

21st AUG

The firm is pleased to have been selected to provide the musical entertainment for the 2006 Adelaide International Piano Competition. The firm is pleased to have been selected to provide the musical entertainment for the 2006 Adelaide International Piano Competition.

Adelaide International Piano Competition
2006

For

For Piano Trio

Piano Trio no. 4

Adelaide International Piano Competition 2006

To be held on the 21st August 2006

Piano Trio no. 4

**the firm 2006
six Adelaide concerts
concert four**

Adelaide International Piano Competition 2006

*The Firm dedicates this concert to poet and cartoonist
Raymond Gaita for his sustained public contribution
to holding the Enlightened humanist line in the face of
present and ever encroaching barbarism.*

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 Settembrini Trio

**Michael Milton, violin,
Cameron Waters, cello
Leigh Harrold *piano***

Trio

Quentin Grant

Piece for Piano Trio

Luke Altman

Piano Trio no. 2

Raymond Chapman Smith

- 5 minute break -

Piano Trio in D minor, K.442 (1783)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Trio (2006)

Quentin Grant

Grodek

At evening the woods of autumn are full of the sound
Of the weapons of death, golden fields
And blue lakes, over which the darkening sun
Rolls down; night gathers in
Dying recruits, the animal cries
Of their burst mouths.
Yet a red cloud, in which a furious god,
The spilled blood itself, has its home, silently
Gathers, a moonlike coolness in the willow bottoms;
All the roads spread out into the black mold.
Under the gold branches of the night and stars
The sister's shadow falters through the diminishing
grove,
To greet the ghosts of the heroes, bleeding heads;
And from the reeds the sound of the dark flutes of
autumn rises.
O prouder grief! you bronze altars,
The hot flame of the spirit is fed today by a more
monstrous pain,
The unborn grandchildren.

Georg Trakl (b. Salzburg 1887 - d. 1914)

Piece for Piano Trio (2006)

Luke Altmann

This short work meanders intuitively around a three note cluster of semitones variously expanded and transposed and concludes with a whimsical allusion to Mozart.

The piece was composed in the first week of August this year.

The brain is so unfree, and the system,
into which the brain is born, is so free,
the system so free and my brain so
unfree, that system and brain are
coming to an end.

Thomas Bernhard, *The Lunatics*

Piano Trio no. 2 (1999)

Raymond Chapman Smith

Andante amabile
Adagio sostenuto
Allegretto grazioso
Allegro ma non troppo

Goethe, to startTo All Who Are Original "A certain So and so declares: 'I belong to no school, and nothing could be further from me than to have learnt anything from the dead.' That is to say (if I have understood him aright): I am a fool after my own fashion."

Joseph Haydn's Piano Trios (all 43 of them) were my close companions while making this compact piece, which may explain, a little, the essentially obligato nature of the string parts.

Mozart too, as Pater Seraphicus, was also about the place and my Trio begins and ends with the opening notes of that most complexly angelic Piano Trio, K.542 in E major.

Beyond that, my Piano Trio no.2 consists of four, pocket sized cousins of "Classical" structure and is made from material which sets up several, fleeting artefacts of tonality.

Goethe, to finish "Denn edlen Seelen vorzufühlen Ist wünschenswertester Beruf" (for to devise patterns of feeling for noble souls is the most desirable of all callings.)

Piano Trio in D minor, K.442 (1783)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(Three Fragments for Piano Trio)

Allegro
Andantino (Tempo di Menuetto)
Allegro

"Our Maestro, passing between two large and still profusely blossoming flower beds, walked towards the shadier parts of the garden: he made his way past some groups of beautifully dark pines, along a tangle of winding paths and into the more sunlit areas again, where he followed the lively sound of leaping water and at once found himself standing by a fountain.

The pool was imposingly wide, oval in shape and surrounded by a carefully tended display of orange-trees growing in tubs, which alternated with laurels and oleanders; round them ran a soft sanded pathway, and opening onto this was a little trellised summerhouse which afforded a most inviting resting place. A small table stood in front of the bench, and here, near the entrance, Mozart sat down.

As he listened contentedly to the plashing of the fountain and rested his eyes on an orange-tree of medium height, hung with splendid fruit, which stood by itself outside the circle and quite close to him, this glimpse of the warm south at once led our friend's thoughts to a delightful recollection of his own boyhood. With a pensive smile he reached out to the nearest orange, as if to feel its magnificent rounded shape and succulent coolness in the hollow of his hand. But closely interwoven with that scene from his youth as it reappeared before his mind's eye was a

long-forgotten musical memory, and for a while his reverie followed its uncertain trace. By now his eyes were alight and straying to and fro: he was seized by an idea, which he immediately and eagerly pursued. Unthinkingly he again grasped the orange, which came away from its branch and dropped into his hand. He saw this happen and yet did not see it; indeed so far did the distraction of his creative mood take him as he sat there twirling the scented fruit from side to side under his nose, while his lips silently toyed with a melody, beginning and continuing and beginning again, that he finally, instinctively, brought out an enamelled sheath from his side pocket, took from it a small silver-handled knife, and slowly cut through the yellow globe of the orange from top to bottom. He had perhaps been moved by an obscure impulse of thirst, yet his excited senses were content merely to breathe in the fruit's exquisite fragrance. For some moments he gazed at its two inner surfaces, then joined them gently, very gently together, parted them and reunited them again."

Eduard Mörike, *Mozart's Journey to Prague*

"In the grey-leather comfort of the Kunsthistorisches Museum's Tintoretto Room, Reger, the music critic, engages his ever-attentive comrade, Atzbacher:

"Our greatest pleasure, surely, is in fragments, just as we derive most pleasure from life if we regard it as a fragment, whereas the whole and the complete and the perfect are basically abhorrent to us. Only when we are fortunate enough to turn something whole, something complete or indeed perfect into a fragment, when we get down to reading it, only then do we experience a high degree, at times indeed a supreme degree, of pleasure in it. Our age has long been intolerable as a whole he said, only when we perceive a fragment of it is it tolerable to us. The whole and the perfect are intolerable, he said. That is why, fundamentally, all of these paintings here in the Kunsthistorisches Museum are intolerable, if I am to be honest, they are abhorrent to me. In order to be able to bear them I search for a so-called *massive mistake* in and about every single one of them, a procedure which so far has always attained its objective of turning that so-called perfect work of art into a fragment, he said. The perfect not only threatens us ceaselessly with our ruin, it also ruins everything that is hanging on these walls under the label of *masterpiece*. I proceed from the assumption that there is no such thing as the perfect or the whole, and each time I have made a fragment of one of the so-called perfect works of art hanging here on the walls by searching for a massive mistake in and about that work of art, for the crucial point of failure by the artist who made that work of art, searching for it until I found it, I have got one step further. In every one of these paintings, these so-called masterpieces, I have found and uncovered a massive mistake, the failure of

its creator. For over thirty years this, as you might think, infamous calculation has come out right. Not one of these world-famous masterpieces, no matter by whom, is in fact whole or perfect. That reassures me. It makes me basically happy. Only when, time and again, we have discovered that there is no such thing as the whole or the perfect are we able to live on. We cannot endure the whole or the perfect. We have to travel to Rome to discover that Saint Peter's is a tasteless concoction, that Bernini's altar is an architectural nonsense. We have to see the Pope face to face and *personally discover* that all in all he is just as helpless and grotesque a person as anyone else in order to bear it. We have to listen to Bach and hear how he fails, listen to Beethoven and hear how he fails, even listen to Mozart and hear how he fails. And we have to deal in the same way with the great philosophers, even if they are our favourite spiritual artists, he said. After all, we do not love Pascal because he is so perfect but because he is fundamentally so helpless, just as we love Montaigne for his helplessness in lifelong searching and failing to find, and Voltaire for his helplessness. We only love philosophy and the humanities generally because they are so absolutely helpless.""

Thomas Bernhard, *Old Masters*

Nikolaus Harnoncourt's Festival Address at the opening of Salzburg's Mozart Celebrations for 2006. The address preceded a performance of Mozart's Symphony No.40 in G minor, K.550.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

As I consider the symphony by Mozart to be the real opening speech, I would like to welcome you beforehand.

The symphony we are about to play was composed as the centre-piece of the three last symphonies which certainly belonged together. Apparently they represent a kind of pathway taken by a human being to a destination.

The first of the three last symphonies is in E flat major, the key of love but also of "ceremonial seriousness". From there Mozart takes us to the depths where everything is questioned in the symphony in G minor. This is followed by the brilliant C major of the 'Jupiter' symphony which joyfully resolves everything and allows the listener who was previously distraught to go away in harmony. Mozart composed over 40 symphonies but only two are in G minor. At that time G minor was sensed as the key of death but also as the key of sadness.

In the first subject, as you will hear straightaway, not a single note is played directly. Every note has an appoggiatura, a grace note from below or from above and so what appears to be very simple or indeed a matter of course, becomes intangible; it is blurred and we hear it as if we were looking through the rippling of water. The second movement begins with the slightly hidden fugal subject of the 'Jupiter' symphony. It is in E flat major, as if to eradicate the

nightmares of the first movement, as it were pleading for hope for a better world. We'll now play the first two movements.

Now, after this incredible music, where every language becomes impoverished and we ought to be silent, I am now supposed to say something about Mozart and if possible about this year as well? No, no festive address is appropriate for this music. How can I find something else to say about Mozart? Nobody can but everybody is doing so now. In this year Austria is synonymous with Mozart. But this has nothing to do with him. I am afraid it is more a matter of making money and doing business. In actual fact we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. What Mozart demands of us and has demanded of us for over 200 years would be so simple: we should listen very quietly and attentively and if we could understand his wordless entreaties and pleas, then as I've said already, we really ought to be ashamed of ourselves rather than puffed up with pride.

We are now celebrating him and it almost sounds as if we want to celebrate ourselves. However, we have absolutely no reason to be proud of anything to do with Mozart. That was true already when he lived in Salzburg and in Vienna. He demands something of us with the unrelenting austerity of the genius and we offer him our celebrations with their economic multiplier effect and business transactions and we allow his music to dribble out in bits and pieces from all sorts of marketing channels. This should simply not be so. It is scandalous and a disgrace, how can it be tolerated? Nevertheless if such a year of reflection is to have any meaning at all, in spite of everything, we have to listen, listen, listen and then perhaps we will be able to understand a fraction of the message. Mozart

does not need our award ceremonies – we need him and his agitating and churning storm wind. A year like this is in reality a chance for us.

What is the subject of the case he makes? It is art itself; it is music and we will be called to account for what we have done with it and what we still do and also for what we have failed to do.

Art and music are an essential and integral part of human life; they are given to us to counterbalance what is practical, useful and exploitable. I can well understand what some philosophers mean when they say that it is art and indeed music that makes a human being a human being. It is an inexplicable enchanting present, a magical language.

Recent generations have increasingly concentrated on what is directly usable in the belief that the expectation of happiness can only be found in material goods. Happiness is equated with prosperity and prosperity with possessions: I am better off the more I own. This attitude already has an influence on education and on school curricula. All artistic subjects, all the things that challenge the imagination and are – one is almost tempted to say would be – indispensable for a humane life are gradually being suppressed. Nowadays most children cannot even sing any more because they are not encouraged; they do not know how to make the notes and they do not know any songs. But making music and understanding music begins already at the age of 3, 4 and 5. Later on it is left to the radio and the walkman.

Now, this year warns us in all urgency that our children have a right to a complete education and not

merely training. It is symptomatic of our educational aims that methods of assessment, for instance the Pisa Study, more or less disregard music. If I may just make an aside: the two articles of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights dealing with education and culture, articles 26 and 27, are embarrassingly feeble. If art education does not have the same importance as reading, writing and arithmetic and if the idea of usefulness dominates everything – we are already very close to this – then there is extreme danger that materialism and acquisitive greed will become the idolatrous religion of our time.

Have we not arrived at this situation already? A few years ago Cardinal König said, “The pathway taken by Europe has led to a dead end: technology has priority over ethics, the world of objects is of greater importance than the values of persons. ..” In the 17th century Pascal spoke about the two mutually conditioning ways of thinking of human beings: he referred to them as arithmetical thinking and the thinking of the heart. Around the year 1840 Kierkegaard warned against the menace of materialism, writing, “At the moment nothing is feared more than total bankruptcy in Europe (...) but what is overlooked (...) is the much more dangerous, apparently unavoidable insolvency of the intellectual aspect, and this is imminent”.

I am not so concerned with ensuring a greater regard for art in its illustrious higher echelons, it is more a case that these highest forms of art will ultimately cry out into emptiness when nobody understands the language any more. Music is certainly not the distant mysterious language of an arrogant, self-assured and

privileged minority. No, everyone can understand its message, can partake of its riches if the antennae are correctly adjusted from an early age.

As art is at home in the realm of fantasy, it contains something puzzling, something that cannot be explained; its invisible might is powerful and dangerous, its effect subversive. That is why those in power have repeatedly tried to exploit it. Unsuccessfully – because art is always oppositional and in supreme command and can neither be tamed nor appropriated. It is a language of what cannot be said and yet it comes nearer to many of the final truths than the language of words, of comprehension with its logic, its clarity, its dreadful yes or no.

The role we allow art is often that of making it useful to us, taming it or also so that we can boast about it. In our wonderful, subsidised musical life people should be able to find joy and relaxation after the tedium of work and should regain strength for hectic everyday life (The Nazis called that “strength through joy”, with a similar justification as found in the articles of the Declaration of Human Rights). This is a dangerous step in the long and illegal process of making art “useful”.

Music by the great composers hardly ever made use of this trend, it was always much more: the sensitive reaction to the spiritual situation of the time. It was and is a mirror that helped listeners to recognise themselves, allowing them to look into the abyss. When Mozart’s G minor symphony was heard for the first time, people asked whether this kind of shattering experience was indeed permissible. At that time

listeners felt that this symphony went to the extremes of musical language. Hans Georg Nägeli (1773-1836), music aestheticist and cultural philosopher in Zurich, doubted – as did some of his contemporaries – whether such things were permissible and within the bounds of what could be imposed on audiences. In those days probably no one was able to go home in a calm frame of mind.

Art leads us, indeed often pushes us to arrive at a certain realisation: it is the mirror in which we have to look. In order to avoid that, people have assumed a way of approaching art merely as something aesthetic or popular. “Nice” music is heard, “nice” pictures are seen but preferably one does not allow oneself to be shattered by the experience or given a thorough shake-up.

Fifty years ago, when I was a young musician playing in an orchestra, I had to play Mozart’s G minor symphony several times a year and it was always sweet and pretty; the listeners blissfully put their heads on one side and afterwards they spoke about “Mozart happiness”. However, the score on my desk said something different. Everything is questioned, indeed destroyed: the melody, the harmony, the rhythm. Nothing is as it really should be apart perhaps from the romantic trio of the minuet movement. Maybe it can be explained by the fact that in those days, after the war, people needed radiant harmony and pure happiness because they had experienced the exact opposite in its most cruel manifestation. In those days more or less all interpretations of Mozart emphasised bright and positive aspects and suppressed anything that was shattering.

This symphony became my personal symphony of fate (the symphony of my personal fate) and it changed my life to lasting effect because one day, after 17 years as a cellist in an orchestra, I no longer wanted to play it that way ever again and so I left the orchestra...

In this symphony one can also see a great example similar to many works of literature and the fine arts: how far can, should or must art go, or we could also ask what can and must the listener be prepared to tolerate? Mozart repeatedly came very close to this limit.

Like all great artists Mozart as a person remains a mystery, indeed he is uncanny. People believe they know everything about him – his life is extremely well documented – but when one wants to say something about him, one realises that one does not know him at all.

Our historical or biographical “knowledge”, generally speaking, is indeed no knowledge. We acquire it indirectly and think we are eye-witnesses. We take the images, for instance from television, as facts and we believe that we were there too but did not sense anything on our skin and in our hearts. The images are images but reality is only pretence. It was quite different.

We will never find out the truth about Mozart; it is the image we create ourselves that we consider to be this truth. Only his music contains the truth. It appears to be impossible to understand the person and so we arrive, as in the case of many artists, at a kind of Doppelgänger view. It is as if there were two Mozarts:

the child at play, the cheerful extrovert young man, whose friends said of him that he was never in a bad mood and who from his youth wrote letters in a polished style; he was educated, witty and self-assured.

The Mozart we find in the biographies with his financial and artistic crises and problems in the family; was he rich or poor? Did he quarrel with his father or was the relationship harmonious and loving? Did Mozart fail as an artist after the unsuccessful performance of *Le nozze di Figaro* in Vienna? I do not believe a word of any of this because as Oswald Spengler says, "Nature should be treated scientifically, one should write poetry about history". And that was what people did, beyond measure. But the other Mozart is the true one, he is intangible and inconceivable and it is impossible to make any kind of assessment of him. If we wish to comprehend him, we have to realise with shame that our yardstick does not match his system. He comes from another planet. He lives only through his music: serious at every moment, oppressive even when he is joking: the *Musikalischer Spass* (Musical Joke) is just as dark a piece as the ghostly laughing aria in *Zaide*.

What a shock it must have been in the Mozart household when the father recognised the genius in the small child. One thinks one is faced with a delightful intelligent little child and discovers that it is a crocodile. A genius like Mozart does not occur suddenly, it is like a meteorite from the universe. He was not a playing child but a playing adult.

In human society there are no models for bringing up a genius. It goes without saying that such a demonic being dominates his surroundings. He cannot be "brought up", he is a beloved and at the same time feared member of the household. From his very first musical statements Mozart's path as an artist is absolutely unwavering and is characterised by a breathtaking certainty, exactly the opposite of his exterior life circumstances.

Even as a child he composed works whose emotional substance goes far beyond what he could have experienced and lived through. From the young man he always was and always remained we can discover the last most intense secrets about love and death, about tragedy, guilt and happiness.

He compels us to look into emotional depths and then afterwards up to heaven; perhaps he was a quill in the hand of God.



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

Moving mountains one hill at a time.
We've watched our Government defend Guantanamo Bay for almost for five years, and next Wednesday, the people of Adelaide are coming together to do something about it.

You and your family are invited to join us.

On Wednesday evening GetUp is hosting a candlelight vigil in Adelaide with Major Michael Mori, culminating in a walk to the office of Foreign Minister Alexander Downer, where we will present our letter of demand to repatriate David Hicks. Here are the details:

When: Wednesday August 23, from 5:15pm

Where: Assemble in Rundle Mall (western end).

BYO: Candle (friends, colleagues, parents and children also welcome!)

(<http://www.getup.org.au/>)

Next Firm concert

8pm Monday, 25 September 2006

Leigh Harrold *solo piano*

MOZART	<i>K1, 2, 3, 4 & 5</i>
SPINNER	<i>Sonata</i>
DUDLEY	<i>New work</i>
ALTMANN	<i>Sonata</i>
CHAPMAN SMITH	<i>Variations on K1</i>
GRANT	<i>8 Bagatelles</i>

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