

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE, AND DANCE



**VIRTUOSO**  
SERIES CONCERT  
**NICOLE ASEL**  
CSU FACULTY VOICE

WITH **TIM BURNS**, PIANO

**JANUARY 31, 2022**



Colorado State University



# PROGRAM :

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**NICOLE ASEL**, MEZZO SOPRANO  
**TIM BURNS**, PIANO  
**MADELINE JAZZ HARVEY**, CHOREOGRAPHER  
**NATALIE SCARLETT**, PLAYWRIGHT  
**JESSICA MACMASTER**, ACTOR

## **DANCERS:**

**SOLOIST:** SUSIE GARIFI  
**CSU DANCE MAJORS:** ABBY ALLISON, MADELYN CAVINESS,  
ADRIENNE FRISBEE, MADDY KLING  
**ALTERNATES:** ISABEL KRULL, ELLA MYERS

### ***FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN***

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
6. Süßer Freund, du blickest
7. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz

## INTERMISSION

### ***BABY BOOK***

LAUREN SPAVELKO (B. 1989)

1. **Objects**
2. **Children's Pool Game**
3. **Quickening**
4. **Great Aunt Dora**
5. **Looking Out**
6. **Searching**

### ***GOODNIGHT MOON***

ERIC WHITACRE (B. 1970)

## PROGRAM NOTES

This program looks at the female experience and female stories through two very different lenses:

In 1830, Adelbert von Chamisso wrote the text for *Frauenliebe und Leben*. 10 years later Robert Schumann set the text as a wedding gift for his wife Clara. Although this may seem unremarkable by today's standards, a view from a female protagonist lens in art song was revolutionary-- even progressive. Chamisso and Schumann take us on an emotional journey of falling in love, marriage, pregnancy, child birth, and death. This cycle has long been the definitive feminine musical perspective in the art song genre, ironic though that may be, as both the text and music were authored by men.

Now, nearly 200 years later, two women—composer Lauren Spavelko and poet Chloe Yelena Miller—have taken up this narrative again, this time from a lived, first-person perspective. *Baby book* is an autobiographical text sharing a woman's perspective of miscarriage, subsequent pregnancy, and life with a newborn. Although the languages, musical styles, and presentations of viewpoint are incredibly divergent, both cycles share thematic connections and are groundbreaking in their focus on women and women's stories.

## GUEST BIOS

Jessica MacMaster started acting in 2008 when she found her passion for improv. She began performing at the Avenue Theater in Denver and soon joined the local theater scene in Fort Collins. Jessica is a founding member of the Comedy Brewers- Fort Collins Improv troupe that performs regularly at Bas Bleu Theater and The Comedy Fort. She has had the pleasure of performing in multiple productions with OpenStage Theatre Co., Bas Bleu Theatre Co., Natalie Scarlett productions and The Fort Collins Fringe Festival. Jess is also a co-producer of the Fort Collins Fringe Festival, co-founder of The Story Bakers (an assembly program for elementary students) and maker at her handmade shop, JMac Made.

Natalie Scarlett is a writer, director, and teacher in Fort Collins, CO. She is particularly interested in devised physical theater and spoken word in performance. She has self-produced several immersive and experimental theatrical works in the last five years as well as working in conventional theater spaces. The embodied poetry of dance and reflections of the raw experience of birth are just meeting in this piece in progress.

## **FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN**

**BY ROBERT SCHUMANN, TEXT BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO**

### ***Seit ich ihn gesehen***

Since I saw him  
I believe myself to be blind,  
where I but cast my gaze,  
I see him alone.  
as in waking dreams  
his image floats before me,  
dipped from deepest darkness,  
brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless  
everywhere around me,  
for the games of my sisters  
I no longer yearn,  
I would rather weep,  
silently in my little chamber,  
since I saw him,  
I believe myself to be blind.

### ***Er, der Herrlichste von allen***

He, the best of all, the noblest, -  
O, how gentle, O, how kind.  
Lips of sweetness, eyes of brightness,  
Brave of heart, and clear of mind.

Down from endless realms of heaven,  
Bright and sparkling shines his star,  
So he soars now, beyond the others,  
Bright and glorious, high and far.

Man of valor meant for glory -  
Far behind you I remain.  
Here to watch you move in radiance  
Thrills my heart with joy and pain.

You won't know my prayers in silence,  
For good heaven to guide your way,  
For your calling -- I am unworthy,  
For this hour -- your greatest day.

Only she, the best the finest -  
Could be chosen for your love,  
And I would bow in awe and wonder  
Relinquish to the power above.

Through my tears I'd still be joyful -  
And happy for your lot -  
For even though my heart be broken  
My heart, it matters not!

***Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben***

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,  
a dream has bewitched me,  
how should he, among all the others,  
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,  
"I am thine eternally",  
It seemed - I dream on and on,  
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,  
cradled on his breast,  
let the most blessed death drink me up  
in tears of infinite bliss.

***Du Ring an meinem Finger***

Thou ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring,  
I press thee piously upon my lips  
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,  
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,  
I found myself alone and lost  
in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,  
thou hast taught me for the first time,  
hast opened my gaze unto  
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,  
belong to him entire,  
Give myself and find myself  
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring,  
I press thee piously upon lips,  
piously upon my heart.

***Helft mir, ihr Schwestern***

Help me, ye sisters,  
friendly, adorn me,  
serve me, today's fortunate one,  
busily wind  
about my brow  
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,  
of joyful heart,  
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,  
so he called ever out,  
yearning in his heart,  
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,  
help me to banish  
a foolish anxiety,  
so that I may with clear

eyes receive him,  
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,  
thou appear to me,  
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?  
Let me with devotion,  
let me in meekness,  
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,  
strew him with flowers,  
bring him budding roses,  
but ye, sisters,  
I greet with melancholy,  
joyfully departing from your midst.

***Süßer Freund, du blickest***

Sweet friend, thou gazest  
upon me in wonderment,  
thou canst not grasp it,  
why I can weep;  
Let the moist pearls'  
unaccustomed adornment  
tremble, joyful-bright,  
in my eyes.

How anxious my bosom,  
how rapturous!  
If I only knew, with words,  
how I should say it;  
come and bury thy visage  
here in my breast,  
I want to whisper in thy ear  
all my happiness.

About the signs  
I have already asked Mother;  
my good mother has



told me everything..  
She has assured me that  
by all appearances,  
soon a cradle  
will be needed.

Knowest thou the tears,  
that I can weep?  
Shouldst thou not see them,  
thou beloved man?  
Stay by my heart,  
feel its beat,  
that I may, fast and faster,  
hold thee.

Here, at my bed,  
the cradle shall have room,  
where it silently conceals  
my lovely dream;  
the morning will come  
where the dream awakes,  
and from there thy image  
shall smile at me.

***An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust***

At my heart, at my breast,  
you my bliss, you my joy!

Happiness is love, love is happiness,  
I've said it and won't take it back!

I thought I was rapturous before,  
but I am even more supremely happy now.

Only one who nurses, only she  
who loves the child she nurses,

only a mother knows  
what it means to love and be happy.

Oh how I feel sorry for a man  
because he cannot feel a mother's happiness!

You dear, dear angel you,  
you look at me and you smile!

At my heart, at my breast,  
you my bliss, you my joy!

***Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz***

Now you've hurt me for the first time -  
but this blow struck deep.  
You sleep, you hard, cruel man,  
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one stares ahead,  
the world is completely empty.  
I've loved and lived;  
I'm no longer living.

I quietly withdraw into my inner self;  
the veil falls.  
Only there do I have you and my lost happiness,  
you who were my world!

**BABY BOOK**

**BY LAUREN SPAVELKO, TEXT BY CHLOE YELENA MILLER**

**Objects**

To mourn a woman,  
carry her picture, wear her lapel pin.  
There's nothing to wear, carry  
after a miscarriage.

In Japan, mothers mourn  
lost “water children.”  
Gardens of small statues  
in red knitted hats, bibs.

Hands in my pockets,  
I stand at the edge of the Tidal Basin,  
wilted cherry blossoms above and below.

### **Children’s Pool Game**

Even with closed eyes, we can find each other again.

I’ll shout Marco!

You’ll shout Polo!

Ok?

Marco!

### **Quickening**

*Week 22*

Quickening of the morning light.  
Quickening of my heartbeat on the stairs.

And your quickening.  
Flutters of joints –or whole body.

All while I reach for something.  
While I stretch out on my left side.

The smallest of miracles,  
these human movements.

## **Great Aunt Dora To You (Before You)**

*Week 30*

She'd been waiting for you.  
She'd sit in the blue chair, under the window,  
elbows out as if cradling you.  
Swing her arms back and forth.  
Talk about how she'd hold you,  
teach you to walk between our knees.  
Ask me when you'll come; urged,  
"hurry up!"

I promise to tell you all about her.  
How she prepared meatballs,  
two spoons to turn them.  
How she knew you'd be smart,  
handsome and  
ever so kind.

Oh, how she loved beginnings.

## **Looking Out**

*eleven weeks old*

Strips of early day  
across the floor. Blinds half open  
like your eyes  
as you extend –  
swaddled arms break free.

We face each other  
as I carry you for our walk.  
We stop under the hilltop tree,  
sky peaks through the green layers.  
In a few years, we'll sit at those picnic tables,  
I tell you, and eat mozzarella sandwiches.

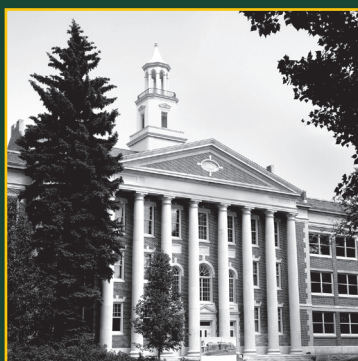
You close your eyes,  
lean towards me.  
Our hearts face the other.

### **Searching**

*eight weeks old*

For years, I looked  
for you around corners, between  
small hours of morning.  
And now, here you are in my arms,  
limbs heavy  
and sodden with sleep.

You weigh less awake,  
head bobbing, as you push your legs  
against my lap, hands against my chest,  
to look behind me,  
out the window –  
towards the sunshine.



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