

THE BOSTON CONSERVATORY PRESENTS



Ludovico Ensemble

THE ROMAN GARNETT CONCERT SERIES

Nicholas Tolle, artistic director

November 21, 2011
Monday, 8 p.m.
Scully Hall

The Book of Hanging Gardens, op. 15 (1907–1909)

Arnold Schönberg
1874–1951

- I. Unterm Schutz von dichten Blättergründen...*
- II. Hain in diesen Paradiesen...*
- III. Als Neuling trat ich ein in dein Gehege...*
- IV. Da meine Lippen reglos sind und brennen...*
- V. Saget mir auf welchem Pfade...*
- VI. Jedem Werke bin ich fürder tot...*
- VII. Angst und Hoffen wechselnd sich beklemmen...*
- VIII. Wenn ich heut nicht deinen Leib berühre...*
- IX. Streng ist uns das Glück und spröde...*
- X. Das schöne Beet betracht ich mir im Harren...*
- XI. Als wir hinter dem beblühten Tore...*
- XII. Wenn sich bei heilger Ruh in tiefen Matten...*
- XIII. Du lehnst wider eine Silberweide...*
- XIV. Sprich nicht mehr von dem Laub...*
- XV. Wir bevölkerten die abend-düstern Lauben...*

Jennifer Ashe, soprano
Karolina Rojahn, piano

String Quartet No. 2 in f-sharp minor, op. 10 (1908)

- I. Mäßig*
- II. Sehr Rasch*
- III. Litanei*
- IV. Entrückung*

Aliana de la Guardia, soprano
Gabriela Diaz, violin
Shaw Pong Liu, violin
Mark Berger, viola
Benjamin Schwartz, cello



TRANSLATIONS & NOTES

SCHÖNBERG: *The Book of Hanging Gardens*, op. 15

The Book of Hanging Gardens by Stefan George

I.

Unterm schutz von dichten blättergründen,
Wo von sternern feine flocken schneien,
Sachte stimmen ihre leiden künden,
Fabeltiere aus den braunen schlünden
Strahlen in die marmorbecken speien,
Draus die kleinen bäche klagend eilen,
Kamen kerzen das gesträuch entzünden,
Weiße formen das gewässer teilen

II.

Hain in diesen paradiesen
Wechselt ab mit blütenwiesen,
Hallen, buntbemalten fliesen.
Schlanker störche schnäbel kräuseln
Teiche, die von fischen schillern,
Vögelreihen matten scheines
Auf den schiefen firsten trillern
Und die goldnen binsen säuseln,
Doch mein traum verfolgt nur eine

III.

Als neuling trat ich ein in dein gehege;
Kein staunen war vorher in meinen mienen,
Kein wunsch in mir, eh ich dich blickte, rege.
Der jungen hände faltung sieh mit huld;
Erwähle mich zu denen, die dir dienen,
Und schone mit erbarmender geduld
Den, der noch strauchelt auf so fremdem
stege.

IV.

Da meine lippen reglos sind und brennen,
Beacht ich erst, wohin mein fuß geriet:
In anderer herren prächtiges gebiet.
Noch war vielleicht mir möglich, mich zu trennen,
Da schien es, dass durch hohe gitterstäbe
Der blick, vor dem ich ohne laß gekniet,
Mich fragend suchte oder zeichen gäbe.

I.

Under the protection of dense clusters of leaves
where delicate flakes snow down from stars,
gentle voices proclaim their sorrows,
fabulous animals spew streams from their brown maws
into the marble basins from which
the little brooks hasten away lamentingly:
there came tapers to ignite the bushes,
white forms to part the waters.

II.

Grove in these paradises
alternates with flowery meadows,
pavilions, brightly painted flagstones.
Slender storks' bills ripple
ponds that gleam with fish,
rows of birds in a dull glow trill
on the oblique roof ridges
and the golden sedges rustle but my dream pursues
only one thing.

III.

As a novice I entered your enclosure;
previously there was no amazement in my attitudes,
no wish stirring in me before I caught sight of you.
Look graciously upon the clasping of my young
hands,
choose me as one of those who serve you,
and with merciful patience spare the one who is still
stumbling on such an unfamiliar path.

IV.

Since my lips are immobile and bum,
I begin to observe where my feet have come to:
into the splendid domain of other masters.
It was perhaps still possible to break away,
but then it seemed as if through high gate rails
the glance before which I knelt untiringly
was seeking me questioningly or was giving signs.

V.

Saget mir, auf welchem pfade
Heute sie vorüberschreite,
Daß ich aus der reichsten lade
Zarte seidenweben hole,
Rose pflücke und viole,
Daß ich meine wange breite,
Schemel unter ihrer sohle.

VI.

Jedem werke bin ich fürder tot.
Dich mir nahzurufen mit den sinnen,
Neue reden mit dir auszuspinnen,
Dienst und lohn, gewährung und verbot,
Von allen dingen ist nur dieses not,
Und weinen daß die bilder immer fliehen,
Die in schöner finsternis gediehen,
Wann der kalte klare morgen droht.

VII.

Angst und hoffen wechselnd mich beklemmen,
Meine worte sich in seufzer dehnen,
Mich bedrängt so ungestümes sehnen,
Daß ich mich an rast und schlaf nicht kehre,
Daß mein lager tränen schwemmen,
Daß ich jede freude von mir wehre,
Daß ich keines freudes trost begehre.

VIII.

Wenn ich heut nicht deinen leib berühre,
Wird der faden meiner seele reißen
Wie zu sehr gespannte sehne.
Liebe zeichen seien trauerflöre
mir, der leidet, seit ich dir gehöre.
Richte, ob mir solche qual gebühre?
Kühlung spreng mir, dem fieberheißen,
Der ich wankend draußen lehne.

IX.

Streng ist uns das glück und spröde,
Was vermocht ein kurzer kuß?
Eines regentropfens guß
Auf gesengter, bleicher öde,
Die ihn ungenossen schlingt,
Neue labung missen muß
Und vor neuen glutten springt.

V.

Tell me on which path
she will walk by today,
so that I can fetch soft silk weaves
from the richest chest,
can pick roses and violets,
so that I can lay down my cheeks
as a footstool beneath her soles.

VI.

I am henceforth dead to all efforts.
To call you near me with my senses,
to spin out new conversations with you,
service and payment, permission and prohibition,
of all things only this is necessary
and to weep because the images that flourished
in the beautiful darkness always vanish
when the cold, clear morning threatens.

VII.

Anxiety and hope oppress me in alternation,
my words are prolonged into sighs,
I am afflicted with such impetuous longing
that I pay no heed to rest and sleep,
that tears soak my bed,
that I keep every joy away from me,
that I desire no friend's comforting.

VIII.

If I do not touch your body today
the thread of my soul will tear
like a sinew that has been stretched too far.
Let mourning crepes be beloved signs for me,
who have been suffering since I have belonged to you.
Judge whether I deserve such torment;
sprinkle cool water on me,
I am hot with fever and unsteadily leaning outside.

IX.

Fortune is severe and obstinate with us;
what could a brief kiss do?
The fall of a raindrop
on a parched, bleached desert,
which swallows it without pleasure,
which must do without new refreshment
and which cracks open from new heat waves

X.

Das schöne beet betracht ich mir im harren,
Es ist umzäumt mit purpurnschwarzem
dorne,
Drin ragen kelche mit geflecktem sporne
Und samtgefederte geneigte farren
Und flockenbüschel, wassergrün und rund
Und in der mitte glocken, weiss und mild –
Von einem odem ist ihr feuchter mund
Wie süsse frucht vom himmlischen gefild.

XI.

Als wir hinter dem beblümtten tore
Endlich nur das eigne hauchen spürten,
Warden uns erdachte seligkeiten?
Ich erinnere, da wie schwache rohre
Beide stumm zu beben wir begannen,
Wenn wir leis nur an uns rührten
Und daß unsre augen rannen.
So verbliebest du mir lang zu seiten.

XII.

Wenn sich bei heiliger ruh in tiefen matten
Um unsre schläfen unsre hände schmiegen,
Verehrung lindert unsrer glieder brand:
So denke nicht der ungestalten schatten,
Die an der wand sich auf und unter wiegen,
Der wächter nicht, die rasch uns scheiden dürfen
Und nicht, daß vor der stadt der weiße sand
Bereit ist, unser warmes blut zu schlürfen

XIII.

Du lehnest wider eine silberweide am ufer;
Mit des fächers starren spitzen
Umschirmest du das haupt dir wie mit blitzten
Und rollst, als ob du spieltest, dein geschmeide.
Ich bin im boot, das laubgewölbe wahren,
In das ich dich vergeblich lud zu steigen...
Die weiden seh' ich, die sich tiefer neigen
Und blumen, die verstreut im wasser fahren

XIV.

Sprich nich immer
Von dem laub,
Windes raub;
Vom zerschellen
Reifer quitten
Von den trittten

X.

I contemplate the beautiful flowerbed as I tarry;
it is enclosed by purpleblack thorn
in which flower cups with speckled spurs tower,
and velvet-feathered inclining ferns
and fluffy-tufted flowers watery-green and round,
and in the center bell flowers white and gentle–
their moist mouth is of a fragrance
like that of the sweet fruit from the fields of
heaven.

XI.

When behind the flowered gate,
we finally felt only our own breathing,
did we obtain the blisses we had imagined?
I recall that we both began to tremble
like weak reeds whenever we merely
touched each other lightly,
and that our eyes teared.
You remained at my side a long time that way.

XII.

Whenever, resting blissfully in deep meadows,
we join our hands around our temples,
veneration mitigates the burning of our limbs:
and so, do not think about the misshapen shadows
that rock up and down on the wall,
do not think about the watchers who may separate us
swiftly, and do not reflect that the white sand
outside the city is ready to sip our warm blood.

XIII.

You lean against a white willow by the bank;
with the stiff points of your fan
you protect your head as if with lightning bolts,
and you roll your jewelry as if you were playing.
I am in the boat which arches of foliage are guarding
and which I invited you in vain to step into ...
I see the willows, which are bending lower
and flowers that are floating scattered on the water

XIV.

Do not always speak
about the leaves,
prey of the wind,
about the shattering
of ripe quinces,
about the steps

Der vernichter
Spät im jahr.
Von dem zittern
Der libellen
In gewittern,
Und der lichter,
Deren flimmer
Wandelbar.

of the annihilators
late in the year.
About the trembling
of the dragonflies
in storms
and of lights
whose gleam
is changeable.

XV.
Wir bevölkerten die abenddüstern Lauben,
lichten tempel, pfad und beet
Freudig sie mit lächeln, ich mit flüstern –
Nun ist wahr, daß sie für immer geht.
Hohe blumen blassen oder brechen.
Es erblaßt und bricht der weiher glas
Und ich trete fehl im morschen gras.
Palmen mit den spitzen fingern stechen.
Mürber blätter zischendes gewühl
Jagen ruckweis unsichtbare hände
Draußen um des edens fahle wände.
Die nacht ist überwölkt und schwül.

XV.
We peopled the evening-gloomy arbors,
bright temples, path and flowerbed
joyfully—she with smiling, I with whispering—
Now it is true that she is going forever.
Tall flowers pale or break,
the glass of the pools grows pale and breaks,
and I stumble in the decaying grass;
palms jab with their pointy fingers.
Unseen hands jerkily drive the hissing throng
of withered leaves outside
around the dun walls of the Eden.
The night is cloudy and sultry

The Book of the Hanging Gardens, op. 15, was composed between 1908 and 1909. The work was premiered in Vienna by the Austrian singer Martha Winternitz-Dorda and the pianist Etta Werndorf, on January 14, 1910. A collection of 15 pieces, these settings are selected from a larger collection by the German poet Stefan George (the work is commonly referred to as the “George Lieder”). This composition represents a break from traditional harmony and normative treatment of dissonance. Along with his *Three Pieces for Piano, op. 11* (also from 1909), the *op. 15* demarcates the beginning of Schönberg’s “atonal” period.

George’s collection of poetry, *The Books of Eclogues and Eulogies, of Legends and Lays and Hanging Gardens*, first appeared in 1895. This volume is divided into three subsections, and Schönberg was particularly attracted to the third one, *Hanging Gardens*. These 31 poems offer a torrid narrative, recounting a young prince and his sexual awakening in a paradisiacal garden. The overall theme is one of transformation: a naïve youth quietly enters the garden and later consummates his desire with his lover in a bed of flowers. As the awakened youth parts ways with her, the garden itself then dies. Carl E. Schorske, in his book on *fin-de-siècle* Viennese culture, explains how these poems “chart the transformation not only of the lover, but also of the garden. The trajectory is from the autonomy of garden and lover, through their integration, to the disintegration of both.”

With his selection of just 15 poems, Schönberg was apparently resisting the more consistent narrative thread of George’s larger cycle. Moreover, the composer’s affinity for concision is evident here, as more than half of the 15 songs take less than two minutes in performance. Thus,

in *The Book of the Hanging Gardens*, each one of these self-contained songs may be heard as its own distilled thought or mood, even a fleeting moment, and exemplifies one of Schönberg's hallmark traits as a composer—his distinctive sensibility for aphoristic expression.

By Schönberg's own account, *The Book of the Hanging Gardens* was especially ground-breaking. In this particular work, the composer found a new voice for something that had been awaiting fruition for some time. Schönberg comments on this in his program notes for the work's premiere, at a *Verein für Kunst und Kultur* concert in Vienna:

With the George Lieder I have for the first time succeeded in approaching an ideal of expression and form which has been in my mind for years. Until now, I lacked the strength and confidence to make it a reality. But now that I have set out along this path once and for all, I am conscious of having broken through every restriction of a bygone aesthetic. ... I am being forced in this direction not because my invention or technique is inadequate, nor because I am uninformed about all the other things the prevailing aesthetics demand, but that I am obeying an inner compulsion, which is stronger than any up-bringing: that I am obeying the formative process which, being the one natural to me, is stronger than my artistic education.

The term (which Schönberg coined) that became a touchstone for his own musical aesthetic was “the emancipation of the dissonance.” This concept deems the comprehensibility of both dissonance and consonance as equally important. In his 1949 article, “My Evolution,” Schönberg maintains that “dissonances need not be a spicy addition to dull sounds, they are natural and logical outgrowths of an organism.” Moreover, tones need not have functional purpose in the conventional sense, and resolution to a tonic is no longer necessary. As stated in his 1911 treatise, *Harmonielehre*, the traditionally-held notion that defines “non-harmonic tones” as extraneous to a prevailing harmony has become obsolete. The result of this shift is an unprecedented amount of freedom given to the composer. Therefore, harmony need not be functional, but may be used for its own coloristic capabilities. And an early free atonal work such as *The Book of the Hanging Gardens* serves as an example of this newfound realm of possibilities.

Song No. 1, *Unterm Schutz von dichten Blättergründen*, illustrates how Schönberg is breaking from functional tonal language. The rather amorphous opening piano line adheres to no diatonic scale and is thus without a strong sense of direction. Ends of phrases lack the harmonic punctuation that cadences provide. Additionally, many of the “chords” are made of non-tertial harmonies. Schönberg uses them more like (as applies to Debussy) “sonorities,” which avoid the goal-oriented tendencies of traditional tonality. For instance, with the harmony at measure 17, the piano and voice sound six of the seven tones of the C Major scale, resulting in an imaginatively-colored cluster of tones. Also, devoid of any harmonic goal, the relationship between the way the piece begins and ends is motivic; at the last phrase of the piece, the main motive is restated in the lower register, in slight variation.

Since functional harmony is abandoned in these works, Schönberg had to turn to an alternative means through which to shape a piece. As in much of his work, “developing variation” of motivic or thematic content is the way he organizes musical structures. Such is the case with *The Book of the Hanging Gardens*, and *Das schöne Beet, No. 10* is a representative example. In various exchanges between the voice and piano, nearly every musical statement is derived from a G-sharp to A to D motive. Occurring in both horizontal and vertical forms in the first measure,

this motive is then inverted, transposed and reordered throughout the course of the piece. Here, Schönberg is drawing upon the compositional techniques of Johannes Brahms and his style, namely, how he shapes the restatement of material: exact repetition is abandoned in favor of continually-nuanced motives and phrases.

While nearly all of the songs in the *op. 15* are short, song No. 14, *Sprich nicht immer*, is by far the most aphoristic. George's poem is comprised of 14 fragmentary lines of text, each of which contains no more than three words. Schönberg's setting of only 11 measures complements the brevity of this poem. As Theodore W. Adorno mentions in his article, "Concerning the George Songs," the economy of expression in No. 14 makes it stand out as being especially radical. *Sprich nicht immer* presages an inclination for brevity that would later distinguish Schönberg's pupil, Anton von Webern.

With its free atonal style, elegant concision and structuring through the use of developing variation, the *op. 15* is a marker in Schönberg's repertoire—particularly through the new world of freedom afforded by atonality. Indeed, the "emancipation of the dissonance" is a principle that would not only influence Schönberg's evolution as a composer, but, as history has shown, would lead to one of the most significant advancements in all of Western music.

The subsequent realization of the principle of atonality foreshadowed the advent of the 12-tone method in 1920, which in turn opened the gateway to a new world of sound.

—Charles Stratford © Arnold Schönberg Center

SCHÖNBERG: String Quartet No. 2 in f-sharp minor, op. 10

String Quartet No. 2 by Stefan George

Litanei

Tief ist die trauer die mich umdüstert,
Ein tret ich wieder, Herr! in dein haus.

Lang war die reise, matt sind die glieder,
Leer sind die schreine, voll nur die qual.

Durstende zunge darbt nach dem weine.
Hart war gestritten, starr ist mein arm.

Gönne die ruhe schwankenden schritten,
Hungrigem gaume bröckle dein brot!

Schwach ist mein atem rufend dem traume,
Hohl sind die hände, fiebernd der mund.

Litany

Deep is the sadness that gloomily comes over me,
Again I step, Lord, in your house.

Long was the ride, my limbs are weary,
The shrines are empty, only anguish is full.

My thirsty tongue desires wine.
The battle was hard, my arm is stiff.

Grudge peace to my staggering steps,
for my hungry gums break your bread!

Weak is my breath, bringing the dream,
my hands are hollow, my mouth fevers.

Leih deine kühle, lösche der brände.
Tilge das hoffen, sende das licht!

Gluten im herzen lodern noch offen,
Innerst im grunde wacht noch ein schrei.

Töte das sehnen, schliesse die wunde!
Nimm mir die liebe, gib mir dein glück!

Entrückung

Ich fühle luft von anderem planeten.
Mir blassen durch das dunkel die gesichter
Die freundlich eben noch sich zu mir drehen.

Und bäum und wege die ich liebte fahlen
Dass ich sie kaum mehr kenne un du lichter
Geliebter schatten—rufer meiner qualen—

Bist nun erloschen ganz in tiefern gluten
Um nach dem taumel streitenden getobes
Mit einem frommen schauer anzumuten.

Ich löse mich in tönen, kreisend, webend
Ungründigen danks und unbenamten lobes
Dem grossen atem wunschlos mich ergebend.

Mich überfährt ein ungestümes wehen
Im rausch der weihe wo inbrünstige schreie
In staub geworfner beterrinnen flehen:

Dann seh ich wie sich duftige nebel lüpfen
In einer sonnerfüllten klaren freie
Die nur umfängt auf fernsten bergesschlüpfen.

Der boden schüffert weiss und weich wie molke.
Ich steige über schluchten ungeheuer.
Ich fühle wie ich über letzter wolke

In einem meer kristallinen glanzes
schwimme—
Ich bin ein funke nur vom heiligen feuer
Ich bin ein dröhnen nur der heiligen stimme.

Lend your cool, douse the fires,
rub out hope, send the light!

Fires in my heart still glow, open,
inside my heart a cry wakes.

Kill the longing, close the wound!
Take my love away, give me your joy.

Rapture

I feel wind from other planets.
I faintly through the darkness see faces
Friendly even now, turning toward me.

And trees and paths that I loved fade
So I can scarcely know them and you bright
Beloved shadow—summon my anguish—

Are only extinguish completely in a deep
glowing
In the frenzy of the fight
With a pious show of reason.

I lose myself in tones, circling, weaving,
With unfathomable thanks and unnamed love
I happily surrender to the great breath.

A violent wind passes over me
In the sway of commitment where ardent cries
In dust flung by women on the ground:

Then I see a filmy mist rising
In a sun-filled, open expanse
That includes only the farthest mountain
hatches.

The land looks white and smooth like whey,
I climb over enormous canyons.
I feel as if above the last cloud

Swimming in a sea of crystal radiance—
I am only a spark of the holy fire
I am only a whisper of the holy voice.

For Arnold Schönberg, the Vienna years around 1908 were a time of artistic breakthrough and severe personal crisis. His family life was jolted by an intimate relationship between his wife Mathilde and the painter Richard Gerstl, who had set up his studio in the Schönbergs' home in the Liechtensteinstrasse (in Vienna's Ninth District) and had not only given the couple lessons but painted their portraits. The year 1907 marks the beginning of Schönberg's activity as painter, this being yet another reflection of his need to find an artistic outlet for his inner visions. Compounding this marital crisis was his disappointment at Gustav Mahler's departure for the U.S. It was to counteract these setbacks that, in 1907 and 1908, Schönberg clearly parted ways with musical tradition, dissolving tonal harmony into atonality and entering that expressionist period of his career that would mark electrifying turn in the compositional development of our century.

The *Second String Quartet in f-sharp minor, op.10*, represents a watershed in this evolutionary process both in the handling of material (concision of form, release from consonance) and in the history of the string quartet genre (through the addition of a solo soprano). Having completed the *First String Quartet in d minor, op. 7* and the *Chamber Symphony, op. 9*, Schönberg now turned away from single-movement works and returned to multi-movement cycles. The earliest evidence of *op. 10*, found in his third sketchbook, is dated March 9, 1907, the same day on which he finished the chorus *Friede auf Erden, op. 13*. The third movement was completed on June 11, 1908 in Gmunden am Traunsee, followed by the second movement on July 27; the fourth was probably composed there as well. Like the *First Chamber Symphony*, Schönberg repeatedly subjected his new quartet to revision, among other things making several arrangements of it for string orchestra: in the first movement, the formal structure is imparted less by the key scheme than by the layout of the thematic material, as the weakened ties to a tonic can no longer contribute to the formal design. It is a sonata-form movement largely lacking in contrast and containing five thematic ideas; all of them are related by motivic transformation to the first theme of the main group, which is rooted in the key of f-sharp minor. If the key relations become blurred in the second group, the development section, after opening with a contrast between f-sharp minor and C Major, suspends the sense of key altogether apart from a few sidelong glances toward the tonic. At first, the recapitulation avoids re-establishing the home key and is instead ushered in by an a-minor/d-minor complex. As in Schönberg's chronologically related a cappella chorus *Friede auf Erden*, we note a similar tendency to shy away from modulations capable of engendering a sense of form. The d-minor scherzo is made up of two large thematic complexes followed by a highly contrasting section resembling a development. The first complex contains a reminiscence of the main theme of the first movement, from which it is derived through segmentation. In the trio, the second violin quotes the Viennese folk song "Oh, dear Augustin, it's all over" ("O du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin"), which Schönberg scholars have variously interpreted as an autobiographical reference to his marital crisis and as a symbol of his abandonment of functional tonality. The two Stefan George poems, "Litany" ("Litanei") and "Rapture" ("Entrückung"), are taken from *Der siebente Ring*, a collection of his poems published privately in 1907. Here Schönberg has worked them into a set of variations and into a finale far removed from traditional notions of form. Using chromatic complex and altered fourth-chords, the finale is replete with what Anton Webern called "harmonies never heard before detached from all tonal bearings."

The theme of "Litany" comprises four figures extracted from the opening movement and the scherzo and functioning as 'leitmotifs' within the work's underlying program. The third movement may be viewed as a development section for the two preceding movements. Set in

e-flat minor, it is richly contrapuntal if less prone to modulation, its variations closely adhering to the form of the poem. In the first variation, the soprano enters with a melody that retains its thematic independence throughout the remaining variations. Discussing the finale in his “Notes on the Four String Quartets,” Schönberg remarked:

The fourth movement, *Entrückung*, begins with an introduction, depicting the departure from earth to another planet. The visionary poet here foretold sensations, which perhaps soon will be affirmed. Becoming relieved from gravitation—passing through clouds into thinner and thinner air, forgetting all the troubles of life on earth—that is attempted to be illustrated in this introduction.

A single line from George’s poem “*Entrückung*”—“I am dissolved in swirling sound” (“*Ich löse mich in Tönen, kreisend*”)—might stand as a motto for the progressive tonal language of this finale, which otherwise adheres to the standard classical design: introduction, main group (verses 1 to 3), second group (verses 4 and 5), development (verses 6 to 8), coda. In juxtaposition to sections that entirely suspend the feeling of key, in particular the Introduction, which sets up “twelve-tone” fields, but organizes them around fifth relationships, other passages offer conspicuously tonal cadences. As in the scherzo, the writing generally employs a free-floating tonality. For the performance of “*Entrückung*,” Schönberg gave priority to the quality and expressive projection of timbre, as is particularly evident in the handwritten instructions he entered in one of the sources of *op. 10*. Here, for instance, is how he imagines a musically transcendent depiction of a gossamer mist as it slowly dissipates: “The whole passage must be like a breath. Nothing should stand out. Only the voice may be emphasized, and then in timbre only, not in loudness.”

—Arnold Schönberg Center

My second string quartet caused, at its first performance in Vienna, December 1908, riots which surpassed every previous and subsequent happening of this kind. Although there were also some personal enemies of mine, who used the occasion to annoy me—a fact which can today be proved true—I have to admit, that these riots were justified without the hatred of my enemies, because they were a natural reaction of a conservatively educated audience to a new kind of music. Astonishingly, the first movement passed without any reaction, either for or against. But, after the first measures of the second movement, the greater part of the audience started to laugh and did not cease to disturb the performance during the third movement “*Litanei*,” (in form of variations) and the fourth movement “*Entrückung*.” It was very embarrassing for the Rosé Quartet and the singer, the great Mme. Marie Gutheil-Schoder. But at the end of this fourth movement a remarkable thing happened. After the singer ceases, there comes a long coda played by the string quartet alone. While, as before mentioned, the audience failed to respect even a singing lady, this coda was accepted without any audible disturbance. Perhaps even my enemies and adversaries might have felt something here.

—Arnold Schönberg, *introductory note for the private recording with the Kolisch Quartet, Los Angeles 1936/37; vgl. Fred Steiner “A History of the First Complete Recording of the Schoenberg String Quartets,” in Journal of the Arnold Schoenberg Institute 2 (February 1978), no.2, 122–137*

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

JENNIFER ASHE, soprano—has been described as “the kind of vocal velvet you don’t often hear in contemporary music” displaying “rock solid technique” (*Boston Phoenix*) and was hailed by the *Boston Globe* as giving a performance that was “pure bravura... riveting the audience with a radiant and opulent voice”. She frequently performs with the Harvard Group for New Music, New Music Brandeis, New Gallery Concert Series, the Fromm Festival at Harvard, the Callithumpian Consort, and NotaRiotous. She sang the role of Sarah Palin in the premiere of *Say It Ain’t So, Joe*, by Curtis Hughes, with Guerilla Opera. She was a semi-finalist at the 2007 Gaudeamus Interpreters Competition. She also sings with Blue Heron Renaissance Choir and Boston Baroque. Recent projects include Lukas Foss’ Time Cycle with Boston Musica Viva. Ashe holds a DMA in Vocal Performance and an MM in Vocal Pedagogy from New England Conservatory, and a BM from the Hartt School of Music in Voice Performance and Music Education. Formerly on the faculty at College of the Holy Cross and Eastern Connecticut State University, she currently teaches for the Community Music Center of Boston and Music and Movement of Newton.

KAROLINA ROJAHN, piano—has performed in France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Slovakia, the Greek Islands, her native Poland, and across the US. Rojahn has recorded a variety of contemporary repertoire, including the music of Carl Vollrath and Jason V. Barraba with clarinetist Richard Stolzman for MMC Recordings, as well as music by composers Michael J Evans, Byron Petty, Bill Fletcher for Navona/Naxos. Her upcoming releases include the piano music of Ron Nagrocka, solo and orchestral works of Martin Schlumpf, chamber music of Alan Beeler, Perception Etudes for solo piano by Greg Bowers, a collection of contemporary trombone and piano duets with trombonist Andy Malloy, and Preludes for solo piano by

Andy Vores. Rojahn holds a faculty position at the Boston Conservatory.

ALIANA DE LA GUARDIA, soprano—is an actor, voice teacher, and producer lauded by *Stuff Magazine* as “an anomalous player on the Boston music scene.” She has been singing with the Ludovico Ensemble since 2004, with which she has performed composers such as Birtwistle, Gorecki, Harvey, Kurtág, Sciarrino, and many local composers. She is the artistic director of Dirty Paloma, and is one of the founding members of Guerilla Opera, for which she has co-produced and performed seven world premiere operas. In January 2012 she will present at the National Opera Association conference in Memphis, TN on behalf of Guerilla Opera. She has also performed with the Firebird Ensemble, Harvard Group for New Music, Williams College, The Boston Conservatory New Music Festival, FirstWorks Festival Providence, Boston Lyric Opera, Granite State Opera, Cape Cod Opera, MetroWest Opera, and Operasque Classical Concerts. She can also be seen guest starring on ABC’s “Body of Proof.”

GABRIELA DIAZ, violin—began her musical training at the age of five, studying piano with her mother, and the next year, violin with her father. Diaz came to Boston to study at New England Conservatory, where she completed her Bachelor’s and Master’s degrees. As a cancer survivor, Diaz is committed to cancer research and treatment. In 2004, Diaz was a recipient of a grant from the Albert Schweitzer Foundation. This grant enabled Diaz to begin organizing a series of chamber music concerts in cancer units at various hospitals in Boston called the Boston Hope Ensemble. Devoted to contemporary music, Diaz has been fortunate to work closely with many significant living composers on their own compositions, namely Pierre Boulez, Magnus Lindberg, Frederic Rzewski, Alvin Lucier, John Zorn, Osvaldo Golijov, Steve

Reich, Brian Ferneyhough, Lee Hyla, Hans Tutschku and Helmut Lachenmann.

SHAW PONG LIU, violin—creates performance collaborations that interplay improvised music, narration and audience interaction. Her current project, *A Bird a Day*, explores birds, sunrises and music. Other recent productions include *Of a River*, a live performance installation with dancers, musicians, and silk in Dayton, OH; *Soldiers' Tales Untold*, a musical-narrative production mixing veterans' stories, music of Stravinsky, and audience dialogue about the long-term costs of war; and *The Ligeti Project*, with the music of composer Gyorgy Ligeti and improvising string quartet. She is also the founder of the 99% String Quartet. A frequent guest soloist with MIT's innovative Gamelan GalakTika and Ensemble Robot, Shaw Pong has performed and premiered dozens of new works, with groups including Bang-On-A-Can All-Stars and the Boston Modern Orchestra Project. A graduate of U.C. Berkeley and the New England Conservatory of Music, she recently completed artist residencies at the Blue Sky Project, the University of Dayton, and Acadia National Park.

MARK BERGER, viola—is highly active as a performer in the Boston freelance scene and has performed with many of Boston's finest ensembles, including the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Boston Pops Esplanade, Emmanuel Music, Boston Modern Orchestra Project, Opera Boston and Boston Lyric Opera. An avid chamber musician, he is a member of Music at Eden's Edge, the Worcester Chamber Music Society, has a duo partnership "The Two Composers" with pianist/composer Ketty Nez and has performed with Radius Ensemble. Berger maintains a special interest in new music, and has performed with many new music ensembles including Boston Musica Viva, Dinosaur Annex, ALEA III, and Sound Icon. Berger is also a prize-winning composer and his works have received awards from

the League of Composers/ISCM and ASCAP. Berger is currently on the music faculty at Clark University, UMass Lowell and Middlesex Community College.

BENJAMIN SCHWARTZ, cello—has been hailed as an "elegant, accomplished player" by the *Boston Phoenix*, and for his "acute, theatrical intensity" by the *Boston Globe*. Schwartz has worked closely with scores of young composers in premiere performances of their music, and has also taken great inspiration from collaborations with a number of great living composers, including John Luther Adams, Chaya Czernowin, Michael Finnissy, Lee Hyla, Helmut Lachenmann, Alvin Lucier, Steve Reich, Frederic Rzewski and Christian Wolff. An enthusiast of many musical genres, Schwartz was cellist for the legendary Boston rock band Mission of Burma's 2006 Matador Records release *The Obliterati*, which was recognized as Album of the Year in the 2006 Boston Music Awards. He is executive director and cellist of the Callithumpian Consort (www.callithumpian.org), which has released recordings on the Mode, New World and Tzadik labels, and has also worked since 2006 as assistant artistic administrator of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

THE LUDOVICO ENSEMBLE was founded in 2002 by Nicholas Tolle and currently serves as Ensemble-in-Residence at The Boston Conservatory. Its mission is to dually promote the music of the European and American avant-garde, as well as to foster the development of new American repertoire for mixed chamber ensemble. The configuration of the group varies as required by the repertoire. Its performances have been enthusiastically received by composers such as Helmut Lachenmann, Hans Abrahamsen and Jonathan Harvey. The group takes its name from the fictional medical treatment featured in the Anthony Burgess novel and Stanley Kubrick movie *A Clockwork Orange*, in which the protagonist is subjected to a classical conditioning regimen that induces nausea at the sight of violent or exploitative acts, but also, inadvertently, to the music of Beethoven. WWW.LUDOVICOENSEMBLE.ORG