“Our Revels Now Are Ended”: Closing Ceremony, Part Two

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GWYN HERVOCHON  
Well without any further ado. I'm very happy that the cherry on top of this whole exhibition, this whole affair, is going to be presented by Idaho Dance Theatre. The piece is called Friends and Lovers and it is based on one of William Shakespeare's sonnets. An important thing to note: this is a continuous piece. So if in between sonnets if you could hold your applause until the end. It's about 15 minutes is the run time, approximately. We've been ask that you not record with your phones. It's distracting to the dancers. Since we're all right in their faces here.

HEATHER GREVATT  
But we are recording so you will be able to access it on ScholarWorks.

GWYN HERVOCHON  
Afterwards, the director of Idaho Dance Theatre, Marla Hansen, will introduce the dancers, as well. And if you have questions for them, she would love to have that opportunity to speak with you. And then, of course, we will have cake. There will be a slide show of some photos that we've taken throughout the past month. So if you want -- those will be on the screens behind you if you want to peek in here and look at those while you eat your cake. And I think now truly, without further ado, Idaho Dance Theatre. Thank you, so much.

[applause]

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE  
Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer’s lease hath all too short a date; Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm’d; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm’d; But thy eternal summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st; Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st: So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
RECORDED MALE VOICE
Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer’s lease hath all too short a date; Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm’d; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm’d; But thy eternal summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st; Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade, When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st: So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

RECORDED MALE AND FEMALE VOICES
Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer’s lease hath all too short a date; Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm’d; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm’d; But thy eternal summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st; Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade, When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st: So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

RECORDED MALE VOICE
When, in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes, I all alone beweep my outcast state, And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries, And look upon myself and curse my fate, Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, Featured like him, like him with friends possessed, Desiring this man’s art and that man’s scope, With what I most enjoy contented least; Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, Haply I think on thee, and then my state, (Like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate; For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings, That then I scorn to change my state with kings. How heavy do I journey on the way, When what I seek, my weary travel's end, Doth teach that ease and that repose to say, 'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!' The beast that bears me, tired with my woe, Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me, As if by some instinct the wretch did know His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee. The bloody spur cannot provoke him on That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide, Which heavily he answers with a groan, More sharp to me than spurring to his side; For that same groan doth put this in my mind, My grief lies onward, and my joy behind. So are you to my thoughts as food to life, Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground; And for the peace of you I hold such strife As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found. Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure; Now counting best to be with you alone, Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure: Sometime all full with feasting on your sight, And by and by clean starved for a look; Possessing or pursuing no delight Save what is had, or must from you be took. Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day, Or gluttoning on
all, or all away. That thou hast her it is not all my grief, And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;

**FEMALE VOICE**
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief, A loss in love that touches me more nearly.

**MALE VOICE**
Loving offenders thus I will excuse ye:

**FEMALE VOICE**
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;

**MALE VOICE**
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me, Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.

**FEMALE VOICE**
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain, And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;

**MALE VOICE**
Both find each other, and I lose both twain, And both for my sake lay on me this cross:

**FEMALE VOICE**
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;

**MALE VOICE**
[LAUGHINGLY] Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone. Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed, The dear repose for limbs with travel tired; But then begins a journey in my head, To work my mind, when body's work's expired: For then my thoughts (from far where I abide) Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee, And keep my drooping eyelids open wide, Looking on darkness which the blind do see: Save that my soul's imaginary sight Presents thy shadow to my sightless view, Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night, Makes black night beauteous and her old face new. Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind, For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

**FEMALE VOICE**
How can I then return in happy plight, That am debarred the benefit of rest? When day's oppression is not eas'd by night, But day by night and night by day oppressed, And each, though enemies to either's reign, Do in consent shake hands to torture me, The one by toil, the other to complain How far I toil, still farther off from thee. I tell the day, to please him thou art bright, And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven: So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night, When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even. But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer, And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

**MALE VOICE**
Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame Is lust in action; and till action, lust Is perjured,
mur'd'rous,  

bloody, full of blame,  

Savage,  

extreme, rude,  

cruel, not to trust, Enjoyed no sooner but  

despised  

straight, Past reason  

hunted;  

and, no sooner had Past reason  

hated  

as a swallowed bait On purpose laid to make the taker  

mad;  

Mad in pursuit and in  

possession  

so, Had, having, and in quest to have,  

extreme;
A bliss in proof and proved, a very  
woe;

Before, a joy proposed; behind,
a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell. Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now; Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross, Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow, And do not drop in for an after-loss: Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scoped this sorrow, Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe; Give not a windy night a rainy morrow, To linger out a purposed overthrow. If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last, When other petty griefs have done their spite But in the onset come; so shall I taste At first the very worst of fortune's might, And other strains of woe, which now seem woe, Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain. Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue; Her pretty looks have been mine enemies; And therefore from my face she turns my foes, That they elsewhere might dart their injuries—O, call not me to justify the wrong That thy unkindness lays upon my heart; Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside; Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight, Use power with power, and slay me not by art. What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy might Is more than my o'erpressed defense can bide? Yet do not so; but since I am near slain, Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;

FEMALE VOICE
So do our minutes hasten to their end;

MALE VOICE
So do our minutes hasten to their end;

FEMALE VOICE
Each changing place with that which goes before,

MALE VOICE
Each changing place with that which goes before,

FEMALE VOICE
Each changing place with that which goes before,

MALE VOICE
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

FEMALE VOICE
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

MALE VOICE
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

FEMALE VOICE
Nativity, once in the main of light,

MALE VOICE
Nativity, once in the main of light,

FEMALE VOICE
Nativity, once in the main of light,

MALE VOICE
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,

FEMALE VOICE
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,

MALE VOICE
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,

FEMALE VOICE
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,

And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,

And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,

Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
MALE VOICE
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

MALE VOICE
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand, Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand. Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, So do our minutes hasten to their end; Each changing place with that which goes before, In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

FEMALE VOICE
Nativity, once in the main of light, Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd, Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight, And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.

MALE VOICE
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth, And delves the parallels in beauty's brow Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth, And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

FEMALE VOICE
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand, Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand. Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments. Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove. O no! it is an ever-fixed mark That looks on tempests and is never shaken; It is the star to every wand'ring bark, Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks Within his bending sickle's compass come; Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, But bears it out even to the edge of doom. If this be error and upon me prov'd, I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

[applause]

MARLA HANSEN
I'm thrilled that you're all here and that you got to see this. This is the first time we've performed it in many, many, many years. We will be doing this same piece again in the special event center at our November shows. And we'll have live actors doing the voices. And we'll have distance and you'll be able to see all the dancers and costumes and lighting. It's going to be really, really exciting to get to do this again with live voices. I wanted to say that the original recording that we used is Richard Klautsch our Department Chair.

[applause]

And Carol Whiteleather both of them I'm sure you've seen many times at E.Z.T. and Idaho Shakespeare Festival and other plays. So that original recording, we're very thrilled that we had
such fine actors do that for us. I'd like to introduce the dancers right now. We have a company of ten women and three men. At this point in time. And we start over here this is Rachel Chovanak, Selby Jenkins, Zachary Anderson, Yurek Hansen, Kateri Bilay, Laura Haller, this is hard for me to say all their names correctly, Tayloranne Evans, Taylor Munson, Evan Stevens. And then we also have two apprentices here we have Ansley Brinker and Kylie Dimick. Two of our apprentices are not here tonight. They are actually teaching, making some income. Teaching ballet. So I'm really thrilled that we have such fine dancers they are really exceptional artists to work with. Do you have any questions about this piece or the process or anything? Yes, ma'am.

**AUDIENCE MEMBER 17**
How did you choose which sonnets to perform.

**MARLA HANSEN**
I read a lot of them. I read all of them. You know, it's kind of funny because I remember standing in the hallway with Gordon and Richard and somebody else. And we had these -- artwork in the hallway and one of them was something of Shakespeare. Image from someplace. Some copy from some old book. It's no longer in the hallway. And we were talking about something and I looked at this and it just went click, click, click. I need to do a piece on the sonnets. And I don't know why that came into my brain. That's what I call the power of the creative spirit that is not mine. I just feed it. But I went I did a whole class on Shakespeare in college and I still had my sonnet book. And lots and lots of notes. And I just went back through and started thinking, "What would touch me emotionally? What would touch people?" And I thought the idea of relationships, friends, lovers. That that was a category in itself that I could handle. And so that's where it came from. It took a long time, though, to narrow them down. I still have all my notes. There's another questions. Yes?

**AUDIENCE MEMBER 18**
So, of course, dance is usually done with music. But the sonnets are very musical and it was lovely. But it was unusual. Especially the repetition of the last piece. Was that your choice or was it the actors choice to do that repetition?

**MARLA HANSEN**
You know, I think the process of how the sonnets were read and when the voice -- the male the female and the repetition -- that was very collaborative. If I remember correctly -- it's been quite a while -- that there were ideas that -- we satdown Carol, Richard, and I -- and brainstormed about this. And that last sonnet is very difficult because it is a cannon. And, boy, the second and third group they've got their work cut out for them. Because they have to fill those phrases out and catch the next phrase. It took a long time to get it as clean as it is. And it will get cleaner, even. But it was a very collaborative process, which is how -- for me as a choreographer -- that's pretty much how it always is. Musicians, composers, dancers -- that process. Any other
questions? Well I encourage you to come see the Idaho Dance Theatre performance in the Special Events Center in November the 17th through the 20th. This piece will be part of the performance. We're also doing a fabulous new piece it's a tribute to Cher, which Taylor Munson is choreographing and I'm thrilled about it. It's really gonna be—it’s really fun. We also have a beautiful screen dance film. That's a project I choreographed called Home it features Yurek Hansen and [inaudible name] and it was filmed at the Boise Train Depot. And that full 5 minute piece will be part of the show. Plus we're going to have a piece created by the men here, that I don't know much about yet.

[laughter]

MARLA HANSEN
But it's gonna be entertaining knowing these guys. I can tell you that. And then there will be a new work that I'm in the process of deliberating about -- which I'm not going to say in case I change my mind. And I have the right to do that. One thing I'd like to say is we have a fabulous Theatre Arts Department. And upcoming is Romeo and Juliet. Speak of the devil, this young man over here is playing the role of Romeo. And Richard do you want to say anything quickly about Romeo and Juliet?

AUDIENCE MEMBER 19
A shameless plug? Of course. I just want to say I thought you guys were fabulous, just tremendous.

[applause]

Romeo and Juliet. The celebration of Shakespeare continues. We open September 29th, next week. We'll run for those next two weeks. All the information about Romeo and Juliet is available on our website. Just go to the Boise State website and look for the Department of Theatre Arts. All the information will be up there. And it will be great to see Evan doing some acting as well. He does a fantastic job. I got to see a run through last night and it's going to be a marvelous show. But I'd also like to announce quickly that the week of October 17th we have another very special Shakespeare event coming to Boise State. Actors from the London stage. that my colleague Matt Hansen. Matt where are you? I know you're there--there you are. Matt initiated this project last spring. When he talked to me since then the departments of English and Theatre Arts are collaborating to bring 5 British actors who have experience at the National Theatre, at the RSC, and various other theatres in Britain. And they'll be here for the week of October 17th working with our students in various workshops, presentations. We may even try to get a special reception with them here. And then on the evenings of October 20th and 21st, those five actors -- four women and one man -- will perform the entirety of Richard III. At the
Special Events Center on the campus of Boise State. Last time they visited us -- not these particular actors -- but the last time this organization visited us was in 1999. Six actors performed the entirety of Merchant of Venice. And it was breathtaking. So that's October 20th and 21st. Thanks Marla.

MARLA HANSEN
One quick little note I would really like if people would not walk on the dance floor. It's really a very special floor. And I am also going to ask the dancers to please help roll them up. Okay. Thank you. Let's eat cake.

[applause]

END OF TRANSCRIPT.