

The Firm

present

Robert Macfarlane reads

The Firm is a collection of essays that explore the ways in which we are shaped by the places we live in. It is a book that is both a celebration and a critique of the modern world. It is a book that is both a love letter and a warning. It is a book that is both a journey and a destination.



THE FIRM 2012

concert one

Theresienstadt was a 'show camp' set up by the Nazi's to demonstrate to the world how well the Jewish intern were being treated. In this context many artists were able to continue their creative work and many pieces of significance were created before the inmates were finally shipped to Auschwitz in October 1944 as part of the Final Solution. This year we present works created in this camp, other works banned under the Nazi regime, and compositional responses from South Australian composers.

Pilgrim Church provides wheelchair access via the rear (northern) doors.

Toilets can be accessed through the door on the left of the performance area.

The Firm

presents

Robert Macfarlane tenor

Stephen Whittington piano

Hölderlin Lieder No.1&2

Viktor Ullmann

Celan Songs

Quentin Grant

Swing Jugend piano solos

Schulhoff et al

Abglanzbeladen

Raymond Chapman Smith

Interval

Karawane

Stephen Whittington

5 Nachklangstudien

Josef Hauer

Songs of Sorrow

Anne Cawrse

Hölderlin Lieder No.3

Viktor Ullmann

Hölderlin Lieder No.1&2

Viktor Ullmann

1. Sonnenuntergang (Sunset)
2. Der Frühlin (Spring)

Under the conditions of his internment in the Teresienstadt (Terezin) concentration camp, Viktor Ullmann was able to continue composing. With a circle of Artistic associates there, Ullman achieved a remarkable level of productivity, all with the aim of giving expression to 'the refusal of death' and the 'will to live'. Deported to Auschwitz in 1944, he died in the gas chambers there. While Ullmann was an active participant in the musical life of Vienna and Prague, engaged with all the latest innovations, the language of these songs is reflective, evoking the Late Romantic language of Mahler and Berg, and at times, Brahms and Schumann.

Sonnenuntergang

Wo bist du? trunken dämmert die Seele mir
Von aller deiner Wonne; denn eben ist's,
Daß ich gelauscht, wie, goldner Töne
Voll, der entzückende Sonnenjüngling

Sein Abendlied auf himmlischer Leier spielt';
Es tönent rings die Wälder und Hügel nach.
Doch fern ist er zu frommen Völkern,
Die ihn noch ehren, hinweggegangen.

Sunset

Where are you? Drunkenly, my soul awakens
From all your pleasures,
I listen now, to the golden sounds
As the enchanting sunbathed-boy

Plays his evening-song on the heavenly lyre.
His song rings through the tinted hills and forests,
Yet he is far away from the good folk,
Who still honour him in his absence.

Der Frühling

Wenn auf Gefilden neues Entzücken keimt
Und sich die Ansicht wieder verschönt und sich
An Bergen, wo die Bäume grünen,
Hellere Lüfte, Gewölke zeigen,

O! welche Freude haben die Menschen! froh
Gehn an Gestaden Einsame, Ruh und Lust
Und Wonne der Gesundheit blühet,
Freundliches Lachen ist auch nicht ferne.

Spring

When on fields new delight sprouts forth,
And the appearance becomes more beautiful again,
And over mountains where trees become green,
Brighter breezes and clouds appear,

Oh, what joy human beings have!
Lonely ones walk happily on shores.
Calm and joy and the delight of health blossom;
Joyful laughter is also not far away.



Ullmann



Hölderlin

Celan Songs

Quentin Grant

Paul Celan (1920 – 1970)

Paul Celan was born Paul Antschel in Czernovitz, Romania, to a German-speaking Jewish family. His surname was later spelled Ancel, and he eventually adopted the anagram Celan as his pen name. During the war Celan worked in a forced labor camp for 18 months; his parents were deported to a Nazi concentration camp, where they eventually died. Celan was familiar with at least six languages, and fluent in Russian, French, and Romanian. Though he lived in France and was influenced by the French surrealists, he wrote his own poetry in German. Celan's later poems often contain brief, fractured lines and stanzas, with compressed and unpredictable imagery, with the forms of the poems echoing the difficulty of finding language for the experiences he witnessed. His poetry, including the famous "Death Fugue", captures the horror of the Holocaust. He suffered from depression and drowned himself in the Seine in 1970.

Ice, Eden

There is a country lost,
A moon grows in its reeds,
where all that died of frost
as we did, grows and sees.

It sees, for it has eyes,
Each eye an earth, and bright.
The night, the night, the lime,
This eye-child's gift is sight.

It sees, it sees, we see,
we see, I see you, you see me
Before this hour is over,
ice will rise from the dead.

Aspen Tree

Aspen Tree, your leaves glance white into the dark.
My mother's hair was never white.

Dandelion, so green is the Ukraine.
My yellow-haired mother did not come home.

Raincloud above the well do you hover?
My quiet mother weeps for everyone.

Round, round star, you wind the golden loop.
My mother's heart was torn by lead.

Oaken door, who broke you from your frame?
My gentle mother cannot return.

Tenebrae

We are near.
near and at hand.

Broken, Lord,
as though our bodies were your body, O Lord.

Pray, Lord,
pray to us,
we are near.

We went there,
down to the pit,
down to the crater.

To be watered we went there, Lord.

It was blood, it was
what you shed, Lord.
It gleamed.
It cast your image into our eyes, Lord.
Our eyes and mouths are open and empty, Lord.
We have drunk,
The image in the blood, Lord.

Pray, Lord.
We are near.
near and at hand.
We are near.

Crystal

not on my lips look for your mouth, ,
not in front of the gate look for the stranger,
not in the eye look for the tear, .

seven nights higher red makes for red,
seven hearts deeper the hand knocks on the gate,
seven roses then will splash the fountain.



Paul Celan

| | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|---------------|
| Tango (for Irma) | Stefan Wolpe | (1902 – 1972) |
| Jazz-like | Erwin Schulhoff | (1894 – 1942) |
| Boston | Erwin Schulhoff | |
| Ragtime | Paul Hindemith | (1895 – 1963) |

This bracket of jazz-inspired piano works is dedicated to the *Swing-Jugend* (Swing Kids) – those young German jazz fans who stood up to the Hitler Youth and were persecuted and mostly liquidated by the Nazis. Although jazz had flourished in Germany during the 1920s, its Afro-American origins placed in the category of ‘degenerate music’, the product of an inferior race, and its performance was suppressed progressively after 1933.

Stefan Wolpe studied at the Bauhaus, and was associated with German Dadaist artists. As a Jew and a Marxist he was *persona non grata* after the rise of Nazism, and fled to Palestine. However his complex, dissonant music was no better appreciated in Palestine than it had been in Germany and he left for New York, where he remained for the rest of his life. He was music director at the radical summer school at Black Mountain College and the teacher of a number of important American composers, including Morton Feldman.

Like Wolpe, Erwin Schulhoff was a Jew with communist sympathies. In the 1920s he absorbed influences from jazz and Dada, and composed a number of works with a strong jazz influence, including these two works from his *Partita for piano*. The *Boston* is a dance style also known as the Hesitation Waltz, which was popularised by the husband-and-wife ballroom dancers Vernon and Irene Castle. Schulhoff did not manage to escape from Prague after the German invasion of Czechoslovakia, and was interned in Wülzburg concentration camp, where he died in 1942.

Paul Hindemith was already one of Germany’s most prominent composers when the Nazis came to power. His relationship with the regime was complex, but Joseph Goebbels denounced him in

1934 as an 'atonal noisemaker.' His wife had Jewish ancestry and in 1938 Hindemith left Germany for Switzerland; in 1940 he emigrated to the United States, where he taught at Yale University. Towards the end of his life he returned to Europe, teaching in Zürich. *Ragtime* comes from the suite for piano 1922. The instructions to the pianist include the following advice: "Forget everything you were told in your piano lessons. Don't pay any attention to where you put your second or sixth finger. Treat the piano as an interesting kind of percussion instrument."



Theresienstadt (now Terezin)

Abglanzbeladen (Laden with Reflection) - poems of Paul Celan from *Lichtzwang* (Force of Light), 1970

Raymond Chapman Smith

1.
ABGLANZBELADEN, bei den
Himmelskäfern,
im Berg.

Den Tod,
den du mir schuldig bliebst, ich
trag ihn
aus.

*REFLECTION-LADEN, by the
heavensbeetles,
in the mountain.*

*The death
you owed me, I
deliver
it.*

2.
VORGEWUSST blutet
zweimal hinter dem Vorhang,

Mitgewußt
perlt

*PRECOGNITION bleeds
twice behind the curtain,*

*Cognizance
pearls*

3.
EINMAL, der Tod hatte Zulauf,
verbargst du dich in mir.

*ONCE, death was much in demand,
you hid in me.*

4.
KLOPF die
Lichtkeile weg:

das schwimmende Wort
hat der Dämmer.

*KNOCK the
lightwedges off:*

*dusk has
the swimming word.*

5.
SINK mir weg
aus der Armbeuge,

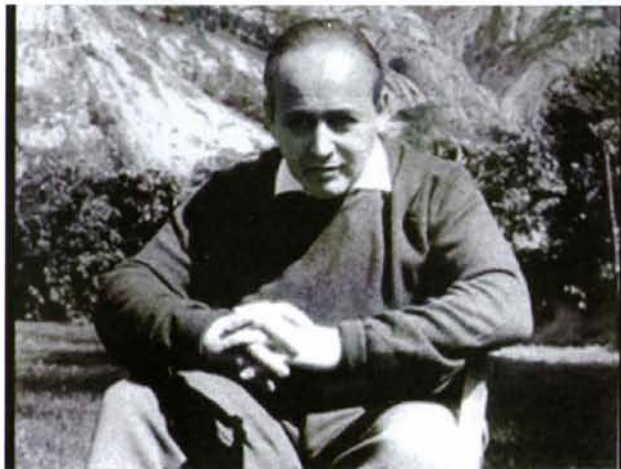
nimm den Einen
Pulsschlag mit,

verbig dich darin,
draußen.

*SINK away from
the crook of my arm,*

*take the One
pulse beat along,*

*hide yourself in it,
outside.*



Karawane: an anti-song cycle Hugo Ball

Stephen Whittington

jolifanto bambla ô falli bambla
grossiga m'pfa habla horem

egiga goramen

higo bloiko russula huju

hollaka hollala

anlogo bung

blago bung

~~blago bung~~

bosso fataka

ü ü ü ü

schampa wulla wussa ólobo

hej tatta gôrem

eschiga zunbada

wulubu ssubudu uluw ssubudu

tumba ba- umf

kusagauma

ba - umf

The Nazi's *Entartete Kunst* exhibition (Munich, 1937) devoted a wall to Dada, the iconoclastic 'anti-Art' movement that began in Zürich in 1915, amidst the chaos of the First World War. Although the exhibition described Dada as 'cultural Bolshevism', it is more akin to artistic anarchism and anarchists, who oppose all power structures, are usually the first people to get shot after any revolution. Although Dada proclaimed its own seriousness (the words 'Dada is serious' were placed by the Nazis on the Dada wall), there is an undeniable element of humour in it – laughter is as dangerous to tyrants as bullets.

Hugo Ball (1886-1927) recited his sound poems at the Cabaret Voltaire in Zürich dressed in a cardboard shaman's suit. Although the sounds of *Karawane* sometimes recall German words, they are an attempt by Ball to "dissolve language to the core of the creative process" – freeing language from the control of ruling value systems that had produced both Western culture and the insanity of the Great War. Ball printed his poem with each line in a different type-face. In keeping with Ball's desire to destroy narrative coherence, I have set each line as a separate song, forming a cycle

of seventeen 'songs', lasting a total of approximately ninety seconds. Roughly translated, *Karawane* means "go to hell all you thieving industrialists, murderous generals, sanctimonious bishops, nationalist demagogues, greedy mining magnates, power-hungry media barons, self-serving politicians, complacent bourgeois..." No, sorry, that's wrong - it doesn't mean anything.

***Nachklangstudien* Josef Matthias Hauer (1883-1959)**

The Austrian composer and theorist Josef Matthias Hauer is usually relegated to the footnotes of musical history as the man who independently developed a twelve-tone method of composition around the same time (actually shortly before) Arnold Schoenberg. Hauer's music was suppressed following the *Anschluss* in 1938, and his extensive musical output remains little known today. Much of his music was inspired by the poetry of Friedrich Hölderlin, although Hauer's titles (such as *Zwölftonspiel*, or Twelve-tone Game) are generic, and lack of performance indications in his scores give little hint of any poetic content. *Nachklangstudien* (Resonance Studies) are five short pieces exploring the resonant characteristics of the piano in highly original and quite beautiful way.



Songs of Sorrow

Anne Cawrse

To poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

Conscientious Objector

I shall die, but
that is all that I shall do for Death.
I hear him leading his horse out of the stall;
I hear the clatter on the barn-floor.
He is in haste; he has business in Cuba,
business in the Balkans, many calls to make this morning.
But I will not hold the bridle
while he clinches the girth.
And he may mount by himself:
I will not give him a leg up.

Though he flick my shoulders with his whip,
I will not tell him which way the fox ran.
With his hoof on my breast, I will not tell him where
the black boy hides in the swamp.
I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for Death;
I am not on his pay-roll.

I will not tell him the whereabouts of my friends
nor of my enemies either.
Though he promise me much,
I will not map him the route to any man's door.
Am I a spy in the land of the living,
that I should deliver men to Death?
Brother, the password and the plans of our city
are safe with me; never through me shall you be overcome.

Dirge Without Music

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind:
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,

A formula, a phrase remains,—but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,—
They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled
Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.
More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

Lament

Listen, children:
Your father is dead.
From his old coats
I'll make you little jackets;
I'll make you little trousers
From his old pants.
There'll be in his pockets
Things he used to put there,
Keys and pennies
Covered with tobacco;
Dan shall have the pennies
To save in his bank;
Anne shall have the keys
To make a pretty noise with.
Life must go on,
And the dead be forgotten;
Life must go on,
Though good men die;
Anne, eat your breakfast;
Dan, take your medicine;
Life must go on;
I forget just why.



Edna St. Vincent Millay

Hölderlin Lieder No.3

Viktor Ullmann

Abendphantasie

Vor seiner Hütte ruhig im Schatten sitzt
Der Pflüger, dem Genügsamen raucht sein Herd.
Gastfreundlich tönt dem Wanderer im
Friedlichen Dorfe die Abendglocke.

Wohl kehren itzt die Schiffer zum Hafen auch,
In fernen Städten, fröhlich verrauscht des Markts
Geschäftiger Lärm; in stiller Laube
Glänzt das gesellige Mahl den Freunden.

Wohin denn ich? Es leben die Sterblichen
Von Lohn und Arbeit; wechselnd in Müh' und Ruh
Ist alles freudig; warum schläft denn
Nimmer nur mir in der Brust der Stachel?

Am Abendhimmel blühet ein Frühling auf;
Unzählig blühen die Rosen und ruhig scheint
Die goldne Welt; o dorthin nimm mich,
Purpurne Wolken! und möge droben

In Licht und Luft zerrinnen mir Lieb' und Leid! -
Doch, wie verscheucht von töriger Bitte, flieht
Der Zauber; dunkel wirds und einsam
Unter dem Himmel, wie immer, bin ich -

Komm du nun, sanfter Schlummer! zu viel begehrt
Das Herz; doch endlich, Jugend! verglühst du ja,
Du ruhelose, träumerische!
Friedlich und heiter ist dann das Alter.

Evening Fantasy

Before his cottage, in the shade,
The contented ploughman sits, his hearth smoking.
The welcoming evening bells greet a traveller
Into the peaceful village.

Now the boatmen turn too toward the harbour,
And in far-off towns the merry noise and bustle
Of the marketplace die down; in the quiet grove
Glitters a comradely meal for the friends.

Where then shall I go? Do not mortals live
By wages and work? Alternating labour with rest
Makes everything well; why then will
The sting of this thorn in my breast never sleep?

Up in the evening sky a token of Spring blossoms;
Infinite roses blossom and the golden world seems
At peace; o take me there,
Purple clouds! and up there

Into light and air may my love and grief melt away!
But, as if my silly plea had scared it away,
The magic flees; it grows dark. Alone
Beneath the sky I stand, as always.

Come now, mild slumber! too much does the heart demand;
But finally, youth will burn itself out,
You restless, dreamy thing!
And my old age will be peaceful and serene.



The Theresienstadt orchestra: image from the 1944 propaganda film *Theresienstadt*.

You are warmly invited to join us after the
concert for complimentary drinks and a
selection of Tortes by Gabriele.

Forthcoming concert:

Due Trystero, June 25th
Pilgrim Church

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