

PROKOFIEV: EUGENE ONEGIN

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# PROKOFIEV Eugene Onegin

by Alexander Pushkin

Timothy West

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SIR EDWARD DOWNES

DIGITAL



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**SERGEY SERGEYEVICH PROKOFIEV**  
(1891-1953)

**EUGENE ONEGIN**

Text by Alexander Pushkin  
in Sir Charles Johnston's English translation  
Directed by Timothy West

**Narrator** ..... **Timothy West**  
**Eugene Onegin** ..... **Samuel West**  
**Tatyana** ..... **Niamh Cusack**  
**Lensky** ..... **Dominic Mafham**  
**Nurse** }  
**Larina** } ..... **Helena McCarthy**  
**Anisia** }  
**Zaretsky** }  
**Prince** } ..... **Terrence Hardiman**  
**Neighbour** }  
**Soprano** ..... **Katherine Fuge**  
**Bass** ..... **Andrew Rutt**  
**Bass** ..... **Julian Walker**  
**Chorus** ..... **The New Company**

**SINFONIA 21**

Alison Kelly, Leader

**SIR EDWARD DOWNES, Conductor**

COMPACT DISC ONE

1	<b>Scene One:</b>	Lensky at Larin's grave	[6:13]
2	<b>Scene Two:</b>	Onegin and Lensky at Lensky's country house	[9:10]
3	<b>Scene Three:</b>	At the sisters' home	[3:41]
4	<b>Scene Four:</b>	Having taken a short cut, they're on their way home as fast as possible	[3:50]
5	<b>Scene Five:</b>	Tatyana in the park	[1:54]
6	<b>Scene Six:</b>	Tatyana and Nurse	[3:35]
7	<b>Scene Seven:</b>	Tatyana's letter	[10:14]
8	<b>Scene Eight:</b>	Onegin receives Tatyana's letter	[4:33]
9	<b>Scene Nine:</b>	Onegin scolds Tatyana in Larin's garden	[6:05]
10	<b>Scene Ten:</b>	Lensky and Onegin together in Lensky's house	[2:41]
11	<b>Scene Eleven:</b>	Tatyana's dream	[7:36]
12	<b>Scene Twelve:</b>	Larin's ball	[14:28]

DDD TT = 74:00

COMPACT DISC TWO

1	<b>Scene Twelve:</b>	Larin's ball ( <i>continued</i> )	[3:22]
2	<b>Scene Thirteen:</b>	Duel	[3:22]
3	<b>Scene Fourteen:</b>	Tatyana visits Onegin's house	[5:19]
4	<b>Scene Fifteen:</b>	They say goodbye to peaceful valleys	[7:56]
5	<b>Waltz</b>		[13:24]
6	<b>Scene Sixteen:</b>	Onegin's letter to Tatyana	[7:50]
7		' <i>The days flew past...</i> '	[8:49]

DDD TT = 50:02





**SERGEY PROKOFIEV**

1937 was an important year in the Soviet Union. It was the 20th anniversary of the 1917 Revolution and it was the centenary of the death of Pushkin. During the preceding year, Prokofiev had been involved in with three different projects based upon the works of Pushkin: the music for a film version of *The Queen of Spades*, the incidental music for Meyerhold's production of *Boris Godunov* and the music for a dramatised version of the verse-novel *Eugene Onegin*. The scores for all three projects were completed but, through no fault of the composer, none of them was performed in his lifetime.

In 1933 Prokofiev had collaborated with Alexander Yakovlevich Tairov, the founder and head of the Moscow Kamerny Theatre (Moscow Chamber Theatre), in a production called *Egyptian Nights*. When, in 1936, in preparation for the centenary celebrations, Tairov decided to

stage a dramatisation of *Eugene Onegin*, it was natural that he should ask Prokofiev to collaborate again.

He entrusted the stage adaptation of the novel to the writer S. D. Krzhizhanovsky, who was instructed to make his version as complete as possible and specifically to include those scenes which had been omitted by Tchaikovsky (Tairov had reservations about the dramatic aspect of Tchaikovsky's opera). In addition to the main actors there were to be two 'sputniks' — companions — who would carry the continuity of the narrative and who would voice Pushkin's comments on the action 'from the outside', as the poet does in the novel.

By the autumn of 1936 all 44 musical numbers were completed. Then, on 3 December 1936, Prokofiev received a letter from the 'Committee for the Arts' instructing him 'not to continue any further work on the orchestration and the score for this play and not to advise at rehearsals'. The production was to be 'excluded from the repertoire of the Moscow Kamerny Theatre'.

Why the ban was imposed is not clear, but a likely clue lies in the date. 1936 was the year of *Pravda's* famous anti-Shostakovich article 'Chaos instead of Music', attacking his opera *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*. By now all the arts were under attack. Both Meyerhold and Tairov were condemned for their experimentation and shortly afterwards both their theatres were closed down.

Prokofiev's *Eugene Onegin* was not published during his lifetime. During the cultural thaw of the early 1960s, Elizaveta Dattel, a Soviet musicologist, discovered a set of sketches and a virtually complete piano score of *Eugene Onegin* with the orchestration indicated, ready for the copyist. From this manuscript four pages, comprising three musical numbers, were missing. In 1973, a score was published in Moscow which retained Prokofiev's original order for the musical numbers but had an extensively revised scenario for the spoken text. The three musical numbers were still missing. In this version it was performed and recorded in Moscow.

Shortly after I had been invited by the BBC to conduct the first British performance of this work, an announcement appeared advertising an auction at Christie's where a collection of Prokofiev's letters and manuscripts were to be offered for sale. Among these I was delighted to find the four missing pages from the complete piano score. Through the kindness of Madame Lina Prokofiev, the composer's widow, I was able to complete the orchestration and use them in what was to be the first complete performance of this major work.

It is difficult to categorise Prokofiev's *Eugene Onegin*. It is not an opera — there is scarcely any singing in it. Nor is it merely a play with incidental background music. The music is much more important than that. It helps to heighten the dramatic tension and, by means of thematic association with particular characters and emotional situations it creates a variety of almost subliminal reference points and comments.

One specially effective characteristic of the work is the use of melodrama — i.e. a text spoken over music. Words and music each have their own necessary tempo (pace) and to convey to us fully their respective emotional meaning they must unfold at their own natural tempo. Very rarely do these seemingly incompatible tempi coincide. When they do, the effect is overwhelming. One of the great advantages of melodrama lies in the fact that each element — the words and the music — can move simultaneously at its own pace without inhibiting or obscuring the other.

A case in point is the treatment of Lensky. In Tchaikovsky's version, this character has



to be established in a very short space of time and somewhat sketchily. But Prokofiev is able to take much more time: the strength of Lensky's friendship with Onegin is firmly established. Facts and relationships can be conveyed in speech much more quickly and in much greater detail than they can in song.

The work opens with Lensky brooding over mortality at the grave of Monsieur Larin, the father of Olga and Tatyana. We hear a haunting oboe theme which is further developed in the next two numbers which show the friendship between Onegin and Lensky. It is heard again at the beginning of the Duel scene which is the tragic ending of their friendship. This theme serves as a tragic 'leitmotiv' throughout the work and forms an important element in the extended final number. There are several such motifs in the work which are associated with particular characters or emotional situations and their recurrence becomes a Prokofievian commentary on the drama.

Prokofiev was not one to waste a good piece of work. As Lensky dreams of Olga's beauty his poetic ardour is reflected in a tender, soaring melody in C major. The theme returns at the end of the duel scene — his last thoughts were of Olga. Five years later, in the first scene of Prokofiev's opera of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, the composer used a theme which he had previously used in Tatyana's letter scene, depicting restless love. Other music from *Onegin* found its way into the opera *Betrothal in a Monastery*, the ballet *Cinderella* and the Seventh Symphony.

In an article in *Pravda* in 1937, Prokofiev wrote:

The search for a musical idiom in keeping with the epoch of socialism is a worthy, but difficult task for the composer...

It is something like shooting at a moving target: only by aiming ahead, at tomorrow, will you avoid being left behind at the level of yesterday's needs. That is why I consider it a mistake for a composer to strive for simplification. Any attempt to 'play down' to the listener is a subconscious underestimation of his cultural maturity and the development of his tastes; such an attempt has an element of insincerity. And music that is insincere cannot be enduring.

In my own work written in this fruitful year, I have striven for clarity and melodiousness. At the same time I have scrupulously avoided palming off familiar harmonies and tunes.

That is where the difficulty of composing clear, straightforward music lies: the clarity must be new, not old.

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Edited by Jessica Duchon

1937 war ein bedeutendes Jahr für die Sowjetunion. Man feierte den 20. Jahrestag der Oktoberrevolution von 1917 und die 100. Wiederkehr von Puschkins Todestag. Im vorhergehenden Jahr war Prokofjew an drei verschiedenen Projekten beteiligt, die auf den Werken Puschkins basierten: die Musik für eine Filmfassung der *Queen of Spades*, die Zwischenstückmusik für Meyerholds Inszenierung von *Boris Godunow* und die Musik für eine dramatisierte Fassung des Versromans *Eugen Onegin*. Die Partituren für alle drei Projekte waren fertig; es lag jedoch nicht an dem Komponisten, daß keine von ihnen zu seinen Lebzeiten aufgeführt wurde.

1933 hatte Prokofjew mit Alexander Yakovlevich Tairov, dem Gründer und Vorstand des Moskauer Kamerny Theaters (Moskauer Kammertheater), an einer Inszenierung namens *Ägyptische Nächte* zusammengearbeitet. Als sich Tairov 1936 entschloß, anlässlich der Vorbereitung der Feierlichkeiten zum hundertjährigen Jubiläum eine Bühnenbearbeitung von *Eugen Onegin* aufzuführen, erschien es natürlich, daß er Prokofjew bat, wieder mit ihm zusammenzuarbeiten.

Er vertraute die Bühnenbearbeitung des Romans dem Schriftsteller S.D. Krzhizhanowsky an, der den Auftrag hatte, eine Fassung so vollständig wie möglich zu erstellen und besonders jene Szenen aufzunehmen, die Tschaikowsky ausgelassen hatte (Tairov hatte Vorbehalte bezüglich des dramatischen Aspekts von Tschaikowskys Oper). Zusätzlich zu den Hauptdarstellern sollte es zwei "Sputniks" — Begleiter — geben, die für den roten Faden der Erzählung sorgen und Puschkins Kommentar bezüglich der Handlung "von außen" — wie der Dichter im Roman — vortragen sollten.

Im Herbst 1936 waren alle 44 Musiknummern fertig. Am 3. Dezember 1936 erhielt Prokofjew einen Brief vom "Komitee für die Künste" das ihm untersagte, "weiter an der Orchestrierung und der Partitur für dieses Stück zu arbeiten und bei Proben zu beraten". Die Aufführung sollte 'vom Repertoire des Moskauer Kamerny Theaters ausgeschlossen werden'.

Es ist nicht klar, weshalb der Bann verhängt wurde, das Datum gibt jedoch vielleicht einen Hinweis. 1936 war das Jahr des berühmten anti-Schostakowitsch-Artikels "Chaos anstelle von Musik" in der *Prawda*, in dem seine Oper *Lady Macbeth von Mzensk* angegriffen wurde. Nun standen alle Künste unter Beschuß. Sowohl Meyerhold als auch Tairov wurden wegen ihrer Experimente verurteilt, und kurz darauf wurden ihre beiden Theater geschlossen.

Prokofjews *Eugen Onegin* wurde zu seinen Lebzeiten nicht veröffentlicht. Während des

kulturellen Tauwetters der frühen 1960er Jahre entdeckte die sowjetische Musikwissenschaftlerin Elizaveta Dattel eine Reihe von Skizzen und eine praktisch vollständige Klavierpartitur von *Eugen Onegin*, in der die Instrumentierung angegeben war, fertig für den Kopisten. In diesem Manuskript fehlten vier Seiten mit drei Musiknummern. 1973 wurde eine Partitur in Moskau veröffentlicht, die Prokofjews ursprüngliche Reihenfolge der Musiknummern beibehielt, jedoch ein stark überarbeitetes Szenarium für den gesprochenen Text enthielt. Die drei Musiknummern fehlten immer noch. In dieser Fassung wurde das Werk in Moskau aufgeführt und aufgenommen.

Kurz nachdem ich von der BBC eingeladen worden war, die erste britische Aufführung dieses Werks zu leiten, erschien eine Ankündigung für eine Auktion bei Christie's, in der eine Anzahl von Prokofjews Briefen und Manuskripten zum Verkauf angeboten werden sollte. Ich freute mich sehr, als ich unter diesen die vier fehlenden Seiten für die vollständige Klavierpartitur fand. Dank der Freundlichkeit von Frau Lina Prokofjew, der Witwe des Komponisten, war es mir möglich, die Instrumentierung fertigzustellen und sie bei der ersten vollständigen Aufführung dieses großen Werks zu verwenden.

Es ist schwierig, Prokofjews *Eugen Onegin* einzuordnen. Es ist keine Oper — es wird kaum in dem Werk gesungen. Auch ist es kein bloßes Schauspiel mit Hintergrundmusik. Die Musik ist weitaus wichtiger. Sie erhöht die dramatische Spannung und schafft mittels thematischer Assoziationen zu bestimmten Charakteren und emotionalen Situationen eine Vielzahl fast unterschwelliger Anhaltspunkte und Kommentare.

Eine besonders wirkungsvolle Eigenschaft des Werks ist die Anwendung von Melodrama — d.h. Text, der zu Musik gesprochen wird. Wörter und Musik haben jeweils ihr eigenes Tempo und müssen sich, um uns ihre jeweiligen emotionalen Bedeutungen richtig vermitteln zu können, in ihrem eigenen Tempo entfalten können. Diese scheinbar unvereinbaren Tempi fallen sehr selten zusammen. Geschieht dies aber, so ist die Wirkung überwältigend. Einer der großen Vorteile des Melodramas liegt in der Tatsache, daß jedes Element — Wörter und Musik — sich gleichzeitig mit seiner eigenen Geschwindigkeit bewegen kann, ohne das andere zu hindern oder zu verdunkeln.

Ein typisches Beispiel ist die Behandlung von Lenskij. In Tschaikowskys Fassung muß dieser Charakter auf sehr engem Raum und eher skizzenhaft dargestellt werden. Prokofjew kann sich jedoch viel mehr Zeit lassen; die enge Freundschaft zwischen Lenskij und Onegin wird klar dargestellt. Tatsachen und Verhältnisse können durch Sprache schneller und detaillierter dargestellt werden als durch Gesang.

Zu Beginn des Werks sehen wir Lenskij, als er am Grab von Monsieur Larin, dem Vater von Olga und Tatjana, über die Sterblichkeit grübelt. Wir hören ein quälendes Oboenthema, das in den nächsten zwei Nummern, die die Freundschaft zwischen Onegin und Lenskij beschreiben, weiter entwickelt wird. Zu Beginn der Duellszene — dem tragischen Ende ihrer Freundschaft — ist es wieder zu hören. Dieses Thema fungiert als tragisches Leitmotiv durch das gesamte Werk und stellt in der erweiterten letzten Nummer ein wichtiges Element dar. Das Werk enthält verschiedene andere Motive, die mit gewissen Charakteren oder emotionalen Situationen in Verbindung gebracht werden, und ihre Wiederkehr ist ein Kommentar von Prokofjew zu dem Drama.

Prokofjew verschwendete seine Kräfte nicht. Als Lenskij von Olgas Schönheit träumt, wird seine poetische Leidenschaft in einer zarten emporstrebenden Melodie in C-Dur gespiegelt. Das Thema kehrt am Ende der Duellszene wieder — seine letzten Gedanken galten Olga. Fünf Jahre später verwendete Prokofjew in der ersten Szene seiner Oper über Tolstois *Krieg und Frieden* ein Thema, das er zuvor in Tatjanas Briefszene gebraucht hatte und das die ruhelose Liebe darstellt. Weitere Musik aus *Onegin* findet sich in der Oper *Die Verlobung im Kloster*, dem Ballett *Cinderella* und seiner 7. Sinfonie.

In einem Artikel in der *Prawda* schrieb Prokofjew 1937:

Die Suche nach einem musikalischen Idiom, das zu der sozialistischen Epoche paßt, ist eine ehrenwerte, aber schwierige Aufgabe für den Komponisten...

Es ist, als ob man auf ein bewegliches Ziel schießt: nur wenn man vorauszielt, auf morgen, vermeidet man, zurückgelassen zu werden, auf der Stufe der gestrigen Bedürfnisse. Ich halte es deshalb für einen Fehler, wenn ein Komponist nach Vereinfachung strebt. Jeglicher Versuch, zum Zuhörer "herunterzuspielen", ist eine unbewußte Unterschätzung seiner kulturellen Reife und der Entwicklung seines Geschmacks; so ein Versuch wirkt unaufrichtig. Und Musik, die unaufrichtig ist, kann nicht von Dauer sein.

Ich habe mich in meinem Werk, das ich in diesem schöpferischen Jahr geschrieben habe, um Klarheit und Wohlklang bemüht. Zur gleichen Zeit habe ich es bewußt vermieden, bekannte Harmonien und Melodien stillschweigend unterzujubeln.

Hier liegt die Schwierigkeit des Komponierens von klarer, unkomplizierter Musik: die Klarheit muß neu und nicht alt sein.

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Übersetzung: Gundhild Lenz-Mulligan



1937, en Union soviétique, fut une année importante. C'était celle du 20ème anniversaire de la révolution d'octobre, et du centenaire de la mort de Pouchkine. L'année précédente, Prokofiev travaillait à trois réalisations, sur des œuvres de Pouchkine: une musique de film pour la version cinématographique de *Pique Dame*, la musique de scène de *Boris Godounov*, adapté pour le théâtre dans une mise en scène de Meyerhold, et la musique d'*Eugène Onéguine*, d'après le roman en vers du même nom, adapté lui aussi pour le théâtre. Le compositeur acheva les trois partitions, mais, par un concours de circonstances indépendantes de sa volonté, aucune ne fut exécutée de son vivant.

En 1933, Prokofiev et Alexandre Yakovlevitch Taïrov, le directeur-fondateur du théâtre "Kamerny" (de chambre) de Moscou, avaient collaboré ensemble à une pièce intitulée: *Nuits égyptiennes*. Lorsqu'en 1936 Taïrov décida de célébrer le centenaire en montant une adaptation d'*Eugène Onéguine*, il fit immédiatement appel à Prokofiev pour la musique de scène.

L'adaptation, de poème-roman en dialogues pour le théâtre, fut confiée à l'écrivain S. D. Krzhizhanovski, avec instruction de produire une version aussi complète que possible de façon à inclure, intentionnellement, les scènes que Tchaïkovski avaient omises (Taïrov émettaient de sérieuses réserves au sujet de l'aspect dramatique de l'opéra de Tchaïkovski). Aux principaux acteurs devaient s'ajouter deux "spoutniks" (compagnons) au double rôle: assurer la continuité par la narration et faire entendre les commentaires de Pouchkine sur l'action "vue de l'extérieur" — comme le poète l'avait fait dans son ouvrage en vers.

À l'automne 1936, la composition — 44 numéros musicaux — était terminée. Le 3 décembre, Prokofiev recevait une lettre du "Comité des Arts" lui ordonnant "d'interrompre son travail d'orchestration, de ne pas continuer à écrire la partition de la musique de scène de cette pièce, et de ne pas assister aux répétitions". La pièce de théâtre devait être "exclue du répertoire du Théâtre Kamerny de Moscou".

Pourquoi cette interdiction? Il n'y a pas d'explication évidente, mais la date, 1936, peut être une indication. En 1936 la Pravda publiait sa fameuse attaque contre Chostakovitch; dans un article intitulé "Le chaos qui tient lieu de Musique" elle démolissait son opéra *Lady Macbeth du District de Mtsensk*. Et à partir de ce moment-là tous les arts passèrent sous les foudres caudines du régime. Meyerhold et Taïrov, d'abord condamnés pour expérimentation scénique, durent rapidement fermer leurs théâtres.

*Eugène Onéguine*, la musique de Prokofiev, ne fut point éditée de son vivant. Pendant

le dégel culturel des années 1960, Elizaveta Dattel, musicologue soviétique, découvrit un groupe d'esquisses et grâce à elles reconstitua une partition, presque complète, pour piano, avec les indications nécessaires à l'orchestration. Dans le manuscrit reproduit, quatre pages — soit trois numéros musicaux — de l'original étaient absentes. En 1973, une partition fut éditée à Moscou; elle reprenait l'ordre des numéros, tel que Prokofiev l'avait établi, mais la narration (parlée) était considérablement revue et corrigée, et là encore, il manquait les trois numéros. C'est cependant cette version qui fut interprétée et enregistrée à Moscou.

La BBC m'offrit de diriger la première exécution de l'œuvre en Grande-Bretagne, et peu après cette offre je remarquai une annonce de Christie's, signalant la vente aux enchères de lettres et de manuscrits de Prokofiev. Quelle joie pour moi de découvrir, parmi ces documents, les quatre pages absentes de la partition piano. Ensuite, grâce à l'aimable collaboration de Madame Lina Prokofiev, veuve du compositeur, j'ai pu achever l'orchestration et utiliser les trois numéros lors de la première interprétation Intégrale de ce remarquable ouvrage.

Il est difficile de classer l'*Eugène Onéguine* de Prokofiev. Ce n'est pas un opéra puisqu'il n'y a pratiquement aucune partie chantée — Ce n'est pas non plus une simple musique de scène, qui sert de toile de fond; la musique a beaucoup trop d'importance pour cela. Elle aide à augmenter la tension dramatique, et par sa représentation thématique de personnages et de situations sentimentales, elle fournit des explications complémentaires et une infinité de points de repère, presque imperceptibles.

Le mélodrame — c'est-à-dire un texte parlé sur accompagnement musical — est utilisé ici d'une manière particulièrement effective. Les mots et la musique ont chacun leur propre tempo ou allure nécessaire, car pour bien faire comprendre le sens et les sentiments respectifs qu'ils expriment, ils doivent progresser à leur propre tempo naturel. Ces tempos, apparemment incompatibles, coïncident très rarement, mais lorsqu'ils le font l'effet est bouleversant. Or, un des grands avantages du mélodrame est de permettre justement à chacun des éléments — les mots et la musique — de se mouvoir à sa propre allure sans affecter l'autre.

Prenons par exemple le cas de Lenski. Dans l'opéra de Tchaïkovski ce personnage a très peu de temps pour se faire connaître, et son portrait tourne à la vague esquisse. Prokofiev lui donne davantage de temps, et la force de ses liens d'amitié avec Onéguine

est fermement établie. Les événements et les relations humaines peuvent être présentés beaucoup plus rapidement lorsqu'ils sont parlés que lorsqu'ils sont chantés.

L'œuvre commence au moment où, sur la tombe de Monsieur Larin, père d'Olga et de Tatiana, Lenski songe sombrement à la mort. Le thème obsédant (hautbois) sera développé dans les deux numéros suivants, qui dépeignent l'amitié entre Onéguine et Lenski. On l'entendra à nouveau au début de la scène du duel qui, tragiquement, met fin à cette amitié. A travers tout l'ouvrage, ce même thème sert de "leitmotiv" émouvant, avant de devenir un élément important du numéro final, plus étendu. Il y a plusieurs motifs semblables, attachés ainsi à certains personnages ou à certaines situations, et leur réapparition constitue le commentaire de Prokofiev sur le déroulement du drame.

Prokofiev n'était pas un compositeur à utiliser chichement le produit d'une belle inspiration. Lorsque Lenski rêve de la beauté d'Olga, son ardeur poétique se reflète dans la tendre mélodie qui s'envole en ut majeur; le thème resurgit à la fin de la scène du duel, quand ses dernières pensées vont vers Olga. Cinq ans plus tard, dans la première scène de son opéra *Guerre et Paix* (d'après Tolstoï), le compositeur utilisait un thème dont il s'était déjà servi pour la scène de la lettre de Tatiana (et l'expression fiévreuse de son amour). D'autres passages d'*Onéguine* ont trouvé place dans l'opéra, *Fiançailles au couvent*, le ballet *Cendrillon* et la Septième Symphonie.

Dans un article de la *Pravda*, Prokofiev écrivait:

Rechercher un idiome musical qui convienne à l'époque du socialisme est un travail qui en vaut la peine, mais difficile pour le compositeur...

Il lui faut, en quelque sorte, tirer sur une cible mouvante. Et c'est seulement en visant en amont, vers demain, qu'il évitera de rester à la traîne, au niveau des besoins d'hier. C'est pourquoi je considère que le compositeur qui combat pour la simplification commet une faute. Toute tentative à 's'abaisser' au niveau de l'auditeur revient à sous-estimer inconsciemment sa maturité culturelle et l'évolution de ses goûts. De plus, une telle tentative contient un certain manque de sincérité, et toute musique qui n'est pas sincère ne peut perdurer.

Dans mes propres œuvres, écrites en cette année fructueuse, mes efforts ont porté sur la clarté et la mélodie. En même temps, j'ai scrupuleusement évité de faire passer dans ces œuvres des harmonies ou des airs familiers.

C'est là que réside la difficulté pour celui qui veut composer une musique claire et directe; car la clarté doit être nouvelle et non ancienne.

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Traduction: Paulette Hutchinson



At the recording session



## COMPACT DISC ONE

### 1 *Scene One: Lensky at Larin's grave*

LENSKY

A humble sinner, Dmitri Larin,  
beneath the stone reposes here,  
servant of God, and Brigadier.

NARRATOR

Vladimir Lensky cast an eye  
over his neighbour's plain memorial,  
and offered to that ash a sigh.  
Sadly he mourned for the departed —

LENSKY

Poor Yorick!

NARRATOR

— said he, broken-hearted,

LENSKY

He dandled me as a small boy;  
how many times I made a toy  
of his Ochakov decoration!  
He destined Olga's hand for me,  
kept saying 'Shall I live to see...?'

NARRATOR

Our poor young poet — Olga fired him  
in his first dream of passion's fruit;  
and thoughts of her were what inspired  
him  
to the first moanings of his flute.

LENSKY

Farewell the games of golden childhood!  
I fell in love with darkest wildwood,  
solitude, stillness and the night,  
the stars, the moon — celestial light  
to which so oft I've dedicated

those walks amid the gloom and calm  
of evening, and those tears, the balm  
of secret pain... but it's now rated  
by judgement of the modern camp  
almost as good as a dim lamp.

NARRATOR

Let me acquaint you on the nail  
now with the *hero* of my tale.  
Onegin, my good friend, was littered  
and bred upon the Neva's brink,  
where you were born as well, I think,  
Listener, or where you've shone and  
glittered!  
There once I too strolled back and forth:  
but I'm allergic to the North.  
We all meandered through our schooling  
haphazard; so, to God be thanks,  
it's easy, without too much fooling,  
to pass for cultured in our ranks.  
Onegin was assessed by many  
(critical judges, strict as any)  
as well-read, though of pedant cast.  
Unforced, as conversation passed,  
he had the talent of saluting  
feliciously every theme,  
of listening like a judge-supreme  
while serious topics were disputing,  
or, with an epigram-surprise,  
of kindling smiles in ladies' eyes.  
Some days he's still in bed, and drowzes,  
when little notes come on a tray.  
What? Invitations? Yes, three houses  
have each asked him to a soirée:  
a ball here, there a children's party:  
where shall he go, my rogue, my hearty?  
Which one comes first? It's just the same —  
to do them all is easy game.

Meanwhile, attired for morning strolling  
complete with broad-brimmed bolivar,  
Eugene attends the boulevard,  
and there at large he goes patrolling  
until Bréguet's unsleeping chime  
advises him of dinner-time.

More wine, he calls, to drench the flaming  
fire of the cutlets' scalding fat,  
when Bréguet's chime is heard  
proclaiming  
the new ballet he should be at.  
That world where every man's a critic  
who'll clap an *entrechat*, or scoff  
at Cleopatra, hiss her off,  
boo Phaedra out as paralytic,  
encore Moëna, — and rejoice  
to know the audience hears his voice.  
He mounts the sledge, with daylight fading:  
'Make way, make way', goes up the shout;  
his collar in its beaver braiding  
glitters with hoar-frost all about.  
Applause. Onegin enters — passes  
across the public's toes; he steers  
straight to his stall, then turns his glasses  
on unknown ladies in the tiers;  
he's viewed the boxes without passion,  
he's seen it all; with looks and fashion  
he's dreadfully dissatisfied;  
to gentlemen on every side  
he's bowed politely; his attention  
wanders in a distracted way  
across the stage; he yawns:

ONEGIN

'Ballet — they all have richly earned a  
pension;'

NARRATOR

he turns away:

ONEGIN

'I've had enough —  
now even Didelot's tedious stuff'.

NARRATOR

The illness with which he'd been smitten  
should have been analysed when caught;  
something like spleen, that scourge of  
Britain, or  
Russia's chondria for short.  
It mastered him in slow graduation  
thank God he had no inclination  
to blow his brains out, but instead  
to life grew colder than the dead.  
So, like child Harold, glum, unpleasing  
he stalked the drawing-rooms remote.  
From Boston's cloth or gossip's quote  
no glance so sweet, no sigh so teasing;  
no, nothing caused his heart to stir  
and nothing pierced his senses' blur.

### 2 *Scene Two: Onegin and Lensky at Lensky's country house*

NARRATOR

The place where Eugene loathed his leisure  
was an enchanting country nook;  
there any friend of harmless pleasure  
would bless the form his fortune took.  
The manor house, in deep seclusion,  
screened by a hill from storm's intrusion,  
looked on a river: far away  
before it was the golden play  
of light that flowering fields reflected:  
villages flickered far and near,  
and cattle roamed the plain, and here  
a park, enormous and neglected,  
spread out its shadow all around —  
the pensive Dryads' hiding-ground.

Meanwhile another new landowner  
came driving to his country seat,  
and, in the district, this persona  
drew scrutiny no less complete —  
Vladimir Lensky, whose creator  
was Göttingen, his alma mater,  
good-looking, in the flower of age,  
a poet, and a Kantian sage.  
He'd brought back all the fruits of  
learning

from German realms of mist and steam,  
freedom's enthusiastic dream,  
a spirit strange, a spirit burning,  
an eloquence of fevered strength,  
and raven curls of shoulder-length.

LENSKY

He sang of love, to love subjected,  
his song was limpid in its tune  
as infant sleep, or the unaffected  
thoughts of a girl, or as the moon  
through heaven's expanse serenely flying,  
that queen of secrets and of sighing.  
He sang of grief and parting-time,  
of something vague, some misty clime;  
roses romantically blowing;  
of many distant lands he sang  
where in the heart of silence rang  
his sobs, where his live tears were  
flowing

he sang of lifetime's yellowed page —  
when not quite eighteen years of age.

NARRATOR

So, verse and prose, they came together.  
No ice and flame, no stormy weather  
and granite, were so far apart.  
At first, disparity of heart  
rendered them tedious to each other;

then liking grew, then every day  
they met on horseback; quickly they  
became like brother knit to brother.  
Friendship, as I must own to you,  
blooms when there's nothing else to do.  
He smiled as Lensky talked: the heady  
perfidious language of the bard,  
his mind, in judgement still unsteady,  
and always the inspired regard —  
to Eugene all was new and thrilling;  
he struggled to bite back the chilling  
words on his lips, and thought:

ONEGIN

It's sheer folly for me to interfere  
with such a blissful, brief infection —  
even without me it will sink;  
but meanwhile let him live, and think  
the universe is all perfection;  
youth is a fever: we must spare  
its natural right to rave and flare.

NARRATOR

Since earliest boyhood Lensky had doted  
on Olga; from heart's ache still spared,  
with tenderness he'd watched and noted  
her childhood games; in them he'd  
shared,

by deep and shady woods protected;  
the crown of marriage was projected  
for them by fathers who, as friends  
and neighbours, followed the same ends.

LENSKY

Away inside that unassuming  
homestead, before her parents' gaze,  
she blossomed in the graceful ways  
of innocence: a lily blooming  
in deepest grasses, quite alone,

to bee and butterfly unknown,  
full of obedience and demureness,  
as gay as morning and as clear,  
poetic in her simple pureness,  
sweet as a lover's kiss and dear  
the skyblue eyes, the flaxen tresses,  
smile, voice and movements, little waist;  
all of that is Olga.

ONEGIN

You're off? Why, there's a poet for you!

LENSKY

Goodbye, Onegin, time I went.

ONEGIN

Well, I won't hold you up or bore you;  
but where are all your evenings spent?

LENSKY

At the Larins!

ONEGIN

But how mysterious.  
For goodness' sake, you can't be serious  
killing each evening off like that?

LENSKY

You're wrong.

ONEGIN

But what I wonder at  
is this — one sees from here the party:  
in the first place — listen, am I right? —  
a simple Russian family night:  
the guests are feasted, good and hearty,  
on jam, and speeches in regard  
to rains, and flax, and the stockyard.

LENSKY

I don't see what's so bad about it.

ONEGIN

Boredom, that's what's so bad, my friend.

LENSKY

Your modish world, I'll do without it;  
give me the homely hearth, and lend...

ONEGIN

You pile one eclogue on another!  
for God's sake, that will do. But, brother,  
you're really going? Well, I'm sad.  
Now, Lensky, would it be so bad  
for me to glimpse this Phyllis ever,  
with whom your thoughts are so  
obsessed —  
pen, tears, and rhymes, and all the rest?  
Present me, please.

LENSKY

You're joking.

ONEGIN

Never.

LENSKY

Gladly.

ONEGIN

So when?

LENSKY

Why not tonight?  
They will receive us with delight.  
Let's go!

NARRATOR

The friends, all haste and vigour,  
drive there, and with formality  
are treated to the fullest rigour  
of old-time hospitality.  
The protocol is all one wishes:  
the jams appear in little dishes;



on a small table's oilcloth sheen  
the jug of bilberry wine is seen.  
List'ner, the elder sister now  
must be my theme, if you'll allow.

[3] *Scene Three: At the sisters' home*

NARRATOR

So she was called Tatyana. Truly  
she lacked her sister's beauty, lacked  
the rosy bloom that glowed so newly  
to catch the eye and to attract.  
Shy as a savage, silent, tearful,  
wild as a forest deer, and fearful,  
Tatyana had a changeling look  
in her own home. She never took  
to kissing or caressing father  
or mother; and in all the play  
of children, though as young as they,  
she never joined, or skipped, but rather  
in silence all day she'd remain  
ensconced beside the window-pane.  
Reflection was her friend and pleasure  
right from the cradle of her days;  
it touched with reverie her leisure,  
adorning all its country ways.  
Seeing herself as a creation —  
Clarissa, Julie or Delphine —  
by writers of her admiration,  
Tatyana, lonely heroine,  
roamed the still forest like a ranger,

TATYANA

sought in her book, that text of danger,  
and found her dreams, her secret fire,  
the full fruit of her heart's desire;  
she sighed, and in a trance co-opted  
another's joy, another's breast,  
whispered by heart a note addressed  
to the hero that she'd adopted.

[4] *Scene Four: Having taken a short cut,  
they're on their way home as fast as  
possible*

NARRATOR

And home was now their destination;  
as by the shortest way they flew,  
this was our heroes' conversation  
secretly overheard by you:

LENSKY

You yawn, Onegin?

ONEGIN

As I'm used to.

LENSKY

This time I think you've been reduced to  
new depths of boredom.

ONEGIN

No, the same.

The fields are dark, since evening came.  
Drive on, Andryushka! Quicker, quicker!  
the country's pretty stupid here!  
Oh, à propos: Larin's a dear  
simple old lady; but the liquor —  
I'm much afraid that bilberry wine  
won't benefit these guts of mine.  
But tell me, which one was Tatyana?

LENSKY

She was the one who looked as still  
and melancholy as Svetlana,  
and sat down by the window-sill.

ONEGIN

The one you love's the younger daughter?

LENSKY

Why not?

ONEGIN

I'd choose the other quarter  
if I, like you, had been a bard,  
Olga's no life in her regard:  
the roundest face that you've set eyes on  
a pretty girl exactly like  
any Madonna by Van Dyck:  
a dumb moon, on a dumb horizon.

NARRATOR

Lensky had a curt word to say  
and then sat silent all the way.  
Meanwhile the news of Eugene coming  
to the Larins' had caused a spout  
of gossip, and set comment humming  
among the neighbours round about.  
Conjecture found unending matter:  
there was a general furtive chatter,  
and jokes and spiteful gossip ran  
claiming Tatyana'd found her man;  
and some were even testifying  
the marriage plans were all exact  
but held up by the simple fact  
that modish rings were still a-buying.  
Of Lensky's fate they said no more —  
they'd settled that some years before.  
Tatyana listened with vexation  
to all this tattle, yet at heart  
in indescribable elation,  
despite herself, rehearsed the part:  
the thought sank in, and penetrated:  
she fell in love — the hour was fated...  
so fires of spring will bring to birth  
a seedling fallen in the earth.  
Her feelings in their weary session  
had long been wasting and enslaved  
by pain and languishment; she craved  
the fateful diet; by depression

her heart had long been overrun:  
her soul was waiting... for someone.  
Tatyana now need wait no longer.  
Her eyes were opened, and she said  
'this is the one!' Ah, ever stronger,  
in sultry sleep, in lonely bed,  
all day, all night, his presence fills her,  
by magic everything instills her  
with thoughts of *him* in ceaseless round.  
She hates a friendly voice's sound,  
or servants waiting on her pleasure.  
Lost in her dream she cannot hear  
the talk of guests when they appear;  
she calls down curses on their leisure,  
and, when one's least prepared for it,  
their tendency to call, and sit.

[5] *Scene Five: Tatyana in the park*

NARRATOR

Tatyana, hunted by love's anguish,  
has made the park her brooding-place,  
suddenly lowering her eyes that  
languish,  
too faint to stir a further pace:  
her bosom heaves, her cheeks are  
staring  
scarlet with passion's instant flaring.

TATYANA

Upon my lips the breathing dies,  
noise in my ears, glare in my eyes...  
the night comes on; the moon's patrolling  
far-distant heaven's vaulted room;  
a nightingale, in forest gloom,  
Sets a sonorous cadence rolling —

NARRATOR

Tatyana, sleepless in the dark,  
Makes to her nurse low-voiced remark:

6 *Scene Six: Tatyana and Nurse*

TATYANA

I can't sleep, nyanya: it's so stifling!  
open the window, sit down near.

NURSE

Why, Tanya, what...?

TATYANA

All's dull and trifling.  
The olden days, I want to hear...

NURSE

What of them, Tanya? I was able,  
years back, to call up many a fable;  
I kept in mind an ancient store  
of tales of girls, and ghosts and lore:  
but now my brain is darkened, Tanya:  
and I've forgotten all I knew.  
A sorry state of things, it's true!  
My mind is fuddled.

TATYANA

Tell me, nyanya,  
your early life, unlock your tongue:  
were you in love when you were young?

NURSE

What nonsense, Tanya! In those other  
ages we'd never heard of love:  
why, at the thought, my husband's mother  
had chased me to the world above.

TATYANA

How did you come to marry, nyanya?

NURSE

I reckon, by God's will. My Vanya  
was younger still, but at that stage  
I was just thirteen years of age.  
Two weeks the matchmaker was plying

to see my kin, and in the end  
my father blessed me. So I'd spend  
my hours in fear and bitter crying.  
Then, crying, they untwined my plait,  
and sang me to the altar-mat.  
So to strange kinsfolk I was taken...  
but you're not paying any heed.

TATYANA

Oh, nurse, I'm sad, I'm sad, I'm shaken,  
I'm sick, my dear, I'm sick indeed.  
I'm near to sobbing, near to weeping!...

NURSE

You're ill, God have you in his keeping,  
the Lord have mercy on us all!  
Whatever you may need, just call...  
I'll sprinkle you with holy water,  
you're all in a fever... heavens above.

TATYANA

Nurse, I'm not ill; I... I'm in love.  
I'm in love.  
I am in love... I am in love.

TATYANA

Go, nurse, and leave me here apart.  
Give me a pen and give me paper,  
bring up a table, and a taper;  
good night; I swear I'll lie down soon.

NARRATOR

She was alone, lit by the moon.  
Elbow on table, spirit seething,  
still filled with Eugene, Tanya wrote,  
and in her unconsidered note  
all a pure maiden's love was breathing.  
She folds the page, lays down the  
plume...  
Tatyana! It's addressed... to whom?

7 *Scene Seven: Tatyana's letter*

TATYANA

I write to you — no more confession  
is needed, nothing's left to tell.  
I know it's now in your discretion  
with scorn to make my world a hell.  
But if you've kept some faint impression  
of pity for my wretched state,  
you'll never leave me to my fate.  
At first I thought it out of season  
to speak; believe me: of my shame —  
you'd not so much as know the name,  
if I'd possessed the slightest reason  
to hope that even once a week  
I might have seen you, heard you speak  
on visits to us, and in greeting  
I might have said a word, and then  
thought, day and night, and thought again  
bout one thing, till our next meeting.  
But you're not sociable, they say:  
you find the country godforsaken;  
though we... don't shine in any way,  
our joy in you is warmly taken.  
Why did you visit us, but why?  
Lost in our backwoods habitation  
I'd not have known you, therefore I  
would have been spared this laceration.  
In time, who knows, the agitation  
of inexperience would have passed,  
I would have found a friend, another,  
and in the role of virtuous mother  
and faithful wife I'd have been cast.  
Another!... No, another never  
in all the world could take my heart:  
decreed in highest court for ever...  
heaven's will — for you I'm set apart;  
and my whole life has been directed  
and pledged to you, and firmly planned;

I know, Godsent one, I'm protected  
until the grave by your strong hand:  
you'd made appearance in my dreaming;  
unseen, already you were dear,  
my soul had heard your voice ring clear,  
stirred at your gaze, so strange, so gleaming  
long, long ago... no, that could be  
no dream. You'd scarce arrived, I reckoned  
to know you, swooned, and in a second  
all in a blaze, I said: it's he!  
At this midnight of my condition,  
was it not you, dear apparition,  
who, in the dark came flashing through  
and, on my bed-head gently leaning,  
with love and comfort in your meaning,  
spoke words of hope? But who are you:  
the guardian angel of tradition,  
or some vile agent of perdition  
sent to seduce? Resolve my doubt.  
On, this could all be false and vain,  
a sham that trustful souls work out;  
fate could be something else again...  
So let it be! For you to keep  
I trust my fate to your direction,  
henceforth in front of you I weep,  
I weep, and pray for your protection...  
Imagine it: quite on my own  
I've no one here who comprehends me,  
and now a swooning mind attends me,  
dumb I must perish, and alone.  
My heart awaits you; you can turn it  
to life and hope with just a glance —  
or else disturb my mournful trance  
with censure — I've done all to earn it!  
I close. I dread to read this page...  
for shame and fear my wits are sliding...  
and yet your honour is my gage,  
and in it bodily I'm confiding...

NARRATOR

Now Tanya's groaning, now she's sighing;  
the letter trembles in her grip;  
the rosy sealing-wafer's drying  
upon her feverish tongue; the slip  
from off her charming shoulder's drooping  
and sideways her poor head is stooping.  
But now the radiance of the moon  
is dimmed. Down there the valley soon  
comes clearer through the mists of dawning.  
Down there, by slow degrees, the stream  
has taken on a silvery gleam;  
the herdsman's horn proclaimed the morning  
and roused the village long ago:  
to Tanya, all's an empty show.  
She's paid the sunrise no attention,  
she sits with head sunk on her breast,  
over the note holds in suspension  
her seal with its engraven crest.  
Softly the door is opened, enter  
grey Filátevna, to present her  
with a small tray and a teacup.

NURSE

Get up, my child, it's time, get up!  
Why, pretty one, you're up already!  
My early bird! You know, last night  
you gave me such a shocking fright!  
But now, thank God, you're well and steady,  
your night of fretting's left no trace!  
Fresh as a poppy-flower, your face.

TATYANA

Oh nurse, a favour, a petition...

NURSE

Command, me, darling, as you choose.

TATYANA

Now don't suppose... let no suspicion...  
but nurse, you see... oh, don't refuse...

NURSE

My sweet, God warrants me your debtor.

TATYANA

Then send your grandson with this letter  
quickly to O... I mean to that...  
the neighbour... you must tell the brat  
that not a syllable be uttered  
and not a mention of my name...

NURSE

Which neighbour, dear? My head became  
in these last years all mixed and fluttered.  
We've many neighbours round about;  
even to count them throws me out.

TATYANA

How slow you are at guessing, nyanya!

NURSE

My sweet, my dearest heart, I'm old,  
I'm old, my mind is blunted, Tanya;  
times were when I was sharp and bold;  
times were, when master's least  
suggestion...

TATYANA

Oh nyanya, nyanya, I don't question...  
what have your wits to do with me?  
Now here's a letter, as you see,  
addressed to Onegin...

NURSE

Well, that's easy.  
But don't be cross, my darling friend,  
you know it's hard to comprehend...  
Why have you gone all pale and queasy...

TATYANA

It's nothing, nurse, nothing, I say...  
just send your grandson on his way.

NARRATOR

Hours pass; no answer; waiting, waiting.  
No word: another day goes by.  
She's dressed since dawn, dead pale;  
debating,  
demanding: when will he reply?  
Olga's adorer comes a-wooing.  
'Tell me, what's your companion doing?'  
Enquired the lady of the hall:  
'It seems that he forgot us all'.  
Tatyana flushed, and started shaking.

LENSKY

The mail explains the time he's taking.

NARRATOR

Tatyana lowered her regard  
as at a censure that was hard.  
Day faded; on the table, glowing,  
the samovar of evening boiled,  
and warmed the Chinese teapot; flowing  
beneath it, vapour wreathed and coiled.  
Already Olga's hand was gripping  
the urn of perfumed tea, and tipping  
into the cups its darkling stream —  
meanwhile a hallboy handed cream;  
before the window taking station  
plunged in reflection's deepest train,  
Tatyana breathed on the cold pane,  
and in the misted condensation  
with charming forefinger she traced  
'OE' religiously inlaced.

<sup>8</sup> *Scene Eight: Onegin receives Tatyana's letter*

ONEGIN

Tatyana's letter, treasured ever  
as sacred, lies before me still.  
I read with secret pain, and never  
can read enough to get my fill.

Who taught her an address so tender,  
such careless language of surrender?  
Who taught her all this mad, slapdash,  
heartfelt, imploring, touching trash  
fraught with enticement and disaster?  
It baffles me.

NARRATOR

The flirt has reason's cool volition;  
Tatyana's love is no by-play,  
she yields to it without condition  
like a sweet child come what come may.

TATYANA

Why did you visit us, but why?  
Lost in our backwoods habitation  
I'd not have known you, therefore I  
would have been spared this laceration.

ONEGIN

I've known too many a haughty beauty,  
cold, pure as ice, and as unkind,  
inexorably wed to duty,  
unfathomable to the mind;  
shocked by their modish pride, and fleeing  
the utter virtue of their being,  
I've run a mile, I must avow,  
having deciphered on their brow  
hell's terrifying imprecation:  
'Abandon hope for evermore'.  
Our love is what they must abhor;  
our terror is their consolation.  
Ladies of such a cast, I think,  
you too have seen on Neva's brink.  
Thronged by adorers, I've detected  
another, freakish one, who stays  
quite self-absorbed and unaffected  
by sighs of passion or by praise.  
To my astonishment I've seen her,



having by her severe demeanour  
frightened to death by a timid love,  
retrieve it with another shove —  
at least by a regretful kindness;  
at least her tone is sometimes found  
more tender than it used to sound.  
I've seen how, trustful in his blindness,  
the youthful lover once again  
runs after what is sweet, and vain.  
Why is Tatyana guiltier-seeming?  
Is it that she, poor simple sweet,  
believes in her elected dreaming  
and has no knowledge of deceit?  
That, artless, and without concealing,  
her love obeys the laws of feeling,  
that she's so trustful, and imbued  
by heaven with such an unsubdued  
imagination, with such reason,  
such stubborn brain, and vivid will,  
and heart so tender, it can still  
burst to a fiery blaze in season?  
Such feckless passion — as I live,  
is this then what you can't forgive?

TATYANA

So let it be! For you to keep  
I trust my fate to your direction,  
henceforth in front of you I weep.  
I weep, and pray for your protection...

9 *Scene Nine: Onegin scolds Tatyana in  
Larin's garden*

NARRATOR

Meanwhile with pain her soul was girdled,  
and tears were drowning her regard.  
A sudden clatter... blood was curdled...  
Now nearer... hooves... and in the yard  
Evgeny!

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TATYANA  
Ah!

NARRATOR

Tatyana, fleeting  
light as a shadow, shuns a meeting,  
through the back porch runs out and flies  
down to the garden, and her eyes  
daren't look behind her; fairly dashing —  
beds, bridges, lawn, she never stops,  
the allée to the lake, the copse;  
breaking the lilac bushes, smashing  
parterres, she runs to the rivulet's brink,  
to gasp, and on a bench to sink.

TATYANA

Oh. It's he! Eugene arriving!  
Oh God, what did he think!

NARRATOR

A dream of hope is somehow still surviving  
in her torn heart — a fickle gleam;  
she trembles, and with fever drumming  
awaits him — hears nobody coming.  
But finally she heaved a yearning  
sigh, and stood up, began to pace;  
she walked, but just as she was turning  
into the allée, face to face,  
she found Evgeny, eyes a-glitter,  
still as a shadow, grim and bitter;  
seared as by fire, she stopped.

ONEGIN

You wrote to me, and nothing spoken  
can disavow that. I have read  
those words where love, without condition,  
pours out its guiltless frank admission,  
and your sincerity of thought  
is dear to me, for it has brought  
feeling to what had long been heartless;

but I won't praise you — let me join  
and pay my debt in the same coin  
with an avowal just as artless;  
hear my confession as I stand —  
I leave the verdict in your hand.  
Could I be happy circumscribing  
my life in a domestic plot;  
had fortune blest me by prescribing  
husband and father as my lot;  
could I accept for just a minute  
the homely scene, take pleasure in it —  
then I'd have looked for you alone  
to be the bride I'd call my own.  
Without romance, or false insistence,  
I'll say: with past ideals in view  
I would have chosen none but you  
as helpmeet in my sad existence,  
as gage of all things that were good,  
and been as happy... as I could!  
But I was simply not intended  
for happiness — that alien role.  
Should your perfections be expended  
in vain on my unworthy soul?  
Believe (as conscience is my warrant),  
wedlock for us would be abhorrent.  
I'd love you, but inside a day,  
with custom, love would fade away;  
your tears would flow — but your emotion,  
your grief would fail to touch my heart,  
they'd just enrage it with their dart.  
What sort of roses, in your notion,  
would Hymen bring us — blooms that might  
last many a day, and many a night?  
What in the world is more distressing  
than households where the wife must moan  
the unworthy husband through depressing  
daytimes and evenings passed alone?  
And where the husband, recognising  
her worth (but anathematising

his destiny) without a smile  
bursts with cold envy and with bile?  
For such am I. When you were speaking  
to me so simply, with the fires  
and force that purity inspires,  
is this the man that you were seeking?  
can it be true that you must await  
from cruel fortune such a fate?  
I've dreams and years past resurrection;  
a soul that nothing can renew...  
I feel a brotherly affection,  
or something tenderer still, for you.  
Listen to me without resentment:  
girls often change to their contentment  
light dreams for new ones... so we see  
each springtime, on the growing tree,  
fresh leaves... for such is heaven's  
mandate.

You'll love again, but you must teach  
your heart some self-restraint; for each  
and every man won't understand it  
as I have... learn from my belief  
that inexperience leads to grief.

NARRATOR

So went his sermon. Almost dying,  
blinded to everything about  
by mist of tears, without replying  
Tatyana heard Evgeny out.  
He gave his arm. In sad abstraction,  
by what's called *mâchinal* reaction,  
without a word Tatyana leant  
upon it, and with head down-bent  
walked homeward round the kitchen  
garden;  
together they arrived, and none  
dreamt of reproving what they'd done:  
by country freedom, rightful pardon  
and happy licence are allowed,  
as much as in Moscow the proud.

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<sup>10</sup> *Scene Ten: Lensky and Onegin together in Lensky's house*

NARRATOR

The fire was dying; cinders faintly covered the golden coal — the steam tumbled and whirled and twisted quaintly its barely noticeable stream.  
The hearth was low beyond all stoking. Straight up the chimney, pipes were smoking. Still on the board, the beakers hissed, and evening now drew on in mist...  
(I like a friendly conversation, the enjoyment of a social drink, at hours, which, why I cannot think, somehow have got the designation of time between the wolf and dog.)  
Now hear the friends in dialogue:

ONEGIN

Tell me, our neighbours, are they thriving?  
And how's Tatyana? Olga too,  
your dashing one, is she surviving?

LENSKY

Just half a glass more... that will do...  
All flourishing; they send their duty.  
Take Olga's shoulders now — the beauty!  
What breasts! What soul!... We'll go one day  
visit the family, what d'you say?  
If you come with me, they'll be flattered;  
or else, my friend, how does it look?  
You called there twice, but since then took no notice of them. But I've chattered so much, I've left no time to speak!  
Of course! You're bidden there next week.

ONEGIN

I?

LENSKY

Saturday. The invitation  
Olinka and her mother sent:  
Tatyana's name-day celebration.  
It's right and proper that you went.

ONEGIN

But there'll be such a rout and scrabble  
with every different kind of rabble...

LENSKY

No, no, I'm sure the party's small.  
Relations. No-one else at all.  
Let's go, our friendship's worth the labour.

ONEGIN

All right, I'll come then...

LENSKY

What a friend!

NARRATOR

He drained his glass down to the end  
by way of toast to their fair neighbour;  
then he began to talk once more  
of Olga: love's that kind of bore!

<sup>11</sup> *Scene Eleven: Tatyana's dream*

NARRATOR

Tanya's undressed, and lies in bed.  
Lel floats about above her head;  
and underneath her downy pillow  
a young girl's looking-glass is kept.  
Now all was still. Tatyana slept.  
She dreamt of portents.

TATYANA

In her dreaming she walked across a  
snowy plain  
through gloom and mist; and there came  
streaming

a furious, boiling, heaving main  
across the drift-encumbered acres,  
a raging torrent, capped with breakers,  
a flood on which no frosty band  
had been imposed by winter's hand;  
two poles that ice had glued like plaster  
were placed across the gulf to make  
a flimsy bridge whose every quake  
spelt hazard, ruin and disaster;  
she stopped at the loud torrent's bound,  
perplexed... and rooted to the ground.

NARRATOR

As if before some mournful parting  
Tatyana groaned above the tide;  
she saw no friendly figure starting  
to help her from the other side;  
but suddenly a snowdrift rumbled,  
and what came out? A hairy, tumbled,  
enormous bear; Tatyana yelled,  
the bear let out a roar, and held  
a sharp-nailed paw towards her; bracing  
her nerves, she leant on it her weight,  
and with a halting, trembling gait  
above the water started tracing  
her way; she passed, then as she walked  
that bear — what next? — behind her  
stalked.

A backward look is fraught with danger;  
she speeds her footsteps to a race,  
but from her shaggy-liveried ranger  
she can't escape at any pace —

TATYANA

The odious bear still grunts and lumbers.  
Ahead of them a pinewood slumbers  
in the full beauty of its frown;  
the branches all are weighted down  
with tufts of snow; and through the lifted

summits of aspen, birch and lime,  
the nightly luminaries climb.  
No path to see: the snow has drifted  
across each bush, across each steep,  
and all the world is buried deep.

NARRATOR

She's in the wood, the bear still trails her.  
There's powdery snow up to her knees;  
now a protruding branch assails her  
and clasps her neck; and now she sees  
her golden earrings off and whipping;  
and now the crunchy snow is stripping  
her darling foot of its wet shoe,  
her handkerchief has fallen too;  
no time to pick it up — she's dying  
with fright, she hears the approaching  
bear;

her fingers shake, she doesn't dare  
to lift her skirt up; still she's flying,  
and he pursuing, till at length  
she flies no more, she's lost her strength.  
She's fallen in the snow — alertly  
the bear has raised her in his paws;  
and she, submissively, inertly —  
no move she makes, no breath she draws;  
he whirls her through the wood... a hovel  
shows up through trees, all of a grovel  
in darkest forest depths, and drowned  
by dreary snowdrifts piled around;  
there's a small window shining in it,  
and from within come noise and cheer;  
the bear explains: 'my cousin's here —  
come in and warm yourself a minute!'  
He carries her inside the door  
and sets her gently on the floor.  
Tatyana looks, her faintness passes:  
bear's gone: a hallway, no mistake;

behind a door the clash of glasses  
and shouts suggest a crowded wake;  
so, seeing there no rhyme or reason,  
no meaning in or out of season,  
she peers discreetly through a chink  
and sees... whatever do you think?

**TATYANA**

A group of monsters round a table,  
a dog with horns, a goatee'd witch,  
a rooster head and on the twitch  
a skeleton jerked by a cable,  
a dwarf with tail, and a half-strain,  
a hybrid cross of cat and crane.  
But ever stranger and more fearful:  
a crayfish rides on spider-back;  
on goose's neck, a skull looks cheerful  
and swaggers in a red calpack:  
with bended knees a windmill dances,  
its sails go flap-flap as it prances,  
song, laughter, whistle, bark and champ,  
and human words, and horse's stamp!

**NARRATOR**

But how she jumped, when in this hovel  
among the guests she recognised  
the man she feared and idolised —  
who else? — the hero of the novel!

**ONEGIN**

Onegin sits at table, too  
he eyes the door, looks slyly through.  
He nods — they start to fuss and truckle;  
he drinks — all shout and take a swill;  
he laughs — they all begin to chuckle;  
he scowls — and the whole gang are still.

**TATYANA**

He's host, that's clear, and thus  
enlightened

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Tanya's no longer quite so frightened  
and, curious now about the lot,  
opens the door a tiny slot...  
but then a sudden breeze surprises,  
puts out the lamps; the whole brigade  
of house-familiars stands dismayed...

**NARRATOR**

With eyes aflame Onegin rises  
from table, clattering on the floor;  
all stand. He walks towards the door.  
Now she's alarmed; in desperate worry  
Tatyana struggles to run out —  
she can't; and in her panic hurry —  
she flails around, she tries to shout —  
she can't: Evgeny's pushed the portal,  
and to the vision of those mortal  
monsters the maiden stood revealed.  
Wildly the fearful laughter pealed;  
the eyes of all, the hooves, the snozzles,  
the bleeding tongues, the tufted tails,  
the tusks, the corpse's finger-nails,  
the horns, and the moustachio'd nozzles —  
all point at her, and all combine  
to bellow out: 'she's mine, she's mine'.

**ONEGIN**

'She's mine!' Evgeny's voice of thunder  
clears in a flash the freezing room;  
the whole thieves' kitchen flies asunder,  
the girl remains there in the gloom  
alone with him.

**NARRATOR**

Onegin takes her  
into a corner, gently makes her  
sit on a flimsy bench, and lays  
his head upon her shoulder... blaze  
of sudden brightness... it's too curious...

Olga's appeared upon the scene,  
and Lensky follows her. Eugene,  
eyes rolling, arms uplifted, furious,  
damns the intruders; Tanya lies  
and almost swoons, and almost dies.  
Louder and louder sounds the wrangle:  
Eugene has caught up, quick as quick,  
a carving-knife — and in the tangle  
Lensky's thrown down. The murk is thick,  
and growing thicker; then, heart-shaking  
a scream rings out... the cabin's quaking...  
Tanya comes to in utter fright...

**12 Scene Twelve: Larin's Ball**

**NARRATOR**

But now Aurora's crimson fingers  
from daybreak valleys lift the sun;  
the morning light no longer lingers  
the festal name-day has begun.  
Since dawn, whole families have been driving  
towards the Larins' and arriving  
in sledded coaches and coupés,  
in britzkas, kobitkás and sleighs.  
The hall is full of noise and hustle,  
in the salon new faces meet,  
and kisses smack as young girls greet;  
there's yap of pugs, and laughs, and bustle;  
the threshold's thronged, wet-nurses call,  
guests bow, feet scrape, and children squall.  
And from the nearby Army station  
the Major's here: he's all the rage  
with our Mamas, and a sensation  
with demoiselles of riper age;  
his news has set the party humming!  
The regimental band is coming,  
sent at the Colonel's own behest.  
A ball: the joy of every guest!  
Young ladies jump for future blisses...

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But dinner's served, so two by two  
and arm in arm they all go through;  
round Tanya congregate the misses,  
the men confront them, face to face:  
they sit, they cross themselves for grace.  
They buzz — but then all talk's suspended —  
jaws masticate as minutes pass;  
the crash of plates and knives is blended  
with the resounding chime of glass.  
And now there's gradually beginning  
among the guests a general dinning —  
none listens when the others speak,  
all shout and argue, laugh and squeak,  
then doors are opened, Lensky enters,  
Onegin too. 'Good Lord, at last!'  
the hostess cries and, moving fast,  
the guests squeeze closer to the centres;  
they shove each plate, and every chair,  
and shout, and make room for the pair.  
Just facing Tanya's where they're sitting;  
and paler than the moon at dawn,  
she lowers darkened eyes, unwitting,  
and trembles like a hunted fawn.  
From violent passions fast pulsating  
she's nearly swooned, she's suffocating;  
the friends' salute she never hears  
and from her eyes the eager tears  
are almost bursting; she's quite ready,  
poor girl, to drop into a faint,  
but will, and reason's strong constraint,  
prevailed, and with composure steady  
she sat there; through her teeth a word  
came out so soft, it scarce was heard.  
The nervous-tragical reaction,  
girls' tears, their swooning, for Eugene  
had long proved tedious to distraction:  
he knew too well that sort of scene.  
He saw the sad girl's trembling state,



looked down in an access of hate,  
 pouted, and swore in furious passion  
 to wreak, by stirring Lensky's ire,  
 the best revenge one could desire.  
 Already, in exultant fashion  
 he watched the guests and, as he dined,  
 caricatured them in his mind.  
 Compliment and congratulation;  
 Tanya thanks each one with a phrase.  
 When Eugene's turn for salutation  
 arrives, the girl's exhausted gaze,  
 her discomposure, her confusion,  
 expose his soul to an intrusion  
 of pity: in his silent bow,  
 and in his look there shows somehow  
 a wondrous tenderness. And whether  
 it was that he'd been truly stirred,  
 or half-unwittingly preferred  
 a joking flirt, or both together,  
 there was a softness in his glance:  
 it brought back Tanya from her trance.  
 Here's tea: the girls have just, as bidden,  
 taken the saucers in their grip,  
 when, from behind the doorway, hidden  
 bassoons and flutes begin to trip.  
 Elated by the music's blaring,  
 Petushkov, the local Paris, tearing,  
 his tea with rum quite left behind,  
 approaches Olga; Lensky's signed  
 Tatyana on; Miss Kharlikova,  
 that nubile maid of riper age,  
 is seized by Tambov's poet-sage;  
 Buyánov whirls off Pustyakova;  
 they all have swarmed into the hall,  
 and in full brilliance shines the ball.  
 Now the mazurka sounds. Its thunder  
 used in times past to ring a peal  
 that huge ballrooms vibrated under,

while floors would split from crash of heel  
 and frames would shudder, windows tremble;  
 now things are changed, now we resemble  
 ladies who glide on waxed parquet.  
 Yet the mazurka keeps today  
 in country towns and suchlike places  
 its pristine charm: heeltaps, and leaps,  
 and whiskers — all of this it keeps  
 as fresh as ever, for its graces  
 are here untouched by fashion's reign,  
 our modern Russia's plague and bane.  
 Buyánov, my vivacious cousin,  
 leads Olga and Tatyana on  
 to Eugene; nineteen to the dozen,  
 Eugene takes Olga, and is gone;  
 he steers her, nonchalantly gliding,  
 he stoops and, tenderly confiding,  
 whispers some ballad of the hour,  
 squeezes her hand — and brings to flower  
 on her smug face a flush of pleasure.  
 Lensky has watched: his rage has blazed,  
 he's lost his self-command, and crazed  
 with jealousy beyond all measure  
 insists, when the mazurka ends,  
 on the cotillion, as amends.  
 But now, monotonously dashing  
 like mindless youth, the waltz goes by  
 with spinning noise and senseless flashing  
 as pair by pair the dancers fly.  
 Revenge's hour is near, and after  
 Evgeny, full of inward laughter,  
 has gone to Olga, swept the girl  
 past all the assembly in a whirl,  
 he takes her to a chair, beginning  
 to talk of this and that, but then  
 after two minutes, off again,  
 they're on the dance-floor, waltzing, spinning.  
 All are dumbfounded. Lensky shies

away from trusting his own eyes.  
 He asks. She can't accept.

LENSKY  
 Why ever — ?

NARRATOR  
 No, she's already pledged her word  
 to Evgeny.

LENSKY  
 Oh God! She'd never —  
 How could she? Why, he'd never heard —  
 Scarce out of bibs! Already fickle,  
 fresh from the cot, an infant pickle,  
 already studying to intrigue!  
 Already high in treason's league!

NARRATOR  
 He finds the shock beyond all bearing;  
 So, cursing women's devious course,  
 he leaves the room, calls for his horse  
 and gallops. Pistols made for pairing  
 and just a double charge of shot,  
 Will in a flash decide his lot.

CHORUS  
 There he stands like a tall bean-pole  
 with his ears a-flapping and his fingers  
 scratching,  
 with his toes a-tapping and his eyes  
 staring hard,  
 staring hard like a hungry hawk on the  
 hunt for its prey.

But the food they had prepared had been  
 eaten every scrap —  
 not a single thing remained, not a morsel,  
 not a drop.  
 There he stands with his bright blue nose,  
 like a parson's son with his turned up nose.

NARRATOR  
 Pleasant, in spite of its compression,  
 gentlemanly, quite precise,  
 Vladimir's challenge found expression  
 that, though polite, was clear as ice.  
 Eugene's response was automatic;  
 he informed this envoy diplomatic  
 in terms where not a word was spared —

ONEGIN  
 At any time, I'll be prepared!

#### COMPACT DISC TWO

##### 1 Scene Twelve: Larin's Ball (continued)

NARRATOR  
 Zaretsky left without discussion;  
 he saw no point in staying on,  
 with work at home, but when he'd gone,  
 Evgeny, whom the repercussion  
 left quite alone with his own soul,  
 was far from happy with his role.  
 With reason, too: for when he'd vetted  
 in secret judgement what he'd done,  
 he found too much that he regretted:  
 last night he'd erred in making fun,  
 so heartless and so detrimental,  
 of love so timorous and gentle.  
 In second place the poet might  
 have been a fool; yet he'd a right,  
 at eighteen years, to some compassion.  
 Evgeny loved him from his heart,  
 and should have played a different part:  
 no softball for the winds of fashion,  
 no boy, to fight or take offence —  
 a man of honour and of sense.  
 Lensky at home awaits the answer:

LENSKY

impatient, hatred flaming high;  
but here comes our loud-talking prancer  
who swaggers in with the reply.  
The jealous poet's gloom is lightened!  
Knowing the offender, he'd been  
frightened!

Lest he should by some clever trick  
avert his chest from pistol's click,  
smoothe his way out with humour's  
ointment.

But now Vladimir's doubts are still:  
early tomorrow at the mill  
before first light they have appointment,  
to raise the safety catch and strain  
to hit the target: thigh or brain.

NARRATOR

Now brooding thoughts hold his attention  
once more, at that beloved sight,  
and so he lacks the strength to mention  
the happenings of the previous night;  
he murmurs:

LENSKY

Olga's mine for saving;  
I'll stop that tempter from depraving  
her youth with all his repertoire  
of sighs, and compliments, and fire;  
that poisonous worm, despised, degrading,  
shall not attack my lily's root;  
I'll save this blossom on the shoot,  
still hardly opened up, from fading.

<sup>2</sup> *Scene Thirteen: Duel*

NARRATOR

Pistols are out, they gleam, the hammer  
thumps as the balls are pressed inside  
faceted muzzles by the rammer;

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with a first click, the catch is tried.  
Now powder's greyish stream is slipping  
into the pan. Securely gripping,  
the jagged flint's pulled back anew.  
And now the two opponents doff  
their cloaks; Zaretsky's measured off  
thirty-two steps with great precision,  
and on their marks has made them stand;  
each grips his pistol in his hand.

ZARETSKY

Now march.

NARRATOR

And calmly, not yet seeking  
to aim, at steady, even pace  
the foes, cold-blooded and unspeaking,  
each took four steps across the space,  
four fateful strides. And, without slowing  
the level tenor of his going,  
Evgeny quietly began  
to lift his pistol up. A span  
of five more steps they went, slow-gaited,  
and Lenksy, left eye closing, aimed —  
but just then Eugene's pistol flamed...  
The clock of doom had struck as fated;  
and the poet, without a sound,  
let fall his pistol on the ground.  
Vladimir drops, hand softly sliding  
to heart. And in his misted gaze  
is death, not pain. So gently gliding  
down slopes of mountains, when a blaze  
of sunlight makes it flash and crumble,  
a block of snow will slip and tumble.  
Onegin, drenched with sudden chill,  
darts to the boy, and looks, and still  
calls out his name... All unavailing:  
the youthful votary of rhyme  
has found an end before his time.

The storm is over, dawn is paling,  
the bloom has withered on the bough;  
the altar flame's extinguished now.  
Giving his pistol-butt a squeezing,  
Evgeny looks at Lensky, chilled  
at heart by grim remorse's freezing.

ZARETSKY

Well, what?

NARRATOR

Zaretsky says:

ZARETSKY

He's killed.

NARRATOR

Killed!... At this frightful word a-quiver,  
Onegin turns, and with a shiver  
summons his people. On the sleigh  
with care Zaretsky stows away  
the frozen corpse, drives off, and homing  
vanishes with his load of dread.

ONEGIN

A moment earlier, inspiration  
had filled this heart, and detestation  
and hope and passion; life had glowed  
and blood had bubbled as it flowed;  
but now the mansion is forsaken;  
shutters are up, and all is pale  
and still within. Behind the veil  
of chalk the window-panes have taken.  
The lady of the house has fled.  
Where to, God knows. The trail is dead.

<sup>3</sup> *Scene Fourteen: Tatyana visits Onegin's house*

NARRATOR

Evening, and darkening sky, and waters  
in quiet flood. A beetle whirled.

The choirs of dancers sought their quarters.  
Beyond the stream there smoked and  
stirred  
a fisher's fire. Through country gleaming  
silver with moonlight, in her dreaming  
profoundly sunk. Tatyana stalked  
for hours alone; she walked and walked...  
Suddenly, from a crest, she sighted  
a house, a village, and a wood  
below a hill; a garden stood  
above a stream the moon had lighted.  
She looked across, felt in her heart  
a faster, stronger pulsing start.

TATYANA

She hesitates, and doubts beset her:  
forward or back? It's true that he  
has left, and no-one here has met her...  
'The house, the park... I'll go and see!'

NARRATOR

So down came Tanya, hardly daring  
to draw a breath, around her staring  
with puzzled and confused regard...  
She entered the deserted yard.

TATYANA

Could I just see the house, I wonder?

NARRATOR

Tatyana asked. The children all  
rushed to Anisia's room, to plunder  
the keys that opened up the hall.  
At once Anisia came to greet her,  
she went inside the empty shell  
in which our hero used to dwell.  
She looks: forgotten past all chalking  
on billiard-table rests a cue,  
and on the crumpled sofa too  
a riding whip. Tanya keeps walking...

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ANISIA

And here's the hearth —

NARRATOR

— explains the crone

ANISIA

Where master used to sit alone.  
Here in the winter he'd have dinner  
with neighbour Lensky, the deceased.  
Please follow me. And here's the inner  
study where he would sleep and feast  
on cups of coffee, and then later  
he'd listen to the administrator;  
in morning time he'd read a book...

NARRATOR

Tatyana in a deep emotion  
gazes at all the scene around;  
she drinks it like a priceless potion;  
it stirs her drooping soul to bound  
in fashion that's half-glad, half-anguished:  
that table where the lamp has languished  
beside the window-sill, that bed  
on which a carpet has been spread,  
piled books, and through the pane the sable  
moonscape, the half-light overall,  
Lord Byron's portrait on the wall,  
the iron figure on the table,  
the hat, the scowling brow, the chest  
where folded arms are tightly pressed.  
In the study's quiet setting,  
at last alone, and quite forgetting  
the world and all its works, she wept  
and sat there as the minutes crept;  
the books then underwent inspection...  
at first she had no heart to range;  
but then she found their choice was  
strange.

To reading from this odd collection  
Tatyana turned with thirsting soul:  
and watched a different world unroll.

TATYANA

And so, at last, feature by feature,  
Tanya begins to understand  
more thoroughly, thank God, the creature  
for whom her passion has been planned  
by fate's decree: this freakish stranger,  
who walks with sorrow, and with danger,  
whether from heaven or from hell,  
this angel, this proud devil, tell,  
what is he? Just an apparition,  
a shadow, null and meaningless,  
a Muscovite in Harold's dress,  
a modish second-hand edition,  
a glossary of smart argot...  
a parodistic raree show.

NARRATOR

Can she have found the enigma's setting,  
is this the riddle's missing clue?  
Time races, and she's been forgetting  
her journey home is overdue.

4 *Scene Fifteen: They say goodbye to  
peaceful valleys*

NARRATOR

Some neighbours they have come together  
They talk of her, of now and whether...

LARINA

Tanya's no child — it's past a joke,  
why, Olga's younger, and she's bedded.  
It's time she went. But what can I  
do with her when a flat reply  
always comes back: I'll not be wedded.  
And then she broods and mopes for good,  
and trails alone around the wood.

NEIGHBOUR

She's not in love?

LARINA

There's no-one ever.  
Buyánov tried — got flea in ear.  
And Ivan Petushkóv; no, never.  
Pikhtin, of the Hussars, was here;  
he found Tatyana so attractive,  
bestirred himself, was devilish active!  
I thought, she'll go this time, perhaps;  
far from it! Just one more collapse.

NEIGHBOUR

You don't see what to do? That's funny:  
Moscow's the place, the marriage-fair!  
There's vacancies in plenty there.

LARINA

My dear good sir, I'm short of money.

NEIGHBOUR

One winter's worth, you've surely got;  
or borrow, say, from me, if not.

NARRATOR

The old dame had no thought of ignoring  
such good and sensible advice;  
accounts were done, a winter outing  
to Moscow settled in a trice.  
Then Tanya hears of the decision.  
To face society's derision  
with unmistakable sideview  
of a provincial ingenue,  
to expose to Moscow fops and Circes  
her out-of-fashion turns of phrase,  
parade before their mocking gaze  
her out-of-fashion clothes!... Oh, mercies!  
No, forests are the sole retreat  
where her security's complete.

TATYANA

Farewell, you vales and fountains!  
Farewell you too, familiar mountains!  
Farewell, familiar woods! Farewell  
beauty with all its heavenly spell,  
gay nature and its sparkling distance!  
This dear, still world I must forswear  
for vanity, and din, and glare!...  
Farewell to you, my free existence!  
Whither does all my yearning tend?  
My fate, it leads me to what end?

NARRATOR

Now for the first time she's escorted  
into the social whirlabout;  
jealously, shyly I've imported  
her steppeland charms into a rout.  
Through the tight ranks — aristocratic,  
military-foppish, diplomatic —  
past the grand ladies, see her glide;  
she sits down calmly on one side,  
admires the tumult and the pressing,  
the flickering tones of dress and speech,  
the young hostess, towards whom each  
new guest is gradually progressing,  
while men, all sombre, all the same,  
set off the ladies like a frame.  
She enjoys the stately orchestration  
of oligarchical converse,  
pride's icy calm, the combination  
of ranks and ages so diverse.  
But who stands there, in this selected  
assembly, silent and dejected?  
All who behold him find him strange.  
Faces before him flash and change  
like irksome phantoms, null as zero.  
Is spleen his trouble, or the dumb  
torment of pride? And why's he come?



Who on earth is he? Not...our hero?  
 No doubt about it, it's Eugene.  
 'How long has he been on the scene?'  
 He was the slave of a tenacious,  
 a restless urge for change of place  
 (an attribute that's quite vexatious,  
 though some support it with good grace).  
 He's gone away and left his village,  
 the solitude of woods and tillage,  
 where every day a bloodstained shade  
 had come to him in field and glade;  
 started a life of pointless roaming,  
 dogged by one feeling, only one —  
 and soon his travels had begun,  
 as all things did, to bore him; homing,  
 like Chatsky, he arrived to fall  
 direct from shipboard into ball.

5 (Waltz)

NARRATOR (*cont.*)  
 There came a murmur, for a fleeting  
 moment the assembly seemed to shake...  
 that lady the hostess was greeting,  
 with the grand Prince that's in her wake —  
 she was unhurried, unobtrusive,  
 not cold, but also not effusive,  
 no haughty state around the press,  
 no proud pretensions to success,  
 no mannerism, no affectation,  
 no artifices of the vain...  
 No, all in her was calm and plain.  
 She struck one as the incarnation —  
 Shishkov, forgive me: I don't know  
 the Russian for 'le comme il faut'.  
 Ladies came over, crossed to meet her,  
 dowagers smiled as she went by;  
 and bending deeply down to greet her

men made their bows, and sought her eye;  
 girls as they passed her spoke less loudly  
 and no-one in the room so proudly  
 raised nose and shoulders high and wide  
 as did the Prince while at her side.  
 You'd never class her as a beauty;  
 and yet in her you'd not detect —  
 rigorously though you'd inspect —  
 what London calls, with humble duty  
 to fashion's absolute dictate,  
 'a vulgar touch'. I can't translate.  
 And yet, although it's past conveying,  
 I really dote upon the word:  
 it's new to us, beyond gainsaying;  
 from the first moment it was heard  
 it had its epigram-potential...  
 But let's return to our essential,  
 that lady whose engaging charm  
 so effortlessly can disarm.  
 She sits with Nina at a table —  
 bright Northern Cleopatra she:  
 but you'll undoubtedly agree  
 that marble Nina's proved unable  
 to steal away her neighbour's light  
 or dim her, dazzle as she might.

ONEGIN  
 Can it be she?

NARRATOR  
 Eugene in wonder demanded.

ONEGIN  
 Yes, she looks...and yet...  
 from deepest backwood, further under...

NARRATOR  
 And every minute his lorgnette  
 stays fixed and focussed on a vision  
 which had recalled, without precision,

ONEGIN  
 forgotten features. Can you say,  
 Prince, who in that dark red beret  
 just there, is talking to the Spanish  
 Ambassador?

NARRATOR  
 In some surprise  
 the Prince looks at him, and replies:

PRINCE  
 Wait, I'll present you — but you banish  
 yourself too long from social life.

ONEGIN  
 But tell me who she is.

PRINCE  
 My wife.

ONEGIN  
 You're married? No idea whatever...  
 Since when is this?

PRINCE  
 Two years or more.

ONEGIN  
 To...?

PRINCE  
 Larina.

ONEGIN  
 Tatyana? Never!

PRINCE  
 She knows you?

ONEGIN  
 Why, we lived next door.

NARRATOR  
 So to his wife for presentation  
 the Prince brings up his own relation

and friend Evgeny. The Princess  
 gazes at him...and nonetheless,  
 however much her soul has faltered,  
 however strongly she has been  
 moved and surprised, she stays serene,  
 and nothing in her look is altered:  
 her manner is no less contained;  
 her bow, as calm and as restrained.  
 I don't mean that she never shivered,  
 paled, flushed, or lost composure's grip —  
 no, even her eyebrow never quivered,  
 she never even bit her lip.  
 However closely he inspected,  
 there was no trace to be detected  
 of the old Tatyana. Eugene tried  
 to talk to her, but language died.  
 How long he'd been here, was her query.  
 And where had he arrived from, not  
 from their own country? Then she shot  
 across to her consort a weary  
 regard, and slipped away for good...  
 with Eugene frozen where he stood.  
 In Tanya what a transformation!  
 How well she'd studied her new role!  
 How soon the bounds of rank and station  
 had won her loyalty! What soul  
 would have divined the tender, shrinking  
 maiden in this superb, unthinking  
 lawgiver to the modish world?  
 Yet once for him her thoughts had whirled  
 for him, at night, before the indulgence  
 of Morpheus had induced relief  
 she once had pined in girlish grief,  
 raised a dull eye to moon's refulgence,  
 and dreamt that she with him one day  
 jointly would tread life's humble way!  
 Love tyrannises all the ages;  
 but youthful, virgin hearts derive

a blessing from its blasts and rages,  
 like fields in spring when storms arrive.  
 In passion's sluicing rain they freshen,  
 ripen, and find a new expression —  
 the vital force gives them the shoot  
 of sumptuous flowers and luscious fruit.  
 But when a later age has found us,  
 the climacteric of our life,  
 how sad the scar of passion's knife:  
 as when chill autumn rains surround us,  
 throws meadows into muddy rout,  
 and strip the forest round about.  
 Alas, Eugene beyond all query  
 is deep in love, just like a boy;  
 spends light and darkness in the dreary  
 brooding that is the lover's ploy.  
 Each day, despite the appeals of reason,  
 he drives up in and out of season  
 to her glass porch; pursues her round  
 close as a shadow on the ground;  
 and bliss for him is when he hotly  
 touches her hand, or throws a fur  
 around her neck, or when for her  
 he goes ahead and parts the motley  
 brigade of liveries in the hall,  
 or else lifts up a fallen shawl.  
 But she refuses to perceive him,  
 even if he drops or pines away.  
 At home she'll equally receive him,  
 in others' houses she may say  
 a word or two, or stare unseeing,  
 or simply bow: within her being  
 coquettishness has got no trace —  
 the grand monde finds it out of place.  
 Meanwhile Onegin starts to languish:  
 she doesn't see, or doesn't mind;  
 Onegin wastes, you'd almost find  
 he's got consumption. In his anguish

some vote a doctor for the case,  
 others prescribe a watering-place.  
 But go he won't: for him, a letter  
 fixing an early rendezvous  
 with his forefathers would seem better;  
 but she (for women, that's not new)  
 remains unmoved: still he's persistent,  
 active and hopeful, and insistent:  
 his illness lends him courage and  
 to the Princess, in his weak hand,  
 he sends a letter, penned with passion.  
 He deemed in general, letters vain,  
 and rightly so, but now his pain  
 had gone in no uncertain fashion  
 past all endurance. You're referred  
 to Eugene's letter, word for word.

6 *Scene Sixteen: Onegin's letter to Tatyana*

ONEGIN  
 I know it all: my secret ache  
 will anger you in its confession.  
 What scorn I see in the expression  
 that your proud glance is sure to take!  
 What do I want? What am I after,  
 stripping my soul before your eyes?  
 I know to what malicious laughter  
 my declaration may give rise!  
 I noticed once, at our chance meeting,  
 in you a tender pulse was beating,  
 yet dared not trust what I could see.  
 I gave no rein to sweet affection;  
 what held me was my predilection,  
 my tedious taste for feeling free.  
 And then, to part us in full measure,  
 Lensky, that tragic victim, died...  
 From all sweet things that gave me  
 pleasure  
 since then my heart was wrenched aside;

freedom and peace, in substitution  
 for happiness, I sought, and ranged  
 unloved, and friendless, and estranged.  
 What folly! And what retribution!  
 No, every minute of my days,  
 to see you, faithfully to follow,  
 watch for your smile, and catch your gaze  
 with eyes of love, with greed to swallow  
 your words, and in my soul to explore  
 your matchlessness, to seek to capture  
 its image, then to swoon before  
 your feet, to pale and waste... what  
 rapture!  
 But I'm denied this: all for you  
 I drag my footsteps hither, yonder;  
 I count each hour the whole day through;  
 and yet in vain ennui I squander  
 the days that doom has measured out.  
 And how they weigh!  
 I know about  
 my span, that fortune's jurisdiction  
 has fixed; but for my heart to beat  
 I must wake up with the conviction  
 that somehow that same day we'll meet...  
 I dread your stern regard surmising  
 in my petition an approach,  
 a calculation past despising —  
 I hear the wrath of your reproach.  
 How fearful, in and out of season  
 to pine away from passion's thirst,  
 to burn — and then by force of reason  
 to stem the bloodstream's wild outburst;  
 how fearful, too, is my obsession  
 to clasp your knees, and at your feet  
 to sob out prayer, complaint, confession,  
 and every plea that lips can treat:  
 meanwhile with a dissembler's duty  
 to cool my glances and my tongue

to talk as if with heart unwrung,  
 and look serenely on your beauty!...  
 But so it is: I'm in no state  
 to battle further with my passion;  
 I'm yours, in a predestined fashion,  
 and I surrender to my fate.

NARRATOR

No answer comes. Another letter  
 he sends, a second, then a third.  
 No answer comes. He goes, for better  
 or worse, to a soirée. Unheard  
 she appears before him, grim and frozen.  
 No look, no word for him: she's chosen  
 to encase herself inside a layer  
 of Twelfth Night's chilliest, iciest air.  
 To batten down their indignation  
 is all those stubborn lips desire!  
 Onegin looks with eyes of fire:  
 where are distress, commiseration?  
 No tearstains, nothing. Wrath alone  
 is graven on that face of stone.

7 The days flew past; by now the season  
 in warmer airs was half dispersed.  
 He's neither died, nor lost his reason,  
 nor turned a poet. In the burst  
 of spring he lives, he's energetic;  
 he leaves one morning the hermetic  
 apartment where a double glaze  
 has kept him warm in chimney's blaze  
 while, marmot-like, he hibernated —  
 along the Neva in a sleigh  
 past ice-blocks, blue and squared away,  
 he drives in brilliant sun; striated  
 along the street lies dirty snow;  
 and like an arrow from a bow  
 over the slush, where is he chasing?  
 You've guessed before it all began:

to his Tatyana, yes, he's racing,  
my strange, incorrigible man.  
He goes inside, corpse-like of feature...  
the hall's without a living creature,  
the big room, further, not a cat.  
He opens up a door. What's that  
that strikes him with such force and meaning?  
The Princess, sitting peaked and wan,  
alone, with no adornment on;  
she holds a letter up, and leaning  
cheek upon hand she softly cries  
in a still stream that never dries.  
Who in that flash could not have reckoned  
her full account of voiceless pain?  
Who in the Princess for that second  
would not have recognised again  
our hapless Tanya! An emotion  
of wild repentance and devotion  
threw Eugene at her feet — she stirred,  
and looked at him without a word,  
without surprise or rage... his laden,  
his humbly suppliant approach,  
his dull, sick look, his dumb reproach —  
she sees it all. The simple maiden,  
whose heart on dreams was wont to thrive,  
in her once more has come alive.  
Tatyana leaves Onegin kneeling,  
looks at him with a steady gaze,  
allows her hand, that's lost all feeling,  
to meet his thirsty lips... What daze,  
what dream accounts for her distraction?  
A pause of silence and inaction,  
then quietly at last says she...

TATYANA

Enough, stand up. It's now for me  
to give you honest explanation.  
Onegin, d'you recall the day

when in the park, in the allée  
where fate had fixed our confrontation,  
humbly I heard your lesson out?  
Today it's turn and turn about.  
For then, Onegin, I was younger,  
and also prettier, I'll be bound,  
what's more, I loved you; but my hunger,  
what was it in your heart it found  
that could sustain it? Only grimness;  
for you, I think, the humble dimness  
of lovelorn girls was nothing new?  
But now — oh God! — the thought of you,  
your icy look, your stern dissuasion,  
freezes my blood... Yet all the same,  
nothing you did gave cause for blame;  
you acted well, that dread occasion,  
you took an honourable part —  
I'm grateful now with all my heart.  
Then, in the backwoods, far from rumour  
and empty gossip, you'll allow,  
I'd nothing to attract your humour...  
Why then do you pursue me now?  
What cause has won me your attention?  
Could it not be that by convention  
I move in the grand monde? That rank,  
and riches, and the wish to thank  
my husband for his wounds in battle  
earn us the favour of the Court?  
that, for all this, my shame's report  
would cause widespread remark and tattle,  
a tempting plume for you to take?  
I weep... In case there still should linger  
your Tanya's image in your mind,  
then know that your reproving finger,  
your cold discourse, were less unkind —  
if I had power to choose your fashion —  
than this humiliating passion  
and than these letters, and these tears.

At least you then showed for my years  
respect, and mercy for my dreaming.  
But now! What brings you to my feet?  
What trifling could be more complete?  
What power enslaves you, with your  
seeming  
advantages of heart and brain,  
to all that's trivial and inane?  
To me Onegin, all this glory  
is tinsel on a life I hate;  
this modish whirl, this social story,  
my house, my evenings, all that state —  
what's in them? All this loud parading,  
and all this flashy masquerading,  
the glare, the fumes in which I live,  
this very day I'd gladly give,  
give for a bookshelf, a neglected  
garden, a modest home, the place

of our first meeting face to face,  
and the churchyard where, new-erected,  
a humble cross, in woodland gloom,  
stands over my poor nurse's tomb.  
Bliss was so near, so altogether  
attainable!... But now my lot is firmly cast  
I don't know whether  
I acted thoughtlessly or not:  
you see, with tears and incantation  
mother implored me; my sad station  
made all fates look the same... and so  
I married. I beseech you go;  
I know your heart: it has a feeling  
for honour, a straightforward pride.  
I love you (what's the use to hide  
behind deceit or double-dealing?)  
but I've become another's wife —  
and I'll be true to him, for life.



**Timothy West's** performances on the London Stage have included *The Italian Girl*, *Abelard and Heloise*, *The Homecoming*, *Beecham*, *Master Class*, *When we are Married*, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, and *It's Ralph*. He was with the RSC from 1962 to 1966, and with the Prospect Theatre Company (later the Old Vic Company) intermittently for the next sixteen years, playing Prospero, King Lear, Claudius, Enobarbus and Shylock among other roles. Recently he has played *Uncle Vanya* at Bristol and *Death of a Salesman* for Theatre Clwyd.

Television credits include *Edward VII*, *Hard Times*, *Crime and Punishment*, *Churchill and the Generals*, *Brass*, *The Monocled Mutineer*, *Harry's Kingdom*, *Blare MP* and *Framed*. Films include *Nicholas and Alexandra*, *The Day of the Jackal*, *Oliver Twist*, *Agatha* and *Cry Freedom*.

Timothy West CBE is married to the actress Prunella Scales and they live partly in South London, and partly on a narrow-boat on the British canal system.

**Timothy West** trat in vielen Inszenierungen auf Londoner Bühnen auf. Von 1962 bis 1966 war er Mitglied der Royal Shakespeare Company; er gehörte in den folgenden sechzehn Jahren mit Unterbrechungen der Prospect Theatre Company (später umbenannt in Old Vic Company) an und spielte neben vielen anderen Rollen Prospero, König Lear, Claudius, Enobarbus und Shylock. West ist häufig im britischen Fernsehen zu sehen und zu seinen Filmen gehören *Nicholas und Alexandra*, *Der Schakal*, *Oliver Twist*, *Agatha* und *Cry Freedom*.

Timothy West CBE ist mit der Schauspielerin Prunella Scales verheiratet, und sie leben zum Teil in Südlondon und zum Teil auf einem Boot im britischen Kanalsystem.

**Timothy West** a tenu le haut de l'affiche de nombreux théâtres londoniens. Il a été membre de la Royal Shakespeare Company de 1962 à 1966, et de la Prospect Theatre Company (qui devint plus tard l'Old Vic Company) de façon intermittente, pendant 16 ans. Ses rôles les plus remarquables sont: Prospero, King Lear, Claudius, Enobarbus et Shylock, pour ne citer que ceux-là. C'est un acteur que l'on voit fréquemment sur les écrans de télévision britanniques, et que l'on a pu voir également dans plusieurs films cinématographiques, notamment: *Nicholas & Alexandra*, *The Day of the Jackal*, *Oliver Twist*, *Agatha* et *Cry Freedom*.

Timothy West, décoré de la croix du British Empire, marié à l'actrice Prunella Scale, vit à Londres... ou sur les canaux anglais, dans une péniche.

In 1986 **Samuel West** was president of the Oxford University Experimental Theatre Club and Archivist of the Oxford University Dramatic Society. After leaving Oxford he appeared in *The Browning Version* (Birmingham Rep.), *Les Parents Terribles* (Orange Tree Theatre, Richmond), *The Bread Winner* (Theatre Royal, Windsor) and *A Life in the Theatre* (Theatre Royal, Haymarket). Recently he has appeared in *Arcadia* at the National and *The Importance of Being Earnest* at the Royal Exchange Theatre. Television credits include *Inspector Alleyn*, *Edward VII* and *As Time Goes By*. He played Leonard in the film of *Howard's End* and also starred in *Archipel*, *Reunion*, and *Frankie and Johnny*. He plays piano and cello and is an advanced juggler and unicyclist.

1986 war **Samuel West** Präsident des Oxford University Experimental Theatre Clubs und Archivar der Oxford University Dramatic Society. Im Anschluß an seine Zeit in Oxford trat er in *The Browning Version* (Birmingham Rep.), *Die schrecklichen Eltern* (Orange Tree Theatre, Richmond), *Der Brotverdiener* (Theatre Royal, Windsor) und *Ein Leben im Theater* (Theatre Royal, Haymarket) auf. Vor kurzem spielte er in *Arcadia* am National und in *Bunbury* am Royal Exchange Theatre mit. West hat mit vielen Filmen und Fernsehaufnahmen Ansehen gewonnen; er spielte den Leonard in *Wiedersehen in Howard's End* und die Hauptrollen in *Archipel*, *Reunion* und *Frankie und Johnny*. West spielt Klavier und Cello und ist ein fortgeschrittener Jongleur und Einradfahrer.

**Samuel West** est, en 1986, Président de l'Oxford University Experimental Theatre Club, et archiviste de l'Oxford University Dramatic Society. Après Oxford, on peut le voir dans *The Browning Version* au Théâtre de Birmingham,

répertoire classique; *Les Parents terribles* (Cocteau) au théâtre de l'Oranger, Richmond; *The Bread Winner*, au théâtre Royal de Windsor, *A Life in the Theatre*, au théâtre Royal Haymarket, Londres; et récemment dans *Arcadia*, au théâtre national, Londres, et *The Importance of Being Earnest* au Royal Exchange Theatre de Manchester. A la télévision il a tenu des rôles principaux dans *Howard's End* (Leonard), *Archipel*, *Reunion* et *Frankie & Johnny*. Il joue du piano et du violoncelle; c'est un jongleur remarquable et un unicycliste.

**Niamh Cusack** was born in Dublin and began her professional life as a flautist freelancing with the RTE Symphony and Concert orchestras. She then trained at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. Her theatre credits include *A Woman of no Importance*, *Arr N' a Pogh* and *The Three Sisters*. She joined the RSC in 1985 and played Desdemona in *Othello*, Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet* and Jane in the *Art of Success*. Her film and television appearances include *Till we meet again*, *Fools of Fortune*, *A Marriage of Inconvenience* and, more recently, *Heartbeat*.

**Niamh Cusack** wurde in Dublin geboren und begann ihre Karriere als freiberufliche Flötistin bei den RTE Symphony und Concert Orchestras. Anschließend studierte sie an der Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. Im Theater reüssierte sie mit *Eine Frau ohne Bedeutung*, *Arr N' a Pogh* und *Die drei Schwestern*. 1985 trat sie der Royal Shakespeare Company (RSC) bei und spielte die Desdemona in *Othello*, Julia in *Romeo und Julia* und Jane in *Die Kunst erfolgreich zu sein*. Sie bestritt auch zahlreiche Film- und Fernsehauftritte.

**Niamh Cusack**, native de Dublin, fait ses débuts artistiques comme flûtiste, dans le Symphonique de la Radio-Télévision de l'Eire et divers autres orchestres. Elle entre ensuite à la Guildhall School of Music and Drama, à Londres et bifurque sur le théâtre. On a pu la voir dans *Une Femme sans importance* (Oscar Wilde), *Arr N' a Pogh*, et *Les Trois Soeurs* (Tchékov). Engagée, en 1985, par la Royal Shakespeare Company, ses rôles principaux ont été Desdémone (*Othello*), Juliette (*Roméo et Juliette*) et, hors du répertoire shakespearien, Jane (*L'Art de la réussite*). Elle a tenu, en outre, de nombreux rôles dans divers films cinématographiques et télévisés.

After attending the Bristol Old Vic Drama School, **Dominic Mafham** joined the RSC to perform in both its Stratford and Barbican Seasons, playing Conrad in *Much Ado About Nothing*, young Spencer in *Edward II*, Smirnov in *The Bear* and Axel in *Playing with Fire*. Other roles included Lord Simon in *Taming of the Shrew*, Dolabella in *Antony and Cleopatra* and Lord Dumaine in *All's Well that Ends Well*. Television appearances include *The Bill* and *Fall from Grace*.

Nachdem er die Bristol Old Vic Drama School besucht hatte, trat **Dominic Mafham** der RSC bei, um in der Stratford und Barbican Spielzeit mitzuwirken; er spielte Conrad in *Viel Lärm um nichts*, den jungen Spencer in *Edward II*, Smirnov in *Der Bär* und Axel in *Spiel mit dem Feuer*. Zu seinen weiteren Rollen gehören Lord Simon in *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, Dolabella in *Antony und Cleopatra* und Lord Dumaine in *Ende gut, alles gut*. Er ist auch häufig im britischen Fernsehen aufgetreten.

**Dominic Mafham**, formé à l'Ecole théâtrale de l'Old Vic, Bristol, est membre de la Royal Shakespeare Company, et se déplace entre les deux sièges de la company, Stratford et Londres (Barbican). On a pu le voir dans les rôles de Conrad, *Beaucoup de bruit pour rien* (Shakespeare); le jeune Spencer, *Edward II* (Marlowe); Smirnov, *L'Ours* (Tchékov); Axel, *Jouer avec le feu*; Lord Simon, *La Mégère apprivoisée* (Shakespeare); Dolabella, *Antoine et Cléopâtre* (Shakespeare) et Lord Dumaine, *Tout est bien qui finit bien* (Shakespeare); auxquels il faut ajouter plusieurs films ou pièces télévisés.

**Helena McCarthy's** theatre credits include seasons at Croydon, Southwold, Hull, Plymouth and Ipswich. She played Marina in *Uncle Vanya* on tour for the Cambridge Theatre Company, Anisla in *The Three Sisters* at the Royal Exchange, Manchester, Mavis in *Fail Safe* at the Soho Poly, Mrs Daly in *Singer* for the RSC at the Barbican and Mrs Soames in *Our Town* at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Television work includes *The Bretts*, *Never Say Die*, *The Bill*, *Casualty*, *Shalom Joan Collins*, *Inspector Morse*, *Absolutely Fabulous* and *Pie in the Sky*.

**Helena McCarthy** gewann Ansehen mit Auftritten in Croydon, Southwold, Hull, Plymouth und Ipswich. Sie spielte Marina in *Onkel Wanja* auf Tournee mit der Cambridge Theatre Company, Ansfia in *Die drei Schwestern* am Royal Exchange in Manchester, Mavis in *Fail Safe* am Soho Poly, Mrs Daly in *Singer* mit der Royal Shakespere Company am Barbican und Mrs Soames in *Unsere kleine Stadt* am Shaftesbury Theatre. Sie hat auch viele Auftritte im britischen Fernsehen.

**Helena McCarthy** s' est illustrée dans les saisons théâtrales de Croydon, Southwold, Hull, Plymouth et Ipswich. Elle a tenu les rôles de Marina, *Oncle Vania* (Tchékov) en tournée avec la Cambridge Theatre Company; Ansfia, *Les trois Soeurs* (Tchékov) au théâtre du Royal Exchange, Manchester; Mavis, *Fail Safe*, au Soho Poly, Mrs Daly, *Singer*, au Barbican / Royal Shakespeare Company, Londres, et Mrs Soames, *Our Town*, au Shaftesbury, Londres; et elle a en outre de nombreux contrats avec la télévision britannique.

**Terrence Hardiman** began his career in 1961 at the Old Vic, then spent three years in repertory at Bristol and five seasons with the RSC. After playing in the famous Peter Brook production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he left the company to become a regular on BBC TV's *Softly, Softly*. Since then he has become a familiar face on television, appearing in such programmes as *Diary of A Nobody*, *Secret Army*, *Wish Me Luck*, *Inspector Morse*, *Skorpion*, *Miss Marple*, *Bergerac*, *Hannay*, *Poirot*, *Moon & Son*, *Rebecca*, *My Father's House*, and the recent *Prime Suspect 3*. His more recent work in the theatre includes two Spanish plays at The Gate, *Lady Audley's Secret* at The Lyric, Hammersmith, and *Curse of the Werewolf* at Stratford East. He is married to actress Rowena Cooper.

**Terrence Hardiman** begann seine Karriere 1961 am Old Vic, spielte dann drei Jahre im Repertoire in Bristol und fünf Spielzeiten mit der Royal Shakespeare Company. Nachdem er in der berühmten Peter Brook-Inszenierung von *Ein Sommernachtstraum* mitgewirkt hatte, verließ er die Gruppe, um regelmäßig in der BBC Serie *Softly, Softly* mitzuspielen. Er ist seitdem ein bekanntes Gesicht im britischen Fernsehen und trat vor kurzem in London auf. Er ist mit der Schauspielerin Rowena Cooper verheiratet.

**Terrence Hardiman** débute en 1961 au théâtre de l' Old Vic, à Londres, passe ensuite trois ans à Bristol à interpréter le répertoire classique, et cinq saisons à la Royal Shakespeare Company. Après *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'été*, sous la direction de Peter Brook, il quitte la R.S.C. pour la Télévision / BBC et devient vite un personnage familier du public dans la longue série policière "Softly, Softly". Acteur régulier de la télévision britannique, il vient cependant d'opérer un retour sur scène. Il est marié à l'actrice Rowena Cooper.

**The New Company** was formed in 1990 by a group of singers from some of London's top chamber choirs. The objective was to found a choir which would have the extra challenge of working with different conductors, different styles, and different repertoires. For that reason the permanent feature of the choir is the singers rather than the conductor.

The choir is a regular guest at Anthony Rolfe Johnson's Gregynog Festival and in 1993 made successful debuts at the Covent Garden Festival and the BBC Proms with Frans Brüggen in Beethoven's 9th; a programme which toured Belgium and Germany. In 1994 the choir made its debut at the Edinburgh Festival in two concerts — Beethoven's 9th with Sir Charles Mackerras and an *a cappella* programme.

**The New Company** wurde 1990 von Sängern aus einigen der besten Londoner Kammerchöre gegründet. Ziel war es, einen Chor zu bilden, dessen besondere Herausforderung darin bestand, mit verschiedenen Dirigenten, Stilen und Repertoires zu arbeiten. Das ständige Merkmal dieses Chors sind deshalb die Sänger und nicht der Dirigent.

Der Chor ist regelmäßiger Gast bei Anthony Rolfe Johnsons Gregynog Festival und gab 1993 erfolgreiche Debüts beim Covent Garden Festival und den BBC Proms mit Frans Brüggen in Beethovens 9., ein Programm, mit dem sie Belgien und Deutschland bereisten. 1994 gab der Chor sein Debüt beim Edinburgh Festival mit zwei Konzerten zu geben — Beethovens 9. mit Sir Charles Mackerras und einem *a-cappella*-Programm.

**The New Company** a été créée en 1990 par un groupe de chanteurs, membres des principaux chœurs de chambre. Leur objective, en formant ce nouvel ensemble vocal, était simplement la possibilité de travailler sous la direction de différents chefs, d'interpréter des répertoires différents, dans des styles différents, en relevant le défi des difficultés d'adaptation. Pour cette raison, le trait caractéristique, les mérites de ce chœur, reposent davantage sur la qualité de ses chanteurs, que sur celle de son chef.

Le chœur est invité à se produire régulièrement au Festival Anthony Rolfe Johnson de Gregynog. En 1993 il chante pour la première fois au Covent Garden Festival de Londres, aux concerts promenades de la BBC dans la Neuvième symphonie de Beethoven, sous la direction de Frans Brüggen et part en tournée (Belgique et Allemagne) avec la Neuvième au programme. En 1994, le chœur se produit au Festival d'Edimbourg dans deux programmes: la Neuvième de Beethoven, sous la direction de Charles Mackerras, et divers morceaux *a cappella*.

**Sinfonia 21** is widely acknowledged as one of Britain's leading chamber orchestras. Formed in 1989 (originally as Docklands Sinfonietta London), it rapidly gained a reputation for adventurous programmes and for the presentation of significant twentieth century repertoire. The orchestra's fine ensemble playing and committed performances receive enthusiastic critical acclaim.

Sinfonia 21 has developed an enviable record for its imaginative education and community programme and, in addition to working in its own area of London Docklands, the orchestra is currently engaged on a number of long-term education projects in Scandinavia.

In 1993 Sinfonia 21 (as Docklands Sinfonietta) made its BBC Proms debut and, in the following year, presented the world premiere performance of Prokofiev's *Eugene Onegin*, conducted by the orchestra's president, Sir Edward Downes, at London's South Bank Centre. Sinfonia 21 tours widely and performs regularly at both national and international festivals.

Die **Sinfonia 21** ist weithin als eines der führenden Kammerorchester Großbritanniens anerkannt. 1989 (ursprünglich als Docklands Sinfonietta London) gegründet, machte das Orchester sich bald einen Namen für seine riskante Programmgestaltung und die Präsentation bedeutender Werke des 20. Jahrhunderts. Ausgezeichnetes Ensemblespiel und engagierte Interpretationen finden allgemein begeisterte Aufnahme der Kritik.

Die Sinfonia 21 hat einen ausgezeichneten Hintergrund in einflussreicher Bildungsarbeit und Arbeit in der Kommune, und abgesehen von der Arbeit in seinem heimischen Bereich der Londoner Docklands, ist das Orchester derzeit in einer Anzahl langfristiger Bildungsprojekte in Skandinavien engagiert.

1993 machte die Sinfonia 21 (als Docklands Sinfonietta) ihr Debüt in den Promenadenkonzerten der BBC und spielte im folgenden Jahr im Londoner South Bank Centre die Uraufführung von Prokofjews *Eugen Onegin* unter der Leitung ihres Präsidenten Sir Edward Downes. Die Sinfonia 21 unternimmt ausgedehnte Konzertreisen und tritt regelmäßig in nationalen und internationalen Festspielen auf.

**Sinfonia 21** est reconnu partout comme l'un des premiers orchestres de chambre britanniques. Fondé en 1989 (à l'origine sous le nom de Docklands Sinfonietta), il a rapidement acquis une excellente réputation dans le domaine de la musique "aventureuse" et le répertoire conséquent du 20ème siècle. Le jeu excellent de cet orchestre et ses exécutions résolues lui ont valu les éloges enthousiastes de la critique.

Sinfonia 21 a créé un programme éducatif local, imaginaire, absolument remarquable, dans son propre quartier, celui des anciens docks de Londres, et il a également lancé un programme éducatif à long-terme en Scandinavie.

En 1993 Sinfonia 21 (alors Docklands Sinfonietta) s'est produit pour la première fois aux Concerts-Promenades de la BBC, et l'année suivante a interprété *Eugène Onéguine* de Prokofiev, en première mondiale, sous la direction du président de l'orchestre, Sir Edward Downes, au centre culturel londonien de la rive sud. Sinfonia 21 a de nombreux engagements en tournées, et se produit régulièrement dans les festivals nationaux et internationaux.

After a long association with the BBC Philharmonic, **Sir Edward Downes** became its Principal Conductor in 1980. With the orchestra he has given many first performances and has revived neglected works, as well as being a loyal champion of living composers.

As a young man, Downes studied with Hermann Scherchen in recording studios, opera houses and concert halls throughout Europe. He made his British debut with the Carl Rosa Opera Company and in 1952 joined the Royal Opera Company at Covent Garden. Downes has returned to Covent Garden each year since and was appointed Principal Conductor and Associate Music Director of the Royal Opera House in April 1991.

Downes was Chief Conductor of the Netherlands Radio Orchestra until 1983 and was Music Director of the Australian Opera from 1972-75, where he conducted Prokofiev's *War and Peace* as the opening performance of the Sydney Opera House. Guest appearances have taken Downes to Europe, North and South America, Japan, New Zealand and Australia.

Edward Downes was knighted in the 1991 Queen's Birthday Honours List.

Nach einer langen Assoziation mit dem BBC Philharmonic wurde **Sir Edward Downes** 1980 sein Chefdirigent. Er hat mit dem Orchester viele Uraufführungen gegeben und vernachlässigte Werke neu belebt und setzt sich verlässlich für lebende Komponisten ein.

Als junger Mann studierte Downes bei Hermann Scherchen und assistierte im Aufnahmestudio, Opernhäusern und Konzertsälen in ganz Europa. Sein britisches Debüt machte er mit der Carl Rosa Opera Company und wurde 1952 Mitglied der Royal Opera, Covent Garden. Downes kehrte regelmäßig nach Covent Garden zurück und wurde im April 1991 zum Chefdirigenten und Stellvertretenden Musikdirektor der Royal Opera ernannt.

Bis 1983 war Downes Chefdirigent der Niederländischen Rundfunkorchester, und 1972-75 war er Musikdirektor der Australischen Oper, wo er als Eröffnungsvorstellung des Opernhauses in Sydney Prokofjews *Krieg und Frieden* dirigierte. Gastkonzerte führten Downes nach Europa, Nord- und Südamerika, Japan, Neuseeland und Australien.

Edward Downes wurde 1991 von der englischen Königin in den Ritterstand erhoben.

**Sir Edward Downes** eut souvent l'occasion de travailler avec le BBC Philharmonic, avant d'en devenir le chef principal en 1980. Depuis, il a dirigé de nombreuses premières, repris des œuvres abandonnées et défendu les couleurs de compositeurs vivants.

Dans sa jeunesse Edward Downes eut pour professeur Hermann Scherchen, qu'il suivit dans les studios d'enregistrement, les opéras et les salles de concert un peu partout en Europe. Il fit ses débuts en Grande-Bretagne à la tête de la Compagnie Carl Rosa Opera; puis, en 1952, il entra à l'Opéra royal de Covent Garden. Depuis, il en a très souvent dirigé l'orchestre, dont il fut nommé Chef principal et Directeur musical associé au mois d'avril 1991.

Jusqu'en 1983 Edward Downes assumait la direction de l'Orchestre de la radio des Pays-Bas; de 1972 à 1975 il était Directeur musical de l'Opéra australien — il dirigea *Guerre et paix* de Prokofiev pour la grande ouverture de l'opéra de Sydney. Edward Downes a été invité à diriger divers orchestres d'Europe, d'Amérique du Nord et du Sud, du Japon, de Nouvelle Zélande et d'Australie.

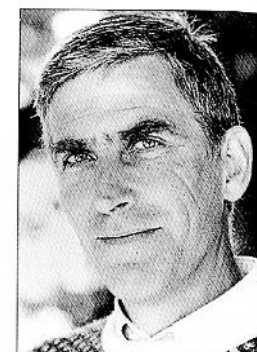
En 1991, Edward Downes a été fait Chevalier par la reine d'Angleterre.



DOMINIC MAFHAM



HELENA MCCARTHY



TERRENCE HARDIMAN

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PROKOFIEV: EUGENE ONEGIN

CHANDOS

CHANDOS DIGITAL 2-disc set CHAN 9318/9

# EUGENE ONEGIN

Melodrama in sixteen scenes

Text by Alexander Pushkin in Sir Charles Johnston's English translation  
with music by

**SERGEY PROKOFIEV**

Directed by Timothy West



## COMPACT DISC ONE

Scenes 1-12:

Tracks **1** - **12** TT = 74:00

## COMPACT DISC TWO

Scenes 12 (cont.) - 16:

Tracks **1** - **7** TT = 50:02

DDD

<i>Narrator</i> .....	Timothy West	<i>Lensky</i> .....	Dominic Mafham
<i>Eugene Onegin</i> .....	Samuel West	<i>Nurse/Larina/Anisia</i> .....	Helena McCarthy
<i>Tatyana</i> .....	Niamh Cusack	<i>Zaretsky/Prince/Neighbour</i> ...	Terrence Hardiman

## SINFONIA 21

**SIR EDWARD DOWNES**, Conductor

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