

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

A Musical Collision Course

MUSICAL ELEMENT	DESCRIPTION & MEANING/ASSOCIATION
The Star-Spangled Banner	
Imitation of the sound of traditional Japanese instruments	
Japanese national anthem	
Chinese folk song	
Japanese chant melody (based on the pentatonic scale)	
Pentatonic harmonies (two examples)	
Japanese percussion	

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

A Musical Collision Course (CONTINUED)

“Dovunque al mondo”

PINKERTON: Dovunque al mondo

lo Yankee vagabondo

si gode e traffica

sprezzando i rischi.

Affonda l'ancora alla ventura ...

(interrupts himself to offer Sharpless a drink)

Milk-Punch, o Whiskey?

(starting again) Affonda l'ancora alla ventura

finchè una raffica scompigli nave e

ormeggi, alberatura.

La vita ei non appaga

se non fa suo tesoro

i fiori d'ogni plaga ...

SHARPLESS: È un facile vangelo.

PINKERTON: ... d'ogni bella gli amor.

SHARPLESS: È un facile vangelo

che fa la vita vaga

ma che intristisce il cuor.

PINKERTON: Vinto si tuffa e la sorte racciuffa.

Il suo talento fa in ogni dove.

Così mi sposo all'uso giapponese

per novecento novantanove anni.

Salvo a prosciogliermi ogni mese.

SHARPLESS: È un facile vangelo.

PINKERTON: “America forever!”

SHARPLESS: “America forever.”

Wherever the Yankee

vagabond roams,

he throws caution to the wind and

seeks his fortune and pleasure.

He drops his anchor where and when he wants ...

Milk punch or whisky?

He drops his anchor where and when he wants

until a storm wind blows and rocks his boat;

then he raises sail and casts off again.

Life isn't worth living

unless he can make

all the flowers in the fields ...

That's an easy philosophy.

... his own special treasures.

That's an easy philosophy,

which makes life pleasant

but leaves you with an empty heart.

Always undaunted, his luck will never run out.

He works his magic in every place he goes.

And so I'm marrying in the Japanese manner,

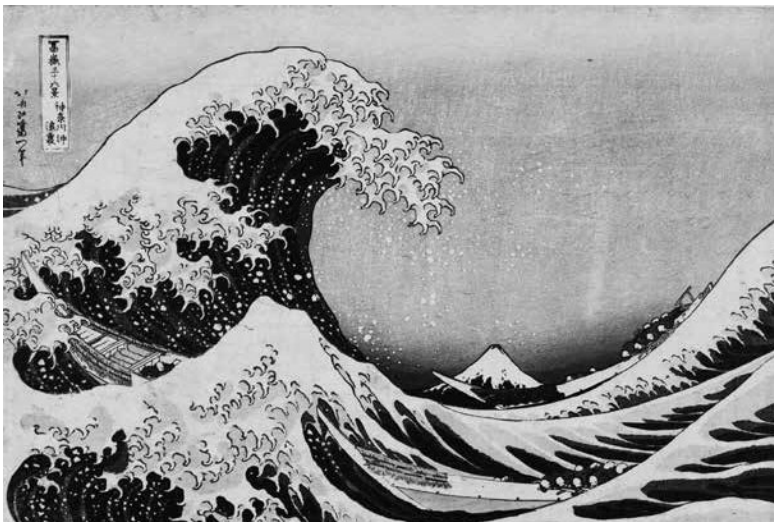
for nine hundred and ninety-nine years,

with the option to renew each month.

That's an easy philosophy.

“America forever!”

“America forever.”



CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

A Musical Collision Course (CONTINUED)

“Gran ventura”

BUTTERFLY: Gran ventura.

BUTTERFLY’S FRIENDS: Riverenza.

PINKERTON: (*smiling*) È un po’ dura la scalata?

BUTTERFLY: (*calmly*) A una sposa costumata più penosa è l’impazienza.

PINKERTON: (*somewhat derisively*) Molto raro complimento.

BUTTERFLY: (*naively*) Dei più belli ancor ne so.

PINKERTON: (*encouragingly*) Dei gioielli!

BUTTERFLY: (*wishing to show off her collection of compliments*)
Se vi è caro sul momento ...

PINKERTON: Grazie, no.

I’m delighted.

We are honored.

Did you find it difficult to climb the hill?

For a genteel bride, the waiting is much more difficult.

What a beautiful thing to say.

I know even more beautiful phrases.

Such jewels!

If you would like to hear more of them now ...

Thank you, no.

Having already observed the group of girls with curiosity, Sharpless draws near Butterfly, who listens to him attentively.

SHARPLESS: Miss Butterfly. Bel nome, vi sta a meraviglia.
Siete di Nagasaki?

BUTTERFLY: Signor sì. Di famiglia assai prospera un tempo.
(*to her friends*) Verità?

BUTTERFLY’S FRIENDS: (*agreeing eagerly*) Verità!

BUTTERFLY: Nessuno si confessa mai nato in povertà,
e non c’è vagabondo che a sentirlo non sia
di gran prosapia. Eppure conobbi la ricchezza.
Ma il turbine rovescia le querce più robuste
e abbiám fatto la gheschia per sostentarci.
(*to her friends*) Vero?

BUTTERFLY’S FRIENDS: Vero!

BUTTERFLY: Non lo nascondo nè m’adonto.
(*seeing that Sharpless is laughing*) Ridete? Perché? Cose del mondo.

PINKERTON: (*having listened with interest, he turns to Sharpless*)
(Con quel fare di bambola quando parla m’infiamma.)

SHARPLESS: (*also interested in Butterfly’s chatter, he continues to question her*) E ci avete sorelle?

BUTTERFLY: No, signore. Ho la mamma.

GORO: (*solemnly*) Una nobile dama.

BUTTERFLY: Ma senza farle torto povera molto anch’essa.

SHARPLESS: E vostro padre?

BUTTERFLY: (*taken by surprise, she replies dryly*) Morto.

Miss Butterfly. A beautiful name, and it suits you so well.
You are from Nagasaki?

Yes, sir. And my family was at one time rather wealthy.
Isn’t that true?

It’s true!

I know that no one will admit to being from a poor family,
and even the humblest vagabond will say he was
born of noble forebears. Still we were wealthy once.
But storm winds can uproot even the strongest oaks.
And so, we had to work as geishas to support ourselves.
Didn’t we?

It’s true!

I do not hide it, and why should I?
You’re laughing? But why? That’s life.

(With her innocent chatter, she sets me on fire.)

And do you have any sisters?

No sir. I just have my mother.

A gracious lady.

But to speak the truth, she’s just as poor as I am.

And your father?

He’s dead.

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

A Musical Collision Course (CONTINUED)

“Un bel dì”

BUTTERFLY: Un bel dì, vedremo levarsi
 un fil di fumo sull'estremo confin del mare.
 E poi la nave appare.
 Poi la nave bianca entra nel porto,
 romba il suo saluto. Vedi? È venuto!
 Io non gli scendo incontro, io no.
 Mi metto là sul ciglio del colle e aspetto,
 e aspetto gran tempo e non mi pesa
 la lunga attesa.
 E uscito dalla folla cittadina
 un uom, un picciol punto
 s'avvia per la collina.
 Chi sarà? chi sarà?
 E come sarà giunto
 che dirà? che dirà?
 Chiamerà “Butterfly” dalla lontana.
 Io senza dar risposta
 me ne starò nascosta
 un po' per celia, e un po' per non morire
 al primo incontro, ed egli alquanto in pena
 chiamerà, chiamerà: “Piccina mogliettina,
 olezzo di verbena”
 i nomi che mi dava al suo venire.
(to Suzuki) Tutto questo avverrà, te lo prometto.
 Tienti la tua paura—io con sicura fede l'aspetto.

One fine day, we'll see a thin thread of smoke rising
 on the horizon where the sky meets the ocean.
 And then a ship appears.
 The white ship enters the harbor,
 booming its salute. You see? He's come!
 But I won't go down to meet him—not me.
 I'll go to the top of our little hill and wait,
 and wait for a long time, but I don't mind
 the long interval.
 And emerging from the crowded city,
 a man, a tiny figure,
 sets out for the hilltop.
 Who is it? Who can it be?
 And when at last he arrives,
 what will he say? What?
 From afar, he'll call, “Butterfly.”
 I'll give no answer,
 I'll stay hidden,
 partly to tease him, and partly so that I don't die
 at our reunion! And then he'll call to me, worried,
 he'll call: “My little wife, my darling,
 my sweet girl who smells of flowers”—
 the names he used to call me when we first met.
 All of this will happen, I promise you.
 Have no fear; I wait for him with unshaken faith!

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

A Musical Collision Course (CONTINUED)

The opera's final scene

BUTTERFLY: *(softly reading the words inscribed on the knife)*

"Con onor muore chi non può serbar
vita con onore."

"Let those who cannot live an honorable life have an
honorable death instead."

She places the tip of the blade at her throat. Suddenly the door opens, and Suzuki pushes the child into the room. The child runs toward his mother with his hands outstretched. Butterfly lets the knife fall. She rushes toward the child, embraces him, and smothers him with kisses.

BUTTERFLY: Tu? tu? tu? tu? tu? tu? tu?

(with great feeling, breathing hard)

piccolo Iddio! Amore, amore mio,
fior di giglio e di rosa.

(taking the child's head and pulling it toward herself)

Non saperlo mai per te,

pei tuoi puri occhi,

(in tears) muor Butterfly ...

perché tu possa andar di là dal mare

senza che ti rimorda ai dì maturi,

il materno abbandono.

(with great love)

O a me, sceso dal trono dell'alto Paradiso,

guarda ben fiso, fiso di tua madre la faccia!

che ten resti una traccia, guarda ben!

Amore, addio! addio! piccolo amor!

(her voice breaking) Va, gioca, gioca!

You? You? You? You? You? You? You?

Oh, my dearest darling,
blossom of lily and rose.

I hope you never know this,

but it's for your sake, for your beautiful eyes,

that Butterfly must die ...

So that you can go to the other side of the sea

without thinking, when you've grown up,

that your mother abandoned you.

Oh my angel, who came to me from heaven,

look at your mother's face with care,

so that you'll one day remember a trace of it.

Goodbye, love! Goodbye, my little one!

Go now, go play! Go play!

Butterfly picks up the child and places him on her tatami mat. She hands him an American flag and a little doll, then carefully puts a blindfold over his eyes. Then she picks up the knife again and, with her gaze fixed on her child, places the knife against her own chest. With great conviction, she stabs herself and pulls the knife across her stomach. Collapsing on the floor, she looks up at her child, who is oblivious to what is happening. With a weak smile, she drags herself toward him, hugs him one last time, and then falls dead on the ground.

PINKERTON: *(from outside)* Butterfly! Butterfly! Butterfly!

Butterfly! Butterfly! Butterfly!

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

A Musical Collision Course (CONTINUED)

THE SONGS AND SOUNDS OF MY WORLD

BRAINSTORMING CATEGORIES:	MY IDEAS:
<p>Folk songs and instruments from my cultural background</p> <p><i>(Example: the songs “Danny Boy” or “Santa Lucia,” and instruments like the oud, conga drums, flamenco guitar, etc.)</i></p>	
<p>Songs I listen to on a regular basis</p> <p><i>(Example: your favorite song from your favorite band)</i></p>	
<p>Sounds that I encounter on a daily basis</p> <p><i>(Example: car horns, subway door closing chimes, alarm clock, etc.)</i></p>	
<p>Sounds that I associate with my favorite memories</p> <p><i>(Example: bird calls in the summer, my father playing guitar, my mother singing, etc.)</i></p>	
<p>Instruments that I think capture my personality</p> <p><i>(Example: violin, harp, trumpet, guitar, etc.)</i></p>	

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

A Musical Collision Course (CONTINUED)

THE SONGS AND SOUNDS OF MY WORLD

Written Response:

If Puccini had written an opera based on your life, what are some of the songs, instruments, and sounds he would have incorporated into the score to best capture the world and culture you live in? Draw from your list of brainstormed songs and sounds, and incorporate as many musical terms as you can in your description.

[illegible]

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Objects of Inquiry

What's in Cio-Cio-San's Box?

SCENE 1: Cio-Cio-San shows Pinkerton her box of possessions

PINKERTON: Vieni, amor mio! Vi piace la casetta?

Come, my love! Do you like the house?

BUTTERFLY: Signor F. B. Pinkerton
Perdono ... io vorrei ... pochi oggetti da donna ...

Mr. F. B. Pinkerton
Sorry ... I'd like ... a few lady's things ...

PINKERTON: Dove sono?

Where are they?

She indicates the lacquer box.

BUTTERFLY: Sono qui ... vi dispiace?

They're here ... does that bother you?

Slightly surprised, he smiles, then invites her to show him.

PINKERTON: O perché mai, mia bella Butterfly?

Why would it bother me, my beautiful Butterfly?

One by one, she takes the objects from the box.

BUTTERFLY: Fazzoletti. La pipa. Una cintura.
Un piccolo fermaglio. Uno specchio. Un ventaglio.

A handkerchief. A pipe. A belt.
A little brooch. A mirror. A fan.

PINKERTON: (*seeing a little jar*) Quel barattolo?

The jar?

BUTTERFLY: Un vaso di tintura.

A pot of rouge.

PINKERTON: Ohibò!

Oh!

BUTTERFLY: Vi spiace? ... Via!

You don't like it? ... I'll get rid of it!

He pulls a long, narrow case out of the box.

PINKERTON: E quello?

What's this?

BUTTERFLY: (*very seriously*) Cosa sacra e mia.

Something sacred that belongs to me.

PINKERTON: (*with curiosity*) E non si può vedere?

Can I see?

BUTTERFLY: C'è troppa gente. Perdonate.

There are too many people here. Excuse me.

She disappears into the house, taking the case with her.

GORO: (*approaching Pinkerton and whispering into his ear*)
È un presente del Mikado a suo padre ...
coll'invito ...

It's a present from the Mikado to her father ...
with an invitation to ...

He makes a gesture of slicing open his own stomach.

PINKERTON: (*softly, to Goro*) E ... suo padre?

And ... her father?

GORO: Ha obbedito.

He obeyed.

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Objects of Inquiry (CONTINUED)

Goro moves away, heading back into the house. Butterfly, meanwhile, has returned. She sits by Pinkerton on the terrace and removes several small statues from her box.

BUTTERFLY: Gli Ottokè.

The Hotoke.

Pinkerton picks up a statue and examines it with curiosity.

PINKERTON: Quei pupazzi? ... Avete detto?

What, dolls? ... What did you call them?

BUTTERFLY: Son l'anime degli avi.

They hold the souls of my ancestors.

Pinkerton puts the statue back down.

PINKERTON: Ah! ... il mio rispetto.

Ah! ... Then they have my respect.

She leans respectfully toward Pinkerton, as though wishing to tell him a secret.

BUTTERFLY: Ieri son salita tutta sola in segreto alla Missione.

Colla nuova mia vita posso adottare nuova religione.

(fearfully) Lo zio Bonzo nol sa,

nè i miei lo sanno.

Io seguo il mio destino e piena d'umiltà,

al Dio del signor Pinkerton m'inchino.

È mio destino.

Nella stessa chiesetta in ginocchio con voi

pregherò lo stesso Dio. E per farvi contento

potrò forse obliar la gente mia.

Yesterday I went all by myself to the Mission.

With my new life, I want to adopt a new religion.

My uncle, the Bonze, doesn't know,

nor do my relatives.

I'm following my own path, and, full of humility,

I wish to bow to the god of my husband Pinkerton.

This is my destiny:

praying with you, in the same church,

to the same god. And if you want,

I can perhaps even forget my own people entirely.

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

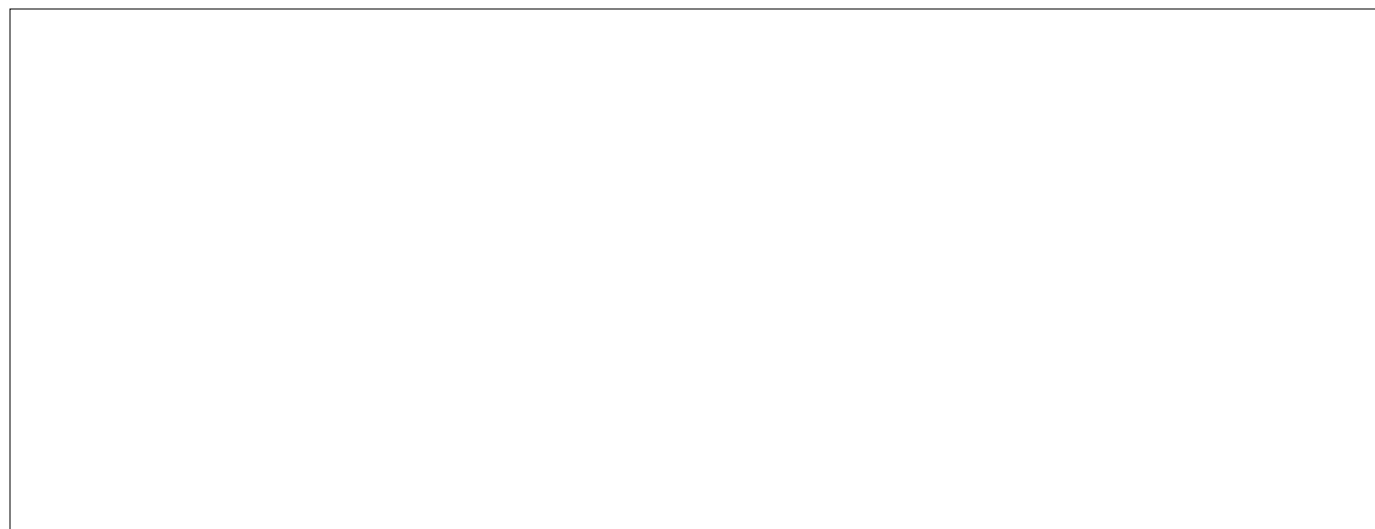
Objects of Inquiry (CONTINUED)

What is the object?

Why might this object be important to Cio-Cio-San?

How did (or how might) Pinkerton react to this object?

Draw the object.



CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Objects of Inquiry (CONTINUED)

What's in Cio-Cio-San's Box?

SCENE 2: Cio-Cio-San prays silently before her Hotoke, and Suzuki prays audibly offstage

The walls of Butterfly's house are closed, leaving the living room in semi-darkness. Suzuki prays, bowing before an image of the Buddha. From time to time, she sounds her prayer bell. Butterfly sits alone, with her lacquered box open in front of her. One by one, she silently removes her Hotoke and looks at them longingly.

SUZUKI: *(praying)* E Izagi ed Izanami, Sarundasico e Kami ...
(interrupting the prayer) Oh! la mia testa!

Izagi and Izanami, Surundasico and Kami ...
Oh, my head!

She rings the bell again, to capture the gods' attention.

E tu Ten-Sjoo-daj!
(on the verge of tears, looking at Butterfly)
fate che Butterfly non pianga più,
mai più, mai più!

And you, Ten-Sioo-dai!

Please make Butterfly stop crying.
Please, may she never, never cry again!

BUTTERFLY: *(without moving)* Pigri ed obesi
son gli Dei giapponesi.
L'americano Iddio son persuasa
ben più presto risponde a chi l'implori.
Ma temo ch'egli ignori
che noi stiam qui di casa.

The gods you pray to
are lazy and fat.
I'm convinced that the American god
will respond to your prayers much more quickly.
But I'm afraid that he doesn't know
that we live here.

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Objects of Inquiry (CONTINUED)

What's in Cio-Cio-San's Box?

SCENE 3: Cio-Cio-San prepares for Pinkerton's arrival

BUTTERFLY: *(to Suzuki)* Or vienmi ad adornar.
No! pria portami il bimbo.

Come help me get dressed.
No, first bring me my child.

Suzuki goes into the neighboring room and brings the child, whom she places next to Butterfly. Butterfly, meanwhile, looks at a little hand mirror.

BUTTERFLY: *(sadly)* Non son più quella!
Troppi sospiri la bocca mandò,
e l'occhio riguardò nel lontan troppo fiso.
(to Suzuki) Dammi sul viso un tocco di carmino

I'm no longer the beautiful girl I once was!
Too many sighs have passed these lips,
my eyes have spent too much time gazing at a far horizon.
Put a hint of rouge on my cheeks ...

She takes a brush and places some rouge on the cheeks of her child.

ed anche a te, piccino, perché la veglia non ti faccia
vôte per pallore le gote.

... and also some rouge for you, little one, so that this
night of waiting won't make you look pale and tired.

SUZUKI: *(asking Butterfly to sit still)* Non vi movete,
che v'ho a ravviare i capelli.

Don't move!
I need to fix your hair.

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Objects of Inquiry (CONTINUED)

What's in Cio-Cio-San's Box?

SCENE 4: Cio-Cio-San's suicide

Butterfly picks up her lacquer box, carries it to the center of the room, and slowly lifts the lid. She takes out the long, thin case, and slowly pulls out the knife with which her father killed himself. Holding the hilt in one hand and the tip of the blade in the other, she kisses the blade with almost religious devotion.

BUTTERFLY: *(softly reading the words inscribed on the knife)*

"Con onor muore chi non può serbar
vita con onore."

"Let those who cannot live an honorable life have an
honorable death instead."

She places the tip of the blade at her throat. Suddenly the door opens, and Suzuki pushes the child into the room. The child runs toward his mother with his hands outstretched. Butterfly lets the knife fall. She rushes toward the child, embraces him, and smothers him with kisses.

BUTTERFLY: Tu? tu? tu? tu? tu? tu? tu?

(with great feeling, breathing hard)

piccolo Iddio! Amore, amore mio,
fior di giglio e di rosa.

(taking the child's head and pulling it toward herself)

Non saperlo mai per te,

pei tuoi puri occhi,

(in tears) muor Butterfly ...

perché tu possa andar di là dal mare

senza che ti rimorda ai dì maturi,

il materno abbandono.

(with great love)

O a me, sceso dal trono dell'alto Paradiso,

guarda ben fiso, fiso di tua madre la faccia!

che ten resti una traccia, guarda ben!

Amore, addio! addio! piccolo amor!

(her voice breaking) Va, gioca, gioca!

You? You? You? You? You? You? You?

Oh, my dearest darling,
blossom of lily and rose.

I hope you never know this,

but it's for your sake, for your beautiful eyes,
that Butterfly must die ...

So that you can go to the other side of the sea
without thinking, when you've grown up,
that your mother abandoned you.

Oh my angel, who came to me from heaven,

look at your mother's face with care,

so that you'll one day remember a trace of it.

Goodbye, love! Goodbye, my little one!

Go now, go play! Go play!

Butterfly picks up the child and places him on her tatami mat. She hands him an American flag and a little doll, then carefully puts a blindfold over his eyes. Then she picks up the knife again and, with her gaze fixed on her child, places the knife against her own chest. With great conviction, she stabs herself and pulls the knife across her stomach. Collapsing on the floor, she looks up at her child, who is oblivious to what is happening. With a weak smile, she drags herself toward him, hugs him one last time, and then falls dead on the ground.

PINKERTON: *(from outside)* Butterfly! Butterfly! Butterfly!

Butterfly! Butterfly! Butterfly!

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Objects of Inquiry (CONTINUED)

What's in *Your* Box?

1.	3.	4.
2.		5.

Object 1: What is this object? _____

What does it mean to you? _____

Object 2: What is this object? _____

What does it mean to you? _____

Object 3: What is this object? _____

What does it mean to you? _____

Object 4: What is this object? _____

What does it mean to you? _____

Object 5: What is this object? _____

What does it mean to you? _____

PERFORMANCE ACTIVITY

The Art of the Director

The stage production of *Madama Butterfly* seen in this *Live in HD* presentation was conceived by the late Anthony Minghella, best known as the director of films such as *The English Patient* and *The Talented Mr. Ripley*. Minghella's staging includes a number of actions and designs not mentioned in Puccini's score or Giacosa and Illica's libretto. We've listed a selection below. Look for them in the production, and then write a few words about what you think about the director's innovations. Why did he make the creative choices he did, and how do you interpret those choices?

The opening dance:	Cio-Cio-San prays while Suzuki sings her own prayers:
_____	_____
_____	_____
Cio-Cio-San wears a cross around her neck:	Flower petals hang frozen in the air during Act II:
_____	_____
_____	_____
Puppet household servants:	Depiction of the child as a puppet:
_____	_____
_____	_____
Falling flower petals during the love duet:	Representation of Cio-Cio-San's dream:
_____	_____
_____	_____
Cio-Cio-San's vision of Pinkerton at the beginning of Act II:	Puppet birds:
_____	_____
_____	_____
Pinkerton's representation as an empty armchair:	Depiction of Cio-Cio-San's death at the opera's close:
_____	_____
_____	_____

PERFORMANCE ACTIVITY

Opera Review: *Madama Butterfly*

Have you ever wanted to be a music and theater critic? Now’s your chance!

As you watch *Madama Butterfly*, use the space below to keep track of your thoughts and opinions. What did you like about the performance? What didn’t you like? If you were in charge, what might you have done differently? Think carefully about the action, music, and stage design, and rate each of the star singers. Then, after the opera, share your opinions with your friends, classmates, and anyone else who wants to learn more about Puccini’s opera and this performance at the Met!

THE STARS	STAR POWER	MY COMMENTS
Hui He as Cio-Cio-San	☆☆☆☆☆	
Elizabeth DeShong as Suzuki	☆☆☆☆☆	
Andrea Carè as Pinkerton	☆☆☆☆☆	
Plácido Domingo as Sharpless	☆☆☆☆☆	
The child (puppet)	☆☆☆☆☆	
Conductor Pier Giorgio Morandi	☆☆☆☆☆	

THE SHOW, SCENE BY SCENE	ACTION	MUSIC	SET DESIGN / STAGING
Opening dance MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆
Pinkerton explores the house MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆
Pinkerton describes a sailor’s life MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆
The wedding MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆
The wedding night MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆

THE SHOW, SCENE BY SCENE	ACTION	MUSIC	SET DESIGN / STAGING
Cio-Cio-San imagines Pinkerton's return MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆
Goro brings Yamadori to meet Cio-Cio-San MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆
Sharpless reads the letter MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆
Pinkerton's ship arrives MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆
Cio-Cio-San's vigil MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆
Cio-Cio-San meets Mrs. Pinkerton MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆
Cio-Cio-San's tragic end MY OPINION OF THIS SCENE:	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆