

THE FIRM 2012



concert two

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

Duo Trystero:
Robert Macfarlane tenor
Aleksandr Tsiboulski guitar
with
Kate Macfarlane, soprano

Luke Altmann

Echo's Prayers

Quentin Grant

Songs on Poems by Ilse Weber

Ilse Weber

Wiegala

Anne Cawrse

Alena Songs

Paul Dessau

Vier Liebeslieder

Interval

Hans Werner Henze

Drei Hölderlin Fragmente

Dominick Argento

Letters From Composers

Echo's Prayers

Luke Altmann

For Duo Trystero,
And dedicated to my newborn son, William.

Text from Doctor Faustus by Thomas Mann
(trans. H. T. Lowe-Porter)

Outside the door Adrian asked: "What do you say to this theological speculation? He prays for all creation, expressly in order that he himself may be included. Should a pious child know that he serves himself in that he prays for others? Surely the unselfishness is gone so soon as one sees that it is of use."

"You are right that far," I replied. "But he turns the thing into unselfishness so soon as he may not pray only for himself but does so for us all."

"Yes, for us all," Adrian said softly.

1.

Merkt, swer für den andern bitt'
Sich selber löset er damit.
Echo bitt' für die ganze Welt,
Daß Got auch ihn in Armen hält.
Amen.

Mark, whoso for other pray
Himself he saves that waye.
Echo prayes for all gainst harms,
May God hold him too in his arms.
Amen.

2.

Swer um diese kurze Zit
Die ewigen Freude git,
Der hat sich selbe gar betrogen
Und zimbert auf den Regenbogen.
Gib, daß ich bau auf fasten Grund
Und deiner Freuden werde kund.

Whoso for this brief cesoun
Barthers hevens blysse
Hath betrayed his resoun
His house the rainbow is;
Give me to build on the firme grounde
And Thy eternal joys to sound.

3.

Swelch Mensche lebt in Gotes Gebote,
In dem ist Got und er in Gote.
Demselben ich mich befehlen tu.
Wird mir helfen zu rechter Ruh.

Whoso hedeth Goddes stevene
In hym is God and he in hevene.
The same commaunde myselfe would keepe,
And me insure my seemely slepe.

4.

Swie groß si jemens Missetat,
Got dennoch mehr Genaden hat.
Mein Sünd nicht viel besagen will,
Got lächelt in Seiner Gnadenfüll'.

A mannes misdeede, however grete,
 On Goddes merci he may wait.
 My sin to Him a lytyl thyng is,
 God doth but smile and pardon bringes.

5.

Durch Sünde niemand lassen soll
 Er tu doch noch etwelches Wohl.
 Niemandes Guttat wird verloren,
 Er zur Höllen denn geboren.
 O wöllten ich und die ich mein'
 Zur Seligkeit geschaffen sein!

Through sin no let has been,
 Save when some goode be seen.
 Mannes good deede shall serve him wel,
 Save that he were born for hell.
 O that I may and mine I love
 Be borne for blessedness above!



Thomas Mann, music lover

Songs on Poems by Ilse Weber (1903 – 1944) Quentin Grant (2012)

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt,
 das Herz so schwer wie Blei.
 Bis jäh meine Weg ein Ende hat,
 dort knapp an der Bastei.

Dort bleib ich auf der Brücke stehn
 und schau ins Tal hinaus:
 ich möcht so gerne weiter gehn,
 ich möcht so gern nach Haus!

Nach Haus! - du wunderbares Wort,
 du machst das Herz mir schwer.
 Man nahm mir mein Zuhause fort,
 nun hab ich keines mehr.

Ich wende mich betrübt und matt,
 so schwer wird mir dabei:
 Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,
 wann wohl das Leid ein Ende hat,
 wann sind wir wieder frei?

I wander through Theresienstadt

I wander through Theresienstadt,
 My heart as heavy as lead,
 Till suddenly the path ends,
 Near where the fortress stands.

I stand there on the bridge,
and look down into the valley:
I'd like to go so much further,
I'd like to much to go home!

"Home", you beautiful word,
you make my heart heavy.
They took away my home,
Now I no longer have one.

I turn away, saddened and weary,
How hard it is to do so!
Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,
When will our suffering end?
When will we be free again?

Und der Regen rinnt

Und der Regen rinnt, und der Regen rinnt...
Ich denk im Dunklen an dich, mein Kind.
Hoch sind die Berge und tief ist das Meer,
mein Herz ist müd und sehnsuchtsschwer.
Und der Regen rinnt, und der Regen rinnt...
Warum bist du so fern, mein Kind?

Und der Regen rinnt, und der Regen rinnt...
Gott selbst hat uns getrennt, mein Kind.
Du sollst nicht Leid und Elend sehn,
sollst nicht auf steinigen Gassen gehn.
Und der Regen rinnt, und den Regen rinnt...
Hast du mich nicht vergessen, Kind?

And the rain falls

And the rain falls, and the rain falls,
In the darkness I'm thinking of you, my child.
The mountains are high, and the sea is deep,
My heart is tired and weighted with longing.
And the rain falls, and the rain falls,
Why are you so far away, my child?

And the rain falls, and the rain falls,
God himself has separated us, my child.
You are not to see pain and suffering,
[You are] not to walk upon stony streets.
And the rain falls, and the rain falls,
Have you not forgotten me, my child?

Ade, Kamerad

Ade, Kamerad,
hier teilt sich der Pfad,
denn morgen muss ich fort.
Ich scheide von dir,
man treibt mich von hier,
ich geh mit dem Polentransport.

Du gabst mir oft Mut,
treu warst du und gut,
zum Helfen immer bereit.
Ein Druck deiner Hand
Hat die Sorgen gebannt,
wir truce gemeinsam das Leid.

Ade, Kamerad,
um dich ist es schad,
der Abschied wird mir schwer.
Verlier nicht den Mut,
ich war dir so gut,
jetzt sehn wir uns nimmermehr.

Farewell, my friend

Farewell, my friend,
This is where our paths part,
For tomorrow I have to leave.
I'm leaving you,
I'm being driven away from here,
I'm being transported to Poland.

You often gave me courage,
You were loyal and kind,
Always ready to help.
Your handshake banished all cares.
We bore our misfortune together.

Farewell, my friend,
It's a pity about you.
Parting will be hard for me.
Don't lose heart!
We were so good together.
We'll see each other never more.

Wiegala words and music by Ilse Weber, 1944

Wiegala

Wiegala, wiegala, weier,
der Wind spielt auf der Leier.
Er spielt so süß im grünen Ried,
die Nachtigall, die singt ihr Lied.
Wiegala, wiegala, weier,
der Wind spielt auf der Leier.

Wiegala, wiegala, werne,
der Mond ist die Lanterne,
er steht am dunklen Himmelszelt
und schaut hernieder auf die Welt.
Wiegala, wiegala, werne,
der Mond ist die Lanterne.

Wiegala, wiegala, wille,
wie ist die Welt so stille!
Es stört kein Laut die süße Ruh,
schlaf, mein Kindchen, schlaf auch du.
Wiegala, wiegala, wille,
wie ist die Welt so stille!

Wiegala
Wiegala, wiegala, weier,
the wind plays on the lyre.
He plays so sweet in the green reed,
the nightingale sings her song.
Wiegala, wiegala, weier,
the wind plays on the lyre.

Wiegala, wiegala, werne,

The moon is the Lanterne,
He stands at the dark sky
and looks down upon the world.
Wiegala, wiegala, werne,
The moon is the Lanterne.

Wiegala, wiegala, wille,
how the world is so quiet!
It does not disturb the peace sweet sound,
sleep, my baby, sleep Even you
Wiegala, wiegala, wille,
how the world is so quiet!



Ilse Weber

Alena Songs

Anne Cawrse (2012)

Texts by Alena Synkova (1926 -2008)

To Olga

Listen!
The boat whistle has sounded now
And we must sail
Out toward an unknown port.

We'll sail a long, long way
And dreams will turn to truth.
Oh, how sweet the name Morocco!
Listen!
Now it's time.

The wind sings songs of far away,
Just look up to heaven
And think about the violets.

Listen!
Now it's time.

Untitled

I've met enough people.
Seldom a human being.
Therefore, I will wait-
until my life's purpose
is fulfilled
and you will come.

Though there is anguish
deep in my soul-

what if I must search for you forever? -
I must not lose faith,
I must not lose hope.

Tears

And thereafter come...
tears,
without them
there is no life.
Tears-
inspired by grief
tears
that fall like rain.



Alena Synkova

Paul Dessau

Vier Liebeslieder (1951)

Texts by Bertolt Brecht, Translation by Robert Macfarlane

I.

Als ich nachher von dir ging
An dem großen Heute
Sah ich, als ich sehn anfing
Lauter lustige Leute.

Und seit jener Abendstund
Weißt schon, die ich meine
Hab ich einen schönern Mund
Und geschicktere Beine.

Grüner ist, seit ich so fühl
Baum und Strauch und Wiese
Und das Wasser schöner kühl
Wenn ich's auf mich gieße.

I.

Afterwards, when I left you
On the big day
I began to see
Nothing but loud, happy people.

And since those evening hours
You know what I mean
I have a finer mouth
And more skilful legs.

Since I have felt like this
Trees, Shrubs and Meadows are greener
And the water is nice and cool
If I pour it on myself.

II.

Wenn du mich lustig machst
Dann denk ich manhmal:
Jetzt könnt ich sterben
Dann blieb ich glücklich
Bis an mein End

Wenn du dann alt bist
Und du denkst an mich
Seh ich wie heute aus
Und du hast ein Liebchen
Das ist noch jung.

2.

When you make me laugh
Sometimes I think:
Now I could die
And I would stay happy
Until the end.

Then, when you are old
And you think about me
I will look like I do today
And you will have a lover
Who is still young.

III.

Sieben Rosen hat der Strauch
Sechs gehör'n dem Wind
Aber eine bleibt, daß auch
Ich noch eine find.

Sieben Male ruf ich dich
Sechsmal bleibe fort
Doch beim siebten Mal, versprich
Komme auf ein Wort.

3.

The shrub has seven roses
Six of them belong on the wind
Yet one remains, so that
I still have a place.

I call for you seven times
On the sixth time: stay away
But on the seventh time,
Come on a word of promise.

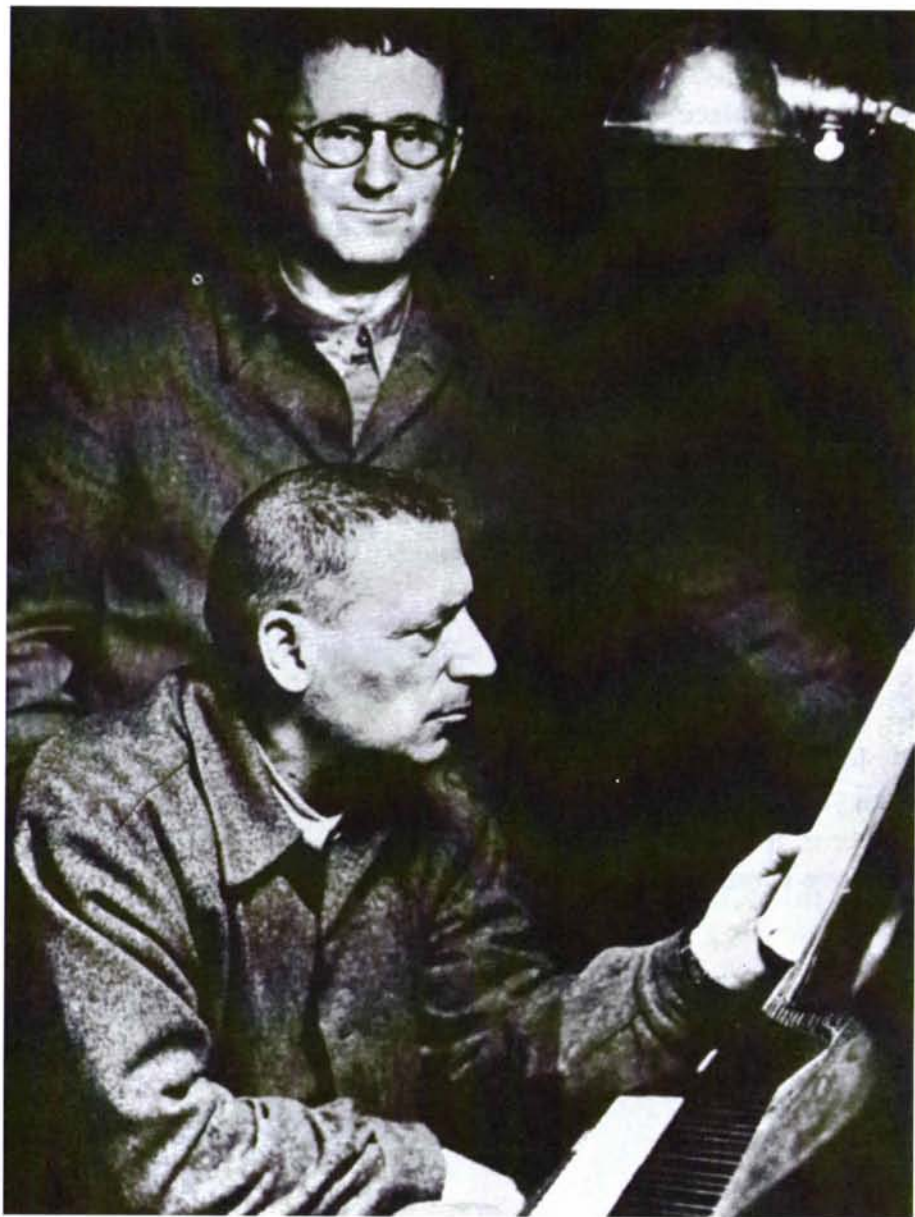
IV.

Die Liebste gab mir einen Zweig
Mit gelbem Laub daran.

Das Jahr, es geht zu Ende
Die Liebe fängt erst an.

4.

My lover gave me a branch
With yellow leaves on it
The year, it comes to an end
The love is only beginning.



Paul Dessau and Bertolt Brecht

Hans Werner Henze Drei Fragmente nach Hölderlin

Three Hölderlin Fragments from *Kammermusik* 1958

1. In lieblicher Bläue blühet mit dem metallenen Dache der Kirchturm. Den umschwebet Geschrei von Schwalben, den umgiebt de Rührendste Bläue. Die Sonne gehet hoch darüber und färbet das Blech, im Winde aber oben stille krähet die Fahne. Wenn einer unter der Gloke dann herabgeht, jene Treppen, ein stilles Leben ist es, weil, wenn abgesondert so sehr die Gestalt ist, die Bildsamkeit herauskommt dann des Menschen. Die Fenster, daraus die Glocken tönen, sind wie Thore an Schönheit.

In lovely blueness with its metal roof the steeple blossoms. Around it the crying of swallows hovers, most moving blueness surrounds it. The sun hangs high above it and colours the sheets of tin, but up above in the wind silently crows the weathercock. If now someone comes down beneath the bell, comes down those steps, a still life it is, because when the figure is so detached, the man's plasticity is brought out. The windows from which the bells are ringing are like gates in beauty. That is, because gates still conform to nature, these have a likeness to trees of the wood. But purity too is beauty.

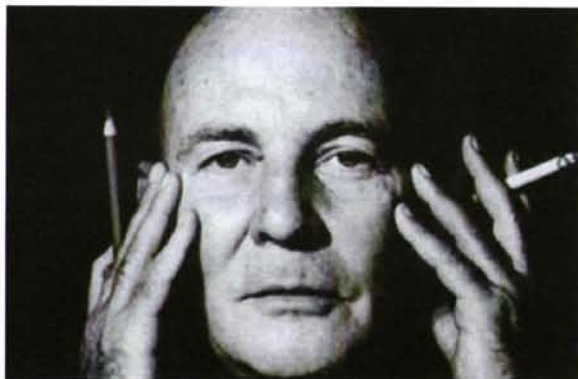
2. Möcht ich ein Komet sein? Ich glaube. Denn sie haben die Schnelligkeit der Vögel; sie blühen am Feuer und sind wie Kinder an Reinheit. Größeres zu wünschen, kann nicht des Menschen Natur sich vermessen. Der Tugend Heiterkeit verdient auch gelobt zu werden vom ernstesten Geiste, der zwischen den drei Säulen wehet des Gartens. Eine schöne Jungfrau muß das Haupt umkränzen mit Myrtenblumen, weil sie einfach ist ihrem Wesen nach und ihrem Gefühl. Myrten aber gibt es in Griechenland.

Would I like to be a comet? I think so. For they possess the swiftness of birds; they blossom with fire and are like children in purity. To desire more than that human nature cannot presume.

The serenity of virtue also deserves to be praised by the serious spirit which wafts between the garden's three columns. A beautiful virgin must wreath her head with myrtle, because she is simple both in her nature and in her feelings. But myrtles are to be found in Greece.

3. *Wenn einer in den Spiegel sieht, ein Mann, und sieht darin sein Bild wie abgemalt; es gleicht dem Manne. Augen hat des Menschen Bild; hingegen Licht der Mond. Der König Ödipus hat ein Auge zu viel vielleicht. Die Leiden dieses Mannes, sie scheinen unbeschreiblich, unaussprechlich, unausdrücklich. Wenn das Schauspiel ein solches darstellt, kommt's daher. Wie ist mir's aber, gedenk ich Deiner jetzt?*

If someone looks into the mirror, a man, and in it sees his image, as though it were a painted likeness; it resembles the man. The image of man has eyes, whereas the moon has light. King Oedipus has an eye too many perhaps. The sufferings of this man, they seem indescribable, unspeakable, inexpressible. If the drama represents something like this, that is why. But what comes over me if I think of you now?



Hans Werner Henze

Dominick Argento (b. 1927)

Letters from Composers (1968)

Frédéric Chopin (to a friend)

Palma de Mallorca, 28 December 1838

Imagine me, between rocks and sea, in a cell in an immense, deserted monastery, its doors bigger than the coach entrance to any Paris mansion.

Here I am with my hair uncurled, no white gloves, and as pale as usual.

My cell, shaped like a great coffin, has a vast and dusty arched ceiling, and a little window looking to the garden with its orange trees, palms and cypresses.

Opposite the window, below a rosette in the lacy Moorish style, is a camp-bed. Beside the bed is an old untouchable, a kind of square desk, on which stands a wax candle... On the same desk, Bach, my scribbles, and other papers, not mine, Silence...

If you shout... silence again...

In short, I am writing from a very strange place...

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (to his father)

Vienna, 9 June 1781

Mon tres cher Pere,

Well, Count Arco has managed things to perfection!

So that is the way to persuade people, to win the over: to refuse petitions out of congenital stupidity, not to say a word to your master for lack of spirit and love of sycophancy, to keep a man hanging about for four weeks and at last, when he is obliged to present the petition himself, instead of arranging for his admittance, to throw him out, and give him a kick in the pants...

I wrote three petitions, handed them in five times, and each time had them thrown back at me... and since the Archbishop was planning to leave on the next day, I was quite beside myself with rage, and wrote another petition, in which I disclosed to him that I had had a petition in readiness for the past four weeks!

With that petition I received my discharge in the most gallant way.

So seeing the reasons why I left him no father could be angry with his own son.

Franz Schubert (to a friend)

Vienna, 31 March 1824

My brightest hopes have come to nothing, the joys of friendship and love soon turn to sorrows, and even my pleasure in beauty itself is in danger of dying away!

"Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer;" thus sang Gretchen at her spinning wheel. So I might sing every day, for every night I go to bed hoping that I shall not wake again, and each morning only brings back all the sorrows and grief of the day before.

"Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer;" thus sang Gretchen at her spinning wheel. And so I spend my days, joyless and friendless.

Johann Sebastian Bach (to the Town Council)

Lepzig, 24 August 1733

Magnificent, most honourable gentlemen, our wise and learned councillors, distinguished Lords and Patrons, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera...

May it please you to condescend to hear how Herr Johanned Fredrich Eitelwein, a merchant in the town of Lepzig, was married on the twelfth of August of the present year out of town, and therefore thinks himself entitled to withhold the fees due us in all such cases, and has made bold to disregard our many kind reminders.

Whereas the said fees make up the greater part of our emoluments, a perquisite of our position, no one has hitherto endeavoured to withhold from us our lawful share. We therefore feel compelled to beg you, honoured Lords and Gracious Patrons for this reason to take us under your protection and by your decision to uphold us in our old rights and agreed *Salario*, and further to enjoin upon the said Herr Eitelwein that he remit to us a due proportion of the foresaid marriage fees, together with the costs occasioned, in this instance, which we also claim with all respect and reverence.

Magnificent and honourable gentlemen, most wise and learned councillors, distinguished Lords and Patrons, from your most humble and devoted servant, Johann Sebastian Bach.

Claude Debussy (to a friend)

Le Molleau, 3 December 1916

I go on with this waiting life. Waiting room life, I might say, for I am a poor traveller waiting for a train that will never come again.

They tell me it's the morphine! No! Something is broken in this strange mechanism that used to be my brain.

Who's to blame? Perhaps this miserable war that loses some of its nobility with every passing day.

Who's to blame? It was stupid enough to trust the Bulgarians. But it's even worse to trust the Greeks for anything! And good King George looks like a hawker of lead pencils with no lead in them.

Of course, rumours spread like weeds. Everyone appoints a new commander in chief every morning. It's like a hunchback changing his tailor in hope that the new one will be able to conceal his hump...

... and after all, what does it matter?

Giacomo Puccini (to a friend)

Paris, 10 May 1898

I am sick of Paris! I am panting for the fragrant woods, for the free movement of my belly in wide trousers and no waistcoat.

I pant after the wind that blows free and fragrant from the sea; I savour with wide flaring nostrils its salty breath, and stretch my lungs to breathe it all!

I hate pavements! I hate palaces! I hate capitals! I hate columns of marble!

I love the beautiful column of poplar and fir; I love the vault of the shady glades; I love the green expanse of cool shelter in forest old or young; I love the blackbird in flight. I love the woodpecker, seagull, and lark!

I hate the horse, the cat and the toy dog! I hate the steamer, the top-hat, the dresscoat, and I hate Paris!

Robert Schumann (to his fiancée)

Leipzig, 3 June 1839

The most certain thing is still that we continue to love each other with all our hearts and I feel sure that in your heart there is a rich fund of love, and you will make your husband happy for a long, long time.

You are a wonderful girl, Klara! There is such a host of varied and beautiful qualities in you that I will never know how you have managed to bring them all together during your short life.

But there is one thing I know, Klara, and that is: I believe you would have been a very different girl if you had never met me at so early a stage and been impressed by my gentle way.

Leave me this belief, it makes me happy. I taught you to love, and drew you close, to be the ideal bride as I imagined her; you were my most gifted pupil, and as my reward you said to me:

"Well, then, take me!"

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

Forthcoming concert:

July 30	Special Event
	Robert Macfarlane, Sally-Anne Russell, Emma Horwood, Kate Macfarlane, Ali Stubberfield and Leigh Harrold
Janacek	Diary of one who Disappeared
Ullmann	The Emperor of Atlantis - selections

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