



THE FIRM 2014  
**THE WALTZ**

CONCERT 3



The Firm's annual concert seasons  
are conceived, programmed, curated and directed by  
composers Quentin Grant and Raymond Chapman Smith.

The Firm was founded in 1996.

This is our 104th concert.

"Vienna . . . the research laboratory of world destruction"

Karl Krauss

"Every sensitive person carries in himself old cities enclosed  
by ancient walls"

Robert Walser

Elder Hall provides wheelchair access via the side (eastern) doors.

Toilets can be accessed in the foyer.

Parking: can be accessed in the University car park to the east of  
Bonython hall.

# The Firm

presents

**Marianna Grynchuk solo piano**

**Johann Strauss II**

*Geschichten aus dem Wienerwald op.325*

**Quentin Grant**

*Winter Star Waltzes*

**Raymond Chapman Smith**

*Marienbadklavier*

**Interval**

**Frédéric Chopin**

*Waltzes & Mazurkas*

*Geschichten aus dem Wienerwald op.325 (1868)*  
*Tales from the Vienna Woods*  
Johann Strauss II



*It seems to me then as if all the moments of our life occupy the same space, as if future events already existed and were only waiting for us to find our way to them at last, just as when we have accepted an invitation we duly arrive in a certain house at a given time."*

W.G. Sebald, *Austerlitz*

*Winter Star Waltzes (2014)*

Quentin Grant

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Molto rubato – Scorrevole
- IV. Drammatico
- V. Andante
- VI. Vivace

*"We found ourselves on a smooth, spacious but narrow track of ice or glass. We floated along it, as if on marvellous skates, and we were dancing too, for like a wave the track rose and fell beneath us. It was delightful. I had never seen anything like it and I shouted for joy, 'How glorious!' And overhead the stars were shimmering, in a sky that was strangely all pale blue and yet dark, and the moon with its unearthly light was shining down on us skaters. 'This is freedom,' said the instructress, 'it's something very wintry, and cannot be borne for long. One must always keep moving, as we are doing here, one must dance in freedom. It is cold and beautiful. Never fall in love with it. That would only make you sad afterwards, for one can only be in the realm of freedom for a moment, no longer. Look how the wonderful track we are floating on is slowly melting away. Now you can watch freedom dying, if you open your eyes..."* R.W., Jakob von Gunten





**Marienbadklavier (2014) Raymond Chapman Smith**

- I. Andante sostenuto**
- II. Allegretto, quasi andante**
- III. Poco vivace, ma non troppo ed espressivo**
- IV. Intimo**
- V. Poco maestoso e grazioso**
- VI. Allegretto, poco vivace e con tenerezza**
- VII. Adagio espressivo**
- VIII. Molto moderato con tenerezza**
- IX. Con moto**
- X. Allegretto grazioso e con molto sentimento**
- XI. Lento assai, cantate e tranquillo**
- XII. Allegro molto – Adagio molto espressivo**

*"It was easy to imagine him in deep-black, well-cut tails, with a velvet bow-tie above a starched shirt-front radiant with supernatural cleanliness, wearing shiny patent leather shoes which reflected the lamplight of a grand hotel lobby. When he brought Marie a flat pack of forty Cuban cigarettes displaying a pretty palm-frond motif, and then gave her a light with an elegantly executed gesture, I could see that she greatly admired him. The Cuban tobacco smoke hung in blue drifts in the air between us, and some time went by before Marie asked what was in my mind, why I was so abstracted, so lost in thought; how could I have lapsed so suddenly from the happy mood which she had sensed in me yesterday? And all I could say was that I didn't know. I think, said Austerlitz, I tried to explain that something or other unknown wrenched at my heart here in Marienbad, something very obvious like an ordinary name or a term which one cannot remember for the sake of anyone or anything in the world. I do not now recall in detail how we spent those few days in Marienbad, said Austerlitz. I know that I often lay for hours in the bubbling mineral baths and the rest rooms, which did me good in one way but in another may have weakened the resistance I had put up for so many years against the emergence of memory. Once we went to a concert at the Gogol Theatre, where a Russian pianist called Bloch played the Papillons and Kinderszenen to an*

*audience of half a dozen. On the way back to the hotel Marie spoke, almost as a warning, so it seemed to me, said Austerlitz, of the clouding of Schumann's mind as his madness came on and how at last, in the middle of carnival crowds in Dtisseldorf, he took a leap over the parapet of the bridge into the icy waters of the Rhine, from which he was pulled out by two fishermen. He lived for a number of years after that, said Marie, in a private asylum for the mentally deranged near Bonn or Bad Godesberg, where he was visited by Clara and the young Brahms at intervals, and since it was impossible to converse with him any more, withdrawn from the world as he was and humming tunelessly to himself, they generally contented themselves with looking into his room for a while through a small trap in the door. As I listened to Marie and tried to imagine poor Schumann in his Bad Godesberg cell I had another picture constantly before my eyes, that of the pigeon loft we had passed on an excursion to Konigswart. Like the country estate to which it belonged, this dovecote, which may have dated from the Metternich period, was in an advanced state of decay. The floor inside the brick walls was covered with pigeon droppings compressed under their own weight, yet already over two feet high, a hard, desiccated mass on which lay the bodies of some of the birds who had fallen from their niches, mortally sick, while their companions, surviving in a kind of senile dementia, cooed at one another in tones of quiet complaint in the darkness under the roof, and a few downy feathers, spinning round in a little whirlwind, slowly sank through the air. The torment inherent in both these images that came into my mind in Marienbad, the mad Schumann and the pigeons immured in that place of horror, made it impossible for me to attain even the lowest step on the way to self-knowledge. On the final day of our visit, Austerlitz continued at last, in the evening and as if to say goodbye, we walked through the park and down to the Auschowitz Springs. There is a prettily built and fully glazed pump-room there, all painted white inside. In this pump-room, illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, where, apart from the regular splashing of the water, silence reigned entirely, Marie moved closer to me and asked whether I had remembered that tomorrow was my birthday. When we wake up tomorrow, she said, I shall wish you every happiness, and it will be like telling a machine working by some*



unknown mechanism that I hope it will run well. Can't you tell me the reason, she asked, said Austerlitz, why you remain so unapproachable? Why, she said, have you been like a pool of frozen water ever since we came here? Why do I see your lips opening as if you were about to say something, maybe even cry out loud, and then I hear not the slightest sound? Why did you never unpack when we arrived, always preferring to live out of a rucksack, as it were? We stood there a couple of paces apart, like two actors on stage. The colour of Marie's eyes changed as the light dimmed."

W.G. Sebald, *Austerlitz*



"There come moments when we know we are no more and no less than waves and snowflakes, or than that which surely feels, now and then, from its so wonderfully charming confinement, the pull of longing: the leaf."

Robert Walser, *Masquerade and Other Stories*

## Waltzes and Mazurkas

*Frédéric Chopin*

*4 Mazurkas op. 24 (1834/5)*

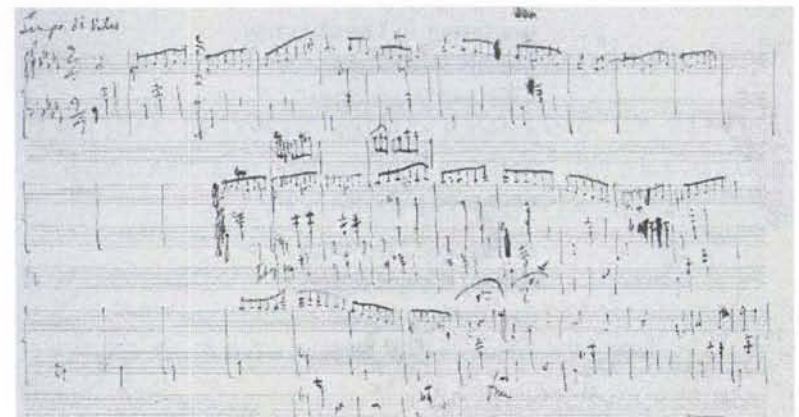
*Grande Valse Brillante in E flat major op.18 (1830)*

*Grande Valse in A minor op. 34. No. 2 (1831)*

*Valse in D flat major, op. 64 No. 1 "Minute Waltz" (1846)*

*Valse in C sharp minor, op. 64. No. 2 (1846)*

*Valse in E minor, op. post (1830)*



*In the Summer of 1836*

said the guide  
Friedrich Chopin  
stayed here at the White  
Swan Inn. It had

taken him nine  
days from Paris by coach  
to reach his beloved  
Marie Wodzihska. He

gave frequent recitals  
on the piano to a small  
circle who gathered in  
the evenings. The peaks

of the blue Bohemian  
mountains grow  
ever darker through  
the window. The cold

damp weather weighs  
on his chest the doctor  
mumbles something about  
incipient tuberculosis. At  
the beginning of November  
their engagement is shattered  
her father in Dresden has  
put his foot down.

Thirteen years later  
a packet of faded  
letters is found in the  
deceased pianist's

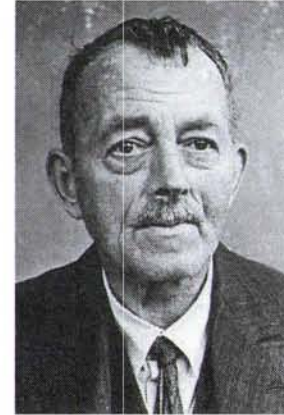
residence. Tied with  
ribbon it carries the  
inscription: Moja  
Bieda — My sorrow.

*W.G. Sebald*

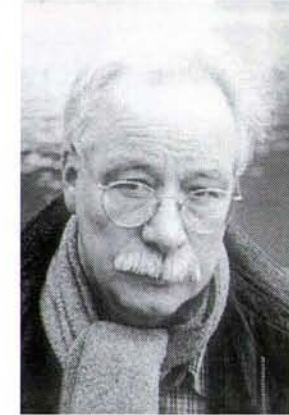
Contributing authors

**Robert Walser** (1878–1956), was a German-speaking Swiss writer.

**W.G. Sebald** (1944–2001) was a German writer who spent much of his creative life in England.



Walser



Sebald

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

Guest vintners:

Anderson Hill, Lenswood

Yangoora, Lenswood

Next concert:

8pm Monday, 13 October 2014

**Emma Horwood** *soprano*

**Alexandra Bollard** *soprano*

**Jamie Cock** *piano*

LUKE ALTMANN

*Echo's Prayers*

QUENTIN GRANT

*Two Sisters*

RAYMOND CHAPMAN SMITH

*Abendrot*

ERIC SATIE

*Dances de Travers 1, II & III*

GABRIEL FAURE

*Duets, op.10*

JOHANNES BRAHMS

*Duette, Op.61 & 66*

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