

THE
NEW
SERIES

David Serkin Ludwig, *Artistic Director*

Schoenberg
and Beyond

Juilliard

Welcome to The New Series!

The third season of The New Series continues our exploration of the music of our time examined through the lens of interdisciplinary collaboration. I curate The New Series programs with guests who are among today's leading artistic voices, with the intention to bring fresh insight to works of the 20th and 21st centuries. Each performance includes conversations about the programs and the ever-evolving world of the arts, creating highly personal and unforgettable experiences.



Tonight's concert continues the musical dialogue we began in last month's program of Schoenberg and Boulez, which honored anniversaries of two controversial revolutionaries of 20th century music. This evening, we delve further into Schoenberg's legacy and broad influence with Schoenberg and Beyond, performing his *Pierrot Lunaire* alongside the works of composers who both embraced and rejected his compositional techniques.

The New Series will continue in February with a celebration of the creativity of American composer, violinist, Juilliard alum, and Arnhold Creative Associate Jessie Montgomery in a spotlight on her music, with the composer present to share her extraordinary work. March brings another exciting collaboration of The New Series and Juilliard's Center for Creative Technology (CCT), offering a program of all electronic music, kicking off CCT's Future Stages festival. That concert will focus on new works that use technology to interact with (human) performers in innovative and unexpected ways. And, in May, we will proudly present Juilliard Pride Songbook Vol. 2 to celebrate the many musical contributions of Juilliard's LGBTQIA+ composers to our community.

We hope you enjoy the program and are grateful to have you with us!

Yours in music,

A handwritten signature of David Serkin Ludwig in white ink, written in a cursive style.

David Serkin Ludwig
Dean and Director of the Music Division
Artistic Director of The New Series

The Juilliard School
presents

The New Series Schoenberg and Beyond

Tuesday, November 19, 2024, 7:30pm
Paul Hall

6:30pm Preconcert presentation by David Serkin Ludwig

ARVO PÄRT
(b. 1935)

Trivium (1976)
Alex Leonardi, Organ

ALBAN BERG
(1885–1935)

From *Sieben frühe Lieder* (1907)
I. Nacht
III. Die Nachtigal
Page Michels, Soprano
Luis Villarreal Lozano, Piano

LUCIANO BERIO
(1925–2003)

Sequenza I (1958)
Phoebe Rawn, Flute

RUTH
CRAWFORD SEEGER
(1901–53)

Study in Mixed Accents (1930)
Baron Fenwick, Piano

MARCOS BALTER
(b. 1974)

Ignis Fatuus (2008)
Stephen Kim, Violin

BARBARA KOLB
(1939–2024)

Umbrian Colors (1986)
Stephen Kim, Violin
Madeline Hall, Guitar

Program continues



Large
Print

Please make certain that all electronic devices are turned off during the performance. The taking of photographs and the use of recording equipment are not permitted in this auditorium.

ANTON WEBERN
(1883–1945)

Langsamer Satz (1905)
Ezra Shcolnik, Violin
Pierce Wang, Violin
Carlos Walker, Viola
Amanda Vosburgh, Cello

WEBERN

Drei Kleine Stücke, Op. 11 (1914)
Mäßige Achtel
Sehr bewegt
Äußerst ruhig
Amanda Vosburgh, Cello
Baron Fenwick, Piano

Intermission

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG
(1874–1951)

Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21 (1912)
Kerrigan Bigelow, Soprano
Nikka Gershman, Flute/Piccolo
Katia Waxman*, Clarinet/Bass Clarinet
Leslie Ashworth, Violin/Viola
Elena Ariza, Cello
Baron Fenwick, Piano
Coaches: **Lucy Shelton** and **Steve Beck**

* *Juilliard alum*

Performance time: approximately 1 hour and 50 minutes, including an intermission

Juilliard’s creative enterprise programming, including the Creative Associates program, is generously supported by Jody and John Arnhold and the Arnhold Foundation.

Bloomberg Philanthropies

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Major funding for establishing Paul Recital Hall and for continuing access to its series of public programs have been granted by the Bay Foundation and the Josephine Bay Paul and C. Michael Paul Foundation in memory of Josephine Bay Paul.

Juilliard is committed to the diversity of our community and to fostering an environment that is inclusive, supportive, and welcoming to all. For information on our equity, diversity, inclusion, and belonging efforts, please visit our website at juilliard.edu/edib.

About the Program

Arnold Schoenberg, who effectively rewrote the traditional rules of composition, is sometimes compared to Karl Marx and other political theorists as an inventor of a new ideology whose principles were later co-opted and developed to extremes. As the originator of musical serialism, a method which rotates through predetermined sequences of notes, Schoenberg is both beloved and reviled, depending on with whom you are speaking. *Pierrot Lunaire* predates that serial codification, but it still shocks audiences well over a century after it was composed. The piece is made up of a tapestry of little motives or cells of notes that weave together throughout its 21 movements. The divisiveness of the music aside, the subject matter of the piece is likely to scandalize even some modern audiences.

Our program begins with *Trivium*, a work by Arvo Pärt, a composer who tried Schoenberg's serial methods but felt that it wasn't sufficient to express his religious faith. Following that are *Sequenza I*, by Italian composer Luciano Berio, and *Study in Mixed Accents*, a piece by Ruth Crawford Seeger; Seeger was a contemporary of Schoenberg who embraced his techniques and in doing so heralded an American musical modernism. Two other groundbreaking composers, Marcos Balter and Barbara Kolb, are represented by their works *Ignis Fatuus* and *Umbrian Colors*, respectively. Meanwhile, Schoenberg's star pupils, Alban Berg and Anton Webern, came to him writing music of the past, but their music changed drastically upon studying with him. We'll hear examples of this before-and-after in their compositions tonight, the latter most powerfully in the conclusion of the first half with Webern's compact and elegant *Drei Kleine Stücke*, Op. 11, for cello and piano.—David Serkin Ludwig

Texts & Translations

BERG

From *Sieben frühe Lieder*

I. Nacht

Text: Carl Hauptmann

Translation: Richard Stokes

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!

Clouds loom over night and valley.
Mists hover, waters softly murmur.
Now at once all is unveiled.
O take heed! take heed!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborg'nem Schoß.

A vast wonderland opens up,
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,
Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards
From a hidden womb.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz—ein Hauch vom fernen
Hain
Einsam leise weht.

And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.
A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside
Shadow-black—a breath from the distant
grove
Blows solitary soft.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!

And from the deep valley's gloom
Lights twinkle in the silent night.
Drink soul! drink solitude!
O take heed! take heed!

III. Die Nachtigall

Text: Theodor Storm

Translation: Richard Stokes

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

She was once a wild creature,
Now she wanders deep in thought;
In her hand a summer hat,
Bearing in silence the sun's heat,
Not knowing what to do.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

SCHOENBERG

Pierrot Lunaire

Text: Otto Erich Harleben

Translation: Roger Marsh

I. Mondestrunken

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Gießt Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,
Und eine Springflut überschwemmt
Den stillen Horizont.

The wine which through our eyes we drink
Pours from the moon in waves upon us
And like a springtide
Overflows the stillness of the night.

Gelüste schauerlich und süß,
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Gießt Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.

Desires so thrilling and so sweet,
Cascading through the floods in thousands:
The wine which through our eyes we drink,
Pours from the moon in waves upon us.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt,
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,
Gen Himmel wendet er verzückt
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und schlürft er
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

The writer, so divinely moved,
Is greedy for the holy liquid,
And skyward he directs his dizzy head,
Then reeling, gulps and slurps down
The wine which through our eyes we drink.

II. Colombine

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weißen Wunderrosen,
Blühen in den Julinachten—
O brach ich eine nur!

The moonlight's bleached white blossoms,
Those white amazing roses,
Bloom on this night in August—
O to pick one; to pick just one!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,
Such ich am dunklen Strome
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weißen Wunderrosen.

To ease my painful longing,
I search in darkening waters
For moonlight's bleached white blossoms,
Those white amazing roses.

Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,
Dürft ich so märchenheimlich,
So selig leis—entblättern
Auf deine braunen Haare
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

I'd cease from all my yearning
If I could have my one wish,
O sweet delight—I'd scatter
Upon your lovely brown hair
The moonlight's bleached white blossoms!

III. Der Dandy

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen Waschtisch
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.

In tönender, bronzener Schale
Lacht hell die Fontaine, metallischen Klangs.

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons.

Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Antlitz
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute sich
schminkt?
Fort schiebt er das Rot und das Orients Grün

Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem Stil
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

And with a fantastical searchlight
Now spotlights the moon all the crystalline flasks
On the jet black, most holy wash stand
Of the voiceless young dandy of Bergamo.

Resounding around the bronze basin
Brightly laughs the fountain, metallic and clear.

And with a fantastical searchlight
Now spotlights the moon all the crystalline flasks.

Pierrot, with pasty complexion
Stands pensive and thinks: what make-up shall I
use today?
Out goes first the red, then the Orient green,

And he paints up his face with impeccable style
Using a fantastical moonbeam.

IV. Eine blasse Wäscherin

Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher;
Nackte, silberweiße Arme
Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.
Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.
Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.
Und die sanfte Magd des Himmels,
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen
ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen—
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

Here's a pale washergirl
Washing nightly faded garments;
Naked, silver white her arms are,
Stretching down into the flow,
Through the clearing creeps a slight wind,
Lightly stirring up the stream.
She's a pale washergirl,
Washing nightly faded garments.
And the spotless Maid of heaven,
Now caressed by wispy branches,
Lays out, on the dusky meadow,
All her linen woven with moonlight—
She's a pale washergirl.

V. Valse de Chopin

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen
Ein vernichtungssüchtger Reiz.

Wilder Lust Accorde stören
Der Verzweiflung eisigen Traum—
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.

Heiß und jauchzend, süß und schmachkend,
Melancholisch düsterer Walzer,
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

As a pale drop of blood
Stains the lips of a consumptive,
So there rests upon these phrases
A malignant, sickening charm.

Wild indulgent chords
Disturb the bleakness of an icy dream—
As a pale drop of blood
Stains the lips of a consumptive.

Hot, exultant, sweet and aching,
Melancholy gloomy waltzes,
Will you never leave my senses?
Must you defile all my thinking,
Like a pale drop of blood?

VI. Madonna

Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!
Blut aus deinen magren Brüsten
Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen.
Deine ewig frischen Wunden
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!
In den abgezehrten Händen
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche.
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit—
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet
Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

Climb, o Mother of all Sorrows
On the altar of my verses!
Blood spurts from your meager bosom
Which the sword's blind rage has opened.
And your gashes, fresh forever,
Are like bloodshot eyes, wide open.
Climb, o Mother of all Sorrows
On the altar of my verses!
In your wasting withered hands
You hold up your son's rotting body,
Which you offer to the people—
But the people's eyes avoid your gaze,
O Mother of all Sorrows!

VII. Der Kranke Mond

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergroß,
Bannt mich wie fremde Melodie.
An unstillbarem Liebesleid
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl.
Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten schleicht,
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel—
Dein bleiches, qualgebornes Blut,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

You nightly deathward sinking moon
Draped upon Heaven's blackened bed.
Your face, so fevered, overlarge,
Haunts me, like some exotic song.
An all consuming lovesickness
Kills you with longing, suffocates,
You nightly deathward sinking moon,
Draped upon Heaven's blackened bed.
Your loved one, senseless with desire,
Without a thought speeds to his love,
Delighting in your dancing beams—
Your white contaminated blood,
You nightly deathward sinking moon.

VIII. Nacht

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.
Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch,
Ruht der Horizont—verschwiegen.
Aus dem Qualm verlornen Tiefen
Steigt ein Duft, Erin'rung mordend!
Finstre, schwarze Reisenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.
Und vom Himmel erdenwärts
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen
Unsichtbar die Ungetume
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder ...
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

Black enormous butterflies
Have blotted out the sun's bright rays.
A forbidden book of spells,
Broods the night time sky—mysterious.
From the misty gloom below them,
Comes a perfume that wipes out memory!
Black enormous butterflies
Have blotted out the sun's bright rays.
And then earthwards from the sky,
Flittering down with massive wingspan,
Unperceived, the monstrous creatures,
Light on human hearts and settle ...
Black enormous butterflies.

IX. Gebet an Pierrot

Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
Das Bild des Glanzes
Zerfloß—Zerfloß!
Schwarz weht die Flagge
Mir nun vom Mast.
Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
O gib mir wieder,
Roßarzt der Seele,
Schneemann der Lyrik,
Durchlaucht vom Monde,
Pierrot—mein Lachen!

Pierrot! my laughter
I have forgot!
My source of light is
erased—erased!
Black waves the flag now,
Upon my mast.
Pierrot! my laughter
I have forgot!
O give me back,
You farrier of spirits,
Snow-man of poesy,
Princess of moonshine,
Pierrot—my laughter!

X. Raub

Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.
Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,
Steigt Pierrot hinab—zu rauben
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.
Doch da—strauben sich die Haare,
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:
Durch die Finsternis—wie Augen!—
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

Priceless, red exquisite rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory,
Slumber in the burial caskets
Down there in the vaulted graveyard.
Night, and with his drunken cronies,
Down comes Pierrot to plunder
Priceless, exquisite, red rubies;
Bloody drops of ancient glory.
But then— all their hair stands upright,
White with fear they're fixed to the spot.
Through the murky gloom—like eyeballs!—
staring from the burial baskets
Priceless, red exquisite rubies.

XI. Rote Messe

Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,
Naht dem Altar—Pierrot!

Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,
Zerreißt die Priesterkleider
Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes

Mit segnender Geberde
Zeigt er den banger Seelen
Die tiefend rote Hostie:
Sein Herz—in blut'gen Fingern—
Zu grausem Abendmahle!

At ghastly grim communion,
Midst blinding golden brightness,
Midst flickering of candles,
Comes to the altar—Pierrot!

His hand now consecrated,
Rips wide the priestly cassock,
At ghastly grim communion,
Midst blinding golden brightness.

And signing absolution,
He shows the trembling, trembling people,
The blood soaked holy wafer:
His heart—in bloody fingers—
At ghastly grim communion!

XII. Galgenlied

Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse
Wird seine letzte
Geliebte sein.
In seinem Hirne
Steckt wie ein Nagel
Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse.
Schlank wie die Pinie,
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen—
Wollüstig wird sie
Den Schelm umhalsen,
Die dürre Dirne!

The skinny strumpet
With neck extended
Will be the last
To make love to him.
Into his brain
She sticks like a needle
The skinny strumpet
With neck extended.
Thin as a rake
With a pigtail round her—
Wantonly will she
Embrace the scoundrel,
The skinny strumpet!

XIII. Enthauptung

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,
Gespenstisch groß—dräut er hinab
Durch schmerzendunkle Nacht.
Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher
Und starrt empor in Todesängsten
Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.
Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.
Er wähnt: es sause strafend schon
Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder
Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

The moon a glinting Turkish sword—
Upon a soft black silken cushion,
Its ghostly blade—aimed at the Earth
Through suffering's darkest night.
Pierrot roams about restlessly
And upward stares in mortal fright
At the moon, the glinting Turkish sword,
Upon a soft black silken cushion.
His knees beneath him start to wobble,
Suddenly giving way completely.
He thinks he feels already
On his sinful neck the blade of judgment
The moon, the glinting Turkish sword.

XIV. Die Kreuze

Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!
In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.
Tot das Haupt—erstarrt die Locken—
Fern, verweht der Lärm des Pöbels.
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,
Eine rote Königskrone.—
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse!

Holy crosses are the verses
On which poets bleed to death in silence,
Sightless, with their eyes pecked out
By flocks of ghostly vultures.
Bodies by the sword devoured,
Now adorned by bleeding scarlet!
Holy crosses are the verses
On which poets bleed in silence.
Lifeless head—the hair stiff matted—
Faint and distant cheers the rabble.
Slowly comes the fading sunset,
Like a crown of royal crimson—
Holy crosses are the verses!

XV. Heimweh

Lieulich klagend—ein krystallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,

Klingts herüber: wie Pierrot so holzern,
So modern sentimental geworden.
Und es tönt durch seines Herzens Wüste,
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,

Lieulich klagend—ein krystallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergißt Pierrot die Trauermienen!
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des Mondes,
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten—schweift die
 Sehnsucht
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel
Lieulich klagend—ein krystallnes Seufzen!

Sweet lamenting—an exquisite sighing
Comes from Bergamo's old-fashioned
 dumbshow.

And the song asks why Pierrot's so wooden,
And has grown modern and sentimental.
And it strikes the empty heart inside him,
Strikes once more, though muffled, all his
 senses,

Sweet lamenting—an exquisite sighing,
Comes from Bergamo's old-fashioned
 dumbshow.

Then Pierrot forgets his tragic manner!
Up through pale firelight of the moon,
Up through floods of sea light swells his
 longing
Bravely up, on high, to home and heaven
Sweet lamenting—an exquisite sighing!

XVI. Gemeinheit

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertet,
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,
Zärtlich—einen Schädelbohrer!
Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen
Seinen echten türkischen Taback
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertet!
Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel
Hinten in die glatte Glatze
Und behäbig schmaucht und pafft er
Seinen echten türkischen Taback
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

In the bald head of Cassander,
As his screams rip through the night air,
Bores Pierrot, with insincere affection—
And a cranium driller
Wherein he stuffs with his brown thumb
Leaves of purest, Turkish tobacco,
In the bald head of Cassander,
As his screams rip through the night air!
Then, twisting a cherry pipestem
Right into the burnished baldness,
There he sits and smokes and puffs on
Leaves of purest Turkish tobacco
From the bald head of Cassander!

XVII. Parodie

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar,
Sitzt die Duenna mummelnd,
Im roten Röckchen da.
Sie wartet in der Laube,
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,
Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar.
Da plötzlich—horch!—ein Wispern!
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,
Öffnt nach mit seinen Strahlen—
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

Knitting needles gleaming and glistening,
Set in her greying hair,
Sits the Duenna mumbling
There in her skirts of red.
She waits beneath the trellis,
She loves Pierrot with aching heart.
Knitting needles gleaming and glistening
Set in her greying hair.
From nowhere—hush!—a whisper!
A windbreath cackling softly:
The moon, the wicked mocker,
Is mimicking with moonbeams—
Knitting needles' click and clack.

XVIII. Der Mondfleck

Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes,

With a snowy fleck of shining moonlight
On the shoulder of his smart black dress coat,

So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.
Plötzlich—stört ihn was an seinem Anzug,
Er beschaut sich rings und findet richtig—
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes

So strolls out Pierrot this summer evening,
Out in search of pleasure and adventure.
Something bothers him about his outfit:
He looks round to see
And finds he's quite right.

Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes.

There's a snowy fleck of shining moonlight
On the shoulder of his smart black dress coat.

Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!
Wischt und wischt, doch—bringt ihn nicht
herunter!

Hold on! he thinks. That must be some plaster!
Wipes and wipes, but he cannot remove it

Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen—
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

Then continues, tainted on his journey;
Rubs and rubs—until the early morning,
At a snowy fleck of shining moonlight.

XIX. Serenade

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.
Plötzlich naht Cassander—wütend
Ob des nächstgen Virtuosen—
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.
Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:
Mit der delikaten Linken
Faßt den Kahlkopf er am Kragen—
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

With a giant bow, grotesquely
Scrapes Pierrot on his viola,
Standing like a stork on one leg,
Grimly snaps a pizzicato.
Now Cassander runs in
Yelling at this midnight virtuoso—
With a giant bow grotesquely
Scrapes Pierrot on his viola.
Now he throws down his viola:
With his left hand delicately
Hoists baldy up by the collar—
Dreaming plays upon his baldness
With a giant bow, grotesquely.

XX. Heimfahrt

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot;
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen Süden
Mit gutem Reisewind.
Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot.
Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,
Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück;
Schwach dämmert schon im Osten
Der grüne Horizont.
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

A moonbeam is the rudder,
Lily white is the boat,
On which Pierrot sails southward,
With friendly following wind.
The stream hums deep arpeggios,
And rocks the little skiff.
A moonbeam is the rudder,
Lily white is the boat.
To Bergamo, his homeland,
Returns Pierrot once more:
Faint dawn on the horizon,
A green glow in the east.
A moonbeam is the rudder.

XXI. O alter Duft

O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne;
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.
Ein glücklich Wünschen macht mich froh
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet:
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder mich!
All meinen Unmut gab ich preis;
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster
Beschau' ich frei die liebe Welt
Und träum' hinaus in selge Weiten ...
O alter Duft—aus Märchenzeit!

O ancient scent of days gone by,
Intoxicate once more my senses.
A host of entertaining pranks
Sails through the weightless air.
Good fortune brings me once again
Those pleasures far too long neglected:
O ancient scent of days gone by
Once more intoxicate me!
All my ill humor is dispelled;
And from my sun-encircled window
I view afresh the love-filled world
And dream beyond the blissful distance ...
O ancient scent—of days gone by!

About David Serkin Ludwig

David Serkin Ludwig (Graduate Diploma '02, composition) enjoys a career of collaboration with some of today's leading musicians, filmmakers, and writers. This year, Ludwig was the recipient of the American Academy of Arts and Letters Award in Music and, in 2022, he was awarded the Stoeger Prize from the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the largest chamber award of its kind. He received the 2018 Pew Center for the Arts and Heritage Fellowship, the Independence Foundation Fellowship (two-time recipient), Theodore Presser Career Grant, and A. I. duPont Award. In 2012, NPR named Ludwig one of the Top 100 Composers Under 40. The next year, his choral work *The New Colossus* opened the private prayer service for President Obama's second inauguration. Ludwig, who holds positions and residencies with nearly two dozen orchestras and music festivals in the U.S. and abroad, was named a Steinway Artist in 2021. Ludwig was formerly at the Curtis Institute of Music, where he served as dean of artistic programs, chair of composition, director of Ensemble 20/21, and artistic director of Curtis Summerfest. In addition to Juilliard, he holds degrees from Oberlin Conservatory, Manhattan School of Music, and Curtis as well as a PhD from the University of Pennsylvania. Ludwig also studied at the University of Vienna and taught at Cheyney University of Pennsylvania while attending Juilliard. He has received commissions and performances from artists and ensembles including the Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Minnesota, and National symphony orchestras as well as Jonathan Biss, Jeremy Denk, Jennifer Koh, Jaime Laredo, David Shifrin, Eighth Blackbird, Imani Winds, the Dover Quartet, and PRISM Saxophone Quartet. He has scored Hollywood feature films, written for historical performance ensembles, and created new works for nontraditional and electronic instruments. Ludwig, who was appointed dean and director of music at Juilliard in 2021, serves on the school's faculty and is the artistic director of Juilliard's collaborative contemporary music project The New Series. He lives in New York City with his wife, violinist Bella Hristova, and their four beloved cats.



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