

the firm 2006
six Adelaide concerts
concert six

The Firm dedicates this concert to writer and journalist John Pilger 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 Langbein String Quartet

Michael Milton, Hilary Bruer,
Rosi McGowran, Cameron Waters
and
Harley Gray, double bass
Leigh Harrold, piano

String Quintet No.1

**Belinda Gehlert** 

Divertimento No.3

**Raymond Chapman Smith** 

Interval

the path to the red heart

Quentin Grant

Piano Concerto in A major, K.414 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

While Jeannie always had her Virginia Woolf madness and hence suffered from a kind of Viennese Virginia Woolf disease, Schreker always had the Marianne Moore and Gertrude Stein madness and suffered from the Marianne Moore and Gertrude Stein disease. At the beginning of the sixties both of them quite suddenly turned their literary madnesses and their literary diseases, which in the fifties had no doubt been quite genuine madnesses and quite genuine diseases, into a pose, a purposebuilt literary pose, a multipurpose literary pose, in order to make themselves attractive to openhanded politicians, thus unscrupulously killing off whatever literature they had inside them for the sake of a venal existence as recipients of state patronage.

Thomas Bernhard

## String Quintet No.1, The Water's Deep (2006)

**Belinda** Gehlert

One Two Three

Inspired by a snorkeling trip through Ewan's Ponds near Mt Gambier in the South East of South Australia.

Ewan's Ponds is a system of three spring fed fresh water ponds interconnected by narrow, shallow channels, one flowing into another with the final one flowing out to sea. The channel's gentle current pushes through the expansive ponds that are full of underwater flora, fish, rock formations and hundreds of different shades of blue.

#### Divertimento No.3 (2006)

#### **Raymond Chapman Smith**

Allegro

Allegretto vivace

Adagietto

Allegro molto vivace

If we cannot write with the beauty of Mozart, let us at least try to write with his purity.

Johannes Brahms

Music, even in situations of the greatest horror, should never be painful to the ear but should flatter and charm it, and thereby always remain music.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

the thousands and hundreds of thousands of words that we keep trotting out, recognizable by their revolting truth which is revolting falsehood, and inversely by their revolting falsehood which is revolting truth, in all languages, in all situations, the words that we don't hesitate to speak, to write and to remain silent about, that which speaks, words which are made of nothing and which are worth nothing, as we know and as we ignore, the words that we hang on to because we become crazed by impotence and are made desperate by madness, words only infect and don't know, efface and deteriorate, cause shame, falsify, cripple, darken and obscure; in one's mouth and on paper they do violence through those who do violence to them; both words and those who do them violence are shameless: the state of mind of words and of those who do them violence is impotent, happy, catastrophic.

... and the flutter had come from a side of the room It had come from a red corner of the room. Her eyes fluttered - some one murmured (when she was a child), but she had said that it was the murmuring of the wind but, my heart, who or what was blowing wind into her ear? Who was blowing? That was when she was a child - this recollection is a broken path - the dark corner is now outside, and all of the outside, and this memory (childhood) and every tree in it, every bush and fluttering leaf in it is inside and will be staying inside forever. And then (in her young days) out of the glaring sand, the red sand, and into the veranda moaning room (that is the memory I'll give to you, dear soul); out of the whitest, whitest light was the fluttering wind: her tongue moved but her eyes were frozen, her tiny, tiny hands so sad, in the fluffy darkness: her tiny, tiny hands holding on to a tiny piece of teddy-in-the-black-universe-tiny-teddiness. Someone murmured (a reminiscence) and each other minute, each other second (when she was a child), was a dark corner: was a heart in its dark corner. But stop. Now stop. Let us move out of that dark veranda, out of the dark house, away from that house and through the trees, down the roads, across the wide and windy plains, past the silent river with its bats and whistling grasshoppers, and then stop, now stop, in a forest. Night time (help me) and now silent. Help me, dear soul (or both lost), to dig in the sand here (far, but never far, from the moaning room): dig blindly and quickly, with our hands, without speaking, to find the dark heart, the little heart with its teddy love, to find the little fluttering heart, to find my dear little heart, my dear little heart ...

from The White Forest, by Erica Uberbrech

#### Piano Concerto in A major, K.414 (1783) Wolfgang Amadeus

Mozart

Allegro Andante Allegretto

This concerto is the second in a group of three that began the great series of piano concertos that Mozart wrote for Vienna, and the first to be published in a printed edition. Initially, however, he followed the usual practice of making them available in manuscript copies. Mozart advertised for subscribers in January 1783: 'These three concertos, which can be performed with full orchestra including wind instruments, or only with 2 violins, viola and basso, will be available at the beginning of April to those who have subscribed for them (beautifully copied, and supervised by the composer himself).' By offering concertos that could be played either with orchestra or with chamber group, Mozart was trying out the Viennese audience and hoping to attract as wide a circle of music-lovers as possible. And in the style of writing he was also aiming for a broad appeal, as he made clear when describing the concertos in a letter to his father: 'The concertos are in fact midway between too difficult and too easy - they are very brilliant, fall agreeably on the ear, though of course without becoming trivial. Here and there only connoisseurs can derive satisfaction, but in such a way that the non-connoisseur will be pleased without knowing why.

The mayors of Pisa and Venice had agreed to scandalize visitors to their cities, who had for centuries been equally charmed by Venice and Pisa, by secretly and overnight having the tower of Pisa moved to Venice and the campanile of Venice moved to Pisa and set up there. They could not, however, keep their plan a secret, and on the very night on which they were going to have the tower of Pisa moved to Venice and the campanile of Venice moved to Pisa they were committed to the lunatic asylum, the mayor of Pisa in the nature of things to the lunatic asylum in Venice and the mayor of Venice to the lunatic asylum in Pisa. The Italian authorities were able to handle the affair in complete confidentiality.

T.B.

Even though I have always hated zoological gardens and actually find that my suspicions are aroused by people who visit zoological gardens, I still could not avoid going out to Schönbrunn on one occasion and, at the request of my companion, a professor of theology, standing in front of the monkeys' cage to look at the monkeys, which my companion fed with some food he had brought with him for the purpose. The professor of theology, an old friend of mine from the university, who had asked me to go to Schönbrunn with him had, as time went on, fed all the food he had brought with him to the monkeys, when suddenly the monkeys, for their part, scratched together all the food that had fallen to the ground and offered it to us through the bars. The professor of theology and I were so startled by the monkeys' sudden behavior that in a flash we turned on our heels and left Schönbrunn through the nearest exit.

One must not make oneself cheap here - that is a cardinal point - or else one is undone. Whoever is most impertinent has the best chance.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart: Letter to father from Vienna, complaining of coarse linen shirts Mozart was forced to wear.

Together with the puzzle, Mozart gives you the solution.

Ferrucio Busoni

The sonatas of Mozart are unique: too easy for children, too difficult for adults.

Children are given Mozart to play because of the quantity of notes; grown-ups avoid him because of the quality of notes.

Artur Schnabel

In closing his magnificent, cultural biography of Mozart, Robert Gutman describes him thus: "He tendered the world a message - to echo Carlyle's praise of Goethe - like that of the Evangelists, for he, too, had the power to ransom the soul. Beloved of youth with its infinite longings and no less of age with its failed aspirations, he confronted his time and confronts posterity as a universal touchstone. Like all geniuses of his rank, he stands as a law to himself: incommensurable, incalculable, sublime.



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

Further information: www.firmmusic.com.au

### the firm

and

Dani Raymond: Savvy Arts Management acknowledge the support of

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