

The background is a solid bright yellow. In the upper right corner, there is a large, detailed, white full moon. A violin is positioned vertically in the center, its body and neck visible. At the bottom of the image, an open book lies flat, its pages fanned out. The pages of the book have a colorful, abstract pattern of green, purple, and yellow. A blue horizontal band runs across the middle of the image, containing the text.

MusicIC 2012

Where Music and Literature Meet

A festival of chamber music inspired by literature



A FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC
INSPIRED BY LITERATURE

Tricia Park, Robin Scott, *violin*
Maurycy Banaszek, *viola*
Jay Campbell, Andrew Janss, *cello*
Emmet Hanick, *double bass*
Emi Ferguson, *flute*
James T. Shields, *clarinet*

Meagan Brus, *soprano*
Stephen Swanson, *baritone*
Conor Hanick, Réne Lecuona, Lynda Hakken, *piano*
Jason Weinberger, *conductor*
Martin Andrews, *reader*

THERE WILL BE NO INTERMISSIONS

June 14, 2012

A Schubertiade: Music about Animals

A Selection of Songs

Die Vogel (The Birds), D. 691 Op. 172, Nr. 6 (1820)
Poet: Carl Wilhelm Friedrich von Schlegel

Seufzer (Sighs), D. 198 (1815)
Poet: Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Holty

Der Schmetterling (The Butterfly), D. 633 Op. 57, Nr.1 (ca. 1819)
Poet: Carl Wilhelm Friedrich von Schlegel

Der Knabe (The Boy), D. 692 (1820)
Poet: Carl Wilhelm Friedrich von Schlegel

Der Abend (The Night), D. 108 (1814)
Poet: Friedrich von Matthisson

Wie Ulfru fischt (How Ulfru Fishes), D. 525 Op. 21, Nr. 3 (1817)
Poet: Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

Die Forelle (The Trout), D. 550 Op. 32 (1817)
Poet: Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart

Stephen Swanson, Lynda Hakken

Quintet for Piano and String in A Major, Op. 114, D. 667, *The Trout*

I. Allegro vivace

II. Andante

III. Scherzo: Presto

IV. Thema: Andantino

V. Finale: Allegro giusto

Inspired by Schubert's own song *Die Forelle*

Réne Lecuona, Robin Scott, Maurycy Banaszek, Andrew Janss, Emmet Hanick

June 15, 2012

Proust's Musical World

Camille Saint-Saëns
Violin Sonata No. 1, Op. 75 (1885)

- I. Allegro agitato
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegretto moderato
- IV. Allegro molto

Tricia Park, Réne Lecuona

Gabriel Fauré
Piano Quartet in C Minor, Op. 15 (1879)

- I. Allegro molto moderato
- II. Scherzo: Allegro vivo
- III. Adagio
- IV. Allegro molto

Robin Scott, Maurycy Banaszek, Andrew Janss, Réne Lecuona

June 16, 2012

Pierrot Lunaire: Celebrating the Centennial of the Premiere

Arnold Schoenberg
***Pierrot Lunaire*, Op. 21 (October 16, 1912)**

Settings of 21 selected poems from Otto Erich Hartleben's German translation
of Albert Giraud's cycle of French poems of the same name

Meagan Brus, Conor Hanick, Tricia Park, Jay Campbell, Emi Ferguson, James T. Shields
Jason Weinberger

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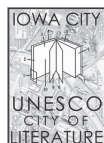
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Program Notes by Arthur Canter

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) and His Songs

Early in 1817 the twenty-year old Viennese born and bred Franz Schubert was persuaded by friends to leave teaching school and devote full time to composition. By this time he had already written four symphonies, several *Singspiele*, dozens of piano pieces, a number of sacred choral pieces, works for chamber ensembles and over 600 songs. It is a selection of these songs (*Lieder*, to use their German name) that opens tonight's concert.

Most of Schubert's *Lieder* were written for one voice and piano, the style that became increasingly popular in German-speaking countries beginning in the latter half of the 18th century and extending into the 19th century. The new *Lieder* were settings of the German Romantic poems written in simple formal structures and with emphasis on the imagery of nature and the direct expression of feelings. This kind of German *Lied* attracted the growing middle class of Vienna but with changes to suit the preferences of its citizens. They sought to have songs written in a direct, simple and naturally lyrical style. In part this was in reaction to the "Sturm und Drang" ("Storm and Stress") that was characteristic of so much of the German Romantics and in part to the complexity and artifice of the Italian opera aria with its elements of florid display and its

international star singers. The Viennese trend was encouraged by an appetite for domestic music-making that coincided with the increasing use of the piano as an instrument in the home.

Schubert drew upon the poems of a broad range of poets, whether internationally famous, only locally known or among his circle of friends. Goethe's writings impressed him the most and consistently inspired him to write songs of startling power and originality. He set over 70 of Goethe's poems to music. However, Schubert was quite capable of making a first-rate song out of a mediocre poem, and often did so. His sizeable output of *Lieder* was remarkable in the range, quality and creative imagination that he brought to the musical setting of poetry. In his works, the piano was no mere accompaniment but an equal partner in the expression of the poetic imagery. These qualities had a profound effect on later composers of songs including Schumann, Brahms, Hugo Wolf and Richard Strauss. The Schubert *Lieder* display a great range of mood and complexity but in simple settings, whereas most other composers of the time wrote highly dramatic and emotionally tense works not suitable for the average amateur performers for their *Haus Musik*. It is ironic that despite his talent, except for relatively few songs published shortly after they were composed, most of Schubert's songs were not known by a public that would have enjoyed them, had they been published before his premature death.

Carl Wilhelm Friedrich von Schlegel, *Die Vogel*

Wie lieblich und fröhlich,
Zu schweben, zu singen;
Von glänzender Höhe
Zur Erde zu blicken!

Die Menschen sind töricht,
Sie können nicht fliegen;
Sie jammern in Nöten,
Wir flattern gen Himmel.

Der Jäger will töten,
Dem Früchte wir pickten;
Wir müssen ihn höhnen,
Und Beute gewinnen.

Friedrich von Schlegel (1772-1829)

How delightful and exhilarating it is
to soar and to sing,
to look down on the earth
from the radiant heights!

Men are foolish:
they cannot fly.
They lament in their distress;
we fly up to the heavens.

The huntsman whose fruit we
pecked wants to kill us;
but we should mock him
and snatch our spoils.

English: Richard Wigmore © 2005

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Holty, *Seufzer*

Die Nachtigall
Singt überall
Auf grünen Reisen
Die besten Weisen,
Dass ringsum Wald
Und Ufer schallt.

Manch junges Paar
Geht dort, wo klar
Das Bächlein rauschet
Und steht, und lauschet
Mit frohem Sinn
Der Sängerin.

The nightingale
sings everywhere
on green boughs
her loveliest songs
that all around woods
and river banks resound.

Many young couples
stroll where
the limpid brook murmurs.
They stop and listen
joyfully
to the songstress.

Ich höre bang'
Im düstern Gang
Der Nachtigallen
Gesänge schallen;
Denn ach! allein
Irr' ich im Hain.

But gloomily
on the dark path
I hear the nightingales'
echoing song.
For alas, I wander
alone in the grove.

Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty (1748-1776) English: Richard Wigmore © 2005

Carl Wilhelm Friedrich von Schlege, *Der Schmetterling*

Wie soll ich nicht tanzen,
Es macht keine Mühe;
Und reizende Farben
Schimmern hier im Grünen.
Immer schöner glänzen
Meine bunten Flügel,
Immer süsser hauchen
Alle kleinen Blüten.
Ich nasche die Blüten,
Ihr könnt sie nicht hüten.

Why should I not dance?
It costs me no effort,
and enchanting colours
shimmer here amid the verdure.
Ever lovelier
my brightly-coloured wings glisten;
ever sweeter is the scent
from each tiny blossom.
I sip from the blossoms;
you cannot protect them.

Wie gross ist die Freude.
Sei's spät oder frühe,
Leichtsinnig zu schweben
Über Tal und Hügel.
Wenn der Abend säuselt,
Seht ihr Wolken glühen;
Wenn die Lüfte golden,
Scheint die Wiese grüner.
Ich nasche die Blüten,
Ihr könnt sie nicht hüten.

How great my joy,
be it early or late,
to flit so blithely
over hill and dale.
When the evening murmurs
you see the clouds glow;
when the air is golden
the meadows are more radiantly green.
I sip from the blossoms;
you cannot protect them.

Friedrich von Schlegel (1772-1829)

English: Richard Wigmore ©

Carl Wilhelm Friedrich von Schlegel, *Der Knabe*

Wenn ich nur ein Vöglein wäre,
Ach, wie wollt' ich lustig fliegen,
Alle Vögel weit besiegen.

If only I were a bird,
ah, how joyfully I would fly,
far outstripping all other birds.

Wenn ich so ein Vogel bin,
Darf ich, alles haschen,
Und die höchsten Kirschen naschen;
Fliege dann zur Mutter hin.
Ist sie böse in ihrem Sinn,
Kann ich lieb mich an sie schmiegen,
Ihren Ernst gar bald besiegen.

If I were a bird
I could get everything
and nibble the highest cherries.
Then I'd fly back to mother.
If she were angry
I could nestle sweetly up to her
and soon overcome her sternness.

Bunte Federn, leichte Flügel
Dürft' ich in der Sonne schwingen,
Dass die Lüfte laut erklingen,
Weiss nichts mehr von Band und Zügel.
Wär' ich über jene Hügel,
Ach, dann wollt' ich lustig fliegen,
Alle Vögel weit besiegen.

Coloured feathers, light wings,
I could flap them in the sunlight,
so that the air resounded loudly,
I would no longer be curbed and shackled.
If I were beyond those hills,
ah, how joyfully I would fly,
far outstripping all other birds.

Friedrich von Schlegel (1772-1829)

English: Richard Wigmore ©

Friedrich von Matthisson, *Der Abend*

Purpur malt die Tannenhügel
Nach der Sonne Scheideblick,
Lieblich strahlt des Baches Spiegel
Hespers Fackelglanz zurück.

Wie in Totenhallen düster
Wird's im Pappelweidenhain,
Unter leisem Blattgeflüster
Schlummern alle Vögel ein.

Nur dein Abendlied, o Grille!
Tönt noch aus betautem Grün,
Durch der Dämmerung Zaubershülle
Süsse Trauermelodien.

Tönst du einst im Abendhauche,
Grillchen, auf mein frühes Grab,
Aus der Freundschaft Rosenstrauche,
Deinen Klaggesang herab:

Wird noch stets mein Geist dir lauschen,
Horchend wie er jetzt dir lauscht,
Durch des Hügels Blumen rauschen,
Wie dies Sommerlüftchen rauscht!

Friedrich von Matthisson (1761-1831)

The pine-covered hills are painted with purple
after the sun's parting glance;
the brook's mirror reflects
the lovely gleaming torch of Hesperus.

In the poplar grove
it grows dark, as in the vaults of death.
Beneath softly whispering leaves
all the birds fall asleep.

Only your evening song, O cricket,
echoes from the dewy grass,
wafting sweet, mournful melodies
through the enchanted cloak of dusk.

Cricket, if one day
you sound your lament in the evening breeze
over my early grave,
from the rosebush planted by friends,

My spirit will always listen to you
as it listens to you now,
and murmur through the flowers on the hillside
as this summer breeze murmurs.

English: Richard Wigmore ©

Johann Baptist Mayrhofer, *Wie Ulfru fischt*

Die Angel zucht, die Rute bebt,
Doch leicht fährt sie heraus.
Ihr eigensinn'gen Nixen gebt
Dem Fischer keinen Schmaus.
Was frommet ihm sein kluger Sinn,
Die Fische baumeln spottend hin;
Er steht am Ufer fest gebannt,
Kann nicht ins Wasser, ihn hält das Land.

Die glatte Fläche kräuselt sich,
Vom Schuppenvolk bewegt,
Das seine Glieder wonniglich
In sichern Fluten regt.
Forellen zappeln hin und her,
Doch bleibt des Fischers Angel leer,
Sie fühlen, was die Freiheit ist,
Fruchtlos ist Fischers alte List.

Die Erde ist gewaltig schön,
Doch sicher ist sie nicht.
Es senden Stürme Eishöh'n,
Der Hagel und der Frost zerbricht
Mit einem Schlage, einem Druck,
Das gold'ne Korn, der Rosen Schmuck;
Den Fischlein unter'm weichen Dach,
Kein Sturm folgt ihnen vom Lande nach.

Johann Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

The rod quivers, the line trembles,
but it comes up easily.
You capricious water sprites
give the fisherman no feast.
What use is his cunning?
The fish glide away mockingly;
he stands spellbound on the shore,
he cannot enter the water, the land holds him fast.

The smooth surface is ruffled,
disturbed by the scaly shoals
that swim blithely
in the safe waters.
Trout dart to and fro,
but the fisherman's rod stays empty;
they feel what freedom is,
the fisherman's well tried guile is in vain.

The earth is surpassingly beautiful,
but safe it is not.
Storms blow from the icy peaks,
hail and frost destroy
at one stroke, with one blow,
the golden corn, the roses' beauty;
the little fish beneath their soft roof
are pursued by no storm from the land.

English: Richard Wigmore © 2005

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart, *Die Forelle*

In einem Bächlein helle
Da schoss in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßter Ruh'
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogne an.

In a limpid brook
the capricious trout
in joyous haste
darted by like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
in blissful peace, watching
the lively fish swim
in the clear brook.

An angler with his rod
stood on the bank
cold-bloodedly watching
the fish's contortions.
As long as the water
is clear, I thought,
he won't catch the trout
with his rod.

But at length the thief
grew impatient. Cunningly
he made the brook cloudy,
and in an instant
his rod quivered,
and the fish struggled on it.
And I, my blood boiling,
looked on at the cheated creature.

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart (1739-1791)

English: Richard Wigmore © 2005

Franz Schubert Piano Quintet in A Major (*The Trout*), Op.114, D.66

The "Trout" Quintet dates from 1819 when the city-bred Schubert left his native Vienna with his friend Johann Vogl for a three-month summer holiday in Vogl's hometown of Steyr, located in picturesque Upper Austria. Schubert was overwhelmed from the start by what he experienced during that vacation. He wrote frequently to his brother Ferdinand: "At the house where I lodge, there are eight girls, nearly all pretty. Plenty to do, too. The daughter of Herr von Keller, at whose house Vogl and I eat daily, is very pretty, plays the pianoforte well and is going to sing several of my songs... The country around Steyr is unbelievably lovely..." He went on to describe the singing and music in the house of Dr. Schellman where he was lodged with musicians visiting the household. He wrote how he, Schubert, sang the part of the father in a performance of his song *Erlkönig* on one evening, and on another evening about a performance of a cantata that he had written for Vogl's birthday in which everybody joined in. Then there was all the musical activity in the soirées at the summer house of Sylvester Paumgartner, a wealthy mine-owner and patron of the arts. It was at one of these events that Paumgartner, who played the cello and often commissioned works for himself, pleaded with Schubert to write an instrumental piece. The work was to have the same instrumentation used by Hummel in his recently published quintet. Furthermore, it was to incorporate the music from Schubert's song, *Die Forelle*, which fascinated Paumgartner since its publication two years earlier. In this intoxicating atmosphere of *Gemütlichkeit* (easy-going leisure) Schubert was in no mood to deny anyone anything. Thus was the "Trout" quintet born!

Schubert wrote the quintet to fit his own mood and to satisfy Paumgartner's whim. It is not a profound work, but one full of recurring melodies. The quintet's simplified sonata structure makes it easily accessible to all listeners. The work is in five movements instead of the usual four. Schubert decided to accommodate Paumgartner's wish for music from *Die Forelle* in a separate movement and used the fourth movement for that purpose. He added a fifth movement to end the work in a more traditional fast *Finale*.

The first movement, *Allegro vivace*, is replete with arpeggios on the piano and smooth melodies by the strings, sometimes in duels between violin and cello.

The slow movement, *Andante*, has three melodies in succession that are strung out and modulated with changes in key.

The third movement, *Presto*, is in the form of a scherzo with its three parts. It is full of strong beats and florid displays by the piano matched against contrasting sounds of the strings.

The fourth movement, *Andantino (Tema con variazione)* as marked, is a set of variations based on *Die Forelle*, Schubert's popular song. Here we have six variations of the song describing the movements of water splashing and rippling as a fisherman strives to land a darting trout that is trying to elude him. In the course of the activity, there are changes in the weather from sunshine to storm and back to sunshine. The variation describes the events as they change.

After a pause we have the finale, *Allegro giusto*, returning to the mode of the first movement. Here Schubert used as his theme a "Hungarian" melody of his own for the development of the movement to bring the quintet to an exciting end.

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1923) Violin Sonata No. 1 in D Minor, Op. 75

Saint-Saëns was once described as the French Mendelssohn. He was a talented and precocious child who, as he matured, developed a wide range of interests beyond music. At the age of ten he made his debut as a pianist. For nearly 20 years he was organist at the Church of La Madeleine in Paris. He also taught at the École Niedermeyer, where his pupils included Gabriel Fauré and Messager. In 1871 Saint-Saëns co-founded the Société Nationale de Musique to revive the artistic and cultural value of French music. He made extensive tours throughout Europe, the United States, South America and the Far East. Saint-Saëns composed large quantities of music for a great variety of instrumental and vocal combinations. He is probably best known for his opera, *Samson et Dalila*, his so-called “Organ Symphony”, and his work for two pianos and orchestra, *Carnival of the Animals*. He composed many chamber works including two violin sonatas, two cello sonatas, and a variety of piano pieces. One of these was the *Violin Sonata No. 1* composed in 1885.

Critics have noted that in its four-movement design, the sonata, intended to create a brilliant effect in performance, resembled Beethoven's famous *Kreutzer Sonata* although certainly tonally different. Saint-Saëns merged the movements of his sonata into two pairs, unifying the work with cyclic thematic recurrences. The one theme that recurs most frequently and stands out is first heard as the second theme in the opening fast movement. The theme is noted to have haunted the novelist Marcel Proust who, after hearing the Saint-Saëns sonata in a recital, was inspired to create a virtual love theme for “a sonata” described as written by Vinteuil, a character in one of the novels (*Swann in Love*) of *In Search of Lost Time*.

The *Allegro agitato* opens in sonata form with a highly syncopated rhythmic theme, intensely passionate and full of cross accents. The second theme provides a marked contrast with the haunting melody sung by the violin against arpeggios of the piano. This is the “the little phrase” referred to in discussions about the “Vinteuil Sonata”, which recur throughout *Swann in Love*. The *Adagio* that follows without pause is a sensuous piece which provides a dialogue between the violin and piano in which the roles are reversed toward the end of the movement.

The second pair of movements opens with a Scherzo (*Allegro moderato*), a dreamy sounding waltz that serves as an intermezzo. It works its way, without pause, into the dramatic finale (*Allegro molto*), a flashy virtuosic rondo using the “little phrase” theme that, in itself, can serve as an encore piece.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) Piano Quartet No. 1 in C Minor, Op. 15

Gabriel-Urbain Fauré, educated at the Ecole Niedermeyer, was a prolific composer of art songs, piano works, operas, religious choral works, and many chamber pieces. He struggled for years to achieve recognition from France's musical establishment which often deemed him a dangerous outsider. In his personal life he suffered bouts of depression, an unsatisfactory marriage and, later, devastating deafness. His music has been characterized as classical in the

sense of being balanced and logical but at the same time poetic and romantic. His compositions were slow to gain attention and it was not until late in his career that he began to receive the recognition that he deserved. In 1896 he was appointed principal organist at Paris's Church of La Madeleine and, at the same time, professor of composition at the Paris Conservatoire. He served as the Conservatoire's director from 1905-1920, instituting many reforms to strengthen its curriculum. In 1871, he and Saint-Saëns co-founded the Société Nationale de Musique to encourage the development of French instrumental music. This organization helped develop the careers of Duparc, Franck, Lalo, Debussy, d'Indy and many others. Thus it can be seen that Fauré, latecomer as he might have been, left an indelible imprint on the music of France.

Through his involvement in the creative melting pot of *fin-de-siècle* Paris, Fauré was acquainted not only with musicians but also artists and writers of the time, including Proust who admired the music of both Fauré and Saint-Saëns. Many of Fauré's friends recommended poems for the composer to put to music for they felt that he was able to capture the true meaning of the poets' words in music. Fauré's objective was, as Nectoux said about his later music: “to express the most elevated sentiments by the simplest means so as to reach, in some form, the naked flesh of emotion”.

The *Piano Quartet in C Minor*, one of Fauré's early masterpieces, was written between 1876 and 1879 when he was in his thirties. At the time he had just been formally engaged to Marianne, the daughter of Pauline Viardot, the famous contralto. He had fallen in love with her five years earlier and ever since had persistently sought her agreement to marry. After three months Marianne broke off the engagement, much to Fauré's distress. (Later she confessed that she found him “more intimidating than endearing.”) He had begun working on the quartet before the break-up and, despite this emotional blow, completed the work in 1879. Although the four-movement piano quartet was a success on its first hearing later that year, the composer, dissatisfied with the final movement, rewrote it 1883, making the quartet, as he put it, “new from top to toe”.

The *Allegro molto moderato* opens with a powerful, densely textured statement that resolves into a lyrical display with many mood changes that are blended together, leaving no sense of a particular theme in its development.

The second movement, a scherzo marked *Allegro vivo*, is light-hearted with a floating piano melody set against the pizzicato chords of the strings. In the trio section, the strings are muted while the piano adds rippling tones before returning to the opening mode to end the movement.

The slow *Adagio* gives us a hint of the traumatic impact of the Marianne affair with its melancholic plaintive sounds. Yet the music remains melodious and restrained in its intensity, giving the impression of controlled emotionality.

The final movement (*Allegro molto*), the one Fauré had changed because of his dissatisfaction with the original one, is cast in the same furious energy as in the first movement. It maintains its melodious line but intrudes this pattern with contrasting passages borrowed from the *Adagio* movement before exploding into a brilliant conclusion.

Marcel Proust “Swann in Love,” *In Search of Lost Time*

The year before, at a soirée, he (Swann) had heard a piece of music performed on the piano and violin. At first, he had experienced only the physical quality of the sounds secreted by the instruments. And it had been a keen pleasure when, below the little line of the violin, slender, yielding, compact, and commanding, he had seen the mass of the piano part all at once struggling to rise in a liquid swell, multiform, undivided, smooth, and colliding like the purple tumult of the waves when the moonlight charms them and lowers their pitch by half a tone. But at a certain moment, without being able to distinguish an outline clearly, or give a name to what was pleasing him, suddenly charmed, he had tried to gather up and hold on to the phrase or harmony – he himself did not know which – that was passing by him and that had opened his soul so much wider, the way the smells of certain roses circulating in the damp evening air have the property of dilating our nostrils. . . . He considered the phrase less in itself—in what it could express to a musician who was unaware of his existence or of Odette’s when he composed it, and to all those who would hear it in the centuries to come – than as a token, a memory of his love, which, even for the Verdurins, even for the young pianist, would remind them of Odette and him at the same time, would join them together so that when Odette, capriciously, had begged him to, he had given up the idea of having some pianist play him the entire sonata, of which he knew yet only this passage. “Why would you need the rest?” she said to him. “This is our piece.”

June 16

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951) *Pierrot Lunaire*, Op.21

Introductory Note

Schoenberg’s *Pierrot Lunaire* is a complex and powerful work that, from the day of its introduction to the public in 1912 to the present day, 100 years later, has startled and mystified the musical world. Even though it is not widely performed, certainly no concert staple, it has led to many published studies of the composer’s intent, structure of his work, how it should be performed, and its effect upon succeeding composers. One may be either turned off or attracted to the work. There seems to be no neutral reaction. The listener usually does not come away with any tunes lingering, or specific words haunting, or intrinsic visual image sticking. However, it helps one’s appreciation of the work to know something of its background and its relationship to developments in the theater of melodrama that date back centuries to old *commedia dell’arte* and *commedia ballet* featuring the clown figures of “Pierrot” and “Columbine.” German melodrama of the 18th century used the inflected musical speech of *Singspiel* or *Sprechstimme* that found its way into such 19th century operas as Beethoven’s *Fidelio* and Weber’s *Der Freischütz*. Combine these historical developments with that of the “new music” with its ventures in atonality that arose in Schoenberg’s day with the composer as one of its proponents. Add to this the composer’s interest

in exploring *sprechstimme* systematically, and one can view his *Pierrot Lunaire* more objectively. In the foregoing context, not merely hearing, but rather *listening* intensively to the work may increase one’s understanding and appreciation. In tonight’s concert, it is anticipated that the reciter will be dressed in a Columbine (clown) costume as in the original performance.

—Arthur Canter

Schoenberg’s composition of *Pierrot Lunaire* has been fully documented. The original 1884 cycle of 50 poems entitled *Pierrot Lunaire* by Albert Giraud (1860-1929) had been translated into German by Otto Erich Hartleben. In January 1912, Schoenberg met the actress-singer Albertine Zehme who specialized in performing melodrama in which she recited poems to Chopin’s music and sang other songs with poems as texts. Included in her repertoire were songs set to Hartleben’s 1911 translation of Giraud’s *Pierrot* cycle. Directing Schoenberg’s attention to the Giraud-Hartleben poems, Zehme commissioned him to compose music for a cycle of the poems which she could recite with piano accompaniment. These were to be performed at her evening concerts at a new kind of “high”(serious) cabaret. Schoenberg readily accepted the commission, calling the request “a marvelous idea, quite right for me.” He got immediately to work on the project and completed it by mid-July, 1912. After 40 rehearsals, Schoenberg and Zehme (in Columbine dress) gave the première at the Berlin Choralion-Saal on October 16, 1912, to a full house consisting mostly of professional musicians and critics. Reaction was mixed, with Anton Webern reporting that at the première there was whistling and laughing, but in the end “it was an unqualified success.”

For his *Pierrot Lunaire*, Schoenberg chose 21 of the 50 poems and arranged them in a three-part work of seven melodramas in each. The choice of how many, how to arrange and structure, judging from Schoenberg’s own writings, was probably influenced by his explorations of mysticism in numbers.

The topical centers of each part are summarized as follows:

In Part I, Pierrot, intoxicated by the moon, fantasizes about love, sex, and religion.

In Part II, we find Pierrot in a violent nightmare world of plunder and blasphemy.

In Part III, Pierrot journeys home to Bergamo, haunted by thoughts of the past.

Schoenberg went beyond merely selecting the poems and writing music to accompany the text. The reciter, using the *Sprechstimme* mode of presentation, was to follow his plan of varied inflections, stress and dynamics that he proscribed in detail. The music was to be played by an ensemble of five musicians performing on eight instruments: piano, violin, cello, clarinet in A or clarinet in B, and flute or piccolo. Different combinations were to be used for each poem, according

to a proscribed set and order of introduction of each instrument that varied from poem to poem. (Sometimes a flute would open the poem, sometimes a piano, etc.) Schoenberg strictly proscribed movements for the reciter as well as the intervals between the poems and the pace of recitation. One can see the necessity of a conductor leading the ensemble and the problems facing the reciter as well as the instrumentalists

in preparing this complex work. Different conductors may have different ideas about how closely to follow Schoenberg's explicit directions, as they do about interpreting any work. The listener need not try to discern the pattern or the structure but rather to just absorb the effects of the complex of the sounds, their textures, and the intent of the story in each poem of *Pierrot Lunaire*.

Arnold Schoenberg

Dreimal sieben Gedichte aus Albert Girauds Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21 (1912)

PIERROT LUNAIRE

1. MONDESTRUNKEN

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,
Und eine Springflut überschwemmt
Den stillen Horizont.
Gelüste, schauerlich und süß,
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Gießt Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.
Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt,
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,
Gen Himmel wendet er verzückt
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und schlürft er
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

2. COLOMBINE

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weißen Wunderrosen,
Blühen in den Julinächten -
O bräch ich eine nur!
Mein banges Leid zu lindern,
Such ich am dunklen Strome
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weißen Wunderrosen.
Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,
Dürft ich so märchenheimlich,
So selig leis -- entblättern
Auf deine braunen Haare
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

3. DER DANDY

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen Waschtisch
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.
In tönender, bronzener Schale
Lacht hell die Fontäne, metallischen Klangs.
Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons.
Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Antlitz
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute sich schminkt?
Fort schiebt er das Rot und des Orients Grün
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem Stil
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

1. MOONDRUNK

The wine one drinks by sight,
The moon by night pours down in waves,
And a spring-tide overflows
The still horizon.
Desires, gruesome and sweet,
Swim numberless amid the flood!
The wine one drinks by sight,
The moon by night pours down in waves.
The poet, by contemplation drawn,
Intoxicates himself with holy draft,
He turns his head, enchanted towards heaven
And reeling he laps and slurps
The wine one drinks by sight.

2. COLUMBINE

The moonlight's pallid blossoms,
White wonder-roses,
Bloom in July by night -
Oh, might I break but one!
To assuage my anxious sorrow,
I search by the darkling stream
The moonlight's pallid blossoms,
White wonder-roses.
Stilled would then be all my yearning,
If I but could, secretly as in a fable,
So gently blissful - strew the leaves
Upon your auburn hair of
The moonlight's pallid blossoms!

3. THE DANDY

With a fantastic light-beam
The moon illuminates the crystal flasks
Upon the black, high-holy washstand
Of the silent dandy of Bergamo.
In a ringing, bronze basin
Brightly laughs the jet of water with metallic sound.
With a fantastic light-beam
The moon illuminates the crystal flasks.
Pierrot with his waxen visage
Stands musing and considers: How to rouge today?
Away he sweeps the red and the orient's green
And paints his face in lofty style
With a fantastic moon-beam.

4. EINE BLASSE WÄSCHERIN

Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher,
Nackte, silberweiße Arme
Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.
Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.
Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.
Und die sanfte Magd des Himmels,
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen
Ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen --
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

5. VALSE DE CHOPIN

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen
Ein vernichtungssüchtiger Reiz.
Wilder Lust Accorde stören
Der Verzweiflung eisigen Traum --
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.
Heiss und jauchzend, süß und schmachkend,
Melancholisch düsterer Walzer,
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

6. MADONNA

Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!
Blut aus deinen magren Brüsten
Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen.
Deine ewig frischen Wunden
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!
In den abgezehrten Händen
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche,
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit --
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet
Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

7. DER KRANKE MOND

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergroß,
Bannt mich wie fremde Melodie.
An unstillbarem Liebesleid
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl.
Den Liebsten, der in Sinnenrausch
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten geht,
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel --
Dein bleiches, qualgebornes Blut,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

4. A PALLID WASHERWOMAN

A pallid washerwoman
Washes by night pale linens,
Naked, silvery white arms
She stretches down into the flood.
Through the clearing breezes steal,
Gently they animate the stream.
A pallid washerwoman
Washes by night pale linens.
And the gentle maid of heaven,
By the branches tenderly caressed,
Spreads upon the darkling meadows
Her light-spun linens -
A pallid washerwoman.

5. A CHOPIN WALTZ

As a pallid drop of blood
Tints the lips of an ailing woman,
So dwells within these tones
A destruction-seeking charm.
Chords of wild desire disturb
Despairing's icy dream -
As a pallid drop of blood
Tints the lips of an ailing woman.
Hot, exultant, sweet and swooning,
Melancholy somber waltz,
You haunt my sense forever!
Clingest to my thoughts,
As a pallid drop of blood!

6. MADONNA

Ascend, oh mother of all sorrows
Onto the altar of my verses!
Blood from thine emaciated breasts
Was shed by raging sword.
Thine ever-renewing wounds
Are as eyes, red and open.
Ascend, oh mother of all sorrows
Onto the altar of my verses!
In thy wasted hands
Holdest thou thy son's remains,
For all mankind to see -
Yet men's glances shun
Thee, oh mother of all sorrows

7. THE AILING MOON

Thou nocturnal, mortally-stricken moon
There, upon the heavens' gloomy canopy,
Thy glance, so feverishly enlarged,
Transfixes me like unfamiliar melody.
From love's unquenchable sorrow
Diest thou, of yearning, deeply suffocated,
Thou nocturnal, mortally-stricken moon
There, upon the heavens' gloomy canopy.
The lover, who, in sensuous inebriation,
Unthinking to his beloved goes,
Is delighted by thy moonbeams' play -
Thy pale, agony-begotten blood,
Thou nocturnal, mortally-stricken moon.

8. NACHT

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.
Ein geschloßnes Zauberbuch,
Ruht der Horizont -- verschwiegen.
Aus dem Qualm verlornen Tiefen
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.
Und vom Himmel erdenwärts
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen
Unsichtbar die Ungetüme
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder . . .
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

9. GEBET AN PIERROT

Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
Das Bild des Glanzes
Zerfloß -- Zerfloß!
Schwarz weht die Flagge
Mir nun vom Mast.
Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
O gieb mir wieder,
Roßarzt der Seele,
Schneemann der Lyrik,
Durchlaucht vom Monde,
Pierrot -- mein Lachen!

10. RAUB

Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.
Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,
Steigt Pierrot hinab -- zu rauben
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.
Doch da -- sträuben sich die Haare,
Bleiche Furcht bannst sie am Platze:
Durch die Finsterniss -- wie Augen! --
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

11. ROTE MESSE

Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,
Naht dem Altar -- Pierrot!
Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,
Zerreißt die Priesterkleider
Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes.
Mit segnender Geberde
Zeigt er den bangen Seelen
Die triefend rote Hostie:
Sein Herz -- in blutgen Fingern --
Zu grausem Abendmahle!

8. NIGHT

Sinister, black giant moths
Killed the brilliance of the sun.
A sealed book of magic,
The horizon reposes -- unspeaking.
From the fumes of unfathomed depths
Rises up a scent, killing recollection!
Sinister, black giant moths
Killed the brilliance of the sun.
And from the heavens earthward
Descend with heavy wings
Invisible monstrosities down
Upon the hearts of men...
Sinister, black giant moths.

9. PRAYER TO PIERROT

Pierrot! My laughter
I've forgot!
The image of splendor
Dissolved - dissolved!
Black waves the flag
From my mast now.
Pierrot! My laughter
I've forgot!
Oh give me back,
Veterinarian of the soul,
Snowman of lyricism,
Serene Highness of the Moon,
Pierrot -- my laughter!

10. THEFT

Ruddy, princely rubies,
Bloody drops of former glory,
Slumber in the corpses' coffers,
Below in the sepulchral tombs.
By night, with his boon companions,
Pierrot climbs down -- to plunder
Ruddy, princely rubies,
Bloody drops of former glory.
But then -- hairs standing on end,
Pale fear roots them in place:
Through the darkness -- like eyes! --
Stare from out the corpses coffers
Ruddy, princely rubies.

11. RED MASS

For fearsome communion,
Amid blinding glint of gold,
Amid flickering of candlelight,
To the altar comes - Pierrot!
The hand, to God once dedicated,
Rends the priestly robes
For fearsome communion,
Amid blinding glint of gold.
With benedictive gesture
He shows the anxious souls
The dripping scarlet Host:
His heart -- in bloody fingers --
For fearsome communion!

12. GALGENLIED

Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse
Wird seine letzte
Geliebte sein.
In seinem Hirne
Steckt wie ein Nagel
Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse.
Schlank wie die Pinie,
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen --
Wollüstig wird sie
Den Schelm Umhalsen,
Die dürre Dirne!

13. ENTHAUPUNG

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,
Gespenstisch groß -- dräut er hinab
Durch schmerzendsunkle Nacht.
Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher
Und starrt empor in Todesängsten
Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.
Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.
Er wähnt: es sause strafend schon
Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder
Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

14. DIE KREUZE

Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!
In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!
Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.
Tot das Haupt -- erstarrt die Locken --
Fern verweht der Lärm des Pöbels.
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,
Eine rote Königskrone. --
Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse!

15. HEIMWEH

Lieblich klagend -- ein krystallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,
Klingts herüber: wie Pierrot so hölzern,
So modern sentimental geworden.
Und es tönt durch seines Herzens Wüste,
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,
Lieblich klagend -- ein krystallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.
Da vergißt Pierrot die Trauermienen!
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten -- schweift die Sehnsucht.
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des Mondes,
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel,
Lieblich klagend -- ein krystallnes Seufzen!

12. GALLOWS SONG

The haggard hussy
With the slender neck
Shall be his final
Mistress.
In his brain
Sticks like a nail
The haggard hussy
With the slender neck.
Slim as a pine tree,
A little braid at her neck -
Voluptuously will she
Embrace the wretch,
The haggard hussy!

13. BEHEADING

The moon, a shiny scimitar
Upon a black silk pillow,
Ghostly huge -- it threatens down
Through anguish-darkened night.
Pierrot wanders restlessly about
And stares aloft in mortal fears
Toward the moon, the shiny scimitar
Upon a black silk pillow.
His knees shake under him,
Fainting he collapses of a sudden.
He fancies that swiftly bringing retribution
Upon his sinner's neck, sweeps down
The moon, the shining scimitar.

14. THE CROSSES

Holy crosses are the verses,
On which in silence poets bleed to death,
Blind-struck by the vultures'
Fluttering phantom swarm!
In the bodies swords were reveling,
Resplendent in the scarlet of the blood!
Holy crosses are the verses,
On which in silence poets bleed to death.
Dead the head -- stiff the locks --
Far dispersed the noises of the crowd.
Slowly downward sinks the sun
A scarlet royal crown. --
Holy crosses are the verses!

15. HOMESICKNESS

Gently plaintive -- a crystalline sighing
From Italy's ancient pantomime,
It echoes: how Pierrot so wooden,
So modern and sentimental has become.
And there rings through the desert of his heart,
Echoing muted through all senses,
Gently plaintive -- a crystalline sighing
From Italy's ancient pantomime.
Then Pierrot forgets the mournful mien!
Through the flooding sea of light -- yearning courses.
Through the moon's pale incandescent glow,
Audaciously upward, aloft to the heavenly homeland,
Gently plaintive -- a crystalline sighing!

16. GEMEINHEIT

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schreien die Luft durchzertert,
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,
Zärtlich -- einen Schädelbohrer!
Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen
Seinen echten türkschen Taback
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert!
Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel
Hinten in die glatte Glatze
Und behäbig schmaucht und pafft er
Seinen echten türkschen Taback
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

17. PARODIE

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar,
Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd,
Im roten Röckchen da.
Sie wartet in der Laube,
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,
Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar.
Da plötzlich -- horch! -- ein Wispern!
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,
Äfft nach mit seinen Strahlen --
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

18. DER MONDFLECK

Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes,
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.
Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem Anzug,
Er beschaut sich rings und findet richtig --
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes.
Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!
Wischt und wischt, doch -- bringt ihn nicht herunter!
Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen --
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

19. SERENADE

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.
Plötzlich naht Cassander -- wütend
Ob des nächtgen Virtuosen --
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.
Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:
Mit der delikaten Linken
Faßt den Kahlkopf er am Kragen --
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

16. NASTINESS

Into Cassander's shiny pate,
His screams rending the air,
Pierrot drills, with hypocritical mien,
Tenderly - a skull drill!
Thereupon, with his thumb, he plugs
His genuine Turkish tobacco
Into Cassander's shiny pate,
His screams rending the air!
Then he turns a cherry-wood tube
Into the back of the smooth baldness
And, at ease, he smokes and puffs
His genuine Turkish tobacco
From Cassander's shiny pate!

17. PARODY

Knitting needles, blanc and blinking,
In her graying hair,
The duenna sits murmuring,
In her little scarlet frock.
She waits in the arbor,
She loves Pierrot painfully,
Knitting needles, blanc and blinking,
In her graying hair.
Then suddenly -- hark! -- a whisper!
A breath of wind giggles softly:
The moon, that evil mocker,
Apes with its light-beams --
Knitting needles, blanc and blinking

18. THE MOONSPOT

A white spot from the bright moon
Upon the back of his black jacket,
Thus does Pierrot promenade in the mellow evening,
In search of fortune and adventure.
Suddenly he's disturbed by something in his dress,
He looks himself all over and finds indeed --
A white spot from the bright moon
Upon the back of his black jacket.
Wait! Thinks he: That's a plaster spot!
Wipes and wipes, yet -- cannot get it off!
And so he continues, venom swollen, on his way,
Rubs and rubs till early morning --
A white spot from the bright moon.

19. SERENADE

With grotesque, gigantic bow
Pierrot scratches on his viola,
Like a stork on one leg only,
He bleakly plucks a pizzicato.
Suddenly Cassander nears -- furious
At the nocturnal virtuoso --
With grotesque, gigantic bow
Pierrot scratches on his viola.
Then away he throws the viola:
With his delicate left hand
He grabs the baldhead by the collar --
Dreaming he plays upon the baldness
With grotesque, gigantic bow.

20. HEIMFAHRT

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot:
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen Süden
Mit gutem Reisewind.
Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot.
Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,
Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück,
Schwach dämmert schon im Osten
Der grüne Horizont --
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

21. O ALTER DUFT

O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne!
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.
Ein glücklich Wünschen macht mich froh
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet.
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder mich!
All meinen Unmut gab ich preis;
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster
Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten . . .
O alter Duft -- aus Märchenzeit!

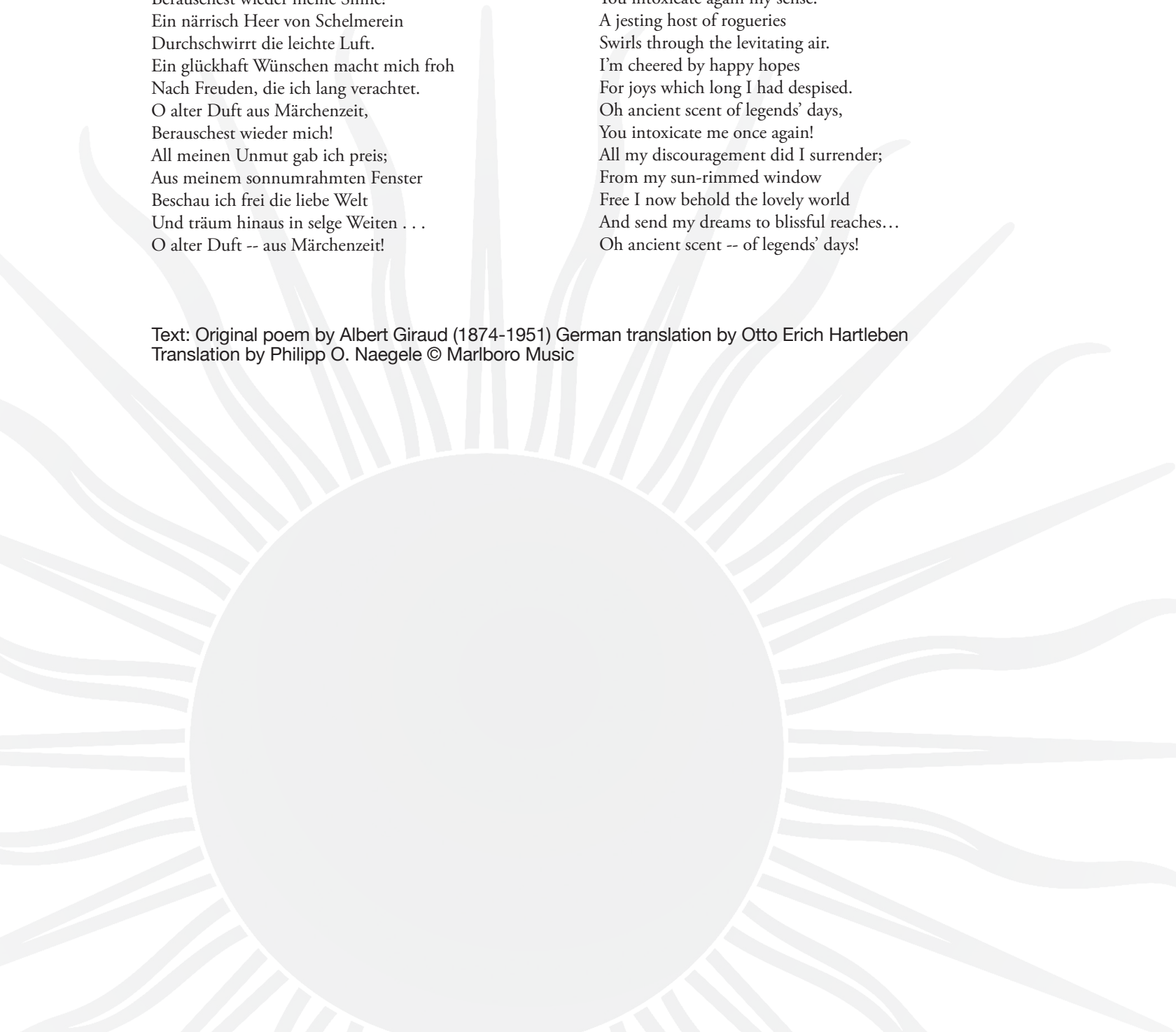
20. HOMEWARD JOURNEY

The moon beam is the oar,
Water lily serves as boat:
On it Pierrot journeys southward
With goodly traveling breeze.
The current hums low-pitched scales
And rocks the fragile skiff.
The moonbeam is the oar,
Water lily serves as boat.
To Bergamo, towards home,
Pierrot is now returning,
Faintly dawns now in the east
The green horizon --
The moonbeam is the oar.

21. OH ANCIENT SCENT

Oh ancient scent of legends' days,
You intoxicate again my sense!
A jesting host of rogueries
Swirls through the levitating air.
I'm cheered by happy hopes
For joys which long I had despised.
Oh ancient scent of legends' days,
You intoxicate me once again!
All my discouragement did I surrender;
From my sun-rimmed window
Free I now behold the lovely world
And send my dreams to blissful reaches...
Oh ancient scent -- of legends' days!

Text: Original poem by Albert Giraud (1874-1951) German translation by Otto Erich Hartleben
Translation by Philipp O. Naegele © Marlboro Music



MAURYCZ BANASZEK

was born in Warsaw, Poland. He has performed at the Marlboro, Seattle, Santa Fe, Aldeburgh, Moritzburg, Mozart, Kingston, Martha's Vineyard and Warsaw Autumn festivals. He regularly tours with Musicians from Marlboro and appears at the Bargemusic in New York. As a founding member of the Elsner String Quartet he has played in such prestigious venues as the Carnegie Hall, Wigmore Hall in London and Gewandhaus in Leipzig. In August 1998 he was invited by the members of the legendary Amadeus String Quartet to perform at the Amadeus Quartet 50th Anniversary Gala Concert in London. He was recently invited to be the soloist with the National Symphony Orchestra of Mexico, the New Jersey Lyric Orchestra at their Carnegie Hall debut performance and with the Metamorphosen Chamber Orchestra in Jordan Hall, Boston. He was also chosen by Gidon Kremer to participate in Chamber Music Connects the World Festival in Kronberg, Germany where he performed with the Guarneri String Quartet. He is a graduate of the Manhattan School of Music in New York where he studied with Michael Tree. He is Principal Violist of the New York Symphonic Ensemble, held a position of Principal Viola at the Metamorphosen Chamber Orchestra and is a member of Sejong Soloists and the Metropolis Ensemble. He is also a founding member of ECCO - the new conductor-less chamber orchestra. In 2011 he joined the Concert Artist Faculty at Kean University. He plays a viola made by Hiroshi Iizuka in Philadelphia in 1997.



Iowa native **MEAGAN BRUS** is quickly establishing herself as a unique and versatile soprano to watch. Her rising career includes many operatic roles and concerts, both in the US and abroad. Highlights from her 2011/2012 season include Pamina in Opera Theatre of Weston's production of *Die Zauberflöte*, creating the role of Ophelia in the world premiere of Carson Kievman's opera *Hamlet* at the SoBe Arts Institute as well as premiering the song cycle *Songs of Love and Remembrance* by Jeremy Beck, and singing Soprano I in Boccherini's *Stabat Mater* with Bourbon Baroque in Louisville, Kentucky. Other performances include a 30-city tour of the US



as the vocal soloist with the group Ten O'Clock Classics, Oberto in Handel's *Alcina* and Soprano soloist singing Handel's *Neun Deutsche Arien* with Bourbon Baroque, Gianetta and Barbarina in the Green Mountain Opera Festival's productions of Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* and Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, as well as Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte*, both in New York City. Comfortable both on the operatic stage

and in concert, Ms. Brus has been the soprano soloist in Vivaldi's *Gloria*, Haydn's *Harmoniemesse*, Bach's *Magnificat* and *Jesu, Meine Freude*, Handel's *Laudate Pueri Dominum* and *Dixit Dominus*, and Alessandro Scarlatti's opera, *Venere, Amore e Ragione* in Montreal. Ms. Brus has given recitals in numerous places including Fukushima and Nihonmatsu, Japan; Düsseldorf, and New York City. She resides in New York City and holds degrees from both the Manhattan School of Music and the Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

With a diverse spectrum of repertoire and eclectic musical interests, cellist **JAY CAMPBELL** has collaborated with an array of musicians and composers ranging from Elliott Carter to members of Radiohead. He is currently a member of the Argento Chamber Ensemble in New York and has appeared with leading contemporary music ensembles in the United States such as ICE (International Contemporary Ensemble), and the Da Capo Chamber Players. As a soloist, Campbell has appeared in venues such as Carnegie Hall's Stern Auditorium, Alice Tully Hall, Kultur und Kongresszentrum Luzern (KKL), the Aspen Festival's Benedict Music Tent, with distinguished conductors such as Pierre Boulez and Jeffrey Milarsky, and with ensembles including The Juilliard Orchestra, Lucerne Festival Academy and others. Still an undergraduate at the Juilliard School, Campbell was recently invited to the Marlboro Music Festival and studies privately with Fred Sherry.



EMI FERGUSON is the 1st Prize winner of the Mid-Atlantic Flute Competition, the New York Flute Club Young Artist Competition, the Juilliard Concerto Competition, and the J.C. Arriaga Chamber Music Competition. She was a featured performer alongside Yo-Yo Ma, Paul Simon and James Taylor for the 10th Anniversary Memorial Ceremony of 9/11 at Ground Zero where she was televised internationally playing *Amazing Grace*. She spends her summers playing chamber music at the Marlboro Music Festival, and has spent past summers at the Lucerne Festival in Switzerland and the International Baroque Institute at Longy in Boston. She received her Bachelor's degree and two Master of Music Degrees, one in Historical Performance and one in Flute Performance from The Juilliard School as a Paul and Daisy Soros Fellow. Her principal teachers have been Carol Wincenc, Sandra Miller, Robert Langevin, and Judy Grant.



LYNDA HAKKEN,

Cornell College Organist and Instructor of Music, teaches Fundamentals of Music, Music Theory, studio organ and piano. She is an active solo performer and accompanist, having performed throughout the Midwest. Her recent doctoral research on keyboard harmony resulted in a beginning method for which she is seeking a publisher. She holds a DMA in organ performance and pedagogy; M.A in organ performance, University of Iowa; B.M. in organ performance, Hope College (Mich.).



A pianist that “defies human description” for some (Harry Rolnick, Concerto Net) and recalls “a young Peter Serkin” for others (Anthony Tommasini, New York Times),



CONOR HANICK has performed throughout the United States, Europe and Asia and collaborated with some of the world’s leading conductors, including Pierre Boulez, David Robertson and James Levine. A vehement proponent of contemporary music, he has worked with composers as diverse as Mario Davidovsky and David Lang and premiered dozens of works at venues ranging from Carnegie Hall to (le) Poisson Rouge. Currently a doctoral candidate at the Juilliard School

studying with Yoheved Kaplinsky and Matti Raekallio, he resides in New York City.

EMMET HANICK, double bass, just completed his second year as a New World Symphony fellow in Miami, Florida. Earning a B.M. from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music studying under Albert Laszlo and an M.M. from Indiana University studying under Bruce Bransby, Mr. Hanick has performed in orchestras across the world. He has appeared in the Pacific Music Festival in Sapporo, Japan, the National Repertory Orchestra in Breckenridge, the Aspen Music Festival, and the



Opera Theater and Music Festival of Lucca, Italy. He has also performed with the Evansville Philharmonic, Owensboro Symphony Orchestra, and the Columbus Indiana Philharmonic. A recent highlight of Mr. Hanick’s career includes the first public performance in the Sun Trust Pavilion in the Frank Gehry-designed New World Center in Miami where he played a world premier double bass septet arrangement of Richard Strauss’ *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. Mr. Hanick plays an instrument made by Jim Reck in 2005.

ANDREW JANSS has worked

as a cellist in New York for most of a decade. In his time in the boiler room, he has had the opportunity to play with some of the greatest musicians across many genres, including classical music legends Leon Fleisher, Richard Goode, Itzhak Perlman; jazz gurus Kurt Elling and Lawrence Hobgood; and pop icons Mary J. Blige, Eryka Badu, Questlove, and Florence and the Machine.

In 2005, while doing his undergrad at Manhattan School of Music, he founded the Escher String Quartet, which has gone on to tour America, Japan, China, Australia, and the UK. The ESQ was invited to be the CMS2 resident string quartet at the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center from 2007-10.

Since moving on from the ESQ in spring 2010, he has kept busy touring with the Mark Morris Dance Group, and running the Omega Ensemble, a concert series that features incredible musicians in the beginning stages of major careers. He has spent the last two summers at the Marlboro Music Festival, and in March 2012 he began performing periodically as Guest Principal Cellist of the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra.

Andrew began studying cello with Andrew Cook in Los Angeles, and has a BM and an AD from the Manhattan School of Music, where he worked with David Geber, Clive Greensmith, and David Soyer.





“Pianist (**RÉNE**) **LECUONA**’s playing was remarkable, and her dialoguing and interplay with the string players was exceptional (Chantal Incandela: *Nuvo*, Indianapolis Arts).” Dr. Lecuona has performed throughout South America, Mexico, the US and in Italy. She is active as a soloist and as a chamber musician and recently performed the Grieg

Piano Concerto with William LaRue Jones conducting the UI Symphony Orchestra, and Mozart’s Two-Piano Concerto in E-flat with pianist Eugene Gaub and the Grinnell College Orchestra under the baton of Eric McIntyre. She may be heard on Centaur, Innova, Capstone, *Cybele*, Albany, *Fleur de Son*, and the CRI recording labels. She was an Artistic Ambassador for the US State Department in 1994.

Dr. Lecuona is a professor of piano at the University of Iowa. Her students have won numerous competitions such as the Starr Young Artist Competition, the MTNA State Competition, and the Toradze Piano Institute Fellowship, and her former students hold teaching posts in Columbia and Brazil as well as in the US. Lecuona regularly adjudicates piano competitions, most recently the 2012 Naftzger Young Artists Competition in Wichita, Kansas.

Réne Lecuona was awarded a performer’s certificate and a doctoral degree at the Eastman School of Music. She received undergraduate and master’s degrees at the Indiana University School of Music. Her major teachers have included Menahem Pressler, the late György Sebök, Edward Auer, Shigeo Neriki and Rebecca Penneys.

Praised by critics for her “astounding virtuosic gifts” (Boston Herald) and “stunning and rich-toned” sound (The New York Times), **TRICIA PARK**, violin, is a recipient of the prestigious Avery Fisher Career Grant and was selected as one of “Korea’s World Leaders of Tomorrow” by the Korean Daily Central newspaper. Since appearing in her first orchestral engagement at age 13 with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Ms



Park has performed with the English Chamber Orchestra, St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestra, and National Symphony Orchestra of South Africa; the Montreal, Dallas, Cincinnati, Seattle, Honolulu, Nevada, and Lincoln Symphonies; and the Calgary, Buffalo, Westchester and Naples Philharmonics. She has also given recitals throughout the US and abroad, including a highly acclaimed performance at the Ravinia Rising Stars series. As First Violinist of the Maia Quartet

from 2005-2011, she performed at Lincoln Center, the 92nd Street Y and Beijing’s Forbidden City Hall and was on faculty at the University of Iowa.

Ms Park received her Bachelor and Master of Music from The Juilliard School where she studied with Dorothy DeLay and was a recipient of the Starling-DeLay Teaching Fellowship. She has studied and performed chamber music with Felix Galimir, Pinchas Zukerman, Cho-Liang Lin, Michael Tree, Gary Hoffman, Paul Neubauer, Robert McDonald, and members of the American, Guarneri, Juilliard, Orion and Tokyo String Quartets as well as with the new music group, Eighth Blackbird. Other former teachers include Cho-Liang Lin, Donald Weilerstein, Hyo Kang and Piotr Milewski.

Currently, Ms Park is Assistant Professional Specialist and Artist-in-Residence at the University of Notre Dame.

At home as a soloist, chamber musician, and concertmaster, violinist **ROBIN SCOTT** enjoys a burgeoning and vibrant career.

He has competed internationally, winning 1st prizes in the California International Young Artists Competition and the WAMSO Young Artist Competition, and 2nd Prizes in the Yehudi Menuhin International Violin Competition, the Irving M Klein International String Competition, and the Stulberg International String Competition. He has soloed with the Minnesota Orchestra, Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, the Orchestre National de Lille (France), the Montgomery Symphony Orchestra, the Springfield (OH) Symphony Orchestra, and others. He has given numerous recitals and performances throughout the US and France, in such venues as Weill Hall and the Schubert Club in St. Paul.



As a chamber musician, he has performed at the Kennedy Center, the Library of Congress, and Jordan Hall in Boston; he has attended the Marlboro Music Festival, the Ravinia Festival’s Steans Institute for Young Artists, the Yellow Barn Festival, the Kneisel Hall Festival, the Maine Chamber Music Festival and others.

This year marks his first of two years as concertmaster of the Montgomery Symphony Orchestra, at which he is an Artist-in-Residence. He also serves as concertmaster of the New York Classical Players.

Scott’s principal teachers include Donald Weilerstein, Kim Kashkashian, Miriam Fried, and Mimi Zweig.

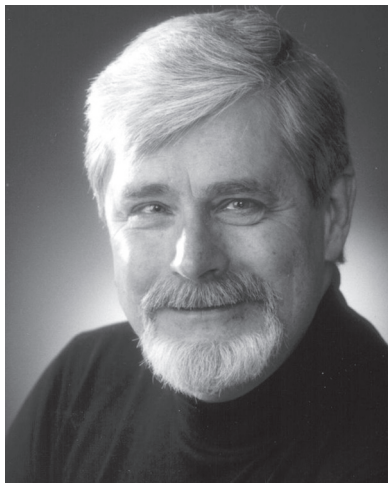
He plays on a Jean-Baptiste Vuillaume violin generously lent to him by Marlboro, whither he will return in the summer of 2012.

JAMES T. SHIELDS, an active chamber and orchestral musician, is currently the principal clarinetist of both the Canadian Opera Company in Toronto and the New Mexico Philharmonic in Albuquerque. He is a graduate of The Juilliard School (B.M. 2006, Clarinet Performance), where he studied with Ricardo Morales, the principal clarinetist of the New York Philharmonic. He has appeared as soloist with the New Mexico

Symphony Orchestra, World Youth Symphony Orchestra, Texas Wind Symphony, and the Chatter Chamber Ensemble, and has performed as principal clarinet with the Malaysian Philharmonic Orchestra, Aspen Music Festival, the Astoria Music Festival (Astoria, OR), and Santa Fe Pro Musica. James is co-artistic director of Chatter, a New Mexico-based chamber music organization that presents up to 65 concerts annually. In the summer, 2010 he received a masters degree in Composition from the University of New Mexico, and has had his works performed at The Juilliard School and by the Chatter Chamber Ensemble.



STEPHEN SWANSON is a concert and opera singer, a teacher of singing, and opera stage director. He earned degrees from North Park College and Northwestern University and served a two-year AGMA apprenticeship with the Wolf Trap Company. After an internship at the International Opera Studio of the Zurich Opera, he sang in European opera houses for nineteen years. In 2012 he added his 100th opera/opera/musical role to his repertoire. Since 1994, he has been Professor of Voice at The University of Iowa.



An extremely versatile performer, Swanson sings works from the Baroque to the avant-garde as well as standard baritone concert repertoire such as Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and his signature piece, Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*. Swanson and composer/pianist David Gompper have toured extensively with their recitals *Was my brother in the battle?* *Songs of War* (Albany Records, TROY1056) and *Animal Songs:*

Bestiaries in English, French, and German (Albany Records, publ. Summer 2012). Swanson's recording of the title role in Victor Ullmann's *Der Kaiser von Atlantis* (MK00222631) is available from Studio Matouš in the Czech Republic.

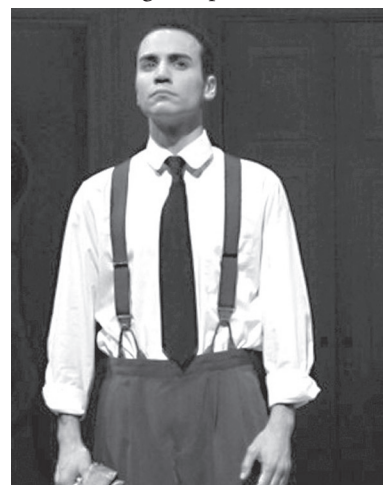
JASON WEINBERGER is artistic director and CEO of the Waterloo-Cedar Falls Symphony Orchestra. Over his nine seasons with the WCFSO he has helped distinguish the orchestra with exceptionally committed performances, incisive and engaging programming, and extensive community engagement. From 2007-2011 he also served as resident conductor of the Louisville Orchestra, and previously worked as a cover conductor with the National Symphony Orchestra. While in the mid-Atlantic region from 1998-2002 Jason directed the orchestra

program at the Baltimore School for the Arts, where he founded an adventurous chamber orchestra and conceived and led a number of new initiatives for teaching and presenting music to urban youth.

He is a native of Los Angeles and began his musical training there on both piano and clarinet, pursuing studies on the latter instrument with Yehuda Gilad at the Colburn School for the Performing Arts. Beginning in 1992 he attended Yale University, first receiving a bachelor degree with academic distinction in intellectual history and then completing a masters degree in clarinet performance under the tutelage of David Shifrin. After leaving Yale he attended the Peabody Conservatory as a masters student of Gustav Meier.



MARTIN ANDREWS is a co-founder of Working Group Theatre and serves as its Producing Director. For Working Group, he initiated and administrated the following grants and projects: ICPL Grant (*Burn Before Reading*) The Catalyst Grant with the University of Iowa Center for Human Rights (*Make it Better, Iowa*), The Iowa Arts Council Mini-Grant (*Under Construction Solo Festival*). He has overseen the production of four new plays (*Drinks by the Pool*; *Odysseus, Iowa*; *Denali*; *Atlas of Mud*), created two original shows (*Was the Word* and *Bingo Bedlam*), and served as Festival Director for the *Under Construction Solo Festival* and Co-Director of *Telling: Iowa City*. As an actor, he has originated roles in over five productions with Working Group. In addition, he has continued to work in established plays, most recently as George in *All My Sons* (Riverside Theatre) and Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Riverside Theatre Shakespeare Festival). He is a certified Teacher of Fitzmaurice Voicework and served as Co-Director of the First International Fitzmaurice Voicework Conference in Barcelona, Spain. He has worked extensively as a voiceover artist, and founded his own voiceover company in January 2010, Canopy Creative Productions, where he directs voice actors and oversees audio editing and production. As an educator, he has taught at



the K-12 and college levels for the last 10 years. He has served as an instructor at the Belin Blank Honors Center (University of Iowa) and Adjunct Professor at Cornell College and Coe College. Martin earned his MFA in Acting from the University of Iowa, an M.Ed from Wright State University in Dayton, OH, and a BA in History and Latin from The Ohio State University.



From left to right: C. Essenberger, clarinet; Jakob Malinjak, violin; Arnold Schoenberg; Albertine Zehme, *sprechstimme*; Edward Steuermann, piano; Hans Kindler, cello; Hans W. de Vries, flute.

The photo was taken after the world premiere of *Pierrot Lunaire* on October 16, 1912 in Berlin



The original poster advertising the world premiere of *Pierrot Lunaire*