The Contemporary Group
William O. Smith and Robert Suderburg, Directors

Wednesday, October 18, 1972
Room 210, Kane Hall, 8:00 P.M.

PROGRAM

ALBAN BERG (1885–1935)
sieben frühe Lieder (1907)
  Nacht "Night" (Hauptmann)
  Schilflied "Song amongst the reeds" (Lenau)
  Die Nachtigall "The Nightingale" (Storm)
  Traumgekrönt "A Crown of Dreams" (Rilke)
  Im Zimmer "Indoors" (Schlaf)
  Liebesode "Lover's Ode" (Harleben)
  Sommertage "Summer Days" (Hohenberg)

Elizabeth Suderburg, Soprano
Robert Suderburg,* Piano

ROBERT SUDERBURG (b. 1936)
SOLO MUSIC I for Violin (1971)
  commissioned by Irwin Eisenberg
  towards variation
  towards song
  towards dance
  closing, alone

Irwin Eisenberg* Violinist

MANUEL DE SICA
VOICE (1971)
  written for William O. Smith

William O. Smith,* Clarinetist

INTERMISSION

ROBERT SUDERBURG
CHAMBER MUSIC III (Night-set for trombone and piano)
   (1972) commissioned by Stuart Dempster
   cry, man
   it's been a long, long time
   brother Devil

Stuart Dempster,* Trombone
Robert Suderburg,* Piano
TONÁ SCHERCHEN  SUN for mixed quintet and percussion (1968)
(b. 1938)

Robert Kechley, Oboe
Donald Wanser, Trumpet
Tom Collier, Percussion
Pete Molner, Percussion
Stuart Dempster,* Trombone
Linda Hart, Cello
Philip Carlsen, Cello

* Faculty Member
ALBAN BERG: sieben frühe Lieder (1907)
See attached sheets for texts and translations.

ROBERT SUDERBURG: SOLO MUSIC I (1971)
Commissioned by Irwin Eisenberg in 1969, Solo Music I is a four movement
work devoted to the particular qualities of the violin "to make tunes,
provide occasions to dance, and to dazzle the sense." While offering the
violinist a total technical challenge, the work's primary quality remains
unabashed music-making, all challenges being subservient to the play of
it all.

MANUEL DE SICA: VOICE (1971)
"VOICE" was written for Mr. Smith during the summer of 1971 while
Mr. De Sica was studying with him at the American Academy in Rome. It
is written in a fantasy-like style and employs multiple stops, percussive
effects and other devices developed by the performer. Mr. De Sica has
written chamber music, choral music and, most recently, a ballet which
was performed at last summer's Spoleto Festival.

ROBERT SUDERBURG: CHAMBER MUSIC III (1972)
(Night-set for trombone and piano).
The son of a jazz and club trombonist the childhood of the composer
was filled with the comings and goings of all types of musicians at all
varieties of hours. Most of all, however, it guaranteed that the
instrument itself, what sound and sight images it produced, would never
be forgotten.

When commissioned by Stuart Dempster for CHAMBER MUSIC III, the
composer states that "the musical-occasion was offered to let out those
licks, those sliding styles, which had wandered from outdoor bandstand
to indoor dance-hall, from club to stage-show, living again, at least in
a certain manner, all stimulated and nurtured by Dempster's performance
art. As a result, this night set has a bit of the Devil and a bit of
memory, both fused via forces of sweetness and satire, both reaching back
through the forties to the late thirties. The work is dedicated,
therefore, to my father, trombonist R. A. Suderburg who, along with
Stuart Dempster, should take a bow, at least for those portions which
may please, move or amuse."

TONA SCHERCHEN: SUN (1968)
Tona Scherchen, daughter of conductor Hermann Scherchen and
Hsiao Shu-sien, formerly a professor at the Central Music Conservatory
of Peking, has in past seasons achieved the role of one of the leaders
of the European avant-garde. She studied Chinese music and literature
and the classic Chinese instrument Pi-Pa at the Conservatories of Peking
and Shanghai; studied dodecaphonic music with Hans Werner Henze from
1961-63, followed by studies in Paris with Olivier Messiaen (1963-65)
and at the Studio de la Musique Concrete with Pierre Schaeffer, together
The performance of SUN, 1968, will be the first performance of a work
by Ms. Scherchen's in the United States.
Sieben Frühe Lieder  (Seven Early Songs)

1. Nacht (Carl Hauptmann)
   Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal,
   Nebel schweben, Wasser rauschen sacht
   Nun entschiefert sich's mit einem-mal:
     O gib acht! Gib acht!
   Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan.
   Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft gross,
   stille Pfade silberlicht talan
   aus verborgnem Schoss;
   Und die hehre welt so traumhaft rein.
   Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
   schattenschwarz, ein Hauch vom fernen Hain einsam leise weht.
   Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürreheit
   blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
   Trinke Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit!
     O gib acht! Gib acht!

   Night
   Twilight floats above the valley’s night,
   mists are hanging, there’s a whispering
   Now the covering veil is lifted quite:
   Come and look, oh look.
   See the magic land before our gaze:
   tall as dreams the silver mountains stand,
   crossed by silent silver paths
   shining from a secret land
   Noble, pure, the dreaming country sleeps,
   By the path the shadow black and
   high of a beech; a wisp of darkening sky.
   Where the valley is the darkest hued
   Countless little lights shine silently.
   Oh my soul, Drink of solitude!
   Come and see! Oh see!

2. Schilflied (Nikolaus Lenau)
   Auf geheimen Waldespfade
   schleicht ich gern im Abendschein
   an das 6te Schilfgestade,
   Mädchen, und gedenke dein.
   Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
   rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll;
   und es klaget, und es flüstert,
   dass ich weinen, weinen soll—
   Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
   leise deiner Stimme Klang
   und im Weiber untergehen
   deinen lieblichen Gesang.

   Song Amongst the Reeds
   Through green secret paths I wander
   to the ready pool’s quiet brink,
   in the evening there to ponder,
   sweet girl, there of thee to think.
   Soon the sun’s rays will be dying,
   rustling reeds speak secretly,
   ever moaning, ever sighing,
   telling me to weep for thee—
   and it seems the breezes blowing
   in the air your voice retain,
   in the water scarcely flowing,
   brings your song to me again.

3. Die Nachtigall (Theodor Storm)
   Das Macht, es hat die Nachtigall
   die ganze Nacht gesungen;
   da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
   die Rosen aufgesprungen.
   Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
   nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
   trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
   und duldet still der Sonne Glut
   und weiss nicht was beginnen.

   The Nightingale
   The nightingale which sings to thee
   throughout the night,
   discloses in gardens its sweet melody,
   heard echoing from tree to tree
   that bears a thousand roses.
   She used to be a wild young maid,
   now she in meditation
   walks in the sun and scorns the shade,
   nor of the wind and rain afraid;
   is it pain or exaltation?

4. Traumgekrönt (Rainer Maria Rilke)
   Das war der Tag der weissen Chrysanthemen,
   mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht . . .
   Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele
   nehmen tief in der Nacht.
   Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise,
   ich hatte grad in Traum an dich gedacht.
   Du kamst, und leis' wie eine Märchenweise erklang die Nacht.

   A Crown of Dreams
   The white chrysanthemums did bloom as never:
   I almost feared their brilliant light,
   and then, and then you came my soul
   to gather deep in the night.
   I was afraid, and you came softly to me,
   As I’d just hoped in dreaming you might.
   . . You came, and softly like an old, old story we heard the night.

5. Im Zimmer (Johannes Schlaf)
   Herbstsonnenschein. Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
   Ein Feuerlein rot knistert im Ofenloch und loht.
   So! Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n so ist mir gut.
   Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
   wie leise die Minuten ziehn.

   Indoors
   An autumn night,
   The evening looks with its dying light.
   A fire gaily burns, crackles and brightly glows by turns,
   So, my head upon your knee: that's happiness!
   When my eyes your lovely face caress,
   how silently the minutes flee.
Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.
Am offnen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
und unserer Atemzüge Frieden trug er
hinaus in die helle Mondnacht.
Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches, so reich an Sehnsucht.

Lover's Ode
Embraced by love we blissfully fall asleep.
A breeze of summer stood by the garden door,
waiting to bear our peaceful breathing out
to the night that was bathed in moonlight.
And from the garden came to us timidly the
roses’ fragrance blessing our bed of love
and bringing wonderful sweet dreaming
dreaming in rapture, and filled with longing.

7. *Sommertage* (Paul Hohenberg)
Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.
Nun windet nächstens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
über Wander-und Wunderland.
O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
dein hellates Wanderlied denn sagen
von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

Summer Days
Now days of summer ride through the world,
heralds of blue eternity;
on gentler winds the hours flee.
By night the Lord gently weaves
starry posies with His blessed Hand,
hangs them over his magic land.
My heart, in these days summer’s
bringing what can you say of all
your singing of what you deeply deeply feel?
For beauty all your words doth steal,
and comes in silence with the view of eventide, and fileth you.

English versions by Eric Smith