

# THE FIRM 2012



*Ullmann*



*Kein*



*Janáček*

**concert three**

# The Final Solution

Robert M. M. M.

Theresienstadt was a 'show camp' set up by the Nazi's to demonstrate to the world how well the Jewish interns 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**

**Sally-Anne Russell, mezzo-soprano**

**Kate Macfarlane, soprano**

**Emma Horwood, soprano**

**Ali Stubberfield, soprano**

**Leigh Harrold, piano**

**Drei Jiddische Lieder**

**Viktor Ullmann**

**Scenes from Der Kaiser von Atlantis**

**Viktor Ullmann**

Short interval

**Diary of One Who Disappeared**

**Leoš Janáček**

## Viktor Ullmann – Drei jiddische Lieder (Brezulinka) op. 53

### Three Yiddish Songs

#### Margaritkelech

Text: Zalman Shneour, 1909, Popular Melodie

In Weldel beim Teichel, dort senen gewaksen  
Margaritkelech elent un klejn  
wie klejninke Sunen mit wejssinke Strahlen  
mit wejssinke tralalala, wie wejssinke tralalala!  
Gegangen is Chavele still un farcholemt,  
zulosen die goldblonde Zep  
das Helzel entblojst un gemurmelt, gesungen  
a Lidele. Tralalala, a Lidele. Tralalala.  
Die Sun is forgangen,  
der Bocher verschwunden  
un Chavele sitzt noch in Wald.  
Sie kukt in der weiten un murmelt farcholemt  
dos Lidele. Tralalala, dos Lidele. Tralalala.

#### Margaritkelech ("Daisies")

Text: Zalman Shneour, 1909; popular melody

In the little woods by the creek there grew  
daisies lonely and small,  
like little suns with white rays,  
with white tralala, like white tralala!  
Chavele walked quietly and dreamy-eyed,  
her gold-blond pigtail loosened,  
her neck uncovered, and she hummed, sang  
a little song, tralala, a little song, tralala.  
The sun has set, the young man has disappeared,  
and Chavele still sits in the wood.  
She gazes into the distance and hums dreamy-eyed  
the little song, tralala, the little song, tralala.

#### Berjoskele (Brezulinka)

Text: David Einhorn, Melodie: Kipnis Collection

Ruig, ruig schokkelt ihr gelokktes grines Kepel  
mein wejssinke Berjosekele un davent on a Schir;  
jedes, jedes Bletele ihr's sचेptshet shtil a t'fille.  
Sej schejn, klein Berjoskele, mispallel ejch far mir!  
Fun weitem Marev hot sich trojrig farganvet  
in die dine zwejgelech a rizer, zarter Stral,  
un a stillen Kush getun di Bletelech, die Klejne,  
welche hoben dremlendig gehorcht dem Nachtigall.  
Fu die weite Felder is a Wintele gekumen  
un derzejlt die Bletelech Legends on a Schir,  
Epes hot in Harzen tief bei mir genumen benken  
Sej schejn, klein Berjoskele, mispallel ejch far mir!

#### Little Birch Tree

Text: David Einhorn; Melody: Kipnis Collection

Serenely, serenely sways its green little head,  
my little, white birch tree, and prays without end.  
Every, every leaf whispers softly a prayer,  
be nice, little birch tree, say a prayer for me!  
From far in the west a slender red ray  
furtively slipped between the thin branches  
and gave a quiet kiss to the small leaves  
that were dreamily listening  
to the song of the nightingale.  
Over the broad fields a wind came  
and told the leaves stories without end,  
something deep in my heart began to yearn,  
be nice, little birch tree, say a prayer for me!

**A Mejdle in die Johren**  
**Populäre Melodie**

Ich bin schejn a Mejdle in die Johren,  
wos hostu mir den Kopf fordreht?  
Ich wolt schejn lang a Kale geworen  
un efscher take Chassene gehat.  
Du host mir zugesogt zu nehmen,  
un ich hob ejf Dir gewart;  
farwos solstu, Duschenju mich farschejmen.  
Zi hostu Dich in mir genart?

**An Unmarried Girl**  
**Popular melody**

I am an unmarried girl, no-longer young,  
why did you steal my heart?  
I've wanted to be a bride for a long time,  
and perhaps really have a wedding.  
You promised to take me,  
and I waited for you;  
why should you, sweetheart, put me to shame,  
or did you just want to deceive me?



**Scenes from Der Kaiser von Atlantis**

**Viktor Ullmann**

*Der Kaiser von Atlantis, oder Die Tod-Verweigerung* (*The Emperor of Atlantis, or Death's Refusal*) is a one-act opera by Viktor Ullmann with a libretto by Peter Kien. Both Ullmann and Kien were inmates at the Nazi concentration camp of Theresienstadt, where they collaborated on the opera, around 1943. While the opera received a rehearsal at Theresienstadt in March 1944, it was never performed there, as the Nazi authorities saw in the depiction of Kaiser Overall a satire on Adolf Hitler and banned the opera. Both the composer and the librettist died in the Auschwitz concentration camp.

*"So what are we to drink now? Blood is what we drink now. And what are we to kiss now? The devil's backside! The world is all confusion and careering like a carousel. We're in the coachman's seat!"*

*In this poor world, what choice is there but to sell our soul at the village fair? Are there any takers? We all want to get rid of ourselves. We'll all go to where the four winds drive us."* (from *The Emperor of Atlantis*)

**Synopsis**

The Loudspeaker opens the opera by setting the scene and introducing the characters. The plot develops from there as a lonely Harlequin describes woeful life in a kingdom lacking love and laughter: "we'd sell our souls at the nearest fair...will no one buy us, since every man wants to be rid of himself?" Death happens upon the scene, and together they comment ruefully on how the passing of days is hardly noticeable anymore in such a grim environment. Yet Death scoffs at the jester's miserable request for relief through death, proclaiming his own situation to be far more severe and prolonged. In an aria, Death laments how his function no longer commands the same respect it once had, with warriors dressed in finery to meet him on the battlefield. Wearied from previous ravages of combat, Death has little interest in keeping pace with Overall's "motorized chariots of war," which make a mockery of the "old-fashioned craft of dying."

The Drummer then steps forth to deliver a new mandate from Emperor Uberall. Declaring "each against each other, no survivors," she describes an all-encompassing war across the kingdom, one in which weapons are carried by every man, woman, and child alike. Death hears this decree and is outraged at the Emperor's presumptuous nature. "To take men's souls is my job, not his!" he fumes, angered that the Uberall would so easily take his services for granted. Here he declares an official strike, warning that the future of mankind will not only be great, as the Emperor suggested, but long, and breaks his sabre upon the ground.

The second act takes the listener to the Emperor's palace, where progress of the war is being carefully monitored. Death's scheme is discovered when word is received of a hanged man who has not died after eighty minutes, even after being shot. To the dismay and panic of the Emperor, the Loudspeaker tells of thousands of other soldiers "wrestling with life...doing their best to die." Concerned that this turn of events will negatively affect his power as ruler, Uberall quickly demands a propaganda campaign in which the situation is spun as the gift of eternal life to his subjects. Yet he wonders, "Death, where is thy sting? Where is thy victory, Hell?"

An encounter between the Soldier and the Bobbed-Hair Girl comprises most of the third act. They come upon each other as enemies, but when death cannot separate them, their thoughts turn to love. Together they dream of distant places where kind words exist alongside "meadows filled with color and fragrance." Flaunting the call of war as a sensual attraction for mankind, the Drummer attempts to entice the two back into battle. "Now death is dead and so we need to fight no more!" cries the young girl, unheeding of the Drummer's bait, and with her soldier sings "Only love can unite us, unite us all together."

In the final act, the frantic Emperor continues to oversee from afar his crumbling kingdom, where the desperate population rebels against the torturous limbo between life and death. Harlequin appeals to him while in his disturbed state, reminding him of his innocent childhood. Despite the Drummer's urges to remain strong, these recollections interrupt his feverish calculations of potential deaths and give him pause, spurring him to muse before a covered mirror: "What do men look like? Am I still a man or just the adding machine of God?"

As he pulls away the mirror's cloth, he is faced with the reflection of Death. "Who are you?" he demands of the vision, prompting a self-defining aria from Death. In it he compares his role to that of a Gardener "who roots up wilting weeds, life's worn-out fellows." Regretful of the anguish his abdication has caused, Death offers an ultimatum to the Emperor: "I'm prepared to make peace, if you are prepared to make a sacrifice: will you be the first one to try out the new death?" Uberall finally complies, and the mercy of death once again falls upon the suffering people. In the opera's closing chorus, Death is praised and prevailed upon to "teach us to keep your holiest law: Thou shalt not use the name of Death in vain now and forever!"



Orchestra in Theresienstadt

## Diary of One Who Disappeared

Leoš Janáček

On May 14th, 1916, were in the *Lidové noviny* newspapers published verses titled "From a Pen of the Self-taught Writer". This "diary in poems" depicts a story of a village boy who had fallen in love with the young gypsy girl Zefka (Žofka), and who had decided to leave his family and village with her. The verses made a deep impression on Leoš Janáček, and he decided to rework the poems into the song cycle. He created a work in twenty-two parts, accompanied also with scenic demands. The cycle was composed during August 1917 and June 1919, the last modifications Janáček finished in December 1920. The composer created the work simultaneously with other compositions.

The composition was based on the story of Janáček's friend and late love Kamila Stösslová. Janáček expressed his inclination in the letters to Stösslová, and he mentioned even the inspiration for the character of the gypsy girl Zefka: "...And the black gypsy girl in my *Diary of One Who Disappeared* - that was you. That's why there's so much emotional fire in the work. So much fire that if we both caught on, we'd be turn into ashes. ...And all through the work I thought of you! You were my Žofka. Žofka with a child in her arms, and he runs after her!..."[1].

The Diary was premiered at the *Reduta* Theatre in Brno on 18 April 1921 under the title *The Diary of One Who Disappeared and Never Heard of Again*, the end of the title was later crossed out. The tenor part was performed by Karel Zavřel, alto by Ludmila Kvapilová-Kudláčková, and piano part played Janáček's student, pianist and conductor Břetislav Bakala.

I.	Potkal jsem mladou cigánku	One day I met a young gypsy girl
II.	Ta černá cigánka	That dark-skinned gypsy girl
III.	Svatojánske mušky	The glow-worms are dancing
IV.	Už mladé vlaštůvky	The young swallows
V.	Těžko sa mi oře	Ploughing is heavy work
VI.	Hajsi, vy siví volci	Hey, you grey oxen
VII.	Ztratil isem kolíček	Now I've lost the little pin
VIII.	Nehled'te, volečci, tesklivo k úvratím	Don't look so sadly after me
IX.	Vítaj, Janíčku	Welcome, Janíček
X.	Bože, dálný, nesmrtelný	God in heaven, eternal one
XI.	Táhne vůňa k lesu	The sweet smell of ripening wheat
XII.	Tmavá olšinka, chladná studénka	The shady elder-grove
XIII.	Klavír solo	Piano solo
XIV.	Slnéčko sa zdvihá	The sun climbs high
XV.	Moji siví volci	My grey oxen
XVI.	Co jsem to udělal?	What have I done?
XVII.	Co komu súzeno	What has been ordained
XVIII.	Nedbám já včil o nic	Nothing matters to me
XIX.	Letí straka letí	The magpie flies away
XX.	Mám já paneku	I have a true love
XXI.	Můj drahý tatíčku	My dear father
XXII.	S Bohem, rodný kraju	Farewell, my own country



1.  
I've seen a young gypsy girl  
with the tread of a fawn. . . .

2.  
This dark-eyed young gypsy  
Is always lurking round here . . .

3.  
Along the lakeside  
The air is soft with glow-worms,  
In the soft twilight a lonely fawn is moving . . .

4.  
Twittering in their nests  
Swallows are waking up . . .

5.  
Ploughing now is painful,  
For I slept but little . . .

6.  
Whoa, there, you grey oxen,  
You draw your furrow straight . . .

7.  
Now has a peg fallen,  
Fallen out from my plough share . . .

8.  
Do not gaze, oxen,  
So sadly now after me . . .

9.  
Welcome, Janicek,  
Welcome to the forest! . . .

10.  
"God above us, Lord Immortal,  
What has Thou made gypsies for?" . . .

11.  
Scent of millet blooming  
All around filled the air . . .

12.  
Darkness 'neath the trees,  
Coolness by the spring . . .

13.

*Piano solo*

14.

The sun is rising now,  
Shadows draw back . . .

15.

My grey oxen,  
Why do you look at me? . . .

16.

What I have done, alas!  
How can I bear the thought? . . .

17.

When fate is being decreed,  
No man can escape it . . .

18.

One thought have I the whole day,  
Evening will come soon and I will be with her . . .

19.

Magpie flying over,  
Wings flapping in the air . . .

20.

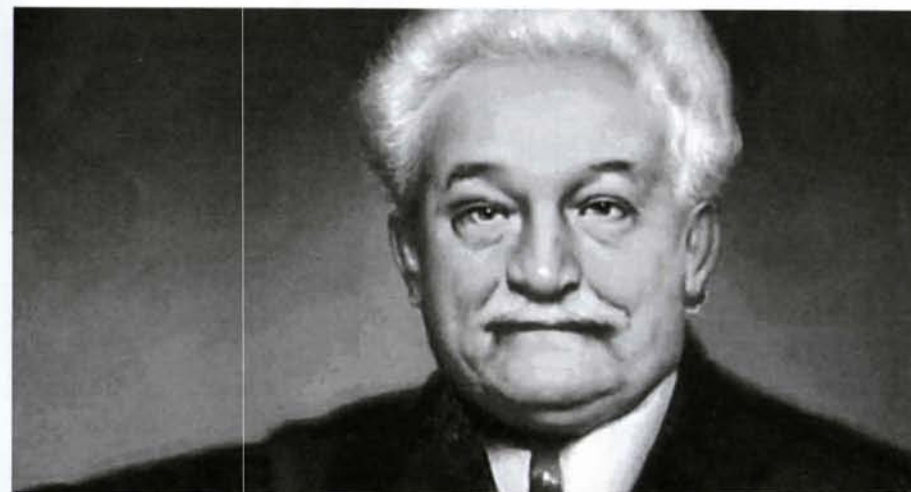
I've a fair lassie and she has  
A white linen shift . . .  
Now her skirts getting higher,  
Above, above her knees . . .

21.

Father, oh, father dear,  
How sad you will be to hear  
That I'll not take the bride  
You have picked for me . . .

22.

Farewell, my own dear country,  
farewell, my own dear village!  
There's nothing left to do  
but leave this place for ever.  
Farewell, my own dear father,  
and to you dear mother,  
farewell, my dear little sister,  
the apple of my eye.  
I hold out my arms to you,  
longing for your forgiveness.  
For me, there's nothing left to do  
but leave this place for ever.  
Fate leads me on,  
and I welcome the path.  
Zefka's there, now...  
with my son cradled in her arms!



Leoš Janáček

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

**Forthcoming concert:**

**8pm Monday, 24 September 2012**  
**Leigh Harrold** *piano*

VIKTOR ULLMAN  
ANNE CAWRSE  
RAYMOND CHAPMAN SMITH

*Piano Sonata no.7*  
*New work*  
*Atemkristall*

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