



# Orchestra Seattle Seattle Chamber Singers

George Shangrow, music director

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY SEASON

## Director's Picks

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Saturday, May 8, 1999 • 8:00 PM

Sunday, May 9, 1999 • 4:00 PM

Nippon Kan Theater

David Dollase, *actor and director*

Dannul Dailey, *dancer and choreographer*

Stanley Perryman, *dancer*

David Long, *actor*

Orchestra Seattle

Seattle Chamber Singers

George Shangrow, *conductor*

IGOR STRAVINSKY

1882-1971

*The Soldier's Tale*

Text: C. F. Ramuz

Adaptation: David Dollase

- Intermission -

GIAN CARLO MENOTTI

\*1911

*The Unicorn, the Gorgon*

*and the Manticore*

**Please disconnect signal watches and pagers. Flash photography is not permitted.**

This performance is made possible in part by: Classic KING-FM, Gretchen's Catering, Davis Wright Tremaine, the King County Arts Commission, and the Corporate Council for the Arts.

Special thanks to: Hanne Ladefoged, Louise at Cameo Dance, Carol Sams, and University Christian Church.



## Program Notes

### Igor Stravinsky

#### *The Soldier's Tale*

Igor Stravinsky was born June 17, 1882, in Oranienbaum (near St. Petersburg), and died April 6, 1971, in New York City. The first performance of *The Soldier's Tale* was given in the Lausanne (Switzerland) Municipal Theatre on September 28, 1918, conducted by Ernest Ansermet; the premiere of a concert suite drawn from the score was given in London in 1920, but the piece was not staged again until 1924. The work is scored for violin, double bass, clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, trombone and percussion, in addition to two spoken roles and a narrator.

Igor Stravinsky, a Russian-American who helped to revolutionize modern music, is considered by many to be one of the 20th century's greatest and most versatile composers. His father was an actor and singer in St. Petersburg who had his son prepared for a career in the law. Music was only a pastime for Stravinsky until his meeting in 1902 with the composer Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov, with whom he studied formally. Stravinsky's work won the notice of the ballet impresario, Sergei Diaghilev, and Stravinsky's first highly original works were composed for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes in Paris.

At the beginning of World War I, Stravinsky moved to Switzerland, where he composed several works based on Russian themes. Influenced by 18th-century music, he began to write in the austere, neoclassical style exemplified by the poetic dance-drama, *The Soldier's Tale*. In the 1930s, Stravinsky toured Europe and the United States as a pianist and conductor of his own works, and he became an American citizen in 1945. Through his revitalization of the rhythms of European music, his exploration of novel harmonies, and his use of an unusual palette of orchestral colors, he exercised an enormous influence on 20th-century music.

In 1917, both the Russian composer, Stravinsky, and the French-speaking poet, Charles Ramuz, were displaced emigrants who had found refuge from the war in the neutral city of Morges, Switzerland, and comfort and pleasure in collaboration. "Why not do something quite *simple*?" wrote Ramuz. "Why not write a piece which dispenses with a large room, and a large public? A piece whose music would require only a small number of instruments and would have only two or three characters... As there are no longer any theatres, we would be our own theatre. We would provide our own sets, which would be mounted without trouble anywhere, even in the open air." Thus was born a small, introspective, allegorical theater work, *L'histoire du soldat* (*The Soldier's Tale*). It is written in a form reminiscent of the classical instrumental suite of the 18th century, being comprised of brief, self-contained movements, many of which are written in the style of popular dances. Each movement is highly individual in character and perfectly balanced in form, with shared musical themes that provide unity. The work is an energetic *tour de force* of rhythmic ingenuity, in which can be detected the influences of the most colorful dances of France, Spain, and America, including the tango and ragtime.

*The Soldier's Tale* is loosely based on a fatalistic and moralistic Russian folk tale about the misadventures of a young soldier. Nearly every element in the work mimics the Russian oral folk theater, a form developed in the 18th century in which convicts and soldiers imitated literate professional theater in amateur productions. In the first part of the work, a Soldier is traveling

homeward on a two-week leave. He stops to rest on the banks of a small stream and plays his violin. The Devil appears in the form of a butterfly-catcher, and moves in upon his unsuspecting prey. The Soldier reluctantly trades his violin for a magic book which promises him unending wealth, which the Devil teaches him to use in exchange for violin lessons. The Soldier eventually grows tired of his riches and, disconsolate and disgruntled, attempts to buy back his violin from an old woman (another of the Devil's disguises). When he tries to play it, however, he finds that it will no longer make music, and the despairing Soldier tosses the instrument aside, rips apart his magic book, and wanders away.

In Part II, the Soldier comes upon a kingdom which broods beneath the gloom of its suffering princess. Her father offers her hand, together with a substantial dowry, to anyone who can restore her to health. The Soldier accepts the challenge, but needs his violin to work the cure. The Devil reappears, this time disguised as a violin virtuoso, and the two play a card game in which the Soldier deliberately loses his remaining wealth. Now free of the last remnants of his earlier greed, the Soldier recovers both the control of his destiny and his violin, while the Devil, drunk and defeated, collapses over the card table as the Soldier leaves for the palace. The Soldier's music revives the Princess, who dances seductively for her suitor and falls into his arms. The enraged Devil comes upon the scene and tries to regain control of the Soldier, but the Soldier will not be vanquished. He plays his violin and his music causes the Devil to dance until he falls, exhausted, to the ground, threatening revenge with his remaining breath.

The Soldier marries the Princess, and they settle down in the palace, but the Soldier eventually becomes discontented and wishes to recapture his past. He and the Princess set out for the Soldier's childhood home, but the Devil, certain that the Soldier will yield to his temptation, waits at the edge of the village for his victim. He springs upon his prey and seizes both the Soldier and his violin, and, heedless of the cries of his wife, the mesmerized Soldier follows the triumphant Devil down the road.

### Gian Carlo Menotti

#### *The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore*

Gian Carlo Menotti was born July 7, 1911, in Cadegliano, Italy. His musical fable, *The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore*, is scored for chorus with solo trio, and a chamber ensemble of flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, cello, double bass, percussion, and harp. It consists of a choral introduction and twelve madrigals interspersed with instrumental interludes. Commissioned by the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation, it was first performed under the sponsorship of the Foundation in the Library of Congress on October 21, 1956.

One of ten children, Gian Carlo Menotti was the son of a well-to-do Italian businessman, and a talented musician who taught her young son music. At age 10, Menotti wrote his first opera, and when, at age 13, he entered the Milan Conservatory, he had already written a second. He came to the United States in 1927, and studied at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia with Rosario Scalera. With *The Medium*, Menotti was recognized as one of the leading composer-librettists of modern opera. On Christmas Eve, 1951, his *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, the first opera written especially for television, was broadcast on NBC; it has since become one of the most frequently performed operas



in America. In addition to his numerous operatic works, Menotti has composed ballets, orchestral works, and a cantata to his own autobiographical words. Indeed, his wonderful talent as a wordsmith in his adopted language of English and his outstanding ability as a storyteller have made Menotti an esteemed librettist for other composers (the words of Samuel Barber's opera, *Vanessa*, are Menotti's). He has created American operas so appealing that they have become a permanent part of the repertory.

*The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore* is a difficult work to classify; Menotti has always resisted calling it a ballet, though dance is essential to its fullest realization. He refers to it as "A Madrigal Fable," its model being a 1597 "madrigal comedy," which was a type of composition in which an entire play ("commedia" in Italian) was set to music in a series of polyphonic vocal pieces expressing a mixture of the dramatic, the comic, and the sentimental. The brief movements of Menotti's work are a virtual catalogue of 16th-century secular choral devices. The harmonies are "contemporary" without being harshly dissonant, but the overall tone of the composition is medieval. The movements vary widely in mood: human nature in all its facets is depicted through constantly-shifting meters and rhythmic patterns, imitative counterpoint, and dialogue between upper and lower parts. Envy, spite, mockery, domestic strife, slavery to fashion (including ostracism of the unfashionable), and the pack mentality are all portrayed in this work, but grace and charm are also present, and the piece's humor, like its moral, is quite straightforward.

The unicorn, gorgon, and manticore are described as follows in *The Book of Beasts*, translated by T. H. White:

The Unicorn: No hunter can catch him, but he can be trapped by the following stratagem: a virgin girl is led to where he lurks and there she is sent off by herself into the woods. He soon leaps into her lap when he sees her and embraces her, and hence he gets caught.

The Gorgon: It is a beast all set over with scales like a dragon, having no hair except on his head, great teeth like

Swine, having wings to fly and hands to handle, in stature betwixt a Bull and a Calfe.

The Manticore: It has a three-fold row of teeth ... the face of a man with gleaming blood-red eyes ... a tail like the sting of a scorpion, and a shrill voice which is so sibilant that it resembles the notes of flutes.

In this virtuosic work, Menotti tells the tale of a mysterious Man in a Castle, who represents the artist/poet, and perhaps the composer himself, and these three creatures, which represent the labors of the poet's youth, mid-life, and age. The strange Man in the Castle appears one day leading a unicorn. The Countess wants the Count to buy her one, and he does; soon everyone in town imitates them until every respectable couple has its own unicorn. The townsfolk then see the man with a gorgon, and he tells them that he has killed his unicorn. The people are shocked, but they all follow the example of the Countess, who poisons her unicorn, begs the Count for a gorgon, and is granted her request. Soon, everyone has a gorgon. The man in the castle next enters with a manticore, and tells the townsfolk that his gorgon has "died of murder". The Countess then disposes of her gorgon, and badgers the Count into getting her a manticore. Soon all the gorgons in town are killed and every respectable couple is now seen promenading a manticore. When they notice that they have not seen the man in the castle with his manticore for some time, the people conclude that he has killed his manticore. They are appalled, and "form a committee to stop all these crimes." The townsfolk march to the castle to confront the evil man, plotting various tortures for him as they go, and admitting that they "must judge those who live and condemn those who love," detesting "all, except what by fashion is blest." Upon entering the castle, the people find the man on his deathbed, surrounded by the unicorn, the gorgon, and the manticore. He tells the foolish folk that they, not he, are the "indifferent killers of the poet's dreams.... Although the world may not suspect it, all remains intact within the Poet's heart."

— Lorelette Knowles

## Orchestra Seattle

<b>Violin</b> Fritz Klein	<b>Flute</b> Megan Lyden	<b>Clarinet</b> Gary Oules Cindy Renander	<b>Trumpet</b> Gordon Ullmann	<b>Harp</b> Naomi Kato
<b>Cello</b> Julie Reed	<b>Oboe</b> Shannon Hill	<b>Bassoon</b> David Cripe	<b>Trombone</b> Chad Kirby	<b>Percussion</b> Daniel Oie
<b>Bass</b> Allan Goldman				

## Seattle Chamber Singers

<b>Soprano</b> Barb Anderson Kerstin Bruce Crissa Cugini Sue Cobb Susan Dier Kyla DeRemer Dana Durasoff Cinda Freece Vivian Green Kiki Hood Lorelette Knowles Jill Kraakmo	<b>Alto</b> Nancy Lewis Nancy Shasteen Liesel Van Cleeff Laila Adams Julia Akoury-Thiel Carolyn Avery Cheryl Blackburn Jane Blackwell Shireen Deboo Wendy Borton Penny Deputy	<b>Tenor</b> Laura Dooley Essie Fine Deanna Fryhle Sharon Fuller Christine Hackenberger Sharon King Susan Maloff Adrienne McCoy Suzi Means Laurie Medill Nancy Robinson Nedra Slauson Annie Thompson	<b>Bass</b> Liza Wells Kristin Zimmerman Ralph Cobb Alvin Kroon Jon Lange Daniel Lee Timothy Lunde Tom Nesbitt Vic Royer Jerry Sams David Zapolsky	<b>Bass</b> Andrew Danilchik Douglas Durasoff Peter Henry Charles Hobson Christopher Jones Rob Kline Philip Rohrbrough Jerry Semrau Andy Siegel John Stenseth Richard Wyckoff
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**The Unicorn, The Gorgon  
and the Manticore or  
The Three Sundays Of a Poet**  
by Gian Carlo Menotti

**Introduction**

There once lived a Man in a Castle  
And a strange man was he.  
He shunned the Countess' parties;  
He yawned at town meetings;  
He would not let the doctor take his pulse;  
He did not go to church on Sundays.  
Oh, what a strange man is the Man in the Castle!

**Interlude I – Dance of the Man in the Castle**

**First Madrigal**

Every Sunday afternoon,  
Soft winds fanning the fading sun,  
All the respectable folk went out walking slowly  
On the pink promenade by the sea.  
Proud husbands velvety plump,  
With embroidered silk-pale ladies.  
At four o'clock they all greeted each other;  
They spoke ill of each other at six:

*women:*

"How d'you do?" "Very well, thank you."  
"Have you heard?" "Pray do tell me!"  
"Tcha, tcha, tcha, tcha,..."  
"How funny, how amusing, how odd!"  
"Ha, ha, ha, ha."  
"How well you look!" "How pretty your dress!" –  
"Thank you." "Thank you."  
"Good bye." "Good bye."

"Isn't she a gossip!" "Isn't she a fright!"

*men:*

"How d'you do?" "Very well, thank you."  
What do you think of this and that?"  
"In my humble opinion,  
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah..."  
"How profound, how clever, how true!"  
"Only you could understand me."  
"Thank you." "Thank you."  
"Good bye." "Good Bye."  
"Oh, what a pompous ass!" "Oh, what a fool!"

**Interlude II – Dance of the Man in the Castle  
and the Unicorn**

**Second Madrigal**

One Sunday afternoon the proud Man in the Castle  
Joined the crowd in the their promenade by the sea.  
He walked slowly down the quai  
Leading by a silver chain a captive Unicorn.  
The townsfolk stopped to stare at the ill-assorted pair.  
Thinking the man insane, some laughed with pity,  
Some laughed with scorn:  
"What a scandalous sight to see a grown-up man  
Promenade a unicorn all through the city  
In plain daylight!  
If one can stroke the cat and kick the dog;  
If one can pluck the peacock and flee the bee;  
If one can ride the horse and hook the hog;  
If one can tempt the mouse and swat the fly,  
Why, why would a man both rich and well-born  
Raise a unicorn?  
If one can strike the boar with a spear  
And pierce the lark with an arrow;  
If one can hunt the fox and the deer,  
And net the butterfly and eat the sparrow;  
If one can bid the falcon fly and let the robin die,  
Why, why would a man both rich and well-born  
Raise a unicorn?  
If one can skin the mole and crush the snake;  
If one can tame the swan on the lake  
And harpoon the dolphin in the sea;  
If one can chain the bear and train the flea;  
If one can sport with the monkey  
And chatter with the magpie,  
Why, why would a man both rich and well-born  
Raise a unicorn?"

**Introduction to the Third Madrigal**

**Third Madrigal – Dance of the Dream Unicorn**  
Unicorn, Unicorn, my swift and leaping Unicorn,  
Keep pace with me, stay close to me,  
Don't run a-stray, my gentle rover.  
Beware of the Virgin sleeping under the lemon tree,  
Her hair adrift among the clover.  
She hides a net under her petticoat  
And silver chains around her hips,  
And if you kiss her lips  
The hidden hunter will pierce your throat.  
Unicorn, beware, beware!  
Her crimson lips are hard as coral  
And her white thighs are only a snare.  
For you who likes to roam, a kiss is poisoned food;  
Much sweeter fare is the green laurel;  
Much safer home is the dark wood.

**Fourth Madrigal**

*The Count and Countess:*  
"Why are you sad, my darling?  
What shall I buy to make you smile again?  
Velvets from Venice, furs from Tartary,  
Or dwarfs from Spain?"  
"Why was I ever born?  
Ah, my husband dear! Ah, my master, my lord!  
I fear that you cannot afford to calm my sorrow.  
Why was I ever born if I must go through life  
without a unicorn?"  
"Ah, dry your tears, my pet, my wife,  
Whether I swim or fly, whether I steal or borrow  
I swear that you will own a unicorn tomorrow!"

**Interlude III – Dance of the Man in the Castle  
with the Gorgon**

**Fifth Madrigal**

Behold the Gorgon stately and proud.  
His eyes transfixed but not unaware  
Of the envious stare of the common crowd.  
Behold the Gorgon tall, big and loud.  
He does not see the smiling enemy  
He does not pause to acknowledge  
The racket of the critical cricket  
Nor to confute the know how of the sententious cow.  
He slowly sarabands down the crowded street  
Ignoring the hunter but mixing with the elite.  
Fearless and wild, his wings wide-spread.  
He fascinates the maiden and frightens the child.

**Sixth Madrigal**

*The Townsfolk and the Man in the Castle:*  
"And what is that? A Bloody-Nun, a werewolf?"  
"This is a gorgon."  
"And what did you do with the Unicorn, please?"  
"He only liked to gambol and tease – I quickly  
grew tired of the fun,  
So I peppered and grilled him."  
"Do you mean...?"  
"Yes, I killed him."  
"Oh but the man must be out of his mind.  
How ungrateful of him, how unkind.  
To willfully destroy the pretty unicorn so gentle and coy.  
Had he found something prettier at least,  
But look at the Gorgon the horrible beast!  
Wicked is man, patient is God,  
All he gives man to enjoy Man will destroy.  
Banish all sleep, weep for the dead.  
Cover my head with a black veil, silence the nightingale.  
Muffle the horn and the lute.  
For the Unicorn, slain by man,  
will not leap ever again."

**Seventh Madrigal**

*The Count and Countess:*  
*The latter has secretly poisoned her unicorn.*  
"Why are you sad, my darling?  
Gone is the swallow from your limpid eyes.  
Gone is the silver from your clarion voice."  
"Ah my unicorn,  
Whether he grazed on mandrake or hellebore  
or only caught a chill  
I very much fear my unicorn is done for.  
He is so very, very ill."  
"Do not grieve my dear,  
Once he's dead and gone we shall buy a younger one."  
"Ah, my unicorn, no younger one can take his place –  
Besides they have grown too commonplace.  
The mayor's wife has one, so does the doctor's wife.  
Now that my unicorn is gone, I want a gorgon."  
"A gorgon! Ha, Ha, Ha. God forbid!"  
"Ah, you no longer love me.  
You must lover another.  
Ah me, that's clear: I must go back to mother."  
"Bon voyage, my dear."  
"Ah, abandoned and betrayed.  
I shall take the veil and die a nun."  
"Why not an abbess? I couldn't care less."  
"Think of our son, who has done no wrong."  
"The little monster – take him along."  
*She cries, weeps and wails.*  
"No! No, not that, I pray!"  
Calm yourself, my dear. Calm yourself, my dear.  
I shall find a gorgon this very day."

**Interlude IV – Dance of the Man in the Castle  
and the Manticore**

**Eighth Madrigal**

Do not caress the lonely Manticore.  
Do not unless your hand is gloved.  
Feeling betrayed, feeling unloved,  
So lost he is in cabalistic dreams  
He often bites the hand he really meant to kiss.  
Do not caress the lonely Manticore.  
Although he's almost blind and very, very shy  
And says he loves mankind.  
His glistening back whenever tapped  
Will quickly raise its piercing quills.  
How often as if in jest inadvertently he kills  
The people he loves best.  
Afraid of love he hides in secret lairs  
And feeds on herbs more bitter than the aloe.  
Fleeing the envious, the curious and the shallow.  
He keeps under his pillow a parchment he thinks  
contains Solomon's seal and will restore his sight.  
And late at night he battles with the Sphinx.

**Ninth Madrigal**

*The Townsfolk and the Man in the Castle:*  
"And who is that? Methuselah or Beelzebub?"  
"This is the Manticore."  
"And what of the Gorgon, how is he these days?"  
"He was so proud and pompous and loud  
I quickly grew tired of his ways.  
First I warned him and then I caged him,  
Finally, he died."  
"He died? Of what?"  
"Of murder."  
"Oh but the man must be out of his mind.  
How ungrateful of him, how unkind.  
He must be out of his mind to slaughter in a cage  
The gorgeous, gorgeous Gorgon,  
The pride of his age.  
Had he found something prettier at least  
But this Manticore is a horrible beast.  
The horrible, horrible beast!"



**Interlude V – The Death Dance of the  
Countess' Gorgon**

**Tenth Madrigal**

*The Count and the Countess:*  
"Why are you sad, my darling?"  
*mockingly:*  
"Why are you sad, my darling? – I like that!  
Are you drunk, are you asleep or just blind?"  
"I must be all three, for I dreamt you were  
charming and kind."  
"I dare say, with the exception of you,  
The whole town is aware of my terrible plight.  
My gorgon is lost, my gorgon is hopelessly lost!"  
"Hardly a reason to weep.  
I can now get you a dozen at half his original cost."  
"How dare you suggest such a thing.  
You have no intuition or sense,  
You are vulgar and dense."  
"I bow to your eloquence. But what have I said?"  
"Do you expect me to keep and pamper  
And feed a breed that is common and cheap?"  
"I shall say no more."  
"Not even to offer me a manticore?"  
"A manticore?  
That ghost, that golem, that ghoul in my house?  
Never! Never, never, never, never!"  
"You are a fool!"  
"I married you!"  
"You are a mule!"  
"You are a shrew!"  
"How dare you – Oh, I faint."  
*whispered:*  
"Oh what a wife have I,  
Medusa she is and Xantippe,  
Still she must share my bed,  
I wish I were dead."  
"Saying something?"  
"Oh, nothing."  
"May I then have my manticore?"  
"Don't be a bore!"  
"Oh why did I marry a count of no account, since  
I could have married a duke or a prince?"  
*aside:*  
"Because they were clever and I was a fool."  
"Saying something?"  
"Oh, nothing."  
"I heard you!" *She slaps him twice.*  
*whispered:*  
"Oh what a wife have I,  
Medusa she is and Xantippe.  
Oh what a wife have I,  
I wish she would die."  
"Do you still refuse?"  
"You are much too convincing, and forceful and deft."  
"I knew we would finally see eye to eye!"  
"Yes, the one eye I have left."

**Interlude VI – Dance of No One**

**Eleventh Madrigal**

*The Townsfolk:*  
Have you noticed the Man in the Castle  
Is seen no more  
Walking on Sundays his manticore?  
I have a suspicion.  
Do you suppose?  
Do you?  
The manticore too?  
We must form a committee to stop all these crimes.  
We should arrest him, we should splice his tongue  
And triturate his bones.  
He should be tortured with water and fire,  
with pulleys and stones,  
He should be put on the rack,  
On the wheel, on the stake,  
In molten lead in the iron maiden.  
Let us all go to explore the inner courts of the castle  
And find out what he has done  
With the rare manticore.

**Interlude VII – The March to the Castle**

*The Townsfolk:*  
Slow, much too slow is the judgment of God.  
Quick is the thief.  
Speedy architect of perfect labyrinths the sinner.  
But God's law works in time  
And time has one flaw.  
It is unfashionably slow.  
We the few, the elect,  
Must take things in our hands.  
We must judge those who live  
And condemn those who love.  
All passion is uncivil.  
All candor is suspect.  
We detest all except what by fashion is blest.  
And forever and ever,  
Whether evil or good,  
We shall respect what seems clever.  
–Oh!

**Twelfth Madrigal**

*The Man in the Castle on his deathbed, surrounded  
by the Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore:*  
Oh foolish people  
Who feign to feel what other men have suffered.  
You, not I, are the indifferent killers  
Of the poet's dreams.  
How could I destroy the pain-wrought children  
Of my fancy?  
What would my life have been  
Without their faithful and harmonious company?  
Unicorn, Unicorn; my youthful foolish Unicorn,  
Please do not hide, come close to me;  
And you, my Gorgon, behind whose splendor  
I hid the doubts of my mid-day, you, too, stand by;  
And here is my shy and lonely Manticore  
Who gracefully leads me to my grave.  
Farewell, farewell.  
Equally well I loved you all.  
Although the world may not suspect it,  
All remains intact within the Poet's heart.  
Farewell.  
Not even death I fear  
As in your arms I die.  
Farewell, farewell.

**Guest Artists**

**David Dollase** (*director/narrator/devil*) has appeared on Broadway, Off-Broadway, in regional theater, on national tours and in film and TV as an actor. When not performing, he directs and writes, having pursued this passion in productions from coast to coast. Mr. Dollase is currently working on several projects, including a collaboration with his lovely wife, singer Hanne Ladefoged, on their first-born child.

**Dannul Dailey** (*choreographer/dancer*) comes to Seattle via New York, where he worked with many of today's leading Broadway choreographers. He was a principal with the American Dancemachine, an internationally touring dance company devoted to the restoration and preservation of dance on Broadway from the 20s to the 80s. Mr. Dailey has choreographed for most of the theaters in Seattle, including the current run of *Damn Yankees* at Civic Light Opera. He also teaches with his wife at Cornish College of the Arts and they both undertake the enormous task of raising three adorable children.

**Stanley Perryman** (*dancer*) has appeared in many local productions, including: Spectrum Dance Theater; Principal Guest Artist in *Pearl Fishers* with the Seattle Opera; *Once On This Island* and *A Chorus Line* with The Tacoma Actors Guild. Mr. Perryman has toured the world with Dance Theatre of Harlem and as a principal artist with The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. He has appeared in several shows on Broadway (Bob Fosse's *Sweet Charity* with Debbie Allen and *Dancin'* were his favorites) and danced with the Metropolitan Opera for three seasons in the opera *Aida* as a Principal Guest Artist. His movie credits include *True Blood*, *The Wiz* with Michael Jackson and Diana Ross, and *Funny Lady* with Barbara Streisand. Television credits include the *Ford 75th Anniversary Special*, *The Cosby Show* and the *Heisman Trophy Awards*, to name a few. During the day he sits at the front desk of Group Health's Center for Health Studies from 7:30 to 5:00 (yes, nine hours a day but every other Friday off) in support of research operations and loves every minute of it.

**David Long** (*soldier*) is a recent graduate from the University of Washington's Professional Actor Training Program (PATP). His credits at the University include *Orgon* in *Tartuffe*, *Tarleton* in *Misalliance*, and the title role in *Hamlet*. His other roles have included *Freddie* in *My Fair Lady* (Village Theater), *Sir Sagamore* in *Camelot* (Fifth Avenue Theater), and most recently *Kit* in *No Way To Treat A Lady* (Village Theatre). He would like to thank his wife Tracy and dog Nani for their loving support.

**Lighting Design:** Scott Bolman

**Masks:** M.J. McGaliard

**Stage Management:** Sam Whiting



## George Shangrow

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Conductor and music director George Shangrow founded the Seattle Chamber Singers in 1969 and Orchestra Seattle (formerly the Broadway Symphony) in 1979. He has appeared as guest conductor with the Seattle Symphony, Northwest Chamber Orchestra, Tacoma Opera, Rudolf Nureyev and Friends, East Texas University Opera, Oregon Symphony and the Sapporo (Japan) Symphony; conducted world premieres of six operas and numerous other orchestral and choral works; and was music director and conductor of Pacific Chamber Opera from 1976-1978. Mr. Shangrow has taught at Seattle University and Seattle Community College and is a frequent lecturer throughout the Northwest; he is currently on the faculty of the Seattle Conservatory of Music, where he teaches music history

and literature. With flutist Jeffrey Cohan, he concertizes frequently as part of the Cohan-Shangrow Duo. Having toured Europe several times as keyboardist and conductor, he is sought after as an accompanist and has appeared in recital on harpsichord and piano with many noted soloists. His performances on keyboard and as a conductor can be found on London, Voyager, edel America, Aeolian, and Sonic Window Records. Mr. Shangrow currently serves the University Christian Church as Director of Music. Seattle music lovers also know him as a regular announcer on KING-FM and host of *Live By George*, a nightly radio program featuring live, in-studio classical music performances, local and national concert broadcasts, and recordings of historic interest.

## Upcoming OSSCS Performances

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### Young Artists

Sunday, May 23, 1999, 3:30 PM

Benaroya Recital Hall – *admission by free will donation*

Bradley Leavens, French horn      Karen Satterthwaite, cello  
Caroline Slack, violin              Caitlin Tully, violin  
Anita Uhlmann, flute                Wayne Weng, piano

JACOB: Concerto for Horn and Strings

HAYDN: Cello Concerto No. 2 in D Major, Op. 101 (mvmt. II & III)

KHACHATURIAN: Violin Concerto in d minor (mvmt. I)

LALO: *Symphonie Espagnole*, Op. 21 (mvmt. I)

NIELSEN: Concerto for Flute and Orchestra (mvmt. I)

LISZT: Hungarian Fantasy

### Abendmusik III

Sunday, June 13, 1999, 7:00 PM – *note date and time*

University Christian Church  
4731 15<sup>th</sup> Ave NE

BACH: Orchestral Suite No. 3

BACH: *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*

*...plus a collection of springtime madrigals.*

*Join us for our final concert of the 1998-99 season  
as we celebrate our thirtieth birthday!*

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GRETCHEN'S  
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AT BENAROYA HALL

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