

Beethoven Meets Frankenstein

Christopher Costanza, *Music Director*
Stephen M. Sano, *Conductor*

WHEN:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3
7:30 PM

VENUE:
BING STUDIO



Program

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827):

Sonata in D Major, Op. 102, No. 2 (1815)

Allegro con brio

Adagio con molto sentiment d'affetto—attacca:

Allegro—Allegro fugato

Christopher Costanza, *cello*

Kevin Sun, *piano*

Ludwig van Beethoven:

Songs for Baritone and Piano Trio

"The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left"—

from 20 Irish Songs, WoO 153, No. 9

"To the Blackbird"—from 26 Welsh Songs, WoO 155, No. 20

"Farewell thou noisy town"—

from 26 Welsh Songs, WoO 155, No. 8

"Oh! Sweet were the hours"—

from 25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108, No. 3 (1815-16)

"Come fill, fill my fellow"—

from 25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108, No. 13 (1815-16)

Tyler Duncan, *baritone*

Erika Switzer, *piano*

Debra Fong, *violin*

Christopher Costanza, *cello*

—INTERMISSION—

HK Gruber (b. 1943):

***Frankenstein!!*, a Pan-demonium**

for Baritone Chansonnier and Ensemble

after Children's Rhymes (1976-77)

Fanfare—Prologue

Ia. Dedication

Ib. Miss Dracula

Ila. Goldfinger and Bond

Ilb. John Wayne

Ilc. Monster

III. A Mi Ma Monsterlet

IV. Fanfare—intermezzo, "Werewolf's Serenade"

V. Frankenstein

VI. Rat Song and Crusoe Song

VII. Mr. Superman

VIII. Finale

VIIIa. The Green-haired Man

VIIIb. Batman and Robin

VIIIc. Monsters in the Park

VIII d. Litany

VIII e. Hello, hello, Herr Frankenstein

VIII f. Grete Muller's Adieu

Fanfare—Epilogue

Stephen M. Sano, *conductor*

Tyler Duncan, *chansonnier*

Erika Switzer, *piano*

Dustin Donahue, *percussion*

Debra Fong, *violin*

Michiko Theurer, *violin*

Andrew Lan, *viola*

Christopher Costanza, *cello*

Bruce Moyer, *bass*

Adrian Sanborn, *flute and piccolo*

Mark Brandenburg, *clarinet*

Lee Duan, *bassoon*

Guy Clark, *trumpet*

Jeffrey Chang, *horn*

This program is presented in partnership with Stanford's Medicine and the Muse program.

About the Program

This exciting and unique concert program celebrates the 200th anniversary of the first publication of the profoundly philosophical and intense novel weaving together science, romance, horror, and mystery: Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. We don't tend to associate musical works with this groundbreaking literary work, but there is one distinctive 20th century piece of music that stands out: *Frankenstein!!*, a "pan-demonium for chansonier and orchestra after children's rhymes by H.C. Artmann," composed in 1976 by

Viennese composer H. K. Gruber. Gruber's *Frankenstein!!* is a brilliantly humorous and entertaining work, combining absurdist, slightly twisted children's poetry—performed by a "chansonier," a singer who produces both distinct pitches and lyrically spoken text—with music that seamlessly merges features of pop, jazz, neo-classicism, and Viennese cabaret.

So how to construct a program around this one-of-a-kind work? Beethoven to the rescue! Both Gruber and

Beethoven are universally accepted as great musical innovators in their respective eras. Beethoven was at the height of his powers when *Frankenstein* was published, and by programming several of Beethoven's works composed in or around the year 1818, we mark the bicentennial of Mary Shelley's profound opus. And as a bonus, we honor Mary Shelley's home country through our presentation of Beethoven's beautiful arrangements of folksongs native to the British Isles.

—Christopher Costanza

From the Composer

The origins of this 'pan-demonium' go back to the *Frankenstein Suite* of 1971—a sequence of songs and dances written for the Vienna 'MOB art and tone ART Ensemble', which was then active in the field of instrumental theatre. Although the Suite was a success, I was unhappy about its improvisatory structure, and also needed the resources of a full orchestra. So in 1976/77 I completely recomposed the work in its present form. It was first performed on 25 November 1978 by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under Simon Rattle, with myself as soloist. For the 1979 Berlin Festival I wrote an alternative version for soloist and 12 players (first performed that year by the Vienna ensemble 'die reihe' under Kurt Schwertsik, again with myself as soloist). Since then, the two versions have happily co-existed; and in 1983, at the Espace Cardin in Paris, *Frankenstein!!* entered the theatre for the first time—an unforeseen development, but one

that proved suited to Artmann's multi-layered fantasy.

The title of the volume from which I took the poems of *Frankenstein!!*—*Allerleirausch, neue schöne kinderreime* (Noises, noises, all around—lovely new children's rhymes)—promises something innocuous; but Artmann himself has described the poems as being, among other things, 'covert political statements.' Typically he refused to explain what he meant. But his reticence is eloquent: the monsters of political life have always tried to hide their true faces, and all too often succeed in doing so. One of the dubious figures in the pandemonium is the unfortunate scientist who makes so surprising an entry at mid-point. Frankenstein—or whoever we choose to identify with that name—is not the protagonist, but the figure behind the scenes whom we forget at our peril. Hence the exclamation marks.

Artmann's demystification of heroic villains or villainous heroes finds a musical parallel in, for instance, the persistent alienation of conventional orchestral sound by resorting to a cupboard-full of toy instruments. However picturesque or amusing the visual effect of the toys, their primary role is musical rather than playful—even howling plastic horses have their motivic / harmonic function. In order to do justice to the true significance of the texts it would be enough to provide some extra exercises in structural complexity. By analogy with Artmann's diction, my aim was a broad palette combining traditional musical idioms with newer and more popular ones, and thus remaining true to the deceptive simplicity of texts whose forms at first glance suggest a naive and innocently cheerful atmosphere.

—HK Gruber

Beethoven Song Texts

The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left

The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee."

Farewell, farewell, thou noisy town

Farewell, farewell, thou noisy town,
Thou scene of restless glare;
Thine hours no real pleasures crown,
No peace, no love is there.
How dull thy splendid ev'nings close!
How sad thy joys to me!
Thy hollow smiles, thy rival shows,
And all thy misery.

But welcome to my longing eyes,
Dear objects ever new,
My rural cot, you varying skies,
Streams, woods, and mountains blue!
With these my humble spirits finds
Health, liberty, and rest,
The silent joys of simple minds,
And leisure to be blest.

To the Blackbird

Sweet warbler of a strain divine,
What woodland note can equal thine?
No hermit's matins hail the day
More pure than fine from yonder spray.
Thy glossy plumes of sable hue,
Retiring from the searching view,
Protect the like, the leafy screen
Beneath whose shade
 thou sing'st unseen.

Thou to the poet art allied,
Be then thy minstrelsy my pride:
Thy poet then, thy song I'll praise,
Thy name shall grace my happiest lays;
To future lovers shall proclaim
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy fame,
And when they hear thee in the grove,
They'll own thee for the bird of love.

O sweet were the hours

O sweet were the hours
When in mirth's frolic throng
I led up the revels
With dance and with song;
When brisk from the fountain
And bright as the day,
My spirits o'erflow'd
And ran sparkling away!

Wine! Wine! Wine!
Come bring me wine to cheer me,
Friend of my heart!
Come pledge me high!
Wine! Till the dreams of youth
Again are near me,
Why must they leave me,
Tell me, why?

I cannot forget you,
I would not resign,
There's health in my pulse,
And a spell in my wine;
And sunshine in Autumn,
Tho' passing too soon,
Is sweeter and dearer
Than sunshine in June.

Wine! Wine! Wine!
Come bring me wine to cheer me,
Friend of my heart!
Come pledge me high!
Wine! Till the dreams of youth
Again are near me,
Why must they leave me,
Tell me, why?

Come fill, fill, my good fellow!

Come fill, fill, my good fellow!
Fill high, high, my good Fellow,
And let's be merry and mellow,
And let us have one bottle more.
When warm the heart is flowing,
And bright the fancy glowing,
Oh, shame on the dolt would be going,
Nor tarry for one bottle more!

So now, here's to the Lasses!
See, see, while the toast passes,
How it lights up beaming glasses!
Encore to the Lasses, encore.
We'll toast the welcome greeting
Of hearts in union beating.
And oh! For our next merry meeting,
Huzza! Then for one bottle more!