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Evelyn Sload

March 27, 2023

Honors Voice Recital: The Female Archetype of the "Virtuous Woman" in Classical Vocal
Repertoire

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An abstract of
a thesis submitted to the Faculty of Emory College of Arts and Sciences
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Bachelor of Arts Honors

Music

2023

Abstract

Honors Voice Recital: The Female Archetype of the "Virtuous Woman" in Classical Vocal Repertoire

By Evelyn Sload

I prepared and performed a 60-minute solo voice recital examining the archetype of the "Virtuous Woman" in Classical Vocal Repertoire. I was accompanied by Professor Erika Tazawa on piano and performed the recital at the Emory Performing Arts Studio on March 25th, 2023.

The program is as follows:

Love's Beginnings:

"Seit ich ihn gesehen" from *Frauenliebe und Leben* — Robert Schumann

"Er, der Herrlichste von allen" from *Frauenliebe und Leben* — Robert Schumann

"Ce doux petit visage" — Francis Poulenc

"I Was Reading A Scientific Article" from *Orange Afternoon Lover* — Lori Laitman

"Solitudini amiche...Zeffiretti lusinghieri" from *Idomeneo* — W. A. Mozart

The Difficulties of Love:

"I Am Sitting on the Edge" from *Orange Afternoon Lover* — Lori Laitman

"Cantares" from *Poema en formas de Canciones* — Joaquín Turina

"Los dos miedos" from *Poema en formas de Canciones* — Joaquín Turina

"Je ne t'aime pas" — Kurt Weill

"Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan" from *Frauenliebe und Leben* — Robert Schumann

Expectations of Women in Love:

"Dedicatoria" from *Poema en formas de Canciones* — Joaquín Turina

"Nunca olvida" from *Poema en formas de Canciones* — Joaquín Turina

"Ma se colpa io non ho... Batti, batti, o bel Masetto" from *Don Giovanni* — W. A. Mozart

"Las locas por amor" from *Poema en formas de Canciones* — Joaquín Turina

Love: Devotion, Aspiration, and Bittersweet Endings:

"Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben" from *Frauenliebe und Leben* — Robert Schumann

"Du Ring an meinem Finger" from *Frauenliebe und Leben* — Robert Schumann

"Against Still Life" from *Orange Afternoon Lover* — Lori Laitman

"Les Chemins de l'amour" — Francis Poulenc

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Acknowledgments

Thank you to my incredible pianist, Professor Erika Tazawa. I am so grateful to have had the opportunity to work with you the past several years. It has been such a joy to collaborate with you and I am so appreciative of your ongoing guidance and beautiful playing.

Thank you to my honors committee members, Dr. Eric Nelson and Professor Kimberly Belflower. I have learned so much from you both and am so grateful for all your support and expertise both with my honors project and throughout my time at Emory.

Thank you to my family and friends, whose support means so much to me. Thank you for your unending encouragement in music, at Emory, and in every aspect of my life. I feel so lucky to be surrounded by so much love.

Finally, thank you to my wonderful voice teacher and advisor, Professor Bradley Howard. I am so grateful for all your guidance the past four years. I am lucky to have had the opportunity to learn and grow from your expertise and encouragement. Your mentorship has been a highlight of my time at Emory and am deeply grateful for everything over the past four years of working with you.

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Honors Voice Recital Video: Recording Submitted Separately



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Evelyn Sload, *soprano*

Senior Honors Recital

(in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor of Arts in Music degree with honors)

Erika Tazawa, *piano*

Saturday, March 25, 2023, 3:30 p.m.

Performing Arts Studio
1804 N. Decatur Road, Atlanta, Georgia 30322



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Program

Love's Beginnings:

From <i>Frauenliebe und Leben</i> Seit ich ihn gesehen Er, der Herrlichste von allen	Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)
<i>Ce doux petit visage</i>	Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)
From <i>Orange Afternoon Lover</i> I Was Reading a Scientific Article	Lori Laitman (b. 1955)
“Solitudini amiche...Zeffiretti lusinghieri” from <i>Idomeneo</i>	W. A. Mozart (1756 - 1791)

The Difficulties of Love:

From <i>Orange Afternoon Lover</i> I Am Sitting on the Edge	Laitman
From <i>Poema en formas de Canciones</i> Cantares Los dos miedos	Joaquín Turina (1882 - 1949)
<i>Je ne t'aime pas</i>	Kurt Weill (1900 - 1950)
From <i>Frauenliebe und Leben</i> Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan	Schumann

—Intermisson—

Program

Expectations of Women in Love:

From <i>Poema en formas de Canciones</i> Dedicatoria Nunca olvida	Turina
“Ma se colpa io non ho... Batti, batti, o bel Masetto” from <i>Don Giovanni</i>	Mozart
From <i>Poema en formas de Canciones</i> Las locas por amor	Turina

Love: Devotion, Aspiration, and Bittersweet Endings:

From <i>Frauenliebe und Leben</i> Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben Du Ring an meinem Finger	Schumann
From <i>Orange Afternoon Lover</i> Against Still Life	Laitman
<i>Les Chemins de l'amour</i>	Poulenc

Please join us for a reception outside of the
Performing Arts Studio after the recital

Program Notes

This recital was crafted around the portrayal of women in opera and art songs. The recital content and interpretation are presented as a critique of a frequently occurring female archetype called the “virtuous woman” or the “maiden.” This archetype depicts a woman or girl who is innocent, naive, virginal, beautiful, and who caters to the whims of men; these chaste women are usually high-born with blue eyes, blond hair, and fair skin, as Cynthia Griffin Wolff explains in her article, “A Mirror for Men: Stereotypes of Women in Literature.” The portrayal of women as beautiful objects with the sole purpose of pleasing male counterparts is problematic in that it reinforces patriarchal ideals of male superiority and makes women feel that they are unable to be multifaceted and real people.

While the characters presented are based on stereotypes, their portrayals had impacts upon real women who felt they needed to conform to the societal expectations placed upon them. One of the challenges of art is to reflect and interpret the human experience and when art does not faithfully reflect the humanity of its characters, it can reinforce and perpetuate stereotypes that permeate people’s lives. In the recital, I present these characters as real people with real emotions, who are forced to reduce themselves to stereotypes.

Almost all the repertoire performed today reflects the perspectives of the men who created them. The stereotype of the “virtuous woman” prevails throughout culture and time, which is evidenced by the diversity of musical styles, languages, and times of composition presented in today’s program.

The songs that represent the archetype of the “virtuous woman” are juxtaposed with the work of Lori Laitman and Margaret Atwood, entitled *Orange Afternoon Lover*. Their three pieces portray women who are burdened and frustrated by the expectations of society to diminish themselves. Comparing Laitman’s songs to those that conform to the archetype brings up questions about how women are portrayed in the arts and how we are viewed in society.

Biographies

Evelyn Sload, soprano, is a senior at Emory University majoring in music and minoring in English. She studies vocal performance with Professor Bradley Howard. Evelyn is the recipient of the Atlanta Symphony Chorus Robert Shaw Memorial Outstanding Singer Scholarship and the Emory Liberal Arts Scholarship and has been selected as a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Evelyn is the President of Emory Choirs, President of the Music Advisory Board, and outgoing President of Mu Phi Epsilon Music Honor Fraternity. Evelyn would like to thank Professor Howard for his continual guidance and expertise, Professor Tazawa for her beautiful playing and ongoing support, Professor Belflower and Dr. Nelson for serving as honors committee members, and her supporting and loving family and friends.

Pianist **Erika Tazawa** has steadily gained recognition as a versatile collaborative artist, vocal coach, and a specialist of contemporary music. Gramophone UK featured her solo album *Rhythm of Silence* in review: “such intelligent programme-building and committed performances warrant serious attention and exposure.” Tazawa actively performs as the pianist of contemporary ensemble Bent Frequency, which focuses on socially conscious programming and championing works by women, composers of color and LGBTQ+. A recipient of the prestigious Stern Fellowship in vocal accompanying, Tazawa has performed with leading vocal artists internationally, and has served as musical staff for AIMS in Graz and the Atlanta Opera. Tazawa is on Collaborative Piano faculty at Emory University and is pursuing a Doctoral degree in Choral Conducting at University of Georgia.

Music at Emory

The Department of Music at Emory University provides an exciting and innovative environment for developing knowledge and skills as a performer, composer, and scholar. Led by a faculty of more than 60 nationally and internationally recognized artists and researchers, undergraduate and graduate students experience a rich diversity of performance and academic opportunities. Undergraduate students in the department earn a BA in music with a specialization in performance, composition, or research, many of whom simultaneously earn a second degree in another department. True to the spirit of Emory, a liberal arts college in the heart of a research university, the faculty and ensembles also welcome the participation of nonmajor students from across the Emory campus.

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Texts, Translations, and Program Notes

Evelyn Sload

Love's Beginnings:

The theme of the beginnings of love, the first set, ties to the presentation of the “virtuous” archetype, because this portrayal is often when the character is young and new to love and follows her path of falling in love (with a man).

The set starts with Schumann’s *Frauenliebe und Leben*, “A Woman’s Life and Love,” with poetry by Adelbert von Chamisso. The song cycle details a woman’s life solely through the lens of her relationship with her husband. “Seit ich ihn gesehen” (Since first seeing him) and “Er, der Herrlichste von allen” (He, the most wonderful of all) describe the character’s entrancement upon meeting her future husband. In the first song, the larghetto triple meter and flowing, interconnected vocal and piano lines lend themselves to a feeling of dreaminess and sense of floating as she compares her experience to “a waking dream.” The piano part in “Er, der Herrlichste von allen” has ever-present eighth notes that cycle through chord progressions throughout the piece, setting up an air of strength and stability as the singer declares that her beloved is the most wonderful of all, like a star in heaven, by whom she dreams of being blessed.

“Ce doux petit visage” by Poulenc tells of a woman’s delicate beauty and describes the fleetingness of youth. As in the first piece, the dreamy triple meter appears, supported by a high-registration piano line that moves upwards, as the character reflects on beauty. The piano line then builds, growing louder, stronger

rhythmically, and lower, tying to the singer's reflections that shift to overall ideas of life and youth.

Lori Laitman's "I Was Reading A Scientific Article" from *Orange Afternoon Lover* has a sense of excitement and entrancement, but through a more multifaceted lens. As the song moves through different time signatures and keys, the speaker reflects on her scientific interests and deep personal feelings. The song serves as a contrast to the others which abide by the virtuous archetype, since it captures the same feeling of excitement in love but allows for the presentation of a more real woman, with ambition and passion both for her lover and beyond.

In "Solitudini amiche...Zeffiretti lusinghieri" from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Ilia, daughter of a defeated Trojan King, is imprisoned in Crete and—in true maiden spirit—falls in love with the Cretan prince, Idamante. She has just found out that Idamante was sent away. As she asks for the breezes (zephyrs) to bring her beloved her messages of love, the vocal line runs up and down, tumbling, as if the line itself is the breeze flying to her beloved. The song is a proclamation of her devotion to her beloved, as she speaks of how the plants around her were watered by her bitter tears and how all she wants is for nature to send her lover the message of her devotedness. The aria adheres to the "virtuous woman" stereotype, including strong emotions of love and sadness without him, but adds the idea that it is "natural" as she is one with the blooming nature around her.

“Seit ich ihn gesehen”

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

- Adelbert von Chamisso

Translation redacted due to copyright;
please see English translation at
<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/1001>

“Er, der Herrlichste von allen”

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht
kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir as Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

- Adelbert von Chamisso

Translation redacted due to copyright;
please see English translation at
<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/543>

“Ce doux petit visage”

Rien que ce doux petit visage
 Rien que ce doux petit oiseau
 Sur la jetée lointaine où les enfants
 faiblissent

À la sortie de l'hiver
 Quand les nuages commencent à
 brûler
 Comme toujours
 Quand l'air frais se colore.

Rien que cette jeunesse qui fuit
 devant la vie.

- Paul Éluard

“That Sweet Little Face”

Just that sweet little face
 Just that sweet little bird
 On the distant pier where the children
 falter

At the end of winter
 When the clouds start to burn
 Like always
 When the fresh air is colored.

Nothing but this youth which flees
 before life.

- Translation by Evelyn and
 Jeffrey Sload

“I Was Reading a Scientific Article”

They have photographed the brain
and here is the picture, it is full of
branches as I always suspected,

each time you arrive the electricity
of seeing you is a huge
tree lumbering through my skull, the
roots waving.

It is an earth, its fibres wrap
things buried, your forgotten words
are gravied in my head, an intricate

red blue and pink prehensile
chemistry
veined like a leaf
network, or is it a seascape
with corals and shining tentacles.

I touch you, I am created in you
somewhere as a complex
filament of light

You rest on me and my shoulder
holds

your heavy unbelievable
skull, crowded with radiant
suns, a new planet, the people
submerged in you, a lost civilization
I can never excavate:

my hands trace the contours of a total
universe, its different
colours, flowers, its undiscovered
animals, violent or serene

its other air
its claws

its paradise rivers

- Margaret Atwood

“Solitudini amiche...Zeffiretti
lusinghieri”

Solitudini amiche, aure amorse,
Piante fiorite, e fiori vaghi,
udite
D'una infelice amante
I lamenti, che a voi lassa confido.
Quanto il tacer presso al mio
vincitore,
Quanto il finger ti costa afflitto
core!

Zeffiretti lusinghieri,
Deh volate al mio tesoro:
E gli dite, ch'io l'adoro
Che mi serbi il cor fedel.

E voi piante, e fior sinceri
Che ora inaffia il pianto amaro,
Dite a lui, che amor più raro
Mai vedeste sotto al ciel.

- Giambattista Varesco

“Friendly solitudes... flattering
breezes”

Friendly solitudes, amorous breezes,
Flowering plants, and lovely flowers,
listen
To the unhappy lover's laments
Which I wearily confide to you.
How much keeping silent near my
conqueror
Costs my afflicted heart!

Flattering breezes,
Oh fly to my beloved:
And tell him, that I adore him
And to keep his heart faithful to me.

And you plants, and sincere flowers,
Which now are sprinkled with my
bitter tears,
Say to him, that a love more rare
You will never find beneath the sky.

- Translation by Evelyn Sload,
with reference to Bard
Suverkrop

The Difficulties of Love:

The next set explores difficulties in love. While these character presentations are slightly different from the traditional “virtuous” archetype since these women are voicing concern, the women’s lives still revolve around the male love interests, such as the complete despair surrounding heartbreak in the final two songs of the set. In addition, though it shifts away from some of the naïveté, the women who do voice concern are painted as overly emotional or hysterical. These character portrayals of women with over-the-top emotions about men are contrasted by the Laitman song, where the character voices her concerns in a genuine and poetic manner with complexity of thought and emotion.

“I Am Sitting on the Edge” has an arpeggiated piano part in simple triple meter that creates a broad sense of rocking or teetering on the edge of something. The piece flows, wavelike, from ascending and descending passages to sustained notes in different registers. The sense of morphing and movement support the narrator’s journey, as she details the pressure she feels—building like a “deep sea creature with glass bones”—and the idea of “break[ing] open,” yet returning to the uncertainty of “sitting on the edge.”

“Cantares” and “Los dos miedos” are from Turina’s *Poema en formas de Canciones* or “poem in song forms” and explore the difficulties of love through dichotomies. “Cantares” speaks of feeling closest to her lover when she is farther

from him. “Los dos miedos” represents a dichotomy as a woman describes how she is afraid of her lover, but also afraid without him. While the poems, written from a male perspective, seem to be joking about the whims of women, they could also represent real women’s fears as they were forced to marry for social standing.

“Je ne t’aime pas” deals with the pain of heartbreak, as the narrator tells her (former) lover “I don’t love you.” She goes through the piece declaring that she does not love him yet speaks of “his dear kiss.” She tells him both to speak of his other loves, and not to tell her as it is too painful. The vocal line moves between lower and upper registers, ebbing and flowing with her passion and pain, eventually returning to the line “I don’t love you,” though she may not really believe that.

“Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan” is the final piece in *Frauenliebe und Leben* also deals with the devastation of heartbreak. The title translates to “Now you have caused me my first pain,” as the narrator speaks of the all-consuming pain she is left with after her husband dies. The song is dirge-like: sustained, relatively low, and embodying her pain, shock, anger, and sadness. After the final line is sung, the piano recalls the first song in the set, “Seit ich ihn gesehen,” as the narrator grapples with how her great pain comes from the root of love.

“I Am Sitting on the Edge”

I am sitting on the edge of the impartial
bed, I have been turned to crystal, you enter

bringing love in the form of
a cardboard box (empty)
a pocket (empty)
some hands (also empty)

Be careful I say but
how can you

 the empty
thing comes out of your hands, it
fills the room slowly, it is
a pressure, a lack of
pressure

 Like a deep sea
creature with glass bones and wafer
eyes drawn
to the surface, I break

open, the pieces of me
shine briefly in your empty hands

- Margaret Atwood

“Cantares”

¡Ay! Más cerca de mí te siento
 Cuando más huyo de tí
 Pues tu imagen es en mí
 Sombra de mi pensamiento.
 Vuélvemelo a decir
 Pues embelesado ayer
 Te escuchaba sin oír
 Y te miraba sin ver.

- Ramón de Campoamor

“Los dos miedos”

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día
 Ella lejos de mí,
 ¿Por qué te acercas tanto? Me decía,
 Tengo miedo de ti.
 Y después que la noche hubo pasado
 Dijo, cerca de mí:
 ¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
 ¡Tengo miedo sin ti!

- Ramón de Campoamor

“Songs”

Oh! I feel closest to you
 When I flee from you
 For your image is in me
 Shadow of my thoughts.
 Tell me again
 Since yesterday I was enraptured
 I listened to you without hearing
 And I looked at you without seeing.

- Translations by Amanda Sload
 with reference to Suzanne
 Rhodes Draayer

“The two fears”

At dusk that day
 She was far from me
 Why are you so close to me? She said
 to me,
 I am afraid of you.
 And after the night had passed
 She said, close to me:
 Why do you move so far away from
 me?
 I am afraid without you!

- Translations by Amanda Sload
 with reference to Suzanne
 Rhodes Draayer

“Je ne t’aime pas”

Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas
Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'un ami.
Pour d'autres sont faits le creux de tes
bras
Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.

Ne me parle pas, lorsque c'est le soir
Trop intimement, à voix basse même
Ne me donne pas surtout ton
mouchoir:
Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aime.

Dis-moi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrante?
Et si elle t'aimait bien, et si elle fut
ingrate
En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant.

Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert
Ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs
Sans regret du soir, ni mélancolie.

Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur
Il me suffira de voir ton sourire.
Conte-moi comment elle a pris ton
cœur
Et même dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut
dire.

Non, tais-toi plutôt... Je suis à genoux
Le feu s'est éteint, la porte est fermée
Ne demande rien, je pleure... C'est
tout.
Je ne t'aime pas, ô mon bien-aimé.

- Maurice Magre

Translation redacted due to copyright;
please see English translation at
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=10680

“Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz
getan”

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz
getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter,
unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.
Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.
Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres still
zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes
Glück,
Du meine Welt!

- Adelbert von Chamisso

Translation redacted due to copyright;
please see English translation at
[https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/
588](https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/588)

Expectations of Women in Love:

While many of the songs in today's program are from the male perspective, the third set looks specifically at men's stereotypical and exaggerated expectations of how women act when in love and what they want from a relationship. It opens with the piano solo "Dedicatoria" or "Dedication," welcoming listeners into the Spanish art song world of *Poema en formas de Canciones*.

"Nunca olvida" or "Never forget" portrays a woman who, in her final days, forgives everyone she hated, but does not forgive the man she loved. The idea that this woman has such strong and painful emotions for a former lover centers the man, emphasizes the idea that her world revolves around him, and diminishes the character to her emotions.

"Batti, batti, o bel Masetto" from *Don Giovanni* is sung by Zerlina whose fiancée Masetto is angry at her and accuses her of infidelity with Don Giovanni. Zerlina asserts that she is not to blame and that he didn't "touch even the tips of [her] fingers", but says that Masetto may beat her, using her only bargaining power to diffuse the situation. Often portrayed as flirtatious, I believe there is a note of gravity as she is submissive in her proposal to put his feelings above her safety. Her offer of being beaten physically to make Masetto feel better about something she did not do represents male expectations for women to be powerless, existing only to serve men, and weak as "a little lamb."

“Las locas por amor” or “The love-crazy women” represents the stereotypical male assumption that women are ‘love-crazy’ and that is all they want, a slight contrast to the “virtuous” archetype. In the song, the narrator tells the goddess Venus that he will love her for a long time and with great prudence, and she responds, “I prefer, like all women, to be loved briefly but madly.” The bouncy lines and proclamatory high notes with the words “I will love you!” portray an idea of a ‘love-crazy’ woman who cares only for wild flings, adhering to a stereotype of hysterical women. While the portrayal of overly-emotional women—and the idea that women are highly emotional creatures bound by their changing whims—expands to a different stereotype, it still presents the idea of the “virtuous woman” when the man initially expects her only desire to be being loved “for a long time and with great prudence.” Both the initial idea of women’s expectations of love and the portrayal of a boy-crazy goddess diminish women to objects only concerned with men.

“Nunca olvida”

Nunca olvida...

Ya que este mundo abandono
 Antes de dar cuenta a Dios,
 Aquí para entre los dos
 Mi confesión te diré.
 Con toda el alma perdono
 Hasta a los que siempre he odiado.
 ¡A ti que tanto te he amado
 Nunca te perdonaré!

- Ramón de Campoamor

“Never forget”

Never forget...

Now that I abandon this world
 Before I answer to God,
 Here between us two
 I will give you my confession.
 With my entire soul, I forgive
 All those whom I have always hated
 But you, because I have loved you so
 much
 I will never forgive you!

- Translations by Amanda Sload
 with reference to Suzanne
 Rhodes Draayer

“Ma se colpa io non ho... Batti, batti,
o bel Masetto”

Ma se colpa io non ho,
ma se da lui ingannata rimasi;
e poi, che temi?
Tranquillati, mia vita;
Non mi toccò la punta delle dita.
Non me lo credi? Ingrato!
Vien qui, sfogati, ammazzami,
fa tutto di me quel che ti piace;
ma poi, Masetto mio,
ma poifa pace.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,
la tua povera Zerlina;
starò qui com'agnellina
le tue botte ad aspettar.

Lascierò straziarmi il crine,
lascierò cavarmi gli occhi,
e le care tue manine
lieta poi saprò baciar.

Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!
Pace, pace, o vita mia,
in contenti ed allegria
notte e dì vogliam passar,
sì, notte e dì vogliam passar.
Pace, pace, o vita mia,

- Lorenzo Da Ponte

Translation redacted due to copyright;
please see English translation at
[http://www.murashev.com/opera/Don
_Giovanni_libretto_Italian_English](http://www.murashev.com/opera/Don_Giovanni_libretto_Italian_English)

“Las locas por amor”

Te amaré diosa Venus si prefieres
 Que te ame mucho tiempo y con
 cordura
 Y respondió la diosa de Citeres:
 Prefiero como todas las mujeres
 Que me amen poco tiempo y con
 locura.
 Te amaré diosa Venus, te amaré.

- Ramón de Campoamor

“The love-crazy women”

I will love you goddess Venus, if you
 prefer
 For a long time and with prudence
 And the goddess of Cythera replied:
 I prefer, like all women
 To be loved briefly but madly.
 I will love you, goddess Venus, I will
 love you.

- Translations by Amanda Sload
 with reference to Suzanne
 Rhodes Draayer

Love: Devotion, Aspiration, and Bittersweet Endings:

The recital concludes with love through devotion, aspiration, and bittersweet endings. The songs in this set have different emotions and storylines, though they all encapsulate the idea of women's lives revolving around love in all its aspects. "Against Still Life," however, expands beyond these ideas, demanding more from the world.

In the first song, the narrator says she cannot believe her love has chosen her and she thinks she must be dreaming. The downbeat accents of the first several lines show her disorientation and disbelief, while the shift to sustained piano chords represent the sense of dreaminess. As the styles are combined, her desires become a reality, stereotypically depicting a woman whose only wish is to be loved by a man as she swears her devotion to him.

In "Du Ring an meinem Finger," the narrator speaks to her wedding ring and presses it to her lips as she describes how she will be devoted to her husband. The vocal line is stable, much like her devotion. It then ascends as she boldly declares: "I shall serve him, live for him, / Belong to him wholly, / Yield to him and find / Myself transfigured in his light." The song is a beautiful proclamation of love, yet also highlights the archetype of the virtuous woman and the expectations of her to yield to and serve her husband, perpetually devoted to him.

“Against Still Life” addresses the expectations that are embodied within “Du Ring an meinem Finger.” The narrator describes being entrapped and how she desires more from the world and her lover. She loves him yet aspires to a life that includes communication in her relationship and person freedom. The vocal leaps, sustained notes, growing lines, key changes, chromaticism, and time changes all come together to paint a picture of the narrator’s complicated feelings, and desire to have everything the world has to offer. Laitman is not confined by the expectations of classical art songs, just as women should not be held back by the expectations society places upon us.

“Les Chemins de l’amour” speaks of the bittersweet “paths of love” that the narrator traverses, living in her memories. A fitting end to a recital of complicated love and expectations, the character’s life is defined by the power of love, much as the “virtuous women” presented are defined by their relationships.

The idea of female archetypes and love are frequently intertwined because women were—and frequently still are—defined by their relationships to men. Love is a powerful feeling for everyone, and it should still be explored through art; I hope that you leave this recital inspired to explore your strong emotions, but aware of how we define and describe ourselves and others.

“Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht
glauben”

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
“Ich bin auf ewig dein”—
Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

- Adelbert von Chamisso

Translation redacted due to copyright;
please see English translation at
[https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/
552](https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/552)

“Du Ring an meinem Finger”

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen
Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

- Adelbert von Chamisso

Translation redacted due to copyright;
please see English translation at
[https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/
560](https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/560)

“Against Still Life”

Orange in the middle
of a table:

It isn't enough
to walk around it
at a distance, saying
it's an orange:
nothing to do
with us, nothing
else: leave it alone

I want to pick it up
in my hand
I want to peel the
skin off; I want
more to be said to me
than just Orange:
want to be told
everything it has to say
And you, sitting across
the table, at a distance,
with
your smile contained,
and like the orange
in the sun: silent:

Your silence
isn't enough for me
now, no matter with
what
contentment you fold
your hands together; I
want
anything you can say
in the sunlight:
stories of your various

childhoods, aimless
journeys,
your loves; your
articulate
skeleton; your
posturings; your lies.

These orange silences
(sunlight and hidden
smile)
make me want to
wrench you into
saying;
now I'd crack your
skull
like a walnut, split it
like a pumpkin
to make you talk, or
get
a look inside

But quietly:
if I take the orange
with care enough and
hold it
gently

I may find
an egg
a sun
an orange moon
perhaps a skull; center
of all energy
resting in my hand

can change it to
whatever I desire
it to be

and you, man, orange
afternoon
lover, wherever
you sit across from me
(tables, trains, buses)

if I watch
quietly enough
and long enough

at last, you will say
(maybe without
speaking)

(there are mountains
inside your skull
garden and chaos,
ocean
and hurricane; certain
corners of rooms,
portraits
of great grandmothers,
curtains
of a particular shade;
your deserts; your
private
dinosaurs; the first
woman)

all I need to know
tell me
everything
just as it was
from the beginning.

- Margaret
Atwood

“Les Chemins de l’amour”

Les chemins qui vont à la mer
 Ont gardé de notre passage
 Des fleurs effeuillées
 Et l’écho sous leurs arbres
 De nos deux rires clairs.
 Hélas! des jours de bonheur,
 Radieuses joies envolées,
 Je vais sans retrouver traces
 Dans mon coeur.

Chemins de mon amour,
 Je vous cherche toujours,
 Chemins perdus, vous n’êtes plus
 Et vos échos sont sourds.
 Chemins du désespoir,
 Chemins du souvenir,
 Chemins du premier jour,
 Divins chemins d’amour.

Si je dois l’oublier un jour,
 La vie effaçant toute chose,
 Je veux dans mon coeur qu’un
 souvenir
 Repose plus fort que l’autre amour.
 Le souvenir du chemin,
 Où tremblante et toute éperdue,
 Un jour j’ai senti sur moi brûler tes
 mains.

- Jean Anouilh

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 please see English translation at
<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/270>