

TUES., JUNE 2, 2009 &  
THURS., JUNE 4, 2009  
PERFORMING ARTS CENTER,  
PAVILION

XIV

RSVP

EMERGENT FORMS



## RSVP – A TRADITION AND A COMMITMENT

The Calpoly Music Department and College of Liberal Arts RSVP Productions have a long and innovative heritage. The first RSVP concert was held in 1993. In the years that followed, each concert has pushed the envelope, blending acoustic performance with new and mixed media, theatre, and dance. The RSVP trans-media series evolved into a venue for performance arts to commingle with new technologies in ways that are not typical in most music, theatre, or dance programs. It grew out of a desire to generate an engaging experience for student creators and a lasting impression on audiences.

### RSVP XIV: Emergent Forms

Sometime in the not too distant future, the technologically powerful regime known as Uno Stato, led by its ruthless leader, Nera della Notte, has a strangling grasp on Italy, but nowhere more poignantly than the small picturesque walled Tuscan town of Lucca. The regime, patrolled by its military police, the Detentori di Pace, seeks to disassemble the cultural heritage of the region as a means of control, just as a previously unknown and never performed opera, Evangolina, written by the town's most famous native son, Giacomo Puccini, has been discovered.

The stage is set for a clash. The Uno Stato bent on finding and destroying the manuscript, while the resistance - the Puccinisti, led by Paolo - duck and hide, broadcasting music of the maestro, then running for their lives. But there are struggles even within the resistance. The older Puccinisti tend toward a purist tradition, wary of the younger generation's musical stylings. Both of these rubs move toward a combined climax, a final battle of might and music. Clementina and Angelina, Paolo's two daughters, find themselves at the nexus of the conflict. As innocent as they are in their separate ways, they end up the arbiters of the death blow to the regime.

Along the way, there are a bevy of characters representing the best and worst of human nature: Pietro the national leader of the resistance, Damerina the town flirt, Jack a playboy soldier of fortune, Bubolo a straight-laced brow-beaten assistant to Nera, a ghost, the troops on both sides, and even an apparition of Maestro Puccini himself.

Typical of RSVP, the plot and even the beautiful music of Puccini form only the surface of the story's intended meaning. The characters, action, music, and much of the dialogue cleverly weave operatic story with truth into a deeper message about perseverance. What is this year's production really about?

We welcome you to watch, listen, and discover.



## RSVP XIV: Cast and Crew

Artistic Director/ Producer/ Story by	Antonio G. Barata
Personal Assistant	Emily McAdams
Assistant Director/ Stage Manager	Emma Levine
Assistant Stage Manager	Aaron Herscovitz
Business Manager	Michael Annuzzi
Creative Assistant	J. Spud Schroeder
Music Supervisor	Steven J. Becraft
Audio Supervisor	Sean Hood
Sound Effects & Backstage Coordinator	Andy Wong
Light Operator/Script Formatting	Trevor J. Dieterle
Lighting Designer/Stage Craft	Tim Dugan
Technical Expert	Ben Reveley
Stage & Graphic Design	Buck McBroom
Costume Design	Paula Womble, Buck McBroom
Copy Editor	Scott Charvet
Sound Effects/Reseacher	Christina Chang
Reception	Emma Levine, Paula Womble

## Personae Dramatis

Stefano Martire	Evan Brown
Paolo Benedetto	Antonio G. Barata
Nera Della Notte	Theresa Riforgiate
Bubolo	Ben Lin
Tito Amici	Scott Charvet
Angelina Benedetto	Whitney Westbrook
Jack Fopling	Max Woodcock
Clementina Benedetto	Danielle Dutro
Damerina Civittata	Patricia Rosas
Pietro Capintesta	Kevin Sewell
Vecchia Zimarra Senti singer	J. Spud Schroeder
Nessun Dorma singer	Jon Hall
The spirit of Giacomo Puccini	Michael Annuzzi
The spirit of Stefano's mother	Shabnam Kohan
Luise Puccinisti	Blake Caricato, Jon Hall, J. Spud Schroeder, Paula Womble
Terzo Modo Popolare	Christina Chang, Stephen Clayton, Daniel Patrick, Shasta Mahey
Detentori di Pace	Abby Mathis, Ali McCreary, Erin
Poochini	Todd the Snowbeast



## **ACT I**

- |          |                                       |
|----------|---------------------------------------|
| Scene 1  | Passing the Maestro's Manuscript On   |
| Scene 2  | Paolo's Decoy                         |
| Scene 3  | Goodbye Old Coat                      |
| Scene 4  | Nera's Proclamation – Nobody Sleeps!  |
| Scene 5  | That Sounds Familiar                  |
| Scene 6  | Meet the Terzo Modo Popolare          |
| Scene 7  | Jack Steals Clementina's Heart        |
| Scene 8  | But Daddy, I Love Him!                |
| Scene 9  | The Great Meeting of Pietro and Paolo |
| Scene 10 | Nera Addresses the Citizens of Lucca  |

## **INTERMISSION** **(15 minutes)**

## **ACT II**

- |          |                                       |
|----------|---------------------------------------|
| Scene 11 | A Song in Remembrance                 |
| Scene 12 | Paolo and Tito Make Battle Plans      |
| Scene 13 | Angelina's Fated Phone Call           |
| Scene 14 | Humming While Preparing for Battle    |
| Scene 15 | Made for Each Other – Jack & Damerina |
| Scene 16 | Bubolo Feels Nera's Wrath             |
| Scene 17 | Atop Guinigi Tower                    |
| Scene 18 | Angelina Stops Nera                   |
| Scene 19 | The Battle for Lucca                  |
| Scene 20 | The Night is Ended                    |



### **Vecchia Zimarra Senti (Italian)**

Vecchia zimarra, senti,  
io resto al pian,  
tu ascendere il sacro monte or devi.  
Le mie grazie ricevi.  
Mai non curvasti il logoro dorso  
ai ricchi ed ai potenti.  
Pasar nelle tue tasche  
come in antri tranquilli  
filosofi e poeti.  
Ora che i giorni lieti fuggir,  
ti dico addio, fedele amico mio,  
addio.

### **Vecchia Zimarra Senti (English)**

Shabby old overcoat, listen  
I am staying on the ground;  
you must now ascend to the sacred  
mountain.  
Receive my thanks.  
You never bowed your worn back  
to the rich and the powerful.  
Through your pockets,  
as if in tranquil dens,  
philosophers and poets have passed.  
Now that happy days have fled,  
farewell to you, my faithful friend,  
farewell.

### **Nera's Aria**

Our current situation  
Is no cause for celebration  
Only pain and aggravation  
Are abound  
So it is with great deliberation  
And a wealth of frustration  
I push my policy's proliferation  
Standing firmly on my ground

No one will sleep until that score is  
found  
Now let me provide elaboration  
On this dramatic proclamation  
And explain the causation  
Of my plan

I see you need some inspiration  
To ignite a fiery sensation  
Filling your breast with excitations  
To accomplish all we can

No one will sleep until we silence the  
music and the man  
Until we silence the music and the man

Break their bones  
Bash their stupid heads  
Burn their homes  
And leave them for dead  
We'll achieve the dream of this regime  
and soon be seen as supreme.

Oh Angelina  
Don't You Fret  
We'll Get that score  
And triumph yet  
With your family safer than before

No Sleep! No Rest!  
If you even think about catching 40  
winks  
I'll cut out your tongues, erasing every  
song you've sung!  
No Sleep! No Rest!  
In the Land of Nod, I am your god!  
So doze if you dare, but prepare for your  
worst nightmare!

No Sleep! No Rest!



## **Bullhorn Aria**

Hey! you! you stupid little rat  
I didn't see you sing a word of that

Do not think you can hide from me  
Like those stupid Puccinisti

I need that score and I need it found  
Find it or I'll raze this city to the ground

Hope you don't think this is some kinda joke  
Still funny if I give your eyes a poke?

Cross me now and feel my wrath  
Be best if you got the heck outa my path

Your friends? I will eviscerate  
Your mom? I will decapitate  
Your cat? I will Lacerate  
Your dog? I will macerate  
Your dad? I will emasculate  
Your deaths I will calculate

One state, one mind, my state, my mind!  
One truth, my truth shared for your kind

Gears: turning, fuel: burning  
Heads rolling, troops: patrolling

This is my will and this is my might  
Give up the battle and give up the fight  
Why do you stay? Why do you lurk?  
Get me that score! Get to work!



### Terzo Modo Pop'lare!

Uno Stato has got us canned  
-our elders pine for the old days  
but MP3 is tomorrow's band  
we're gonna show you a 3rd way

It's just the postmodern thing to do  
-pick up what's lying around  
& make it do what you need it to  
that's how the 3rd way was found

Fate has struck your final hour  
now we've tapped into your power  
now that we can do what you do  
you'll sing along with you-know-who..

### Terzo Modo Pop'lare!

The future's here, like it or not  
you've got to let us move forward  
the choice we're ain't none at all-  
between the old guard and new world  
order

We may be playing by dark of night  
-a rebel band on a stolen wire  
but pretty soon we'll be brought to light  
because we're going to light a fire

Now the seed we plant will flower  
in the shadow of the tower  
ie has come for something new  
this message has been brought to you,  
by

### Terzo Modo Pop'lare!

### O Mio Babbino Caro (*Italian*)

O mio babbino caro,  
Mi piace, e bello bello,  
Vo andare in Porta Rossa  
A comperar l anello!  
Sì, sì ci voglio andare  
e se l'amassi indarno  
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio  
ma per buttaarmi in Arno!  
Mi struggo e mi tormento!  
O Dio, vorrei morir!  
Babbo, pietà, pietà!  
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

### O Mio Babbino Caro (*English*)

Oh my dear daddy  
I love him, he is so handsome  
I want to go to Porta Rossa  
to buy the ring!  
Yes, yes, I mean it  
And if my love were in vain  
I would go to Ponte Vecchio  
and throw myself in the Arno!  
I fret and suffer torments!  
Oh God, I would rather die!  
Daddy, have pity, have pity!  
Daddy, have pity, have pity!



## **Nessun Dorma (Italian)**

Nessun dorma! Nessun dorma!  
Tu pure, o, Principessa,  
nella tua fredda stanza,  
guardi le stelle  
che tremano d'amore  
e di speranza.  
Ma il mio mistero è chiuso in me,  
il nome mio nessun saprà!  
No, no, sulla tua bocca lo dirò  
quando la luce splenderà!  
Ed il mio bacio scioglierà il silenzio  
che ti fa mia!  
(Il nome suo nessun saprà!...  
e noi dovrem, ahime, morir!)

Dilegua, o notte!  
Tramontate, stelle!  
Tramontate, stelle!  
All'alba vincerò! vincerò, vincerò!

## **Nessun Dorma (English)**

Nobody shall sleep!...  
Nobody shall sleep!  
Even you, o Princess,  
in your cold room,  
watch the stars,  
that tremble with love and with hope.  
But my secret is hidden within me,  
my name no one shall know...  
No! No!  
On your mouth I will tell it when the light  
shines.  
And my kiss will dissolve the silence that  
makes you mine!...  
(No one will know his name and we must,  
alas, die.)  
Vanish, o night!  
Set, stars!  
Set, stars!  
At dawn, I will win! I will win! I will win!



## Evangelina (Italian)

### Sorgi o aurora

Com'è scura la notte!

Più scura senza il mio amore!

Dove l'avete portata o notte crudele?

Dove avete nascosto il mio sole?

La fredda luce lunare è un povero ricordo  
del suo calore.

Ascolta una preghiera mattutina --

Sorgi o aurora!

Come il mio cuore non si è scordato

come tremava quando gli eri vicina,

Come quando ho aperto il mio cuore

per accoglierti,

Ed ho sentito che quel giorno

sarebbe stato

più glorioso della notte.

Sorgi o aurora!

Ascolta mia preghiera mattutina --

Torna mio amore su questo terra.

Risana quest'ardente cuore.

Com'è scura la notte,

Non finirà mai?

No, non più desolazione!)

Sorgi o aurora!

Sorgi o aurora!

Sorgi o aurora!

## Evangelina (English)

### Bring Forth the Dawn

How dark the night!

Darker still without my love!

Where have you taken him, cruel night?

Where have you hidden my sun?

Your cold moonlight is a poor reminder  
of his warmth.

Hear a morning prayer --

Bring forth the dawn!

My heart has not forgotten

how it trembled when you were close,

How when I threw open the door

of my heart to greet you,

And knew that day

was greater than night.

Bring forth the dawn!

Hear my morning prayer --

Return my love to this land.

Mend this longing heart.

How dark the night!

Will it never end?

No more this desolation!

Bring forth the dawn!

Bring forth the dawn!

Bring forth the dawn!



## Habanera (French)

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle

Que nul ne peut apprivoiser,

Et c'est bien in 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! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême, Il n'a jamais jamais connu de loi. Si tou ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime. Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

Si tou ne m'aimes pas, si tou ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime, Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre Bat-tit d'aile et s'envola. L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre. Tu ne l'attends pas, il est là.

Tout atour 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! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême, Il n'a jamais jamais connu de loi. Si tou ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime. Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

Si tou ne m'aimes pas, si tou ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime, Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

## Habanera (English)

Love is a rebellious bird

that nobody can tame,

and you call him quite in vain

if it suits him not to come.

Nothing helps, neither threat nor prayer.  
One man talks well, the other's mum;  
it's the other one that I prefer.  
He's silent but I like his looks.

Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child,  
it has never, ever, known a law;  
love me not, then I love you;  
if I love you, you'd best beware!

The bird you thought you had caught beat  
its wings and flew away...  
love stays away, you wait and wait;  
when least expected, there it is!

All around you, swift, so swift, it comes, it  
goes, and then returns ...  
you think you hold it fast, it flees you think  
you're free, it holds you fast.

Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child,  
it has never, ever, known a law;  
love me not, then I love you;  
if I love you, you'd best beware!



## In Remembrance Of Stefano

We can put hope, with confidence  
In truth unveiled by Stefano's death  
His choice remains  
We all know that these times are grim  
It who are we to say they'll stay the  
same  
Why do we hide?

When we know what we believe  
The word brings joy through tragedy  
Today, with the sound of war in our town  
And peoples' cries of sorrow  
We come together, to remember our  
brother  
We hold on to share the music of tomor-  
row  
Our brother who left, died not in vain  
Left the lingering notes of faith  
His final breath...

Now we can sing and spread the word  
That we're free 'cause life begins  
Today, even with the war in our town  
And the peoples' cries of sorrow  
We can come together, to remember our  
brother  
And hold on to share the music of...

## Childhood's End (Angelina's aria)

Ah! Cruel fate! So bitter the taste!  
Stranded on a foreign shore  
No direction anymore  
Will the long, dark night in my heart ever  
end?  
I don't know if I can wait  
For the sun to arise again

A stranger in a strange land  
No hope to lead the life that I had  
planned

Where do I go now? Like a bird on a fall-  
en bough

There's no home I can return to  
Instantly, life changes you  
Can I push on in the face of uncertainty?  
It seems I will have to learn how

The end of innocence comes unexpect-  
edly

Standing here  
At childhood's end  
Left to fend  
For my own  
Lost and alone, I wander

And every path at my feet takes a wrong  
turn

Yet I must decide  
And take the first stride  
None on which I can depend  
I fear I am my only friend  
At childhood's end



## Puccini and Emergent Forms

Emergent Forms gathers themes from the many operas of Giacomo Puccini: weaving rebellion, death, love, and betrayal into a wholly new story. From the climactic death scenes of La Bohème, Tosca, and Suor Angelica, to perhaps Puccini's most famous aria from Turandot, to the touching beauty of a daughter's plea for her father's understanding in Gianni Schicchi; this story extracts something of a greatest hits list from Puccini characters and music, not for popular appeal, but to reveal the power of Puccini music to inspire, and to postulate that perhaps his music could even move people to political and spiritual action.

Just like Puccini's heroines who repeatedly exhibit a trademark strength in their vulnerability, so do Clementina and Angelina in this production – admittedly with a contemporary twist. But be forewarned! No single character in this production is as simple as an analogy for any single Puccini character. Rather most are composites. Paolo, the experienced leader of the Lucchese Puccinisti, and Tito, his good friend and aid, are not parodies, but Puccini-like characters. Perhaps the best example of this employment of Puccini character type can be found in Jack Fopling, the swaggering soldier of fortune. Clearly he smacks of B. F. Pinkerton from Madama Butterfly, but just as certainly, he is quite different. Similarly, Nera della Notte the controlling maniacal leader of the Uno Stato regime may seem like a female counterpart of the evil Scarpia in Tosca, and indeed the parallel is intentional, but she is perhaps even more the Queen of the Night from Mozart's The Magic Flute. The town flirt, Damerina Civitatta is more Bizet's Carmen from the opera of the same name, than a Musette from La Bohème.

Puccini's operas reveal the human condition's power to shape character and consequences. Yet, in all cases, no matter the strength of the forces at play including death, the players in his plots must grapple with the blurred interface between reality and story, natural and supernatural, mind and heart that all great art foists upon its performers and audience. Emergent Forms attempts no less.



## CREDITS

### Preshow

Music - Steven J. Becraft

### Scene 1-3

Script - Antonio G. Barata  
Orchestration -  
Steven J. Becraft

### Scene 4

Script - Scott Charvet,  
Max Woodcock  
  
Lyrics - J. Spud Schroeder  
  
Music - Scott Charvet,  
J. Spud Schroeder,  
Max Woodcock

### Scene 5

Script - Antonio G. Barata  
Orchestration -  
Steven J. Becraft

### Scene 6

Script - Scott Charvet,  
J. Spud Schroeder  
  
Lyrics - Evan Brown,  
J. Spud Schroeder  
  
Music - Evan Brown,  
Aaron Herscovitz,  
Sean Hood

### Scene 7-9

Script - Antonio G. Barata  
Orchestration -  
Steven J. Becraft

### Scene 10

Script - Scott Charvet, Ben Lin,  
Paula Womble  
Lyrics - Scott Charvet (Anthem),  
Ben Lin (Aria)  
Music - Steven J. Becraft (Aria/),  
Scott Charvet (Anthem)

### Scene 11

Script - Evan Brown  
Lyrics - Mike Annuzzi,  
Christina Chang  
Music - Steven J. Becraft,  
Christina Chang

### Scene 12

Script - Antonio G. Barata

### Scene 13

Script - Antonio G. Barata  
Lyrics - Steven J. Becraft,  
J. Spud Schroeder  
Music - Steven J. Becraft

### Scene 14

Script - Kevin Sewell  
Orchestration -  
Steven J. Becraft

### Scene 15-16

Script - Scott Charvet,  
Trevor Dieterle  
Music/Orch. - Steven J. Becraft

### Scene 17

Script - Antonio G. Barata

### Scene 18

Script - Kevin Sewell  
Music - Steven J. Becraft

### Scene 19

Script - Antonio G. Barata  
Composition - Antonio G. Barata  
Orchestration -  
Antonio G. Barata,  
Scott Charvet,  
Paula Womble

### Scene 20

Script - Antonio G. Barata  
Orchestration -  
Steven J. Becraft

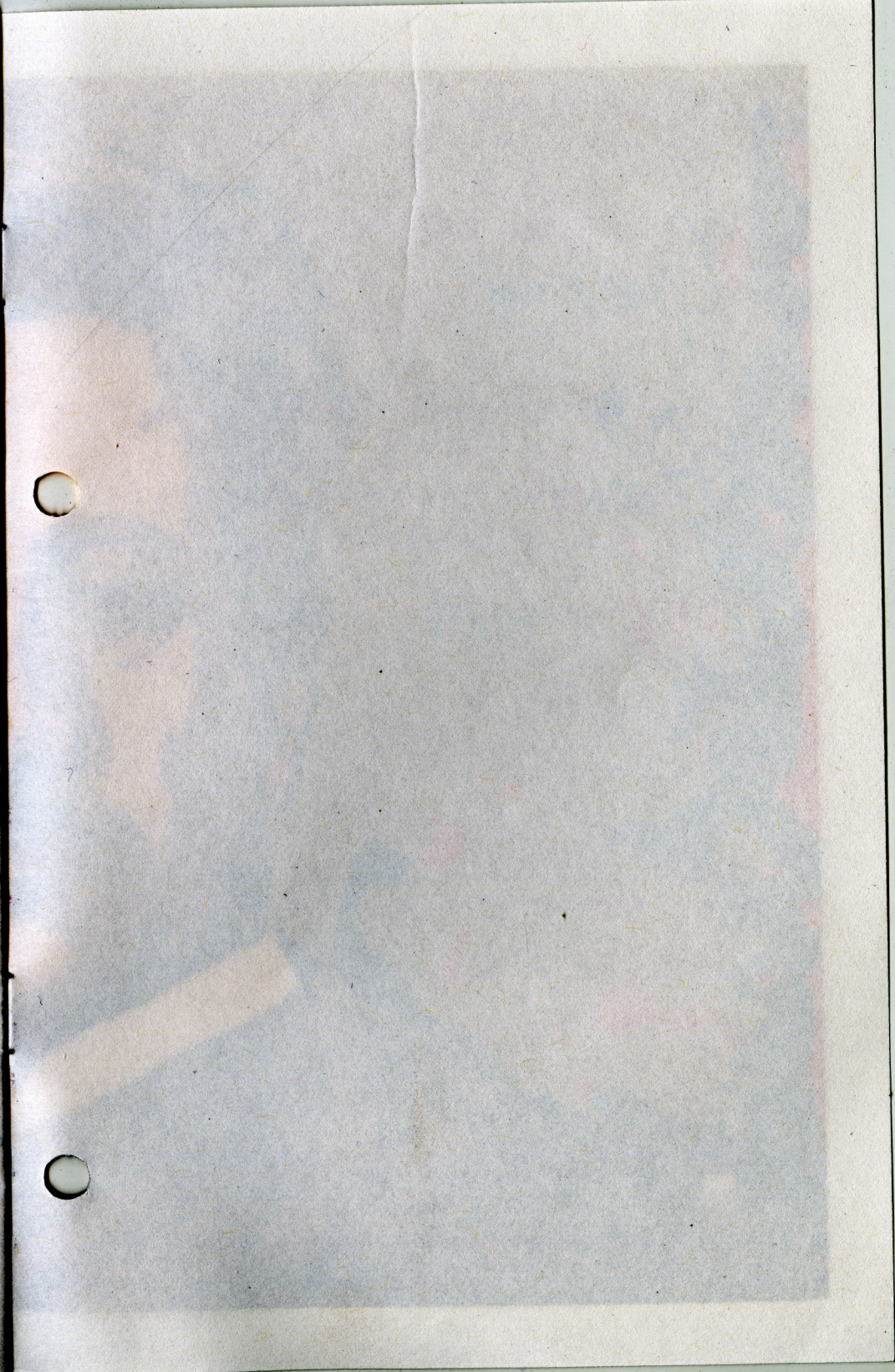


## THANK YOU FOR

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Maria Luisa Barata  
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Moms & Dads  
Emmissima  
Michael A  
The Becraft  
Spudissimo  
Stefano  
Paola  
Scottismo  
Christina  
Massimo  
Naughty Nera Notte  
Beniamino  
Sean  
Andreas  
Bucchissimo  
Trevorino  
Arono  
Chevino  
Daniella  
Whitney  
Patricia  
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A place to do this. A large thanks!  
1000X Thank You!  
Reading lines and the early script  
Proofing Assistance  
Support Coordination  
Technical Coordination  
Technical Support  
Technical Support  
Sound Support  
Lighting Design, Stage Craft, & more!  
Costume Assistance  
Dramatic advice  
An answer to a bizarre Bizet question  
You name it  
Italian translation  
Translation support  
Translation support  
You all rock!  
You rocked before us  
Grace under pressure  
Call him Giaco for short  
The orchestration engine--U da man.  
A ton of creative ideas  
Proving there's life after death  
The front row center Puccinista  
How many of your battles have had NO drums?  
Stress, songstress, song  
You know jack  
Yes you can  
Get yo geek on!  
Yo da man in da sound 'hood'  
Sfx maestro  
Good thing you were so graphic  
You light up our lives  
Managing what stage's left  
The invite to Rome  
Thanks for floating the A  
Uh...put that knife down  
A rosas by any other name...  
Well, now you can sleep  
For black combat boots  
For more black combat boots  
Animal trainer. U da Sweepea







TUES., JUNE 2, 2009 &  
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XIV

RSVP

EMERGENT FORMS

Giacomo

Puccini

1858 - 1924



THE CAL POLY MUSIC DEPARTMENT, COLLEGE  
OF LIBERAL ARTS, & IRA PROGRAM PRESENT:  
A CONCERT CELEBRATING ELECTROACOUSTIC  
DIVERSITY & COMPOSITIONAL RISK