sur nos deux fronts qu'auront pâlis
L'émotion du bonheur et l'attente;*

*Et quand le soir viendra, l'air sera doux
Qui se jouera, caressant, dans vos voiles,
Et les regards paisibles des étoiles
Bienveillamment souriront aux époux.*

and that a gesture is enough,
a word or the merest glance,
to plunge me into mourning
for my celestial illusion.

Yet I determine to look upon you,
though the future were to be dark for me
and full of countless afflictions,
with only immense hopefulness,

immersed in the supreme happiness
of saying to myself again and for ever,
despite returning dejection,
that I love you, that I love thee!

Before you vanish

Before you vanish,
pale star of the morning;
(a thousand quails are singing, singing in the thyme!)

Turn towards the poet,
whose eyes are full of love;
(the lark rises up to the sky at daybreak!)

Turn your gaze steeped
by the dawn in its azure;
(what joy among the fields of ripe corn!)

And make my thoughts shine
yonder, far away, oh! far away!
(The dew gleams brightly on the hay!)

Into the sweet dream
of my love who still stirs in sleep...
(quickly for here is the golden sun!)

So, it will be on a clear summer day

So, it will be on a clear summer day;
the great sun, accomplice of my joy,
will make, clad in silk and satin,
your dear beauty lovelier still;

the blue sky like a tall canopy,
will quiver magnificently, in long folds
above our two brows, pale
with the emotion of happiness and anticipation;

and when evening comes, the breeze will be soft
playing caressingly among your veils,
and the peaceful gaze of the stars
will smile beneficently on the married lovers.

N'est-ce pas?

*N'est-ce pas? nous irons, gais et lents, dans la voie
Modeste que nous montre en souriant l'Espoir,
Peu soucieux qu'on nous ignore ou qu'on nous voie.*

*Isolés dans l'amour ainsi qu'en un bois noir,
Nos deux coeurs, exhalant leur tendresse paisible,
Seront deux rossignols qui chantent dans le soir.*

*Sans nous préoccuper de ce que nous destine
Le Sort, nous marcherons pourtant du même pas,
Et la main dans la main, avec l'âme enfantine
De ceux qui s'aiment sans mélange, n'est-ce pas?*

L'hiver a cessé

*L'hiver a cessé, la lumière est tiède
Et danse, du sol au firmament clair,
Il faut que le coeur le plus triste cède
A l'immense joie éparse dans l'air.*

*J'ai depuis un an le printemps dans l'âme
Et le vert retour du doux floral,
Ainsi qu'une flamme entoure une flamme,
Met de l'idéal sur mon idéal,*

*Le ciel bleu prolonge, exhausse et couronne
L'immuable azur où rit mon amour.
La saison est belle et ma part est bonne
Et tous mes espoirs ont enfin leur tour.*

*Que vienne l'été! que viennent encore
L'automne et l'hiver! Et chaque saison
Me sera charmante, ô Toi que décore
Cette fantaisie et cette raison!*

Is it not true?

Is it not true? light of heart and unhurried, we shall follow
the modest path which smiling hope has shown us,
caring little if others are aware of us or not.

Isolated in love as if in a dark forest,
our two hearts breathing peaceful tenderness
will be two nightingales singing at evening.

Without concern about our future
fate, we shall walk along together
hand in hand, with the child-like soul
of those whose love is unalloyed, is it not true?

Winter is ended

Winter is ended, the light is warm
and is dancing, from the earth up to the clear sky,
the saddest heart must surrender
to the immense joy spreading through the air.

For a year I have had springtime in my soul,
and the green return of maytime,
like a flame encircling a flame,
adds perfection to perfection,

the blue sky extends, rises and crowns
the unchanging azure wherein my love is smiling.
The season is beautiful and my destiny is fair
and all my hopes are realized.

Let summer come! Let come in turn
the autumn and the winter! And each season
will delight me, O you who are so blessed
with imagination and understanding!

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Les papillons (Théophile Gautier)

*Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaim sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?*

*Savez-vous, o belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous, où j'irais?*

*Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
A travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.*

The butterflies

The snow-coloured butterflies
fly in swarms over the sea;
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I
take the blue path of the air?

Do you know, O fairest of the fair,
my dancing girl with the jet black eyes,
if they would lend me their wings,
tell me, do you know where I would go?

Without taking a single kiss from the roses,
across valleys and forests,
I would go to your half-closed lips,
flower of my soul, and there I would die.

Le colibri (Leconte de Lisle)

*Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.*

*Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.*

*Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!*

*Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.*

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Viens, les gazons sont verts (Jules Barbier)

*Si tu dors, jeune fille,
Debout, debout! voici le soleil!
Chasse de tes yeux l'indolent sommeil
C'est l'heure du réveil!*

*Suis-moi, vive et gentille,
Pieds nus, viens, les gazons sont verts!
Les ruisseaux jaseurs par les bois déserts
Promènent leurs flots clairs!*

L'absent (Charles Gounod)

*O silence des nuits dont la voix seule est douce
Quand je n'ai plus sa voix,
Mystérieux rayons qui glissez sur la mousse
Dans l'ombre de ces bois.*

*Dites-moi si ses yeux; à l'heure où tout sommeille
Se rouvrent doucement,
Et si ma bien-aimée, alors que moi je veille,
Se souvient de l'absent.*

*Quand la lune est aux cieux, baignant de sa lumière
Les grands bois et l'azur,
Quand des cloches du soir qui tintent la prière
Vibre l'écho si pur;*

*Dites-mois si son âme un instant recueillie
S'élève avec leur chant,
Et si de leurs accords la paisible harmonie
Lui rappelle l'absent.*

The humming-bird

The green humming-bird, the king of the hills,
seeing the dew and the bright sun
shining into his nest, woven of fine grasses,
darts into the air like a ray of light.

He hurries and flies to the nearby springs,
where bamboos make a sound like the sea,
where the red hibiscus with its divine fragrance
unfolds the dewy brilliance at its heart.

He descends to the golden flower, alights,
and drinks so much love from the rosy cup,
that he dies, not knowing if he had exhausted its nectar!

On your pure lips, O my beloved,
likewise my soul wished to die,
of the first kiss which perfumed it.

Come, the lawns are green

If you are sleeping, maiden,
arise, arise! Here is the sun!
Chase lazy sleep from your eyes
it is time to wake up!

Follow me, quickly and sweetly,
barefoot, come, the lawns are green!
The babbling brooks in the lonely woods
are flowing with clear water!

The absent one

O silence of the nights whose voice alone is sweet
when I hear her voice no more,
mysterious rays that glide across the moss
in the shadow of these woods.

Tell me if her eyes, at the hour when all is sleeping,
gently open,
and if my beloved, at the time when I am waking,
remembers the absent one.

When the moon is in the sky, bathing with its light
the great forests and the blue heavens,
when the bells of evening tolling for prayer
awaken so pure an echo;

tell me if her soul, for a moment contemplative,
arises with their song,
and if the peaceful harmony of their strains
reminds her of the absent one.

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Ouvre ton coeur (L. Delâtre)

*La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras – tu parole?
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour,
O jeune ange, à ma flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil,
Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!*

Les adieux de l'hôtesse arabe (Victor Hugo)

*Puisque rien ne t'arrête en cet heureux pays,
Ni l'ombre du palmier, ni le jaune maïs
Ni le repos, ni l'abondance,
Ni de voir à ta voix battre le jeune sein,
De nos soeurs dont, les soirs, le tournoyant essaim
Couronne un coteau de sa danse,
Adieu, beau voyageur! Oh! que n'es-tu de ceux
Qui donnent pour limite à leur pieds paresseux
Leur toit de branches ou de toiles!
Qui rêveurs, sans en faire, écoutent les récits,
Et souhaitent, le soir, devant leur porte assis,
De s'en aller dans les étoiles!
Si tu l'avais voulu, peut-être une de nous,
O jeune homme, eut aimé te servir à genoux
Dans nos huttes toujours ouvertes.
Elle eut fait, en berçant ton sommeil de ses chants,
Pour chasser de ton front les moucheron méchants,
Un éventail de feuilles vertes.
Si tu ne reviens pas, songe un peu quelquefois
Aux filles du désert, soeurs à la douce voix,
Qui dansent pieds nus sur la dune.
O beau jeune homme blanc, bel oiseau passager,
Souviens-toi, car peut-être, ô rapide étranger,
Ton souvenir reste à plus d'une!
Hélas! adieu! bel étranger!
Souviens-toi!*

Open your heart

The daisy has closed its corolla,
Shadow has closed the eyes of the day.
Beauty, will you hold your word to me?
Open your heart to my love,
Oh young angel, to my flame,
That a dream charm your slumber,
I want to recapture my soul,
Open your heart, oh young angel, to my flame,
As a flower opens to the sun!

The farewell of the Arabian hostess

Since nothing will keep you in this happy land,
neither the shade of the palm trees, nor the yellow corn,
not the restfulness, nor the abundance,
nor to see palpitating at the sound of your voice, the young breasts
of our sisters, who in a whirling bevy at evening
encircle the hillside with their dancing,
farewell, handsome traveller! Oh! you are not of those
whose lazy feet are bounded
by their roof of branches or of tiles!
Who, dreamers, listen in silence to narratives,
and wish at evening, sitting outside their door,
to be off to the stars!
Had you wished it, perhaps one of us,
O young man, would have liked to serve you kneeling
in our ever open huts.
She would have made, while rocking you asleep with her songs,
to drive the troublesome midges from your brow
a fan of green leaves.
If you do not return, dream a little sometimes
of the daughters of the desert, sisters of the sweet voice,
who dance barefoot on the sandhills.
O handsome, white young man, beautiful bird of passage,
remember, for perhaps, o swiftly passing stranger,
your memory remains with more than one!
Alas! farewell! handsome stranger!
Remember!

VANCOUVER RECITAL SOCIETY

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR & GENERAL MANAGER

Leila Getz

HONORARY PATRON

Sergiu Comissiona

The Board of Directors

PRESIDENT

Maryke Gilmore

LIFE PRESIDENT

Edwina Heller

TREASURER

Carol Baert

SECRETARY

Ann Harding

ADVISORY BOARD

Linda Allison
Neil de Gelder
David Gordon Duke
Shirley Fishman

Barbara Allan Forbes
Derek Holden
Denise Mara

Robin McLean
Leyla Sacks
Richard Spratley
Ellen Ts'o

Staff

PUBLIC RELATIONS MANAGER

Barbara Martineau

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Gloria Wong



P.O. Box 62022
Arbutus Postal Outlet
143-4255 Arbutus Street
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada V6J 4R1

Telephone: (604) 736-6034

Facsimile: (604) 736-8703



du Maurier
Arts Ltd.

Through grants to hundreds of arts groups representative of music, theatre, dance, literature, and festivals of many kinds, stages across the country have showcased thousands of performances to delight audiences in venues large and small, indoors and out, in towns and cities from Newfoundland to British Columbia. These extraordinary productions, once a concept or a dream, have become reality through hard work, commitment, determination, vision, faith and a little help from du Maurier Arts Ltd.

Since its inception in 1971, du Maurier Arts Ltd. has contributed approximately \$35 million in direct cash grants and promotional support to the arts in Canada. Audiences and art lovers have an incredible wealth of performances to enjoy and experience. du Maurier Arts Ltd. is pleased to invite all Canadians to explore and discover our rich cultural heritage and is especially proud to be associated with this excellent event.

Funding applications are administered by a nine member board which annually assesses applications and allocates grants for innovative programming ideas. Board members are The Honorable Pauline McGibbon, C.C., Honorary Chairman; Don Brown, Chairman; Cliff Minshull, President; Roberta Beiser, Fred Davis, Lonny Holland, Marie Lambert, and Marg Southern, Directors; Carol Hinks, Executive Director.

du Maurier Arts Ltd. is privileged to provide many special Canadians the opportunity to develop their rare talents, and to share them with grateful audiences - large and small, young and old - all across the country.

du Maurier Arts. Ltd.
3810 St. Antoine Street
Montreal, Quebec
H4C 1B5



du Maurier Arts Ltd.

