DANS L’ESPOIR DE CE JOUR (IN THE HOPE OF THIS DAY)

BY

CHAPPELL KINGSLAND

Submitted to the faculty of the
Jacobs School of Music in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree,
Doctor of Music,
Indiana University
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Accepted by the faculty of the Jacobs School of Music, Indiana University, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Doctor of Music.

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Don Freund, Chairman of the Research Committee
& Director of Document

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Claude Baker

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P. Q. Phan
Dans l'espoir de ce jour
(In the hope of this day)

for baritone and chamber orchestra

poem by Léopold Sédar Senghor
music by Chappell Kingsland

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"Que m’accompagnent kôras et balafong"
from Chants d’ombre (pub. 1945)
by Léopold Sédar Senghor

IX

Dans l’espoir de ce jour – voici que la Somme et la Seine et le Rhin et les sauvages fleuves slaves sont rouges sous l’épée de l’Archange
Et mon coeur va défaillant à l’odeur vineuse du sang, mais j’ai des consignes et le devoir de tenir
Qu’au moins me console, chaque soir, l’humeur voyageuse de mon double.
Tokô’Waly mon oncle, te souviens-tu des nuits de jadis quand s’appesantissait ma tête sur ton dos de patience?
Ou que me tenant par la main, ta main me guidait par ténèbres et signes?
Les champs sont fleur de vers luisants; les étoiles se posent sur les herbes sur les arbres.
C’est le silence alentour.
Seuls bourdonnent les parfums de brousse, ruches d’abeilles rousses qui dominent la vibration grêle des grillons
Et tamtam voilé, la respiration au loin de la Nuit.
Toi Tokô’Waly, tu écoutes l’inaudible
Et tu me’expliques les signes que disent les Ancêtres dans la sérénité marine des constellations
Le Taureau le Scorpion le Léopard, L’Eléphant les Poissons familiers
Et la pompe lactée des Esprits par le tann céleste qui ne finit point.
Mais voici l’intelligence de la déesse Lune et que tombent les voiles des ténèbres.
Nuit d’Afrique ma nuit noire, mystique et claire noire et brillante
Tu reposes accordée à la terre, tu es la Terre et les collines harmonieuses.
O Beauté classique qui n’es point angle, mais ligne élastique élégante élancée!
O visage classique! depuis le front bombé sous la forêt de senteurs et les yeux larges obliques jusqu’à la baie gracieuse du menton et
L’élan fougueux des collines jumelles! O courbes de douceur visage mélodique!
O ma Lionne ma Beauté noire, ma Nuit noire ma Noire ma Nue!
Ah! que de fois as-tu fait battre mon cœur comme le léopard indompté dans sa cage étroite.
Nuit qui me délivres des raisons des salons des sophismes, des pirouettes des prétextes, des haines calculées des carnages humanisés
Nuit qui fonds toutes mes contradictions, toutes contradictions dans l’unité première de ta négritude
Reçois l’enfant toujours l’enfant, que douze ans d’errances n’ont pas vieilli.
Je n’amène d’Europe que cette enfant amie, la clarté de ses yeux parmi les brumes bretonnes.

Château-Gontier
Octobre-décembre 1939

"Que m’accompagnent kôras et balafong" (part IX) in Chants d’ombre by Léopold Sédar Senghor, Œuvre poétique, original © Seuil, Paris, 2006. Reprinted with permission.
"Let the koras and balafong accompany me"
by Léopold Sédar Senghor
translated by Chappell Kingsland, Anne Tenand, François Devinant, Rosalind May and Jeremy Gabrielson

IX  [Part 9 of 9]

In the hope of this day – here the Somme and the Seine and the Rhine and the wild Slavic rivers are red under the sword of the Archangel
And my heart goes weak at the winelike odor of blood, but I have orders to hold my ground
May at least, each evening, the wandering temperament of my double console me.
Tokô’Waly my uncle, do you remember the nights of long ago when my head was heavy on your back of patience?
Or that holding me by the hand, your hand guided me through the darkness and signs?
The fields are flowers of fireflies; the stars alight on the grass on the trees.
The silence is all around.
Only the buzzing scents of the brush, hives of red bees that overpower the croaking of crickets
And muffled tamtam, the distant breath of the Night.
You Tokô’Waly, you listen to the inaudible
And you explain to me the signs that the Ancestors say in the marine calm of the constellations
Taurus Scorpio Leopard, Elephant Pisces all familiar
And the milky pomp of Spirits by the celestial marsh that never ends.
But here is the intelligence of the Moon goddess and the veils of darkness fall.
Night of Africa my black night, mystical and bright black and shiny
You rest in tune with the earth, you are the Earth and the harmonious hills.
O classical Beauty who are not angle but line, elastic elegant slender!
O classical visage! from the forehead under the forest of scents and the eyes wide oblique to the graceful cleft of the chin and
The fiery drive of these twin hills! O gentle curves melodious face!
O my Lioness my black Beauty, my black Night my Black [Woman] my Nude!
Ah! how many times have you made my heart beat like the untamed leopard in his narrow cage.
Night who delivers me from reason, from salons from sophisms, from pirouettes from pretense, from calculated hatreds from humanized carnage
Night who forges all my contradictions, all contradictions in the primal unity of your négritude
Receive the child still a child, that twelve wayward years have not made old.
I bring nothing from Europe but this child-friend, the brightness of her eyes amidst the fog of Brittany.
Léopold Senghor was a man of vision. Born in the island village of Joal in 1906, he grew up in a wealthy Senegalese family. Senghor had an insatiable curiosity for the cultures of Senegal and France. He received a scholarship to study in Paris, where he gained a mastery of the French language and a deep understanding of the contradictions inherent in the European way of thinking/living. Senghor and his colleague Aimé Césaire coined the term *négritude*, a complex concept which is at heart an affirmation of African values. Senghor would go on to become President of Senegal from 1960-1980, leading an African Socialist country which has remained politically and economically stable, religiously tolerant, and artistically flourishing. He continued to write poetry throughout his life, to much acclaim, and was the first African to be elected to the prestigious Académie Française.

"Dans l'espoir de ce jour" is the final section of "Que m'accompagnent kôras et balafong," a sweeping ode which explores Senghor's feelings about the complex relationship between Africa and Europe. The poem was written on the eve of World War II, while Senghor was a soldier in the French army; only months later, he would be taken prisoner by the Germans and held captive for two years. The first lines speak of rivers flowing with blood. The next section of the poem takes us to Senghor's childhood in Senegal, where the night brims with life and his uncle Tokô'Waly teaches him the constellations. At "Nuit d’Afrique ma nuit noire," the tone shifts to an exultant oratory (the kind of writing which led one critic to dub Senghor an "African Whitman") in praise of the African night. The line "O visage classique" refers to the parts of the face, a frequently-used analogy for the geography of Senegal itself. With the exclamation "Ah! que de fois…" we are slammed back into Europe in 1939, the poet now viewing the African night (and African culture) as a vehicle for deliverance from the flaws of European thinking. The final two lines of the poem allude to Senghor's homecoming, his return to Senegal after many years in France. He has married a French woman, but has not forgotten his heritage, and he sees himself as an African citizen, his essence unchanged by his time in Europe.

The music alternately evokes African and European sound-worlds. For inspiration, I immersed myself in West African music for several months, particularly the glorious sounds of the kora and balafon. The harp and the xylophone are Western counterparts of these instruments; by combining them with marimba, guitar and piano, I have attempted to get closer to the sound of the African instruments. (To any of you who have never heard kora music, do a quick search for Toumani Diabaté and prepare to be transported.) There are two Charles Ives quotations in the music (about the leopard in his cage and the unanswered questions in the salons of sophisms), but I chose not to quote any African (or European) music directly. By nature, Dans l’espoir de ce jour is a multicultural piece, an American’s response to an African’s poem in French as performed by an operatically-trained baritone and an ensemble of European instruments. Senghor’s personal vision had to do with building and strengthening connections between races, between countries, between cultures. I can only hope that my music will help to do the same.

I wish to thank the Georgina Joshi Foundation for commissioning the work in memory of Georgina and the other students whose lives were lost; Anne, François, Rosalind and Jeremy for their invaluable assistance in translating the poem; Roger for his passionate and precise conducting; Reuben for his supreme musicianship; Prof. Gary Arvin for his generous assistance with matters of French text-setting and diction; Prof. David Dzubay for his expert guidance with the orchestration; Prof. Don Freund for his encouragement and support; and the outstanding musicians of the New Music Ensemble. It takes a whole village to bring a piece to life. The work is dedicated to my dear wife, Rosalind.
INSTRUMENTATION (19 players)

Flute (db. Alto Flute, Piccolo)
Oboe (db. English Horn)
Clarinet in A
Tenor Saxophone (db. Soprano Saxophone)
Bassoon

Horn
Trumpet in B-flat
Trombone
Tuba

Percussion 1:
Marimba (5-octave)
4 Metal Discs (hanging)
4 Tom-Toms
Guiro

Percussion 2:
Xylophone (sounds 8va)
Concert Bass Drum (large)
Gong (large)
Wind Chimes
Shekere
Djembe
Suspended Cymbal
Set of Cowbells or Herdenglocken - at least three bells, unspecified pitches

Classical Guitar (lightly amplified)
Harp
Piano

Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Cello
Doublebass (low C preferred)

Duration: 18:00

Première:
March 7, 2013
Auer Hall
Bloomington, Indiana
Reuben Walker, baritone
Indiana University New Music Ensemble
Roger Kalia, conductor
sauvages fleurs vives slaves sont rouges sous l'épée de l'Archange
C'est le si - len - ce a - ten - tour. Seuls, bour-don - nent les par - fums de brousses.
nes que dis-ent les An-cêtres dans la sé-ré-ni-té mar-i-ne des con-stel-la-tions
$\text{p. 35}$
Cowbells (or Herdenglocken) - at least 3, pitches not specified

Suspended Cymbal

scrape slowly with fingertips to create a background of ambient noise

dans l'unité
\[ q = 92 \]

With quiet strength
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