

About the Accelerated Cure Project for Multiple Sclerosis

Accelerated Cure Project for Multiple Sclerosis is a national nonprofit organization dedicated to curing MS by determining its causes. Focused primarily on accelerating the pace of MS breakthroughs, the Boston Cure Project seeks to remove obstacles to investigating the causes of MS and encourages collaboration between research organizations and clinicians. It is developing a "Cure Map," a systematic plan of research into the causes of MS, and is implementing a multi-disciplinary Blood, Tissue and Data Bank to accelerate the search for environmental and genetic factors in MS.

Multiple Sclerosis, or MS, is a chronic demyelinating disorder of the central nervous system affecting over 400,000 people in the US and 2 million individuals worldwide. MS commonly results in severe disability including an inability to walk, impaired vision or blindness, cognitive dysfunction, bladder and bowel problems, debilitating fatigue and other serious symptoms. No one knows what causes Multiple Sclerosis, there is no known cure, and treatments are modest at best.

For more information about the Accelerated Cure Project or to make a corporate or individual contribution, call 781/487-0008, or visit www.acceleratedcure.org.

Accelerated Cure Project provides the following MS resources and materials on our web site at no charge:

- MS News
- Multiple Sclerosis Primer
- Email Announcements
- 7 Habits For Regaining Power in the Workplace With Chronic Illness
- Interviews with MS researchers
- MS Quickstart Guide
- Quarterly Print Newsletter
- Healthcare Market Overview
- Book Reviews
- Clinical Trials

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The 5th Annual Accelerated Cure Project Halloween Concert

*A concert of classical vocal music
to benefit
**Accelerated Cure Project
for Multiple Sclerosis***

Pleasant Street Congregational Church
75 Pleasant Street
Arlington, MA



Sunday, October 28, 2007, 3 - 5 PM

Acknowledgements

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*and the many others who have joined to make this concert a
success.*



Raffle

Ticket prices:

\$2 = 1 ticket
\$10 = 7 tickets

\$5 = 3 tickets
\$25 = 30 tickets

We would like to thank the generous donors of prizes for today's raffle:

- Not Your Average Joe's - \$50 gift certificate
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- Menotomy Beer & Wine , bottle of wine - value \$40
- Belmont Medical Supply: one foldable metal cane – value \$29.95
- CD, Rebecca Hains: *The Gilbert & Sullivan Soprano Arias* - value \$14
- The New England Gilbert & Sullivan Society, membership for one year - value \$20
- Mass Theatrica (Angeliki Theoharis & friends): *Love Songs*, two pairs of tickets to February 9 concert - value \$30 / pair
- Longwood Opera (J. Scott Brumit & friends): *Die Fledermaus*, two pairs of tickets for any of six performances - value \$46 / pair
- Boston Lyric Opera: *La Boheme*, two passes for dress rehearsal on Oct 31



Program

This year's concert is dedicated to the late Janet Marzlli, brave MS-er and handicapped-rights advocate

Der Hölle Rache from *Der Zauberflöte*, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Rebecca Hains, pianist Eric Schwartz

From *Songs of a Wayfarer*, Gustave Mahler
- Ging heute Morgen über's Feld
- Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
Ja-Nae Duane, pianist Rachel Adler-Golden

Afraid, am I afraid? from *The Medium*, Gian Carlo Menotti
Angeliki Theoharis, pianist Damien Francoeur-Krzyzek

Chevaux de Bois, Claude Debussy
Susan Swan, pianist David Goldhirsh

Stride la vampa, *Il Trovatore*, Giuseppe Verdi
Linda Nadeau, pianist Eric Schwartz

Come Paride vezzoso, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Gaetano Donizetti
Daniel Kamalic, pianist Rachel Adler-Golden

Ghost scene, *Ruddigore*, Gilbert & Sullivan
Daniel Kamalic: Robin
Thomas Weber: Sir Roderic
chorus: Tyler Hains, David Leigh, Lyman Opie, Angeliki Theoharis
pianist Eric Schwartz
The audience is invited to join in the chorus of *When the Night Wind Howls* – lyrics on separate sheet

Adele's Audition, *Die Fledermaus*, Johann Strauss Jr.
Devin Dukes, pianist David Goldhirsch

Intermission

Glitter and be gay, *Candide*, Leonard Bernstein
Rebecca Hains, pianist Damien Francoeur-Krzyzek

Black Max, William Bolcom
Janine Wanée, pianist Rachel Adler-Golden

Mi tradi, *Don Giovanni*, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Leslie S. Kittel, pianist Damien Francoeur-Krzyzek

The 23rd Psalm, Michael Isaacson
Marion Leeds Carroll, pianist Rachel Adler-Golden

Pari siamo, *Rigoletto*, Giuseppe Verdi
Thomas Weber, pianist Eric Schwartz

Augusta, *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, Douglas Moore
Linda Nadeau, pianist Eric Schwartz

Chansons de Bilitis, Claude Debussy
Catherine Hedberg, pianist Eric Schwartz

Birdie's Aria, *Regina*, Marc Blitzstein
Megan Tillman, pianist Damien Francoeur-Krzyzek

Di tanti palpiti, *Tancredi*, Gioachino Rossini
Angeliki Theoharis, pianist Damien Francoeur-Krzyzek

Ah! Mes amis, quel jour de fête!, *La Fille du Regiment*, Gaetano
Donizetti
Matthew DiBattista, pianist Damien Francoeur-Krzyzek



Why a Halloween concert?

Halloween is a time for facing scary things and having fun with them. MS is a scary thing, so I thought Halloween would be a good time to face up to MS.

This year we're starting out with a curse... which is sort of what it feels like to be diagnosed with MS... but we move on through the fear, anger, and sorrow, to find that there's still a lot of fun and joy in life.

Enjoy the program!

Marion Leeds Carroll, concert organizer

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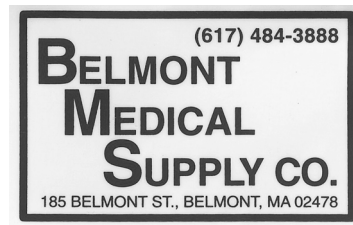
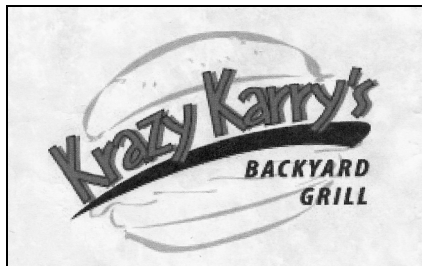


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Program Notes and Translations

Der Hölle Rache, Der Zauberflöte (The revenge of Hell, The Magic Flute)

The Queen of the Night demands that her daughter, Pamina, kill Sarastro, threatening to disown her if she fails.

From Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (Songs of a Wayfarer)

translation: Wikipedia

Ging heute Morgen über's Feld

I walked across the fields this morning;
dew still hung on every blade of grass.
The merry finch spoke to me:
"Hey! Isn't it? Good morning! Isn't it?
You! Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Chirp! Chirp! Fair and sharp!
How the world delights me!"

Also, the bluebells in the field
merrily with good spirits
toll'd out to me with bells(ding, ding)
their morning greeting:
"Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Ding, ding! Fair thing!
How the world delights me!"

And then, in the sunshine,
the world suddenly began to glitter;
everything gained sound and color
in the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small!
"Good day,
Is it not a fine world?
Hey, isn't it? A fair world?"

Now will my happiness also begin?
No, no - the happiness I mean
can never bloom for me!



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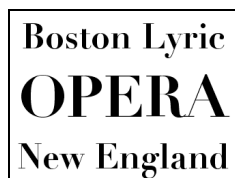
Tu che accendi...di tanti palpiti (Tancredi)

You who set this heart afire, you who awaken my courage, glory of my soul, sweet love, join me in my noble desire. Strike down an evil traitor and crown my faithfulness. For so many misgivings, for so much suffering, from you my love I hope for forgiveness. You will see me again. I will see you again. I will feast upon your lovely eyes. Swoons, sighs, murmurs, and pleasures! I shall be happy, my heart tells me. My destiny is to be near you.

Ah! Mes amis, quel jour de fête!, La Fille du Regiment (The Daughter of the Regiment)

Tonio has joined the French army to be close to his beloved Marie, the regiment's adopted daughter, and here attempts to persuade them to consent to their marriage.

Ah, my friends what an exciting day!
I am about to join your ranks.
Love, which made me delirious,
is now to make me a hero.
Ah, what happiness, indeed, my friends.
She who is all my life
has deigned to look kindly upon me,
and given me such hopes of happiness
that my head and my heart are in turmoil! Ah!
What a prospect lies before me!
Her heart is mine and so is her hand!
O happy day! Here I am enlisted
and a husband-to-be! Enlisted and engaged!
Ah! What a prospect, etc...



Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

I have a gleaming knife,
a knife in my breast.
O woe! It cuts so deeply
into every joy and delight.
Alas, what an evil guest it is!
Never does it rest,
never does it relax,
not by day, not by night,
when I would sleep.
O woe!

When I gaze up into the sky,
I see two blue eyes there.
O woe! When I walk in the yellow field,
I see from afar her blond hair
waving in the wind.
O woe!

When I start from a dream
and hear the tinkle of her silvery laugh,
O woe!
I wish I could lay down on my
black bier -
Would that my eyes never open again!

Afraid, am I afraid?, The Medium

Baba, or Madame Flora, is a phony medium who stages seances for money. She is convinced that a ghostly hand clutched at her throat during a seance, and is terrified. She drinks herself into a stupor before this mad scene. (in English)

Chevaux de bois (Wooden horses)

Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and do not stop.
Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.
The child quite red and the mother white,
The boy in black and the girl in rose,
Each one doing as he pleases,
Each one spending his Sunday penny.
Turn round, turn, horses of their choice,
While at all your turning

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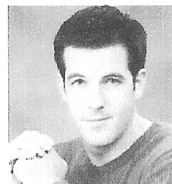
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"And gradually I sensed,
since our limbs were so entwined,
that I was becoming you
and you were entering me like my dream."

When he'd finished,
he gently put his hands on my shoulders,
and gazed at me so tenderly
that I lowered my eyes, quivering.

3. The tomb of the water-nymphs

I was walking along in the frost-covered woods;
in front of my mouth
my hair blossomed in tiny icicles,
and my sandals were heavy
with muddy caked snow.

He asked: "What are you looking for?"
"I'm following the tracks of the satyr -
his little cloven hoofprints alternate
like holes in a white cloak."
He said: "The satyrs are dead."

"The satyrs are dead, and the nymphs too.
In thirty years there has not been such a terrible winter.
That's the trail of a he-goat.
But let's pause here, where their tomb is."

With his hoe he broke the ice
of the spring where the water-nymphs used to laugh.
There he was, picking up large cold slabs of ice,
lifting them toward the pale sky,
and peering through them.

Birdie's Aria, Regina

Birdie Hubbard, a southern belle from Alabama in the year 1900, sings this confession aria to the few people in her life whom she can stand. People say that Birdie gets headaches, but the truth is that she drinks to remember the good times: her mother, her home at Lionnet, and singing. Even more importantly, she drinks to forget her loneliness, her terrible son, and her husband who married her only to obtain her inheritance of Lionnet. (in English)

Chansons de Bilitis (songs of Bilitis)

Translation copyright © 2000 by Peter Low

1. The pan-pipes

For the festival of Hyacinthus
he gave me a syrinx, a set of pipes made
from well-cut reeds joined
with the white wax
that is sweet to my lips like honey.

He is teaching me to play, as I sit on his knees;
but I tremble a little.
He plays it after me, so softly
that I can scarcely hear it.

We are so close that we have
nothing to say to one another;
but our songs want to converse,
and our mouths are joined
as they take turns on the pipes.

It is late:
here comes the chant of the green frogs,
which begins at dusk.
My mother will never believe
I spent so long
searching for my lost waistband.

2. The hair

He told me: "Last night I had a dream.
Your hair was around my neck,
it was like a black necklace
round my nape and on my chest.

"I was stroking your hair, and it was my own;
thus the same tresses joined us forever,
with our mouths touching,
just as two laurels often have only one root.



The sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance.
Keep turning to the tune of the victorious trumpet!
It is astounding how it intoxicates you,
To move thus in this foolish circus,
With empty stomachs and dizzy heads,
Feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd;
Turn hobby horses, without needing
Ever the aid of spurs
To make you gallop on.
Turn round, turn, without any hope of hay,
And hurry, horses of their fancy,
Here, already the supper bell is sounded
By Night, which falls and disperses the crowd
Of gay drinkers, whose thirst has made them famished.
Turn, turn round! The velvet sky
Arrays itself slowly with golden stars
The church tolls a mournful knell.
Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.

Stride la vampa! Il Trovatore (The flame hisses, The Troubadour)

The crackling flame hisses!
the unyielding crowd
runs to that fire -
with happy faces;
Merry shouts
echo all around;
escorted by guards
a woman advances!
Sombrely shines
on their terrible faces
the gloomy flame
that reaches up to the sky!

The crackling flame hisses!
The victim arrives,
clad in black,
half-dressed, barefoot!
A ferocious cry
for death rises.
the echo repeats it
wave by wave!
Sombrely shines
on their terrible faces
the gloomy flame
that reaches up to the sky!



Come Paride vezzoso, L'Elisir d'Amore (As charming Paris, *The Elixer of Love*) Translation by Ann Feeney

As charming Paris
gave the apple to the most beautiful,
my darling rustic girl,
I give you this flower.
But, more glorious than he,
I am happier than he,
because as a reward for my gift
I carry off your lovely heart.

I see clearly in that little face
that I've reduced your bosom to smithereens.
It's not anything surprising,
I am gallant, I'm a sergeant;
there is no beauty who can resist
the sight of a military uniform;
to Mars, the god of war,
even the mother of love yielded.

Ghost scene, Ruddigore

Young Robin, having been revealed as the current Baronet of Ruddigore, meets his ancestors, who hold him to the terms of the family curse. (in English)

Adele's Audition, Die Fledermaus (The Bat)


Adele is a chambermaid, but her dream is the stage. (in English)

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Glitter and be gay, Candide

Cunegunde has fallen far from the days when she was a pampered young noblewoman... but life is still fun, and there are all those jewels! (in English)

Black Max

He was always dressed in black, long black jacket,
broad black hat,
sometimes a cape,
and as thin,
and as thin as a rubber band:
Black Max ... (in English)

Mi Tradi, Don Giovanni

Elvira, left alone, crushed and devastated, struggles with her feelings of betrayal, deceit, and pity while she wrestles with her desire for vengeance.

The 23rd Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul ...

Pari siamo, Rigoletto (We are alike, Rigoletto)

Having been accosted by an assassin who offers his "skills" to solve the "problem", Rigoletto realizes that he and the assassin are similar – one wounds with a knife, the other with his sharp tongue. The jester laments his lot in life, and wonders about the curse an old nobleman has put upon him.

Augusta, The Ballad of Baby Doe

(Semi-biographical story of Augusta and Horace Tabor and Horace's 2nd wife Baby Doe Tabor) After years of terrible struggle, Horace and Augusta were rich on their earnings from the Matchless Silver Mine and subsequent investments. Augusta was unable and unwilling to change her frugal ways and as they drifted apart, Horace became smitten with a sweet young thing named Baby Doe. Horace has divorced Augusta after 27 years but now finds his fortune at risk. Baby Doe sends her mother to beg Augusta to lend them some money; this aria is Augusta's reflection and final answer. (in English)