

# camera lucida

chamber music concerts at UC San Diego  
sponsored by the Sam B. Ersan Chamber Music Fund  
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**Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21** (1912)  
Three Times Seven Poems by Albert Giraud

Arnold Schönberg  
(1874-1951)

Mondestrunken	Nacht (Passacaglia)	Heimweh
Colombine	Gebet an Pierrot	Gemeinheit
Der Dandy	Raub	Parodie
Eine blasse Wäscherin	Rote Messe	Der Mondfleck
Valse de Chopin	Galgenlied	Serenade
Madonna	Enthauptung	Heimfahrt (Barcarole)
Der kranke Mond	Die Kreuze	O alter Duft

intermission

**Quintet for Strings in C major, Op. 163/D 956** (1828)

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

- I. Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Adagio
- III. Scherzo: Presto - Trio: Andante sostenuto
- IV. Allegretto

Susan Narucki, *soprano*  
Demarre McGill, *flute*  
Anthony Burr, *clarinet*  
Jeff Thayer, *violin/viola*  
Alexander Palamidis, *violin*  
Che-yen Chen, *viola*  
Charles Curtis, *cello*  
Yao Zhao, *cello*



Giraud's Symbolist poems, published in 1884, are hardly avant-garde productions, but emerge out of late 19th-century aestheticism and symbolism. His subject, the moon-struck Pierrot, is taken from 16th-century commedia dell'arte theater, which enjoyed a considerable revival among modernists. For Baudelaire, Laforgue, Verlaine, Stravinsky, Picasso and others, Pierrot embodies the suffering poet-lover whose clown costume (black skullcap, white floppy pants and jacket, and pale makeup) contrasts with his melancholic demeanor. Unlike the acrobatic, clownish Harlequin, Pierrot is a solitary soul, detached from the fast-paced, metropolitan world. Pagliacci is the type, Charlie Chaplin his filmic version. One hint as to why this 16th-century figure became such an icon of early modernism can be gleaned from the third poem, "Der Dandy," in which Pierrot is depicted putting on his characteristic white makeup, using a moonbeam as a paintbrush. In the terms that Baudelaire made famous in "The Painter of Everyday Life," the dandy's detachment, his vaunting of the cosmetic over nature, signifies an aristocracy of surfaces that belies his artistic inner torment.

Giraud's poems are in the form of the rondel, a French lyric consisting of thirteen lines divided into three stanzas (two quatrains and a cinquain), each line consisting of eight syllables. Lines one and two are repeated as the seventh and eighth lines; line one is also repeated as line thirteen. This recycling of lines, rhymes, and rhythms permits thematic materials to be recombined in new semantic (and, for Schönberg, musical) arenas. For a composer with a lifelong interest in numerology and cabalistic mysticism, Schönberg found the complex ordering of repetitions, syllables, rhymes generative for his surgical interrogation of the tonal system. Even the Opus 21 numbering seems to have determined Schönberg's selection of twenty-one of Giraud's fifty poems.

Schönberg's ordering of Giraud's text does not compose a linear narrative but rather sketches a series of hallucinatory scenes loosely based on the title character, his worship of the Moon, his pursuit of Columbine and his battles with her father, the bourgeois Cassander (the fourth principal character of commedia dell'arte theater, Harlequin, does not appear). There is a mood of grotesque humor and oneiric imagery that marks *Pierrot's* expressionist surface. The dominant metaphor in the poems that Schönberg selected is the moon as source of poetic inspiration, but also sign of Pierrot's solitude and abjection. Among modernists the celebration of the moon implied a direct rebuke to heroic, Apollonian creativity associated with the Sun. Against solar clarity and rationality, the moon represents unconscious, atavistic, and sexual forces that cannot be contained (another version of this cosmic agon was staged in Kruchenykh and Malevich's 1913 futurist play, *Victory over the Sun*). In the eighth poem of *Pierrot* the moon's conflict with the sun is figured through the hallucinatory image of giant black moths blotting out the sun's rays. In a paradox that animates much early modernism, Schönberg's expressionism challenges



modernity's streamlined forms and sun-lit rationality by forging new futures built on a pre-capitalist, agrarian (and libidinal) past.

If *Pierrot's* narrative is fragmentary, its three sections provide an allegory of the poet's journey – from the ecstasy of Pierrot's communion with the moon, to the disordered nightmare of his confrontation with material and mortal sources of his inspiration, to a reconciliation with the past and a return to his native soil. In Part I, Pierrot becomes drunk on the moon's poetry (1), rhapsodizes on Columbine (2), puts on his trademark white makeup with a moonbeam (3), and observes the moon as a "pale laundress" washing "nighttime's bleached fabrics" (4). A Chopin waltz is morbidly compared to a drop of blood on the lips of a consumptive (5). The poet asks the Madonna to use his poetry as a new incarnation of her son's body (6). In the concluding section of Part I, the moon has withdrawn its inspiration and has become "sick," anticipating the theme of physical ruin and psychic despair in the second section (7). Part II becomes truly demonic, opening with a spectral passacaglia (8) in which giant black butterflies efface the sun. The poet offers a prayer to Pierrot, urging him to return laughter to him (9). During a night of debauchery, Pierrot, attempting to rob a coffin, is startled by "Red, baronial rubies" staring at him like the eyes of the dead (10). In *Rote Messe* ("Red Mass") Pierrot exposes his own heart as the host in a "horrible communion" (11), an image of self-immolation that continues in *Galgenlied* where the gallows is compared to a "skinny whore" (12). The final two sections of Part II (13 and 14) sustain the image of poetic sacraments, the once salvific moon now become a "naked scimitar" hanging over the poet's head. Part III marks a retrospective turn. Pierrot is homesick for Italy and the simpler pleasures of pantomime (15). He bores a hole in the head of the pompous buffoon, Cassander, and smokes Turkish tobacco through it like a pipe (16). In *Parodie* the moon mocks an aging duenna who sits waiting for Pierrot in the arbor while knitting with needles that imitate the moon's beams (17). In *Der Mondfleck* (The Moon Spot) Pierrot attempts to remove a white spot from his coat that he discovers has been produced by the moon (18). *Serenade* shows Pierrot playing his viola "Like a stork on one leg," and when Cassander complains about the noise Pierrot begins to bow on Cassander's bald head (19). *Heimfahrt* depicts Pierrot sailing home to his native Bergamo, using the moonbeam as a rudder (20); in the final segment, Pierrot expresses his longing for a "fairytale age," the thought of which recalls old pleasures and turns his bitter mood to pleasant thoughts (21). The final poem suggests that although the poet has lost his way in nightmarish labyrinths, once he remembers his humble origins, he may be reconciled to time.

The wild imagery and grotesque humor of these sequences are embodied musically in a variety of contrapuntal and coloristic elements and by sudden changes of tempi, often within each individual segment. Each poem is scored for a different configuration of



instruments, the density of tutti ensemble playing increasing in the last sections until the final poem when all instruments make an appearance. Flute and clarinet alternate with piccolo and bass clarinet, creating a rich set of timbres for each poem. The reciter's *Sprechstimme* occasionally imitates the instrumentation, following its pitches a half or whole step above or below, creating a discordant duet. Despite Schönberg's dismissal of programmatic elements in music, there is a fair amount of textual painting throughout, as in the end of *Der Kranke Mond* with its eery vibrato to imitate the "sick moon" or in *Enthauptung's* agitated piano accompaniment to Pierrot's terror at the "naked scimitar" hanging over his head, or the cello imitating Pierrot's viola in *Serenade*. A particularly vivid use of tonal illustration comes at the beginning of *Der Dandy* with the soprano's rapid upward glissando on the phrase *phantastischen Lichtstrahl* ("fantastic light beam") and the use of the piano in the high register to illustrate the "crystalline vials" containing Pierrot's cosmetics. For a work that defies conventional musical tonality, *Pierrot* is surprisingly replete with traditional forms. From the contrapuntal passacaglia of *Die Nacht* and the palindromic canon of *Der Mondfleck* to the waltz of *Valse de Chopin* and the *Serenade*, Schönberg builds musical references into the formal structure, even as he dismantles the edifice of Western tonality.

Finally, one must mention the extreme difficulty of playing demanded of the instrumentalists and vocalist. Not only is the music technically challenging, but these features are often hidden behind the vocalist's part or blurred by fast tempi with metronome markings that require playing at breakneck speed. The cello must play in its highest range, and in general all of the instruments must challenge their customary tonal and timbral contours. In some sections musicians must change instruments within a short interval. The sudden change of doubled instruments requires facility in several instruments, an especially difficult feat for the violinist who must exchange with the viola. The extreme demands on performance do not suggest opportunities for virtuosic display but, on the contrary, reinforce *Pierrot's* thematics of psychic chaos and thwarted desire. Only in the last section, with Pierrot on his way home to Italy and the day dawning does the music, via a brief viola and cello duet, provide a transitory resolution and reflective calm.

Despite expressive musical rendering of Giraud's poems, Schönberg felt that music should not depend on the lyrics. Schubert, once again, seems to have provided his inspiration. In an article published in *Der blaue Reiter* in 1912, Schönberg confesses that

A few years ago I was deeply ashamed when I discovered in several Schubert songs, well-known to me, that I had absolutely no idea what was going on in the poems on which they were based. But when I had read the poems it became clear to me that I had gained absolutely nothing for the understanding of the



songs thereby, since the poems did not make it necessary for me to change my conception of the musical interpretation in the slightest degree. On the contrary, it appeared that, without knowing the poem, I had grasped the content, the real content, perhaps even more profoundly than if I had clung to the surface of the mere thoughts expressed in words. ("The Relationship to the Text")

At one level, one can imagine Schönberg thinking of the rippling piano obbligato in Schubert's setting of Goethe's *Gretchen am Spinnrad* that imitates the spinning wheel, but in speaking of the "real content" of music he is thinking of something far more subliminal that music expresses and to which *Pierrot* points. He might as well have been thinking of Schubert's Quintet, which is valedictory without saying so.

Schubert composed his magisterial C major Quintet in the last year of his life, a year that saw the production of an astonishing body of work: the *Schwanengesang* songs, the last 3 piano sonatas (C minor, A and B-flat), completion of the "Great" Symphony in C, *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* (The Shepherd on the Rock) for soprano, clarinet and piano, among other major works. And if we go back a couple of years, we could add to this production, the two piano Trios, the "Unfinished Symphony," and the G major Quartet (had Beethoven died at the same age as Schubert [31] he would have been primarily known for his first symphony and his first of sixteen quartets). Not only are these major works in the Romantic repertoire, their spaciousness and inventiveness anticipate the "big" works of the late 19th century, Mahler and Bruckner, and as I have indicated, the formal innovations of the modernists.

Although the Quintet is written in C major, one could be excused for thinking that it is in C minor, due to the constant fluctuation of tonalities from major to minor modes. The doubled cellos, often playing in unison in thirds or sixths, give a heft and solidity to the Quintet while the viola is exchanged equally among the lower and upper trios throughout. The sustained C major chord with which the Quintet opens suddenly builds to a diminished seventh, only to resolve back to C major, thus setting the stage for the larger work's oscillation of tonal centers. The same ambivalent opening appears in the opening to the G Major Quartet written two years earlier. This relatively simple cell is then thematically repeated throughout the movement, here with parallel chords, later with agitated arpeggios and finally with repeated triplets. After a twenty-six-measure bridge consisting of a turbulent upward modulation, the tonal center changes to E-flat in the movement's beautiful second theme. Played by twin cellos above the viola's bass line, the second subject challenges the more traditional sonata form, in which, instead of modulating to the anticipated dominant, G, Schubert changes direction to E-flat, a third above the tonic. Schubert's use of modulations by the interval of a third continues throughout



the Quintet, thwarting traditional tonic-dominant expectations of the classical sonata form. The theme is then exchanged with one cello – and later viola – playing a pizzicato accompaniment to the melody. Adding to the complexity of the movement is a short transitional theme – almost a march—at the end of the exposition and based on parallel chords that knit the lyrical second theme with the more tempestuous first while exposing sonorities implicit in both. And indeed, the movement is dominated by contrasts between the two themes that are sustained over a considerable distance, lyrical passages vying with more vigorous counterpoint.

The Adagio is one of the most arresting slow movements in Romantic musical literature, akin in ways to the Arietta of Beethoven's opus 111 sonata or the Cavatina to his opus 130 quartet. Like these works, this stately movement begins with a theme—more a series of pulsations – played by the first violin, accompanied by pizzicati in the second cello and a hovering, sustained series of chords in the second violin, first cello, and viola. This middle trio creates a hushed, shimmering backdrop to the conversation between plucked cello and violin. A sudden trill in the cellos upsets this mood of quiet reflection, in a turbulent passage dominated by the second cello playing a restless series of triplets. When the first theme returns, the cello, instead of being plucked, plays its accompaniment as an unsettled, wandering undercurrent to the violin. The contrast between reflection and restlessness is resolved somewhat in the movement's last bars with a turn to the Neapolitan minor key, along with a brief restatement of the trill that announced the change from slow to fast movement.

The forceful Scherzo that follows is as raucous as the Adagio is slow and reflective, although both contain middle sections that contrast drastically in character. The contrasting sections in both movements begin a half-step higher than the ending of the primary section, and each makes important use of a figure with trills. The buoyant first subject of the Scherzo is reinforced by the doubled cellos that generate what one critic calls a "stamping exuberance" to the dance that is then contradicted by the Andante section in the Trio that follows. As in the Adagio movement, this second portion seems to turn inward, the theme based on a series of descending phrases in the cellos and viola. Schubert chooses the Neapolitan key of D-flat major in contrast to the Scherzo's C major, as though, in John Reeds terms, "questioning, with a kind of wistful tenderness, the very essence of the tonal system on which his own work, and that of his great predecessors and contemporaries, had been based" (*Schubert: The Final Years*).

The finale – another dance – is a joyous romp, looking back to Schubert's earlier music and perhaps that Vienna from which he was soon to depart. If the movement looks historically backwards, it also looks back structurally to the first movement, mimicking



the second subject in the cello duet above a viola base. Yet the viola is as much a part of the upper trio as it supports the bass line, and one of the joys of this Finale is the way that the two trios exchange voices in an antiphonal exchange. Virtuoso playing by the first violin throughout this movement, and the quickened Presto ending create an exciting, breathless conclusion. And although the Quintet ends on a heroic return to C major, its final D-flat grace note before the triumphal last note hints at the larger work's darker profundities.

Thomas Mann famously said that he wanted the C major Quintet played on his death bed. Critics over the years have seen this work as Schubert's *memento mori* for his own immanent death. Especially in the Adagio movement, one feels a degree of introspection and serenity that, as in Beethoven's last piano sonatas and quartets, inspires a sense of resolution and calm. This is not a work of Viennese *Geumütlichkeit*, its sheer length and technical demands challenging not only the classical sonata form but the bourgeois expectations of his 19th-century listeners. The Quintet as a whole never settles down but retains its restless searching among keys and rhythmic variation until its robust dance in the last movement. If the Quintet is Schubert's retrospective account of his career it is also, as Adorno observes in my epigraph, a promise of happiness yet to be achieved.

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### 1. Mondestrunken

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,  
Gießt Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,  
Und eine Springflut überschwemmt  
Den stillen Horizont.

Gelüste schauerlich und süß,  
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!  
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,  
Gießt Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt,  
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,  
Den Himmel wendet er verzückt  
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und schlürft er  
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

### 2. Colombine

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,  
Die weißen Wunderrosen,  
Blühn in den Julinächten -  
O bräch ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,  
Such ich am dunklen Strome  
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,  
Die weißen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt war all mein Sehnen,  
Dürft ich so märchenheimlich,  
So selig leis - entblättern  
Auf deine braunen Haare  
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

### 3. Der Dandy

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl  
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flakons  
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen Waschtisch  
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.

In tönender, bronzener Schale  
Lacht hell die Fontäne, metallischen Klangs.  
Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl  
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flakons.

### 1. Moondrunk

The wine that only eyes may drink  
Pours from the moon in waves at nightfall  
And like a springflood overwhelms  
The still horizon rim.

Desires, shivering and sweet,  
Are swimming without number through the flood waters!  
The wine that only eyes may drink  
Pours from the moon in waves at nightfall.

The poet, by his ardor driven,  
Grown drunken with the holy drink—  
To heaven he rapturously lifts  
His head and reeling slips and swallows  
The wine that only eyes may drink.

### 2. Columbine

The moonlight's palest blossoms,  
The whitest wonder-roses,  
Bloom in summer nightfall.  
O might I break just one!

My anxious pain to soften  
I seek by darkest waters—  
The moonlight's palest blossoms,  
The whitest wonder-roses.

Fulfilled would be my yearning  
Might I, as one enchanted,  
As one in sleep, unpetal  
Upon your auburn tresses  
The moonlight's palest blossoms.

### 3. The Dandy

With lightbeams so weird and fantastic  
The luminous moon lights the glistening jars  
On the ebon, high-holiest washstand  
Of the taciturn dandy from Bergamo.

Resounding in bronze-tinted basin  
Brightly laughs the fountain with metallic ring.  
With lightbeams so weird and fantastic  
The luminous moon lights the glistening jars.



Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Anlitz  
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute sich schminkt?  
Fort schiebt er das Rot und das Orients Grün  
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem Stil  
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

4. Eine blasse Wäscherin  
Eine blasse Wäscherin  
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher;  
Nackte, silberweiße Arme  
Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.

Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,  
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.  
Eine blasse Wäscherin  
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.

Und die sanfte Magd des Himmels,  
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,  
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen  
Ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen -  
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

5. Valse de Chopin  
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts  
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken  
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen  
Ein vernichtungssüchtger Reiz.

Wilder Lust Akkorde stören  
Der Verzweiflung eisigen Traum  
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts  
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken

Heiß und jauchzend, süß und schmachkend,  
Melancholisch düsterer Walzer,  
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!  
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,  
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

6. Madonna  
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,  
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!  
Blut aus deinen magren Brüsten  
Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen.

Pierrot, with waxen complexion,  
Stands musing, and thinks: How shall I today make up?  
He shoves aside rouge and the Oriental green,  
And he daubs his face in most dignified style  
With moonbeams so weird and fantastic.

4. A Pale Washerwoman  
A pale washerwoman  
Washes nightly pallid kerchiefs,  
Naked, silverwhitest arms  
Reaching downward to the waters.

Through the clearing steal the breezes  
Gently stirring up the stream.  
A pale washerwoman  
Washes nightly pallid kerchiefs.

And the gentle Maid of Heaven,  
By the branches softly fondled,  
Spreads out on the darkling meadows  
All her light-bewoven linen—  
A pale washerwoman.

5. Chopin Waltz  
As a faint red drop of blood  
Stains the pale lips of one stricken,  
So there sleeps within these tones  
A morbid, soul-infecting lure.

Chords of savage lust disrupt  
The icy dream of bleak despair—  
As a faint red drop of blood  
Stains the pale lips of one stricken.

Warm and joyous, sweet and yearning,  
Melancholy-somber waltzes  
Haunt me ever through my senses,  
Cling in my imagination  
As a faint red drop of blood.

6. Madonna  
Rise, O Mother of All Sorrows,  
On the altar of my verses!  
Blood from your poor, shrunken breasts  
By the sword's cold rage was spilled.



Deine ewig frischen Wunden  
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.  
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,  
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!

In den abgezehrten Händen  
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche.  
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit -  
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet  
Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

7. Der kranke Mond  
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond  
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,  
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergroß,  
Bannt mich wie fremde Melodie.

An unstillbarem Liebesleid  
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,  
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond  
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl.

Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch  
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten geht,  
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel -  
Dein bleiches, qualgebornes Blut,  
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

8. Nacht  
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalte  
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.  
Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch,  
Ruht der Horizont - verschwiegen.

Aus dem Qualm verlornen Tiefen  
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!  
Finstre, schwarze Reisenfalter  
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.

Und vom Himmel erdenwärts  
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen  
Unsichtbar die Ungetume  
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder...  
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

Your deep wounds forever open  
Seem like eyes, so red and staring.  
Rise, O Mother of All Sorrows,  
On the altar of my verses.

In your thin and wasted arms  
You hold up your Son's broken body  
To reveal it to all mankind—  
Yet the eyes of men avoid your grief,  
O Mother of All Sorrows.

7. The Sick Moon  
You somber, deathly-stricken moon,  
There on the heaven's darkest couch,  
Your gaze, so feverishly swollen,  
Charms me like a strange enchanted air.

Of insatiable love-pangs,  
You die, die, by yearning overwhelmed,  
You somber, deathly-stricken moon,  
There on the heaven's darkest couch.

The lover who, with rapturous heart,  
Without a care to his mistress goes  
Is happy in your play of light,  
In your pale and tormented blood,  
You somber, deathly-stricken moon.

8. Night  
Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings  
Killed the splendid shine of sun.  
An unopened magic-book,  
The dark horizon lies—in silence.

The dank fumes of lower darkness  
Give off vapor—stifling memory!  
Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings  
Killed the splendid shine of sun.

And from heaven down to earth  
Sink, with heavy, swinging motion  
Monsters huge, an unseen terror  
On all mankind's hearts now falling—  
Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings.



9. Gebet an Pierrot  
Pierrot! Mein Lachen  
Hab ich verlernt!  
Das Bild des Glanzes  
Zerfloß - Zerfloß!

Schwarz weht die Flagge  
Mir nun vom Mast.  
Pierrot! Mein Lachen  
Hab ich verlernt!

O gib mir wieder,  
Roßarzt der Seele,  
Schneemann der Lyrik,  
Durchlaucht vom Monde,  
Pierrot - mein Lachen!

10. Raub  
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,  
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,  
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,  
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.

Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,  
Steigt Pierrot hinab - zu rauben  
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,  
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.

Doch da - strauben sich die Haare,  
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:  
Durch die Finsternis - wie Augen! -  
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen  
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

11. Rote Messe  
Zu grausem Abendmahle,  
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,  
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,  
Naht dem Altar - Pierrot!

Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,  
Zerreißt die Priesterkleider  
Zu grausem Abendmahle,  
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes

9. Prayer to Pierrot  
Pierrot! My laughter  
I have forgot!  
The image of splendor  
Dissolved, dissolved.

Black waves my banner  
Now from my mast.  
Pierrot! My laughter  
I have forgot!

O give me once more,  
Horse-doctor of souls,  
Snowman of lyrics,  
Moon's maharajah,  
Pierrot—my laughter!

10. Theft  
Princely, luminous red rubies,  
Bloody drops of ancient glory,  
Slumber in the dead men's coffins  
Below, in the catacombs.

Nights, with his boon companions,  
Pierrot creeps down to plunder  
Princely, luminous red rubies,  
Bloody drops of ancient glory.

But look—their hair stands straight up,  
Pale with fright they stand rooted;  
Through the fearsome gloom—like eyeballs  
Staring from the dead men's coffins,  
Princely, luminous red rubies.

11. Red Mass  
For evil's dread communion  
In blinding golden glitter,  
In candleshine-and-shudder,  
Mounts the altar—Pierrot!

His hand, the consecrated,  
Tears off the priestly vestments  
For evil's dread communion  
In blinding glitter.



Mit segnender Geberde  
Zeigt er den banger Seelen  
Die triefend rote Hostie:  
Sein Herz - in blutigen Fingern -  
Zu grauem Abendmahle!

With sign-of-cross and blessing gestures  
He shows to trembling, trembling souls  
The Host all red and dripping:  
His heart—in bloody fingers—  
For evil's dread communion.

12. Galgenlied  
Die dürre Dirne  
Mit langem Halse  
Wird seine letzte  
Geliebte sein.

12. Gallows Song  
The haggard harlot  
With scrawny neck  
Will be the last  
Of his mistresses.

In seinem Hirne  
Steckt wie ein Nagel  
Die dürre Dirne  
Mit langem Halse.

In his brain there  
Sticks like a sharp nail  
The haggard harlot  
With scrawny neck.

Schlank wie die Pinie,  
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen -  
Wollüstig wird sie  
Den Schelm umhalsen,  
Die dürre Dirne!

Thin as a pine tree,  
With hanging pigtail,  
Lustily she will  
Embrace the rascal,  
The haggard harlot!

13. Enthauptung  
Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert  
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,  
Gespenstisch groß - dräut er hinab  
Durch schmerzsdunkle Nacht.

13. Beheading  
The moon, glistening scimitar  
Set on a black and silken cushion,  
Unearthly huge, it threatens downward  
Through sorrow-stricken night.

Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher  
Und starrt empor in Todesängsten  
Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert  
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.

Pierrot wanders so restlessly,  
Lifts up his eyes in deathly fright  
To the moon, a glistening scimitar  
Set on a black and silken cushion.

Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,  
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.  
Er wähnt: es sause strafend schon  
Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder  
Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

His knees are shaking with fright,  
Fainting, he suddenly collapses.  
He thinks that on his sinful neck  
Comes whistling down with brutal force  
The moon, the glistening scimitar.

14. Die Kreuze  
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,  
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,  
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier  
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarm!

14. The crosses  
Holy crosses are the verses  
On which poets, mute, are bleeding,  
Blindly beaten by the vultures,  
Fluttering swarms of ghostly phantoms.



In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,  
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!  
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,  
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.

Tot das Haupt - erstarrt die Locken -  
Fern, verweht der Lärm des Pöbels.  
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,  
Eine rote Königskrone. -  
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse!

#### 15. Heimweh

Lieulich klagend - ein krystallnes Seufzen  
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,  
Klings herüber: wie Pierrot so hölzern,  
So modern sentimental geworden

Und es tönt durch seines Herzens Wüste,  
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,  
Lieulich klagend - ein krystallnes Seufzen  
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergißt Pierrot die Trauermienen!  
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des Mondes,  
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten - schweift die Sehnsucht  
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel  
Lieulich klagend - ein krystallnes Seufzen!

#### 16. Gemeinheit

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,  
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzetert,  
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,  
Zärtlich - einen Schädelbohrer!

Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen  
Seinen echten türkschen Taback  
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,  
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzetert!

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel  
Hinten in die glatte Glatze  
Und behäbig schmaucht und pafft er  
Seinen echten türkschen Taback  
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

In their bodies daggers revelled,  
Blazoned in the blood of scarlet!  
Holy crosses are the verses  
On which poets, mute, are bleeding.

Reft of life—the locks rigid—  
Lo, the rabble's noise is fading.  
Slowly sinks the sun in glory,  
Like a crimson Emperor's crown.  
Holy crosses are the verses.

#### 15. Homesickness

Sweetly plaintive—a crystal sighing  
From the old Italian pantomime  
Rings across time: how Pierrot's grown awkward  
In such sentimental modern fashion!

And it sounds through the wastes of his heart  
Echoes softly through his senses also,  
Sweetly plaintive—a crystal sighing  
From the old Italian pantomime.

Now Pierrot forgets his somber mien.  
Through the silvery fireglow of moonlight  
Through the flooding waves of light, his yearning  
Soars on high to native skies so distant—  
Sweetly plaintive—a crystal sighing.

#### 16. Vulgarity

Into the bald pate of Cassander,  
Who rends the air with screaming,  
Blithe Pierrot, affecting airs so kind  
And tender—bores with a skull drill!

Then he plugs with his bug thumb  
His own genuine Turkish tobacco  
Into the bald pate of Cassander,  
Who rends the air with screaming.

Then screwing his cherry pipestem  
Deep into the polished baldpate,  
Quite at ease he puffs and draws  
His own genuine Turkish tobacco  
Out of the bald pate of Cassander!



17. Parodie

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,  
In ihrem grauen Haar,  
Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd,  
Im roten Röckchen da.

Sie wartet in der Laube,  
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,  
Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,  
In ihrem grauen Haar.

Da plötzlich - horch! - ein Wispern!  
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:  
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,  
Äfft nach mit seinen Strahlen -  
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

18. Der Mondfleck

Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes  
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes,  
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,  
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.

Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem Anzug,  
Er beschaut sich rings und findet richtig -  
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes  
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes.

Wartet! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!  
Wischt und wischt, doch - bringt ihn nicht herunter!  
Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,  
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen -  
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

19. Serenade

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen  
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,  
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,  
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.

Plötzlich naht Cassander - wütend  
Ob des nächtgen Virtuosen -  
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen  
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.

17. Parody

Steel needles, twinkling brightly,  
Stuck in her graying hair,  
Sits the duenna, murmuring,  
In her knee-length scarlet skirt.

She's waiting in the arbor,  
She loves Pierrot with aching heart—  
Steel needles, twinkling brightly,  
Stuck in her graying hair.

But suddenly—hark—a whisper!  
A windpuff titters softly;  
The moon, the cruel mocker,  
Is aping with its bright rays  
Steel needles' wink and blink.

18. The Moonspot

With a spot of white, of shining moonlight,  
On the collar of his jet-black jacket,  
So Pierrot goes walking in the evening,  
Out to seek some joy and high adventure.

Suddenly, in his dress something disturbs him.  
He examines it—and yes, he finds there  
A spot of white, of shining moonlight,  
On the collar of his jet-black jacket.

Hang it, he thinks; another spot of whitewash  
Whisks and whisks, yet he cannot remove it.  
So he goes on, full of spleen and fury,  
Rubs and rubs until the early morning  
A spot of white, of shining moonlight.

19. Serenade

With a bow grotesque and monstrous,  
Pierrot scrapes away at his viola;  
Like a stork on only one leg,  
Sadly plucks a pizzicato.

Pop, out comes Cassander,  
Raging at the nightly virtuoso—  
With a bow grotesque and monstrous,  
Pierrot scrapes away at his viola.



Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:  
Mit der delikaten Linken  
Faßt den Kahlkopf er am Kragen -  
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze  
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

20. Heimfahrt  
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,  
Seerose dient als Boot;  
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen Süden  
Mit gutem Reisewind.

Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen  
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.  
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,  
Seerose dient als Boot.

Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,  
Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück;  
Schwach dämmert schon im Osten  
Der grüne Horizont.  
- Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

21. O alter Duft  
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,  
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne;  
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein  
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.

Ein glücklich Wünschen macht mich froh  
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet:  
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,  
Berauschest wieder mich!

All meinen Unmut geb ich preis;  
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster  
Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt  
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten...  
O alter Duft - aus Märchenzeit!

Now he throws down his viola:  
With his delicate left hand  
He grabs the baldpate by the collar—  
Dreamily plays upon his tonsure  
With a bow grotesque and monstrous.

20. Homeward Bound  
A moonbeam for the rudder,  
Water lily for a boat,  
So Pierrot travels southward  
With fresh prevailing wind.

The stream hums deep cadenzas  
And rocks the little skiff;  
A moonbeam for the rudder,  
Water lily for a boat.

To Bergamo, the homeland,  
Now Pierrot returns;  
Faint glows the green horizon  
With dawning in the east—  
- A moonbeam for the rudder.

21. Fragrance Old  
O fragrance old from days of yore  
Once more you intoxicate my senses.  
A prankish troop of rogueries  
Is swirling through buoyant air.

A cheerful longing makes me hope  
For joys which I had long despised;  
O fragrance old from days of yore,  
Once more you intoxicate me.

I have abandoned all my gloom  
And from my window framed in sunlight  
I freely gaze on the dear world  
And dream beyond in boundless transport—  
O fragrance old—from days of yore.

*Translation by Ingolf Dahl and Carl Beier*



Soprano **Susan Narucki's** career reflects a passion for discovery and wide-ranging interests. Recognized as one of today's leading interpreters of contemporary music, she has enjoyed close collaborations with numerous composers, presenting over one hundred world premieres in opera, concert and recording during the past twenty years. Her engagements during the 2007-8 season included Elliott Carter's *Tempo e Tempi* with James Levine and MET Chamber Ensemble at Carnegie Hall, Stravinsky's *Les Noces* (in a new orchestration by Steven Stucky) with Esa-Pekka Salonen and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Gerard Grisey's *L'ic<sup>TM</sup>ne paradoxale* at IRCAM's Festival Agora with the Orchestra of Radio France at the Cité de la Musique in Paris and Liza Lim's *Mother Tongue* with the ELISION Ensemble at the Maerzmuzik Festival in Berlin. Her portrayal of the role of "Mama" in Elliott Carter's opera *What Next?* (directed by Christopher Alden) was praised by the *New York Times* as "compelling and luminous". Susan Narucki earned both Grammy and Cannes awards for her recordings of the works of George Crumb and a 2002 Grammy nomination in the Best Classical Vocal Performance for Elliott Carter's *Tempo e Tempi*, all on Bridge Records. Ms. Narucki's forthcoming CDs include *The Light that Is Felt: Songs of Charles Ives*, with pianist Donald Berman, for New World Records. Susan Narucki joined the faculty of the University of California at San Diego in Fall of 2008 as Professor of Voice.

Winner of a 2003 Avery Fisher Career Grant, flutist **Demarre McGill** has performed concerti with the Chicago Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, the San Diego Symphony, The Florida Orchestra, Milwaukee Symphony, and the Baltimore Symphony. Currently Principal Flutist of the San Diego Symphony, Mr. McGill has held the same position with The Florida Orchestra and the Santa Fe Opera Orchestra, along with an acting principal position with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. He is also the co-founder and Artistic Director of Art of Élan, San Diego's newest chamber music organization, and he teaches privately in the San Diego area. Mr. McGill received his Bachelors Degree in Flute Performance from The Curtis Institute of Music, where he studied with Julius Baker and Jeffrey Khaner. He continued his studies with Mr. Baker at The Juilliard School, where he received a Master of Music degree.

**Anthony Burr** received his D.M.A. in Contemporary Music Performance from UCSD in 2004. He is known internationally as one of the leading interpreters of contemporary music for clarinet, having performed as soloist for many leading institutions including the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, The Ensemble Sospeso (New York), The Munich Biennale, and Elision (Australia). He has collaborated with many leading artists including Laurie Anderson, Alvin Lucier, and MacArthur Fellow John Zorn, and has created a series of live film/music performances with experimental filmmaker Jennifer Reeves. As a composer, he has specialized in the creation of epic scale mixed media pieces, most notably *Biospheria: An Environmental Opera*.

Violinist **Jeff Thayer** is Concertmaster of the San Diego Symphony as well as Concertmaster and guest artist of the Music Academy of the West (Santa Barbara). Previous positions include Assistant Concertmaster of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, Associate Concertmaster of the North Carolina Symphony, and Concertmaster of the Canton (OH) Symphony Orchestra. He is a graduate of the Cleveland Institute of Music, the Eastman School of Music, and The Juilliard School's Pre-College Division. His teachers include William Preucil, Donald Weilerstein, Zvi Zeitlin, and Dorothy DeLay. A native of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, Mr. Thayer began violin lessons with his mother at the age of three. At fourteen, he went to study with Jose Antonio Campos at the Conservatorio Superior in Córdoba, Spain. He has appeared as soloist with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, the San Diego Symphony, the Jupiter Symphony, the North Carolina Symphony, the Canton Symphony Orchestra, the Pierre Monteux School Festival Orchestra, the Spartanburg Philharmonic, the Cleveland Institute of Music Symphony



Orchestra, The Music Academy of the West Festival Orchestra, the Williamsport Symphony Orchestra, the Nittany Valley Symphony Orchestra, and the Conservatory Orchestra of Córdoba, among others. Other festivals include La Jolla Summerfest, the Mainly Mozart Festival (San Diego), Festival der Zukunft, and the Tibor Varga Festival (Switzerland). Through a generous loan from Irwin and Joan Jacobs, Mr. Thayer plays on the 1708 "Sir Bagshawe" Stradivarius.

Violinist **Alexander Palamidis** earned a Master of Music in Violin Performance from the University of Southern California where he was a member of the USC String Quartet. He attended classes with an emphasis on Chamber Music and Violin Performance at The Mozarteum Academy of Music in Salzburg, Austria. A graduate of Istanbul Conservatory of Music, he also holds a degree in Mechanical Engineering. He has been a member and soloist with many orchestras including Istanbul State Symphony, Denver Symphony, Austin Symphony, Austin Lyric Opera, Denver Chamber Orchestra, leader and conductor of the Istanbul Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra, Concertmaster with the Istanbul Radio String Orchestra, Glendale Chamber Orchestra, and Acting Concertmaster with the San Diego Symphony Orchestra and the San Diego Opera. He performed and toured with the L'Amoroso String Quartet. He is currently Principal Second Violinist with the San Diego Symphony Orchestra and Concertmaster of the San Diego Chamber Orchestra. Special interests include the study of ancient Indian scriptures and philosophy, old violins, movies, and travel.

Described by *The Strad* magazine as a musician whose "tonal distinction and essential musicality produced an auspicious impression," Taiwanese violist **Che-Yen Chen** has performed throughout the U.S. and abroad in venues such as Alice Tully Hall, Merkin Hall, Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Jordon Hall, Library of Congress in D.C., Kimmel Center, Taiwan National Concert Hall, Wigmore Hall, and Snape Malting Concert Hall. A founding member of the Formosa Quartet, the Amadeus prize winner of the 10th London International String Quartet Competition, Mr. Chen is an advocate of chamber music. A participant at the Ravinia Festival, Mr. Chen was featured in the festival's Rising Star series and the Musicians from Ravinia tour. Other festival appearances include the Kingston Chamber Music Festival, International Viola Congress, Mainly Mozart, Chamber Music International, La Jolla Summerfest, Primrose Festival, Bath International Music Festival, Aldeburgh Festival, Seattle Chamber Music Society Summer Festival, Taiwan Connection, Incontri in Terra di Siena, Emilia Romagna Festival, and numerous others. Mr. Chen studied at The Curtis Institute of Music and The Juilliard School under the guidance of Michael Tree, Joseph de Pasquale, and Paul Neubauer. Mr. Chen is currently teaching at San Diego State University, UC San Diego, McGill University in Montreal, and holds the Principal Viola position of the San Diego Symphony.

**Charles Curtis** has been a professor in the Music Department of the University of California, San Diego, since Fall 2000. Previously he was Principal Cello of the Symphony Orchestra of the North German Radio in Hamburg, a faculty member at Princeton, the cellist of the Ridge String Quartet, and a sought-after chamber musician and soloist in the classical repertoire. He holds the Piatigorsky Prize of the New York Cello Society, and received prizes in the Naumburg, Geneva and Cassado international competitions. He has appeared as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony, the National Symphony, the Baltimore Symphony, the Symphony Orchestra of Berlin, the NDR Symphony, the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, the Orquestra de la Maggio Musicale in Florence, the Janacek Philharmonic, as well as orchestras in Brazil and Chile. His chamber music associations have taken him to the Marlboro, Ravinia, Wolf Trap, La Jolla Summerfest and Victoria Festivals, among many others. He has recorded and performed widely with soprano Kathleen Battle and harpsichordist Anthony Newman, as well as with jazz legends Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter and Brad Mehldau. Curtis performs a unique repertoire of major solo works created



expressly for him by La Monte Young, Alvin Lucier, Éliane Radigue and Alison Knowles, rarely-heard compositions by Terry Jennings and Richard Maxfield, and works by Cardew, Wolff, Feldman and Cage. His solo performances this past year have taken him to the Angelica Festival in Bologna, the Guggenheim in New York, the CAPC in Bordeaux, the Galerie Renos Xippas in Paris, the MaerzMusik Festival in Berlin, Dundee Contemporary Arts, as well as Chicago, Austin, Hamburg and Ferrara.

**Yao Zhao** is the Cello Principal of the San Diego Symphony Orchestra, and was Associate Cello Principal from 2005 to 2007. Born in Beijing in 1976, Zhao made his first appearance in concert at the age of five, and solo debut in the Beijing Concert Hall at age nine. That same year, he was also accepted to the China Central Conservatory of Music. For exceptional performance in a master class held by Professor Eleonore Schoenfeld, Mr. Zhao was chosen to continue his education on full scholarships at the Idyllwild Arts Academy and the Thornton School of Music at the University of Southern California. Since winning a top prize at the First Chinese National Cello Competition in 1987, Mr. Zhao has kept a winning streak of thirteen competitions, awards and honors. The successful solo debut at Weill Recital Hall of Carnegie Hall in New York has been marked as one of his career highlights. Mr. Zhao has performed at renowned concert halls in more than forty cities around the world. Some of his festival appearances have included the Grand Teton Festival, the Ojai Music Festival, and the Asia Philharmonic Orchestra in Korea and Japan which gathers top Asian artists worldwide. Mr. Zhao has been interviewed by CNN, CBS, KTLA, GreekTV, and CCTV. Beyond a busy performance schedule, Mr. Zhao continues to dedicate himself to the education of youth in the arts. This year marks his 9th season teaching at the Idyllwild Arts Academy and the Idyllwild Arts Summer Festival.