

### **Laurie's Song, The Tender Land (1954)**

AARON COPLAND (1900-1990)

Here I am, and look at all of you there. Isn't it exciting? I had no idea the turns my life would take, that the world could look like this. New things are happening all the time and it just keeps going by, doesn't it? Too fast, too fast for me. I'm not ready for more changes.... but I am excited for them.

### **Selbstgefühl, Lieder und Gesänge aus die Jugendzeit, Volume III (1892)**

GUSTAV MAHLER (1860-1911)

Look at this! Look at me. What am I? I am so small in a too big world. What I say doesn't matter. I don't know anything for sure – I am at the whim of a wild world. Nothing makes sense to me. Everyone considers me a child and a fool, and who's to say I am not? I don't even know what I am.

### **II Pleure Dans Mon Coeur, Ariettes Oubliees (1903)**

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

What is happening to me? Why am I overcome by sadness? I feel like my soul is slipping away and all that's left is weeping. Stupid girl! Selfish, stupid girl. For nothing you feel such pain when others have real turmoil? Stupid, selfish girl.

### **Prison, Op. 83 (1896)**

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)

Look at you, in this beautiful world. What are you doing here? How could you possibly deserve this world? What have you ever offered? What have you ever done? What could you say to deserve to be here?

### **Wehmut, Liederkreis, Op. 39 (1840)**

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

I am invisible, and that's what I deserve. I am proud that I am suffering and I can still be seen as beautiful. Of course, you are blind to my suffering, because you don't want to see it. All that I have left is my beauty, my suffering, and my song.

### **Die Nacht, Op. 10 (1885)**

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

I am in the dark, and I cannot get out. Every glimpse of life has faded – I find meaning in nothing.

### **Ich Bin Der Welt Abhanden Gekomenn, Rückert-Lieder (1902)**

GUSTAV MAHLER (1860-1911)

I've become lost to the world – we've been out of touch. I know I'm not myself – I used to be so enamored by nature and love, but now I am vanished. I don't care. I surrender to my suffering, and I live in a world all alone. My own world, where I imagine myself without pain.

### **Ach, Ich Fühl's, Die Zauberflöte K. 620 (1791)**

W.A. MOZART (1756-1791)

But that world slips away, like everything else. I can't bear to barely live, to live invisible, to feel nothing but pain, to know happiness is gone forever, and this is the only life I will ever know. I must find peace again somehow... and only in death.

### **Abendempfindung, K. 523 (1787)**

W.A. MOZART (1756-1791)

I have made my decision, dear friends and lovers, and I want you to understand: It is alright! I am in too much pain to go on, but it is not for lack of love. You needn't be sad or regret, for I have lived a beautiful life, and will be at peace in death, and in death alone. Do not mourn me, but celebrate my life!

### **La Mort d'Ophélie, Op. 18 (1841-1842)**

HECTOR BERLIOZ (1803 – 1869)

I am inside of a dream. I am both the girl in the dream and the dream observer. I am, and see, a girl crazily, delightedly, dancing and singing, picking flowers beside the river. I watch her and I reach to hang the flowers on the branch of a neighboring willow tree. I feel myself fall into the river a split second before I see it, to my death. I feel the cold water sweeping me away, but in my madness, do not even attempt to fight the current. As an onlooker, I cry out to offer aid, but it is too late; I – she – we – are drowned below the turbulence. Before I could even decide for myself. In a delirium, with no autonomy, and with no one to care but myself.

### **Im Abendrot D 799 (1818)**

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1829)

As I awaken, I am washed with gratitude for the life I am still alive to live. I see the sun, and see myself, and make a promise, to myself and to God: I promise to God that I will drink the glow and savor the light. And fight with fire in my breath.

### **Coat of Many Colors, Coat of Many Colors (1971)**

DOLLY PARTON (B. 1946)

Aren't we all the sum of our parts?

### **Extase, Op. 21 (1893)**

AMY BEACH (1867-1944)

I am a collage, and nobody walks on me. I have God in me. Am I art? My body is a colosseum. I'm not sure how I feel about that. I am soul. I am apart. I have God in me.

I am a bubble of life, floating around becoming. I am a brain, body and soul. No matter what, I will keep floating.

### **Du Gai Soleil, Werther (1887)**

JULES MASSENET (1842-1912)

Full circle. We will always come back to ourselves. As a child, I was wide eyed and wonderful. Made up of starry nights and spitting fire, but round with belief and words that felt like silk. I was made up of giving and making and had no reason to believe I shouldn't exist. It wasn't a question. Words were for writing, ideas were for having, and there was no such thing as being unworthy of creation.

I am afraid I've lost my knack – words used to fall out of me. But I learned what life is worth. And now, after the pain, I am just glad to be myself again, whatever shape that may take. Maybe this isn't a transformation after all, just a homecoming.

### **MARION'S ARTIST STATEMENT**

I am one singer of many, many many, and for that I am very grateful because there is so much beautiful, insightful, and profoundly meaningful work to be done in our world. There are very strong

people in need of meaningful things, because it is dark just as much as it is light.

When on the brink of ending my blessed existence, I needed help. Terrible physical pain ailed me and I was unable to do many of the things that I loved. I couldn't justify my suffering existence if I was to be in so much pain for nothing.

I got help from my friends, and my family, institutions, and affirmations. I got help from a blurry God. But I was stuck because I couldn't understand why anything mattered, especially what I wanted.... and I wanted to be a singer.

As I write this letter here and now, I don't have an answer for that question. My old self is dying to know, but presently I accept what I am and what comes with that. I am a regular person, and so comes love, sadness, spite, dread, fear, and so much uncertainty. But I am still alive, and I have interesting things to say and think about. I am grateful for my friends for helping me.

And so, with all my might and what I have left, I want to be a friend to others that are like my old self. I want to help people who are suffering and on the brink through the art that I make, and the funds it generates. I want to tell a story and pray that it saves lives.

And why through music? This is an artist statement, after all... That part is too simple. It's the only thing that makes sense to me in this whole wide world.

I am only a bubble of life, floating around becoming, but in my corner, I would like to do this:

- Make and make space for art that generates aid for those in need, especially for those who struggle with mental illness

— art that inspires young people, and art to comfort and assist the elderly.

- Create opportunities for individuals to find community, connection and meaning in art near their living spaces
- Challenge audiences to accept their true selves and the truths of others
- Create and make space for art to be meaningful and applicable to present day reality, especially that of our newest generation
- Inspire young people to be passionate about art and making art, because we need the world to be a better place.

I am learning to accept the strife of daily skepticism, but the hope that I can make the echo of a difference doing something I love is a pretty good reason to keep on doing it.

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