

# Mozart *Re*Imagined

## CAST & CREW

Wolfgang Mozart.....	Kyle Syverson
Aloysia Weber.....	Emma Johnson
Maria Anna Mozart.....	Olivia Guselle
Constanze Weber.....	Kelsey Ronn

Saskatoon Symphony Orchestra Chamber Ensemble

Danika Lorèn, Director

Maria Fuller, Conductor

Jackie Latendresse (FreeFlow Dance), Choreographer

Simeon Taylor, Videographer/Cinematographer

Darrell Bueckert, Audio Technician

Spencer McKnight (Saskatoon Opera), Producer

Mark Turner (SSO), Creative Producer

Karen Raynaud (SSO), Production Manager

Shelby Lyn Lowe, Stage Manager

Yash Kathrotia, Production Assistant

Matthew Praksas, Production Assistant



# Director's Note

"Neither a lofty degree of intelligence,  
nor imagination, nor both together  
go to the making of genius.  
Love, love, love, that is the soul of genius!"

W. Mozart

Over the past year, I have reflected on what it means to be a creative professional. None of us can do it alone, and no one ever has! So what can we learn when we look at the people who supported one of history's most vibrant composers? A depth of colour and character that supports and challenges Mozart's vibrancy, and a more complete landscape of his world. But we can't stop there; the stage is not a museum! How can we bring new life and a modern spirit into the picture? By embracing the "what if"s of our imaginations, by welcoming and celebrating every artist as they are, and by stepping out of the box with pride and passion!

I hope you have fun watching our show;  
it has been made with love!

Danika Lorén



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*Programme*

**SYMPHONY NO. 10, iii. Allegro**

**W A Mozart**

**Letter: ~1770 from Mozart to Maria Anna, Part I**

**AMORETTI... (LA FINTA SEMPLICE)**

**W A Mozart**

**Letter: ~1770 from Mozart to Maria Anna, Part II**

**SOUND OF FOND WORDS**

**Alexander Tosh**

**A GUARDA SORELLA (COSÌ FAN TUTTE)**

**W A Mozart**

**È AMORE UN LADRONCELLO**

**Kendra Harder**

**Letter: 1777 from Mozart to Maria Anna**

**ALOYSIA'S ACHING**

**Danika Lorèn**

**SYMPHONY NO. 32, ii. Andante, iii. Tempo prima**

**W A Mozart**

**VORREI SPIEGARVI, OH DIO! (K. 418)**

**W A Mozart**

**Letter: 1779 from Mozart to Aloysia Weber**

**DEH VIENI / AL DESIO**

**Tiess McKenzie**

**Letter: 1770 from Mozart to Maria Anna**

**SYMPHONY No. 40, iv Finale. Allegro assai**

**W A Mozart**

**Letter: 1770 from Mozart to Constanze**

**S'ALTRO CHE LACRIME (LA CLEMENZA DI TITO)**

**W A Mozart**

**SOAVE SIA IL VENTO (COSÌ FAN TUTTE)**

**W A Mozart**



# Letters & Translations

## ~1770 MOZART TO MARIA ANNA

We are all very well, and I feel particularly so when a letter from Salzburg arrives. I beg you to write to me every post-day, even if you have nothing to write about, for I should very much like to have a letter EVERY DAY by post, Nannerl!

It would not be a bad idea to write me a little letter in Italian so you can better your grasp of the language... if you compose something of worth they will invite you someday, and what a shame it would be for you to be fumbling around...

Today, we made the acquaintance of a fine singer auditioning for our production here. She has, first and foremost, a very fine voice and sings directly from her heart...

### AMORETTI... (LA FINTA SEMPLICE)

Amoretti, che ascosi qui siete,  
E volando d'intorno ferite.  
Ah, vi prego, da me non venite:  
Questo cor non venite a piagar.

Sweet Cupids who lay hiding,  
flying around only to hurt,  
Ah, please do not come to me:  
To my heart do not bring any wound.

I'm sure she loves me with all the sweetness that she imparts upon my music, and that Sweet Cupids will indeed wound her with thoughts of me!

Do write to me more often and don't be so lazy.  
Or, I shall give you a thrashing, Nannerl! Ha!

I kiss mamma's hands a thousand times,  
and send you a thousand kisses on your horrible monkey face.

Forever your brother!

Wolferl



## SOUND OF FOND WORDS

Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio,  
Or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio,  
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,  
Ogni donna mi fa palpar.  
Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,  
Mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto,  
E a parlare mi sforza d'amore  
Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.

I do not know anymore what I am, what I do,  
One moment I'm on fire, the next I am ice,  
Every woman changes my color,  
Every woman makes me tremble.  
At the very mention of love, of delight,  
I am so troubled, my heart rages in my chest,  
It compels me to speak of love  
A desire I can not explain.

I speak of love when I'm awake,  
I speak of it in my dreams which carry away the sound of my fond words!

Parlo d'amore vegliando,  
Parlo d'amor sognando,  
All'acqua, all'ombra, ai monti,  
Ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,  
All'eco, all'aria, ai venti,  
Che il suon de'vani accenti  
Portano via con se.  
E se non ho chi m'oda,  
Parlo d'amor con me!

I speak of love while I'm awake,  
I speak of it in my dreams,  
Water, shade, mountains,  
Flowers, grass, fountains,  
echo, air, and the winds,  
The sound of my hopeless words  
are taken away with them.  
And if I do not have anyone near to hear me  
I speak of love to myself!

### a note from the composer

*Alexander Tosh*

"I based my reimagining upon the lyrics themselves, and reinterpreting what they could be alluding to in the context of the character. One of the most striking elements of the lyrics is a sense of desperation. This was, of course, in reference to the original character not being able to contain his feelings of love. However, in the original reimagining, this was to be sung by a woman attracted to other women. In this context, the desperation in the lyrics becomes more profound: it can be understood as a woman trying to understand this part of herself in a world that does not fully accept it yet. So, I reharmonized the melody and chords to reflect this by having it constantly transition between minor and major. This bi-tonality creates immense amounts of tension, relating to the character's conflict. As such: the reimagined piece's goal is to create a spiritual journey for the character of self actualization."



## A GUARDA SORELLA... (COSÌ FAN TUTTE)

Ah, guarda, sorella, se bocca più bella,  
Se petto più nobile si può ritrovar.

Ah, look, sister, for a mouth more sweet,  
A face more noble you could find

Osserva tu un poco, che fuoco ha ne sguardi!  
Se fiamma, se dardi non sembran scoccar.

Just look a bit, see that fire is in his eye,  
If not flames, then darts seem to flash forth!

Si vede un sembiante guerriero ed amante.

This is the face of a gentleman and a lover.

Si vede una faccia che alletta e minaccia.

This is a face both charming and alarming.

Io sono felice!

I am so happy!

Se questo mio core mai cangia desio,  
Amore mi faccia vivendo penar.

If ever my heart changes its affection,  
May love make me live in pain.

## ~1777 MOZART TO MARIA ANNA

A happy new-year from Paris, Nannerl!

This letter is scrawled hurriedly, quite unlike the others, and betrays the most violent agitation of mind. During this whole journey there was nothing that I thought of more than how I longed to be with my beloved Aloysia Weber in Munich!!

I wrote to you lately with regard to her merits; but I cannot finish this letter without writing further about her, as I have only recently known her well, so I am only beginning to discover her great powers... I think of her playing my difficult sonatas at sight, SLOWLY, but without missing a single note... I give you my honour, I would rather hear my sonatas played by her than by Vogler.

Oh and! I am really surprised that you can compose so charmingly. In a word, the song is beautiful. Try writing something else like this. And please do copy out and send me the other six minuets of Haydn - soon!! Furthermore, I cannot bring myself to write anymore today.

Mademoiselle, j'ai l'honneur d'être votre tres-humble serviteur et frère,

*Chevalier de Mozart*



## È AMORE UN LADRONCELLO

È amore un ladroncello,  
Un serpentello è amor;  
Ei toglie e dà la pace,  
Come gli piace, ai cor.  
Per gli occhi al seno appena  
Un varco aprir si fa,  
Che l'anima incatena  
E toglie libertà.

Porta dolcezza e gusto  
Se tu lo lasci far,  
Ma t'empie di disgusto  
Se tenti di pugar.  
Se nel tuo petto ei siede,  
S'egli ti becca qui,  
Fa' tutto quel ch'ei chiede,  
Che anch'io farò così.

Love is a little thief,  
A little serpent is love;  
According to its whim  
The heart finds peace, or strife.  
Scarcely does love open a path  
Between your eyes and your bosom  
Than it chains your soul  
And takes away your liberty.

It will bring sweetness and contentment,  
If you give love its way,  
But will make your life disgusting  
If you try to deny its wishes.  
If it visits your breast  
And plucks at you there,  
Do all that love asks,  
As I will do too.

### a note from the composer

*Kendra Harder*

What drew me towards reimagining È amore was that it had the potential to be more of a "love stinks" anthem, as opposed to a sappy love ballad (I'm not sure how everyone else feels, but I'm a little over inundated with love arias).

With this more refreshing view point, I found that there was more opportunity for the music to have some grit and character.

Before I started the music composition, I wanted to dig into the character I was writing for - Sophie, a youngest sibling trying to make everyone get along. As a youngest sibling myself, I knew that if it were me trying to get my sisters to get along, I would use my wit and charm to achieve it! So into the work I poured my overdramatic, sarcastic and witty self, creating a miniature story that would help Sophie's sisters focus on the real "enemy" (love/men), and then move into forgiveness and love.



## ALOYSIA'S ACHING

Come scoglio immoto resta  
Contro i venti e la tempesta...

E la tempesta!?  
Quest'alma è forte  
Nella fede e nell'amor.  
Per pietà, pietà, pietà!

A chi mai mancò di fede  
Questo vano ingrato cor,  
Si dovea miglior mercede,  
Caro bene, al tuo candor.

Amore, perdona all'error  
Di un alma amante...

Like a rock I remain still  
In the face of the tempest...

Of the tempest!?  
My soul is strong  
in faith and in love.  
Have pity on me!

You who have placed faith  
In my ungrateful heart,  
You should have a sweeter reward  
For your honest, loving heart.

Love, forgive the errors  
of my love-sick soul...

## a note from the composer

*Danika Lorén*

Mozart is a huge influence in how I conceptualise the theatre of classical music; dramatic pacing and tonal simplicity are key elements of Mozart's style that I admire. My reimagining of Fiordiligi's two arias condenses these two shenas into a simple, private moment of personal conflict for our characterization of Aloysia Weber. I wanted to focus on the drama of the moment, to nod to original arias without directly excerpting, and to pay homage to what Mozart's work has taught me about composing.



**VORREI SPIEGARVI, OH DIO! (K.418)**

Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!  
Qual è l'affanno mio;  
ma mi condanna il fato  
a piangere e tacer.

Let me explain, oh God,  
What my grief is!  
But fate has condemned me  
To weep and stay silent.

Arder non può il mio core  
per chi vorrebbe amore  
e fa che cruda io sembri,  
un barbaro dover.

My heart may not pine  
For the one I would like to love  
Making me seem hard-hearted  
And cruel."

Ah conte, partite, correte, fuggite  
lontano da me;  
la vostra diletta Emilia v'aspetta,  
languir non la fate,  
è degna d'amor.

Ah, Count, part from me, run, flee  
Far away from me;  
Your beloved awaits you,  
Don't let her languish,  
She is worthy of love.

Ah stelle spietate!  
Nemiche mi siete.  
Mi perdo s'ei resta.  
Partite, correte, d'amor non parlate,  
è vostro il suo cor.

Ah, pitiless stars!  
You are hostile to me.  
I am lost when he stays.  
Part from me, run, speak not of love,  
Her heart is her own.

**1779 MOZART TO ALOYSIA WEBER**

*I gladly give up the grand diva  
who forsakes me!*



## DEH VIENI/AL DESÌO (LE NOZZE DI FIGARO)

Deh, vieni, non tardar, oh gioia bella,  
vieni ove amore per goder t'appella,

Come, do not delay, oh bliss,  
Come where love brings you joy,

Al desìo di chi t'adora,  
Vieni, vola, o mia speranza!  
Morirò, se indarno ancora  
Tu mi lasci sospirar.

At the desire of those who adore you,  
Come, fly, my hope!  
I will die if you continue to  
let me sigh any longer.

Le promesse, i giuramenti,  
Deh! rammenta, o mio tesoro!  
E i momenti di ristoro  
Che mi fece Amor sperar!

The promises, the oaths,  
Come! Remember, my darling!  
And the moments of refreshment  
What did Love hope for!

Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose,  
ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Come, my dearest, here and now  
I will crown you with roses.

### a note from composer

*Tiess McKenzie*

For my recomposition, I used two arias from *The Marriage of Figaro*. When the opera was premiered in 1786, “Deh vieni non tardar” was performed, but in 1789, Mozart replaced that aria with “Al desio di chi t’adora” - which was apparently more well suited to the Soprano’s voice at the Vienna performance that year. The arias appear in a scene where Susanna is singing to her new husband Figaro on the night of their wedding, expressing anxiety and desire in equal measure. I was interested in exploring the fact that these arias have been performed thousands of times by hundreds of singers in hundreds of venues in the centuries since their composition. In all of these innumerable performances, Susanna will appear, again and again, as though stuck in time on the night of her wedding, filled with passion and turmoil. I interrogated Susanna’s stuck-in-time-ness by mimicking a tape-based technique used by Dutch composer Gilius Van Bergeijk in his piece *Een Lied van Schijn en Wezen* from 1992/93, wherein he cuts and loops a recording of the fourth movement of Gustav Mahler’s *Kindertotenlieder*, as performed by Kathleen Ferrier and Bruno Walter in 1949. In my process of recomposition, I treated Mozart’s score in a similar manner to Van Bergeijk’s cutting and splicing of Ferrier and Walter’s tape; I did not add any new notes, but rather cut and rearranged the two arias, looping the music, trying to get a better view of Susanna, who is still stuck there on the night of her wedding, awaiting her lover once again.



## AUGUST 4TH, 1782 MOZART TO MARIA ANNA

Her mother has threatened to have her retrieved from my apartments by force!! Can the police just enter anyone's house in this way?! Perhaps it is only a ruse of Madame Weber to get her daughter back...

I know no better remedy than to marry Constanze tomorrow morning - or if possible today!  
I shall do EVERYTHING in my power to marry her today!!!

Don't tell father,

*Wee*

## 1790 MOZART TO CONSTAZE

*My Stanzl*

I get all excited like a child when I think about being with you again. If people could see into my heart I should almost feel ashamed. Everything else is cold to me — ice-cold! If you were here with me, maybe I would find the courtesies people are showing me more enjoyable, but as it is, it's all so empty.

Adieu, my dear, I am Forever your Mozart  
who loves you with his entire soul...

PS. While I was writing the last page, tear upon tear fell on the paper. But I must cheer up! — An astonishing number of kisses are flying about!

What the deuce!?

— I see a whole crowd of them. Ha! Ha!

I have just caught three

— They are delicious...

Thank you for sending them.

I kiss you MILLIONS of times!

*Wolfie* 



### S'ALTRO CHE LACRIME (LA CLEMENZA DI TITO)

S'altro che lacrime per lui non tenti,  
Tutto il tuo piangere non gioverà.  
A questa inutile pietà che senti,  
Oh quanto è simile la crudeltà.

If you do nothing but cry,  
All your tears will be in vain.  
For all the compassion that you feel now,  
there is an equal amount of cruelty.

### SOAVE SIA IL VENTO (COSÌ FAN TUTTE)

Soave sia il vento,  
Tranquilla sia l'onda,  
Ed ogni elemento  
Benigno risponda  
Ai nostri desir.

Gentle be the wind,  
Quiet be the wave,  
And may every element  
Respond only  
To our desires.