

**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 2023 8:00 PM // NEW YORK, CARNEGIE HALL**

**PROGRAM**

**Thunderbolt P-47**, scherzo for orchestra H 309

**Bohuslav Martinů**

**Filharmonie Brno**  
**Dennis Russell Davies**, *conductor*

**Taras Bulba**, rhapsody for orchestra

**Leoš Janáček**

1. The Death of Andriy
2. The Death of Ostap
3. The Prophecy and Death of Taras Bulba

**Filharmonie Brno**  
**Dennis Russell Davies**, *conductor*

**Intermission**

**Symphony No. 12 “Lodger”**

**Philip Glass**

from lyrics by David Bowie and Brian Eno, revised and edited by Dennis Russell Davies (in consultation with the composer)

1. Fantastic Voyage
2. Move On
3. African Night Flight
4. Boys Keep Swinging
5. Yassassin
6. Repetition
7. Red Sails

**Angélique Kidjo**, *voice*  
**Christian Schmitt**, *organ*  
**Filharmonie Brno**  
**Dennis Russell Davies**, *conductor*

## NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

**Thunderbolt P-47**, scherzo for orchestra H 309

### **BOHUSLAV MARTINŮ**

Born December 8, 1890 in Polička, Czechoslovakia (now Czech Republic)

Died August 28, 1959 in Liestal, Switzerland

In 1923, Bohuslav Martinů received a grant from the Czechoslovak minister for education to study composition with Albert Roussel in Paris. He left his homeland, which he would visit occasionally but never returned to permanently. During World War II, Martinů fled occupied France at the last moment and spent several years in the United States. After 1948, when communists took power in Czechoslovakia, Martinů lived in France, Italy and then in Switzerland, where he died. In 1979, his remains were returned to his native Polička.

In the United States, Martinů was received as an established composer. He regularly won commissions for new works, was kept busy composing and in summer taught at prestigious courses of composition. Despite these successes, he watched the developments in Europe, and particularly in his homeland, with a heavy heart. Most of his works written during the war years testify to his dark feelings. He welcomed the end of the war, therefore, with all the more satisfaction, and doubtless with a longing to return home...

The brief piece *Thunderbolt P-47* can be seen as a quirky celebration of the end of the war. "For a long time I had intended to write a short piece for orchestra", said Martinů, "but I was always preoccupied with my symphonies—I have written four during my stay in America, that is to say, one each year. That is why I welcomed the suggestion of my friend Hans Kindler with pleasure for composing a short work. I had thought of writing some dances or scherzo and I chose the latter form. At the time we were with my wife [Charlotte] at South Orleans on Cape Cod where I had just finished my Fourth Symphony which was just recently premiered by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy on November 30 [1945]. I preserved the usual scherzo form with the trio and *da capo* and in September 1945 between swimming, fishing, and composing, I completed this work which I call *Thunderbolt—P-47*. The title was added after the completion of the music, for there is nothing descriptive in it, except for the animated movement which recalls the speed of the fighter planes which were continually flying over our heads at South Orleans and my private tribute to this type of plane which was of such assistance in ending this terrible war. The composition is dedicated to Hans Kindler".

Kindler premiered *Thunderbolt P-47* with the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington on 19 December 1945, but Martinů was not able to attend, as he was sick with flu.

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**Taras Bulba**, rhapsody for orchestra

### **LEOŠ JANÁČEK**

Born July 3, 1854 in Hukvaldy, Austrian Empire (now Czech Republic)

Died August 12, 1928 in Moravská Ostrava, Czechoslovakia (now Czech Republic)

Although in terms of age Leoš Janáček is more part of Antonín Dvořák's generation, his music is some of the most expressive to be found in the 20th century, placing this composer among musicians two generations his junior. Janáček's life and work are closely connected with the city of Brno, where he lived from childhood and where his tireless work as a composer and organizer contributed greatly to the development of Brno's cultural life.

Janáček's works for orchestra are not very extensive in number and this is especially true for the composer's late, peak period. Janáček wrote his symphonic rhapsody *Taras Bulba*, based on Gogol's novella about the Cossack chieftain, in anticipation of the end of the First World War. The choice of a Russian subject was nothing new for Janáček, and his treatment of it here is likewise characteristic. The dramatic action of each of the work's three parts

culminates in the death of one of the Bulbas, a death whereby something is repaid or redeemed. In the first episode, Janáček's eroticism, with its characteristically forceful accent of morality and fate, makes itself felt. From the moment of Andriy's first meeting with a beautiful Polish girl in the cathedral of Kiev, the erotic becomes a power to which everything else must submit and so the chieftain is left with no choice but to kill his own son, who betrayed his country because he could not betray his love.

The second movement is about nostalgia and anxiety: as Taras Bulba's first-born son, Ostap, dies in agony on the square in Warsaw, he is delivered from his terrible feeling of abandonment by the voice of his valiant father. The latter, in turn, is transformed from a rugged warrior into an almost prophetic leader in the final scene, which depicts his own death. Captured and tied to the stake, he continues to shout commands to his Cossacks, an embodiment of strength and invincibility. Janáček saved what is perhaps the loveliest of all his melodies for this moment. Repeated and spun round by the violins, it appears in the midst of the festive pealing and chorus-like magnificence of the final apotheosis as an immortal message of humanity.

It was first performed on 9 October 1921 by the orchestra of the National Theatre in Brno under the direction of František Neumann.

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**Symphony No. 12 “Lodger”** from lyrics by David Bowie and Brian Eno, revised and edited by Dennis Russell Davies (in consultation with the composer)

**PHILIP GLASS**

Born January 31, 1937 in Baltimore, Maryland, USA

Philip Glass is no longer the “pure” radical minimalist that he was in the early days of his career, when his music, composed primarily for the Philip Glass Ensemble and the Mabou Mines theatre company, resonated more in the “alternative” art scene of New York than in classical music circles. So it should come as no surprise that Glass long avoided the traditional genre of classical music. He first ventured in this direction only at the age of fifty-five, and since then he has created fourteen distinctive symphonies employing various conceptions, based on the repetitive technique of minimalism, albeit adapted to the symphonic canon. While these works cannot be deemed innovative, they nevertheless represent an enrichment of the contemporary orchestral repertoire.

With *Symphony No. 12 “Lodger”*, Glass capped off his trilogy inspired by the famous “Berlin” albums—*Low*, *Heroes* (both 1977), and *Lodger* (1979)—of rock icon David Bowie, recorded in West Berlin in collaboration with British musician Brian Eno and U.S. producer Tony Visconti. Glass was in touch with Bowie over the years, and had both his and Eno's blessing to compose the symphonies. Sadly, Bowie did not live to see the trilogy completed, as he passed away in January 2016.

It is no accident that Glass has looked to rock music for inspiration. The relationship between minimalism and rock music is long-standing, with the two genres often influencing each other. In fact, despite their significant differences, they are quite close in terms of their energy and their use of hypnotic beats. Glass's *Symphony No. 1 “Low”* and *Symphony No. 4 “Heroes”* take the music of Bowie's songs as their starting point, fragmenting, transforming, and elaborating on their melodies and harmonies in the spirit of symphonic minimalism. By contrast, *Symphony No. 12 “Lodger”* works exclusively with lyrics, musicalizing them to create an original vocal symphony.

Selecting six of the ten songs from *Lodger*, Glass arranged them in a different order and set them in an entirely new musical context, employing a method similar to that used by his equally prominent peer John Corigliano in the song cycle *Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan* (2000/2003), based on the lyrics of Bob Dylan. Glass (again, like Corigliano) also turns the originally male vocals over to a woman: Benin-born world music star Angélique Kidjo (for whom in 2013 Glass composed the orchestral song cycle *Ifé: Three*

*Yorùbá Songs* to lyrics written in singer's native Yorùbá language). Hearing the compelling, thoughtfully constructed orchestral flow of Glass's *Symphony No. 12*, with its concertante organ, it is clear the composer was justified in titling his work a symphony.

*Symphony No. 12* had its world premiere performance by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, conducted by John Adams, at the Walt Disney Concert Hall on January 12, 2019. Following that concert, the work underwent substantial modification. Conductor Dennis Russell Davies, who premiered the vast majority of Glass's previous symphonies (as well as several of the composer's other major works, including his operas) and is a longtime close friend, had a major hand in those changes. After his decision to perform *Symphony No. 12* in several cities in Europe, Davies undertook a thorough review of the entire score together with Glass. They made numerous revisions, elaborating on new musical ideas and implementing minor changes in the lyrics. All of these changes were incorporated into the final score, which was performed under Davies's direction at its German premiere in Dresden, in November 2019, and had its Czech premiere in April 2021 at the Prague Spring Festival, with the concert livestreamed from the Obecní dům's Smetana Hall (to comply with public health measures and limit the spread of COVID, there was no audience in the seats). Then, on October 1, 2021, the symphony was performed in the city of Brno's Janáček Theater, at the opening concert of the Moravian Autumn festival. It is clear that Davies has breathed new life into the work, as is documented on the recording on the CD released on the Filharmonie Brno label.

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## TEXTS

### PHILIP GLASS

**Symphony No. 12 “Lodger”** from lyrics by David Bowie and Brian Eno

[**Fantastic Voyage**—for orchestra]

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### **Move On**

Sometimes I feel  
The need to move on  
So I pack a bag  
And move on  
Move on  
Well I might take a train  
Or sail at dawn  
Or take a girl  
When I move on  
When I move on  
Somewhere, someone's calling me  
And when the chips are down  
I'm just a travellin' man  
Maybe it's just a trick of the mind, but  
Somewhere there's a morning sky  
Bluer than her eyes  
Somewhere there's an ocean  
Innocent and wild  
Africa is sleepy people  
Russia has its horsemen  
Spent some nights in old Kyoto  
Sleeping on the matted ground  
Cyprus is my island  
When the going's rough  
I would like to find you  
Somewhere in a place like that  
Somewhere, someone's calling me  
And when the chips are down  
I stumble like a blind man  
Can't forget you  
Can't forget you  
Feeling like a shadow  
Drifting like a leaf  
I stumble like a blind man  
Can't forget you  
Can't forget you

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### **African Night Flight**

African nightmare one-time Mormon  
More men fall in Hullabaloo men  
I slide to the nearest bar  
Undermine chairman, I went too far  
Bent on a windfall, rent a Sony  
Wonder how the dollar went down  
Got to get a word to Elizabeth's father  
Hey ho, he wished me well  
Seemed like another day I could fly  
Into the eye of God on high  
His burning eye will see me through  
One of these days, one of these days  
Got to get a word through one of these days  
Asante habari habari habari  
Asante nabana nabana nabana  
Getting in a mood for a Mombasa night flight  
Pushing my luck, going to fly like a mad thing  
Bare strip take-off, skimming over Rhino  
Born in slumber, less than peace  
Struggle with a child, whose screaming, dreaming  
Drowned by the props all steely sunshine  
Sick of you, sick of me  
Lust for the free life, quashed and maimed  
Like a ... loved one left unnamed  
Seemed like another day I could fly  
Into the eye of God on high  
Seemed like another day I could fly  
Into the eye of God on high  
Over the bushland, over the trees  
Wise like orangutan, that was me  
His burning eye will see me through  
One of these days, one of these days  
Got to get a word through one of these days  
Asante habari habari habari  
Asante nabana nabana nabana

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### **Boys Keep Swinging**

Heaven loves ya  
The clouds part for ya  
Nothing stands in your way  
Where you're a boy  
When you're a boy  
Clothes always fit ya  
Life is a pop of the cherry  
When you're a boy

When you're a boy  
You can wear a uniform  
When you're a boy  
Other boys check you out  
You get a girl  
These are your favorite things  
When you're a boy  
Boys  
Boys  
Boys keep swinging  
Boys always work it out  
Uncage the colors  
Unfurl the flag  
Luck just kissed you hello  
When you are a boy  
They'll never change you  
You're always first in line  
When you're a boy  
When you're a boy  
You can buy a home of your own  
When you're a boy  
Learn to drive and everything  
You'll get your share  
When you're a boy  
Boys  
Boys  
Boys keep swinging  
Boys always work it out

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### **Yassassin**

Yassassin—I'm not a moody guy  
I walk without a sound  
just a working man, no judge of man  
but such a life we've never known  
We came from the farmlands  
To live in the city  
We walked proud and lustful  
In this resonant world  
You want to fight  
But I don't want to leave  
Or drift away  
Yassassin—I'm not a moody guy  
I walk without a sound  
just a working man, no judge of man  
but such a life we've never known  
Look at this—no second glances  
Look at this—no value of love  
Look at us—just sun and steel  
Look at this—then look at us

If there's someone in charge  
Then listen to me  
Don't say nothing's wrong  
'cause I've got a love  
And she's afraid  
You want to fight  
But I don't want to leave  
Or drift away  
Yassassin—I'm not a moody guy  
I walk without a sound  
just a working man, no judge of men  
but such a life I've never known  
Yassassin  
Yassassin  
Yassassin

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### **Repetition**

Johnny is a man  
And he's bigger than you  
But his overheads are high  
And he looks straight through you  
when you ask how the kids are  
He'll get home around seven  
'Cause the chevy's real old  
And he could have had a Cadillac  
If the school had taught him right  
And he could have married Anne with  
the blue silk blouse  
And the food is on the table  
But the food was cold  
(Don't hit her!)  
"Can't you even cook?  
Can't you even cook?  
What's the good of me working  
when you can't damn cook?  
Can't damn cook?"  
Well Johnny is a man  
And he's bigger than her  
I guess the bruises won't show  
If she wears long sleeves  
But the space in her eyes shows  
through  
Shows through  
And he could have married Anne  
with the blue silk blouse  
Shine through  
Shine through  
Shine through  
Shine through



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### **Red Sails**

I feel ... roughed up,  
feel a bit frightened  
Nearly pin it down sometime  
Red sail action, wake up in  
the wrong town  
Boy, I really get around  
I really get around  
Thunder, ocean, thunder, ocean  
Red sails take me, take me,  
Make me sail along  
Make me sail along  
Red sails, and a mast so tall  
Red sails, red sails  
Do you remember, we another person  
Green and black and red and so scared  
Graffiti on the wall keep us all in tune  
Bringing us all back home  
Red sails, thunder ocean  
Red sails, sailors can't dance like you  
Red sail, red sail action  
Red sail, some reaction  
Action boy seen living under neon  
Struggle with a foreign tongue  
Red sails make him strong  
Action makes him sail along  
Red sails make him strong  
Action makes him sail along  
Sail along  
Life stands still and stares  
Life stands still  
The hinterland, the hinterland  
We're gonna sail to the hinterland  
... far far, far far far, far far far away  
One, two, three, four  
Oooooooh  
The hinterland, the hinterland  
We're gonna sail to the hinterland

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