

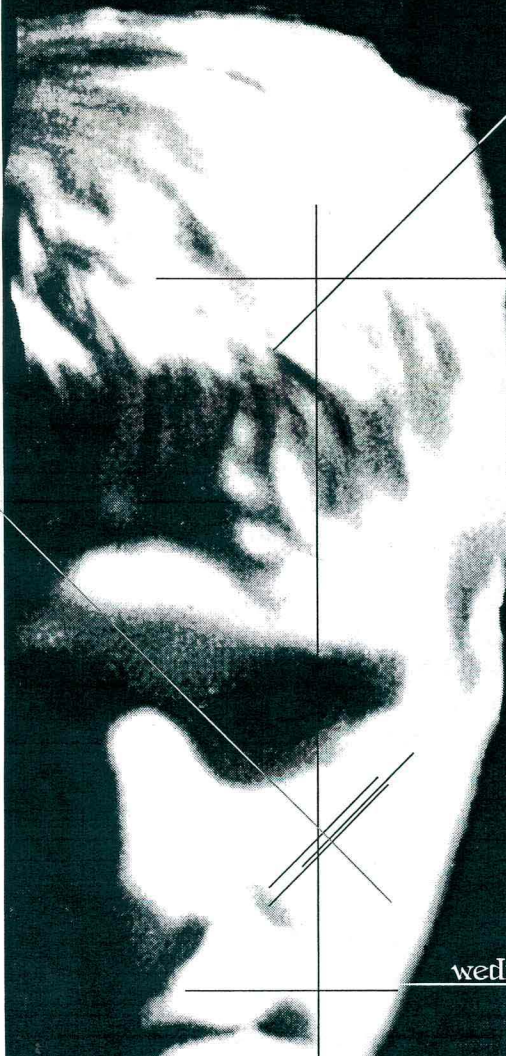
dan møhr -

voice

barbara brøwne -

keyboards

# RECITAL



wednesday may 17 2000

7:30pm

deane carriage barn



---

# PROGRAM



entr'acte: improvisation #2: martha's lied  
dan møhr

die junge magd (1922)  
paul hindemith  
poem by georg trakl

pieces from tierkreis (1976)  
karlheinz stockhausen  
realized by dan møhr  
-capricorn  
-taurus  
-scorpio  
-aquarius  
-capricorn

leçons de tenebres - premiere leçon  
françois couperin (1668-1733)

This concert, being my final one at Bennington, represents a sort of cross section of my interests in vocal performance. The Hindemith song cycle and the Stockhausen pieces are both 20th century repertoire. The Stockhausen treats the voice instrumentally, having no text to determine expressive content - this is something I am enormously interested in, both as a composer and a singer. I am also interested in the ornamentation and freedom of performance that characterizes early and baroque music, of which the Couperin is a specimen.

A note on the Stockhausen: Tierkreis is a series of 12 melodies with accompaniments, each one representative of a sign of the zodiac ('tierkreis' is the German word for zodiac). Stockhausen originally wrote them for music boxes, which he had made and gave away to the friends to whom the pieces each are dedicated. He published the scores, inviting any performer(s) to interpret them. True to the original music box form, he asks that each be repeated a number of times in performance. The realizations I will perform tonight are my own. They vacillate from adhering strictly to the content of the score, to more extreme manipulations of the material.

I would like to thank Tom Bogdan, for his unending and devout support and friendship; Barbara for bearing with me, and hopping so frequently between instruments; Charity for her feedback and support; and, in no particular order, Sue Rees, Melis Bilgin, Gecko Ergene, Sarah Reynolds, all who agreed to help out with the Couperin - especially Matt Pillischer, who edited the video footage, Amy Williams, the voice class, the wicked cooks, Sue Jones, Susie Reiss, Paul Opel, the Bingham kids (boom-boom), Sadaf Qureshi, Christian Bucknum, Summer Zandrew, the Rats, and the students of Bennington College for sticking to their guns.

---

die junge magd (the young maid)  
poem by georg traktl  
translated by dan mœhr

## TRANSLATIONS

1.

At the well, at dawn  
One often sees her standing enchanted  
Drawing up water, at dawn,  
walking a bucket back and forth.

In the trees the jackdaws flutter  
and she looks like a shadow  
Her golden hair flutters,  
and, in the yard, the rats scream.

And, overwhelmed by putrefaction  
she sinks behind inflamed eyelids.  
Dry grass leans in putrefaction  
to the place where her feet fall.

2.

She works silently in her room,  
and the yard lies, long barren.  
In the elder tree in front of the room,  
a blackbird sings wretchedly.

Her reflection looks silver in the mirror  
and she looks foreign to herself in the light of dusk  
and pale like dawn in the mirror  
and she is horrified at the purity of her reflection.

Dreamily, a Page sings in the darkness,  
and she becomes rigid with pain,  
Redness drips through the darkness.  
Suddenly, the south wind rattles at the door.

3.

Night falls over the barren village green.  
She hallucinates in fever-dreams.  
The wind groans morosely on the green,  
and the moon lurks over the trees.

Soon, the stars grow pale  
and exhausted by trouble  
Her waxy cheeks grow pale  
The scent of decay emanates from the ground.

Sadly, the reeds murmur in the pond,  
And something within her freezes.  
Far away a rooster crows. Over the pond,  
hard and gray, the morning showers.

4.

In the smithy drones the hammer,  
and she scurries past the door  
The Page swings the glowing red hammer  
and she appears as if she is dead.

As if in a dream, she hears laughter  
and staggers into the smithy,  
scared by his laughter,  
which is hard and vulgar like the hammer.

Bright sparks spray the room,  
and with a helpless gesture  
she snatches at the wild sparks  
and, stunned, falls to the ground.

5.

She stretches slightly in bed,  
kept awake by complete, sweet fear  
and she sees her filthy bed  
completely covered with golden light,

the weeds there at the window,  
and the clear blue of Heaven.  
Sometimes the wind carries to the window  
the ringing of a bell.

Shadows glide over the cushion,  
slowly the midday strikes.  
And she breathes heavily on the cushion,  
and her mouth looks like a wound.

6.

During the night hang bloody sheets,  
clouds over a silent forest,  
which is wrapped in black sheets.  
Sparrows raise an uproar in the fields.

And she lies perfectly white in the darkness.  
Under the roof, a dove murmurs.  
Like a piece of carrion in the bush and the darkness,  
Flies swarm around her mouth.

In the brown forest  
the sound of dancing and a fiddle echoes.  
Her face floats through the forest.  
Her hair is tangled in stark branches.

leçons de tenebres

first lesson - for wednesday of the holy week

translated by dan mōhr

Here begin the lamentations  
of Jeremiah the prophet.

ALEPH

How does the city sit solitary  
while full of people?

What had been the mistress of nations  
has been made as if a widow:

The principle of the provinces  
has been made subservient.

BETH

It weeps painfully in the night,  
and its tears

stain its cheeks:

It is not to be consoled by any  
out of all its lovers.

All of its friends  
have betrayed it,  
and they have been made its enemies.

GHIMEL

Judah has gone

into captivity,

and into great servitude:

It lives among the heathen,

it finds no peace:

all of its persecutors

overtook it

between the straits.

DALETH

The roads to Zion mourn,

because none will come

to its ceremonies.

All of its gates have been destroyed:

its priests sigh:

its virgins have been tainted,

and it is overcome by bitterness.

HE

Its captors have been put into power,

its enemies prosper:

for the Lord has willed it

for the multitude of

its iniquities.

Its young have been lead

into captivity

before the faces of its own.

Jerusalem, turn yourself

unto your God.

This concert is made possible in part through the generous support of Judith  
Rosenberg, '54, and the Henry and Ruth Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation.

---