



WAX SUVISOITTO
Sommarmusik | Summer Sounds

FREKKIÄ MUSIIKKIA

30.6.–4.7.2021 Porvoo | Borgå

Frankenstein!!

Thursday June 1st 2021, 7pm
Taidetehdas, Porvoo

Performers:

HK Gruber, conductor & chansonnier
Eriikka Maalismaa, violin
Avanti! Chamber Orchestra

Program:

Bernd Richard Deutsch: Dr. Futurity

I ... trip – from Mars to here

II Chimaera

III Red Alert!

Jouni Hirvelä: Rakka, premiere

intermission

HK Gruber: Frankenstein!!

Pan-demonium for chansonnier and orchestra
after children's rhymes by H.C. Artmann

HK Gruber, conductor & chansonnier

Composer, conductor and chansonnier, HK Gruber was born in Vienna in 1943 and sang with the Vienna Boys' Choir as a child, going on to study at the Vienna Hochschule für Musik. In 1961 he began playing double bass with Ensemble die reihe and from 1969 to 1998 in the Radio Symphonieorchester Wien. Gruber first began performing as a singer/actor with the 'MOB art and tone ART' ensemble which he co-founded in 1968 with fellow Viennese composers Kurt Schwertsik and Otto Zykan. Composing in his own highly individual style, his music is performed internationally by the world's leading artists and orchestras. Gruber was awarded Austria's most prestigious cultural prize the 2002 Greater Austria State Prize, and in 2009 was announced as an Honorary Member of the Wiener Konzerthaus, following a great tradition of musicians to also receive this accolade, including Igor Stravinsky, Pierre Boulez, Leonard Bernstein and Claudio Abbado. Gruber is an Honorary Lifetime Trustee of the Kurt Weill Foundation.



Eriikka Maalismaa, violin

Eriikka Maalismaa (violin) is one of Finland's most active freelance musicians. Organiser of the Klassinen Hietsu waterside concert series of classical music, she curates the Wonderfeel Helsinki event, is a member of the Avanti! Quartet and plays in numerous other ensembles. She has been leader and section principal of a variety of orchestras (such as the Helsinki Philharmonic, Tapiola Sinfonietta and Australian Chamber) and loves her role of chamber musician, organiser and "odd-jobber". Right now she is particularly keen on collaborating with living composers and has commissioned a stack of compositions from fellow-Finns. The Schumann disc she made with pianist Emil Holmström won a Finnish Emma award in 2019 and will shortly be followed by one of great sonatas by Amy Beach and Richard Strauss performed on period instruments.



The works of Bernd Richard Deutsch (b. 1977) do not fall within the confines of any specific 20th-century modernist school. Each one has its own objectives and means of achieving them, and at the same time Deutsch has been described as a successor of the “Third Viennese School”. *Dr. Futurity* (2013) for 16 instruments for the most part sounds orchestral, but it also features some solo voices: the piano in the first movement, the double bass and oboe d’amore in the second, and an accordion in the stormy finale.

As Deutsch himself puts it, he may have been influenced by the astonishing visions and dystopias of the American sci-fi writer Philip K. Dick (1928–1984). *Dr. Futurity* (1960) is about a doctor who gets tied up in time levels while trying to improve the future. But it is not programme music.

Jouni Hirvelä (b.1982) is a Helsinki-based composer who likes to work with a wide range of instrumental and vocal special techniques. He often gets fascinated about sounds with delicate and fragile qualities and sometimes incorporates them as recorded audio. Hirvelä holds a Master’s Degree from Sibelius Academy where he studied with professor Veli-Matti Puumala and Tapio Nevanlinna. He also studied in Berlin Universität der Künste with Elena Mendoza. He participated on numerous master classes and workshops, including ones with Kaija Saariaho, Marco Stroppa and Chaya Czernowin. Currently he pursues an artistic doctorate in Sibelius Academy.

Jouni Hirvelä writes of his violin concerto *Rakka* now to be premiered: “*Rakka* is a feature of the cold arctic zones. The ‘devil’s field’, *rakka*, is a rock face that has been worn down by cold or heat and split. The *rakka* peeping out from under the snow and the outcrop’s recurring yet always unique forms were key images for me in composing this piece. The musical impulse for it was my interest in the rough, spectrally-rich sounds made audible by the friction of the bow and the string’s material resistance. These include various scratchy screeches and spiky sounds produced near the bridge. One special device less often heard in contemporary music is the chopping technique familiar from bluegrass music, in which a sharp, dry noise like that of a closed hi-hat cymbal is produced as the bow hits the string.

Outwardly, the form is underpinned by the soloist’s manoeuvres within the orchestra and the chamber music-like episodes with the soloist. As the work proceeds, the orchestra also catches the motion and the initial static configuration begins to change. *Rakka* was commissioned by and is dedicated to Eriikka Maalismaa.”

HK Gruber (b. 1943) is known as a conductor, singer and composer, preferably without his forenames Heinz Karl and preferably under his nickname Nali – a reflection of his laid-back, artist habitus redolent of cabaret. He began his singing career in the renowned Vienna Boys Choir but later dropped to a lower register and took up the double bass.

Gruber's official genre is "diatonic serialism", but his breakthrough *Frankenstein!!* (1977–1979) has more ingredients in it than any history-book school can tolerate. This has probably also been the secret of its success and hundreds of performances after being premiered by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Simon Rattle.

Frankenstein!! bears the subtitle "A pandemonium for chansonnier and orchestra" after children's rhymes by H.C. Artmann – 'pandemonium' meaning chaos and why not a pandemic, a global epidemic perhaps? 'Chansonnier' in turn indicates that the singer is required to produce something other than a trained operatic vibrato.

Text: Antti Häyrynen

Translation Susan Sinisalo



AVANTI!

Frankenstein!!

Fanfare, Prologue

little mouse, little mouse
takes me to his mousey house,
now he nibbles out my eye
lost without my eye
I must bake a currant pie-
currant pie with raisins sweet
pick two out, but not to eat,
stick them in to be my eyes.
ah, the sunshine, bright surprise!

I

Dediction

something learned
is something earned.
purchase then some ink and pen.
dip your pen
into the ink,
take a page,
sit and think.
don't compose delightful prose.
any sprite could write in white.
it should reach through blood and bone
to your heart's
own little home.

Miss Dracula

bidly bat that soars so high
faster than the clouds can fly
gliding through the moonlight bright
muzzle smeared from bloody bite.
if she grabs you by the hair,
you'll fly with her through the air.
disappear without a trace,
to a wild and far-off place,
to her secret hiding place,
lonely castle like a tomb
with a dark red dining room,
she brings children to their doom,
sipping blood from tiny veins -
quite a legend, where she reigns!
back in transylvania
where she keeps her bat villa
she is called miss dracula.

II

Goldfinger and Bond

this is the thumb
sticks to the gums
this is the goldfinger
it pulls the trigger
this is the long finger
scratches the wall-safe
this is the nose-finger
rubs out goldfinger
and this is the itzy
itzy bitzy jimmy bond.

John Wayne

a john wayne he must have now
two tall boots made for walking
little fist made for hitting
a casket for a basket
two bright spurs upon his boot heels-
which no pony's flank will feel.
mean hombres made to shoot at
and golden bullets in his gat.
just you dare doubt his honour -
you poor guy, you're a gonner.
off he goes, what a speed,
through Texas on his trusty steed
learn from him, gentle child,
why heroes act so wild
you shouldn't mix with rough guys
if you're not a tough guy.
so when you're chasing baddies
don't be sweet and soft like dad is.

Monster

monster races down the stairs
grubby hands, dishevelled hair
so that's why he never lingers
there's blood on his dainty fingers
look! there's a fine old urinal
with water rushing just like niagara falls
in he skips and all is flushed away
hands as fresh as new-mown hay.

III

Monsterlet

a little mi-ma-monsterlet
is dancing round our house.

IV

Fanfare, Intermezzo

when the logs are burning in the stoves
winter laughs in snowflake droves,
taps the window, wants to play,
'tis the merry werewolf's favourite day.
merrily he crosses fields
winter silence at his heels
fur is bristling out in fun
freest soul beneath the sun.
little children, leave your house,
scurry out quick as a mouse
take along some Christmas cake,
follow in the werewolf's wake.

V

Frankenstein

frankenstein is dancing
frankenstein is dancing
with the test-tube lady,
with the test-tube lady,
and my little daughter dear, my daughter
dear,
it's you!
and my little daughter dear, little daughter,
it's you!

VI

Rat Song and Crusoe Song

little rat now come with me,
happy playmates we shall be,
angel wings tie to your toes,
take you to the circus shows.
children will be standing by
when they see you fly they'll cry-
goodness me! is that a rat?
no, a flying circus bat!

do you see good robinson
sneaking off to have some fun?
he's had too much of roasted goat
watch him wading to his boat,
the next island is his goal
robinson, intrepid soul.
listen how the oars are lapping
listen to the wet sails flapping.
as he sees the pale moon rise
there he meets a new surprise.
cannibals live on this shore
(any child can tell you more!)
robinson is in for a treat-
dining on some rare fresh meat!
little rat now come with me, etc.

VII

Superman

mister superman, put on your pants
else someone's bound to know you.
that lois lane is on her way
to jump in bed with you, sir,
poing poing crash crash
crash crash poing poing
she's out to trap you in a snare
and I, the holy kryptonus, am there
so heed my warning!

VIII.

Finale

The green-haired Man

swing wide the door, swing wide the door
here comes a bright pink wagon.
who's sitting there, who's sitting there,
a man with bright green hair, dear.
what does he want? what does he want?
he's come to fetch marie, dear.
but why marie? but why marie?
because her blood's so sweet, dear.
what is his name? what is his name?
he does not give a name, dear.
what would he like?
what would he like?
he likes to eat the ladies.
give him marie, give him marie.
we should not wish to cross him,
else from his eyes, I do surmise
he' make us into mince-meat pies. Batman
and Robin

Batman and Robin

batman and robin
still lie in their bed
robin's a nice boy
but batman's ill-bred.
batman ta-ta
and robin too-too
coffee is on,
and it's breakfast for two.

Monster In the Park

there're monsters hiding in the city park
never go there after dark.
so hang on tight to your school books
hurry through while no one looks.
evil lurks in monster's eyes,
he has plans for those he spies.
ya, holding out a red cherry
casts his eyes on mark, or mary
or on both, two heads for one
monster also finds that fun.
tender skins are what he's after,
strung like toys across his rafter.
so, children, listen and take care
see him waiting over there,
laughing back behind the leafy trees
eats the cherries, spits out cherry seeds
while the evening whip-poor-wills
start their song behind the hills.

Litany

dear mama and dear papa
baby vampire's biting me.
give a small clout to his small snout
baby's cross will drive him out.

Hello, hello, Herr Frankenstein

hello, hello herr Frankenstein
are you my good doll's doctor?
say, is my caspar healthy again?
ah, yes, there in the back he sits
his old stuffed heart has been exchanged
for a heart of living flesh.
how pleased I am, how pleased I am
his little lungs make noises.
why shouldn't they be noisy, dear?
those lungs are from a criminal
and the brilliant brain as well
that's throbbing in his skull now
two little eyes I've planted in
to gaze up at the moon with.
good medicine is practised here
with minor aberrations.
and see the slender backbone there,
I've turned it on the lathe tonight,
with my own hands
I did the installation.
thank you, thank you, herr Frankenstein
my caspar can now walk again
and when he wants and feels the need
chase the pretty, pretty little girls.

Grete Müller's Adieu

grete müller is my name
nipping neckies is my game,
little vampire teeth to bite
little sharpened nails to fight
never dead, if I should die,
always in the evening sky
when the shadows start to sing
hear the rustling of my wing.

Fanfare, Epilogue

this little book is done
see the mouse run
catch the mouse
then you can make from him
such a fine pistol holster.