

Saturday, July 23, 8pm | The Leonard Bernstein Memorial Concert

Koussevitzky Music Shed

TANGLEWOOD MUSIC CENTER ORCHESTRA
ANDRIS NELSONS conducting

BERLIOZ

The Death of Cleopatra, lyric scene
CHRISTINE GOERKE, soprano

{Intermission}

MAHLER

Symphony No. 5

Part I

Funeral March: At a measured pace.

Strict. Like a cortège

Stormy, with utmost vehemence

Part II

Scherzo: Energetic, not too fast

Part III

Adagietto: Very slow

Rondo-Finale: Allegro giocoso. Lively

Notes on the program

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

La Mort de Cléopâtre, Scène lyrique

Composition and premiere: Berlioz composed the “lyric scena” *La Mort de Cléopâtre* (“Death of Cleopatra”) for the Prix de Rome competition at the Paris Conservatoire in July 1829. The full work had no performances in the composer’s lifetime, though he conducted the central “Méditation” on some of his concerts in Germany in the 1840s. The score was not published until 1903, and it is likely that no complete performances took place before that date. Seiji Ozawa led the only previous Tanglewood performance, with soprano Jessye Norman and the BSO on August 19, 1989.

Like many French composers before and after, Berlioz eagerly sought to win the Prix de Rome, given annually for over a century. The academic honor was pleasant, but it brought with it also a much greater reward: five years’ support for a young composer, and a guaranteed concert of his works at the end of that time. Unfortunately, the choice of the winner each year was in the hands of a panel of judges drawn from professors at the Paris Conservatoire, among the most conservative musicians available and unlikely to reward any sort of advanced musical thought.

Berlioz wrote mockingly of the procedure by which the winner was chosen. First of all, to demonstrate their basic mastery of the skills needed to compose the actual test piece, a large-scale “lyric *scena*” for one or two voices and orchestra, candidates had first to compose a vocal fugue. The fugues had to be signed, which meant that the judges could—and did—favor the work of their own pupils. Those who passed were required to compose the lyric *scena* to a specific poem written especially for the purpose. Every day at eleven the contestants were locked up in separate rooms with pianos, to be let out again at six in the evening. They had three weeks to complete their work, in full score, during which time they were not allowed to leave the Institute building. All letters that came to them during the competition were screened, yet in the evenings they were allowed to entertain their friends with no precautions taken! The composer could leave as soon as he had completed and submitted his signed score.

The assembled jury included artists who were not musicians. The Institute paid to have a pianist and a singer read through all of the scores; the composer was required to supply a piano reduction. Berlioz complained vehemently, “Does anyone seriously maintain that one can judge the true quality of an orchestral work emasculated in this fashion? Nothing could be further from the truth.... The piano, for the orchestral composer, is the guillotine which chops off the aristocrat’s head and from which only the poor have nothing to fear.”

Berlioz sought the Prix de Rome on four occasions; in 1828 he submitted his *Herminie*, carefully reining in his individuality to avoid offending the judges, but was awarded only second prize. It was virtually a tradition that the second-prize winner one year would advance to the first prize the following year, so in 1829 he threw caution to the winds and composed what turned out to be by far the best and most original of his competition pieces, *La Mort de Cléopâtre*. The dramatic situation strongly appealed to him, though the text, by one Vieillard, lacked dramatic merit. The judges were in a quandary. Berlioz's work was clearly the best in the competition, but his dangerous tendencies were not to be encouraged. They decided, in the end, to award no prize at all! On August 2, 1829, the day after the jury rendered its verdict, Berlioz encountered Boïeldieu, one of the judges, and had with him a remarkable conversation, which he reported in his memoirs:

When he saw me, he cried out, "My dear boy, what have you done? The prize was in your hands and you simply threw it away."

"I assure you, sir, I did my best."

"That is exactly what we have against you."

Berlioz was more sensible in 1830, submitting the weakest and dullest of his contest pieces, carefully reining himself in against anything that might upset the jury—and he won the prize, but later destroyed the "prize work" as unworthy of him. He remained justifiably proud, however, of *The Death of Cleopatra*, in which one can foresee the very special operatic genius of Berlioz. Boïeldieu upbraided Berlioz for precisely those passages that we regard as most advanced and powerful. When Cleopatra sings her great invocation to the Pharaohs, her ancestors, Berlioz introduces her words with a mysterious series of sustained chromatic chords as daring as anything you could find in 1829; underneath these somber brass and woodwind chords, the strings play an unusual rhythmic pattern in 12/8. This meter frequently uses alternating quarter- and eighth-notes in a long-short, long-short, long-short, long-short pattern. Berlioz reverses the second and fourth units of this pattern—long-short, short-long, long-short, short-long—thus slightly concealing the basic meter while at the same time suggesting the uneasiness in Cleopatra's mind as she evokes her ancestors.

Everyone likely expected the cantata to end with vocal virtuosity and, probably, a ringing high note, while the orchestra played a few bars of ritornello—despite the fact that the woman is supposed to be dying. Berlioz flatly refused to play to the galleries at this dramatic moment. His Cleopatra expires in a breathless collapse followed by a few hushed bars of strings suggesting an uneven heartbeat dying away to nothing. To the jury, this was utter nonsense; what kind of fool would make the singer give up her best chance of garnering the plaudits of the crowd? To us, it is nothing short of genius.

STEVEN LEDBETTER

Steven Ledbetter, a freelance writer and lecturer on music, was program annotator of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1979 to 1998.

BERLIOZ "La Mort de Cléopâtre"

C'en est donc fait! ma honte est assurée.
 Veuve d'Antoine et veuve de César,
 Au pouvoir d'Octave livrée,
 Je n'ai pu captiver son farouche regard.
 J'étais vaincue, et suis déshonorée.
 En vain, pour ranimer l'éclat de mes
 attraits,
 J'ai profané le deuil d'un funeste
 veuvage;
 En vain, en vain, de l'art épuisant les
 secrets,
 J'ai caché sous des fleurs les fers de
 l'esclavage;
 Rien n'a pu du vainqueur désarmer les
 décrets.

So all is over! My shame is certain.
 Widow of Antony and widow of Caesar,
 delivered to the power of Octavian,
 I have failed to charm his cruel gaze.
 I was defeated, and now I am dishonored.
 In vain, to kindle once more the lustre of
 my charms,
 I have profaned my sombre widow's
 weeds,
 in vain, in vain searched out all secrets
 known to art
 and hidden with flowers the fetters of my
 slavery—
 nothing could bend the conqueror's
 decrees.

A ses pieds j'ai trainé mes grandeurs
opprimées.
Mes pleurs même ont coulé sur ses
mains répandus,
Et la fille des Ptolémées
A subi l'affront des refus.
Ah! qu'ils sont loin ces jours, tourment
de ma mémoire,
Où sur le sein des mers, comparable
à Vénus,
D'Antoine et de César réfléchissant
la gloire,
J'apparus triomphante aux rives du
Cydnus!
Actium m'a livrée au vainqueur qui
me brave;
Mon sceptre, mes trésors ont passé
dans ses mains;
Ma beauté me restait, et les mépris
d'Octave
Pour me vaincre ont fait plus que le
fer des Romains.
Ah! qu'ils sont loin ces jours, tourment
de ma mémoire,
Où sur le sein des mers, comparable
à Vénus,
D'Antoine et de César réfléchissant
la gloire,
J'apparus triomphante aux rives du
Cydnus!
En vain de l'art épuisant les
secrets,
J'ai caché sous des fleurs les fers de
l'esclavage;
Rien n'a pu du vainqueur désarmer
les décrets.
Mes pleurs même ont coulé sur ses
mains répandus.
J'ai subi l'affront de refus.
Moi!...qui du sein des mers,
comparable à Venus,
M'élançai triomphante aux rive du
Cydnus!
Au comble des revers, qu'aurais-je
encor à craindre?
Reine coupable, que dis-tu?
Du destin qui m'accable est-ce à moi
de me plaindre?
Ai-je pour l'excuser les droits de la
vertu?
J'ai d'un époux déshonoré la vie.
C'est par moi qu'aux Romains l'Egypte
est asservie,
Et que d'Isis l'ancien culte est détruit.
Quel asile chercher? Sans parents,
sans patrie,

I dragged my shattered greatness at his
feet,
even my flowing tears ran down his
hands,
and the daughter of the Ptolemies
has endured the insult of refusal.
Ah, how distant are those days that
haunt my memory,
when Venus-like, on the bosom of
the sea,
reflecting the glory of Antony and of
Caesar,
I appeared in triumph on the banks of
the Cydnus!
Actium delivered me to the conqueror
who rejects me;
my sceptre, my treasure have passed
into his hands;
I still had my beauty—and Octavian's
scorn
has done more to vanquish me than
Roman steel.
Ah, how distant are those days that
haunt my memory,
when Venus-like, on the bosom of
the sea,
reflecting the glory of Antony and of
Caesar,
I appeared in triumph on the banks of
the Cydnus!
In vain have I searched out all secrets
known to art
and hidden with flowers the fetters of my
slavery—
nothing could bend the conqueror's
decrees.
Even my flowing tears ran down his
hands.
I have endured the insult of refusal.
I!...who Venus-like from the bosom of
the sea
sprang in triumph upon the banks of
Cydnus!
In this extreme disaster, what have I left
to fear?
Guilty queen, what do you say?
Is it for me to protest the fate which
crushes me?
Have I the right that virtue gives to
complain?
I dishonored a husband's life.
Because of me Egypt is enslaved by the
Romans
and Isis' ancient worship destroyed.
What refuge can I seek? With no family,
no country,

Il n'en est plus pour moi que
l'éternelle nuit!

Méditation

("How if when I am laid into the tomb..."—Shakespeare)

Grands Pharaons, nobles Lagides,
Verrez-vous entrer sans courroux,
Pour dormir dans vos pyramides,
Une reine indigne de vous?
Grands Pharaons, etc.
Non!...non, de vos demeures funèbres
Je profanerais la splendeur.
Rois, encor au sein des ténèbres,
Vous me fuirez, avec horreur.
Du destin qui m'accable est-ce à moi
de me plaindre?
Ai-je pour l'accuser, ai-je le droit de
la vertu?
Par moi nos Dieux ont fui
d'Alexandrie.
D'Isis le culte est détruit.
Grands Pharaons, nobles Lagides,
Vous me fuiriez avec horreur!
Du destin qui m'accable est-ce à moi
de me plaindre?
Ai-je pour l'accuser, ai-je le droit de
la vertu?
Grands Pharaons, nobles Lagides,
Verrez-vous entrer sans courroux,
Pour dormir dans vos pyramides,
Une reine indigne de vous?
Non, j'ai d'un époux déshonoré la vie.
Sa cendre est sous mes yeux, son
ombre me poursuit.
C'est par moi qu'aux Romains l'Egypte
est asservie.
Par moi nos Dieux ont fui les murs
d'Alexandrie,
Et d'Isis le culte est détruit.
Osiris proscrit ma couronne.
A Typhon je livre mes jours!
Contre l'horreur qui m'environne
Un vil reptile est mon recours.
Dieux du Nil, vous m'avez trahie!
Octave m'attend à son char.
Cléopâtre en quittant la vie
Redevient digne de César!

nothing remains for me but everlasting
night!

Meditation

Great Pharaohs, noble Ptolemies,
will you without wrath behold her enter
here to sleep within your pyramids,
a queen unworthy of you?
Great Pharaohs, etc.
No! No, I should profane the splendor
of your burying-place.
Kings, in the very heart of the darkness,
you would shun me with horror.
Is it for me to protest at the fate which
crushes me?
Have I the right that virtue gives to
complain?
Because of me our gods have fled from
Alexandria,
Isis' worship is destroyed.
Great Pharaohs, noble Ptolemies,
you would shun me with horror!
Is it for me to protest at the fate which
crushes me?
Have I the right that virtue gives to
complain?
Great Pharaohs, noble Ptolemies,
will you without wrath behold her enter
here to sleep within your pyramids,
a queen unworthy of you?
No, I have dishonored a husband's life.
His ashes are before my eyes, his shade
pursues me.
Because of me Egypt is enslaved to the
Romans.
Because of me our gods have fled from
the walls of Alexandria,
and Isis' worship is destroyed.
Osiris proscribes my crown.
To Typhon I consign my life!
Against the horror that besets me
a vile reptile is my recourse.
Gods of the Nile, you have betrayed me!
Octavian awaits me at his chariot.
Cleopatra, in leaving life,
becomes once more worthy of Caesar!
—Pierre-Ange Vieillard

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Symphony No. 5

Composition and premiere: Mahler began writing his Fifth Symphony in 1901 and completed it in 1902. He conducted the premiere on October 18, 1904, with the Gürzenich Orchestra in Cologne, having already led the Vienna Philharmonic in a read-through earlier that year. He continued to revise details of the orchestration until 1907, and

perhaps as late as 1909. The most recent Tanglewood performance was Andris Nelsons' with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on July 5, 2019. The Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra has performed the complete piece once before, under James Conlon on July 19, 2000; Richard Burgin led the TMCO in Part I (the first two movements) on July 15, 1949.

Mahler's first four symphonies, all written in the 19th century, were all inspired by or based on songs, especially the songs of the folk-poetry collection known as *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (*The Youth's Magic Horn*). By the turn of the century, Mahler had stopped drawing upon that source for good, though with one last glimpse in the finale of the Fifth Symphony. His next songs were settings of the poet Rückert, including his song cycle *Kindertotenlieder* (*Songs on the Death of Children*), which he had started before beginning work on the symphony. The Fifth is Mahler's first purely orchestral symphony since No. 1, with no vocal parts and no hint of musical shapes dictated by song.

The group of three instrumental symphonies—Nos. 5, 6, and 7—reveals Mahler's growing interest in the independence of the instrumental lines, in a highly contrapuntal texture. He more frequently uses small subsections of the orchestra, as if the entire ensemble consisted of an immensely varied series of chamber groups. The Fifth was written under the specific influence of Beethoven's late quartets, which Mahler described to a friend as "far more polyphonic than his symphonies," and of the intricate tonal counterpoint of J.S. Bach, whose work Mahler studied for hours on end.

He drafted the first two movements during the summer of 1901 at his newly built retreat in the Carinthian resort town of Maiernigg. The remainder had to wait, because the opera season was starting, and his duties as director of the Vienna Staatsoper left him little time to compose during the winter. But when he got back to the symphony the following summer, he was a different man. At a dinner party on November 7 he met a young woman of spectacular beauty and considerable self-assurance, Alma Schindler, a composition student. Within three weeks Mahler was talking of marriage, and almost against her will Alma was realizing that "He's the only man who can give meaning to my life, for he far surpasses all the men I've ever met." By December 9, Alma had accepted him. When they married on March 9, she was already pregnant.

It was only the least of the complications in their life together. In some respects two people can hardly have been less well suited to each other, whether by age, temperament, character, or interests. Mahler was passionately in love with Alma, but overbearing in his demands that she entirely devote her attention to him, even to the point of giving up composition. Alma was capricious, flirtatious, and conceited, though also very intelligent and witty, musical, capable of great generosity and petty meanness. Yet virtually everything Mahler wrote for the rest of his life was composed for her. Indeed, the famous Adagietto movement of the Fifth was his confession of love, according to the conductor Willem Mengelberg, who insisted that both of them told him this was so.

The symphony is laid out in five movements, though Mahler grouped the first two and the last two together, so that there are, in all, three "parts" tracing a progression from tragedy to an exuberant display of contrapuntal mastery and a harmonic progression from the opening C-sharp minor to D major.

Part I: Funeral March. At a measured pace. The opening movement has the character of a rather martial funeral march, with a trumpet fanfare and a drumlike tattoo of the strings and winds at the outset. The next section is a wild, almost hysterical outcry in B-flat minor gradually returning to the tempo and the rhythmic tattoo of the opening. The basic march returns and ends with a recollection of the first song from *Kindertotenlieder*, which Mahler was almost certainly composing at the same time. Another contrasting section, in A minor, is more subdued and given largely to the strings. Last echoes of the trumpet fanfare bring the movement to an end.

Stormy, with utmost vehemence. The second movement takes the frenetic outbursts of the first movement as its basic character and contrasts them with a sorrowful march melody in the cellos and clarinets. They alternate three times. A premature shout of triumph is cut off, and the main material returns. The shout of triumph comes back briefly as a chorale in D (the key that will ultimately prevail), but for now, the movement ends in hushed mystery.

Part II: Scherzo. Energetic, not too fast. Mahler told Natalie Bauer-Lechner that the scherzo was to represent "a human being in the full light of day, in the prime of his life." Cast on a large scale, it nonetheless moves with great energy, often as a lilting and whirling waltz with a featured solo horn, and sometimes by turns sardonic, boisterous, even brutal.

Part III: Adagietto. Very slow. The last part begins with the famous Adagietto, once almost the only movement of Mahler's music that was heard with any frequency. When Mahler wrote it, he was recalling the musical worlds

created for the second song of *Kindertotenlieder* and his Rückert setting *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen* (“I am lost to the world”), though he does not use either song to shape this exquisitely restrained movement. The melody grows in sweeping arches to a climactic peak that is not hammered with fortissimos, but whispered as if with bated breath.

Rondo-Finale: Allegro giocoso. Vigorous. Mahler builds his finale as a grand rondo in which, after an opening horn call, a bassoon quotes a phrase from one of Mahler’s *Wunderhorn* songs, *Lob des hohen Verstandes* (“In praise of lofty intellect”), which describes a singing contest judged by an ass. The point of the song is good-natured satire of academic pedantry, and here Mahler undertakes his own cheerful demonstration of counterpoint, the academic subject *par excellence* in music theory, treated in a wonderfully freewheeling way. He is concerned to build up a symphonic structure, alluding to the theme of the Adagietto with music of very different spirit. The climax of the symphony brings back the chorale theme from the second movement, the one earlier passage in all that tragic realm that hinted at the extroversion of D major, now finally achieved and celebrated with tremendous zest.

STEVEN LEDBETTER

Guest Artists

Christine Goerke

Soprano Christine Goerke appears in the major opera houses of the world, including the Metropolitan Opera, San Francisco Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Glimmerglass Opera, Royal Opera House–Covent Garden, Paris Opera, Deutsche Oper Berlin, La Scala, Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Teatro Real, and the Saito Kinen Festival. She has sung much of the great soprano repertoire, starting with the Mozart and Handel heroines and now earning acclaim in the major Strauss and Wagner dramatic roles as well as Puccini’s *Turandot*, Beethoven’s *Leonore*, and Ellen Orford in Britten’s *Peter Grimes*. Goerke has appeared in concert with such ensembles as the Cleveland and Hallé orchestras, the Los Angeles and New York philharmonics, and the BBC, Boston, Chicago, Sydney, and New Zealand symphony orchestras, working with conductors including Sir Mark Elder, Sir Charles Mackerras, Kurt Masur, Zubin Mehta, Andris Nelsons, Seiji Ozawa, David Robertson, Robert Shaw, Christian Thielemann, Michael Tilson Thomas, and Edo de Waart. Her 2021-22 season has included tours of Europe with the Bayreuth Festival, returns to the Metropolitan Opera in *Turandot*, Houston Grand Opera in *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, and Paris Opera in *Elektra*, concerts with the Baltimore and Montreal symphony orchestras, and singing Marie in *Wozzeck* with the BSO and Andris Nelsons at both Symphony Hall and Carnegie Hall. Her recording of Vaughan Williams’s *A Sea Symphony* with Robert Spano and the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra won the 2003 Grammy Award for Best Classical Recording and Best Choral Performance. Other recordings include Brahms’s *Liebeslieder Waltzes*, the *Stabat Maters* of Poulenc, Szymanowski, and Dvořák, and Britten’s *War Requiem*. Recently named associate artistic director of Michigan Opera Theater, Goerke is the recipient of the 2001 Richard Tucker Award, the 2015 *Musical America* Vocalist of the Year Award, and the 2017 *Opera News* Award. Christine Goerke made her subscription series debut in September 1998 and her Tanglewood debut with the orchestra in August 1999. Her most recent Tanglewood appearances were as Brünnhilde in concert performances of acts II and III of Wagner’s *Die Walküre* with the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra and Andris Nelsons in July 2019.

Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra

Saturday, July 23, 8pm

- * Principal, Berlioz
- + Principal, Mahler
- ^ BSO member
- # BSO member, retired

Violin I

Arianna Brusubardis
Olivia Chen
Sheila Fiekowsky ^
Zeno Fusetti
Paul Halberstadt +
Lisa Ji Eun Kim ^

Dominik Kossakowski
Anna Luebke
Tsubasa Muramatsu
Seohyun Park *
Angela Ryu
Austin Wu
Weilu Zhang
Yingchen Zhang

Violin II

Emma Carleton
James Gikas
Alison Kim
Waka Kim
Yeajin Kim
Yeonsoo Kim +
Shomo Mitra
Nikki Naghavi
Sean Takada
Marisa Votapek *
Sophie Wang ^
Tiffany Wee
Liyuan Xie

Viola

Asher Boorstin
Nicholas Borghoff
Kunjing Dai
Rebecca Epperson +
Yeonsu Lee
Sofia Nikas
Jude Park
Abigail Smith *
Lyrica Smolenski
Lynn Sue-A-Quan
Evalynn Tyros
Matthew Weathers
Edward Gazouleas #

Cello

Backkyoung Cho
Boseong Cho
Mizuki Hayakawa
Sunnat Ibragimov +
Benjamin Lanners
Han Lee
Ania Lewis
Benjamin Maxwell
Luis Parra
Samuel Viguerie
Tsz To Wong
Brandon Xu *

Double Bass

Carl Anderson ^
Luis Arturo Celis Avila

Kebra–Seyoun Charles
Jesse Dale
Christopher Laven *
Ethan Moffitt
Andres Vela +
Tobias Vigneau

Flute

Dominique Kim +
Seungmin Oh *
Megan Torti
Victor Wang

Oboe

Daniel Calahorra Oliart
Alexander Mayer
Elias D. Medina *
Andrew Port +

Clarinet

Hyunwoo Chun +
Phoebe Kuan
Max Opferkuch
Daniel Solowey
Alisha Zamore *

Bassoon

Vincent Igusa
Asha Kline +
Thalia Navas *
AJ Neubert

Contrabassoon

AJ Neubert

Horn

Nathan Cloeter +
John Michael Flavetta
Xin He
Alex Moore *
Scott Sanders
Helen Wargelin

Trumpet

Gianluca Farina
Robert Garrison
Sarah Jessen *
Shea Kelsay +
Alan Tolbert

Trombone

David Kidd *
Luke Sieve
Robyn Smith +

Tuba

Colin Benton +

Timpani

Toby Grace *

Tanner Tanyeri +

Percussion

Austin Cernosek

Tsz-Ho Samuel Chan

Jennifer Marasti

Jeremy D. Sreejayan +

Harp

Hannah Cope Johnson +

Librarians

Russel Allyn ^

Viola Chan

Eleanor Yu

Personnel Manager

Dave Tarantino