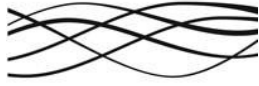


**BERKELEY
SYMPHONY**



JOANA CARNEIRO
MUSIC DIRECTOR

Symphonic III: Getty & Berlioz

Thurs, Feb 1, 2018 at 8p - Zellerbach Hall, Berkeley

Fri, Feb 2, 2018 at 8p - Hume Hall, San Francisco Conservatory of Music

<http://www.berkeleysymphony.org/concerts/getty-berlioz/>

Program

Fauré: *Cantique de Jean Racine*

Gordon Getty: *Joan and the Bells*

Berlioz: *Symphonie fantastique*

Conductor & Artists

Keitaro Harada, guest conductor

Lisa Delan, soprano

Lester Lynch, baritone

Eric Choate, concertmaster

Berkeley Symphony and Chorus

Program Notes & Translations

Gabriel Fauré

Born May 12, 1845, in Pamieres, France; died November 4, 1924, in Paris

Cantique de Jean Racine, Op. 11

Composed: 1864-65

First performance: August 4, 1866, in Montivilliers, France

Duration: approximately 7 minutes

Scored for mixed choir and pairs of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and horns, plus harp and strings

In sum:

- Gabriel Fauré's best-loved work is his setting of the Requiem, but he was already hiding his sensitive, balanced choral style in *Cantique de Jean Racine*, an early student work.
- Written for a composition competition when he was 19, *Cantique* is a brief, beautifully proportioned setting of three stanzas based on a liturgical prayer.

Born in the south of France, Gabriel Fauré was a bit of an anomaly in his family — the only one among his five siblings with musical leanings. But these were already evident by an early age, so that Fauré was sent off to Paris at the age of nine to concentrate on his musical studies at the École Niedermeyer, a college that specialized in preparing for careers in religious music. Camille Saint-Saëns became an important mentor, and young Fauré was educated as a choirmaster and organist. For years he served as the chief organist at one of the leading churches in Paris, later becoming director of the esteemed Paris Conservatoire (where Maurice Ravel was among his pupils).

Fauré would later make one of the best-loved contributions to the choral repertoire with his Requiem (completed in 1890), but already as a student at the École Niedermeyer he was anticipating aspects of the Requiem's aesthetic in the early *Cantique de Jean Racine*, Op. 11. The composition, originally for mixed choir and piano or organ, was entered into a competition at the school and garnered first prize in 1865.

For his text, Fauré chose a liturgical prayer used for matins, part of the breviary for the liturgy of the hours — or, rather, a beautiful paraphrase of the original Latin prayer into elegant French by the great tragedian Jean Racine. Titled “Verbe égal au Très-Haut” (“Word, One with the Highest”) in French, it was published by Racine as part of his *Hymnes traduites du Bréviaire romain* in 1688.

What to listen for

In contrast to the “updating” of the old Latin text into 17th-century French, Fauré was inspired musically by his exposure to early music at the École Niedermeyer. The biographer Jean-Michel Nectoux notes that the opportunity to be immersed in Renaissance polyphony “opened up for him a historical perspective ... [that] was to prove an important liberating influence” (as it would, in different ways, for Claude Debussy some decades on). This training oriented the young composer towards “the clarity and balance of Fauré's choral technique, [as in] the four- and six-part writing of the *Cantique de Jean Racine*...”

Cantique displays Fauré's gift for restrained, serene melody — here, as a kind of synthesis of Romantic traits with his study of liturgical music. The brief piece is set in three parts, corresponding to the three stanzas of the text. A brief introduction and interlude frames the first stanza; the third stanza follows the second without break.

Text for Fauré's *Cantique de Jean Racine*

Verbe égal au Très-Haut, notre
unique espérance,

Word of God, one with the Most High, in
whom alone we have our hope,

Jour éternel de la terre et des cieux,
De la paisible nuit nous rompons le
silence:
Divin sauveur, jette sur nous les yeux.

Eternal Day of heaven and earth,
We break the silence of the peaceful night;
Saviour Divine, cast your eyes upon us!

Répands sur nous le feu de ta grâce
puissante;
Que tout l'enfer fuie au son de ta voix;
Dissipe le sommeil d'une âme
languissante
Qui la conduit à l'oubli de tes lois!

Pour on us the fire of your powerful grace,
That all hell may flee at the sound of your
voice;
Banish the slumber of a weary soul,
That brings forgetfulness of your laws!

Ô Christ ! sois favorable à ce peuple
fidèle,
Pour te bénir maintenant rassemblé;
Reçois les chants qu'il offre à ta gloire
immortelle,
Et de tes dons qu'il retourne comblé.

O Christ, look with favour upon your faithful
people
Now gathered here to praise you;
Receive their hymns offered to your
immortal glory;
May they go forth filled with your gifts.

Gordon Getty

Born December 30, 1933, in Los Angeles; resides in San Francisco

Joan and the Bells

Composed: 1997

First performance: September 1998 by the Russian National Orchestra and the Eric
Ericson Chamber Choir led by Alexander Vedernikov

Duration: approximately 22 minutes

Scored for solo soprano and baritone, chorus, and an orchestra of 2 flutes and piccolo,
2 oboes, English horn, 2 clarinets, bass clarinet, 2 bassoons, contrabassoon, 4 horns, 3
trumpets, 3 trombones, tuba, timpani, 3 percussionists, harp, celesta and strings

In sum:

- Joan of Arc (1412-1431) has inspired countless artistic responses, including Gordon Getty's cantata for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, *Joan and the Bells*.
- Getty has been especially drawn to writing for the voice and writes his own librettos. *Joan and the Bells* makes use of original source documents to depict the dramatic end of Joan's life while she was still a teenager: tried as a heretic and burned at the stake.

- Set in three scenes, *Joan and the Bells* is bookended by dramatic public scenes, which frame a central monologue for the soprano Joan.

Gabriel Fauré's father-in-law was Emmanuel Frémiet, the sculptor widely known for his gilded bronze equestrian statue of Joan of Arc (1412-1431), erected in 1874 at the Place des Pyramides in Paris. A few years later in 1879, saw the premiere of Tchaikovsky's opera *The Maid of Orleans*, based on a play by Schiller — all of these manifesting, in various artistic disciplines, the ongoing fascination with the story and significance of this pivotal figure who seems to hold a mirror to each generation that reflects on her.

Even within her tragically brief lifespan, Joan of Arc prompted wildly contradictory responses. She was still in her teens (as G.B. Shaw notes, "indeed, she never got out of them") when she entered the stage of history and decisively changed it. To her contemporaries, Joan was either a miraculous messenger of God or a dangerous heretic in league with the devil.

Attempts to make sense of Joan in the centuries since have transformed her into a ready-made icon. The personae associated with Joan through artistic representations alone continue to proliferate. She has been filtered into a gamut of archetypes, from witch and sorceress to prophet, virgin warrior, mystic, and feminist. Bertolt Brecht's *Saint Joan of the Stockyards* even reclaims her as a union-organizing socialist.

Gordon Getty observes that "Schiller and Mark Twain, and Verdi and Tchaikovsky, made Joan wise beyond her years. Indeed she was. The record of her trial, which was meticulous by the fine-printing standards of the time, shows a defendant of acumen and poise. People grew up fast in her age of war and freebooters and the Black Death."

But for his 1998 cantata *Joan and the Bells*, Getty was attracted to another thread of interpretations of this "illiterate peasant girl" who was tried for heresy and witchcraft in 1431, with the Bishop of Beauvais, Pierre Cauchon, leading the prosecution against her. "It was the genius of Shaw that inverted this safe literary tradition and brought out the spunky teenager in Joan," writes Getty. "Jean Anouilh went farther, in *The Lark*, and gave her the simplicity of preadolescence. *Joan and the Bells* owes much to these masters, particularly Anouilh, and takes the same poetic license. It is a tale of a child's faith in an age without childhood, of a valor undeflected, and of the redemption these qualities commend."

Getty, the child of J. Paul Getty and the silent film actress Ann Rork, has long been associated with San Francisco. After graduating from the University of San Francisco, he studied composition at the San Francisco Conservatory, from which he graduated in 1956. Alongside works for orchestra and piano, Getty's focus as a composer has been on writing for the voice — whether in art songs, choral works, or opera. For the stage he has written *Plump Jack* (drawing on Shakespeare's *Falstaff*), the Oscar Wilde-based *The Canterville Ghost*, and *Usher House*, an operatic treatment of Edgar Allan Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher* (which received its U.S. premiere in 2015 at San Francisco Opera).

As with those operas, Getty crafted his own libretto for *Joan and the Bells*, using original source documents from letters dictated by Joan and the trial proceedings. The composer points out that when the teenage Joan first appeared on the scene in 1429, during the Hundred Years' War between France and England, she improbably “led the French army to victory” during the siege of Orléans and helped ensure the all-important coronation of the Dauphin as King Charles VII in Reims. Yet Joan “had proved too warlike and independent for the new king’s comfort,” and he chose not to ransom her when she was captured in battle in 1430.

“Myth can add little to such a history,” observes Getty. “Like other writers, even so, I have cast Joan’s story in a myth to suit my telling. *Joan and the Bells* keeps to some facts and makes up others. Thus Domremy is given a Lourdes-like setting for picturesqueness alone. It is true meanwhile that church bells brought Joan’s visions and voices, but not that any were silenced at her trial. There is also no reason to suppose that Cauchon was compassionate in the end. He is made so here to mitigate Church-bashing, to give the benefit of the doubt to little-known historical figures, and to keep the focus on Joan. Her story needs no villains. It is the hero, not the saint, who is measured by the size of the dragon slain. The saint is measured by the promise kept, by the beauty of the vision, and by the straightness of the path.”

What to listen for

Joan and the Bells is cast in three scenes. The first, “Judgment,” begins in the thick of things, as the pro-English Bishop Cauchon pronounces the terrible sentence that Joan is to be burned at the stake for her visions. Getty pits the fierce pronouncements of Cauchon, supported by an implacable chorus of men’s voices, against Joan’s visionary courage. A terse semitone motif is germinal for much of the musical material, while registral contrasts underscore the dramatic situation.

The second scene, “Joan in Her Chamber,” is the emotional heart of Getty’s cantata: a long solo outpouring in which Joan addresses the saints who have guided her. The high-lying writing showcases the artistry of frequent Getty collaborator Lisa Delan, who created the role (and who sings it on the Pentatone recording of the work). In “The Square at Rouen,” the terse dramatic intensity of the first scene returns, but Cauchon’s own doubts become more apparent, and the chorus is now split into different roles: the onlookers at Joan’s burning and an ensemble of saints who console the dying Joan — as the sound of bells peals out in the final minute. The effect of their sudden appearance in the soundscape after several references is all the more dramatic, inviting the listeners — unlike the tormentors surrounding her — to share in Joan’s vision.

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Text for Getty’s *Joan and the Bells*

Part One: Judgment

CAUCHON AND CHORUS

Joan the Maid, you are condemned.
You have done prodigies by witchcraft,
Beyond all temporal power, in men's clothes,
You have led armies and defeated armies,
And counseled heresies. You have heard our judgment.
Let it be entered.

JOAN

I wore men's clothes and armor
And fought their fight.
God put a sword into my hand.

CHORUS

She is blaspheming. Silence her.

CAUCHON

You are mistaken. Satan armed you, child.
The sword was his. Repent, be healed, be saved.
Cast him away, and you will bless our judgment.
Receive God's grace and you will bless the flames,
Let God's grace shine in them and sing in them,
Let them drive out the husk, the dross, the slag,
Let them drive out that antichrist, the mortal world,
Let them refine, cleanse, cauterize,
Let them anneal, let them distill,
Let them make pure. Renounce your visions,
Know them aright. They are not your three saints.
You have confessed that these things are not saints
But Satan and his minions.

JOAN

I thank the court. Your Reverences
Are old and wise, the Church is God's true agent,
And I am perjured.
I was afraid, and was not true to them,
Saint Catherine, Saint Margaret, Saint Michael,
I did them evil,
Here in this room I called them frauds and specters,
But I have asked their pardon,
And must not wrong them more.
Your Reverences have sentenced me most justly.
I am still wicked and afraid.
But, Reverences, I must not wrong them more,
And I will ask their pardon in the fire.

CHORUS

Defiance! Blasphemy! Brothers, you are too patient.

CAUCHON

She is obdurate. We can do nothing.
Remove her. Pray for her. The trial is closed.
There was no fault in it. God help us now,
But, Brothers, who can say we were not fair?
We were most circumspect. The pope absolves us.
The laity consent.

CHORUS

Thus far.
But there must be no bells.

CAUCHON

There will be none.
The Duke of Bedford stilled them.

CHORUS

They are her voices.

CAUCHON

He took their tongues.

CHORUS

Her visions come with them.

CAUCHON

The bells are mute. God help us, Brothers,
But who can say we were not fair?

CHORUS

Who can say we were not fair?

Part Two: Joan in her Chamber

JOAN

Saint Margaret, I ask your pardon first,
Because it was you I saw the first of all,
Running to church. Do you remember?
It was fall and cool and morning and beautiful;
I was running up where the path was highest,
Up where the bells came loudest, on the hillside,
In the forest by the spring,

Where I could see our roof and all the roofs,
But this time I was running not to be late,
And did not look.
Do you remember? All at once I saw you,
As plain as anyone, but beautiful and shining,
And I knew you were a saint.
Then I saw you, Saint Michael,
And you, Saint Catherine,
And now I ask your pardon too. I am ashamed,
For I have broken faith with you,
And made you angry,
And that is why you will not come to me.
But then you came, all three,
And, Blessed Margaret, you said,
“Joan, do you know us?” And I said,
“I do, Saint Margaret,
But I think you must have lost your way.
Not even the abbé comes to Domremy.”
Saint Michael, then you said, “Joan,
Are you afraid of us?” And I said, “No, Saint Michael,”
And then, Saint Catherine, you said,
“It is good that you are not,
For you must ride a horse, and be a soldier,
And hold a sword.” And I said, “Oh, Saint Catherine,
A soldier?” And you answered,
“If you are not afraid, and keep your word,
And do your very best,
Then you will be a soldier, and ride a horse,
And hold a sword, and crown a king,
And do brave things that will be told forever.”
And I said, “Well, then, I will try,
But how can I do all of that?”
And then, Saint Michael, you said,
“You will know how, all by yourself,
And when you need us we will come to you.”
Oh, blessed saints, it was the truth.
At Chinon Castle you led me to the Dauphin
And made him trust me. At Orleans
Where we had fought all day without advantage,
And had fallen back to garrison as weak as death,
You came and said that we must try once more.
Somehow I made them do it, and we won.
So it was on the Loire,
At Meung, Jargeau, Patay, so many times,
Whenever we were nearly broken,

With fresh reserves against us, banners high,
Mocking at us, our ordnance driven back,
Dust-blind, our force encircled, then you came
In our great need, just as you said,
To give me courage, and the field was ours.
Even when I was taken at Compiègne,
And even here, you came to me each day,
But now I have been untruthful,
And that is why you will not speak to me.
Dear saints, I will do better,
There is only a little time, but I will try,
And then perhaps you will not be so angry,
And you will come to me.

Part Three: The Square at Rouen

VARIOUS VOICES

They are building the fire too high.
The executioner will not be able to come near,
Once it is lit,
To do the act of mercy.
It is cruel.

CAUCHON (ASIDE)

Yes, it is cruel.

OTHER VOICES

It is justice. She is a witch.
She is a heretic relapsed.
She is young and beautiful.
I do not think she is a witch.
She is not afraid. She is very calm.

CAUCHON (ASIDE)

Her head is high.

OTHER VOICES

She is a witch. The court condemned her.
Now they will light the fire. It is lit.
The flames are terrible.
Listen! There are bells. I hear them.
Yes! There are bells.
There are no bells. Lord Bedford took their tongues.
Sometimes the bells can bring her visions to her.
That is why he made them mute.

They are not the bells of Rouen.

CAUCHON (ASIDE)

No, they are other bells. I heard them once,
When I was very young.

OTHER VOICES

They are other bells.
There are no bells. Lord Bedford stilled them.
She is looking at something up high.
What is it?
She is watching the tower.
No, she is looking above it.
Her lips are moving.
She is praying. I cannot make out the words.
What does she say?

CAUCHON (ASIDE)

She is saying, "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu."

CHORUS (SAINTS)

Come, child, come, soldier,
The task is finished, finished and settled away,
It is all mended and folded away,
The battle is done with, over and gone,
And washed away with the morning.
You have won and rested. Listen! The bells!
See, you have won, child! Now rise up
In the cool of the morning, run to us,
Run up in the cool hills, run barefoot, run, child, feel the wind,
Feel the cool wind, run higher, higher,
Up to the mountaintops, higher!
Jump higher than the world! The bells are louder!
Here, child! Faster! See, you are almost home!
Up here, child! Run up to the sky and past it,
Past clouds and moons and comets,
Up, child! It is so blue and bright!
You can hardly see! Brighter and brighter!
Come running, riding; now you are riding, child!
Ride forward, faster, faster, higher, higher,
Up to the front, child!
See the battalions align, there are Dunois, LaHire,
In the cool of the morning, Xantrailles and his lancers,
The ground is resilient, quick for the charge,
See the horses, the riders, the ranks,

How they quiver and quicken, their eyes, they are ready,
All of them furious, dangerous, ready,
Spur, child! Up to the gallop, apace, hear the war-shout,
The banner, aloft! Let it fly, let it carry them,
Jesu Maria, they see it, they follow,
Attack, child! Into the enemy, at them!
Into the cavalry, up to the cannon, the colors!
The bells are everywhere!
See, the gates open, child, the pennants fall, the captains kneel!
Ride up, child, up to the battlements, up to the stars,
Ride up in the cool of the morning.

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Composer's Notes

1429 was the 92nd year of the Hundred Years' War. Three generations of French had been bloodied in the disasters of Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt. In the spring of that year an illiterate peasant girl told first the Governor of her region, and then the Dauphin, that she had been chosen by God to drive the English back to their shores. She was given a few soldiers and sent to join the defense of Orleans. She led the French army to victory. Later in that year she broke the English strongholds along the Loire, and led the Dauphin through Burgundian territory to his coronation at Rheims.

Soon she had proved too warlike and independent for the new king's comfort. In 1430 she attacked Burgundian Paris, without result, after he had declared a truce. When she was captured in battle a few months later he did not ransom her, although he could have done so easily under the customs of the time. She was sold to the Duke of Burgundy, and tried by the Church for heresy and witchcraft at Rouen in 1431. Pierre Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, led the prosecution. She renounced her visions under a promise that her life would be spared, and recanted on learning that the terms included life imprisonment on bread and water. She was now trapped as a relapsed heretic, and was burned at the stake. She was about nineteen years old.

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There is also no reason to suppose that Cauchon was compassionate in the end. He is made so here to mitigate Church-bashing, to give the benefit of the doubt to little-known historical figures, and to keep the focus on Joan. Her story needs no villains. It is the

hero, not the saint, who is measured by the size of the dragon slain. The saint is measured by the promise kept, by the beauty of the vision, and by the straightness of the path.

Schiller and Mark Twain, and Verdi and Tchaikovsky, made Joan wise beyond her years. Indeed she was. The record of her trial, which was meticulous by the fine-printing standards of the time, shows a defendant of acumen and poise. People grew up fast in her age of war and freebooters and the Black Death. It was the genius of Shaw that inverted this safe literary tradition and brought out the spunky teenager in Joan. Jean Anouilh went farther, in *The Lark*, and gave her the simplicity of preadolescence. *Joan and the Bells* owes much to these masters, particularly Anouilh, and takes the same poetic license. It is a tale of a child's faith in an age without childhood, of a valor undeflected, and of the redemption these qualities commend.

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Hector Berlioz

Born December 11, 1803, in La Côte-Saint-André, France; died March 8, 1869, in Paris

Symphonie fantastique

Composed: 1830; rev. 1832

First performance: December 5, 1830, in Paris, with François Habeneck conducting.

Duration: approximately 50 minutes

Scored for 2 flutes (2nd doubling piccolo), 2 oboes (2nd doubling English horn), 2 clarinets (2nd doubling E-flat clarinet), 4 bassoons, 4 horns, 2 cornets, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, 2 tubas, timpani, bass drum, snare drum, cymbals, bells, 2 harps, and strings

In sum:

- A landmark of Romanticism, the *Symphonie fantastique* is the astonishing product of Berlioz's early period — composed only three years after the death of Beethoven.
- Berlioz single-handedly opened a whole new vista for the symphony and for orchestral music by turning the genre into a vehicle for autobiographical reflection.
- The *Symphonie fantastique* teems with orchestral innovation and special “sound effects” that enhance the coloristic possibilities of writing for orchestra.

Hector Berlioz was a provocateur and enigma to his fellow French, yet by the end of the century he had earned widespread reverence as an exemplar of French genius in opposition to the “invasion” of German sensibility (Wagnerism above all). Regardless of these cultural politics, his early *Symphonie fantastique* retains its aura of originality and

is even still capable of shocking audiences. The composer was only 26 when he first conceived the work and trying to establish himself in the late 1820s in Paris.

The *Symphonie* assimilates Berlioz's life-changing discovery of the symphonies of Beethoven, as well as his passion for the Irish actress Harriet Smithson (whom he eventually — and unhappily — married). He channeled an idealized vision of Smithson into the *Symphonie fantastique*, weaving in several musical ideas from earlier compositions.

Berlioz signaled his aesthetic agenda by subtitled the *Symphonie fantastique* "An Episode in the Life of an Artist." The idea of descriptive program music was not in itself new, but Berlioz changed the game through the intensity of his subjective portrait. Here was music that transformed the framework of a symphony into the vessel for an autobiographical confession: an artist's fever dream in which the composer projects both his longing for the ideal woman and the disturbing consequences of that longing.

The remarkable orchestral effects and thematic transformations of Berlioz's score evoke the metamorphoses and visions that occur in a state of dreaming or fantasizing — in the very state in which our obsessions are revealed in new and unsettling perspectives, as Romantic poets, painters, and composers showed us decades before Freud.

Thus Berlioz calls the first movement "Daydreams — Passions." It sets the stage for the composer's protagonist and alter ego, a passionate musician. In his solitude, Berlioz's Artist feels that he is incomplete because he lacks the ideal woman he loves.

In "A Ball," the Artist sinks into a state of despondency that is only enhanced by the fleeting joys of the dancers around him.

Berlioz's profound admiration for Beethoven comes to the fore in "Scene in the Countryside," with thoughts of the Pastoral Symphony in the background (including the looming tempest amid the tranquil setting). The natural setting becomes a screen onto which the Artist projects his fears, symbolized by distant thunder that announces a coming storm.

If the first two movements explore the idealism of the Artist's obsession with love, the third is a fulcrum, giving way to a descent into hell that unfolds in the final two movements. With its boisterous accents, "March to the Scaffold" depicts the Artist fantasizing his own execution for having killed the Beloved. This fantasy is triggered by a heavy dose of opium he consumes in a suicidal state. The Artist populates the scene with a sadistic crowd that gathers to witness his execution.

"Witches' Sabbath" concludes the *Symphonie fantastique* with a full-on nightmare — all the more powerful when heard in the context of this program's preceding visions of the divine. The Artist has continued to the next stage of his imagined death and fantasizes his funeral in the form of a demonic orgy.

While the Artist never awakens from this fever dream in the *Symphonie fantastique*, in 1831 Berlioz penned a sequel in which his protagonist does just that. In *Lélio*, ou le

Retour à la Vie (“Lélio, or the Return to Life”), music itself provides the antidote to the Artist’s hopeless obsession.

What to listen for

Muted strings shape the mood of the slow, melancholy introduction, filled with uneasy pauses. Berlioz introduces a recurring theme to represent the ideal Beloved — a theme he referred to as his *idée fixe*, or “fixed idea.” Initially, it takes the shape of a melody in flutes and violins that ranges restlessly over nearly two octaves. Easily fragmentable into constituent parts, the *idée fixe* plays a key role throughout the work, reappearing in dramatically changing contexts. The second movement includes the enchanting sound of a pair of harps and features music of clear textures and diaphanous beauty.

Berlioz’s innovations as an orchestrator go well beyond his use of “special effects” and extend to his painterly mixture of timbres, especially evident in the woodwind-rich third movement, which adjusts foreground and background levels of sound colors in a quasi-cinematic manner.

The savage march that accompanies the Artist to the scaffold introduces a sardonic element that Berlioz presses to extremes in the grotesque finale, where he shockingly distorts the *idée fixe* into a leering parody of its original haunting beauty in a version squawked by E-flat clarinet.

No wonder that Stanley Kubrick chose this statement of the solemn, medieval *Dies Irae* chant for the soundtrack of *The Shining*. Normally associated with the Requiem and its vision of a terrifying Judgment Day, the melody is initially entrusted to the tubas, after a series of tolling bells, and then sequentially sped up by different sections of the orchestra. Berlioz brings the movement to its climax with an orgiastic fugue comprising the funeral chant and the music of the dancing witches — yet another dimension of parody, as the “learned” science of the fugue is put to the service of this demonic ritual.

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