

UNCSA

RIPE: PHYLLIS PANCELLA IN RECITAL WITH FRIENDS OLD AND NEW

Oct. 31 at 7:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

Phyllis Pancella
MEZZO-SOPRANO

Allison Gagnon
PIANO

Ricardo Hinojosa
PERCUSSION

Timothy Hoekman
PIANO

Stephanie Willow Patterson
BASSOON

Robert Rocco
PIANO

PRESENTED BY
UNCSA

Brian Cole
CHANCELLOR

Saxton Rose
SCHOOL OF MUSIC, DEAN

RIPE: PHYLLIS PANCELLA IN RECITAL WITH FRIENDS OLD AND NEW

Nash Menagerie (1996) Timothy Hoekman
(b. 1954)

Poetry of Ogden Nash
The Wombat
The Turkey
The Hippopotamus
The Kangaroo
The Fly
The Caterpillar
The Germ

Timothy Hoekman, piano

Know (2023).....Lawrence Dillon
(b. 1959)

Poetry of Phyllis Pancella

Robert Rocco, piano
Ricardo Hinojosa, marimba

A Certain Age (2022)..... Kamala Sankaram
(b. 1978)

Indian Summer (Dorothy Parker)
Wild Thing (Judith Viorst)
Alphabet (Judith Viorst)
The Best of It (Kay Ryan)
Happiness (Reconsidered) (Judith Viorst)

Allison Gagnon, piano
Stephanie Willow Patterson, bassoon

INTERMISSION

RIPE: PHYLLIS PANCELLA IN RECITAL WITH FRIENDS OLD AND NEW

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle (from "Carmen") (1875)..... Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Robert Rocco, piano
Chorus of cigarette factory workers and soldiers

Miss Manners on Music (1998)..... Dominick Argento
(1927-2019)

Letters and responses from the etiquette column by Judith Marti
Prologue
Manners at a Concert
Manners at the Ballet
Manners for Contemporary Music
Manners at a Church Recital
Manners at the Opera
Envoi

Timothy Hoekman, piano

BIOGRAPHIES

LAWRENCE DILLON

With over forty years' worth of published works to his credit, Lawrence Dillon continues to create music that embraces our moment with a deep connection to the past and an open-minded curiosity about the future. "Dillon seems to reach across several centuries for inspiration," wrote the Washington Post, "somewhat like Benjamin Britten."

A sought-after educator, Dillon taught for three years at The Juilliard School before joining the faculty of the University of North Carolina School of the Arts (UNCSA) School of Music. He has had residencies at the Curtis Institute of Music, the Colburn School of Music, SUNY Stony Brook, the St. Petersburg Rimsky Korsakov Conservatory, the Hartt School of Music and numerous summer festivals.

Dillon's music has been performed on five continents. NPR said, "The music of composer Lawrence Dillon melds whimsy and mystery in an oddly irresistible fashion. His pieces have a magnetism that has earned him the attention and acclaim of the musical world, with famous ensembles commissioning works written by his award-winning hand." His songs and song cycles have been performed by Lauren Flanigan, Janine Hawley, Theodora Hanslowe, Glenn Siebert, Marilyn Taylor and many other outstanding vocalists.

Dillon earned a doctorate in composition at The Juilliard School, where his principal teacher was Vincent Persichetti.

ALLISON GAGNON

Allison Gagnon directs the collaborative piano program at UNCSA and concertizes with both vocal and instrumental colleagues. Before joining UNCSA in 1998, she was affiliated with both Queen's University and McGill University in Canada. She was a member of the piano staff at the Meadowmount School of Music in New York for almost 20 years and has also spent summers at the Banff Centre in Canada and the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara. Gagnon has twice received the UNCSA Excellence in Teaching Award. Graduates of the collaborative piano program she launched 20 years ago are active professionally across the United States and abroad. Since 2019, she has served as faculty mentor for the "Music Between Us" initiative of UNCSA's ArtistCorps, providing interactive musicmaking in dementia care. Gagnon completed her D.M.A. with Anne Epperson at the Cleveland Institute of Music. Her earlier teachers were Dale Bartlett in Montreal, Michael Krist in Vienna, Pierre Jasmin and Margaret McLellan in Kingston and her mother Marjorie Gagnon. Her creative interests include ceramics and wildlife photography.

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RICARDO HINOJOSA

Ricardo “Ricky” Hinojosa is currently in his third year of undergraduate studies under the guidance of Ksenija Komljenović, and in his first year at UNCSA. He ventured into percussion at the age of 11 while growing up in the proud border town of Laredo, Texas. His musical journey began in the school band program, offering him a creative outlet. His passion for percussion has led to numerous achievements over the years, including marching in multiple DCI seasons, performing with the TMEA All-State band and winning several solo performance competitions. His most recent accomplishment entails securing the top spot in the Collegiate Snare Drum division at the TIERRAS South Texas Percussion Competition in 2022. His long-term goal is to become a teacher after gaining professional performance experience in various ensembles.

TIMOTHY HOEKMAN

Timothy Hoekman was the 2002 MTNA–Shepherd Distinguished Composer of the Year. His winning composition, the song cycle “To Make a Prairie,” is published by Theodore Presser. His other published compositions include several song cycles for voice and piano, a cycle for baritone and harpsichord, various vocal chamber works and choral music. Many of these are available at Graphite Publishing. As composer-in-residence for the 2004 Coastal Carolina Chamber Music Festival, Hoekman wrote “North Carolina Songs” for voice, violin, viola, cello and harp. Other commissions include a quartet for violin, cello, piano and soprano; the one-act opera “Princess Gray Goose;” “Then Swims Up the Great Round Moon” (for vocal quartet and piano); and fanfares for Glimmerglass Opera’s 2002 and 2008 seasons. Other works include “The Nativity” (three songs for soprano and orchestra), the oratorio “Prophet Songs,” and works for organ, piano and trumpet. Until May of 2022, Hoekman was professor of vocal coaching and accompanying at Florida State University, where he taught since 1984. He spends his summers as a lieder coach for the American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria. From 1988 to 2011, he served on the music staff of Glimmerglass Opera.

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PHYLLIS PANCELLA

Currently serving on the voice faculty at UNCSA, award-winning mezzo-soprano Phyllis Pancella is a veteran of international opera and concert stages, in music extending from the baroque to six months ago. Her opera roles have ranged from Carmen and Adalgisa to Lizzie Borden and Nero, with major companies including Houston, Chicago, San Francisco, London, Paris, Tel Aviv and Naples. In concert repertoire, she has performed under the batons of Leonard Slatkin, Jane Glover, Daniel Barenboim, James Conlon and Anne Manson, among many others. A highly regarded interpreter of chamber music and art song, Pancella has appeared with Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Chamber Music Northwest, New World Symphony, Orchestra della Toscana and the Prague New Music Festival. Her work with contemporary composers has resulted in many premieres, including Dominick Argento's "Miss Manners on Music," and she appears on recordings with the Naxos, Erato, Neos and Navona labels, as well as with UNCSA's new media label. A dedicated advocate for student artists, Pancella has been a guest faculty member at Indiana University, Boston Conservatory and Florida State University, and she has served on the faculty of the Janiec Opera Company at the Brevard Music Festival.

STEPHANIE WILLOW PATTERSON

California native Stephanie Willow Patterson is associate professor of bassoon at UNCSA, formerly at the Schwob School of Music and principal bassoon of the Columbus Symphony Orchestra. Recently, she played acting principal bassoon in the Atlanta Opera. Passionate about outreach and contemporary music, she has performed at the Fairbanks New Music Festival, the Sonorities Festival in Belfast, Ireland, and the Festival Internacional de Música Colonial Brasileira e Música Antiga in Juiz de Fora, Brazil. Patterson's book, "An Introduction to Contemporary Music for Bassoon and 64 Etudes" is available through Trevco Music. Crossing genres with performances in costume, Patterson performed Michael Daugherty's "Dead Elvis" at Knob Festival at the FischHaus in Wichita, Kansas, and Stockhausen's "In Freundschaft for bassoon" - playing a teddy bear. She has performed in Carnegie Hall, on the streets of Moscow, the pedestrian malls of Madrid, in the gilded Kappella hall in St. Petersburg, inside a medieval church in Prague, for afterschool programs in Alaska with Pierre Boulez at the Kunstmuseum Luzern, atop a gallows at MASSMOCA, in a room with speakers encircling the audience, and in the woods all around the world.

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ROBERT ROCCO

Robert Rocco, pianist and harpsichordist, is a native of western Pennsylvania, where he began piano studies with his mother at age five. He holds degrees in music performance from Carnegie Mellon and Yale University, where he achieved distinction in solfège and music theory. Further, studies have taken him to the American Conservatory in Fontainebleau, as well as to the Salzburg Mozarteum, where he earned certificates in chamber music and German Lieder accompanying. He was also a featured pianist in the 2023 session of the Barcelona Festival of Song. Currently on the faculty at UNCSA, he serves as collaborative pianist and instructor of French diction at the American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria, and is director of music at Beck's Baptist Church in Winston-Salem. In addition, he is an avid ballroom dancer with achievements in cha-cha, rumba, foxtrot, bolero, Viennese waltz and Argentine tango.

KAMALA SANKARAM

Praised as “one of the most exciting opera composers in the country” by The Washington Post, composer Kamala Sankaram moves freely between the worlds of experimental music and contemporary opera. Known for her work pushing the boundaries of the operatic form, she has created operas as varied as “The Last Stand,” a 10-hour opera created for the trees of Prospect Park, Brooklyn; “Looking at You,” a techno-noir featuring live datamining of the audience and a chorus of 25 singing tablet computers, all decisions will be made by consensus, one of the first live performances over Zoom; and “The Parkville Murders,” the world's first virtual reality opera.

Recent commissions include works for the Glimmerglass Festival where she was the 2022 composer-in-residence, Washington National Opera, the PROTOTYPE Festival and Creative Time, among others. As a biracial Indian-American and trained sitarist, Sankaram has also drawn on Indian classical music in many of her works, including “Thumbprint,” “A Rose,” “Monkey and Francine in the City of Tigers” and “The Jungle Book.” Select awards, grants and residencies include: composer-in-residence at the Kaufman Music Center, Jonathan Larson Award, NEA ArtWorks, MAP Fund, Opera America, HEREArtist residency program, the MacDowell Colony and the Watermill Center. Also an accomplished performer, Sankaram has been hailed as “an impassioned soprano with blazing high notes” by Wall Street Journal. Notable collaborations include Anthony Braxton's “Trillium E,” “Trillium J,” and “GTM (Syntax) 2017;” Meredith Monk's “Atlas” with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, The Wooster Group's “LA DIDONE” and the PROTOTYPE

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Festival's "THUMBPRINT," among others. Sankaram is the leader of Bombay Rickey, an operatic Bollywood surf ensemble whose accolades include two awards for Best Eclectic Album from the Independent Music Awards, the 2018 Mid-Atlantic touring grant and appearances on WFMU and NPR. Sankaram holds a Ph.D. from the New School and is currently a member of the composition faculties at the Mannes College of Music and SUNY Purchase.

PROGRAM NOTES FOR “RIPE”

That forgotten cheese?

Still good, just scrape off the mold.

(Like sixth decade me.)

When I was still an undergrad, I got to attend the Aspen Music School one summer, and soaked up every performance I could. My life was changed when I got to witness Elizabeth Mannion walk onto the festival stage with giant bleached hair and a glittering green tapestry dress and perform Leonard Bernstein’s “La Bonne Cuisine.” Wait, I thought, classical singing can be used in the service of COMEDY? Where do I sign up?

I’ve been on the lookout for comic pieces ever since, and struck gold the night Judith Martin’s husband Robert pulled me aside at dinner and whispered, “If I don’t finish this conversation, there’s a note in your coat pocket.” Secrets! In Miss Manners’ home? I was horrified and thrilled! It turned out he was hoping I would sing the Dominick Argento piece he’d commissioned as a surprise to be presented at her 60th birthday gathering, and I could even choose the pianist. Timothy Hoekman and I premiered Argento’s delightful “Miss Manners on Music” 25 years ago this year, and it seemed a fitting way to celebrate my own 60th birthday.

Tim is also an accomplished composer who understands funny. A couple years before the premiere of MMOM, he wrote the song cycle “Nash Menagerie” for the countertenor David Walker. Having already stolen several roles that had been composed for men, I had no compunction against co-opting this piece, and it soon became a regular feature for me in recital. Thank goodness Tim was able to join me here in Winston-Salem for this performance.

When Saxton Rose, Dean of the School of Music at UNCSA, asked if I’d be interested in working with composer Kamala Sankaram on a piece to be released on the school’s new media label, I immediately asked her how she’d feel about writing something comic. And with bassoon. It was a level of collaboration I’d never thought possible with an artist of her stature. I’ve collected funny poems by women over the years, and sent Kamala a dozen or so that focused on topics of interest to mature women to see what she thought. She chose five of them and got to work. The result is “A Certain Age,” which has its first live performance this evening. I am so grateful to have been part of developing work for a mature performer who prefers not to take herself too seriously. There are a lot of us out there.

PROGRAM NOTES FOR “RIPE”

Collaboration went up another notch when composer Lawrence Dillon asked if he might use some of the haiku I'd written early in the pandemic to create a piece. For some of us, it took a pandemic to reveal that we've always been a hair's breadth from chaos; we just thought we had things under control. Writing haiku was a way I could distill the bittersweetness of surrendering to the absolutely unknowable. It wasn't all bad after all: outdoor socially distanced visits were a joy, there was pleasure in rolling one's eyes at cable news, and I found out that even washing my driveway could feel like a metaphor. Larry turned these musings and others into “Know,” which has its premiere this evening.

Probably the only piece you'll be able to hum along to tonight is the Carmen excerpt we've prepared. Arguably the most famous mezzo role in the operatic canon, this character is a smart and funny woman whom I have been thrilled to include over the years in my otherwise pretty un-hummable repertoire. I hope you'll enjoy all the special guests for this piece as much as I have.

When I landed on “Ripe” as a title for this program, I had in mind a tastier version of “mature;” not “ripe” like an avocado that's on the verge of being disgusting. But it really could go either way, couldn't it? Aging, humor, performance...all a little dangerous that way. Please feel free to relieve any resulting tension by having a laugh at my expense.

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The Nash Menagerie

The Wombat

The wombat lives across the seas,
Among the far Antipodes.
He may exist on nuts and berries,
Or then again, on missionaries;
His distant habitat precludes
Conclusive knowledge of his moods,
But I would not engage the wombat
In any form of mortal combat.

The Turkey

There is nothing more perky
Than a masculine turkey.
When he struts he struts
With no ifs or buts.
When his face is apoplectic
His harem grows hectic,
And when he gobbles
Their universe wobbles.
The Hippopotamus
Behold the hippopotamus!
We laugh at how he looks to us,
And yet in moments dank and grim
I wonder how we look to him.
Peace, peace, thou hippopotamus!
We really look all right to us,
As you no doubt delight the eye
Of other hippopotami.

The Kangaroo

O Kangaroo, O Kangaroo,
Be grateful that you're in the zoo,
And not transmuted by a boomerang
To zestful tangy Kangaroo meringue.

The Fly

God in his wisdom made the fly
And then forgot to tell us why.

The Caterpillar

I find among the poems of Schiller
No mention of the caterpillar.
Nor can I find one anywhere

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In Petrarch or in Beaudelaire.
So here I sit in extra session
To give my personal impression.

The caterpillar, as it's called
Is often hairy, seldom bald.
It looks as if it never shaves
When as it walks, it walks in waves.
And from the cradle to the chrysalis
It's utterly speechless, songless, whistleless.

The Germ

A mighty creature is the germ,
Though smaller than the pachyderm.
His customary dwelling place
Is deep within the human race.
His childish pride he often pleases
By giving people strange diseases.
Do you, my poppet, feel infirm?
You probably contain a germ.

Know

We never did know
what tomorrow would bring. Now
the veil is lifted.

Haiku and Fox play
to short attention spans, but
virus plays long game.

We never did know
what tomorrow would bring. Now
the veil is lifted.

I forage, cook, sew,
rise/set with the sun, like Mom.
"Old Normal" suits some.

A night star is seen
only obliquely. Much the
same with metaphors.

We never did know
what tomorrow would bring. Now
the veil is lifted.

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A day for visits
Front porch to front lawn chat. Love
In three dimensions

My stack of worries,
Tall but wobbly, collapses
When I'm not looking

Repetition, time
Slowly reveal true color.
Zen of power wash.

Went to bed wrung-out
Desiccated, brittle, choked.
And then came the rain.

A Certain Age

Indian Summer by Dorothy Parker

In youth, it was a way I had
To do my best to please,
And change, with every passing lad,
To suit his theories.

But now I know the things I know,
And do the things I do;
And if you do not like me so,
To hell, my love, with you!

Wild Thing by Judith Viorst

I went for a walk in the sun without wearing my sunscreen.
I went out of town without making a reservation.
I placed my mouth directly on a public drinking fountain, And took a sip.
I didn't bother flossing my teeth before bedtime.
I pumped my own gasoline at a self-service station.
I ate the deviled egg instead of the cauliflower with low-fat yogurt dip.
I bought, without reading Consumer Reports, a new dryer.
I left my checking account unreconciled.
I know that the consequences could be dire,
But sometimes a woman simply has to run wild.

Alphabet by Judith Viorst

A's for arthritis.
B's for bad back.
C is for chest pains. Corned beef? Cardiac?

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D is for dental decay and decline.

E is for eyesight—can't read that top line.

F is for fissures and fluid retention.

G is for gas (which I'd rather not mention) And other such gastrointestinal glitches.

H is high blood pressure.

I is for itches.

J is for joint that are failing to flex.

L's for libido—what's happened to sex?

Wait! I forgot about K for bad knee.

(I've got a few gaps in my M—memory).

N's for nerve (pinched) and neck (stiff) and neurosis.

O is for osteo.

P's for porosis.

Q is for queasiness. Fatal? Just flu?

R is for reflux—one meal becomes two.

S is for sleepless nights counting my fears.

T is for tinnitus—bells in my ears.

U is for difficulties urinary.

V is for vertigo.

W's worry,

About what the x as in X ray will find.

But though the word "terminal" rushes to mind,

I'm proud as each Y-year- goes by to reveal

A reservoir of undiminished Z-zeal-

For checking the symptoms my body's deployed

And keeping my twenty-six doctors employed.

The Best of It by Kay Ryan

However carved up

or pared down we get,

we keep on making

the best of it as though

it doesn't matter that

our acre's down to a square foot. As

though our garden

could be one bean

and we'd rejoice if

it flourishes as

though one bean

could nourish us.

Happiness (Reconsidered) by Judith Viorst

Happiness

Is a clean bill of health from the doctor,

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And the kids shouldn't move back home
for more than a year;
And not being audited, overdrawn, in Wilkes-Barre
In a lawsuit or in traction.

Happiness
Is falling asleep without Valium
And having two breasts to put in my brassiere
And not (yet) needing to get my blood pressure lowered,
My eyelids raised or a second opinion.

And on Saturday nights
When my husband and I have rented
Something with Fred Astaire for the VCR,
And we're sitting around in our robes discussing,
The state of the world, our Keoughs,
And whether to fix the transmission or buy a new car,
And we're eating a pint of rum-raisin ice cream
On the grounds that
Tomorrow we're starting a diet of fish, fruit, and grain,
And my dad's in Miami dating a very nice widow,
And no one we love is in serious trouble or pain,
And our bringing-up-baby days are far behind us,
But our senior-citizen days have not begun,
It's not what I called happiness
When I was twenty-one,
But it's turning out to be
What happiness is.

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Carmen excerpt

Les Cigarieres

Dans l'air,
Nous suivons des yeux la fumée,
La fumée.
Dans l'air, nous suivons des yeux
La fumée
Qui monte en tournant vers les cieux!
La fumée! La fumée!

Soldats
Mais nous ne voyons pas la Carmencita.

Les Cigarieres et Les Jeunes Gens
La voilà,
La voilà,
Voilà la Carmencita.

Soldats
Carmen, sur tes pas, nous nous pressons tous;
Carmen, sois gentille, au moins réponds-nous
Et dis-nous quel jour tu nous aimeras.
Carmen, dis-nous quel jour tu nous aimeras!

Carmen
Quand je vous aimerai, ma foi, je ne sais pas.
Peut-être jamais, peut-être demain;
Mais pas aujourd'hui, c'est certain.

No. 5 - Habanera

Carmen
L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
Et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle
S'il lui convient de refuser.
Rien n'y fait; menace ou prière,
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait;
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère,
Il n'a rien dit, mais il me plaît.
L'amour est enfant de Bohème,
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi;
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;

Cigarette Factory Workers

In the air,
We follow the smoke,
Smoke.
In the air, we follow eyes
Smoke
Which goes up turning to the heavens!
Smoke! Smoke!

Soldiers
But we do not see Carmencita.

All
Here she is,
Here she is,
Here is Carmencita.

Soldiers
Carmen, we're all following your footsteps;
Carmen, be nice, at least answer us
And tell us what day you will love us.
Carmen, tell us what day you will love us!

Carmen
When I love you, my faith, I do not know.
Maybe never, maybe tomorrow;
But not today, that's for sure.

No. 5 - Habanera

Carmen
Love is a rebellious bird
That no one can tame,
And it is in vain that one calls it
If it decides to refuse.
Nothing works; threat or prayer,
One speaks well, the other is silent;
And it's that other one I prefer,
He did not say anything, but he pleases me.
Love is a Bohemian child,
It never, never knew a law;
If you do not love me, I love you;

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Si je t'aime,
Prends garde à toi!
L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit de l'aile et s'envola
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre
Tu ne l'attends plus... Il est là
Tout autour de toi, vite, vite,
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite,
Tu crois l'éviter, il te tient.
L'amour est enfant de Bohême,
Il n'a jamais connu de loi;
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
Si je t'aime,
Prends garde à toi!

But if I love you,
Beware!
The bird that you thought you surprised
Beat her wings and flew away
Love is far away, you can wait for it;
You stop waiting,... it is here
All around you, quickly, quickly,
It comes, goes, then comes back
You think you're holding it, it's avoiding you,
You think you're avoiding it, it's got you.
Love is Bohemian child,
It never knew a law;
If you do not love me, I love you;
But if I love you,
Beware!

Miss Manners on Music

Prologue

The adage that silence is golden has never been more true, in Miss Manners' opinion. Its value is rising astonishingly every day, and it is getting correspondingly harder for most people to have any. By silence Miss Manners means something you can hear a bird tweet in. Individuals and industries have combined to produce a constant stream of nasty noise, masquerading everywhere under the inappropriate name of "music." Restaurants, hotel lobbies, and shops are wired for sound. Hand-carried radios take care of the streets and buses. In private houses the fancy sound of mild classical music used as a background. The fact is that all this noise is rude. It is rude to the captured audience of half-listeners, and what is more, it is rude to the music. Music worth listening to is worth listening to.

Manners at a Concert

Dear Miss Manners: I believe in shushing people who talk during concerts. I didn't pay to hear them blabbering. But a friend who went with me told me I was being rude in telling people to shut up. It seems to me that what rudeness is, is talking during music.

Gentle Reader: Both are rude. The polite thing would be to say to the noisy person, "I beg your pardon, but I can't hear the music. I wonder if you would mind talking more softly." By the time you have said all this, a third party will utter a loud "SHHHH," thereby accomplishing your purpose without sacrificing your manners.

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Manners at the Ballet

Dear Miss Manners: When is it appropriate to clap at the ballet?

Gentle Reader: Serious minded people believe that clapping should be confined to the bows at the end of performances and detest any such manifestation while music is being played. By prevailing standards, however, applause is also customary at the ballet for any stage set more elaborate than one painted tree and an overgrown mushroom stool, at the appearance of a favorite dancer, and for any three leaps or four turns.

Manners for Contemporary Music

Dear Miss Manners: I attend the symphony regularly, and I am getting tired of hearing new compositions which do nothing for me except grate on my nerves like a piece of chalk scraped across a blackboard. Is it polite to boo such a piece? I've read that they used to tear up the seats in Paris theaters. Why should we in the United States be so polite and suffer in silence?

Gentle Reader: Miss Manners is not against the proper expression of displeasure as well as pleasure at musical events. Although too timid herself to boo, she does not recognize the need to thank performing artists for their efforts, and therefore interprets applause as a show of approval for the success of those efforts. Where there is room for approval there must also be room for disapproval. If you boo a piece at its premiere, your disapproval is assumed to be for the composer, and it is those occasions where people had such high old times in Paris and elsewhere. However, tearing up seats in the auditorium as a sign of aesthetic disapproval usually turned out to have been an historical error, marking one for future generations as a major philistine, scorning those composers who later turned out to be regarded as immortals. If you boo at a later performance, your comment is taken as critical of the performers.

Manners at a Church Recital

Dear Miss Manners: I recently attended a vocal recital with Malcolm, a friend from my church choir. During one particular rendition, Malcolm jabbed me in the side and whispered, "Are you aware that you are moving your head in time to the music?" I stopped immediately, but felt irritated that he would tell me how to behave. Since then, Malcolm has mentioned at least four times that I so embarrassed him by my ignorant behavior that he wanted to crawl underneath the pew. I do concede that a church recital is fairly formal. I am in my fifties, and have attended many recitals and stage plays. Malcolm made me feel like a country bumpkin. Did I behave inappropriately? Don't mince words, Miss Manners, give it to me straight!

RIPE: PHYLLIS PANCELLA IN RECITAL WITH FRIENDS OLD AND NEW

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Gentle Reader: Too bad Malcolm didn't crawl under the pew. He would be better off out of sight, because he committed three serious breaches of etiquette during the recital (whispering, correcting, and jabbing), and by your count four afterward. Nodding the head slightly is, Miss Manners assures you, nothing whatsoever in comparison. As an annoyance it is in a category with small-gestured conducting on one's own lap, which puts it way below foot-tapping and snoring. Concert manners vary not only according to the program and hall, but by country and century. At choice Italian opera houses, failing to deliver a mid-aria critique to the singers is considered to show a lamentable lack of interest. So while it is true that a trance-like state, eyes blank and lips slightly curved in the idiot position, is the safest stance to take, there is no rule applicable to all occasions. Except that Malcolm is not the person with whom to enjoy music.

Manners at the Opera

Dear Miss Manners: I am terribly upset about some people's deplorable conduct at the conclusion of a recent opera. Barely had the final curtain touched the stage, the opera stars not yet gone forward to take their bows, when throngs of what I consider extremely rude patrons started a fast exit up the aisle, supposedly to beat the throngs to the doors, parking lots, or after-theater suppers. My being able to rise and applaud the players onstage is as much a part of an enjoyable evening at the opera as the actual performance. But when six people push their way past me to make their exits and a near-platoon is en route from the front rows, I am personally angered, and goodness knows what the performers must think, seeing a sea of backs. I cannot believe that this is proper conduct, and I am at a loss on how either to halt the exodus or to appease my anger. Would you please help?

Gentle Reader: Well actually, no. In fact, as a violent opera lover herself, Miss Manners (who just loves violent operas) endorses a lively school of audience reaction rather than the genteel one that you represent. Uniformly respectful applause is the result of ritualizing the experience of attending an opera to the point where no real expression of opinion is permitted. If Miss Manners were an opera singer (and she has all the qualifications but voice), she would prefer the occasional excesses of enthusiasm when ecstatic fans pulled her carriage through the streets, even if it also means occasional, obviously misguided disapproval. She would prefer that to hearing the same tepid politeness for her triumphs and her failures.

Envoi

Dear Miss Manners: Who says there is a right way of doing things and a wrong?

Gentle Reader: Miss Manners does. You wanna make something of it?

UNCSA MANIFESTO

We Believe

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

Integrative **ART 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.

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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.



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.

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The Dean's Circles support each of the five arts schools at UNCSA — Dance, Design & Production, Drama, Filmmaking and Music. Dean's Circle members support the school of their choosing with an annual gift of \$5,000 or more in support of discretionary funds, scholarships or other fundraising priorities. Members enjoy special events and opportunities to interact with the school's dean, faculty and students. If you are interested in joining one or more UNCSA Dean's Circles, please contact Shannon Wright, Director of Development for Leadership Annual & Family Giving, at wrightsh@uncsa.edu or 336-770-1427.

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The Associates, UNCSA's volunteer organization, invites you to join them. For more information about the organization and volunteer opportunities, visit www.uncsa.edu/associates or email them at UNCSAassociatesportal@uncsa.edu.

BRASS

Adam Rapa, Trumpet and Oystein Baadsvik, Tuba with the UNCSA Jazz Ensemble and Wind Ensemble

Nov. 1 at 7:30 p.m.

STEVENS CENTER

Known for his eye-popping skills, versatility and excitement, “Adam Rapa plays with an intensity that electrifies the audience,” said the Philadelphia Courier-Post. UNCSA, in collaboration with the Piedmont Wind Symphony, welcomes trumpet phenom Rapa as artist in residence, performing his own compositions with the UNCSA Jazz Ensemble. With over 5 million views on YouTube, Norwegian Tubist Oystein Baadsvik has wowed audiences around the globe. He will be performing and arrangement written especially for him of the virtuosic favorite “Carnival of Venice” with the UNCSA Wind Ensemble.

Brass Impact!

Nov. 4 at 7:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

The UNCSA Brass Weekend presents Brass Impact!, featuring some of the most renowned brass soloists from around the globe. Trumpet virtuoso Adam Rapa, “a musician who could put more famous horn blowers to shame,” according to the Tampa Tribune. Jeff Scottis the Associate Professor of Horn at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, formerly of the Imani Winds, a former member of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater and Dance Theater of Harlem orchestras and has performed numerous times with the Jazz at Lincoln Center Orchestra under the direction of Wynton Marsalis. Matt Niess is the leader of The Capitol Bones, instructor of jazz at Shenandoah Conservatory and former lead trombone of U.S. Army Blues for nearly thirty-years who has performed with many top entertainers such as Ray Charles, Frankie Valli, Doc Severson and Mel Tormé.