

AUG 9

The Firm



the firm 2010
concert three

"Simplicity is the highest goal, achievable when you have overcome all difficulties. After one has played a vast quantity of notes and more notes, it is simplicity that emerges as the crowning reward of art."

Chopin

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

David Sharp – cello

Marianna Grynchuk – piano

Frederic Chopin

**Mazurka in F minor,
op.68, no.4**

Luke Altmann

Nocturne No.3

Raymond Chapman Smith

Dichtungen

Quentin Grant

Nocturne in E flat

Interval

Frederic Chopin

**Cello sonata in
G minor, Op.65**

Mazurka in F minor, op.68, no.4 Frederic Chopin

Composed in April 1849 and published posthumously, this mazurka is Chopin's last completed work.

Mazurka.

(Posthumous.)

F. CHOPIN, Op. 68, No. 4.
(1849) Last Composition.

Andantino. (♩ = 120)

49.

sotto voce. *legatissimo.*

sempre legatissimo.

cresc.

p *mf*

p *mf*

pp *sempre legato.*

pp *sempre legato.*

D. C. al segno senza fine.

"The three most celebrated doctors on the island have been to see me. One sniffed at what I spat, the second tapped where I spat from, and the third sounded me and listened as I spat. The first said I was dead, the second that I was dying and the third that I'm going to die."

Chopin

Nocturne No.3 for cello & piano Luke Altmann

Another in an ongoing series of Nocturnes, this with thoughts of the threshold of sleep in the foreground. Music which offers just enough to keep one awake, but not so much that a sleeper would be disturbed... it's a fine line.

L.A.



"My manuscripts sleep, while I cannot, for I am covered with poultices."

Chopin

Dichtungen for piano Raymond Chapman Smith

- I *Andante sostenuto*
- II *Moderato cantabile*
- III *Allegro assai*
- IV *Andante con moto*
- V *Adagio cantabile e semplice*
- VI *Molto grazioso*
- VII *Poco moderato*
- VIII *Allegretto*
- IX *Allegretto, quasi andante*
- X *Vivace*
- XI *Allegretto, quasi andante*
- XII *Allegro molto*

Gryphius pondered. He looked at it from every conceivable angle – floated it around and around. But, no matter what the perspective, the hedgehog remained resolutely a hedgehog. Gryphius rested fitfully....

"Now that I could read fluently, and was daily cramming myself with more and more new notions, I felt the most irresistible urge to wrest my own ideas from oblivion, born of my native genius as they were! Yet to do so called for the art of writing, which is admittedly very difficult. However carefully I might watch my master's hand as he wrote, I just could not manage to pick up the actual mechanics of the thing from him.

I studied the one manual of calligraphy that my master possessed, and almost reached the conclusion that the mysterious difficulty of writing could be removed only by wearing the large cuff seen on the diagram of the writing hand depicted in that book, and that it was due only to the special facility my master had acquired that he wrote without a cuff, just as an expert tightrope walker can eventually do without his balancing pole. I kept a keen eye open for cuffs, and was on the point of tearing up the old housekeeper's

nightcap and adapting it for my right paw when, in a flash of inspiration such as persons of genius are wont to have, the brilliant idea which solved everything occurred to me. For I surmised that the impossibility of my holding a pen or pencil as my master did might lie in the different structure of our hands, and in that surmise I was correct! I had to devise another way of writing, suited to the build of my little right paw, and as you might expect, devise it I did. Thus do whole new systems arise from the particular organic structure of the individual!

Another difficult problem was dipping my pen in the ink-well, for as I dipped it I couldn't contrive to keep my paw clean; it kept getting into the ink too, so the first few characters, written more with the paw than the pen, were bound to be rather big and broad. Consequently, the ignorant might take my first manuscripts for little more than paper splashed with ink. Men of genius, however, will easily discern the tomcat of genius in his early works, and will be amazed by the exuberance of his intellect as it first sprang from an inexhaustible source. In fact they will be quite carried away by it. To save the world future controversy concerning the chronological order of my immortal works, I will say here that the first was my philosophical and didactic novel of sentiment, *Thought and Intuition, or, Cat and Dog*. That work alone might well have been a great sensation. Next, being able to turn my paw to anything, I wrote a political work entitled *Mousetraps and their influence on the Character and Achievement of the Feline Race*, whereafter I felt inspired to write the tragedy *Cawdallor, King of Rats*.

This tragedy too could have been performed to tumultuous applause on any stage in the world. Let these creations of my aspiring mind serve as introduction to the whole series of my collected works. I will enlarge upon the occasion for their composition at the appropriate place.

In fact when I had learnt to hold the pen better and my paw remained clean of ink, my style itself became lighter, more graceful, more pleasing. I curled up for preference on almanacs of collected poetry, I wrote various pleasant works, and altogether I soon became the engaging, easy-going fellow I am today. At this period I almost composed an heroic epic in twenty-four cantos, but the finished product turned out to be not quite in that line, and

Tasso and Ariosto may thank heaven for it from their graves. For if my paws had actually penned an epic, no one would ever have read either of *them* any more."

E.T.A.Hoffmann *The Life and Opinions of the Tomcat Murr*

Nocturne in E flat minor for cello & piano Quentin Grant

Night. O you whose countenance, dissolved
in deepness, hovers above my face.
You who are the heaviest counterweight
to my astounding contemplation.

Night, that trembles as reflected in my eyes,
but in itself strong;
inexhaustible creation, dominant,
enduring beyond the earth's endurance;

Night, full of newly created stars that leave
trails of fire streaming from their seams
as they soar in inaudible adventure
through interstellar space:

how, overshadowed by your all-embracing vastness,
I appear minute!---
Yet, being one with the ever more darkening earth,
I dare to be in you.

Rainer Maria Rilke

*Nocturne in Eb Minor was commissioned by the Ngeringa Farm
Arts Foundation, 2010.*

Sonata in G minor, op.65 for cello & piano

Frederic Chopin

The Cello Sonata was the last of Chopin's works to be published during his lifetime.

Completed in 1846, it had a long and tortuous gestation alongside his final pianistic masterpieces such as the Waltzes op.64, Nocturnes op.62 and, above all, the towering achievements of the *Barcarolle* and *Polonaise-Fantasia*.

"I write a little and cross out a lot. I'm sometimes happy with it, sometimes not. I throw it into a corner and then take it up again.

I do everything I can in order to work but it's no good. If this goes on, my new compositions will not resemble the chirruping of warblers or even the sound of smashing china."

The work is dedicated to his longtime friend and musical colleague, Auguste Franchomme (below).



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

Forthcoming concert

8pm Monday, 6 September 2010

Leigh Harrold piano

Please refer to our web site for further information on upcoming concerts

www.firmmusic.com.au

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and

Dani Raymond,

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All the Firm musicians

Passing Out

Kwik Kopy Norwood

