

University of Washington
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

P39
1992
10-9

Julian Patrick, *baritone*

in a

Faculty Artist Recital

with

Lisa Bergman, *piano*

8:00 PM
OCTOBER 9, 1992
MEANY THEATER



School
of
Music

University
of
Washington

CD1 #16,176

PROGRAM

DAT #12025
CASS #12026
CASS #12027

DAT
ID#

- 2 "Lungi dal caro bene" 3'20 Giuseppe Sarti (1729-1802)
- 3 "Se i miei sospiri" 5'40 Francois Joseph Fetis (1784-1871)
- 4 "Gia il sole dal Gange" 1'35 Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
- 5 Lieder um den Tod 12'59 Yrjö Kilpinen (1892-1959)
Songs of Death
- 6 La Grenouilliere (The Frog Fisherman) 2'13 Francois Poulenc
(1899-1963)
- 7 Oh, Quand je dors (Oh, when I sleep) 4'12 Franz Liszt (1811-1886)
- 8 Crépescule (Twilight) 2'40 Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
- 9 Don Quichotte à Dulcinée 7'11 Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
(Don Quixote to Dulcinea)
Romanesque Song
Epic Song
Drinking Song

SIDE A
SIDE B

INTERMISSION

CD2 #16,177

- 10 The Andrée Expedition 41'17 Dominick Argento (b. 1927)
- Part One: In the Air
 - 1) Prologue (Fränkel)
 - 2) The Balloon Rises (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)
 - 3) Pride and Ambition (Andrée: First Journal)
 - 4) Dinner Aloft (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)
 - 5) The Unforeseen Problem (Fränkel)
 - 6) The Flight Aborted (Andrée: First Journal)
- Part Two: On the Ice
 - 7) Mishap with a Sledge (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)
 - 8) The King's Jubilee (Andrée: First Journal)
 - 9) Illness and Drugs (Fränkel)
 - 10) Hallucinations (Andrée: First Journal)
 - 11) Anna's Birthday (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)
 - 12) Epilogue (Fränkel)
 - 13) Final Words (Andrée: Second Journal)

11 ENCORE 2'16

SIDE A (only)

CASS # 12027

"Lungi dal caro bene" Giuseppe Sarti
 Far from my Love I languish
 I cannot possibly live
 I am in a sea of pain
 Sweet dream of death.
 If she does not look at me
 The light of day will fail me.

"Se i miei sospiri" Francois Joseph Fetis
 Oh God, if my sighs would placate the impious countenance that lured me, all the sufferings that
 death would give, always constant, I will suffer.

"Gia il sole dal Gange" Alessandro Scarlatti
 Already the sun from the Ganges sparkles
 brightly and dries every drop of the dawn which weeps.
 With a gilded ray, it adorns every blade, and it paints
 the stars of the sky in the field.

Lieder um den Tod (Songs of Death) Yrjö Kilpinen

Vöglein Schwermut (The Little Bird Despair)
 A small black bird flies over the world
 And sings with death's sadness.
 Whoever hears it hears nothing more.
 Whoever hears it knows sadness.
 He may never more see the sun.
 In the middle of the night the bird rests on
 the finger of Death, who lightly strokes it and says,
 "Fly, my little Bird, fly."
 And it flies, floating over the world.

Auf einem verfallenen Kirchof (In the Ruins of a Churchyard)
 Poor pale head, what do you want with me?
 There is no reason to mourn the living.
 God shudders over all his deeps,
 Yet the ocean grieves for the wave that is past.
 I will place a little crown, my Brother Fool,
 on thy shining brow.
 For you, like me, in life's distress and death's
 agony, were God's own eye and brain.

Der Tod und der einsame Trinker (Death And the Lonely Drinker)
 "Good evening, Friend!" "Your health!"
 "How goes it?" "Your health!"
 "Tastes good?" "Your health!"
 "You hate me no more?" "Your health!"
 "In truth?" "Your health!"
 "My thanks!" "Your health!"
 "Still—" "Your health!"
 "Too much?" "Your health!"
 "Well?" "Your health!"
 "As you will!" "Your health!"
 "Fool!" "Your health!"
 "Enough!" "Your h—"

Winternacht (Winter Night)

In the snowy winter night I make my lonely way home
From the tavern, thinking of you. I see you far away
In a dark room amid white linen. Do I live in your
Dream, deep in your heart? Lonely is my path, and I
long for you. The white snow whispers around us both.

Der Säemann (The Sower)

Through the land, here and there, strides the farmer,
Death. From the sack on his shoulder he sows seeds
Without number. Through this invisible cloud
Mortals wander boldly, yet prepared.

Unverlierbare Gewähr (Certain Immortality)

On thing there is, for which I gladly rejoice,
That will not deceive me. One evening, surely,
This heart will at last rest from all its flights.
Sleep will envelope this wanderer. Then,
That which remains will become something else,
some other.
This one has completed his task—then—then—

La Grenouilliere (The Frog Fisherman) Francois Poulenc

On the island one sees empty boats.
Now, neither on Sundays, nor the days of the week—
Neither painters, nor Maupassant promenades—
Bare armed in the boats with women with huge
Breasts and stupid as cabbages.
Poor little boats, you make me so sad.

Oh, Quand je dors (Oh, When I Sleep) Franz Liszt

Oh, when I sleep, come to my bed as Laura appeared
to Petrarch. And let your breath touch my lips and
restore me. On my sad brow, where perhaps ends some
evil dream of old, your gaze, like some beaming star,
will raise me from my dream. Then, on my lips, there
burns a flame of love that God himself purifies, place
a kiss, as angel become woman. Suddenly my soul will
revive. Oh come, as Laura appeared to Petrarch.

Crépuscule (Twilight) Jules Massenet

Like a curtain, under the whiteness of the folding petals,
the lilies close their heart. The ladybirds sleep. Until
the morning rays they sleep in the hearts of the lilies. Like
a virginal dream the ladybirds sleep. The lilies scarcely sleep
for a moment. Do you not want to lay your head down?
We will speak of loving. The ladybirds sleep.

Don Quichotte a Dulcinée (Don Quixote to Dulcinea) Maurice Ravel

Romanesque Song

If you were to tell me that the earth offended
you with its turning, I would dispatch panza;
You would see it motionless and silent.
Were you to tell me that you are weary of too many
stars in the sky, destroying the divine order
I'd sweep them from the sky with one blow.

If you were to then tell me that empty space does
not please you, then God-like, shaking my spear,
I would cast stars in the passing wind.

But were you to tell me that my blood belongs more
to myself than to you, my Lady, I would pale
beneath the reproach and die, blessing you.

Epic Song

Good Saint Michael, who allows me to see my Lady
and hear her, who deigns to elect me to please
and defend her, I pray you descend with Saint George
upon the altar of the Madonna of the blue mantel.

With a beam from heaven bless my sword, equal in
purity and piety, as in modesty and chastity, my Lady.

Oh, great Saint George and Saint Michael, the angel who
watches over my vigil, my gentle Lady so much resembling you,
Madonna of the blue mantle. Amen.

Drinking Song

A curse on the bastard, illustrious Lady, who says
that love and old wine will bring me misery.
I drink to joy! Joy is the only thing I seek when
I am drunk.

A curse on the jealous fool, dark-haired mistress,
who whines, weeps and vows to be this pallid lover
who waters the wine of his intoxication. I drink to joy!
Joy is the only thing I seek when I am drunk.

The Andrée Expedition Dominick Argento

Andrée, Strindberg and Fränkel began their expedition on July 11, 1897. Their records break
off three months later. Three decades later their bodies were discovered and returned to Sweden.

The notebooks of Andrée and Strindberg were published: most of the text for this cycle is
taken directly from them. Fränkel left no account behind, but the text assigned to him is based on
his companions' writings.

1. PROLOGUE (Fränkel)

What was it the Austrian newspaper wrote? "Any man who says he will travel to the North
Pole and back in a balloon is either a simpleton, a charlatan, or a Swede." How well we qualified!
Young Strindberg—a Latter-day Don Quixote—risked his life to impress the blue-eyed
goddess of his dreams. Throughout the journey he wrote her love-letters. But where did he
expect to post them, I wonder?

Our leader, Andrée, dreamt only of glory and immortality, already photographed and
measured for his waxwork likeness which would stand in some dusty museum. Its translucent
finger pointing to this journal I now hold in my freezing hands.

And I, Fränkel, I measured the winds, and I plotted the stars, and asked myself over and over
again: What attracted me to the North like the trembling needle of a compass?

2. THE BALLOON RISES (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)

"Dearest Anna,

It was grand when at last it was determined that we should start.
Andrée asked us: "Well, shall we try it or not?" Fränkel at first answered evasively, but then
said that we should. I answered, "I think we ought to try it." Andrée was serious and said
nothing.

Now my thoughts turned to you and to my parents and friends at home. How would the
journey succeed? And how fast my thoughts came.

"Cut away everywhere!" comes Andrée's voice. Three knives cut the three lines, and the
balloon rises amid the cheers of those below. A peculiar sensation, wonderful, indescribable!
We still hear the hurrahs at a distance. And then: silent and still.

At seven o'clock mists begin. Andrée goes to his berth to rest. A black bird circles a moment
in the distance then disappears in the fog.

The sun has gone. Good night!"

3. PRIDE AND AMBITION (Andrée: First Journal)

"It is not a little strange to be floating here above the Polar Sea. To be the first that have floated here in a balloon, I cannot deny that all three of us are dominated by a feeling of pride. We think we can well face death, having done what we have done. Isn't it all, perhaps, the expression of an extremely strong sense of individuality which cannot bear the thought of living and dying like a man in the ranks, forgotten by coming generations? Is this ambition?"

Dispatch, July 11, 1897. Four carrier pigeons sent off. We are now in over the ice which is much divided in every direction. Weather magnificent. Best of humour. ANDRÉE STRINDBERG FRÆNKEL"

4. DINNER ALOFT (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)

"Diner du 13 Juillet (for it is I who attends to the housekeeping)

Repas pendant le voyage: Potage d'Oseille Hotch Potch, Chateaubriand, the King's Special Ale, Chocolate with biscuits, Biscuits with raspberry syrup plus H2O. A good, invigorating meal! Au revoir!"

5. THE UNFORESEEN PROBLEM (Fränkel)

Indeed, it was a very good meal, Anna. But your fiance neglected to mention that it was consumed under—what Andrée called: trying circumstances. By the third day of our flight, a steady fine drizzle had deposited more than a ton of ice above our heads. On the webbing that encircled the balloon's equator, thousands and thousands of icicles formed. Every fifty meters we paid unplanned visits to the surface, stamping it angrily, like some enraged behemoth, then lurching up into the air again. Strindberg became seasick and vomited that excellent dinner, while Andrée glared at the fog, attempting to will the enshrouded sun to appear and melt away our glistening crown of thorns.

6. THE FLIGHT ABORTED (Andrée: First Journal)

"Fog still intense. Everything is dripping. We have not had any sleep or been permitted any rest from the repeated slamming against the ice. We probably cannot stand it much longer. The balloon sways, twists, and rises and sinks incessantly. It wishes to be off but cannot. The rattling of the guide-lines and the flapping of the sails are the only sounds heard.

No bird is seen or heard, and so I suppose there is no land near. Monotonous touch. New touch. Another touch... The balloon rose to a great height, but we opened both valves and at 6:29 we were down again. We jumped out of the balloon. Worn out and famished but determined to set out from the point where we now are. On foot."

7. MISHAP WITH A SLEDGE (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)

"Well, now your Nils knows what it is to walk on Polar Ice!"

We had a little mishap at the start: while crossing from one ice-floe to the next, the first sledge went crooked and fell in. I jumped down into the water and held fast the sledge so that it should not sink. It was with difficulty it was saved. Andrée was angry that I had taken such a risk, since we have two more sledges and provisions enough. Of course, he did not know that in the first sledge is my sack with all your letters and your portrait. Yes, they will be my dearest treasure during the winter.

Well, my dear, what will you be thinking all winter? That is my only anxiety. There is much I should write about, but now I must sleep. Good night."

8. THE KING'S JUBILEE (Andrée: First Journal)

"September 18. A beautiful day. The King's Jubilee. A lucky day for us. We had the Swedish flag hoisted and finished the day with a ceremonial meal. Then with a fine port, Antonio de Ferrara, 1834, given to us by the King himself, we drank the King's health with Royal Hurrahs and in unison we sang: Du gamla, du fria, du fjällhöga Nord. The general feeling was one of the greatest good cheer, and we lay down satisfied and contented. (Ack, jag vill leva, jag vill do i Norden!)"

9. ILLNESS AND DRUGS (Fränkel)

It is hard to believe that Jubilee Day was scarcely a month ago. An observer might have found our patriotic display pathetic: Strindberg was bandaged all over for cuts and boils; my feet were useless and I could no longer pull my sledge; all three of us suffered from cracked lips, a permanent catarrh, noses running constantly, attacks of diarrhea and cramps.

The good doctor, Andrée, prescribed morphine and opium tablets. We rested: then marched

a few more kilometers. More morphine and opium—a few more kilometers.

How long did he think the drugs would last?

10. HALLUCINATIONS (Andrée: First Journal)

"The day has been extremely beautiful. Perhaps the most beautiful day we have had. Magnificent Venetian landscape with canals between lofty hummock edges on both sides, water square with fountains of ice and stairs down to the canals. Divine. The sun touched the horizon at midnight. The landscape caught fire. The snow an ocean of flame. Divine. We have several times seen a bird, quite black and silent as a spirit. We have not seen it fly but only dive. What kind of bird is it?"

11. ANNA'S BIRTHDAY (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)

"We have just stopped for the day, after drudging and pulling the sledges for ten hours. I am really rather tired, but must first chat a little. First and foremost I must congratulate you, for this is your birthday. Oh, how I wish I could tell you now, Anna, that I am in excellent health and that you need not fear for us at all. We are sure to come home by and by. But it is strange to think that not even for your next birthday will it be possible for us to be at home. And perhaps we shall have to winter here for another year more. We do not know yet.

Poor little Anna, in what despair you will be if we should not come home next autumn. And you can imagine how I am tortured by the thought of it, too, not for my own sake, for now I do not mind if I have hardships as long as I can come home at last."

12. EPILOGUE (Fränkel)

We built our winter house of ice and snow. Andrée christened it: "home." A week later, I buried Strindberg, and I fashioned a crude black mourning ribbon to adorn my coat. Poor Andrée—unaware that Strindberg had died; that he himself was dying—continued to babble on and on about the next expedition and filled a few more pages in his notebooks. Before long, there bloomed a second ribbon. Next will come my turn and then it all will be...concluded.

It is clear to me now that Andrée knew from the start that our journey was doomed. And I think I understand what made him persevere to the end: in the years to come, when our frozen bodies have been found and returned home to Sweden, the bright, elusive glory he sought will be his after all. Even Strindberg's foolish example will, in time, be transformed as a legend for lovers. But I, Fränkel, who measured the winds, I, who plotted the stars and asked myself over and over again—I still will not know what attracted me to the North like the trembling needle of a compass.

Was it only for this: to perish here, alone, amid the howling winds of an Arctic night, reading and re-reading these undeliverable love-letters of a simple soul and this already-fading journal of a prideful Swede?

Was it only for this?

13. FINAL WORDS (Andrée: Second Journal)

"...the middle of the night...shadows on the glacier...the flaming outside...not innocent white doves...carrion birds...bad weather, we fear...to escape...out to sea...crash...grating...driftwood..."

One of the most distinguished and versatile American artists today, **Julian Patrick** has performed with major opera companies such as Theatre de Geneva, Strasbourg Opera, Netherlands Opera, Welch Opera, New York City Opera, Metropolitan Opera, Chicago Lyric Opera, Seattle Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Denver Opera, Miami Opera, and Dallas Opera. His operatic repertoire encompasses Alberich in Wagner's Ring, the title role in Puccini's Gianni Schicci, Pizzaro in Beethoven's Fidelio, Beckmesser in Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, the three villains in Offenbach's The Tales of Hoffmann, and the Count and Figaro in Mozart's The Marriage of Figaro. He created the role of Casanova for the world premiere of Argento's Casanova's Homecoming. Equally at home on the concert stage, Mr. Patrick has

appeared with the Cleveland Orchestra, the Dallas Symphony, the Portland Symphony, the London Symphony Orchestra and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, among others.

Mr. Patrick graduated from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music in 1950 with a Bachelor's Degree in Music.

Lisa Bergman (Artist-in-Residence) made her Carnegie Recital Hall Debut in 1983 and has since performed extensively on both east and west coasts with such artists as Julius Baker, Marni Nixon, and Ransom Wilson. She received Master's Degrees from Juilliard and The State University of New York at Stony Brook and a Bachelor's Degree from the University of Washington, cum laude. Much in demand as a lecturer on the art of accompanying, she is also a member of the University of Washington Music faculty teaching in the fields of accompanying and opera coaching.

As official accompanist she performed in the 1982 and 1983 Regional Metropolitan Opera Auditions, the 1986 International Clarinet Convention, and the 1989 Western National T.U.B.A. Conference. She has appeared in recitals, festivals competitions, and conventions in New York, Munich, San Diego, Anchorage, Banff, Aspen, and Portland. Ms. Bergman and violinist Linda Rosenthal recently released their recording of violin/piano favorites on CD, LP and Cassette.

During summer 1991, Bergman toured Norway and Sweden performing on a cruise, and in recitals with tenor Rolf Bjorling and soprano Nina Rodsrud. In October she performed with the French clarinetist Michel Lethiec on his Northwest tour. While in London, she recorded her second compact disc with violinist Linda Rosenthal, featuring the violin-piano sonatas of Copland, Piston and Porter on the Continuum label.

UPCOMING 1992-93 CONCERTS:

October 13, **"Oboes and Friends,"** with oboist Alex Klein. Meany Theater, 8:00 PM.

October 18, **"Catch a Rising Star" Music Scholarship Students Benefit Concert.** Brechemin Auditorium, 3:00 PM.

October 25, **Soni Ventorum Wind Quintet.** Brechemin Auditorium, 3:00 PM.

October 30, **Littlefield Organ Halloween Concerts.** Walker-Ames Room, Kane Hall, 3:00 PM and 8:00 PM.

November 4, **UW Opera: Julius Caesar.** Meany Theater, 8:00 PM.

November 6, **UW Opera: Julius Caesar.** Meany Theater, 8:00 PM.

November 8, **UW Opera: Julius Caesar.** Meany Theater, 3:00 PM.