

Monday–Thursday, June 11–14, 2012  
Hertz Hall & Faculty Glade

## *Ojai North!*

Leif Ove Andsnes *Music Director, 2012 Ojai Music Festival*  
Thomas W. Morris *Artistic Director, Ojai Music Festival*  
Matías Tarnopolsky *Director, Cal Performances*

### FESTIVAL CALENDAR

Monday, June 11, 5pm	Steven Schick directs John Luther Adams's <i>Inuksuit</i>
Tuesday, June 12, 7pm	Leif Ove Andsnes, Christianne Stotijn, Marc-André Hamelin and members of the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra (NCO) perform Shostakovich, Schnittke and Stravinsky
9:30pm	Andsnes, the NCO and Teodor Janson perform Janáček
Wednesday, June 13, 7pm	Reinbert de Leeuw, Lucy Shelton and the NCO perform De Leeuw and Janáček
9:30pm	Hamelin performs Ives
Thursday June 14, 7pm	Andsnes, Stotijn, Hamelin and the NCO perform Hallgrímsson, Sørensen, Berg and Beethoven
9:30pm	Andsnes, Stotijn, Hamelin and the NCO perform Kurtág, Debussy, Bolcom and Grieg

*Ojai North! is a co-production of the Ojai Music Festival and Cal Performances.*

*Ojai North! is made possible, in part, by Patron Sponsors Liz and Greg Lutz.*

*Cal Performances' 2011–2012 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.*

**Leif Ove Andsnes**  
**Music Director**

*The New York Times* has called Leif Ove Andsnes “a pianist of magisterial elegance, power and insight.” With his commanding technique and searching interpretations, the celebrated Norwegian pianist has won worldwide acclaim, prompting *The Wall Street Journal* to call him “one of the most gifted musicians of his generation.” He gives recitals and plays concertos each season in the world’s leading concert halls and with the foremost orchestras. Mr. Andsnes is also an active recording artist, as well as an avid chamber musician who has joined select colleagues each summer at Norway’s Risør Festival of Chamber Music.

Beethoven featured prominently in Mr. Andsnes’s 2011–2012 season and beyond in concerto performances, recitals and recordings. Together with the BBC Symphony and Jiří Bělohlávek, he performed the Third Concerto in London and on tour in Spain. Soon after, he performed the First Concerto with the Vienna Symphony and Andris Nelsons, including concerts in Vienna’s Musikverein. Mr. Andsnes played the same two concertos with the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra in Gothenburg and Oslo. His North American tour included appearances with the Pittsburgh Symphony and Manfred Honeck, the Montreal Symphony with Roger Norrington, the Boston Symphony under David Zinman, and the Philadelphia Orchestra with Herbert Blomstedt. Mr. Andsnes also toured with the Mahler Chamber Orchestra in Italy, as well as Dresden, Prague and Bergen. The Prague concerts were recorded by Sony Classical and marked the beginning of a multi-year project, *Beethoven—A Journey*, to play and record all five of Beethoven’s piano concertos.

Among the many highlights of Mr. Andsnes’s 2010–2011 season were two residencies: As Pianist in Residence with the Berlin Philharmonic, he performed five diverse programs, including chamber music, Brahms’s Piano Concerto No. 2 with conductor Bernard Haitink, and a solo recital. He also served as Artist in Residence with his hometown



Elis Broede

orchestra, the Bergen Philharmonic. He toured Europe with the London Philharmonic and Vladimir Jurowski and with Mariss Jansons and the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, and performed concertos with the Chicago Symphony and Orchestre de Paris. An extensive spring recital tour took Mr. Andsnes to Chicago’s Orchestra Hall; the Krannert Center in Urbana, Illinois; and New York’s Carnegie Hall, followed by concerts in Rome, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Madrid, Vienna, Hamburg, Geneva and other cities.

Mr. Andsnes now records exclusively for Sony Classical. His previous discography comprises more than 30 discs for EMI Classics—solo, chamber and concerto releases, many of them bestsellers—spanning repertoire from Bach to the present day. He has been nominated for seven Grammy Awards and has received many international prizes, including five Gramophone Awards. His recordings of the music of his countryman Edvard Grieg have been especially celebrated: *The New York Times* named Mr. Andsnes’s 2004 recording of the Piano Concerto with Mariss Jansons and the Berlin Philharmonic a “Best CD of the Year.” A series of recordings of Schubert’s late sonatas—innovatively paired with selected songs sung

by Ian Bostridge—prompted lavish acclaim. Reviewing his CD with the world-premiere recordings of Marc-André Dalbavie’s Piano Concerto and Bent Sørensen’s *The Shadows of Silence*—both written for Mr. Andsnes—paired with Lutosławski’s Piano Concerto and solo works by György Kurtág, the *Times* called Andsnes “a dynamic performer of contemporary music.”

Mr. Andsnes has received Norway’s most distinguished honor: Commander of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olav. In 2007, he received the prestigious Peer Gynt Prize, awarded by members of parliament to honor prominent Norwegians for their achievements in politics, sports and culture. Mr. Andsnes has also received the Royal Philharmonic Society’s Instrumentalist Award and the Gilmore Artist Award. Saluting his many achievements, *Vanity Fair* named Mr. Andsnes one of the “Best of the Best” in 2005.

Leif Ove Andsnes was born in Karmøy, Norway, and studied at the Bergen Music Conservatory under renowned Czech professor Jiří Hlinka. Over the past decade, he has also received invaluable advice from the Belgian piano teacher Jacques de Tiège, who like Hlinka has greatly influenced his style and philosophy of playing. Mr. Andsnes cites Dinu Lipatti, Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, Sviatoslav Richter and Géza Anda among the pianists who have most inspired him. He currently lives in Copenhagen and Bergen. He is a professor at the Norwegian Academy of Music in Oslo, a visiting professor at the Royal Music Conservatory of Copenhagen, and a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music. Mr. Andsnes occasionally contributes written commentaries to NPR’s “Deceptive Cadence” blog, and in June 2010 he achieved one of his proudest accomplishments to date: He became a father for the first time.

Monday, June 11, 2012, 5pm  
Faculty Glade

## *Inuksuit*

### PROGRAM

John Luther Adams (b. 1953) *Inuksuit* (2009)  
(*Bay Area Premiere*)

Steven Schick, *director*

#### *Percussionists*

Victor Avdienko  
Mike Crain  
Raymond Froehlich  
Christopher Froh  
Susan Jette  
Jim Kassis  
Luanne Katz  
Daniel Kennedy  
Loren Mach  
Stan Muncy  
Patti Niemi  
Jonathan Raman  
Brian Rice  
Kevin Sakamoto  
Steven Schick  
Megan Shieh  
Artie Storch

#### *William Winant Percussion Group*

Nava Dunkelman  
Lydia Martín  
William Winant  
Anna Wray

### This Space, Our Place

THE WHOLE WORLD IS MUSIC, and all we have to do is tune in.” This is a good starting point for approaching the works of John Luther Adams, because he captures here the partnership between listening and environment that lies at the core of his creative being. The landscape that has inspired much of his music is the Arctic expanse that stretches out from his home in Alaska across a continent, a region of extremes of hot and cold, light and dark. In such a place human presence can dwindle to insignificance and this has served to heighten Adams’s awareness of the way our senses can probe the limits of the self.

*Inuksuit* is the word for the stone markers that serve to guide the Inuit peoples on their journeys across this vast, featureless tundra; for Adams these markers are “symbols of human vulnerability and impermanence.” But the title also says something about our interaction with the world at large for in the Inuit language *Inuksuit* also means “to act in the capacity of the human.” “This work,” Adams has written, “is haunted by the vision of the melting of the polar ice, the rising of the seas, and what may remain of humanity’s presence after the waters recede. How does where we are define what we do and who we are? How do we understand the brevity of our human presence in the immensity of geologic time? What does it mean to act creatively with and within our environment?”

For Adams the composer, such thoughts define an aural landscape, and these sounds might well have become a concert work unfolding within a concert hall. *Inuksuit*, however, is written for outdoor performance: It is a “site determined” work in which the “hall” itself unfolds the work and becomes a vital component of the musical experience. The work is scored for percussion not only because such instruments carry well in an outdoor setting and can evoke sounds of the natural world, but also, as percussionist Steven Schick has observed, because “percussion has always had this role of representing something bigger than humankind—states of mind that are emotionally charged...” The scoring is flexible, from nine to 99 percussionists, and the musicians are widely dispersed, each one a soloist in an ensemble of soloists. Listeners are free to move about and experience the music from any chosen place or indeed from multiple vantage points, “following wherever your ears may lead you, discovering musical moments and spaces that no other listener may ever hear.” Schick has described how *Inuksuit* forces audiences into a multidimensional listening experience “so when there are moments of silence, then you hear the wind or you’ll hear birds or ground squirrels in a way that you never really did before,” to which Adams adds, “so we listen to the world and the world listens back.” Adams once posed the question: “Can we listen more deeply and hear more widely the field of sound all around us?” *Inuksuit* asks us to do just that.

*Christopher Hailey*

Tuesday, June 12, 2012, 7pm  
Hertz Hall

Leif Ove Andsnes, *piano*  
Christianne Stotijn, *mezzo-soprano*  
Marc-André Hamelin, *piano*  
Members of the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra

PROGRAM

Dmitri Shostakovich (1906–1975) Six Poems of Marina Tsvetaeva, Op. 143 (1973)

Moji stikhi  
Otkuda takaja nezhnost?  
Dialog Gamleta s sovest 'ju  
Po 'et I Car  
Net, byl baraban  
Anne Akhmatovoj

Christianne Stotijn, *mezzo-soprano*  
Leif Ove Andsnes, *piano*

Alfred Schnittke (1934–1998) Piano Quintet (1976)

Moderato  
In Tempo di Valse  
Andante  
Lento  
Moderato pastorale

Leif Ove Andsnes, *piano*  
Members of the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra: Øyvind Bjorå, *violin*;  
Maria Angelika Carlsen, *violin*; Ida Bryhn, *viola*; Audun Sandvik, *cello*

INTERMISSION

Igor Stravinsky (1882–1971) Le sacre du printemps (1913)  
(*version for two pianos*)

Leif Ove Andsnes, *piano*  
Marc-André Hamelin, *piano*

**I**N HIS EARLY YEARS, Dmitri Shostakovich forged a path of radical modernism, but all that came to an abrupt halt in 1936 when he ran afoul of Stalinist strictures against musical formalism. For the rest of his life the composer negotiated the narrow line between party orthodoxy and an expressive independence that was often hidden behind a mask of irony. By the end of his life, during a period of relative liberalization, such stratagems were no longer necessary and his last works are searing in their intense candor.

Among the finest of these later works are the six songs on texts by Marina Tsvetaeva (1892–1941), one of the great Russian poets of the 20th century. Tsvetaeva's lyric voice was both rebellious and intensely passionate, but like so many creative artists under Soviet rule, her life was marked by disruption and loss, including 17 years in exile in Berlin, Prague and Paris. She returned to the Soviet Union in 1939 but found little resonance for her work; after both her husband and her daughter were arrested for spying, she committed suicide. The six poems Shostakovich selected range from the deeply personal to the broadly lyric, including Tsvetaeva's moving tribute to a much-admired fellow poet, Anna Akhmatova. Shostakovich's settings, which take their starting point from the musicality of Tsvetaeva's poetic language, are remarkable for their transparent simplicity in which the vocal line is often accompanied by little more than a single thread.

As a teenager Alfred Schnittke lived and studied in Vienna and grew to love the works of Mahler, which had a continuing influence on his music, as we heard in his trio sonata, performed last year in Ojai. Schnittke's Piano Quintet was written after the death of his mother and was intended as a piece "of simple yet earnest character in her memory." Its five movements, played without a break, are largely slow and subdued and make use of a number of expressive effects, including clusters, quarter tones, glissandi, pedal and key noise. The first movement begins with a long keyboard introduction after

which the clustered strings arc toward a climax over an insistently repeated pedal point in the piano. The enigmatic waltz that follows makes use of canonic entries of the B–A–C–H motive (B-flat, A, C, B natural). Two deeply felt slow movements, an *Andante* rich in quarter-tone sonorities and a *Lento* that moves inexorably from pianissimo to fortissimo bring the work to its emotional climax. The final movement is a gentle passacaglia consisting of 14 repetitions of a 14-bar horn motive in the quiet upper register of the piano.

For Stravinsky, the piano was more than a compositional tool; it was a source of his inspiration. He loved the instrument's clarity and percussive power and relished the physical act of composing at the keyboard. During the yearlong gestation of *The Rite of Spring*, he often played portions of the work for friends and colleagues, including Pierre Monteux, who would give the ballet its premiere:

Stravinsky sat down to play a piano reduction of the entire score. Before he got very far, I was convinced he was raving mad. Heard this way, without the color of the orchestra which is one of its greatest distinctions, the crudity of the rhythm was emphasized, its stark primitiveness underlined. The very walls resounded as Stravinsky pounded away, occasionally stamping his feet and jumping up and down, to accentuate the force of the music.

Debussy, who heard a similar read-through in Paris a short time later, recalled, "It haunts me like a beautiful nightmare, and I try in vain to retrieve the terrifying impression it made." One can well imagine the scene in which Stravinsky, hammering at the final chords of the sacrificial dance, was interrupted by Diaghilev who asked: "Will it last a very long time this way?" To which the composer replied: "Till the end, my dear!"

Stravinsky's own four-hand piano arrangement of *Le sacre du printemps* was published in 1913. Tonight's performance transfers this

arrangement to two pianos so that many orchestral lines and details that Stravinsky was forced to omit can be reincorporated and given greater resonance through the power of two instruments. Leif Ove Andsnes has remarked that this two-piano version is like an X-ray of the work that throws its skeletal structure into sharp relief. But Andsnes also points out that this version emphasizes the work's mechanical quality, a kind of "machine aesthetic" that Stravinsky would explore a decade later when he scored his *Les Noces* for four pianos to create a sound that was "perfectly homogenous, perfectly impersonal, and perfectly mechanical." With this arrangement we hear *The Rite of Spring* through the instrument that was the midwife of its creation and the inspiration for much that was yet to come.

*Christopher Hailey*

### OJAI TALKS

**J**oin Leif Ove Andsnes and Matias Tarnopolsky for a pre-performance talk at 6pm outside Hertz Hall.

**Dmitri Shostakovich (1906–1975)**  
**Six Poems by Marina Tsvetaeva (1973)**  
*Texts by Marina Tsvetaeva (1892–1941)*

#### Moji stikhi

Mojim stikham, napisannym tak rano,  
 Chto i ne znala ja, chto ja—po'et,  
 Sorvavshimsja, kak bryzgi iz fontana,  
 Kak iskry iz raket,

Vorvavshimsja, kak malen'kije cherti,  
 V svjatilishche, gde son i fimiám,  
 Mojim stikham o junosti i smerti,  
 Nechitannym stikham!—

Razbrosannym v pyli po magazinam  
 (Gde ikh nikto ne bral i ne berjot!)  
 Mojim stikham, kak dragocennym vinam,  
 Nastanet svoj cherjod!

#### Otkuda takaja nezhnost'?

Otkuda takaja nezhnost'?  
 Ne pervyje—'eti kudri  
 Razglazhivaju, i guby  
 Znavala—temnej tvojikh.

Vskhodili i zvjozdy  
 (Otkuda takaja nezhnost'?)  
 Vskhodili i gasli ochi  
 U samykh mojikh ochej.

Jeshchjo ne takije pesni  
 Ja slushala noch'ju temnoj  
 (Otkuda takaja nezhnost'?)  
 Na samoj grudi pevca.

Otkuda takaja nezhnost'?  
 I chto s neju delat', otrok  
 Lukavyj, pevec zakhozhiž,  
 S resnicami—net dlinnej?

#### Dialog Gamleta s sovest'ju

—Na dne ona, gde il  
 I vodorosli...spat' v nikh  
 Ushla,—no sna i tam net!  
 —No ja jejo ljubil,  
 Kak sorok tysjach brat'jev  
 Ljubit ne mogut!  
 —Gamlet!  
 Na dne ona, gde il:  
 Il!...I poslednij venchik

My poems, written so early  
 That I did not yet know I was—a poet,  
 Tossed, like drops from a fountain,  
 Like sparks from a rocket,

Bursting like little devils,  
 Into the sanctuary's peace and fragrance,  
 My poems about youth and death,  
 Unread poems!—

Scattered in the dust of bookshops  
 (Where nobody picked them up, nor does!),  
 My poems, like precious wine,  
 Will have their time.

Why do I feel such tenderness?  
 Not the first—these curls  
 So smooth, and lips  
 I have known—darker than yours.

Stars flare but fade,  
 (Why do I feel such tenderness?)  
 Eyes shine but become dull  
 When my eyes look closely.

It is not the songs  
 I listened to in the dark night  
 (Why do I feel such tenderness?)  
 Upon the breast of the singer.

Why do I feel such tenderness?  
 And what shall I do, O young,  
 Sly singer, who comes  
 with seductive lashes—no longer?

#### Dialogue of Hamlet with His Conscience

“She's on the bottom, in the mud  
 And seaweed...gone to sleep  
 Amid them—but there is no sleep there!”  
 “But I loved her,  
 As forty thousand brothers  
 Could not love her!”  
 “Hamlet!  
 She's on the bottom, in the mud:  
 Mud! ... And her last garland

Vsplyl na prirechnykh brevnakh...

—No ja jejo ljubil,

Kak sorok tysjach...

—Men'she

Vsjo zh, chem odin ljubovnik.

Na dne ona, gde il.

—No ja jejo—

Lyubil?

### Po'et i Car'

Potustoronnim

Zalom carjei.

—Kto nepreklonnyj

Mramornyj sej?

Stol' velichavyj

V zolote barm?

—Pushkinskoj slavy

Zhalkij zhandarm.

Avtora—khajal,

Rukopis'—strig.

Pol'skogo kraja—

Zverskij mjasnik.

Zorche vgljadisja!

Ne zabyvaj:

Pevtsoubijsja

Car' Nikolaj

Pervyj!

### Net, byl baraban

Net, byl baraban pered smutnym polkom,

Kogda my vozhdja khoronili:

To zuby carjovy nad mjortvym pevcom

Pochjotnuju drob' vyvodili.

Takoj uzj pochjot,

chto blizhajshim druz' jam—

Net mesta. V izglav'ji, v iznozh'ji,

I sprava, i sleva—ruchishchi po shvam—

Zhandarmskije grudi i rozhi.

Ne divo li—i na tishajshem iz lozh

Prebyt' podnadzornym mal'chishkoj?

Na chto-to, na chto-to, na chto-to pokhozj

Pochjot sej, pochjotno—da slishkom!

Gljadi, mol, strana, kak, molve vopreki,

Monarkh o po'ete pechjotsja!

Pochjotno—pochjotno—pochjotno—arkhi—

pochjotno—pochjotno—do chjortu!

Is caught on the driftwood..."

"But I loved her

As forty thousand..."

"Less,

Really, than one lover.

She's on the bottom, in the mud."

"But I...

Loved her?"

Poet and Tsar

In the other-worldly

Hall of the tsars—

Who is so uncompromising,

This marble?

So majestic,

Ornamented in gold,

—A pitiful guardian

Of Pushkin's fame.

The author—persecuted,

The manuscripts—cut up,

The Polish land—

brutally butchered.

Look closely!

Do not forget:

The poet's murderer

was Tsar Nicholas

The First!

No, a drum led the dark regiment,

When we interred our finest:

The tsar's teeth beating the solemn tattoo,

Pinning down the dead poet.

Such is the great honor,

even for his closest friends—

No space. At his head and feet,

His right and left—dressed to the nines—

The chests and faces of gendarmes.

Is this not a wonder—in the quietest box

Now abides a hemmed-in boy?

With something, something, something like

high honor, honor—yes, this too!

Look, say the people, as contrary to rumor,

The ruler mourns the poet!

Honoring—honoring—honoring—deeply

Honoring—honoring—to hell with it!

Kogo zh 'eto tak—tochno vory vora

Pristrelennogo—vynosili?

Izmennika? Net. S prokhodnogo dvora

Umnejshego muzha Rossiji.

### Anna Akhmatovoj

O Muza placha, prekrasnejshaja iz muz!

O ty, shal'noje ischadije nochi belo!

Ty chjornuju nasyajesh' metel' na Rus',

I vopli tvoji vonzajutsja v nas, kak strely.

I my sharakhajemsja, i glukhoje: okh!

Stotysjachnoje—tebe prisjagajet.

Anna Akhmatova! Eto imja—ogromnyj vzdokh,

I v glub' on padajet, kotoraja bezymjanna.

My koronovany tem, chto odnu s toboj

My zemlju topchem, chto nebo nad nami-to zhe!

I tot, kto ranen smertel'noj tvojeju sud'boj,

Uzhe bessmertnym na smertnoje skhodit lozhe.

V pevuchem grade mojom kupola gorjat,

I Spasa svetlogo slavit slepec brodjachij...

I ja darju svoj kolokol'nyj grad,

—Akhmatova!—I serdce svoje v pridachu.

Who in this way—shot to death

Like a thief—is borne along?

A traitor? No. Passing through the yard,

The most intelligent man in Russia.

Anna Akhmatova

O weeping Muse, fairest of muses!

O you, white night's mad fiend!

You are a black blizzard sent to Russia,

And your screams pierce us like arrows.

And we fall down deaf—oh,

Hundreds of thousands!—calling your name:

Anna Akhmatova! This name—a great sigh,

And it falls into the depths of the nameless.

We are blessed by the fact that one with you,

We walk the earth, the same sky above us!

And he, who mortally wounded your fate,

Goes as an immortal to his deathbed.

With melodies my city's domes are ablaze,

And the light guides the wandering blind...

And I give you a pealing of bells—

Akhmatova—and my heart in the bargain.

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Tuesday, June 12, 2012, 9:30pm  
Hertz Hall

Norwegian Chamber Orchestra  
Teodor Janson, *actor*

PROGRAM

Leoš Janáček (1854–1928) String Quartet No. 1, “Kreutzer Sonata”  
(1923) (*arranged for string orchestra and actor*)

*With readings from Tolstoy*

Adagio con moto  
Con moto  
Con moto. Vivace—Andante  
Con moto (adagio). Piu mosso

Norwegian Chamber Orchestra  
Teodor Janson, *actor*

Music and Passion

LEOŠ JANÁČEK had a lifelong fascination with Russian culture; he spoke the language, visited Russia on several occasions and even started a Russian cultural circle in Brno, where he spent most of his life. Russian literature was a constant companion and the source for many of his works, including an early melodrama *Death* (on a poem by Lermontov), the orchestral rhapsody *Taras Bulba* (after a story by Gogol) and the operas *Káťa Kabanová* and *From the House of the Dead* (based, respectively, on a play by Ostrovsky and a novel by Dostoevsky). Most unusual, however, was Janáček’s decision to base his first string quartet on Tolstoy’s novella *The Kreutzer Sonata* of 1889, a story of a broken marriage, adultery and a husband’s murder of his wife. It is material that could easily have suggested an opera or perhaps a tone poem, but the work’s intimacy and its musical focus on Beethoven’s violin sonata make Janáček’s choice of chamber music seem wholly appropriate.

The quartet was written quickly, in just over a week: “Note after note fell smoldering from my pen...,” the composer wrote in a letter to Kamila Stösslová. “I had in mind a miserable woman, suffering, beaten, wretched.” The quartet is largely faithful to the outlines of Tolstoy’s story, but is in no sense a programmatic retelling in musical terms. Rather, the composer seeks to capture the story’s emotional and psychological contours by using short, frequently repeated, though often varied expressive motives deployed like jagged fragments within a constantly shifting rhythmic, dynamic and textural landscape.

The first movement introduces two contrasting motives, one anguished, another agitated, that may well represent the wife’s emotional state. A livelier third idea, derived from the first motive and followed by high swooping figures, like the flight of birds, suggest the kind of escape to be found in flights of the imagination.

The second movement, *Con moto*, suggests the wistful frenzy of dance, but its rhythmic assertiveness is unsettled by frequent stops and starts, and the interruption of some nasty-sounding tremolos performed *sul ponticello* in the violins. Janáček’s use of rhythmic and motivic ostinatos adds to a feeling of frightened prey ensnared in a trap.

The *Vivace—Andante* is the quartet’s most affecting movement. Moments of hushed lyricism are undermined by agitated ostinatos (often played *sul ponticello*) and threatened by lacerating blows that rain down with singular violence. We come full circle in the last and longest movement with a return to the despondent mood of the *Adagio*. That movement’s opening motive re-enters in a tragic, mournful variant, but soon regains its original guise and comes to dominate the musical narrative. With the help of insistent ostinatos Janáček creates a searing emotional climax that leads to the story’s tragic and deadly denouement. In Tolstoy’s story the repentant husband, though acquitted of the crime, spends the rest of his life seeking atonement, an epilogue that Janáček suggests with a few brief, moving gestures.

*Christopher Hailey*

Wednesday, June 13, 2012, 7pm  
Hertz Hall

Norwegian Chamber Orchestra  
Reinbert de Leeuw, *piano*  
Lucy Shelton, *speaker*

PROGRAM

Leoš Janáček (1854–1928) String Quartet No. 2, “Intimate Letters” (1928)  
(*arranged for string orchestra*)

Andante — Con moto — Allegro  
Adagio — Vivace  
Moderato — Andante — Adagio  
Allegro — Andante — Adagio

Norwegian Chamber Orchestra

INTERMISSION

Reinbert de Leeuw (b. 1938) Im wunderschönen Monat Mai (2003)

- I. 1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai (from *Dichterliebe*) (Heinrich Heine/Robert Schumann)
2. Gute Nacht (from *Winterreise*) (Wilhelm Müller/Franz Schubert)
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne (from *Dichterliebe*) (Heine/Schumann)
4. Im Dorfe (from *Winterreise*) (Müller/Schubert)
5. Gretchen am Spinnrade (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe/Schubert)
6. Lied der Mignon (Goethe/Schubert)
7. Meeresstille (Goethe/Schubert)

- II. 8. Ich grolle nicht (from *Dichterliebe*) (Heine/Schumann)
9. Letzte Hoffnung (from *Winterreise*) (Müller/Schubert)
10. Die Nebensonnen (from *Winterreise*) (Müller/Schubert)
11. Rastlose Liebe (Goethe/Schubert)
12. Ich hab’ im Traum geweinet (from *Dichterliebe*) (Heine/Schumann)
13. Der Erlkönig (Goethe/Schubert)
14. Der Doppelgänger (Heine/Schubert)

- III. 15. Der Leiermann (from *Winterreise*) (Müller/Schubert)
16. Kennst du das Land? (Goethe/Schumann)
17. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen (from *Dichterliebe*) (Heine/Schumann)
18. Ständchen (Ludwig Rellstab/Schubert)
19. Heidenröslein (Goethe/Schubert)
20. Wehmut (from *Liederkreis*, Op. 39) (Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff/Schumann)
21. Die alten bösen Lieder (from *Dichterliebe*) (Heine/Schumann)

Reinbert de Leeuw, *piano*  
Lucy Shelton, *speaker*  
Norwegian Chamber Orchestra

## Between Then and There, Here and Now

Cultural currency is a fragile thing and its coinage can be worn smooth by casual handling. We see it all the time: Munch's scream, Da Vinci's smile, Beethoven's scowl. The icon becomes an artifact that, through familiarity, is rendered invisible, leached of the visceral immediacy that once gave it its power. The arrangements on tonight's program are acts of translation and transformation that defamiliarize the familiar and jolt us into rethinking what we thought we knew. Purists will wonder, why? Is the original not enough? Certainly it is. But these transcriptions, through distance and refraction, seek to call attention to the inevitable gulf that separates then and there from here and now.

Arranging a string quartet for string orchestra may seem a minor liberty, especially as so many composers have done it themselves in hopes of broadening the appeal of a work otherwise confined to the rarefied preserves of chamber music. It is something else altogether when the work in question so emphatically proclaims its confidential character. Janáček's second quartet, written toward the end of his life, was inspired by his eleven-year infatuation with a married woman, Kamila Stösslová, nearly 40 years his junior. Though it is unclear to what extent she returned his affection, the composer's 700 letters to her explored every spiritual and physical dimension of his love, for which this quartet was to be the crowning testament: "You stand behind every note..." he wrote her, "these notes of mine kiss all of you. They call for you passionately..."

The quartet's rhapsodic, often fragmented character conveys the turbulence of Janáček's emotion. The opening movement recalls their first meeting at a summer spa. Over an unsettling cello trill, the violins introduce the principal theme, while the viola, which represents Kamila, is set apart by its quiet *sul ponticello* entry, establishing a starkly differentiated texture that will characterize the movement as a whole. The *Adagio*, with its contrasting *Vivace*, imagines Kamila as the mother of his son and is dominated by the viola's theme from the first movement. Considering the subject matter of

the *Adagio* it may come as surprise that it is only in the next movement that the composer declares his love. The halting reticence of that declaration is quite touching, though it soon enough acquires genuine ardor. Janáček's evocation of Kamila's confused and flustered response is worthy of his psychological gifts as an opera composer. Janáček's finale, which was to represent the ultimate fulfillment of the composer's "great yearning," opens with a vigorous dance-like theme, but it is a movement of contrasting tempos and moods. Amid the return of material from the previous movements Janáček introduces a four-note motive that comes to permeate the texture.

The arrangement of Janáček's quartet doesn't so much undermine its intimacy as heighten its drama and accentuate its disjointed structure. This is music that speaks more than it sings, but that has less to do with the composer's obsession for translating speech patterns into music than with the urgency of his message. Something of that same urgency is found in Reinbert de Leeuw's radical rethinking of the Romantic *Lied* in *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*.

De Leeuw's work takes its title from the first song in Robert Schumann's song cycle *Dichterliebe* (1840): "In the beautiful month of May, as all the buds burst forth, love sprang up in my heart. In the beautiful month of May, as all the birds were singing, I confessed to her my yearning and longing." These words may remind us of Janáček's love, but that was an old man's fantasy, at once poignant and slightly sad. The preserve of the Romantic *Lied* is youth, and all its yearning, longing, self-pity, and despair are cast against the horizon of the future. This is what gives its ecstasies and terrors their existential edge. This is not the poetry of autumnal reflection; rather its sentiments are cantilevered over the chasm of the unknown.

How to recapture the flood of sentiment and *Weltschmerz* that swept over Europe in the early decades of the 19th century, this Byronic age of the solitary wanderer? That age is gone—its feel and texture, its fashions, mores and habits of speech. Gone, too, are the parlors and salons

with their cozy evenings of music, poetry and shared confidence. That kind of intimacy has disappeared, like faded letters bound with a silken cord. We're harder now, less vulnerable, more impatient. de Leeuw, in acknowledging this cultural shift, has given these songs a more exposed, unpredictable and aggressive edge: It is the world of cabaret.

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai* conflates eleven songs from two song cycles—Schumann's *Dichterliebe* and Schubert's *Winterreise*—with another ten of Schubert's best-known individual songs. Twenty-one songs, the 3x7 of Schoenberg's *Pierrot lunaire*, a work that hovers in the background and even puts in a cameo appearance in the opening bars. Here are some of the most terrifying songs in the repertory—"Ich hab' im Traum geweinet" by Schumann, "Der Leiermann" by Schubert—as well as some of the most innocent. But in "Heidenröslein" and "Ständchen" that innocence is deceptive, the veneer of popularity, for behind the one lurks naked brutality; behind the other, bleak futility.

De Leeuw's arrangements represent a triple transformation: from singer to *chanteuse*; from piano to ensemble; from musical text to meta-text, in which sometimes only contours

and outlines remain. The voice shifts readily between recitation and song to rapid *parlando* and hints of *Sprechstimme*. Each song becomes a role, a challenge for the consummate actress unafraid to explore the physicality of these songs and underscore drama with histrionics. The ensemble dissects the piano part, pulling out motives, breaking up figures, adding textures and colors. And in the arrangements themselves, De Leeuw freely to accelerates or lingers obsessively on a detail, displaces rhythms, skips beats, or twists harmonies. We hear Mahler in "Der Leiermann" and Kurt Weill in "Gute Nacht"; "Rastlose Liebe" becomes a dizzying spin cycle, "Gretchen am Spinnrade" is pushed toward hysteria, and "Im Dorfe" becomes so tentative that it feels like walking on fragile, crusty snow in the dead of winter. We find ourselves in a strange and bewildering hall of mirrors in which what we see and hear is in constant counterpoint with our own sense of "how it goes." The original? It is as if, after nearly two centuries of layered associations, through the background noise of familiarity, these songs are struggling, half remembered, toward the surface.

Christopher Hailey

## OJAI TALKS

JOIN Reinbert de Leeuw and Matias Tarnopolsky for a pre-performance talk at 6pm in Hertz Hall.

Reinbert De Leeuw (b. 1938)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai (2003)

*Text adapted from songs by Schubert and Schumann*

I.1

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.  
(Heine/Schumann)

I.2

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,  
Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.  
Der Mai war mir gewogen  
Mit manchem Blumenstrauß.

Es zieht ein Mondenschatten,  
Als mein Gefährte mit.  
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,  
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

Was soll ich länger weilen,  
Daß man mich trieb hinaus?  
Laß irre Hunde heulen  
Vor ihres Herren Haus!  
Die Liebe liebt das Wandern—  
Gott hat sie so gemacht—  
Von einem zu dem andern.  
Gute Nacht!

Will dich im Traum nicht stören,  
Wär Schad' um deine Ruh',  
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören—  
Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!  
Schreib' im Vorübergehen  
Ans Tor dir: Gute Nacht,  
Damit du mögest sehen,  
An dich hab' ich gedacht.  
(Müller/Schubert)

I.3

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,  
Und wüßtest die Blumen, die kleinen,  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr,  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne,  
Und wüßtest's die Nachtigallen,  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine,  
Und sprachen Trost mir ein.  
(Heine/Schumann)

I.1

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the buds are bursting open,  
There, from my own heart,  
Bursts forth my own love.

I.2

As a stranger I arrived,  
As a stranger again I leave.  
May was kind to me  
With many bunches of flowers.

A shadow in the moonlight  
Is my companion.  
Now the world is so gloomy,  
My path covered in snow

Why should I linger, waiting  
Until I am driven out?  
Let stray dogs howl  
Outside their master's house;  
Love loves to wander  
God has made her so  
From one to the other.  
Good night!

I will not disturb you in your dreaming,  
It would be a pity to disturb your rest;  
You shall not hear my footsteps  
Softly, softly shut the door!  
On my way out I'll write  
"Good Night" on the gate,  
So that you may see  
That I have thought of you.

I.3

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
And the little flowers would know,  
I love them no more,  
The Small, the Fine, the Pure, the One.

Rose, lily, dove, and sun,  
And the nightingales would know,  
The Small, the Fine, the Pure, the One,  
And speak comfort to me.

I.4

Es bellen die Hunde, es rasseln die Ketten;  
Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,  
Träumen sich manches, was sie nicht haben,  
Und morgen früh ist alles zerflossen.

Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen  
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig ließen,  
Doch wieder zu finden.

Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,  
Laßt mich nicht ruh'n in der Schlummerstunde!  
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen.  
(Müller/Schubert)

I.5

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh ich  
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seine Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluß,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

I.4

The hounds are barking, their chains are rattling;  
Men are asleep in their beds,  
They dream of the things they do not have,  
And tomorrow morning everything is vanished.

Yet still, they have enjoyed their share,  
And hope that what remains to them,  
Might still be found.

Bark me away, you waking dogs!  
Let me not find rest in the hours of slumber!  
I am finished with all dreaming.

I.5

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
And never more.

Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave,  
The whole world  
Is bitter to me.

My poor head  
Is crazy to me,  
My poor mind  
Is torn apart.

For him only, I look  
Out the window  
Only for him do I go  
Out of the house.

His tall walk,  
His noble figure,  
His mouth's smile,  
His eyes' power,

And his speech  
A magic flow,  
His handclasp,  
Und ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
And never more.

Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn!

Und küssen ihn,  
So wie ich wollt,  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt!  
(Goether/Schubert)

I.6  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiß, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh ich ans Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir,  
Es schwindelt mir.  
(Goethe/Schubert)

I.7  
Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser,  
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,  
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer  
Glatte Fläche rings umher.  
Keine Luft von Keiner Seite!  
Todesstille fürchterlich!  
In der ungeheuren Weite  
Reget keine Welle sich.  
(Goethe/Schubert)

II.1  
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.  
Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.  
Ich grolle nicht.  
(Heine/Schumann)

My bosom urges itself  
toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp  
And hold him!

And kiss him,  
As I would wish,  
At his kisses  
I should die!

I.6  
Only one who knows longing  
Knows what I suffer!  
Alone and cut off  
From all joy,  
I look into the firmament  
In that direction.

Ach! he who loves and knows me  
Is far away.  
I am reeling,  
I am reeling.

I.7  
Deep stillness reigns on the water;  
Motionless, the sea rests,  
And the sailor gazes about with alarm  
At the smooth flatness all around.  
No breeze from any side!  
It is fearfully, deathly still!  
In the enormous expanse  
Stirs not one wave.

II.1  
I bear no grudge, even when my heart is breaking!  
Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.  
Although you shine in diamond splendor,  
No beam falls into the night of your heart.  
I will know that for a long time.

I bear no grudge, and when my heart is breaking!  
I truly saw you in my dreams  
And saw the night in the room of your heart,  
And saw the snake that bites your heart;  
I saw, my dear, how truly miserable you are.  
I bear no grudge.

II.2  
Hier und da ist an den Bäumen  
Manches bunte Blatt zu seh'n,  
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen  
Oftmals in Gedanken steh'n.

Schau nach dem einen Blatte,  
Hänge meine Hoffnung dran;  
Spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,  
Zit'r' ich, was ich zittern kann.

Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,  
Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab;  
Fall' ich selber mit zu Boden,  
Wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.  
(Müller/Schubert)

II.3  
Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel steh'n,  
Hab' lang und fest sie angesehen'n.

Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!  
Schaut ander'n doch ins Angesicht!  
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei;  
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.

Ging nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!  
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.  
(Müller/Schubert)

II.4  
Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,

Wie soll ich fliehen?  
Alles vergebens!  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du!  
(Goethe/Schubert)

II.5  
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.  
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne  
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

II.2  
Here and there may a colored leaf  
Be seen on the trees.  
And often I stand before the trees  
Lost in thought.

I look for a single leaf  
On which to hang my hope;  
If the wind plays with my leaf,  
I tremble all over.

Ah! if the leaf falls to ground,  
My hope falls with it;  
And I, too, sink to the ground,  
Weeping at my hope's grave.

II.3  
I saw three suns in the sky,  
I stared at them long and hard.

Ah, but you are not my suns!  
Stare at others in the face, then:  
Until recently I, too, had three;  
Now the best two are gone.

But let the third one go, too!  
In the darkness I will fare better.

II.4  
To the snow, to the rain  
To the wind opposed,  
Always on! Always on!  
Without rest and peace!

All the inclining  
Of heart to heart,

Where shall I flee?  
All in vain!  
Happiness without peace,  
Love, are you!

II.5  
I wept in my dream—  
I dreamed you lay in a grave.  
I awoke, and my tears  
Still flowed down my cheeks.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.  
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte  
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du warst mir noch gut.  
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer  
Strömt meine Tränenflut.  
(Heine/Schumann)

**II.6**

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?—  
Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?—  
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.—

»Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;  
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.«

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?—  
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.—

»Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn  
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.«

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?—  
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.—

»Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;  
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.«  
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!  
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!—

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,  
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,  
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not:  
In seinen Armen das Kind [war tot].  
(Goethe/Schubert)

I wept in my dream—  
I dreamed you had abandoned me.  
I awoke and I cried  
Bitterly for a long while.

I wept in my dream—  
I dreamed you were still good to me.  
I awoke, and still  
Streams my flood of tears.

**II.6**

Who's riding so late through night, so wild?  
It is the father who's holding his child;  
He's tucked the boy secure in his arm,  
He holds him tight and keeps him warm.

My son, why hide you your face in fear?—  
See you not, father, the Erl King near?  
The Erl King in his crown and train?—  
My son, 'tis but a foggy strain.—

“Sweet lovely child, come, go with me!  
What wonderful games I'll play with thee;  
Flowers, most colorful, yours to behold.  
My mother for you has garments of gold.”

My father, my father, and can you not hear  
What Erl King is promising into my ear?—  
Be calm, stay calm, o child of mine;  
The wind through dried leaves is rustling so fine.—

“Wouldst thou, fine lad, go forth with me?  
My daughters should royally wait upon thee;  
My daughters conduct each night their song fest  
To swing and to dance and to sing thee to rest.”

My Father, my father, and can you not see  
Erl King's daughters, there by the tree?—  
My son, my son, I see it clear;  
The ancient willows so grey do appear.—

“I love thee, I'm aroused by thy beautiful form;  
And be thou not willing, I'll take thee by storm.”  
My father, my father, he's clutching my arm!  
Erl King has done me a painful harm!—

The father shudders and onward presses;  
The gasping child in his arms he caresses;  
He reaches the courtyard, and barely inside,  
He holds in his arms the child who [has died].

**II.7**

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,  
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;  
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,  
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe  
Und ringt die Hände vor Schmerzengewalt;  
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe—  
Der Mond zeigt mir mein' eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle!  
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,  
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle  
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?  
(Heine/Schubert)

**III.1**

Drüben hinterm Dorfe steht ein Leiermann  
Und mit starren Fingern dreht er, was er kann.  
Wankt er hin und her  
Und sein kleiner Teller bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören, keiner sieht ihn an,  
Und die Hunde knurren um den alten Mann.  
Und er läßt es gehen alles, wie es will.

Wunderlicher Alter, soll ich mit dir geh'n?  
Willst zu meinen Liedern deine Leier dreh'n?  
(Müller/Schubert)

**III.2**

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! dahin  
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.  
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,  
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:  
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin....  
(Goethe/Schubert)

**III.3**

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,  
Die hat einen andern erwählt;  
Der andre liebt eine andre,  
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

**II.7**

The night is calm, the avenues are quiet,  
My sweet one lived in this house;  
She has already left the city long ago,  
The house certainly still stands, in the same place.

A man is standing there, too, staring up into space,  
And powerfully wringing his hands in torment.  
It horrifies me, when I see his countenance,  
The moon shows me my own form.

You my fearful double, you pale partner!  
Why do you ape the pain of my love,  
That has tortured me here in this spot  
So many a night, in times long ago?

**III.1**

There, behind the village, stands an organ-grinder,  
And with numb fingers he plays the best he can.  
He staggers back and forth,  
And his little plate remains ever empty.

No one wants to hear him, no one looks at him,  
And the hounds snarl at the old man.  
And he lets it all go by, everything as it will.

Strange old man, shall I go with you?  
Will you play your organ to my songs?

**III.2**

Knowest thou where the lemon blossom grows,  
In foliage dark the orange golden glows,  
A gentle breeze blows from the azure sky,  
Still stands the myrtle, and the laurel, high?  
Dost know it well?  
'Tis there! 'Tis there  
Would I with thee, oh my beloved, fare.

Knowest the house, its roof on columns fine?  
Its hall glows brightly and its chambers shine,  
And marble figures stand and gaze at me:  
What have they done, oh wretched child, to thee?  
Dost know it well?  
'Tis there! 'Tis there....

**III.3**

A young man loved a girl  
Who had chosen another man;  
This other man loved yet another girl  
And wed that one.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger  
Den ersten besten Mann,  
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;  
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,  
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;  
Und wem sie just passiert,  
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.  
(Heine/Schumann)

## III.4

Leise flehen meine Lieder  
Durch die Nacht zu dir;  
In den stillen Hain hernieder,  
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

In des Mondes Licht  
Mit den Silbertönen,  
Liebchen höre mich.  
Ach! sie flehen dich. . .  
Sie flehen für mich.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,  
Liebchen, höre mich!  
Bebend harr' ich dir entgegen!  
Komm, beglücke mich!  
(Reilstab/Schubert)

## III.5

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,  
Röslein auf der Heiden,  
War so jung und morgenschön,  
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,  
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,  
Röslein auf der Heiden!  
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,  
Daß du ewig denkst an mich,  
Und ich will's nicht leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein Seelen Freuden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach's  
Röslein auf der Heiden;  
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,  
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,  
Mußt es eben leiden.

The first girl picked out of spite  
The first, best man  
That happened into her path;  
That young man is not well off.

It is an old story,  
Yet it remains ever new;  
And to he whom it has just happened,  
It will break his heart in two.

## III.4

My songs beckon softly  
Through the night to you;  
Below in the quiet grove,  
Come to me, beloved!

In the moonlight  
With silver tones,  
Beloved hear me.  
Ah, they beckon to you. . .  
They beckon to you for me.

Let them also stir within your breast,  
Beloved, hear me!  
Trembling I wait for you,  
Come, please me!

## III.5

Passing lad a rose blossom spied,  
Blossom on the heath growing,  
'Twas so fair and of youthful pride,  
Raced he fast to be near its side,  
Saw it with joy o'erflowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

Said the lad: I shall pick thee,  
Blossom on the heath growing!  
Blossom spoke: Then I'll prick thee,  
That thou shalt ever think of me,  
And I'll not be allowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom, soul's joys,  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

And the lusty lad did pick  
The blossom on the heath growing;  
Blossom, in defense, did prick,  
'Twas, alas, but a harmless nick,  
Had to be allowing.

Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.  
(Goethe/Schubert)

## III.6

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,  
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,  
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,  
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,  
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,  
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,  
Und alles ist erfreut,  
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,  
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.  
(Eichendorff/Schumann)

## III.7

Die alten, bösen Lieder,  
Die Träume böse' und arg,  
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,  
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,  
Und Bretter fest und dick;  
Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,  
Die müssen noch stärker sein.

Die sollen den Sarg fort tragen,  
Und senken ins Meer hinab;  
Denn solchem großen Sarge  
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl  
So groß und schwer mag sein?  
Ich senkr' auch meine Liebe  
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.  
(Heine/Schumann)

Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

## III.6

Sometimes I can sing  
As if I were happy,  
But secretly tears well up  
And free my heart.

The nightingales,  
When spring breezes play,  
Let their songs of yearning resound.

Then all hearts listen  
And everyone rejoices;  
Yet no one truly feels the anguish  
Of the song's deep sorrow.

## III.7

The old, angry songs,  
The dreams angry and wicked,  
Let us now bury them.  
Fetch a large coffin.

And fetch a death bier  
And planks firm and thick;  
And fetch me, too, twelve giants;  
They must be still stronger.

They should carry the coffin away  
And sink it down deep in the sea,  
Since such a great coffin  
Deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin  
Must be so large and heavy?  
I sank with it my love  
And my pain, deep within.

*Reprinted with permission from Carnegie Hall.*

Wednesday, June 13, 2012, 9:30pm  
Hertz Hall

Marc-André Hamelin, *piano*

PROGRAM

Charles Ives (1874–1954) Piano Sonata No. 2, “Concord” (1909–1915)

- I. Emerson
- II. Hawthorne
- III. The Alcotts
- IV. Thoreau

Marc-André Hamelin, *piano*  
Tom Ottar Andreassen, *flute*

FOR MANY LISTENERS, Ives’s “Concord Sonata”—a bold, sprawling, maximalist embrace of big themes and grand ideas—comes as a shock and rude awakening. It is. In his *Essays Before a Sonata*, Ives gives a vivid description of Ralph Waldo Emerson: “He hacks his way up and down, as near as he can to the absolute, the oneness of all nature, both human and spiritual, and to God’s benevolence. To him the ultimate of a conception is its vastness...” It was as close as Ives would get to a self-portrait. God help the Soviet bureaucrat who tried to muzzle this voice! But then Charles Ives probably wouldn’t have bothered to put up a fuss because for most of his life he was happy to compose for his own pleasure with little thought of a public performance.

The “Concord” Sonata, Ives’s most personal work, is dedicated to the spiritual free thinkers who, in a sense, gave him the permission to be one himself. Its four movements are devoted in turn to portraits of Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcott family and Thoreau, personalities bound by the spirit of transcendentalism that lay at the heart of Ives’s own world view. The sonata, written between 1909 and 1915, was first published in 1920, though Ives continued making revisions until the end of his life and never really regarded any version as definitive.

The first movement seeks to capture in music those qualities Ives admired in Emerson’s thought, which proceeded “by sentences or phrases rather than by logical sequence. [...] As

thoughts surge to his mind, he fills the heavens with them, crowds them in, if necessary, but seldom arranges them along the ground first.”

Ives called the second movement an extended fragment whose goal was to convey some of the “wilder fantastical adventures into the half-childlike, half-fairylike phantasmal realms” of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s work.

The contemplative third movement is a sketch of the Alcott household, most particularly Bronson Alcott, “an exuberant, irrepressible visionary,” and his daughter Louisa May, of *Little Women* fame. Here, as in the other movements, the opening motive from Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony is a ubiquitous presence, like “the soul of humanity knocking at the door of divine mysteries, radiant in the faith that it will be opened—and the human become the divine!”

The finale is devoted to Henry David Thoreau, whom Ives admired for his individuality and his love of nature. This is a quiet, rhapsodic movement that includes a ghostly passage for flute evoking “a mist over Walden Pond,” an allusion to Thoreau the musician. But Thoreau, Ives argued, was a musician “not because he played the flute but because he did not have to go to Boston to hear the Symphony,” adding, “he was divinely conscious of the enthusiasm of Nature, the emotion of her rhythms, and the harmony of her solitude.”

*Christopher Hailey*

Thursday, June 14, 2012, 7pm  
Hertz Hall

Leif Ove Andsnes, *piano*  
Christianne Stotijn, *mezzo-soprano*  
Marc-André Hamelin, *piano*  
Norwegian Chamber Orchestra

PROGRAM

Hafliði Hallgrímsson (b. 1941) Poemi, Op. 7 (1983)

Terje Tønneson, *violin*  
Norwegian Chamber Orchestra

Bent Sørensen (b. 1958) Piano Concerto No. 2, “La Mattina” (2009)  
Lento lugubre — Luminoso, quasi allegro —  
Lento misterioso — Andante — Presto

Leif Ove Andsnes, *piano*  
Norwegian Chamber Orchestra

INTERMISSION

Alban Berg (1885–1935) Four Songs, Op. 2 (1910)  
I. Schlafen, Schlafen  
II. Schlafend trägt man mich  
III. Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand  
IV. Warm die Lüfte

Christianne Stotjin, *mezzo-soprano*  
Marc-André Hamelin, *piano*

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827) Piano Sonata No. 21 in C major, Op. 53,  
“Waldstein” (1804)  
Allegro con brio  
Introduzione: Adagio molto — Attacca  
Rondo. Allegretto moderato — Prestissimo

Leif Ove Andsnes, *piano*

**P**OEMI is the work with which Icelandic composer Hafliði Hallgrímsson first won international recognition—a violin concerto whose virtuoso demands draw upon the composer’s years as a professional cellist with an intimate knowledge of string effects. *Poemi*’s impetus comes from art: three Old Testament paintings by Marc Chagall depicting Jacob’s dream of a ladder to heaven, Abraham’s sacrifice of his son Isaac, and Jacob’s wrestling match with the angel that lasted through the night until daybreak. In three continuous movements Hallgrímsson, himself a gifted painter, evokes Chagall’s swirling fields of blue with their highly charged accents of red and yellow, images for the eye as imagined by the ear.

“It reminds me of something I’ve never heard,” a colleague once said of Bent Sørensen’s music. If Hallgrímsson’s concerto ends by morning light with the angel’s blessing upon Jacob, Sørensen’s second piano concerto, “La Mattina” (morning), conjures up another dawn. High above in the violins, the whisper of a tone, barely audible; below, in the piano’s deepest registers, a persistent grumble, hints of a Bach chorale—suggested, we learn, by hearing Leif Ove Andsnes play a Busoni transcription one evening in a piano bar in Vienna. Mr. Andsnes has called Sørensen’s concerto a “dreamlike landscape,” but it is a landscape tinged with melancholy. In this *Lento lugubre* sounds emerge, the composer tells us, “with eyes closed.” These are images of the mind.

The concerto’s five movements are performed without a break. The pulsating chorale gives way to surging masses, slashing shafts of light—*Luminoso, quasi allegro*—and the jarring introduction of claves, wooden cylinders that are struck together to produce a percussive sound not unlike a throaty castanet. In the *Lento misterioso* and *Andante* that follow, the sun is still low on the horizon, Sørensen introduces deep brass, whooshing string glissandi, and returns the strings to their extreme upper register. Piano tremolos and Bachian counterpoint have the air of desperation; thin slivers of sound alternate with blinding outbursts. These are moody, inward-looking movements that give way to a

bright, brittle presto with the high spirits of a Mozartian rondo.

The concerto ends in broad daylight “with eyes wide open.”

\* \* \*

In 1839, Richard Wagner, in flight from creditors in Riga, set sail for London only to be caught up in a violent North Sea storm. His ship took refuge among the Norwegian fjords in Tvedestrand (just a few miles down the coast from Risør) and it was this experience that inspired his first great opera, *The Flying Dutchman*. This tale of redemption through love set Wagner on a course that would culminate, 20 years later, in *Tristan und Isolde*, a swirling maelstrom of chromaticism that would prove every bit as terrifying and exhilarating as that maritime tempest. But in the midst of this storm Wagner offered a seductive port of refuge in the gently pulsing musical metaphysics of the opera’s second act. The second half of this evening’s program attests to the gravitational pull of Wagner’s *Tristan*—and of that nocturnal love scene—by interweaving three works that in one way or another respond to its hypnotic power, as well as a fourth that serves to break the spell.

Alban Berg, born just two years after Wagner’s death, was close to the source and he readily succumbed to its allure. Whereas his fellow Vienna modernists, Schoenberg and Webern, seem to have grown out of their Wagnerian phases, Berg never really did, though not for lack of trying. As Pierre Boulez has observed: “Whereas with Schoenberg it is a question of condensation and with Webern of the perfect microcosm, Berg’s gestures are rather tantalizing openings which, one feels, could be continued, developed, multiplied.” Berg’s music aspires to a kind of infinite expansion, if not of length, then of expressive feeling. In today’s performance Berg’s “tantalizing openings” are tucked within the dark folds of Wagner’s songs.

In Berg’s Four Songs, Op. 2, the allusions to Wagner are more direct. Written just after completing his studies with Schoenberg these works take the chromaticism of *Tristan* to its

limits and, in “Warm die Lüfte,” beyond those limits into atonality. Berg was courting Helene Nahowski when he wrote these songs and the texts he selected are replete with *Tristan*-like references to love, death, sleep, and night. There are even several specific motivic and harmonic allusions to *Tristan*, as well as a gestural language that recalls the “O sink hernieder, Nacht der Liebe” (O sink down upon us, night of love) of the opera’s second act. As Theodor Adorno wrote, this is music that “fills Tristan’s night with floating mists.”

Wagner saw himself as Beethoven’s successor, his operas the necessary consequence of the Ninth Symphony. But this is only one part of Beethoven’s legacy. It would be difficult to imagine a work further removed from the ethos of Tristan than the Waldstein sonata. Where the one seeks the dark mysteries of night, the other basks emphatically in the light of day; surrender there, defiant assertion here. Beethoven’s sonata is a work of Enlightenment reason infused with the eruptive energies of revolution, a self-confident individualism that has not yet tasted the weary withdrawal of Romanticism. It combines the intellectual rigor of 18th-century classicism with a visceral muscularity that masks its wit with aggression. Just take the opening bar: For any other composer this series of pounding eighth notes would be an accompaniment awaiting a melody. But this is the theme, a spring-loaded rhythmic idea that derives its propulsive energy from its syncopated beginning, the

right-hand downbeat that is an eighth-note rest: [eighth rest] [3 eighths] [4 eighths]. Yet for all their energy these relentless C major chords fail to establish C as the tonic! The meaning of this opening measure becomes clear only much later when an unexpected A-flat deceptive cadence delays the recapitulation by six bars and then transforms that downbeat rest into an emphatic return to the tonic. In other words, the beginning of the piece is a cadence we don’t hear until 173 measures later. The whole movement is a giddy tightrope act of such interlocking rhythmic, motivic and harmonic ideas that continue to surprise until the very end.

From the start the second movement feels like an interlude: harmonically unstable, always circling around the tonic, never quite sure of its goal. There is mystery here, but not the mystery of shadowy metaphysics. Rather, it is a kind of patient probing that pushes ever so gently toward revelation, a magical parting of the clouds that opens upon an endless expanse of C major. It is a moment at once serene and sublime, a breathtaking surprise that has the natural inevitability of a sunrise. This final movement, with its trills and hovering stasis, looks forward to the composer’s late works. But we’re not there yet because in his coda Beethoven gives us a rollicking stretto that is a whoop of affirmational joy. This, too, is transcendence, but not the transcendence of Wagnerian renunciation. It is the full embrace of life.

*Christopher Hailey*

### OJAI TALKS

**J**OIN Leif Ove Andsnes and Matías Tarnopolsky for a pre-performance talk at 6pm outside Hertz Hall.

Alban Berg (1885–1935)  
Four Songs, Op. 2 (1910)

#### I. Schlafen, Schlafen

Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts als Schlafen!  
Kein Erwachen, [keinen Traum!]  
Jener Wehen, die mich tragen,  
Leisestes Erinnern kaum,  
Daß ich, wenn des Lebens Fülle  
Niederklingt in meine Ruh’,  
Nur noch tiefer mich verhülle,  
Fester zu die Augen tu!

To sleep, to sleep, nothing but to sleep!  
No awaking, no dream!  
Of those sorrows that I suffered,  
hardly the faintest recollection.  
So that I, when the fullness of life  
reverberates into my rest,  
I will only cover myself even more deeply,  
and more tightly close my eyes!

#### II. Schlafend trägt man mich

Schlafend trägt man mich  
in mein Heimatland!  
Ferne komm ich her,  
über Gipfel, über Schlünde,  
über ein dunkles Meer  
in mein Heimatland.

Sleeping, I am carried  
to my homeland.  
I come from afar,  
over peaks, over chasms,  
over a dark ocean  
to my homeland.

#### III. Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand

Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand,  
Mich aus dem dunkelsten Land heimfand  
an einer weißen Märchenhand—  
Hallen schwer die Glocken.  
Und ich wanke durch die Straßen  
schlafbefangen.

Now that I have overcome the strongest of the giants,  
from the darkest land, found my way home  
guided by a white fairy hand—  
the bells resound heavily,  
and I stagger through the streets  
in the throes of sleep.

#### IV. Warm die Lüfte

Warm die Lüfte,  
es sprießt Gras auf sonnigen Wiesen.  
Horch!  
Horch, es flötet die Nachtigall...  
Ich will singen:  
Droben hoch im düstern Bergforst,  
es schmilzt und [glitzert] kalter Schnee,  
ein Mädchen im grauen Kleide  
lehnt am feuchten Eichstamm,  
krank sind ihre zarten Wangen,  
die grauen Augen fiebern  
durch Düsterriesenstämme.  
»Er kommt noch nicht. Er läßt mich warten«...  
Stirb!  
Der Eine stirbt, daneben der Andere lebt:  
Das macht die Welt so tiefschön.

Warm are the breezes;  
Grass grows in sunny meadows,  
Listen!  
Listen, there pipes the nightingale...  
I will sing:  
High up there in dusky mountain forests,  
Cold snow melts and oozes;  
A maiden in a grey dress  
leans against a damp oaktree;  
Her cheeks are ill,  
The grey eyes burn  
Through the dusky, giant tree trunks.  
“He doesn’t come yet. He’s making me wait”...  
Die!  
The one dies while the other lives:  
That makes the world so deeply beautiful.

*Text and translation courtesy of Christianne Stotijn*

Thursday, June 14, 2012, 9:30pm  
Hertz Hall

Leif Ove Andsnes, *piano*  
Christianne Stotijn, *mezzo-soprano*  
Marc-André Hamelin, *piano*  
Norwegian Chamber Orchestra

## PROGRAM

György Kurtág (b. 1926) Játékok (begun 1973) (selections)  
Hommage à Farkas Ferenc III  
(Evocation of *Petrushka*)  
Les Adieux (in Janáček's Manier)  
A Voice in the Distance (for Alfred Schlee's  
80th birthday)  
Thistle  
Sirens of the Deluge — Waiting for Noah  
Apocryphal Hymn  
Hommage à Farkas Ferenc II (Scraps of a  
colinda melody, faintly recollected)  
Leif Ove Andsnes, piano

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) Danse sacrée et danse profane (1904)

Ida Aubert Bang, *harp*  
Norwegian Chamber Orchestra

William Bolcom (b. 1938) Cabaret Songs (1977–1985)

Fur  
He tipped the waiter  
Places to live  
The Actor  
Song of Black Max

Marc-André Hamelin, *piano*  
Christianne Stotijn, *mezzo-soprano*

Edvard Grieg (1843–1907) “Holberg” Suite (1884)

Præludium (Allegro vivace)  
Sarabande (Andante)  
Gavotte (Allegretto)  
Air (Andante religioso)  
Rigaudon (Allegro con brio)

Norwegian Chamber Orchestra

**JÁTÉKOK** (“Games”) is an open-ended series of piano pieces by György Kurtág that has now grown to eight volumes. It was to try to recapture something of the spirit of a child’s play that Kurtág began the composition of *Játékok*. He started with a few ideas, set out in the foreword to the first four volumes:

The idea of composing *Játékok* was suggested by children playing spontaneously, children for whom the piano still means a toy. They experiment with it, caress it, attack it and run their fingers over it. They pile up seemingly disconnected sounds, and if this happens to arouse their musical instinct they look consciously for some of the harmonies found by chance and keep repeating them. Thus, this series does not provide a tutor, nor does it simply stand as a collection of pieces. It is possibly for experimenting and not for learning “to play the piano.” Pleasure in playing, the joy of movement—daring and if need be fast movement over the entire keyboard right from the first lessons instead of the counting of rhythms—all these rather vague ideas lay at the outset of the creation of this collection. Playing is just playing. It requires a great deal of freedom and initiative from the performer. On no account should the written image be taken seriously but the written image must be taken extremely seriously as regards the musical process, the quality of sound and silence. We should trust the picture of the printed notes and let it exert its influence upon us. The graphic picture conveys an idea about the arrangement in time of the even the most free pieces. We should make use of all that we know and remember of free declamation, folk-music, *parlando-rubato*, of Gregorian chant, and of all that improvisational musical practice has ever brought forth. Let us tackle bravely even the most difficult task without being afraid of making

mistakes: we should try to create valid proportions, unity and continuity out of the long and short values—just for our own pleasure!

Music is immaterial but it needs a medium—a voice or an instrument—in order to be translated into sound. Claude Debussy’s *Danse sacrée et danse profane* celebrates just such an intermediary. The work was commissioned by Pleyel & Wolff, the Parisian piano manufacturer, to demonstrate the advantages of the firm’s latest invention, a cross-strung harp with two intersecting sets of strings capable of playing all chromatic pitches without recourse to pedals. Though it is rare today to hear this work on the instrument for which it was written (the firm ceased its manufacture in 1930), Debussy was careful to make it playable on pedal harps, as well. Written soon after the premiere of his *Pelleas et Mélisande*, *Danse sacrée et danse profane* shares something of the opera’s veiled elusiveness. The first dance is a muted exploration of chromatic nuance within a generally modal texture. The second dance, which follows without a break, is a series of free variations in a gentle triple meter.

Edvard Grieg’s *From Holberg’s Time: Suite in Olden Style* was written for the bicentennial of Ludvig Holberg (1684–1754), widely hailed as the founder of Danish-Norwegian literature and the first to establish Danish as a literary language. Holberg was a well traveled and widely read Enlightenment thinker whose interests ranged from history, religion and international law to medicine, moral philosophy and the arts. He is particularly noted for a series of comedies that even today place him in the company of Voltaire, Jonathan Swift and Alexander Pope as one of the supreme satirists of the 18th century. Grieg’s suite, originally composed for piano and later adapted by the composer for string orchestra, makes use of 18th-century dance forms, all the more appropriate as Holberg was himself a flute player and violinist. Grieg may have used historical forms, but his musical language has the upholstered respectability of the Victorian age. It opens with an energetic prelude followed

by an earnest sarabande, an importunate gavotte, an Italianate *Andante religioso* (shades of Albinoni!), and a Rigadoun, a Provençal dance whose distinctly rustic flavor may be Grieg’s only miscalculation as Holberg, a decidedly cosmopolitan figure, showed little interest in nature or country life.

Transported to the 20th century, Holberg, the urban satirist, would have felt an immediate kinship with the poet and playwright Arnold Weinstein (1927–2005), who wrote the texts for William Bolcom’s *Cabaret Songs*. In the popular imagination cabaret is associated with sexy Parisian nightspots with names like Le Chat Noir and Moulin Rouge, or the iniquitous dens of 1920s Berlin immortalized in the musical *Cabaret*. There is, however, a distinctly American strain of cabaret that is less focused on sexual innuendo and corrosive political caricature than on the quirks and foibles of modern life, a vein mined with brilliance by Bolcom and Weinstein. Bolcom’s music is stylistically eclectic, gleefully evoking everything from jazz to Tin Pan Alley, Latin rhythm to Broadway glitz, Puccini to Kurt Weill. These *Cabaret Songs* have become American classics. Their mixture of whimsy and wistfulness suggests a cross between Al Hirschfeld and Jules Feiffer, with perhaps a smidgen of Willem de Kooning, whose childhood memories of Rotterdam form the basis for one of the Bolcom/Weinstein collaborations: “Black Max.”

*Christopher Hailey*

William Bolcolb (b. 1938)

Cabaret Songs (selections)

*Texts by Arnold Weinstein (1927–2005)*

### Fur (Murray the Furrier)

My Uncle Murray the furrier was a big worrier,  
but he's no hurrier now, not today.  
He's good and retired now, didn't get fired,  
now fulfils his desires on half of his pay.  
He eats in the best of dives, although he dines alone.  
He buried two wonderful wives and he still has the  
princess phone.  
It's the best of all possible lives owning all that he  
owns on his own.

You see, he never took off a lot,  
and used to cough a lot,  
fur in his craw from hot days in the store.  
Worked his way up to the top.  
Was the steward of the shop.  
Has a son who is a cop and he is free!

My Uncle Murray, the retiree loves this democracy  
and says it very emphatic'ly.  
He lives where he wishes, when he wants does  
the dishes,  
eats greasy knishes, yes-siree!  
He is free!  
No guilt, no ghost, no gift for no host, he goes,  
coast to coast, coughing.  
My Uncle Murray the furrier—no, no worrier he.

### He Tipped the Waiter

He tipped the waiter in the dining car  
for a seat near the lady with flowing fur  
and took off his glove and kissed her hand  
and yet his monocle was steaming wet.  
O so nervous! O so grand!  
greasing that palm and kissing that hand.  
What baby brain pushed his button so his gravy train  
would glide across the Elysian plain to Rome by night.  
I met him on a Roman night  
and then again by Venice light  
among a flock of latest loves,  
counting up his conquests on grey suede gloves,  
then shooed us all away like turtledoves.  
And then he vowed out loud to the cooing crowd,  
"A guy gotta law low!"  
and gave me pause to realize,  
he would if he could seduce a halo,  
the great hole in the skies!

His were not lies, not merely lies.  
Lies were his form of merchandise.  
What baby brain pushed his button  
so his gravy train could keep on puffing across  
the plain  
to Rome by night and the Venice light.  
O so nervous! O so grand!  
greasing that palm and kissing that hand.

### Places to live

Places to live!  
Give me places to live!  
Wonders to wander to—  
places to live!  
My feet are dreaming  
of new dust, new dirt;  
my hips want to swing in  
a cellophane skirt.  
Give me my change  
in a celluloid note  
while I buy wooden hats  
from the factory boat.  
Places to live!  
Give me places to live!  
Wonders to wander to—  
places to live!

### The Actor

A man I know to keep alive  
dies for a living. To survive!  
To keep alive  
dies for a living

Stands up on a stage each night  
matinées from two to five  
to keep the show alive,  
dies for a living

I've taken the position do or die!  
not to survive for  
nor keep alive for  
not to die for—a living.

### Song of Black Max

He was always dressed in black,  
long black jacket, broad black hat,  
Sometimes a cape,  
And as thin, and as thin as rubber tape:  
Black Max.  
He would raise that big black hat  
to the bigshots of the town

who raised their hats right back,  
never knew they were bowing to  
Black Max.

I'm talking about night in Rotterdam  
when the right night people of all the town  
would find what they could  
in the night neighborhood  
of Black Max.  
There were women in the windows  
with bodies for sale,  
dressed in curls  
like little girls  
in little doll-house jails.  
When the women walked the street  
with the beds upon their backs,  
who was lifting up his brim to them?  
Black Max!

And there were looks for sale,  
the art of the smile,  
only certain people walked that mystery mile:  
artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,  
men of mathematics, acrobatics and civilians.  
There was knitting needle music  
from a lady organ grinder  
with all her sons behind her,  
Marco, Vito, Benno (Was he strong!  
though he walked like a woman)  
and Carlo, who was five.  
He must be still alive!  
Ah, poor Marco had the syph,  
and if you didn't take the terrible cure  
those days you went crazy and died,  
and he did.  
And at the coffin  
before they closed the lid,  
who raised his lid?  
Black Max.

I was climbing on the train  
one day going far away  
to the good old USA,  
when I heard some music  
underneath the tracks.  
Standing there beneath the bridge,  
long black jacket, broad black hat,  
playing the harmonica,  
one hand free  
to lift that hat to me  
Black Max, Black Max, Black Max.

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## NORWEGIAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

*Artistic Director*  
Terje Tønnesen

*Violin*  
Terje Tønnesen  
Øyvind Bjørå  
Maria Angelika Carlsen  
Catharina Chen  
Christina Dimbodus  
Bard Monsen  
Anja Bang  
Jørn Halbakken  
Magnus Boye Hansen  
Aslak Juva  
Anders Nilsson  
Per Kristian Skalstad

*Viola*  
Ida Bryhn  
Ellen Nisbeth  
Hanne Skjelbred  
Ylvali Zilliacus

*Cello*  
Audun André Sandvik  
Erlend Habbestad  
Torun Sæter Stavseng  
Frida Fredrikke Waaler Wærvågen

*Double Bass*  
Marius Flatby  
Kenneth Ryland

*Flute*  
Tom Ottar Andreassen

*Oboe*  
Pavel Sokolov

*Clarinet*  
Fredrik Fors  
Björn Nyman

*Bassoon*  
Embrik Snerte

*French Horn*  
Inger Besserudhagen

*Harp*  
Ida Aubert Bang

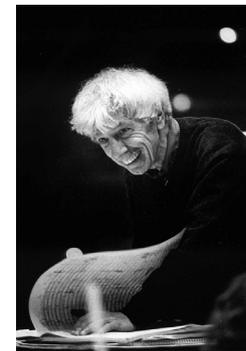
**T**HE NORWEGIAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA (NCO) is one of Norway's cultural mainstays and encompasses a large area of activity, both nationally and on the international stage. While the orchestra earned spontaneous artistic recognition after its debut in 1977, its international breakthrough came with the 1979 release of Grieg's complete works for string orchestra.

Much of the orchestra's continuity and artistic growth has come as the result of good leadership. Terje Tønnesen was engaged as the orchestra's artistic director from the beginning and Iona Brown held this position from 1981 to 2001. Leif Ove Andsnes was the orchestra's first guest leader from 2002 to 2010, and still plays regularly with the orchestra, including his current project to record the complete Beethoven piano concertos. Mr. Tønnesen is still the artistic director of the orchestra, a contract he holds until 2015.

The Norwegian Chamber Orchestra has performed in many of the world's most distinguished concert halls, often together with some of the world's most renowned musicians. Guest artists have included Maurice André, Mr. Andsnes, Joshua Bell, James Galway, Radu Lupu, Joanna MacGregor, Angela Hewitt, Andrew Manze, Truls Mørk and Thomas Zehetmair. The collaboration with Mstislav Rostropovich has perhaps been the most significant. Through his characterization of the orchestra as one of the best in the world, he helped open the doors to venues such as La Scala in Milan, Gewandhaus in Leipzig, Royal Albert Hall in London, and Hôtel de Ville in Paris. In 1995, the orchestra performed in the first concert ever held at the English House of Lords. Several of the orchestra's recordings have received national and international prizes. These include *Gramophone's* CD prize for the 2000 recording of Haydn piano concertos, with soloist Mr. Andsnes. This recording was also nominated for a Grammy Award in two categories, and received the Norwegian Musician Prize for best classical music recording. The collaboration with Mr. Andsnes has resulted in several new recordings for EMI: Mozart's Concertos Nos. 9

and 18 were released in 2004; recordings of Concertos Nos. 17 and 20 were released in 2008.

The NCO's tours have included Japan, Korea, United States, the United Kingdom and Germany. Upcoming tour plans include performances in Spain and the United Kingdom. The orchestra often also tours Norway and acts as the Festival orchestra at the Risør Chamber Music Festival. The orchestra is an independent foundation with federal and private funding.



Born in Amsterdam, **Reinbert de Leeuw** engages in musical activities covering a wide field: conductor, composer and pianist. Since 1974, he has been conductor and music director of the Schoenberg Ensemble. He is also the author of a book on Charles Ives and a

book of musical essays, and has collaborated on several documentaries of 20th century composers—including Messiaen, Ligeti, Gubaidulina, Vivier and Górecki—for Dutch television.

Mr. de Leeuw regularly conducts Holland's foremost orchestras and ensembles, including the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, New Sinfonietta Amsterdam, Residentie Orchestra The Hague, and ensembles such as the Netherlands Chamber Choir, the ASKO and the Netherlands Wind ensembles and the orchestras of the Dutch Radio. Mr. de Leeuw was guest artistic director of the Aldeburgh Festival (1992) and artistic director of the Tanglewood Festival of Contemporary Music (1994–1998). During the 1995–1996 season, he featured in the Concertgebouw Amsterdam's *Carte Blanche* series. He continues to be involved organizing the *Contemporaries* series at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam.

Mr. de Leeuw is a regular guest in several European countries (France, Germany, England, Belgium) and the United States

(Tanglewood Festival, New World Symphony, Lincoln Center Chamber Music Group New York, Aspen Music Festival, and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra), Japan and Australia, where he served as artistic advisor for the contemporary music series of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra from 2000 to 2004. Mr. de Leeuw has also been involved in various opera productions at the Netherlands Opera in Amsterdam, including works by Stravinsky, Louis Andriessen, Ligeti, Vivier, Klaas de Vries, and Rob Zuidam.

His recordings as a pianist have won several prizes, including the Dutch Edison, the Premio della critica discografica Italiana, the Grand Prix of the Hungarian Liszt Society, and the Diapason d'Or. Some 30 recordings featuring Mr. de Leeuw as conductor have also been brought out by Philips, Teldec, Deutsche Grammophon, Electra Nonesuch and Ovidis Montaigne and cover a wide range of repertoire by Messiaen, Stravinsky, Janáček, Liszt, Gubaidulina, Oestvolskaya, Schoenberg, Webern, Vivier, Andriessen and Reich. In 2006, the Schoenberg Ensemble released *A Century of Music in Perspective*, a CD/DVD box set documenting 30 years of their concerts and recordings, most of which were conducted by Mr. de Leeuw.

Mr. de Leeuw is the co-founder and (since 2001) artistic director of the Summer Academy, the international orchestra and ensemble academy of the National Youth Orchestra. For his performance of Messiaen's *Des Canyons aux Etoiles* with the Summer Academy Orchestra at the 2006 Edinburgh Festival, he received the prestigious Angel Award for the best performance.

Mr. de Leeuw received the Sikkens Award in 1991 and the prestigious 3M prize in 1992. In 1994 he was awarded an honorary doctorate at the University of Utrecht. He is currently a professor at the University of Leiden.



Fran Kaufman

Pianist **Marc-André Hamelin's** unique blend of musicianship and virtuosity brings forth interpretations remarkable for their freedom, originality and prodigious mastery of the piano's resources.

Mr. Hamelin began the 2011–2012 season at the BBC Proms with a recital of Liszt works, and with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales performing Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini*. He debuted with the Berlin Philharmonic in performances of Szymanowski's Symphony No. 4, and appeared with the Basel Symphony Orchestra, the Danish Radio Orchestra and the Helsingborg Symphony. In North America he performed with the symphony orchestras of Chicago, Montreal, Quebec and Seattle; he also performed the epic Busoni Piano Concerto throughout the season, in dates with the Rundfunk Sinfonie Orchester Berlin, the Orchestre Symphonique de Trois-Rivières and the New Jersey Symphony and Jacques Lacombe at Carnegie Hall at the Spring for Music Festival.

Highlights of his recital appearances included San Francisco, Philadelphia, Toronto, Montreal, Washington, London's Wigmore Hall, the Lucerne Piano Festival and elsewhere in Europe. Mr. Hamelin also returned to Asia for appearances with the Singapore Symphony and Hong Kong Philharmonic, and recitals in Hong Kong and Seoul.

Mr. Hamelin records exclusively for Hyperion Records. His most recent releases include Reger and Strauss concertos with the Rundfunk-Sinfonieorchester Berlin, and a solo disc of works by Liszt that was selected by Bryce Morrison for *Gramophone's* 2011 "Critic's Choice" feature. An album of his own compositions, *Hamelin: Études*, received a 2010 Grammy nomination (his ninth) and a first prize from

the German Record Critics' Association; the works are published by Edition Peters. His complete Hyperion discography includes concertos and works for solo piano by such composers as Alkan, Busoni, Godowsky and Medtner, as well as enthusiastically received performances of Brahms, Chopin, Haydn, Liszt and Schumann.

Mr. Hamelin was recently presented with a lifetime achievement prize by the German Record Critics' Award (Preis der deutschen Schallplattenkritik) and was made an Officer of the Order of Canada in 2003 and a Chevalier de l'Ordre du Québec in 2004; he is also a member of the Royal Society of Canada. He makes his home in Boston.



**Teodor Janson (actor)** is a versatile artist. He is highly skilled in both serious theater and cabaret, and works as both a director and an actor. He writes, sings and recites, flourishing both at the Norwegian Theatre and in front of the orchestra in Risør's church.



Last year, Ojai audiences were "introduced" to **Steven Schick** when he performed in Peter Sellars's *The Winds of Destiny*. Percussionist, conductor and author, Mr. Schick was born in Iowa and raised in a farming family. For the past 30 years he has championed contemporary percussion music as a performer and teacher by commissioning and premiering more than 100 new works for percussion. Mr. Schick is Distinguished Professor of Music at UC San Diego and a Consulting Artist in Percussion at the Manhattan School of Music. He was a percussionist of the Bang on a Can All-Stars of New York City from 1992 to 2002, and from 2000 to 2004 served as artistic director of the Centre International de Percussion de Genève in Geneva, Switzerland. Mr. Schick is the founder and artistic director of the percussion group red fish blue fish, and director of "Roots and

Rhizomes," a summer course on contemporary percussion music hosted at the Banff Centre for the Arts. In 2007, he assumed the post of Music Director and conductor of the La Jolla Symphony and Chorus, and is the principal guest conductor of the International Contemporary Ensemble. In 2011, he was appointed artistic director of the San Francisco Contemporary Music Players.



Winner of two Walter W. Naumburg Awards—for chamber music and solo singing—soprano **Lucy Shelton** enjoys an International career generously marked by prestigious performances. As one of the foremost interpreters of today's composers, Ms. Shelton

has premiered over 100 works, including works by Elliott Carter, Oliver Knussen, Joseph Schwantner, Stephen Albert, Poul Ruders, Charles Wuorinen, Milton Babbitt, Shulamit Ran and Robert Zuidaim, most of which were written for her. She premiered Grisey's *L'Icone Paradoxiiale* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, sang Boulez's *Le Visage Nuptial* under the composer's direction in Los Angeles, Chicago, London and Paris, appeared in London, Vienna and Berlin with Kurtág's *The Sayings of Peter Bornemisza* (with pianist Andrés Schiff) and made her Aldeburgh Festival debut in the premiere of Goehr's *Sing, Ariel*. Ms. Shelton has exhibited special skill in theatrical works, including Berio's *Passaggio* with the Ensemble InterContemporain, Tippett's *The Midsummer Marriage* (for Thames Television), Dallapiccola's *Il Prigioniero* (her BBC Proms debut), Rands's *Canti Lunatici* and staged performances of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* (with Da Camera of Houston and eighth blackbird).

A quintessential collaborative artist, she has been a frequent guest with her vast repertoire of vocal chamber music at festivals such as Tanglewood, Ojai, Lincoln Center, Santa Fe,

Marlboro, Aspen, Salzburg, Kuhmo, Aldeburgh and the BBC Proms. Her many recordings showcase the works of Adolphe, Albert, Benson, Carter, Crawford Seeger, Del Tredici, Goehr, Karchin, Kim, Knussen, Messiaen, Rands, Schoenberg, Schwantner, Stravinsky, Wuorinen and Ung. Ms. Shelton has taught at Third Street Settlement School, Eastman School, New England Conservatory and Cleveland Institute, and since 2007 is on the voice faculty for the Manhattan School of Music's Contemporary Performance Program. She joined the resident artist faculty of the Tanglewood Music Center in 1996.

Ms. Shelton's primary mentor and inspiration was the legendary American mezzo-soprano Jan de Gaetani.

Mezzo-soprano **Christianne Stotijn**, a native of Delft, the Netherlands, completed her solo violin studies in 2000, after which she followed an intensive vocal course with Udo Reinemann at the Amsterdam Conservatory. She furthered her



vocal studies with Jard van Nes, Noelle Barker and Dame Janet Baker. Over the years Ms. Stotijn has won numerous awards, including the prestigious ECHO Rising Stars Award 2005–2006, the Borletti-Buitoni Trust Award in 2005 and the Nederlands

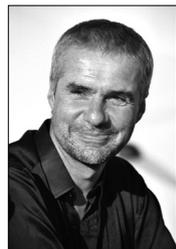
Muziekprijs in 2008. Additionally she was selected as a BBC New Generation Artist in 2007.

Ms. Stotijn is a passionate interpreter of art songs. She performs regularly with pianists Joseph Breinl and Julius Drake, with whom she has a longstanding collaboration. She has performed in the world's leading concert venues, including London's Wigmore Hall, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Vienna's Musikverein and Konzerthaus, Carnegie Hall in New York, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées and Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris, the Salzburg

Mozarteum, the Palais de Beaux-Arts in Brussels, the Kennedy Center in Washington and Atlanta's Spivey Hall. Ms. Stotijn made her Berlin Philharmonie debut in a performance of Schoenberg's *Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten*, accompanied by pianist Mitsuko Uchida.

Ms. Stotijn records for the Onyx label. Her discography includes recordings of Schubert, Berg and Wolf accompanied by Joseph Breinl; Mahler songs accompanied by Mr. Drake; Tchaikovsky *lieder* accompanied by Mr. Drake, which won *BBC Music Magazine's* Vocal Recording of 2010; and her latest Onyx recording, *Stimme der Sehnsucht—lieder by Pfitzner, Strauss & Mahler*, accompanied by Mr. Breinl. For the MDG label, Ms. Stotijn recorded a work close to her heart: Frank Martin's *Die Weise von Liebe und Tod des Cornets Christoph Rilke*, which was awarded the ECHO Klassik Award in 2008.

Bernard Haitink has had a profound influence on Ms. Stotijn's career. After successful performances of Mahler's *Rückert-Lieder* with the Orchestre National de France and the Concertgebouw Orchestra, Mr. Haitink invited her to perform at the BBC Proms and the Lucerne Festival, as well as with the Chicago, Boston and London symphonies. Other conductors with whom she has collaborated include Claudio Abbado, Vladimir Jurowski, Iván Fischer, Gustavo Dudamel, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Jaap van Zweden, Marc Minkowski, René Jacobs, Charles Dutoit and Andris Nelsons. On the operatic stage Ms. Stotijn has performed Pauline in *Pique Dame* at the Paris Opera, Ottavia in *Poppea* at the Nederlandse Opera, Cornelia in *Giulio Cesare* at the Monnaie Brussels and De Nederlandse Opera, and the title role in *Tamerlano* at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden.



**Terje Tønnesen** is among Norway's leading violinists, and plays an important role in Nordic music life through his function as the artistic director of the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra (since 1977) and Camerata Nordica, Sweden

(since 1996). Since 1983 he has also held the role of concertmaster of the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra. He is the artistic director of the Oslo Winter Night Festival and "Baroque," a festival on the island of Øland, Sweden. Through the years, Mr. Tønnesen has pursued an international career as soloist and chamber musician and won several prizes, performing and recording several works commissioned for him. He has also composed music for a number of theater productions.

Mr. Tønnesen's aim as an artist is to combine knowledge and development of tradition, but also to contradict it in order to create fresh products. He works with artists from different genres including jazz, rock, folk and, of course, theater.

**Ida Aubert Bang** studied harp under Willy Postma at the Norwegian Academy of Music, where she graduated in 2010 with the highest mark in her year. Since then, Ms. Bang has been awarded several important scholarships and has worked and recorded regularly with all of the major orchestras throughout Norway, including the Oslo Philharmonic, Bergen Philharmonic, Norwegian Radio Orchestra, Norwegian National Opera Orchestra and Norwegian Chamber Orchestra, under leading conductors including Zubin Mehta and Marc Soustrot.

Ms. Bang also performs regularly as both a soloist and chamber musician and has collaborated with Tine Thing Helseth and Lars Anders Tomter, among others. At the 2012 Risør Chamber Music Festival, Ms. Bang will perform several programs, including Lutosławski's Concerto for Oboe, Harp and Strings with renowned English oboist Nicholas Daniel.