

POETIC INSPIRATIONS

Works for Oboe, Viola & Piano

Alex Klein
oboe

Richard Young
viola

Ricardo Castro
piano



CEDILLE

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Modinha © Marco Aurélio Yano, 1984

Trio for Viola, Heckelphone, and Piano, Op. 47 © B. Schott's Söhne, Mainz, 1929 / © renewed P. Hindemith, 1957

The following instruments were used for this recording:

Viola: Peregrino di Zanetto (Brescia, ca. 1560)

Oboe: F. Lorée

Piano: Steinway *Technician:* Charles Terr

Bass oboe (Hindemith): F. Lorée



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AUGUST KLUGHARDT (1847–1902)

Schilflieder (Songs of the Reeds), Op. 28 (1872) (19:35)

1. Langsam, träumerisch (3:40)
2. Leidenschaftlich erregt (2:38)
3. Zart, in ruhiger Bewegung (5:40)
4. Feurig (2:47)
5. Sehr ruhig (4:38)

CHARLES MARTIN LOEFFLER (1861–1935)

Two Rhapsodies for Oboe, Viola, and Piano (1901) (21:23)

- I. L'Étang: Lento (un poco Andante) (9:30)
- II. La Cornemuse: Un poco maestoso (11:50)

FELIX WHITE (1884–1945)

- The Nymph's Complaint for the Death of her Fawn* (1921) (8:08)*

MARCO AURÉLIO YANO (1963–1991)

- Modinha* (1984) (2:45)*

PAUL HINDEMITH (1895–1963)

Trio for Viola, Heckelphone, and Piano, Op. 47 (1928) (14:44)

Erster Teil (7:03)

- Solo: Sehr lebhaft, stürmisch— (1:00)
- Arioso: Sehr langsam— (4:32)
- Duett: Lebhaft (1:31)

Zweiter Teil: Potpourri (7:37)

- I. Schnelle Halbe— (2:39)
- III. Schnelle Halbe— (1:36)
- II. Lebhaft. Ganze Takte— (1:46)
- IV. Prestissimo (1:35)

TT: (67:10) *World Premiere Recording

AUGUST KLUGHARDT

□–□ *Schilflieder (Songs of the Reeds)*, Op. 28

This recording project has revealed a number of unexpected treasures, the most unlikely of which might be *Schilflieder* because August Klughardt is virtually unknown today, even among most professional musicians. During his career as a *Kapellmeister* in Posen, Neustrelitz, Lubeck, and Dessau, he wrote numerous operas and symphonic works and some chamber music. Not one of his compositions has found its way into the standard repertoire, however, although his woodwind quintet is occasionally mentioned by wind players. Nevertheless, despite its obscurity, this piece for piano, oboe, and viola is hauntingly beautiful and deserves to be heard.

Schilflieder (Songs of the Reeds) was composed in 1872 in a grand romantic spirit reminiscent of Franz Liszt, to whom it was dedicated. Its five pieces are based on poems by Nikolaus Lenau, whose verses are printed in the score above the relevant passages. They tell the story of a man who has lost the love of his life. Overwhelmed by despair, he withdraws to a secluded place by a pond where reeds grow in the shallow waters near the shore. Here he grieves and reminisces about his lost love.

From the earliest moments of the first piece, one is overwhelmed by the man's private pathos. Different memories are subsequently evoked by changes in the weather and the light

— as in the second piece, when wind and pelting rain envelop the familiar scene by the pond. The third piece is a hushed and vulnerable dream — a bittersweet recollection of happier days. (Alban Berg used this same Lenau poem for one of his *Seven Early Songs*.) In the fourth piece, a violent thunderstorm is in full fury when a burst of lightning suddenly illuminates what appears to be the woman's face reflected in the surface of the pond, her rain-soaked hair whipped about by the howling wind.

As colorful and dramatic as the music has been thus far, Klughardt saves the best for last. For in the fifth piece, the two lovers appear at last to "talk" to each other! After a soul-wrenching outpouring in the viola comes a heavenly 2-note "cry" in the oboe. Just as Robert Schumann evokes his beloved "Cla-ra" with a 2-note falling fifth (in his third string quartet and the piano quintet), the woman here calls out with a 2-note falling sixth. What follows is a touchingly poignant "conversation" — his still-tormented soul expressed by the viola, her more reassuring voice by the oboe. The two eventually "harmonize" one another in music of sincere and heartfelt rapture. And in one extraordinary moment near the end, just after "a quiet evening prayer," the oboe's tender melody is seamlessly passed to the viola, as though the lovers' salty tears are mingling one last time. All prior despair is reconciled as this deeply moving work concludes with a soft but wistful "cry" — yet again, a falling sixth.

— Richard Young

Schilflieder (Songs of the Reeds)

Poems by Nikolaus Lenau

- ① *Over there the sun is setting,
weary day sinks into sleep
and the willows hang down low
to the pond, so calm so deep.*
- And my love is lost forever,
flow, oh tears, which no one heeds,
sad the wind through willows rustles,
weaving through the shivering reeds.*
- In the depth of desolation
you shine brightly from afar,
while through reeds and rushes brightly
shines the gentle evening star.*
- ② *Waning light, the clouds are scurrying
and the rain falls like a stone,
and the noisy winds cry sadly:
"Pond, where has your starlight flown?"*
- Seeking the light, extinguished
in the depths, whipped by the storm.
Never more your love will smile
on my heart's profoundest gloom!*
- ③ *Oft on secret forest paths
I creep in the evening glow
to the lonely banks of rushes,
darling girl, and think of you.*
- When the shrubs begin to darken
the reeds tell of mysteries deep,
and a plaintive, whispering voice
tells me I must weep, must weep.*

*And I fancy I can hear
the gentle music of your voice
while your charming song is sinking
into the pond without a trace.*

- ④ *The sun has gone down;
black clouds are drifting,
sultry and anxious
all the winds are fleeing!*

*Furiously across the sky
pallid lightning sears
and her transient image
in the pond appears.*

*In the stormy light
I seem to see your form
and your loosened hair
blowing in the storm!*

- ⑤ *Motionless upon the pond
lies the moonlight's gentle glow,
weaving her pallid roses
into the reed's green wreath below.*

*Stags, roving on the hills,
look up into the night,
sometimes the dreaming birds
stir in the depths of the reeds.*

*I drop my tearful gaze;
my soul is pierced to the core
by sweet memories of you,
like a quiet evening prayer.*

Translation by Gery Bramall

CHARLES MARTIN LOEFFLER

⑥–⑦ *Two Rhapsodies*

Of all the works on this CD, this comes closest to occupying a place in today's "standard repertoire." It turns up with surprising frequency, not only on mixed chamber music programs that have become the norm at so many summer festivals, but also at conservatory concerts and viola and oboe "congresses" the world over. In fact, violists and oboists have probably played this piece more often than any other chamber work that combines these two instruments — with the possible exception of the Mozart oboe quartet.

Until fairly recently, it was widely believed that Charles Martin Loeffler was born in Alsace (France) to German parents. Throughout his long and successful career, his "cosmopolitan" upbringing and the "typically Alsatian character" of his music were often mentioned. Loeffler himself did little to discourage these misleading impressions. He rarely admitted that his actual birth name was Martin Karl Löffler, that he was born in Schöneberg, not far from Berlin, and that both sides of his family were of Prussian origin. It was some years after the Prussians imprisoned and tortured his father that Loeffler turned his back on his true ancestry and "became" Alsatian. This helps to explain his musical style that was far more French than German.

At age 13, Loeffler resolved to become a professional musician. He studied violin in Berlin with Joseph Joachim and composition in Paris with Ernest Guiraud. At age 20, he emigrated to America, where only one year later he became assistant concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra — a post he held for over 2 decades. This prestigious position enabled him to have numerous compositions performed by that great orchestra, and to be a frequent concerto soloist. In fact, Loeffler gave the American premieres of violin concertos by Saint-Saëns, Bruch, and Lalo. He used these valuable opportunities to cultivate personal relationships with many influential musicians including Gabriel Fauré, Ferruccio Busoni, Eugène Ysaÿe, and even George Gershwin. Unlike the unfortunate Felix White, Loeffler was in the right place at the right time, with direct access to the highest echelons of the music profession.

The *Two Rhapsodies for Oboe, Viola, and Piano* date from 1901. But they were originally conceived in 1898 as a set of *Three Rhapsodies for Voice, Clarinet, Viola, and Piano*. When the clarinetist for whom they were intended was tragically killed, Loeffler reworked the material so it could be performed by an oboist he had befriended. Based on evocative poems by Maurice Rollinat, the *Two Rhapsodies* are reminiscent of Fauré and Chausson. The first rhapsody (*The Pool*) expresses a vivid fantasy-world of "aged fish struck blind... goblins... and consumptive toads," all under the glow

of the moon's "ghostly face, with flattened nose and weirdly vacant jaw, like death's head lit from within." The second rhapsody (*The Bagpipe*) imitates the characteristic sounds of that primitive yet hauntingly expressive instrument, in a lush setting that could not be more "Romantic."

Loeffler embraced a musical philosophy post-Romantic literature called "decadent." He and composers such as Frank Bridge believed that one could not fully appreciate happiness without first confronting the depths of sadness. The promise of "enlightenment" comes only to those who first navigate "the darkness." In these *Two Rhapsodies*, Rollinat's sometimes morbid images should therefore be seen in a larger context — as part of the sometimes harsh and shocking landscape which lines the path that ultimately leads to a more serene and fulfilling destination. Loeffler's musical expression of this poetry is even more powerful than the words alone. Not unlike a mini-opera, it presents colorful and dramatic tone-pictures that capture the spirit of French Impressionism, but are also imbued with a wide-eyed New World freshness.

The New World had a similar effect on Antonin Dvořák when he settled in the United States around the same time. But unlike Dvořák, whose "American" musical language always reflected his Czech heritage, Loeffler rarely allowed the flavor of his music to be

influenced by his Prussian origins. Yet if his heart still carried bitterness toward those who took away his father when he was 12 years old, there is no hint of it in his music. For what is so compellingly expressed in these *Two Rhapsodies* is the wondrous exhilaration, curiosity, and rapture of a young person's private imaginary realm. Despite all the comfortable trappings of Charles Martin Loeffler's very successful and satisfying adult life, could this realm have been a still-necessary escape from the nightmares of Martin Karl Löffler's childhood?

— Richard Young



Poems by Maurice Rollinat

⑥ THE POOL

Full of old fish, blind-stricken long ago, the pool, under a near sky rumbling dull thunder, bares between centuries-old rushes the splashing horror of its gloom.

Over yonder, goblins light up more than one marsh that is black, sinister, unbearable; but the pool is revealed in this lonely place only by the croakings of consumptive frogs.

Now the moon, piercing at this very moment, seems to look here at herself fantastically; as though, one might say, to see her spectral face, her flat nose, the strange vacuity of teeth — a death's-head lighted from within, about to peer into a dull mirror.

⑦ THE BAGPIPE

His bagpipe groaned in the woods as the wind that belleth; and never has stag at bay, nor willow, nor oar, wept as that voice wept.

Those sounds of flute and hautboy seemed like the death-rattle of a woman. Oh! his bagpipe, near the cross-roads of the crucifix!

He is dead. But under cold skies, as soon as night weaves her mesh, down deep in my soul, there in the nook of old fears, I always hear his bagpipe groaning as of yore.

Translation by Philip Hale

FELIX WHITE

⑧ *The Nymph's Complaint* for the Death of her Fawn

Throughout music history there have been many fine musicians who were more talented than successful. One such was British composer Felix White, who wrote a surprisingly large number of works, few of which were known beyond his own circle of friends and associates. Today, over a hundred of his compositions are listed in the British Library's catalogue of British music, including symphonic poems, chamber music, songs, pieces for string orchestra, and solo piano works. He also orchestrated many piano pieces, including Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations*. Though he was labeled "one of the most characteristic" English composers during the 1920s, this is a far cry from the praise that others of similar ability received at the time.

Why is this? First of all, White never wrote a major symphony or choral work — the kind of music that might have made a grand impression on the British public. Moreover, none of his music was recorded during his lifetime and relatively few works were published. Most have existed solely in manuscript form, only occasionally acknowledged in the small print of music journals or library catalogues. Even a Google search has little to offer about Felix White. His greatest public success probably came during the 1930s, when the BBC finally aired a couple of his

pieces. Though he had submitted countless others, they had all been rejected or were never performed.

Sadly, this has been the reality faced by many struggling composers, before and after Felix White. They have found themselves caught in the middle of two questions that pull in opposite directions: *How can you become well known unless you receive important performance and recording opportunities? But how can you get these opportunities if you are not already well known?* As a consequence, composers toil all too often in obscurity, taking music-related jobs as they come along. They try to take advantage of their limited access to the "music establishment" — sometimes through colleagues who (for reasons that are often inexplicable) *have* become relatively successful. They knock on many doors, figuratively and literally, but for the most part end up living in the shadows of the music profession. Their greatest satisfaction is more private than public — derived from the conviction that they have written music that is *worthy*, even if it is not *successful*.

Felix White was born into a Jewish family whose original name was Weiss. He was entirely self-taught, except for piano lessons he received from his mother at an early age. In 1931, he joined the London Philharmonic Orchestra as the celesta and piano player. He wrote many articles, did a number of translations, and edited works by other

composers. Hopes were high when John Barbirolli asked him to write a *Poem* for cello and piano — a work White considered one of his very best. But any chance this might have led to important future opportunities vanished when Barbirolli gave up the cello to pursue his hugely successful career as a conductor. Neither Barbirolli nor anyone else (to our knowledge) ever performed the piece in public.

Perhaps the only reason *The Nymph's Complaint for the Death of her Fawn* is known to us today is that it won a Carnegie Award in 1922. This, in turn, brought it to the attention of Ralph Vaughan Williams, who praised it. If not for that, it would probably have been long forgotten, along with most of White's other efforts. The piece is based on a psychologically complex poem by Andrew Marvell. Unlike Klughardt's *Schilflieder*, the music appears to be influenced by the words in mostly general ways rather than by specific references. Nevertheless, the listener can follow the poem's dark and tragic story. The work is in three parts. It begins with a slow and anguished lament (*Andante con moto*), proceeds to a nervous and breathless chase (*Allegro molto vivace*), then returns (*Come Prima*) to the tortured character of the beginning. It is colorful, evocative, and very skillfully composed — certainly deserving far more attention than it has received.

— Ricardo Castro

The Nymph's Complaint For the Death of Her Fawn

Poem by Andrew Marvell

*The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive —
To kill thee! Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm: alas, nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of everything:
And nothing may we use in vain.
E'en beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean: their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.*

*Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then; I'm sure I do.*

*Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath caught a fawn to hunt his dear.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled.
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.*

*Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this: and very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport; and light
Of foot, and heart; and did invite
Me to its game: it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? O I cannot be
Unkind, t'a beast that loveth me.*

*Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did: his gifts might be
Perhaps as false or more than he.
But I am sure, for ought that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel men.*

*With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nursed.
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft,
And white (shall I say than my hand?)
Nay, any lady's of the land.*

*It is a wondrous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the race:
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds;
And trod, as on the four winds.*

*I have a garden of my own
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness.
And all the springtime of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies, I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes.
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed:
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill:
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.*

*O help! O help! I see it faint:
And die as calmly as a saint.
See how it weeps. The tears do come*

*Sad, slowly dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam:
The holy frankincense doth flow.
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.*

*I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears; and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.*

*Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go:
In fair Elysium to endure,
With mild-white lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast: for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.*

*First my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too — but there
The engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep though I be stone:
Until my tears (still dropping) wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made:
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.*



MARCO AURÉLIO YANO

☐ *Modinha*

Marco Aurélio Yano wrote *Modinha* in 1984 as a friendly gift to me. We were both attending college composition classes at the Universidade Estadual Paulista (UNESP) in São Paulo, Brazil. Marco wrote for this combination as an addendum to the limited repertory for oboe, viola, and piano, after I first discovered the Loeffler Rhapsodies. *Modinha* is a common term used to describe a traditional melody in Brazil.

Marco generously wrote short works for several of his colleagues, including works for viola, dedicated to our friend João Mauricio Galindo, and the two solo oboe works he wrote for me (*Seresta* and *Improviso*). A few years later, it was my recollection of these beautiful works and his labor of love that inspired me to commission a new oboe concerto from Marco. It was to be his first and only large scale work. (I recorded Marco's Concerto for Oboe and Orchestra for Cedille Records in 2003, with Paul Freeman leading the Czech National Symphony Orchestra.)

Yano was a *nissei*, the name used to describe the first generation of Japanese immigrants born in a foreign land. Brazil received a large influx of Japanese nationals in the last century and boasts the largest Japanese community outside of Japan. Marco Aurélio Yano was a member of this tightly knit com-

munity. The influence of Japanese culture is not difficult to hear in his music, as a distant calling in the way he delineates his phrases, in the passing nostalgia of his musical characters, and in the way he treats all climaxes within the work.

What is most striking in Marco's music, both here and in the Concerto, is the depth of his involvement with it even where it relates to music written for friends. Perhaps one would expect such music to express the camaraderie we see in works other composers wrote for their close buddies: an inside joke or two, or a reference to a particular quirk of the dedicatee's personality. We see this in Mozart, Brahms, and Nielsen (for example) when a close friend is the inspiration for a work. Not so with Yano. Music for him was an escape, a closely guarded form of expression in a world which had denied him other means of movement.

It would be improper to mention Yano's physical condition as means to magnify his musical talent, or to give it special value. Doing so would belittle his work, if not insult it. Yet the two — the talent and the condition — need to be addressed to understand the reality from which Marco created his music. Marco was quadriplegic from birth, which gave him a perception of our world the rest of us cannot begin to comprehend. Speech, movement, motor control, and the expression of common emotions took on a burden

capable of muffling emotional and artistic output — or in the case of Marco, providing an avenue of expression that was all his, arguably the only one freely given to him (other than the constant support and love of his parents and family). Yano's short life (1963–1991) is remembered in the few works mentioned here, and also several pieces for electronic media.

— Alex Klein

PAUL HINDEMITH

📄–📄 *Trio for Viola, Heckelphone, and Piano, Op. 47*

The respected American composer Otto Luening once told me about an interview of Paul Hindemith he conducted for *The New York Times*. Otto was an engaging and trust-inspiring gentleman who made you feel immediately comfortable. But in unguarded moments, you could find yourself revealing things you would normally never share. This must have been what happened when he got Hindemith to admit, “*Eighty percent of my music is crap!*” Otto earnestly followed up: “*Then why did you write it, Paul?*” Hindemith thought for a moment, then said something you’d not likely find in a music history textbook, program notes for a CD, or *The New York Times* for that matter: “*I had to write that eighty percent in order to come up with twenty percent that’s really pretty good.*”

Paul Hindemith was not the only famous composer who was at his very best only a small percent of the time. This is difficult to prove, however, since most composers tend to withhold pieces that don’t represent their highest standard. This was true of Brahms, for example, who discarded many compositions he considered unworthy. But Hindemith published virtually everything he wrote. This helps explain the noticeable gap between works like the gorgeous Op. 11, No. 4 viola/piano sonata, and the clever but singularly unbeautiful octet. Hindemith’s music was always highly *intelligent*. Indeed, there was no finer craftsman in the 20th century. It was not always *inspired*, however — as he admitted to Otto Luening with such unvarnished candor. Nevertheless he saw this as a necessary consequence of his personal “creative process” — a process that might not have been so different from that of other great composers. Hindemith just allowed us to see more of it.

Like the Op. 11, No. 4 sonata, the magnificent Op. 22 string quartet, and orchestral works such as *Mathis der Maler*, this Op. 47 *Trio for Viola, Heckelphone, and Piano* is definitely in the twenty percent category that is not just “pretty good,” but truly extraordinary. Composed in 1928, it sizzles with drama from beginning to end. One reason might be that Hindemith was excited by the colorful new possibilities of the heckelphone — a double-reed instrument introduced by the Heckel

bassoon company in 1904 and first used the following year by Richard Strauss in the opera *Salome*. Because the heckelphone’s baritone range falls somewhere between the bassoon and the English horn, the viola is here able to transcend its traditional inner-voice role to find itself perched atop the ensemble texture much of the time. But Hindemith must have felt there should be certain “virtuosic responsibilities” required of those who are allowed to breathe that rarified air normally reserved for first violinists. As a very skillful violist himself, he knew how to exploit and radically stretch the viola’s technical range to a degree rarely seen in the standard chamber music repertoire. In fact, this trio requires uncommon virtuosity from all three instrumentalists. But it always strives to achieve a balance between expression and technique, between emotion and logic, between fantasy and structure — which is a hallmark of the very best chamber music.

The Op. 47 trio has tremendous variety packed into a tight and efficient framework. It consists of two large parts, each of which is divided into smaller sections. The First Part (*Erster Teil*) begins with a wild, schizophrenic *Solo* for piano. Though brief, it contains virtually all the “musical DNA” Hindemith employs through the rest of the piece. Next comes a brooding *Arioso* for heckelphone and piano, followed by a more animated and disquieting *Duett* for viola and heckelphone with piano accompaniment.

The Second Part (*Zweiter Teil: Potpourri*) consists of four contrasting sections, played without pause. The first section (*Schnelle Halbe*) relies heavily on contrapuntal techniques such as *fugue* and *canon*. Its angular and confident theme is independently embossed over a strict five or six-note *ostinato* in the piano’s left hand. This is later contrasted by nervous figures that scurry and scuttle about. The second section (*Lebhaft — Ganze Takte*) continues the same metric pulse in a similar robust fugal style. But here the additional layers of music contribute even more contrast and drama. The effect is similar to what one hears in culminating choruses of Mozart operas — where individual characters have their own unique style, pace, and temperament as they sing simultaneously from different parts of the stage. After a light and capricious beginning, the third section (*Schnelle Halbe*) grows increasingly ominous. It is suddenly interrupted by a loud sustained *tritone* in the piano that serves as a connection to the fourth and final section: a dangerous *Prestissimo*. Hearts pounding, the three players gradually thicken the texture and broaden the tempo before triumphantly converging on a *fortissimo* unison C-natural.

— Richard Young

ALEX KLEIN

oboe

Alex Klein began his musical studies in his native Brazil at the age of nine, and made his solo orchestral debut the following year, beginning his professional engagements at the age of eleven. Klein earned two degrees in music performance from the Oberlin Conservatory, studying with James Caldwell.

Klein won first prize in the first New York International Competition for Solo Oboe Players, held at Carnegie Hall. He has received many awards worldwide, including at the 1988 International Competition for Musical Performers in Geneva, Switzerland, in which he was the first oboist to be awarded the top prize since Heinz Holliger, three decades earlier.

Mr. Klein joined the Chicago Symphony as principal oboe in 1995, leaving in 2004 due to the onset of Musician's Focal Dystonia. He has performed as soloist with the Chicago Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, and Chicago Sinfonietta and a number of orchestras and ensembles worldwide. He has recorded for Teldec, Boston Records, Newport Classics, Musical Heritage Society, and Cedille Records. Alex Klein won the 2002 Grammy Award for Best Instrumental Soloist with Orchestra for his recording of the Richard Strauss Oboe Concerto with Daniel Barenboim and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Klein currently performs as a soloist and conductor, is Professor of Oboe at the Oberlin Conservatory, Principal Guest Conductor of the Sunflower Music Festival, Resident Conductor at the Saint Barths Music Festival, and Artistic Director of the Santa Catarina Music Festival in Brazil, where he unites his artistic background with social and cultural involvement with young musicians from throughout of the world.

RICHARD YOUNG

viola

At age thirteen, Richard Young was invited to perform for Queen Elisabeth of Belgium at the Royal Palace in Brussels. Since then he has soloed with various orchestras and has given solo and chamber music recitals throughout North and South America, Europe, the Far East, Africa, and Australia. A special award winner at the Rockefeller Foundation American Music Competition, he was a member of the New Hungarian Quartet as well as the violinist of the Rogeri Piano Trio. From 1985 to 2007 he was the violist of the renowned Vermeer String Quartet.

Mr. Young has performed at prestigious festivals throughout the world and recorded over three dozen works for Teldec, Naxos, Orion, Cedille, Vox, Musical Heritage, Angelicum, and Alden Productions. He has received three Grammy nominations, and was the producer of the Vermeer Quartet's CD of Haydn's *The Seven Last Words of Christ*, which has been broadcast to over 60 million people throughout the world. Mr. Young is also the author of the best-selling book *Echoes from Calvary* (published by Rowman & Littlefield).

Mr. Young has taught at Northern Illinois University, the University of Michigan, Northwestern University, and North Park University, and was chairman of the string faculty at Oberlin Conservatory. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester, England. In addition to his more traditional teaching activities, Richard Young does a substantial amount of volunteer work in inner-city Chicago for the benefit of disadvantaged children — at the People's Music School, and as a supervisor of the International Music Foundation's extensive "outreach" program.

RICARDO CASTRO

piano

The outstanding Brazilian pianist Ricardo Castro received world-wide acclaim when he won the 1993 Leeds International Piano Competition, becoming the first Latin-American winner in the Competition's history. He has given recitals in the world's major concert halls and performed concertos with leading orchestras including the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, BBC Symphony, Academy of St.Martin-in-the-Fields, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, Bournemouth Symphony, English Chamber Orchestra, Tonhalle Orchestra, Zurich Chamber Orchestra, Warsaw National Philharmonic, Bavarian Radio Symphony, Mozarteum of Salzburg, Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, and Tokyo Philharmonic. Conductors with whom he has collaborated include Sir Simon Rattle, Yakov Kreizberg, Leif Segerstam, Alexander Lazarev, Gilbert Varga, Markus Stenz, Kazimierz Kord, and Libor Pešek.

Ricardo Castro was an exclusive recording artist for BMG Arte Nova Classics from 1995 to 2000, recording eight CDs, including Mozart piano sonatas, a Liszt recital, Manuel de Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, and a 5-CD set of *Chopin Masterpieces* which received great critical acclaim. He has also recorded four hand music of Schubert with Maria João Pires for Deutsche Grammophon.

Ricardo Castro was named artistic director of the Bahia Symphony Orchestra in January 2007 and started a system of youth orchestras in that Brazilian state. He also teaches at the Fribourg Conservatory in Switzerland and is involved in many social projects for children in his native Brazil.

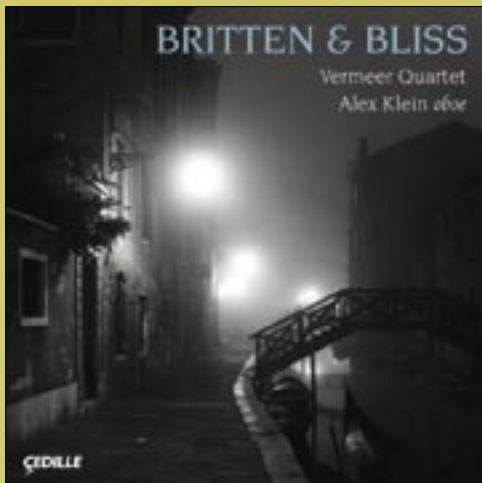


RICHARD YOUNG
viola

RICARDO CASTRO
piano

ALEX KLEIN
oboe

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