

presents the 81st concert of the 1988-89 season

B468
1989
5-3

Faculty Artist Recital

Emilie
Emily Berendsen
Mezzo – Soprano

Bern Herbolsheimer, *Piano*
And
Tom Collier, *Percussion*

—◆—
Works By

Diane Thome
And
Odaline de la Martinez
Peter Eben
Charles Koechlin
Viktor Ullmann

May 3, 1989
8:00 PM, Brechemin Auditorium



School
of
Music
University
of
Washington

DAT # 11, 465
CASS # 11, 466

Program

PETR EBEN (b. 1929) from *Sechs Minnelieder* (1951)

- No. 1 *Noci milá* — 14th century 8 1/2'
- No. 2 *Summer is come* — 13th century
- No. 4 *Du bist mfn* — 12th century
- No. 5 *Non mi mandar messaggi* — 13th century folk poem

CHARLES KOECHLIN (1867-1950)

- Novembre*, op. 22, no. 2 — 1901; P. Bourget
- Un jour de Juin, que j'étais soucieux...*, op. 24, no. 2 13'
- 1901; Paul Verlaine
- Déclin d'amour*, op. 13, no. 1 — 1894; Sully Prudhomme

DIANE THOME (b. 1942) *Levadi (Alone)* for soprano and tape (1986)
(ca. 1898; Chaim Nachman Bialik) 10 1/2'

CASS SIDE A
SIDE B

Intermission

VIKTOR ULLMANN (1898-1944, Auschwitz)

- Der Frühling* — 1943; Friedrich Hölderlin
- Abendphantasie* — 1943; Friedrich Hölderlin 10'
- Immer inmitten* — from *Solo Cantata*; H. G. Adler

ODALINE DE LA MARTINEZ *Canciones*

for voice, piano and percussion
(1985; Federico Garcia Lorca)

- No. 1 *Remanso*
- No. 2 *Cancion de Jinete* 12'
- No. 3 *Ay Que Trabajo Cuesta*
- No. 4 *Despedida*

Diane Thome's work is being heard for the first time in its Hebrew version. Odaline de la Martinez's piece is an American premiere. The other compositions are first Seattle performances.

Encore: Herbolzheimer - Dinky 3 1/2'
Program Notes

Peter Eben, one of Czechoslovakia's foremost composers, is known throughout Europe, England and America, for his many vocal and instrumental works. An excellent pianist and organist, Eben is especially gifted as an improviser. His cycle, *Sechs Minnelieder*, is an early work and received a gold medal in the 1956 Youth and Student Contest in Moscow. Each song is set to a poem in a different language, including Czech, Italian, Medieval German and English, and French. Though a youthful work, the writing is particularly grateful to both voice and piano, with a clear sensitivity to some national color in the general style, according to the individual texts, although in many instances a strong Czech undercurrent is nonetheless felt.

Until recently the music of Charles Koechlin was not widely known, despite the fact that this composer figures very prominently in the development of French music in the twentieth century. Clearly influenced by his teachers, Gabriel Faure and Jules Massenet, as evidenced by the early songs on this evening's program, Koechlin's later music makes use of virtually every contemporary technique, including polytonality, modality, atonal trends and neo-classicism. A musician with an encyclopedic knowledge of the history and theory of his art, he wrote voluminous treatises on harmony, counterpoint and orchestration which are still appreciated and used today. His best-known work, *The Bandar-Log*, based on the story "Kim's Hunting", from Kipling's *Jungle Book*, is an extraordinary piece incorporating organum-like passages, neo-Bachian polyphony, and dodecaphonic writing. Of the three songs on this evening's program, the first two are more in the manner of Fauré, while the third, *Déclin d'amour*, is of an expressive (vocal and keyboard) scope approaching the dimensions of an aria from a Massenet opera. All of the songs, however, are very much Koechlin's own, especially when viewed from the perspective of his entire creative output. — David Bloch

The poetry of Chaim Nachman Bialik, which inspired the present work, has had a special meaning for me since my sixteenth year when I wrote a ballet based on his poem, *In My Garden*. Having decided to write a solo voice and synthesized tape composition, I began to search out other poems of this great Russian-Jewish writer of the Haskelah, the Jewish enlightenment. The particular text chosen, while it alludes to specific historical events, also contains a multitude of haunting images and associations which awakened deep responses in me. I was also impressed with the rich melodic resources of Ladino songs and I incorporated certain sephardic or sephardic-style melodies in the soprano part while simultaneously providing a tapestry of other voices in the tape. These layerings reappear in various guises and textures throughout the work, suggesting a compositional analog of certain recurrent elements in the poem.

Levadi was commissioned by the Belle Arte Concerts for Montserrat Alavedra. It is dedicated to my mother and my grandmother. The Ladino version of *Levadi* has been released on Opus One records. — Diane Thome

The composer Viktor Ullmann studied with Arnold Schoenberg and his assistants in 1918 in Vienna. In 1921, at the recommendation of Schoenberg, he was accepted as one of Alexander von Zemlinsky's conducting assistants at the New German Opera in Prague, a position he held until 1926, at that time assuming the directorship of the opera in Aussig. An active member of Schoenberg's circle of followers in Prague, Ullmann's first recognition came with the composition of a large work for piano, *Variations and Double Fugue on a Theme of Arnold Schoenberg*, op. 3, which won him the Hertzko Prize in 1930. Ullmann was an avid follower of Rudolf Steiner's anthroposophical movement and among his many songs written in the 1930's are settings of poems by Albert Steffen. Ullmann tried unsuccessfully to find work in London or South Africa, in order to escape the German occupation with his family, but to no avail, and in 1942 he was transported to Terezín (Theresienstadt), the garrison town some 60 kilometers northwest of Prague which the Nazis turned into a transport camp, and which they tried to pass off as a "Paradise Ghetto". Rather unusually, Ullmann was not assigned to regular work, but rather, at the direction of the Freizeitgestaltung (Free-Time Authority) was instructed to serve as music critic, to organize concerts (he founded the Studio für Neue Musik) and he had ample time to compose. Many of his more than two dozen works written in Terezín bear signs of his - and the other Jews - premonition of their impending fate, under the constant threat of transports to the East, and this is felt particularly in the text of *Immer inmitten*, written by Dr. H.G. Adler. It was, in fact, at Ullmann's instruction that Dr. Adler received the composer's manuscripts of his Terezín works, in Prague after the war (Adler himself was in Terezín but survived).

Ullmann's instrumental works from Terezín often contain a kind of musical code, which would have had great meaning to his fellow inmates if they heard these works, quoting as they do Czech patriotic chorales, passages from Viennese operettas, and reminiscences of Mahler and Josef Suk. The style of his music is eclectic, showing the influences of (and his fondness for) Mahler, Berg, Schoenberg and Weil. His songs particularly exhibit a blend of early Schoenberg, Strauss and expressionistic tendencies. Any mention of Ullmann must of necessity conclude with his own evaluation of the Terezín experience, in which he wrote that "it must be emphasized that the resienstadt has served to ENHANCE, not impede, my musical activities, that by no means did we sit weeping on the bank of the waters of Babylon, and that our endeavor with respect to Art was commensurate with our will to live"

Odaline de la Martinez is a young Cuban composer and conductor who has lived in England for many years. She founded and directs Lontano, a highly acclaimed contemporary music ensemble, and is an active orchestral conductor as well. Her *Canciones*, for voice, piano and percussion, is a representative sample of her work, particularly in its use of Lorca's texts and its Latin fondness for percussion, here well combined with the piano and voice. — *David Bloch*

Song Texts

Six Minnelieder

- No. 1 Dear night, why do you last so long?
I am longing for my love to whom I cannot speak.
Who can console me? My heart is already living in fear,
In mourning, in pains of longing. — *14th cent.*
- No. 4 You are mine, I am yours, you must know this.
You are locked in my heart..
The key is lost.
You must always be in it.
You are mine, I am yours. — *13th cent.*
- No. 5 Don't send me messages that are false; they are evil
the messages sent by your eyes when you lift them —
the messages sent by your eyes to mine.
Look at my red lips which are never known by my husband.
Don't send me messages. . . . — *12th cent.*
- No. 6 Summer is come and winter gone
The days begin to grow long;
and the birds everyone make joy with song.
Still strong care bindeth me
despite the joy that's found in land;
all for a child, that is so mild of hand. — *13th cent. folk poem*

November (1901)

P. BOURGET

November approaches - which to me is so lovely and, divine to my heart and to my sorrow. I have taken to heart, without it speaking.

November approaches - listen my child. Your love is as beautiful as a poem, like a triumphant dream when one is in love.

November approaches - sad and alone, like a wedge of fire. I have sung all the hour 'til winter and I believe in God and I weep.

November approaches - and it is to me blessed and all the death of flowers is like a prayer to me. I pass to my final dream, in prayer.

A Day in June (1901)

PAUL VERLAINE

In a robe of grey and green, scattered with bee hives, one day in June she appeared smiling in my eyes in admiration without a suspicion of doubts.

She came, went, returned, spoke leisurely, yet ironically, seriously and attentively.

And I listened as my heart filled with gloom: of the joy reflected in all that which her voice said, of the final music with its delicious accompaniment, the spirit of continual gaiety so completely divine to my heart.

Decline of Love (1894)

SULLY PRUDHOMME

In the mortal sight of autumn which touches by the shores of the lake a murmur passes unnoticed. It is the sad water and the willow which speak among themselves.

The willow: I languish. Look how my green tomb is strewn with icy crystals You, once a companion, today are the tomb of my vanished spring.

She says: The leaves slide to the water to replenish these brown waters.

The water replies: O my pale friend, don't let your leaves down one by one, for your slow death is as painful to me as it is to you. It makes me shudder to see you wounded thus, we who were always good friends. With a long and tormented shudder why do you forget me little by little? Disregarding time, cruel one, your love, your kisses - goodbye - I kiss you.

Levadi (ca. 1898)

CHAIM NACHMAN BIALIK

The wind carried all of them away
the light swept all of them away
A new song made the morning of their lives
exult with song:
And I, a soft fledgling, was completely forgotten
from the hearts of all
under the wings of the Shekinah.

Solitary, solitary I remained, and the Shekinah too;
She fluttered her broken right wing over my head
My heart understood her heart; she trembled with anxiety
over me, over her son, over her only son.

She has already been driven from every corner
Only one hidden nook, desolate and small, remained
— the House of Study — and she covered herself
with the shadow, and I was together with her
sharing in her distress.

And when my heart yearned for the window, for the light
and when the place under her wing was too narrow for me,
she hid her head in my shoulder, and her tear
dropped on my Talmud page —

Silently she wept over me and enfolded me
as though shielding me with her broken wing:
"The wind carried them all away, they have all flown off
and I was left alone, alone. . ."

And something akin to a very ancient lamentation
and something akin to a prayer, a supplication and trembling;
My heart heard in that silent weeping
and in that tear, churning —

English translation by T. Rübner

Spring (1943)

FRIEDRICH HÖLDERLIN

When in fields new things enrapture one
And when the view once more becomes beautiful
And in the mountains where the trees become green
Clear air lets the clouds be seen

Oh what joy men have
Lonely people gladly go on the shore
Rest, desire and joy are blooming in health
Friendly laughter is also not far away

Evening Fantasy (1943)

FRIEDRICH HÖLDERLIN

At peace the ploughman sits in the shade outside
His cottage, smoke curls up from his modest hearth.
A traveller hears the bell for vespers
Welcome him into a quiet village.

Now, too, the boatmen make for the harbour pool,
In distant towns the market's gay noise and throng
Subside; a glittering meal awaits the
Friends in the garden's most hidden arbour.

But where shall I go? Does not a mortal live
By work and wages? Balancing toil with rest
All makes him glad. Must I alone then
Find no relief from the thorn that goads me?

A springtime buds high up in the evening sky,
There countless roses bloom, and the golden world
Seems calm, fulfilled; O there now take me,
Crimson-edged clouds, and up there at last let

My love and sorrow melt into light and air! –
As if that foolish plea had dispersed it, though,
The spell breaks; darkness falls, and lonely
Under the heavens I stand as always. –

Now you come, gentle sleep! For the heart demands
Too much; but youth at last, you the dreamy, wild,
Unquiet, will burn out, and leave me
All my late years for serene contentment.

Ever In The Midst ()

HANS GUNTHER ADLER

Ever in the midst, ever in the midst
I stepped through all the areas of wonder
Far from home but near the spring
What has the soul not suffered
Now wandering in the moss
Now the thorn tears it (the soul)
Ever in the midst, ever in the midst.

Ever in the midst, ever in the midst
Between desperation and pleading
I find myself in the defending house.
Slowly he forgets his struggles
When the ghostly turmoil ends
Ever in the midst, ever in the midst.

Ever in the midst, ever in the midst
When the slumbering death is riding into life –
Crackling tune, strangely jingling
No one can say what will be tomorrow.
Ever in the midst, ever in the midst.

Canciones (1985)

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

1. *Backwater*
Night is coming.
The rays of the moon are knocking.

Night is coming.
A large tree wraps itself
With words of songs.

Night is coming.
If you come to see me
through paths of air
Night is coming
You would find me crying
Under the large elm trees.

2. *Song of the Rider*
Cordoba.
Distant and alone.
Black filly, large moon
and olives in my saddle bag.
Even though I know the roads
I will never reach Cordoba.

Through the plain, through the wind,
black, filly, red moon.
Death stares at me
from the towers of Cordoba.

Ay! What a long road
Ay! My brave filly
That death awaits me
before I reach Cordoba.

3. *It's True*
It is such toil
to love you like I love you!
Because of my love for you
it hurts to breathe,
my heart hurts, and my hat.

Who would buy me this little
belt and this little bit of
linen to make me handkerchiefs?
It is such toil
to love you like I love you!

4. *Farewell*
If I die,
Leave my balcony open.
The boy eats oranges.
(I can see him from my balcony)
The reaper harvests the wheat.
(I hear him from my balcony)
If I die,
Leave my balcony open!

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University Jazz Combos, May 25, 8:00 PM, Brechemin Auditorium