

Phyllis Pancella: An Evening of Vocal Chamber Music

Phyllis Pancella, mezzo-soprano

with

Ashley Clasen, piano

Ida Bieler and Janet Orenstein, violin

Ulrich Eichenauer, viola; Brooks Whitehouse, cello

Oskar Espina-Ruiz, clarinet

and

Austin Zhong and Carlos Torres, violin;

Laurence Brooke and Julian Smart, viola

Johanna Di Norcia and Eli Kaynor, cello; Emery Wegh, double bass

Kayla Cieslak, flute/piccolo; Grace Ludtke, harp

Danté Thomas and Benjamin Burson, percussion

Watson Chamber Music Hall

Tuesday, March 22, 2022 • 7:30 p.m.

Presented by

UNC School of the Arts

Brian Cole, Chancellor

School of Music

Saxton Rose, Dean



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Phyllis Pancella: An Evening of Vocal Chamber Music

Quatre poèmes, Op 5..... Charles Martin Loeffler
La cloche fêlée (1861 - 1935)
Dansons la gigue!
Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois
Sérénade

Ulrich Eichenauer, viola*
Ashley Clasen, piano*

Il Tramonto (1918).....Ottorino Respighi
(1879 - 1935)

*Reynolda String Quartet**
Ida Bieler and Janet Orenstein, violin
Ulrich Eichenauer, viola; Brooks Whitehouse, cello

INTERMISSION

romonanewyorkamsterdam (performance premiere).... Kamala Sankaram
(b. 1978)

Ashley Clasen, piano*
Austin Zhong^ and Carlos Torres^, violin
Laurence Brooke^, viola; Johanna Di Norcia^, cello; Emery Wegh^, bass

Folk Songs (1964).....Luciano Berio
Black is the colour (1925 - 2003)

I wonder as I wander
Loosin yelav
Rossignolet du bois
A la femminisca
La donna ideale
Ballo
Motettu du tristure
Malurous qu'o uno fenno
Lo fiolaire
Azerbaijan love song

Julian Smart^, viola; Eli Kaynor+, cello; Kayla Cieslak^, flute/piccolo
Oskar Espina-Ruiz, clarinet; Grace Ludtke^, harp*
Danté Thomas^ and Benjamin Burson^, percussion
Ashley Clasen, conductor*

^UNCSA Student; +UNCSA Alumnus; *UNCSA Faculty Artist
For Faculty bios, please visit www.uncsa.edu/music/faculty.aspx.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Quatre poèmes, Op 5

La Cloche fêlée

Charles Baudelaire

Il est amer et doux, pendant les nuits
d'hiver,

D'écouter, près du feu qui palpite et
qui fume,

Les souvenirs lointains lentement
s'élever

Au bruit des carillons qui chantent
dans la brume.

Bienheureuse la cloche au gosier
vigoureux

Qui, malgré sa vieillesse, alerte et bien
portante,

Jette fidèlement son cri religieux,
Ainsi qu'un vieux soldat qui veille
sous la tente!

Moi, mon âme est fêlée, et lorsqu'en
ses ennuis

Elle veut de ses chants peupler l'air
froid des nuits,

Il arrive souvent que sa voix affaiblie

Semble le râle épais d'un blessé qu'on
oublie

Au bord d'un lac de sang, sous un
grand tas de morts

Et qui meurt, sans bouger, dans
d'immenses efforts.

The Cracked Bell

It is bitter and sweet, during the
winter nights

To hear, next to a flickering, smoky
fire

The distant memories slowly awaken

To the sound of bells, chiming in the
mist.

Happy is the strong-throated bell

That, despite its age, awake and
healthy,

Faithfully throws its sacred voice,
Like a brave warrior watching in his
tent.

My soul is cracked, and when in its
pain

It longs to fill the cold night air with
its songs,

It often happens that its faltering
voice

Seems like the thick groan of a
forgotten casualty

Next to of a lake of blood, under a
great pile of corpses

Who dies, without moving, but with
tremendous effort.

Dansons la gigue!

Paul Verlaine

J'aimais surtout ses jolis yeux
Plus clairs que l'étoile des cieux,
J'aimais ses yeux malicieux.

Dansons la gigue!

Elle avait des façons vraiment
De désoler un pauvre amant,
Que c'en était vraiment charmant!

Dansons la gigue!

Mais je trouve encore meilleur
Le baiser de sa bouche en fleur
Depuis qu'elle est morte à mon coeur.

Dansons la gigue!

Je me souviens, je me souviens
Des heures et des entretiens,
Et c'est le meilleur de mes biens.

Dansons la gigue!

Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois

Paul Verlaine

Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois,

D'une douleur on veut croire
orpheline
Qui vient mourir au bas de la colline,

Parmi la brise errant en courts abois.

Let's dance a jig!

Above all I loved her pretty eyes,
Brighter than the star of heaven,
I loved her wicked eyes.

Let's dance a jig!

She really had her ways
Of desolating a poor lover
In a way that was so charming!

Let's dance a jig!

But I find even better
The kiss of her mouth -- like a flower,
Now that she is dead to my heart.

Let's dance a jig!

I remember, I remember
These hours, and these encounters,
And they are the best of what I have.

Let's dance a jig!

**The sound of the horn struggles
towards the wood**

The sound of the horn struggles
towards the wood
With such sadness that it seems an
orphan
Who comes to die at the base of the
hill
Among the breezes wandering in
short bursts

L'âme du loup pleure dans cette voix, The soul of the wolf weeps in that
voix
Qui monte avec le soleil, qui décline That rises with the setting sun
D'une agonie on veut croire câline, With an agony one might call tender
Et qui ravit et qui navre à la fois. And which enchants and distresses at
the same time.

Pour faire mieux cette plainte To enhance that fading dirge,
assoupie,
La neige tombe à longs traits de The snow falls in long ribboned lines
charpie
A travers le couchant sanguinolent. Against the bloody setting sun.

Et l'air a l'air d'être un soupir And the air seems like an autumn
d'automne, sigh,
Tant il fait doux par ce soir So soft under the dull evening sky,
monotone,
Où se dorlote un paysage lent. Where the quiet landscape slumbers.

Sérénade

Paul Verlaine

Comme la voix d'un mort qui Like the voice of a dead man, singing
chanterait
Du fond de sa fosse, From the depths of his grave,
Maîtresse, entends monter vers ton Hear, mistress, how my harsh and
retrait halting voice
Ma voix aigre et fausse. Rises to your window.

Ouvre ton âme et ton oreille au son Open your soul and your ear to the
sound
De ma mandoline: Of my mandolin.
Pour toi j'ai fait, pour toi, cette For you I created this song,
chanson
Cruelle et câline. both cruel and tender.

Je chanterai tes yeux d'or et d'onyx I will sing of your eyes of gold and
onyx,
Purs de toutes ombres, Free from all shadows,
Puis le Léthé de ton sein, puis le Styx Then I will sing of the poison in your
bosom, and the Styx
De tes cheveux sombres. Of your dark hair.

Comme la voix d'un mort qui
chanterait
Du fond de sa fosse,
Maîtresse, entends monter vers ton
retrait
Ma voix aigre et fausse.

Puis je louerai beaucoup, comme il
convient,
Cette chair bénie
Dont le parfum opulent me revient

Les nuits d'insomnie.

Et pour finir, je dirai le baiser
De ta lèvre rouge,
Et ta douceur à me martyriser,
-- Mon Ange! -- Ma Gouge!

Ouvre ton âme et ton oreille au son

De ma mandoline:
Pour toi j'ai fait, pour toi, cette
chanson
Cruelle et câline.

Translations by Phyllis Pancella

Il tramonto

Italian version by Roberto Ascoli

Già v'ebbe un uomo, nel cui tenue
spirto
(qual luce e vento in delicata nube
che ardente ciel di mezzo-giorno
stempri)
la morte e il genio contendeano. Oh!
quanta tenera gioia,
che gli fè il respiro venir meno
(così dell'aura estiva l'ansia talvolta)
quando la sua dama, che allor solo
conobbe l'abbandono
pieno e il concorde palpitar di due

Like the voice of a dead man, singing

From the depths of his grave,
Hear, mistress, how my harsh and
halting voice
Rises to your window.

Then I will greatly praise, as it
deserves,
That blessed flesh
Whose opulent perfume still
surrounds me
On sleepless nights.

And to finish, I will say it is the kiss
Of your ruby lips,
And your sweetness that tortures me,
-- My Angel! -- My Demon!

Open your soul and your ear to the
sound
Of my mandolin.
For you have I created this song,

Both cruel and tender.

The Sunset

Percy Bysshe Shelley

There late was One within whose
subtle being,
As light and wind within some
delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's
burning sky,
Genius and death contended. None
may know
The sweetness of the joy which made
his breath
Fail, like the trances of the summer
air,

creature che s'amano,
egli addusse pei sentieri d'un campo,
ad oriente da una foresta
biancheggiante ombrato
ed a ponente scoperto al cielo!
Ora è sommerso il sole; ma linee d'oro
pendon sopra le cineree nubi,
sul verde piano sui tremanti fiori
sui grigi globi dell' antico smirnio,
e i neri boschi avvolgono,
del vespro mescolandosi alle ombre.
Lenta sorge ad oriente
l'infocata luna tra i folti rami delle
piante cupe:
brillan sul capo languide le stelle.
E il giovine sussura: "Non è strano?
lo mai non vidi il sorgere del sole,
o Isabella. Domani a contemplarlo
verremo insieme."

Il giovin e la dama giacquer tra il
sonno e il dolce amor
congiunti ne la notte: al mattin
gelido e morto ella trovò l'amante.
Oh! nessun creda che, vibrando tal
colpo,
fu il Signore misericorde.
Non morì la dama, né folle diventò:
anno per anno visse ancora.
Ma io penso che la queta sua

When, with the Lady of his love, who
then
First knew the unreserve of mingled
being,
He walked along the pathway of a
field
Which to the east a hoar wood
shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk, but lines
of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the
points
Of the far level grass and nodding
flowers
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of
twilight, lay
On the brown massy woods -- and in
the east
The broad and burning moon
lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the
crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering
overhead--
'Is it not strange, Isabel,' said the
youth,
'I never saw the sun? We will walk
here
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with
me.'

That night the youth and lady
mingled lay
In love and sleep--but when the
morning came
The lady found her lover dead and
cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy
gave
That stroke. The lady died not, nor
grew wild,

pazienza, e i trepidi sorrisi,
e il non morir... ma vivere a custodia
del vecchio padre
(se è follia dal mondo dissimigliare)
fossero follia. Era, null'altro che a
vederla,
come leggere un canto da ingegnoso
bardo
intessuto a piegar gelidi cuori in un
dolor pensoso.
Neri gli occhi ma non fulgidi più;
consunte quasi le ciglia dalle lagrime;
le labbra e le gote parevan cose
morte tanto eran bianche;
ed esili le mani e per le erranti vene e
le giunture rossa
del giorno traspariva la luce.
La nuda tomba, che il tuo fral
racchiude,
cui notte e giorno un'ombra
tormentata abita,
è quanto di te resta, o cara creatura
perduta!

"Ho tal retaggio, che la terra non dà:
calma e silenzio, senza peccato e
senza passione.
Sia che i morti ritrovino (non mai il
sonno!) ma il riposo,
imperturbati quali appaion,
o vivano, o d'amore nel mar profondo
scendano;
oh! che il mio epitaffio, che il tuo sia:
Pace!"
Questo dalle sue labbra l'unico
lamento.

But year by year lived on--in truth I
think
Her gentleness and patience and sad
smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to
tend
Her aged father, were a kind of
madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the
tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to
make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working
grief;--
Her eyes were black and lustreless
and wan:
Her eyelashes were worn away with
tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things
dead--so pale;
Her hands were thin, and through
their wandering veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy
dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits,
night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of
thee!

'Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence
unreproved,
Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep!
but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things
they seem,
Or live, or drop in the deep sea of
Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were
-- Peace!"
This was the only moan she ever
made.

Home
Is it a place?

Is it
A set of narrow stairs
A doorway to a balcony
A window overlooking the dark water

Is it
A window turned into a mirror
An unwound clock on the mantle
Shelves bending under books

Is it
A fig tree
Sea glass
Trilobites
The stone that you found
Cuttings from our grandmother's garden

Home
Is it a memory?

Was it
The chalkboard movie theater that we made
The pink shag carpet
The blanket you scratched to bits

Was it
The oleander
The white wicker bedframe
The path from the window to the roof

Was it
The red velvet lampshade
The view of the rose window
The three of us together for the last time

Before separate homes
Distance,
Absence,
Loss

Home
Is it a place
Is it a memory
Will it be
Your silver coffee cup
Your red picture frame
Or maybe
That faded polaroid of three little girls, brown from the sun

Folk Songs

Black is the color

Black is the color
Of my true love's hair,
His lips are something rosy fair,
The sweetest smile
And the kindest hands;
I love the grass whereon he stands.
I love my love and well he knows,
I love the grass where on he goes;
If he no more on earth will be,
'Twill surely be the end of me.
Black is the color, etc.

I wonder as I wander

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus our Savior did come for to die
For poor orn'ry people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.
When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all,
But high from the Heavens a star's light did fall
The promise of ages it then did recall.
If Jesus had wanted of any wee thing
A star in the sky or a bird on the wing
Or all of God's angels in Heav'n for to sing
He surely could have had it 'cause he was the king.

Loosin yelav

Loosin yelav ensareetz
Saree partzòr gadareetz
Shegleeg megleeg yeresov
Pòrvetz kedneen loosni dzov.
Jan a loosin
Jan ko loosin
Jan ko gölor sheg yereseen
Xavarn arten tchòkatzav
Oo el kedneen tchògatzav
Loosni loosov halatzvadz
Moot amberi metch mònadz.
Jan a loosin, etc.

The moon has risen

The moon has risen over the hill,
over the top of the hill,
its red rosy face
casting radiant light on the ground.
O dear moon
with your dear light
and your dear, round, rosy face!
Before, the darkness lay
spread upon the earth;
moonlight has now chased it
into the dark clouds.
O dear moon, etc.

Rossignolet du bois

Rossignolet du bois,
Rossignolet sauvage,
Apprends-moi ton langage,
Apprends-moi-z à parler,
Apprends-moi la manière
Comment il faut aimer.
Comment il faut aimer
Je m'en vais vous le dire,
Faut chanter des aubades
Deux heures après minuit,
Faut lui chanter: 'La belle,
C'est pour vous réjouir'.
On m'avait dit, la belle,
Que vous avez des pommes,
Des pommes de renettes
Qui sont dans vot' jardin.
Permettez-moi, la belle,
Que j'y mette la main.
Non, je ne permettrai pas
Que vous touchiez mes pommes,
Prenez d'abord la lune
Et le soleil en main,
Puis vous aurez les pommes
Qui sont dans mon jardin.

A la femminisca

E Signuruzzu miù faciti bon tempu
Ha iu l'amanti miù'mmezzu lu mari
L'arvuli d'oru e li ntinni d'argentu
La Marunnuzza mi l'av'aiutari.
Chi pozzanu arrivòri 'nsarvamentu
E comu arriva 'na littra
Ma fari ci ha mittiri du duci parole
Comu ti l'ha passatu mari, mari.

La donna ideale

L'omo chi mojer vor piar,
De quattro cosse de'e spiar.
La primiera è com'el è naa,

Little nightingale

Little nightingale of the woods,
little wild nightingale,
teach me your secret language,
teach me how to speak like you,
show me the way
to love aright.
The way to love aright
I can tell you straight away,
you must sing serenades
two hours after midnight,
you must sing to her: 'My pretty one.
This is for your delight.'
They told me, my pretty one,
that you have some apples,
some rennet apples,
growing in your garden.
Allow me, my pretty one,
to touch them.
No, I shall not allow you
to touch my apples.
First, hold the moon
and the sun in your hands,
then you may have the apples
that grow in my garden

May the Lord send fine weather

May the Lord send fine weather,
for my sweetheart is at sea;
his mast is of gold, his sails of silver.
May Our Lady give me her help,
so that they get back safely.
And if a letter arrives,
may there be two sweet words
written,
telling me how it goes with you at
sea.

The ideal woman

When a man has a mind to take a
wife,
there are four things he should check:
the first is her family,

L'altra è se l'è ben accostumaa,
L'altra è como el è forma,
La quarta è de quanto el è dotaa.
Se queste cosse ghe comprendi
A lo nome di Dio la prendi.

Ballo

La la la la la ...
Amor fa disviare li più saggi
E chi più l'ama meno ha in sé misura

Più folle è quello che più s'innamora.
La la la la la...
Amor non cura di fare suoi dannaggi
Co li suoi raggi mette tal cafura
Che non può raffreddare per
freddura.

Motettu de tristura

Tristu passirillanti
Comenti massimillas.
Tristu passirillanti
E puita mi consillas
A prongi po s'amanti.
Tristu passirillanti
Cand' happess interrada
Tristu passirillanti
Faimi custa cantada
Cand' happess interrada

Malurous qu'ò uno fenno

Malurous qu'ò uno fenno,
Maluros qué n'ò cat!
Qué n'ò cat n'en bou uno
Qué n'ò uno n'en bou pas!
Tradèra ladèrida rèro, etc.
Urouzo lo fenno
Qu'ò l'omé qué li cau!
Urouz inquéro maito
O quèlo qué n'ò cat!
Tradèra ladèrida rèro, etc.

the second is her manners,
the third is her figure,
the fourth is her dowry.
If she passes muster on these,
then, in God's name, let him marry
her!

Dance

La la la la la ...
Love makes even the wisest mad,
and he who loves most has least
judgement.
The greater love is the greater fool.
La la la la la ...
Love is careless of the harm he does.
His darts cause such a fever
that not even coldness can cool it.

Song of sadness

Sorrowful nightingale
how like me you are!
Sorrowful nightingale,
console me if you can
as I weep for my lover.
Sorrowful nightingale,
when I am buried,
sorrowful nightingale,
sing this song
when I am buried

Wretched is he

Wretched is he who has a wife,
wretched is he who has not!
He who hasn't got one wants one,
he who has not, doesn't!
Tralala tralala, etc.
Happy the woman
who has the man she wants!
Happier still is she
who has no man at all!
Tralala tralala, etc.

Lo fioiaire

Ton qu'èrè pitchounèlo
Gordavè loui moutous,
Lirou lirou lirou ...
Lirou la diri tou tou la lara.
Obio n'ò counouhèto
É n'ai près un postrou.
Lirou lirou, etc.
Per fa lo biroudèto
Mè domond' un poutou.
Lirou lirou, etc.
E ièu soui pas ingrato:
En lièt d'un nin fau dous!
Lirou lirou, etc.

The spinner

When I was a little girl
I tended the sheep.
Lirou lirou lirou ...
Lirou la diri tou tou la lara.
I had a little staff
and I called a shepherd to me.
Lirou lirou, etc.
For looking after my sheep
he asked me for a kiss.
Lirou lirou, etc.
And I, not one to be mean,
Gave him two instead of one.
Lirou lirou, etc.

Berio wrote this set of songs for his former wife, the singer Cathy Berberian. The words he set for Bu Gün Ayın Üçüdü were Berberian's phonetic transcription of an old recording of an Azerbaijani song, and therefore the text was impossible to translate. However, the song on which it is based is now discoverable online, and is entitled Qalalı (Şuşalı). I am grateful to Aygun Eldarova for this new translation. — Phyllis Pancella

Bu Gün Ayın Üçüdü

Bugün ayın üçüdü de gülüm nanay
ay naninay (x2)
Girmə bostan içidir yar girmə bostan
içidir (x2)

Dodaqların xam şəkər (x2)
Dilin badam içidir yar dilin badam
içidir (x2)
Qız belin incədir ay incə
Ləblərin qönçədir ay qönçə...
Qız belin incədir incə
Ləblərin qönçədir, qönçə
Qız belin incədir incə
Ləblərin qönçədir, qönçə

Dam üstədir damımız de gülüm nanay
ay naninay (x2)
Qoşadır eyvanımız yar qoşadır

Today is the third of the month

Today is the third of the month, tell
my dear nanay ay naninay
Don't enter it is a (market) garden,
my love don't enter it is a (market)
garden

Your lips are pure sugar
Your tongue is like an almond, my
love your tongue is like an almond
Girl your waist is slim, is slim
Your lips are buds, are buds
Girl your waist is slim, is slim
Your lips are buds, are buds
Girl your waist is slim, is slim
Your lips are buds, are buds

Our houses are right next to each
other, tell my dear nanay ay naninay
we have double balconies, my darling

eyvanımız (x2)

Sən ordan çıx mən burdan (x2)

He-e-ey...

Kör olsun düşmanımız yar kor olsun
düşmanımız

Qız belin incədir ay incə

Ləblərin qönçədir ay qönçə

Qız belin incədir incə

Ləblərin qönçədir, qönçə....

Qız belin incədir ay incə

Ləblərin qönçədir, ay, qönçə

Qız belin incədir incə

Ləblərin qönçədir, qönçə

Araxçının məndədir,

De, gülüm, nanay ay naninay (x2)

Sərmişəm çəməndədir,

Yar sərmişəm çəməndədir (x2)

Dünya gözələ dönsə,

Dünya gözələ dönsə,30

Mənim gözüm səndədir

Yar, mənim gözüm səndədir

Mənim gözüm səndədir

Yar, mənim gözüm səndədir

Qız belin incədir, ay, incə

Ləblərin qönçədir, ay, qönçə

Qız belincədir, incə

Ləblərin qönçədir, qönçə

Yar!

we have shared balconies

you peep through the other side, I'll
peep from here

hey hey hey hey

to hell with our enemy, my darling to
hell with our enemy

girl your waist is narrow oh narrow

your lips are like buds oh buds

girl your waist is narrow oh narrow

your lips are like buds oh buds

girl your waist is narrow oh narrow

your lips are like buds oh buds

girl your waist is narrow oh narrow

your lips are like buds oh buds

I have your arakhchin (special hat for
girls),

tell my dear nanay ay naninay

I put it on in the meadow, my love

I put it on in the meadow

My eyes only see you even there is so
much beauty in the world, my love
my eyes only see you

Girl your waist is slim, is slim

Your lips are buds, are buds

Girl your waist is slim, is slim

Your lips are buds, are buds

Dear!

DEAN'S COUNCILS FOR UNCSA

The Dean's Councils support each of UNCSA's five arts schools – Dance, Design & Production, Drama, Filmmaking, and Music. Dean's Council members support the school of their choosing with an annual gift of \$5,000 or more, work closely with the Dean to advance that school's mission and fundraising priorities, and enjoy a deeper relationship with the Dean and students of the school. If you are interested in joining one of these groups of committed individuals, please contact Vice Chancellor for Advancement Lissy Garrison at 336-770-3329 or garrisonl@uncsa.edu.

DEAN'S COUNCIL FOR THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

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THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

The School of Music gives talented young artists the opportunity to perfect their musical talent and prepare for life as professional musicians. Our training includes both private instruction and public performance experience, including more than 150 recitals and concerts presented each year. This performance experience, combined with career development opportunities and studies in music theory, literature and style, provides the ultimate training to help young musicians grow as both artists and professionals.

UNCSA MANIFESTO

We Believe

Artists enrich our culture, enlighten our society, lift our spirits, and feed our souls.

Integrative arts education from an early age sparks a lifetime of creative thinking, powerful self-expression, and innovative problem solving.

Rigorous artistic training empowers our students and graduates to engage our communities, advance local and global creative industries, and inspire the world.

Arts organizations improve the quality of life and place in big cities and small communities, transforming them from merely livable to truly lovable.

UNC School of the Arts nurtures the talent, hones the craft, and develops the unique voices of emerging artists. We realize the full potential of exceptionally creative and passionate students to do their best work and become their best selves.

UPCOMING PERFORMANCES

“Passing Strange” by Stew

March 24-26, 2022 • 7:30 p.m.

March 27, 2022 • 2 p.m.

March 31-April 2 • 7:30 p.m.

Catawba Theatre

From singer-songwriter and performance artist Stew comes “Passing Strange,” a daring comedy-drama rock musical that takes you on a journey across boundaries of place, identity and theatrical convention.

UNCSA Symphony Orchestra with Michael Buttermann: Prokofiev’s “Romeo and Juliet”

Saturday, March 26, 2022 • 7:30 p.m.

Stevens Center for the Performing Arts

Guest Conductor and Artist-in-Residence Michael Buttermann conducts the season finale concert of the UNCSA Symphony Orchestra performing the orchestral suite from Prokofiev’s most loved ballet “Romeo and Juliet” on a program that also features works from the latter half of the 20th century, both performed with accompanying video.

Undergraduate Opera Scenes

Sunday, March 27, 2022 • 2 p.m.

Agnus de Mille Theatre

Undergraduate opera students perform one-act operas.

The Reynolda Quartet: In The Footsteps of a Giant

Sunday, March 27, 2022 • 3 p.m.

Reynolda House Museum of American Art

Beethoven cast a long imposing shadow on Johannes Brahms, who waited until he was 40 to publish his first string quartet proclaiming that, “You can’t have any idea what it is like always to hear such a giant marching behind you!” It is no wonder that Brahms’ first quartet Op. 51 No. 1, when it finally came, was such a masterpiece — dark, ambitious, rhythmically complex, and in the tragic C minor key of Beethoven’s great Fifth Symphony.

UNCSA

uncsa.edu/performances