

# THE FIRM 2012



*Ernst Krenek*

**concert five**

**October 2012**

"I am still inside. Once a prisoner in the camps, you are always inside. In fact, the older you get the more inside you go. Every time we meet, friends who have survived, we talk, we laugh, we joke, we are alive together, we exchange news and talk about music, children, grandchildren, our lives now. But we always return to the same thing. The camps. Terezín, Auschwitz. We always go back inside."

Alice Weissová-Hořková, a pianist who survived Theresienstadt

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

**The Langbein String Quartet**

**Michael Milton**

**Belinda Gehlert**

**Rosi McGowran**

**David Sharp**

*Song Without Words by Theodor Adorno*  
**Luke Altmann**

*String Quartet No.3*      **Quentin Grant**

*Tre Ricercari*      **Raymond Chapman Smith**

*String Quartet No. 1, Op. 6*      **Ernst Krenek**

*Song Without Words by Theodor Adorno*

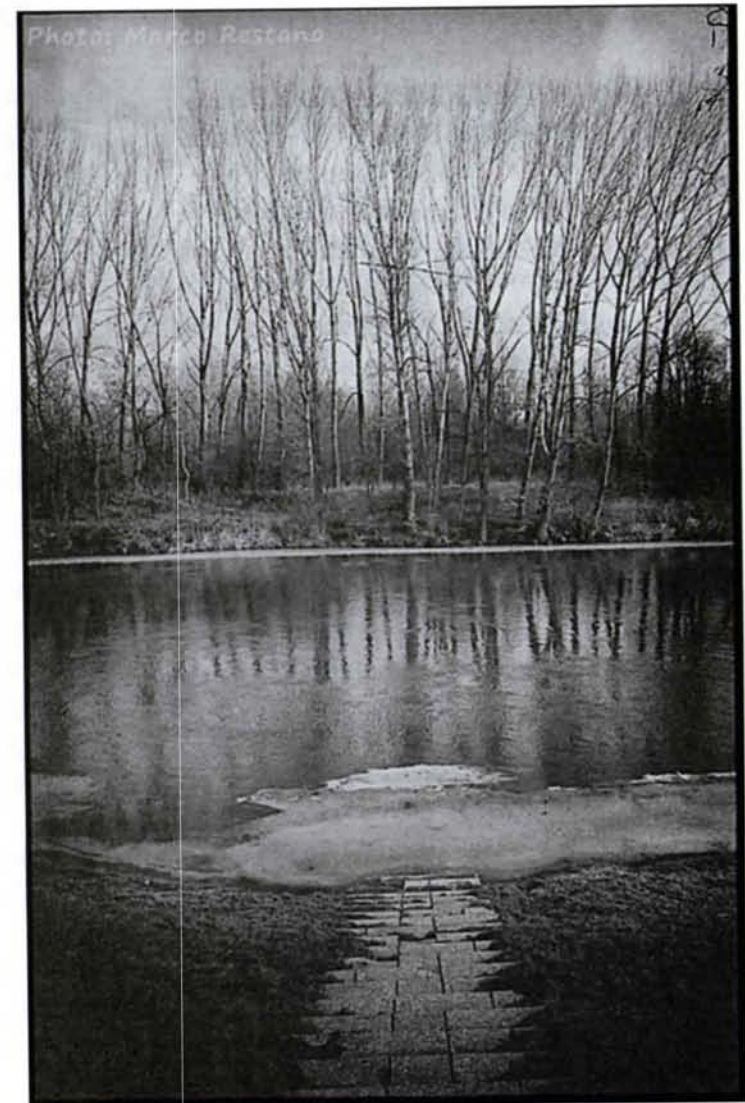
Luke Altmann (2012)

When it ends and while it ends, something comes, after so much rage, persistence, obstinacy, extravagance: something entirely unexpected and touching in its mildness and goodness. With the motif passed through many vicissitudes, which takes leave and so doing becomes itself entirely leave-taking, a parting wave and call, with this D G G occurs a slight change, it experiences a small melodic expansion. After an introductory C, it puts a C sharp before the D, so that it no longer scans "heaven's blue," "meadowland," but "O thou heaven's blue," "Greenest meadowland," "Fare thee well for aye," and this added C sharp is the most moving, consolatory, pathetically reconciling thing in the world. It is like having one's hair or cheek stroked, lovingly, understandingly, like a deep and silent farewell look. It (...) lies in parting so gently on the hearer's heart in eternal farewell that the eyes run over. "Now forget the pain," it says. "Great was God in us." "'Twas all but a dream," "Friendly be to me." (..)

With this Kretschmar went away, accompanied by thin but prolonged applause, and we went too, not a little reflective, weighed down by all these novelties. Most of us (...) as we put on our coats and hats and walked out, hummed bemusedly to ourselves the impression of the evening, the theme-generating motif of the second movement, in its original and its leave-taking form, and for a long time we heard it like an echo from the remoter

streets into which the audience dispersed, the quiet night streets of the little town: "Fare thee well," "Fare thee well for aye," "Great was God in us."

from *Doctor Faustus* by Thomas Mann.





**String Quartet No.3**

**Quentin Grant (2003)**

- i. Andantino
- ii. Moderato
- iii. Con moto

**Chorus of the Trees**

O you who are hunted down in all the world!  
Our language is mixed with sources and stars  
like yours.

Your letters are of our flesh.  
We are the wanderers upward  
we know you -

O you who are hunted down in all the world!  
Today the hind-human hung on our boughs  
Yesterday the doe dyed the willow with roses around our  
bole.

The last trace of fear in your footprints is doused in our peace  
We are the great shadow-pointer on the sundial  
in the midst of birdsong -

O you who are hunted down in all the world!  
we point to a secret  
that starts with the night.



*Nelly Sachs*

**Tre Ricercari**

**sopra**

**"Sub Specie Aeternitatis"**

**Raymond Chapman Smith  
(2005)**

- 1. Andante**
- 2. Adagio**
- 3. Allegro**

"The work of art is the object seen *sub specie aeternitatis*; and the good life is the world seen *sub specie aeternitatis*. This is the connection between art and ethics.

The usual way of looking at things sees objects as it were from the midst of them, the view *sub specie aeternitatis* from outside. In such a way that they have the whole world as background."

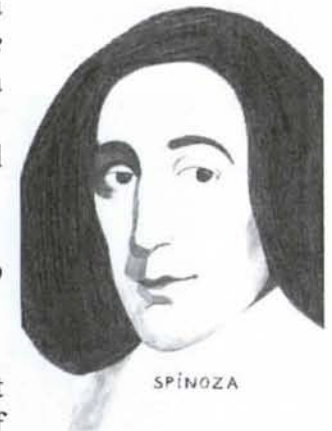
*Ludwig Wittgenstein*

"Further we do not let abstract thought, the concept of reason take possession of our consciousness, but, instead of all this, devote the whole power of our mind to perception, sink ourselves completely therein, and let our whole consciousness be filled by the calm contemplation of the natural object actually present, whether it be a tree, a rock, a crag, a building, or anything else. We *lose* ourselves entirely in this object, to use a pregnant expression . .

It was this that was in Spinoza's mind when he wrote:

***Mens aeterna est quatenus res sub specie aeternitatis***

'The mind is eternal in so far as it conceives things from the standpoint of eternity'.



SPINOZA

*Spinoza 1632 - 1677*

"I am busy pointing my telescope through the bloody mist at a mirage of previous time that I am attempting to reproduce based on the characteristics it will manifest in a future state of the world, liberated from magic. I must first build this telescope myself and, in making this effort, I am the first to have discovered some fundamental principles of materialist art theory.

"There was once, we know, an automaton constructed in such a way that it could respond to every move of a chess player with a countermove that would ensure the winning of the game. A puppet in Turkish attire and with a hookah in its mouth sat before a chessboard placed on a large table.

A system of mirrors created the illusion that this chessboard was transparent on all sides. Actually, a hunchbacked dwarf - a master at chess - sat inside and guided the puppet's hand by means of strings. One can imagine a philosophic counterpart to this apparatus. The puppet called 'historical materialism', is to win all the time. It can easily be a match for anyone if it enlists the services of theology, which today, as we know, is small and ugly and has to keep out of sight." *Walter Benjamin*



### *String Quartet No. 1, Op. 6* Ernst Krenek

1. Lento
2. Allegro, ma non troppo
3. Adagio molto
4. Presto

Krenak was born in Vienna and studied there and in Berlin with Franz Schreker before working in a number of German opera houses as conductor. During World War I, Krenak was drafted into the Austrian army, but he was stationed in Vienna, allowing him to go on with his musical studies. In 1922 he met Alma Mahler, wife of the late Gustav Mahler, and her daughter, Anna, whom he married in March 1924. That marriage ended in divorce before its first anniversary.<sup>1</sup>

At the time of his marriage to Anna Mahler, Krenak was completing his Violin Concerto No. 1, Op. 29. The Australian violinist Alma Moodie assisted Krenak, not with the scoring of the violin part, but with getting financial assistance from her Swiss patron Werner Reinhart at a time when there was hyper-inflation in Germany. In gratitude, Krenak dedicated the concerto to Moodie, and she premiered it on 5 January 1925, in Dessau. His opera *Jonny spielt auf*. *Jonny*, his 'jazz opera' completed in 1926, was an enormous success across Europe.

The jazz-influenced score of *Jonny spielt auf* and its central character of a black jazz musician (who is also seen womanising and stealing a priceless violin) brought Krenak the opprobrium of the nascent Nazi Party; the image of Jonny was distorted to form the centrepiece of the poster advertising the *Entartete Musik* exhibition of so-called 'degenerate' music in 1938. Krenak was frequently named as a Jewish composer



during the Third Reich, although he was not, and was harassed by the regime until his emigration; on March 6 1933, one day after the election in which the Nazis gained control of the Reichstag, Krenek's incidental music to Goethe's *Triumph der Empfindsamkeit* was withdrawn in Mannheim, and eventually pressure was brought to bear on the Vienna State Opera, which cancelled the commissioned premiere of *Karl V.*

In 1938 Krenek moved to the United States, and became an American citizen in 1945. He later moved to Toronto, Canada, where he taught at The Royal Conservatory of Music during the 1950s. In 1998 Gladys Nordenstrom founded the Ernst Krenek Institute; in 2004 the private foundation moved from Vienna to Krems, Austria.



*Anna Mahler and Ernst Krenek*

### **Ice, Eden**

There is a country lost,  
A moon grows in its reeds,  
where all that died of frost  
as we did, grows and sees.

It sees, for it has eyes,  
Each eye an earth, and bright.  
The night, the night, the lime,  
This eye-child's gift is sight.

It sees, it sees, we see,  
we see, I see you, you see me  
Before this hour is over,  
ice will rise from the dead.

*Paul Celan*

### *Shema*

You who live secure  
in your comfortable houses,  
who return each evening to find  
warm food,  
welcoming faces ...

consider whether this is a man:  
who toils in the mud,  
who knows no peace,  
who fights for crusts of bread,  
who dies at another man's whim,  
at his "yes" or his "no."

Consider whether this is a woman:  
bereft of hair,  
of a recognizable name  
because she lacks the strength to remember,  
her eyes as void  
and her womb as frigid  
as a frog's in winter.

Consider that such horrors have been:  
I commend these words to you.  
Engrave them in your hearts  
when you lounge in your house,  
when you walk outside,  
when you go to bed,  
when you rise.

Repeat them to your children,  
or may your house crumble  
and disease render you helpless  
so that even your offspring avert their faces from you.

*Primo Levi*



*"The Fallen Leaves" Jewish Museum, Berlin*

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

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