3-7-1991

Currents

Department of Music, University of Richmond

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/all-music-programs

Part of the Music Performance Commons

Recommended Citation

Department of Music, University of Richmond, "Currents" (1991). Music Department Concert Programs. 853.
https://scholarship.richmond.edu/all-music-programs/853
CURRENTS
THE ENSEMBLE FOR NEW-MUSIC AT THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
FRED COHEN  ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

March 7, 1991
North Court Recital Hall
8:15 PM
Program

**BIBLICAL SONGS** (1990)  
MARIO DAVIDOVSKY  
(b. 1934)

I. From the Song of Songs  
II. And Samson Said,  
III. Psalm 137  
IV. Isaac’s Blessing

Christine Schadeberg *soprano*  
Patricia Werrell *flute, piccolo*  
Charles West *clarinet, bass clarinet*  
Laura Park *violin*  
Mikael Istinin *cello*  
Paul Hanson *piano*  
Fred Cohen *conductor*

**FOUR PIECES FOR CLARINET AND PIANO, OP. 5** (1913)  
**ALBAN BERG**  
(1885-1935)

I. Mässig  
II. Sehr langsam  
III. Sehr rasch  
IV. Langsam

Charles West *clarinet*  
Landon Balieu *piano*

*intermission*

**PIERROT LUNAIRE, OP. 21** (1912)  
**ARNOLD SCHOENBERG**  
(1874-1951)

*Thrice Seven Poems from Albert Giraud’s “Pierrot lunaire”*

Christine Schadeberg *soprano*  
Patricia Werrell *flute, piccolo*  
Charles West *clarinet, bass clarinet*  
Laura Park *violin, viola*  
Mikael Istomin *cello*  
Paul Hanson *piano*  
Fred Cohen *conductor*
I. FROM THE SONG OF SONGS
Come my beloved
Let us go into the field
Let us lodge in the villages.
Let us get up early to the vineyards
Let us see if the vine has flowered
Whether the tender grape appear
If the pomegranates are in bloom.
There will I give my love to you.
The mandrakes yield a fragrance
and at our gates are all manner
of pleasant fruits, new and old,
which I have kept, my beloved, for you.
Make haste
Swift as a gazelle
or a young hart
to the hills of spices.

II. AND SAMSON SAID
With the jaw bone of an ass
heaps upon heaps
With the jawbone of an ass
have I slain a thousand men.

III. PSALM 137
By the rivers of Babylon
There we sat and wept
when we remembered Zion.
On the willows
we hanged our harps
For there they that carried us away captive
asked us for song,
Our tormentors, for amusement.
How shall we sing the Lord's song
in a strange land,
IM ESHKAJEJ IERUSHALAIM
TISHKAJ IEMINI
TIDBAK LE SHONI LE DJI IMLO EZKEREJI,
IM LO AALE ET IERUSHALAIM AL ROSH SIMJATI
Remember O Lord the Children of Edom
the day of Jerusalem's fall
how they cried. Raze it Raze it to her very foundation.
O daughter of Babylon, who has to be destroyed.
Happy shall he be that rewards you, as you have served us,
Blessed shall be he,
that takes and dashes your children
against the rocks.
IV. ISAAC'S BLESSING
See... Ah... the smell of my son
is like the smell of the fields
which the Lord has blessed.
Therefore,
God give you of the dew of heaven
and the ftness of the earth,
and plenty of corn and wine!
Let the people serve you
and nations bow down to you
Be the Lord over your brothers
and let your mother's sons
bow down to you
Cursed be they who curse,
and blessed be they who bless you.
Ah the smell of my son
is like the smell of the fields....

PIERROT LUNAIRE (op. 21)

PART ONE
1. MONDESTRUNKEN (MOONDRUNK)
   (flute, violin, cello, piano)
   The wine that through the eyes is drunk
   Pours nighttimes from the moon in waves,
   Until its springtime tide overflows
   The silent far horizon.

   Desires, shocking and sweet
   Float through the tide unnumbered!
   The wine that through the eyes is drunk
   Pours nighttimes from the moon in waves.

   The poet whom devotion drives
   Gets tipsy on the holy brew
   Towards Heaven turning his rapt gaze
   And giddily sucks and slurps the wine,
   The wine that through the eyes is drunk.

2. COLOMBINE
   (flute, clarinet, violin, piano)
   The moonlight's pallid blossoms,
   The white and wondrous roses,
   Bloom in July nights--
   Oh could I pluck just one!

   To still my heavy heart
   I seek in dark streams
   The moonlight's pallid blossoms,
   The white and wondrous roses.

   All my yearning would be stilled
   Could I as in a fable,
   So gently but scatter
   Upon your brown hair
   The moonlight's pallid blossoms.
3. DER DANDY (THE DANDY)
(piccolo, clarinet, piano)

With a fantastical light-beam
The moon strikes sparks from crystal flacons.
On the black high altar, the washtub,
On the laconic dandy from Bergamo.

In the sonorous bronze basin
Water laughs brightly and noisily
With a fantastical light-beam
The moon strikes sparks from crystal flacons.

Pierrot with a waxy complexion
Muses and ponders: what makeup today?
Rejecting the red and Orient green
He paints his face in a loftier style
With a fantastical light-beam.

4. EINE BLASSE WASCHERIN
(A PALLID WASHERWOMAN)
(flute, clarinet, violin)

A pallid washerwoman
Nightly washes faded linen;
Naked, silver-white arms
Stretch downward into the stream.

Through the clearing, gentle breezes
Gently rufflesup the river.
A pallid washerwoman
Nightly washes faded linen.

Heaven's lovely, tender maid
By the branches gently fondled,
Lays out in the darkening meadow
All her bedlinen woven of moonbeams--
A pallid washerwoman.

5. VALSE DE CHOPIN
(flute, clarinet, piano)

As a pallid drop of blood
Stains the lips of a consumptive
So there lurks within these tones
A morbid, self-destroying spell.

Wild chords of passion
Break desperation's icy-white dreams--
As a pallid drop of blood
Stains the lips of a consumptive.

Hot, triumphant, sweetly yearning
Melancholy nighttime waltz
May you ever haunt my senses,
Holding fast to every thought,
As a pallid drop of blood!
6. MADONNA
(flute, clarinet, violin, cello, piano)
Rise, Madonna of all sorrows,
On the altar of my verses!
Blood pours out thy withered breast
Where the slashing sword pierced it.

And thy ever-bleeding wounds,
Seem like eyes, red and staring.
Rise, Madonna of all sorrows,
On the altar of my verses!

In thy torn and wasted hands
Holding the corpse that was thy Son
Thou revealst Him to all mankind--
But the eyes of men still turn aside
Madonna of all sorrows.

7. DER KRANKE MOND (THE SICK MOON)
(flute)
You somber death-stricken moon
Lying on the night sky's pillow,
Your wide-eyed, feverish stare,
Holds me, like music from afar.

Of unappeasable ache of love
You die of yearning, choked to death.
You somber death-stricken moon
Lying on the night sky's pillow.

The lover, with his heart aflame,
Goes heedless to his lover's bed
Applauding thy play of light.
The pallid, pain-begotten blood,
You somber death-stricken moon.

8. NACHT (NIGHT)
(clarinet, violin, piano)
Gigantic black butterflies
Have blotted out the blazing sun.
Like a wizard's sealed book,
The horizon sleeps in secret silence.

From murky depths, dank, forgotten
A scent arises to murder memory!
Gigantic black butterflies
Have blotted out the blazing sun.

And from heaven toward the earth
Sinking down in heavy circles
All unseen the monsters swarm
Upon the hearts of men.
Gigantic black butterflies.
9. GEBET AN PIERROT (PRAYER TO PIERROT)
(clarinet, piano)
Pierrot! my laughter
I have forgotten!
The radiant dream
Dispersion, dispersed!
Black waves the flag
That flies at the mast.
Pierrot! my laughter
I have forgotten!
O restore to me
Soul's veterinarian
Snowman of Verse,
Your Lunar Highness
Pierrot! my laughter.

10. RAUB (THEFT)
(flute, clarinet, violin, cello)
Red, gleaming princely rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory,
Slumber in dead men's coffins
Buried in the vaults below.
At night, with his boon companions
Pierrot breaks in--to steal
Red, gleaming princely rubies
Bloody drops of ancient glory.
But suddenly--their hair's on end--
Scared to death, they're turned to stone:
For through the darkness, shining redly
Staring from the dead men's coffins--
Red, gleaming princely rubies.

11. ROTE MESSE (RED MASS)
(tutti)
At the gruesome grim communion,
In the blinding golden glitter,
In the flickering candlelight,
To the alter comes--Pierrot!
His hand, to God devoted
Rips open his priestly raiment,
At the gruesome grim communion
In the blinding golden glitter.
He makes the sign of the cross
Keeping hands aloft for trembling souls
The oozing crimson wafer:
His heart in bloody fingers
At the gruesome grim communion.

Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
Das Bild des Glanzes
Zerflossen - Zerflossen!
Schwarz weht die Flagge
Mir nun vom Mast.
Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
O gieb mir wieder
Rossarzt der Seele,
Schneemann der Lyrik,
Durchlaucht vom Monde,
Pierrot -- mein Lachen!
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,
Drunt en in den Grabgewölben.
Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,
Steigt Pierrot hinab -- zu rauben
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.
Doch da - strauben sich die Haare,
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:
Durch die Finsterniss -- wie Augen!
--
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.
Zu grausen Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,
Naht dem Altar - Pierrot!
Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,
Zerreisst die Priesterkleider
Zu grausen Abendmahle
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes.
Mit segnender Geberde
Zeigt er den bangen Seelen
Die triebend rote Hostie:
Sein Herz -- in blutgen Fingern
--
Zu grausen Abendmahle!
12. GALGENLIED (GALLOW SONG)
(piccolo, viola, cello)
The haggard harlot
With a scrawny neck
Will be the last
Of his mistresses.
And in his brain
She'll stick like a needle,
The haggard harlot
With a scrawny neck.

Slim as a pinetree,
With hair in a pigtail
That she'll gaily bind
Around his neck
The haggard harlot.

13. ENTHAUPTUNG (BEHEADING)
(clarinet, viola, cello, piano)
The moon, a naked Turkish sword
Upon a silk black cushion
Ghostly and vast hangs like a threat
In night as dark as woe.
Pierrot restlessly paces about
And stares in deathly fear at the moon,
A naked Turkish sword
Upon a silk black cushion.

And shaking, quaking, knees atremble,
Suddenly he falls into a faint of fright,
Convinced that there comes whistling down
Upon his guilty sinful neck
The moon, a naked Turkish sword.

14. DIE KREUZE (THE CROSSES)
(piano-tutti)
Holy crosses are the poems
Where poets bleed in silence,
Blinded by beating wings
Of a spectral vulture swarm.

In their bodies swords have feasted,
Reveling in their scarlet blood!
Holy crosses are the poems
Where poets bleed in silence.

Dead the head, bowed the tresses--
Far away the mob still prattles.
Slowly sinks the sun in splendor,
Gold and red, a royal crown.
Holy crosses are the poems.
15. HEIMWEH (NOSTALGIA)  
(tutti)  
Sweet lamenting, like a crystalline sighing  
Cries the old Italian pantomime  
Complaining: How's Pierrot grown so wooden,  
So trite and mawkish, inanely a la mode?  
And its echoes through his heart's desert,  
Echoes mutedly through all his senses--  
Sweet lamenting, like a crystalline sighing  
Cries the old Italian pantomime.  
Pierrot drops his childish manner,  
Through the silver fiery glow of moonshine,  
Through the tides of light, his nostalgic yearning  
Boldly soars on high to skies of homeland--  
Sweet lamenting, like a crystalline sighing.  

16. GEMEINHEIT! (HORSEPLAY!)  
(tutti)  
In the bonebald skull of Cassander  
Who screams and cries and rends the air--  
Pierrot drills with hypocritical kindness  
With a surgeon's borer.  
And then presses with his trumb  
His best blend of Turkish tobacco  
In the bonebald skull of Cassander  
Who screams and cries and rends the air.  
Then screws with a cherry pipestem  
Into the back of the polished pate,  
At his ease he puffs away  
His best blend of Turkish tobacco  
In the bonebald skull of Cassander.  

17. PARODIE (PARODY)  
(piccolo, clarinet, viola, piano)  
Knitting needles, brightly twinkling,  
Stuck in her mousegray hair,  
The Duenna sits mumbling,  
In her best red dress.  
She's waiting in the arbor,  
Ablaze for Pierrot with passion,  
Knitting needles, brightly twinkling,  
Stuck in her mousegray hair  
Suddenly--hark!--a whisper,  
A wind puff titters softly;  
The moon, coldhearted mocker,  
Is mimicking with moonbeams  
Knitting needles, brightly twinkling.
18. DER MONDFLECK (THE MOONFLECK)  
(tutti)  
With a fleck of white-bright moonlight--  
On the back of his black jacket,  
Pierrot set forth one balmy evening,  
In pursuit of fortune and adventure.  

Suddenly--he sees that something's wrong,  
He looks round and about and then he finds it--  
There's a fleck of white-bright moonlight--  
On the back of his black jacket.  

Damn! he thinks: it's a spot of plaster!  
He rubs and rubs, but he can't make it vanish!  

Oh he goes, his pleasure poisoned,  
He rubs and rubs till morning comes,  
At a fleck of white-bright moonlight.  

19. SERENADE  
(tutti)  
With a grotesquely huge bow  
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.  
Like a stork, on one leg balanced,  
He plucks a sad pizzicato.  

Suddenly here's Cassander  
Raging at the nighttime virtuoso--  
With a grotesquely huge bow  
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.  

So he throws aside his viola:  
Delicately, with his dexterous left hand,  
He seizes Cassander by the collar--  
And dreamily plays upon his bald head  
With a grotesquely huge bow.  

20. HEIMFAHRT (JOURNEY HOMeward)  
(tutti)  
A moonbeam is his rudder,  
A waterlily is his boat,  
And so Pierrot sails southward  
Driven by a friendly wind.  

The river hums scales beneath him  
And gently rocks the skiff,  
A moonbeam is his rudder  
A waterlily is his boat.  

To Bergamo, his homeland,  
At last Pierrot returns;  
Dawn's glimmer rises eastward,  
The green of the horizon.  
A moonbeam is his rudder.
21. O ALTER DUFT (O ANCIENT SCENT)
(tutti)
O ancient scent of fabled times
Again you captivate my senses!
A silly swarm of idle fancies
Whispers through the gentle air.
A happy ending so long yearned for
Recalls pleasures too long neglected.
O ancient scent of fabled times
Again you captivate my senses!
My bitter gloom I've set aside
And from my sundrenched window
I gladly view the lovely world,
And dreams go forward to the world beyond...
O ancient scent of fabled times!

PROGRAM NOTES

Composer Mario Davidovsky was born in Buenos Aires in 1934, and began to compose at the age of 13. He studied with Milton Babbitt at the Berkshire Music Center in 1958, and in 1960 began to work at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center. He has taught at the University of Michigan (1964), the Di Tella Institute of Buenos Aires (1965), the Manhattan School of Music (1966-69), Yale University (1969-70), City College, CUNY (1968-80), and Columbia University (from 1981) where he directs the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Center. From 1971 he also served as director for the Composers Conference at Wellesley College.

Davidovsky's many honors include a Koussevitzky fellowship (1958), two Rockefeller fellowships (1963, 1964), two Guggenheim fellowships (1960, 1971), the Brandeis University Creative Arts Award (1964), an award from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters (1965), the Pulitzer Prize (1971), a Naumburg award (1972), and a Guggenheim award (1982). He has received commissions from such major institutions as the Pan American Union (1962), the Fromm Foundation (1963), and the Koussevitzky Foundation (1970; 1981 for Divertimento for Cello and Orchestra). In 1982 he was elected to the Institute of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

Davidovsky is best know for his compositions combining live instrumental performance with recorded electronic sound, in particular for the Synchronisms nos. 1-8, in which he has concentrated on the unique quality of sound inherent to each instrument or group.

Biblical Songs was commissioned by Voices of Change through the Meet the Composer-Reader's Digest Fund. Christine Schadeberg presented the first performance of the work in Dallas last year.

Soprano Christine Schadeberg is recognized as one of America's leading recitalists, specializing in 20th-century repertoire. She is featured regularly with chamber ensembles and orchestras across the United States and Europe, and has premiered over 70 works by contemporary composers, many written especially for her.

Since moving to New York in 1982, Ms. Schadeberg has continued to receive critical acclaim for her exciting and varied song recitals, programming works by living composers within the context of a broad range of 20th-century masterpieces and
standard vocal repertoire. She has also continued to receive special attention for her
dramatic interpretation and vocal quality, both in premieres of new works and in the
standard operatic and recital repertoire. Reviews have praised her for her
"impeccable sense of style, firm command of languages and supple and expressive
tone" (Allan Kozinn, *The New York Times*); her "mastery of impossible vocal lines--no
matter how high, how low, how jagged, how loud or how soft--with uncommon purity,
with uncanny accuracy and dramatic point" (Martin Bernheimer, *The Los Angeles
Times*); and her extraordinary ability to communicate with an audience: "an artist who
could chant from the Yellow Pages and hold listeners intent" (Andrew Porter, *The New
Yorker*).

Last season, Ms. Schadeberg received rave reviews on both coasts for her
performances of Schoenberg's *Pierrot lunaire* in New York City and Los Angeles; in
1988 she made her Carnegie Hall and Kennedy Center debuts. Her recent recording
of Elliot Carter's *A Mirror on Which to Dwell* with SPECULUM MUSICAE was praised
in *The New York Times* and *Musical America*, and in September, 1989, she sang
Luciano Berio's *O King* with Maestro Berio conducting at a gala benefit concert
sponsored by the Italian Consulate at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. In the
summer of 1991, she will sing the role of the Mother in the European premiere of
Meredith Monk's new opera, *ATLAS*. Ms. Schadeberg can be heard on CRI, Opus
One, Bridge, and Orion Masters Records.

**CURRENTS** is co-sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts, the Virginia
Commission for the Arts, the Carpenter Foundation, the Sydney and Frances Lewis
Foundation, the University of Richmond, Meet the Composer, Inc., and private
donations. The March, 1991, concert is additionally co-sponsored by the Cultural
Affairs Committee of the University of Richmond.