Die Winterreise

by Franz Schubert

CARL KAISER, Tenor
VICTORIA DEMAREE, Piano

a presentation of
INDIANA UNIVERSITY AT SOUTH BEND
Daniel Cohen, *Chancellor*
Robert W. Demaree, Jr., *Dean of the Arts*

Eight o'clock
Friday, April 26, 1991
Ruthmere Museum
1990-1991 Season, Forty-second Program

Program

DIE WINTERREISE by Franz Schubert

Performed without intermission.

Gute Nacht	Good Night
Die Wetterfahne	The Weathercock
Gefrorne Tränen	Frozen Tears
Erstarrung	Benumbed
Der Lindenbaum	The Linden Tree
Wasserflut	Flood
Auf dem Flusse	On The River
Rückblick	A Backward Glance
Irrlicht	Will-O'-The-Wisp
Rast	Rest
Frühlingstraum	Dreams of Spring
Einsamkeit	Loneliness
Die Post	The Post
Der greise Kopf	The Grey Head
Die Krähe	The Crow
Letzte Hoffnung	Last Hope
Im Dorfe	In The Village
Der stürmische Morgen	The Stormy Morning
Tauschung	Deception
Der Wegweiser	The Sign Post
Das Wirtshaus	The Inn
Mut	Courage
Die Nebensonnen	The Phantom Suns
Der Leiermann	The Organ-Grinder

The use of recording or photographic devices at a concert in any auditorium of IUSB is forbidden. Eating, drinking, or smoking at such events is also prohibited. Attendance by children under the age of responsible behavior is discouraged.

DIE WINTERREISE by Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)

When he died at the age of thirty-one, Schubert left the world with nine symphonies, twenty-two piano sonatas, over thirty chamber compositions, six masses, seventeen operatic works and over six-hundred lieder, or songs.

In his songs Schubert demonstrates an extraordinary gift for beautiful melody that is capable of expressing every mood and feeling found in the texts he chose for musical setting.

The expression of text in Schubert's lieder is further heightened by his sensitivity to harmonic color, his effective use of chromaticism and the participation of the piano accompaniments in the expression of the texts.

Some of the greatest of Schubert's songs are found in cycles, of which *Winterreise* is a masterwork. *Winterreise* is a setting of a poem by Wilhelm Müller, a teacher of ancient languages, court librarian for the Duke of Dessau, and popular nineteenth-century poet.

The cycle is made up of twenty-four songs expressing but one mood. Despair! Karl Schumann terms these songs twenty-four stages on a journey into the void."

After having completed the cycle of songs, Schubert is supposed to have said to a group of friends, "I will sing through a cycle of dreadful songs for you." Commenting on this remark by the composer, Schumann writes, "These songs are indeed 'dreadful,' in the sense of exciting dread. The young man with the incurable wound in his heart ... is taken bitterly seriously by Schubert and pushed to the point of no return ... the wandering youth of *Winterreise* ... driven out by overwhelming emotional frustration into the hostile, frostbound winter landscape, where he staggers misanthropically towards destruction, is the magnified symbol of the Romantic man at the mercy of his feelings, the homeless stranger on the cold earth, the fugitive from the world, excluded from human fellowship by the overwhelming, self-destructive strength of his emotions." Is Schubert, perhaps, this man?

The journey begins with a treading beat in "Good Night." The character of the journey into the void is depicted by the minor mode, used in nineteen of the twenty-four songs. It is interesting to note that when the major mode is used, the text deals with the unreal, the irrational — with halucinations.

One of the most stark and grim moments in the cycle comes in "The Weathercock," a symbol of changing fortune, turning with the

wind. Schumann points out that "a portrayal as stark and grim had never been heard before, a tone painting for singing voice and piano which negates vertually everything which went into the concept of a song at that time."

Scalding emotion is contrasted with the unyielding winter ice, hot tears finding no response in the wintry world in "Frozen Tears." "Benumbed" continues the description until "The Linden Tree" suggests better times; but "Flood" brings back the tears. "A Backward Glance" awakens memories of better times again.

Every sight and every sound encountered on the journey call forth thoughts on the starkness of life and feelings of despair. the "Will-O'-The-Wisp," "On The River," "Rest," "Dreams of Spring," "The Post," "The Village."

"The Crow," "the animal symbol of solitude lying in wait for its victim flutters over the dead land, the bird of carrion in search of prey" is especially descriptive of the inevitable fate of the one on this *Winter Journey*. "The Sign Post" seals it; the path of no return is pointed to — "a road there is that I must follow from which no man has yet returned."

In despair even a graveyard is seen as a place of refuge, "The Inn." "Courage" seems to change the inevitable direction of life, or is it going courageously toward the inevitable? "A burst of despairing courage," Karl Schumann calls it.

Quoting Schumann again, "On the last of the twenty-four painful stages, the wayfarer finally meets a man, a wreck like himself — "The Organ-Grinder." Over ponderous, monotonous fifths in the bass the old mendicant musician winds his instrument ... a picture of unrelieved desolation. The singing voice takes over the emptiness of the fifths ... realism merges with bitter expressiveness. The void opens. Never before has despair been so boldly formulated in song."

The wanderer in *Winterreise* may very well be the composer himself telling of his own loneliness in the expression of his genius without public support, knowing that his frail health was about to bring his life to an end, the incompatability of his humble beginnings with the social position of those who could appreciate his musical expression, and his own disappointments in love and employment. A lonely man whose journey is soon to end.

Program notes by John E. Hamersma

WINTERREISE by Franz Schubert
Text from *Winter Journey*, by Wilhelm Müller

GOOD NIGHT

As a stranger I came hither,
a stranger, I go away again.
May treated me kindly
with many a nosegay of flowers.
The maiden spoke of love,
her mother of marriage even.
Now the world is so sad,
the road covered with snow.

I cannot choose the time
of my journeying;
I must find the way for myself
in this dark.
A shadow cast by the moon
is my travelling companion,
and on the white meadows
I look for the spoor of wild creatures.

Why should I tarry longer
until I am driven away?
Let stray dogs howl
before her father's house.
Love loves to stray
God ordained it so
from one love to another
God ordained it so
Love loves to stray
"sweetheart, good night"
from one love to another.
Sweetheart, good night.

I will not disturb your dreams;
it would be a shame to spoil your rest.
You shall not hear my footstep.
Gently, gently, close the door.
In passing I will write
upon the gate for you; Goodnight!
that you may see
I thought of you.

THE WEATHERCOCK

The wind plays with the weathercock
on my pretty sweetheart's house.
In my fancy, then, I thought
it was whistling at the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed it sooner,
the sign set up on the house,
then he never would have thought
to find a constant woman there.

The wind plays with hearts within
just as upon the roof, but not so loud.
What do they care for my grief
Their child is a rich bride.

FROZEN TEARS

Frozen drops fall
from my cheeks.
Did it escape my notice, then,
that I had been weeping?

Oh, tears, tears,
are you, then, so lukewarm
that you turn to ice
like the cool dew of morn?

Yet you burst from my bosom's spring
so scalding hot,
as if you would melt
all winter's ice!

BENUMBED

In vain I look in the snow
for traces of her footsteps,
there where, on my arm,
she was wont to stroll through the
green meadows.

I will kiss the ground,
pierce ice and snow
with my scalding tears
until I behold the earth.

Where shall I find a blossom?
Where shall I find
a green blade of grass?
The flowers are all dead,
the turf looks so faded.

Am I to take no keepsake, then,
with me away from here?
When my grief is silent,
who then will speak to me of her?

My heart is as if dead,
her image is numb and cold within;
if ever my heart should thaw again,
her image will melt away.

THE LINDEN TREE

By the well, before the gate,
there stands a linden tree.
I have dreamt beneath its shade
many a sweet dream.

I have carved upon its bark
many a loving word;

in joy and in sorrow
it drew me ever to it.

Again today I had to pass it
in the deep of the night;
in darkness, even then,
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled
as if they were calling me:
Come here to me, comrade
here you will find rest!

The cold winds blew
straight in my face,
my hat flew off my head,
I did not turn.

Now I am many hours
distant from that spot;
and still I hear it rustling:
You would find rest there!

FLOOD

Many a tear has fallen
from my eye into the snow,
its cold flakes thirstily absorb
my burning woe.

When the grass begins to spring,
a mild wind will blow,
the ice will splinter
and the soft snow melt.

Snow, you know of my longing;
tell me, where lies your way?
If you do but follow my tears,
the brook will soon bear you away.

You will be drawn through the town
with it,
in and out of gay streets,
when you feel my tears begin to scald,
there is my beloved's house.

ON THE RIVER

You who rushed along so merrily
you clear, turbulent stream,
how quiet you have grown
you speak no words of farewell.

With a hard, stiff crust
you have covered yourself over,
you lie cold and motionless
stretched out upon the sand.

On your coverlet I engrave
with a sharp stone
the name of my beloved,
the hour and the day.

The day when first we met,
the day on which I left;
a broken ring encircles
both name and numerals.

In this brook oh my heart,
do you recognize your picture?
Beneath its cover,
does it, too, swell so strenuously,
does it, too, swell so strenuously?

A BACKWARD GLANCE

It is burning hot beneath the soles of
my two feet,
though I tread on ice and snow;
I do not want to draw breath again
till I can see the turrets no more.

I knocked myself against every stone
so quickly did I hurry out of the town;
the crows threw snowballs and hail
onto my hat from every house-top.

How differently you welcomed me,
you fickle town!
At your bright windows sang the lark
and nightingale in rivalry.

The round-topped lime trees were in
bloom
the limpid waters murmured clear,
and, oh, two young girls' eyes were
glowing —
and all was up with you, my dear!

When that day comes into my mind,
I long to look back once more,
I long to stumble back again
and stand quite still before her house.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

Into the deepest recesses of the rocky
crags,
a will-o'-the-wisp has lured me;
how to find my way out again
does not greatly weigh on my mind.

I am used to going astray,
since every way leads to the goal;
our joys, our sorrows all
the sport of a will-o'-the-wisp!

Down through the dry gullies of the
mountain stream
I went my way serenely;
every stream will reach the sea,
every sorrow, too, its grave.

REST

Only now do I realize how tired I am,
now, when I lay me down to rest;
wandering kept me going cheerfully
along the inhospitable road.

My feet did not ask to rest,
it was too cold to stay still;
my back felt no burden,
the storm helped to blow me along.

In a charcoal-burner's narrow hut
I have found shelter,
but my limbs cannot rest,
their wounds burn so.

You, too, my heart, in strife and storm
so wild and so daring,
feel only now, in this quiet, the serpent
that torments you stir with burning
sting!

DREAMS OF SPRING

I dreamt of many-hued flowers,
such as bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
and of the merry chirping of birds.

And when the cocks crew,
I woke;
it was cold and gloomy,
the ravens croaked from the roof top.

But who was it painted the leaves
on the window-pane there?
You may well mock the dreamer,
who saw flowers in winter.

I dreamt of love requited,
of a fair maid,
of hearts and kisses,
of happiness and bliss.

And when the cocks crew,
my heart woke;
now I sit here alone
and ponder my dream.

I close my eyes again,
my heart still beats so warmly;
when will you grow green,
you leaves at the window?
When shall I hold my dear one
in my arms?

LONELINESS

As a dark cloud
moves across bright skies,
when the faint breeze blows
through the tops of the pines —

so with dragging foot,
I take my way
through life that is so bright and gay,
alone and ungreeted.

Oh, that the air should be so tranquil!
Oh, that the world should be so bright!
When storms were raging still,
I was not so wretched!

THE POST

From the street comes the sound of a
post horn.
What is it makes you leap so, my heart?

The post brings no letter for you.
Why then do you strain so strangely,
my heart?

Well, yes, the post comes from the town
where once I possessed a dear
sweetheart, my heart.

Do you want to look over there
and ask how things are going there,
my heart?

THE GREY HEAD

The hoar frost strewed a white sheen
over my hair.
Then I imagined myself already old
and rejoiced greatly at it.

But soon it melted away,
my hair is black once more,
so that I shudder at my youth
how far still to the grave!

Between sunset and sunrise
many a head has turned grey.
Who believes that?
Mine has not turned
throughout this whole long journey.

THE CROW

A crow came with me
out of the town;
to this very day it has kept on
flying round my head.

Crow, strange creature,
do you not want to leave me?
Do you mean to seize upon
my body soon as prey?

Well, I shall not be much longer
now upon my way.
Crow, let me see at last
fidelity to the grave!

LAST HOPE

Here and there on the trees
coloured leaves are still visible,
and I often stay standing
before the trees, sunk in thought.

I gaze at the one remaining leaf,
and hang my hopes upon it;
if the wind plays with my leaf, I
tremble more than I can say.

And oh! if the leaf falls to the ground,
all my hope falls with it;
I fall to the ground myself with it
and sorely weep upon the grave of my
hopes.

IN THE VILLAGE

The dogs are barking,
their chains are rattling,
folks are sleeping
in their beds.
They dream of much
they do not have,
indulge themselves in good and bad.

And on the morrow all will have
vanished.
Still, they have enjoyed their share
and hope to find what they have left
once more upon their pillows.

Send me on my way with your baying,
you wakeful hounds!
Do not let me rest in the hour of sleep!

I am through with all dreaming,
why should I linger among sleepers?

THE STORMY MORNING

How the storm has rent
the grey robe of heaven!
Shreds of cloud
flutter in feeble strife.

And fiery red flames
dart between them.
I call this a morning
after my own heart!

My heart sees its own image
depicted in the sky;
it is naught but winter,
winter cold and savage!

DECEPTION

A friendly light dances before me,
I will follow it hither and thither,
I follow it willingly and see
that it lures the wayfarer astray.

Oh, he who is as wretched as I
yields gladly to the brightly-coloured
artifice,
that shows him beyond ice and night
and horror, a bright warm house,
and a dear soul within.
Deception alone is gain for me.

THE SIGNPOST

Why do I avoid the ways
which other travellers tread?
And seek for hidden paths
through snow-bound rocky heights?

And yet I have done nothing
that I should shun mankind.
What foolish longing then
drives me to these barren haunts?

Signposts stand along the roads
and point towards the towns;
and I wander never stopping,
without rest, and seek for rest.

I see a signpost standing
steadfast before my eyes;
a road there is that I must follow
from which no man has yet returned.

THE INN

My way has led
to a graveyard.
Here I will put up,
thought I to myself.

You green funeral-wreaths
could will be the signs
that beckon tired wayfarers
into the cool inn.

In this house are all
the rooms then occupied?
I am so weak I can hardly stand,
I am wounded unto death.

Oh, hard-hearted inn,
do you turn me away?
On then, ever on,
my trusty traveler's staff!

COURAGE

When the snow flies in my face,
I shake it off;
when my heart speaks in my breast,
lustily and merrily I sing.

I don't hear what it would tell me,
I have no ears.
I'm untouched by its complaining;
only fools complain.

Merrily out into the world
against the wind and weather!
When no god wants to be on earth
we ourselves are gods!

THE PHANTOM SUNS

I saw three suns in the sky
and gazed at them long and steadfastly.
And they, too, stood there as fixedly,
as if they would not leave me.

Oh, you are not my suns!
Gaze in other men's faces, then!
Not long ago I had three, too.
Now the two best have set!
If only the third would follow suit!
I shall be better in the dark.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Over there beyond the village
stands an organ-grinder,
and with numbed fingers
grinds away as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
he staggers to and fro,
and his little plate
remains always empty.

No one wants to hear him,
no one looks at him,
and the dogs snarl
round the old man.

And he takes all things
as they come;
he grinds away
and his organ never stops.

Strange old man,
shall I go with you?
Will you grind your organ
to my songs?

CARL KAISER

Carl Kaiser was born in Mishawaka, Indiana. While a student at Indiana University, he received his first vocal instruction from Maurice G. Ivins. At the university Kaiser was active in opera and oratorio productions. After graduation he was drafted into the U.S. Army and sang with the Army Chorus in Washington D.C. for three years. During this time he studied voice with Themy Georgi and remained in Washington after leaving the service, receiving an M.M. from Catholic University of America. Kaiser made his professional debut in 1960 with the Experimental Opera Theatre in New Orleans. During the same year he received a Fulbright Scholarship to study at the Hochschule für Musik in Hamburg, Germany.

After studying with Helmut Melchert there, he began, in 1962, a 15-year career as principal lyric tenor, first with the Municipal Opera Houses of Lübeck, Bremerhaven and Krefeld, and then with the Lower Saxony Opera of Hanover. During these years he performed approximately 70 roles in the operatic repertoire and did guest appearances in approximately 25 other German, Swiss, Austrian and Dutch opera houses, among which are Volksoper Vienna; the Hamburg State Opera; the Württemberg State Opera of Stuttgart, and the Deutsche Oper, Berlin. Kaiser was also active in oratorios in Germany, Denmark and The Netherlands and appeared at the Schwetzingen Festival and on Federal German radio and television and Denmark state radio. He has sung under such conductors as Igor Stravinsky, Felix Prohaska, Christoph von Dohnanyi, Gunter Wich and Semyon Bischkov.

In 1977 Kaiser returned to the United States to assume an appointment as Associate Professor of Music at Calvin College. In addition to the Calvin Oratorio Society, he has appeared with Opera Grand Rapids, the Massachusetts Opera Guild, The Little Theatre of the Rockies, the Grand Rapids Symphony, the South Bend Symphony and the Atlanta Symphony.

He has recorded for Orpheus and CBS Records and was listed in *Who's Who of Opera, 1976.*

VICTORIA DEMAREE

Victoria Demaree, pianist, is a recent graduate of Indiana University at South Bend. Under the guidance of Professor John Owings, she earned every honor awarded IUSB music students, including the prestigious Performer's Certificate. After a year of lessons in Vienna, Austria with pianists Paul Badura-Skoda and Akira Imai, she began her current study of vocal coaching and accompanying with renowned pianist and teacher John Wustman at the University of Illinois.

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Coming Events

April 27 — Opera: *Lucia di Lammermoor**
8:15 P.M. IUSB Auditorium
(Also April 30, May 2 and 4)

April 28 — Arts Academy Recital
2:30 P.M. IUSB Recital Hall

April 28 — Michiana Boy Choir
4:00 P.M. IUSB Auditorium

*Indicates IUSB Artist Series, Theatre Series or Arts Sampler Series

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