

27 JUL

Segunda / Monday

19:30 Igreja do Espírito Santo / Espírito Santo Church

CONCERTO ESPECIAL / SPECIAL CONCERT

ARS AD HOC

Ana Caseiro, soprano

Ricardo Carvalho, flautas

Horácio Ferreira, clarinetes

Diogo Coelho, violino/viola

Gonçalo Lélis, violoncelo

João Casimiro Almeida, piano

Pedro Fonseca, desenho de luz e espaço cénico

Diana Ferreira, legendagem e programação

Alban Berg (1885–1935)

Adagio para Clarinete, Violino e Piano

Arnold Schoenberg (1874–1951)

Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21

Alban Berg (1885-1935) pertencia a um grupo de três compositores conhecido como Segunda Escola de Viena, do qual faziam também parte Anton Webern e o seu líder espiritual, Arnold Schönberg. Consideravam que a música tonal tinha atingido o seu apogeu e começaram a explorar uma música enraizada na chamada técnica dodecafónica, ou dos doze tons, na qual cada nota tem igual importância. Berg foi provavelmente o menos rígido dos três na sua abordagem. Ocasionalmente, acrescentava um acorde tonal.

O seu Adagio para Clarinete, Violino e Piano é um arranjo, feito pelo próprio compositor, do segundo andamento do seu Concerto de Câmara. Depois da morte de Berg, a sua viúva, Hélène, recusou-se a revelar aquilo que o compositor deixara para trás. Mas, desde a sua morte, em 1976, sabemos que o Adagio foi escrito em memória de Mathilde Zemlinsky, mulher de Arnold Schönberg. Mathilde adoeceu e morreu pouco depois de regressar ao marido, após uma relação extraconjugal com Hugo Breuer, aluno de Schönberg. Berg deu ao andamento o subtítulo Liebe, “amor”.

A simbologia numérica é um importante princípio estruturante desta composição. A peça abre com uma citação da melodia/provérbio *Aller guten Dinge sind Drei* - “à terceira é de vez”, ou, literalmente, “todas as coisas boas vêm em grupos de três” -, preparando a introdução de três temas baseados nos nomes dos três compositores da Segunda Escola de Viena. O próprio nome de Berg, por exemplo, correspondia às notas A, B, A, B, E e G - **Alban Berg**, sendo simplesmente omitidas as letras que não correspondiam a uma nota. Outras referências ao número três são os três instrumentos, os três andamentos do Concerto de Câmara original, o uso de três técnicas de composição diferentes - tonal, atonal livre e dodecafónica - e os três protagonistas: Arnold, Mathilde e Hugo.

O Adagio inclui também o anagrama de Mathilde - A, H, D, E -, que Berg tomou de empréstimo do poema sinfónico *Pelleas und Melisande*, de Schönberg. A história de Mélisande, escrita pelo autor belga Maeterlinck - casada com Golaud, mas apaixonada por Pelléas, vindo depois a morrer -, apresenta semelhanças notáveis com a história pessoal e o destino de Mathilde.

Nascido numa família de pequenos comerciantes da baixa classe média em Leopoldstadt, bairro judaico de Viena, Arnold Schönberg (1874-1951) foi, em grande medida, um compositor autodidacta. Ganhou notoriedade com obras tardo-românticas como *Gurrelieder* e *Verklärte Nacht*, que lhe valeram a admiração de figuras como Richard Strauss e Gustav Mahler. Mas cedo sentiu que a linguagem musical tonal se tinha esgotado.

O ciclo de canções *Pierrot Lunaire*, sobre poemas do poeta belga Albert Giraud, traduzidos do francês para alemão, surgiu em 1912, depois de Schönberg se ter mudado para Berlim, onde, entre outras actividades, trabalhou como maestro do grupo de cabaret *Überbrettli*. As canções estão impregnadas de uma atmosfera cabarettesca. Na estreia em Berlim, no ano da sua criação, Albertine Zehme, a solista vocal, apresentou-se vestida como Columbina, a contraparte feminina de Pierrot.

Zehme era actriz e os poemas não foram concebidos para serem cantados. Na maior parte do tempo, a solista recita ritmicamente. Schönberg deixou instruções claras. “O objectivo não é, certamente, uma fala realista e natural. Pelo contrário, a diferença entre a fala comum e uma fala que colabora numa forma musical deve tornar-se evidente. Mas também não deve fazer lembrar o canto.” “A tarefa do intérprete, aqui, nunca é retirar o ambiente e o carácter de cada peça do significado das palavras, mas sempre e apenas da música.” A resposta de Schönberg às acusações de usar textos blasfemos - “Se fossem musicais, ninguém se importaria minimamente com as palavras. Pelo contrário, sairiam daqui a assobiar as melodias” - sublinha ainda mais que a música prevalece sobre o texto.

Os poemas estão divididos em três grupos de sete. Os primeiros giram em torno de temas como o amor, o sexo e a religião; os segundos tratam do crime, da violência e da blasfêmia; e o terceiro grupo aborda o regresso de Pierrot à sua cidade natal, Bérgamo. Tal como na peça de Berg, a numerologia é central na estrutura da composição, com um papel fundamental atribuído ao número sete. O ciclo é constituído por três grupos de sete poemas, e Schönberg recorre frequentemente a motivos formados por sete notas. Além disso, o número de intérpretes necessários, incluindo o maestro, perfaz sete. A constituição do ensemble - flautista, também no piccolo; clarinetista, também no clarinete baixo; violinista, também violoncelista; pianista; violoncelista; voz; e maestro - foi tão bem-sucedida que, até hoje, é conhecida como “ensemble Pierrot”.

Na estreia, *Pierrot Lunaire* foi recebido com vaias e assobios, mas Stravinsky chamou-lhe “o plexo solar e a mente da música do início do século XX”. Continua a ser uma das obras mais populares de Schönberg.

Alban Berg (1885-1935) belonged to a group of three composers known as the Second Viennese School, that also consisted of Anton Webern and its spiritual leader, Arnold Schönberg. They felt that tonal music had reached its apogee and started exploring music rooted in the so-called twelve-tone or dodecaphonic technique, in which each note has equal importance. Berg was probably the least strict in his approach. Occasionally he added a tonal chord.

His *Adagio for Clarinet, Violin and Piano*, is an arrangement by the composer of the second movement of his *Chamber Concerto*. After Berg's death, his widow Hélène was unwilling to disclose whatever the composer had left behind. But since she passed away in 1976, we know that the *Adagio* was written in memory of Mathilde Zemlinsky, the wife of Arnold Schönberg. She fell ill and died soon after she returned to her husband from an extramarital affair with Schönberg's student Hugo Breuer. Berg gave the movement the subtitle ‘*Liebe*’ (love).

Numerical symbology is an important structuring principle of this composition. The piece opens with a quotation of the melody/proverb *Aller guten Dinge sind Dreier* (all good things come in threes), setting the stage for the introduction of three themes based on the names of the three composers of the Second Viennese School. Berg's own name, for example, consisted of the notes A, B, A, B, E, and G (**Alban Berg**, characters that didn't represent a note were simply left out). Other references to the number 3 are the three instruments, the three movements of the original *Chamber*

Concert, the use of three different composition techniques (tonal, free atonal and twelve-tone) and the three protagonists (Arnold, Mathilde, Hugo).

The Adagio also includes Mathilde's anagram (A, H, D, E), which Berg borrowed from Schönberg's Symphonic Poem *Pelleas and Melisande*. The story of Melisande (written by the Belgian author Maeterlinck) – she fell in love with Golo, but returns to Pelleas, after which she dies – shows striking resemblances to Mathilde's escapades and fate.

Born into a lower-middle-class shopkeeper's family in the Leopoldstadt, a Jewish district in Vienna, Arnold Schoenberg (1874 – 1951) was a mostly self-taught composer. He made a name for himself with late-Romantic pieces like the *Gurrelieder* and *Verklärte Nacht* that earned him the admiration of the likes of Richard Strauss and Gustav Mahler. But soon he felt the tonal musical language had exhausted itself.

The song cycle *Pierrot Lunaire*, on poems (translated from French into German) by the Belgian composer Albert Giraud, saw the light of day in 1912 after Schönberg had moved to Berlin, where, among other things, he worked as a conductor for the cabaret group Überbrettel. The songs are imbued with cabaret atmosphere. At the premiere in Berlin in the year of its conception, Albertine Zehme, the vocal soloist, was dressed up as Columbine, the female counterpart to Pierrot.

Zehme was an actress and the poems were not meant to be sung. For the most part the soloist rhythmically recites. Schoenberg gave clear instructions. "The goal is certainly not at all realistic, natural speech. On the contrary, the difference between ordinary speech and speech that collaborates in a musical form must be made plain. But it should not call singing to mind, either." "The performer's task here is at no time to derive the mood and character of the individual pieces from the meaning of the words, but always solely from the music." Schönberg's riposte to accusations of using blasphemous texts – "If they were musical, not a single one would give a damn about the words. Instead, they would go away whistling the tunes" – further highlights that the music prevails over the lyrics.

The poems are divided up into three groups of seven. The first poems evolve around themes of love, sex and religion, the second are about crime, violence and blasphemy, and the third group treats the theme of Pierrot's return to his hometown of Bergamo. Just as in Berg's piece, numerology is central to the composition's structure, with a key role for the number 7. The cycle consists of three groups of seven poems, and Schönberg frequently uses motifs made up of seven notes. Moreover, the number of required performers, including the director, amounts to seven. The make-up of the ensemble, a flutist (doubling as piccoloist), a clarinetist (also playing the bass clarinet), violinist (doubling as violist), pianist, cellist, voice and conductor, was so successful that to this day it is referred to as 'Pierrot ensemble'.

Upon its premiere, *Pierrot Lunaire* was met with booing and hissing, but Stravinsky called it “the solar plexus as well as the mind of early twentieth century music”. It still is one of Schönberg's most popular works.

[Bart de Vries](#)

PIERROT LUNAIRE, lyrics

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Moondrunk

The wine we drink through the eyes
The moon pours down at night in waves,
And a flood tide overflows
The silent horizon.

Longings beyond number, gruesome sweet frissons,
Swim through the flood.
The wine we drink through the eyes
The moon pours down at night in waves.

The poet, slave to devotion,
Drunk on the sacred liquor,
Enraptured, turns his face to Heaven
And staggering sucks and slurps
The wine we drink through the eyes.

Columbine

The moonlight's pale blossoms,
The white wonder-roses,
Bloom in July nights.
O could I pluck but one!

To soothe my deepest sorrow,
Through darkening streams I seek
The moonlight's pale blossoms,
The white wonder-roses.

All my longings would be satisfied,
Dared I as gently
As a fairy sprite to scatter

Over your brown tresses
The moonlight's pale blossoms.

The Dandy

With a ghostly light ray
The moon illumines the crystal flasks
Upon the dark altar-the holy Washbasin
Of the taciturn Dandy from Bergamo.

In the resonant bronze basin
The fountains laugh a metallic clangor.
With a ghostly light ray
The moon illumines the crystal flasks.

Pierrot with waxen complexion
Stands deep in thought: What makeup for today?
He shoves aside the red and oriental green
And paints his face in sublime style
With a ghostly light ray.

A Pale Washerwoman

A pale washerwoman
Washes faded garments at nighttime.
Naked, silver-white arms
She stretches down into the flood.

Breezes tiptoe through the clearing,
Lightly ruffle the stream.
A pale washerwoman
Washes faded garments at nighttime.

And the gentle maid of heaven,
Softly fondled by the boughs,
Spreads her linen spun from moonbeams
Across the dusky meadows-
A pale washerwoman.

Chopin Waltz

As a bleached drop of blood
Stains a sufferer's lips,
So lurks within this music
The lure of annihilation.

In untamed strains the chords disorder
Despair's icy dream-
As a bleached drop of blood
Stains a sufferer's lips.

Fierce, exulting, sweet, and yearning,
Melancholy dismal waltzes,
You cling to my consciousness,
You are borne on my thoughts
Like a bleached drop of blood.

Madonna

Ascend, O Mother of All Sorrows

The altar of my verses!
The sword's fury has drawn blood
From thy withered breasts.

Thy eternal open wounds
Are like eyes, red and open.
Ascend, O Mother of All Sorrows
The altar of my verses!

In thy shriveled hands
Thou holdest thy Son's body,
Revealed to all mankind-
But mankind's gaze is turned away
From thee, O Mother of All Sorrows.

The Sick Moon

You dark moon, deathly ill,
Laid over heaven's sable pillow,
Your fever-swollen gaze
Enchants me like alien melody.

You die of insatiable pangs of love,
Suffocated in longing,
You dark moon, deathly ill,
Laid over heaven's sable pillow.

The hotblooded lover
Slinking heedless to the tryst
You hearten with your play of light,
Your pale blood wrung from torment,
You dark moon, deathly ill.

Night

Giant black butterflies
Have blotted out the sunshine.
A closed book of magic spells,
The horizon sleeps-silent.

Vapors from lost abysses
Breathe out an odor, murdering memory.
Giant black butterflies
Have blotted out the sunshine.

And from Heaven earthward
Gliding down on leaden wings
The invisible monsters
Descend upon our human hearts...
Giant black butterflies.

Prayer to Pierrot

Pierrot! My laughter
I've unlearned.
The image of splendor
Melted away.

To me the flag waves black
Now from the mast.

Pierrot! My laughter
I've unlearned.

O give me back--
Horse-doctor to the soul,
Snowman of Lyric,
Your Lunar Highness,
Pierrot! my laughter.

Theft

Princely red rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory,
Slumber in the coffins,
Down there in the sepulchers.

Nighttimes, with his drinking buddies,
Pierrot climbs down-to steal
Princely red rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory.

But look-their hair stands on end,
Fear roots them to the spot:
Through the darkness-like eyes!-
Out of the coffins stare
Princely red rubies.

Red Mass

At the gruesome Eucharist,
In golden glitter,
In flickering candlelight,
To the altar comes-Pierrot!

His hand, consecrated to God,
Tears open the priestly robes
At the gruesome Eucharist,
In golden glitter.

Signing the cross,
He shows the suffering souls
The dripping red Host:
His heart-in bloody fingers-
At the gruesome Eucharist.

Gallows Song

The scrawny wench
With the long neck
Will be
His last lover.

Stuck in his brain
Like a nail is
The scrawny wench
With the long neck.

Thin as a pine tree,
Pigtail down her neck-
Lasciviously she'll
Embrace the knave,

The scrawny wench!

Beheading

The moon, a shining scimitar
On a black silk cushion,
Preternaturally large-glows down
Through night's pall of sorrow.

Pierrot wanders about restlessly
And stares aloft in deadly fear
At the moon, a shining scimitar
On a black silk cushion.

His knees tremble,
He collapses senseless.
He fancies it's already whistling down
In vengeance on his guilty neck,
The moon, the shining scimitar.

Crosses

Poems are poets' holy crosses
On which they bleed in silence,
Struck blind by phantom swarms
Of fluttering vultures.

Swords have feasted on their bodies,
Reveling in the scarlet blood!
Poems are poets' holy crosses
On which they bleed in silence.

Dead the head, the tresses stiffened,
Far away the noisy rabble.
Slowly the sun sinks,
A red royal crown.-
Poems are poets' holy crosses.

Homesickness

Sweetly lamenting-a crystalline sigh
Out of the old Italian pantomime,
It resonates in our time: Why's Pierrot become
So wooden, so sentimental modern?

And it sounds through his heart's wasteland,
Sounds an undertone through all his senses,
Sweetly lamenting-a crystalline sigh
Out of the old Italian pantomime.

Then Pierrot forgets the mask of tragedy!
Through the moon's pale fireshine,
Through the sea's light-tide-sails his yearning
Bravely forth, heavenward home,
Sweetly lamenting-a crystalline sigh.

Practical Joke

Into the gleaming pate of Cassander,
Who's crying bloody murder,
Pierrot drills with a disingenuous air,

Gently, with a trepan [skull-borer]!

Then tamps in with his finger
His genuine Turkish tobacco
Into the gleaming pate of Cassander,
Who's crying bloody murder.

Then screws a cherry pipestem
Into the bald spot behind
And smugly puffs away on
His genuine Turkish tobacco
From the gleaming pate of Cassander.

Parody

Knitting needles gleaming and flashing
In her gray hair,
The duenna sits there muttering
In her little red dress.

She's waiting in the arbor;
She loves Pierrot to distraction,
Knitting needles gleaming and flashing
In her gray hair.

Of a sudden-hark!-a whisper!
A breath of wind softly snickers:
The moon, wicked aping scoffer,
Beams down a simulacrum of
Knitting needles gleaming and flashing.

Moonfleck

A white fleck of bright moon
On the back of his black coat,
Pierrot sets off one balmy evening,
To seek his fortune.

Suddenly something's awry in his toilette;
He casts about until he finds it-
A white fleck of bright moon
On the back of his black coat.

Drat! he thinks: a fleck of plaster!
Wipes and wipes, but-can't get it off!
So on he goes, his pleasure poisoned,
Till break of day, rubbing and rubbing
A white fleck of bright moon.

Serenade

With a grotesquely outsized bow
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.
Like a stork on one leg,
He plucks a doleful pizzicato.

Suddenly here's Cassander -- raging
At the nighttime virtuoso --
With a grotesquely outsized bow
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.

He tosses the viola aside,
With his left hand delicately
Takes Sir Baldy by the collar --
Dreamily he plays on his pate
With a grotesquely outsized bow.

Moonbeam

Moonbeam is the rudder,
Waterlily serves as boat:
Thus Pierrot fares southward
On a fair following wind.

The stream hums deep scales
And rocks the fragile craft.
Moonbeam is the rudder,
Waterlily serves as boat.

To Bergamo, to Homeland,
Pierrot now wends his way;
Faintly in the east
Glows the green horizon.
Moonbeam is the rudder.

O sweet Fragrance

O redolence from fairytale times,
Bewitch again my senses!
A knavish swarm of silly pranks
Buzzes down the gentle breeze.

A happy impulse calls me back
To joys I have long neglected:
O redolence from fairytale times,
Bewitch me again!

All my ill humors I've renounced;
From my sun-framed window
I behold untrammelled the beloved world
And dream me out to blissful vistas...
O redolence from fairytale times.