

the years to come, when our frozen bodies have been found and returned home to Sweden, the bright, elusive glory he sought will be his after all. Even Strindberg's foolish example will, in time, be transformed as a legend for lovers. But I, Fraenkel, who measured the winds, I who plotted the stars and asked myself over and over again — I still will not know what attracted *me* to the North like the trembling needle of a compass.

Was it only for this: to perish here, alone, amid the howling winds of an Arctic night, reading and re-reading those undeliverable love-letters of a simple soul and this already-fading journal of a prideful Swede? Was it only for this?

13. Final Words (Andrée: Second Journal)

“...the middle of the night...shadows on the glacier...the flaming outside...not innocent white doves...carrion birds...bad weather, we fear...to escape...out to sea...crash...grating...driftwood...”

UPCOMING CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

JANUARY

- |    |  |  |
|----|--|--|
| 23 | The Mannes Trio<br>Hiroko Yajima, violin<br>Melissa Meell, cello<br>Diane Walsh, piano | Beethoven: Trio, Opus 1, No. 2<br>John Anthony Lennon: Sirens<br>Ravel: Trio |
| 30 | Peter Takacs, pianist<br>Chopin: Polonaise, Opus 61<br>Gershwin: Gershwin Songbook     | Debussy: Preludes, Book II   |

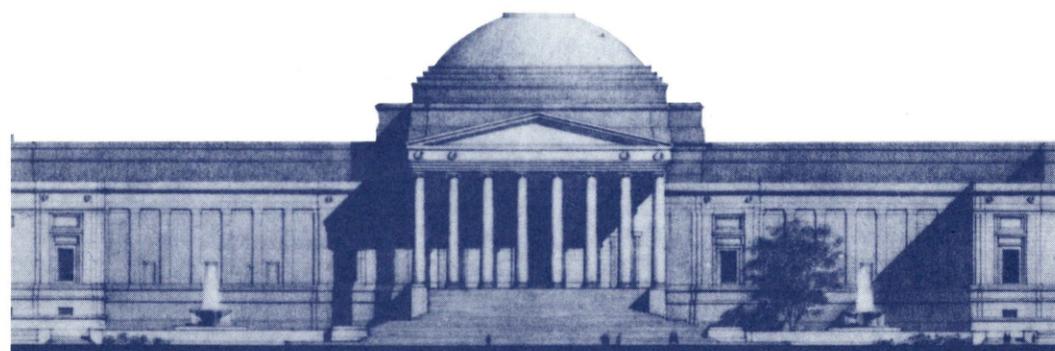
*Concerts from the National Gallery are broadcast in their entirety at 7:00 p.m. on Sundays on radio station WGTS, 91.9 FM, four weeks after the live performance. The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed.*

*For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open until 6:30 p.m.*

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and  
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

**National Gallery of Art**



*2107th Concert*

VIRGINIA DUPUY, *mezzo-soprano*

TARA EMERSON, *pianist*

and

DAVID EVITTS, *baritone*

WILLIAM HUCKABY, *pianist*

*Music of Dominick Argento*

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Sunday Evening, January 16, 1994  
at Seven O'clock  
West Building, East Garden Court  
*Admission free*

## PROGRAM

From the Diary of Virginia Woolf

- I The Diary
- II Anxiety
- III Fancy
- IV Hardy's Funeral
- V Rome
- VI War
- VII Parents
- VIII Last Entry

Miss Dupuy and Miss Emerson

## INTERMISSION

The Andrée Expedition

Part One: In the Air

1. Prologue (Fraenkel)
2. The Balloon Rises (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)
3. Pride and Ambition (Andrée: First Journal)
4. Dinner Aloft (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)
5. The Unforeseen Problem (Fraenkel)
6. The Flight Aborted (Andrée: First Journal)

End of Part One

7. Mishap With a Sledge (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)
8. The King's Jubilee (Andrée: First Journal)
9. Illness and Drugs (Fraenkel)
10. Hallucinations (Andrée: First Journal)
11. Anna's Birthday (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)
12. Epilogue (Fraenkel)
13. Final Words (Andrée: Second Journal)

Mr. Evitts and Mr. Huckaby

Mezzo-soprano VIRGINIA DUPUY is earning a reputation as one of the finest concert and recital singers in the United States. *Fanfare Magazine* hailed her recording of *From the Diary of Virginia Woolf* as one of the top five classical recordings of 1990. Ms. Dupuy made her Lincoln Center debut with the American Symphony Orchestra, and has sung with the Symphony Orchestras of Milwaukee, Dallas, Houston, Honolulu, Phoenix, Kansas City, Knoxville, and San Antonio. Her engagements this season included her debut with the Pittsburgh Symphony under the direction of Loren Maazel, and she premieres works of Robert Chumley with the Omaha Symphony, and of Vivian Fine with Voices of Change. Composer Tania Leon said of Ms. Dupuy following a recent Southwest premiere of her *Pueblo Mulato*, "Virginia Dupuy's voice, musicianship, and character performance have triggered a new perspective in my personal creativity." Ms. Dupuy is a member of the voice faculty at the Meadows School of the Arts in Dallas, Texas.

A native of Kansas, baritone DAVID EVITTS enjoys a wide-ranging career as both an orchestral and operatic soloist. In recent seasons he has sung extensively with opera companies and festivals in both the United States and Europe, among them the Washington Opera, the Boston Lyric Opera, and the Opera of Nice, France, as well as the Edinburgh and Marlboro Festivals. Much in demand as an oratorio soloist, David Evitts has performed William Schuman's *On Freedom's Ground* with the National Symphony under Mstislav Rostropovich, Brahms' *German Requiem* with the New York Choral Society at Carnegie Hall, and Haydn's *The Seasons* with the Boston Handel & Haydn Society. An active solo recitalist, Mr. Evitts presented the West Coast premiere of a number of works from the *AIDS Quilt Song Book* in the San Francisco Symphony's 1993 "Wet Ink" Festival.

Pianist TARA EMERSON, who accompanies Ms. Dupuy this evening, is the staff accompanist of the music department of Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas. After earning the bachelor of music degree from Wheaton College in Illinois and the master of music from the University of South Carolina, she went on to the University of North Texas in Denton, where she studied accompanying with Harold Heiberg and Joseph Banowetz. She accompanies both voice and instrumental recitals in Texas and throughout the United States.

WILLIAM HUCKABY, who accompanies Mr. Evitts this evening, first came to the Washington area in 1967 as pianist for the United States Army Chorus, and later became resident music director for the Wolf Trap Farm Park. After working in such widely separated venues as the San Francisco Opera, the Opera Company of Boston, and the American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria, Mr. Huckaby returned to this city to become conductor and chorus master for the Washington Opera and eventually director of music at St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, a position he currently holds. Together with the late baritone William Parker, Mr. Huckaby recorded five albums of American songs and presented significant

first performances of works which have become part of the *AIDS Quilt Song Book*. Mr. Huckaby recently became director of the *Song Book* project, an ongoing anthology of songs inspired by the famous AIDS Quilt.

Born in 1927 in York, Pennsylvania, DOMINICK ARGENTO studied at the Peabody Conservatory with Hugo Weisgall, in Florence with Luigi Dallapiccola, and at the Eastman School of Music with Howard Hanson and Alan Hovhaness. Argento regularly supervises the productions of his own operas, and the song cycles presented here bring his well-honed stage sense into a chamber setting. Both are operatic in tone, with their continuity of mood from song to song, their almost *leitmotif*-like quotation, their strongly syllabic text-setting, their rhythms intricately divided to catch word nuances, and their phrasing, more often suggestive of recitative than of aria.

In the case of *From the Diary of Virginia Woolf*, the text is drawn from excerpts of the diary of English novelist Virginia Woolf (1882-1941), published by her husband after her suicide. Aside from evoking Woolf's whirlwind moods, Argento experiments with mirroring her sometimes aphoristic style and the stream of consciousness techniques she helped to introduce into the modern novel. For instance, "War" weaves trumpet motives into the mezzo-soprano's line, and the sparse piano accompaniment suggests the sudden and disconcerting lack of security Woolf felt during World War II.

The return at *Diary's* end to its beginning suggests a circular form like that of novels such as *Finnegan's Wake*, while also providing quick recognizability, a kind of built-in *déjà-vu*, that makes the piece enjoyable on first hearing and still leaves room for new connections to be made on further hearings.

Written almost a decade later, *The Andrée Expedition* (1983) uses similar formal devices, but its atmosphere is entirely different. The piece is a monodramatic account of the Swede Salomon August Andrée's tragic 1897 attempt to reach the North Pole by balloon. Ice and loss of the steering mechanism forced the balloon down, after which Andrée and his companions, Nils Strindberg and Knut Fraenkel, wandered for three months on drifting ice before dying of exposure, hunger, and possibly trichinous polar bear meat. In 1930, their bodies, Andrée's journals, Strindberg's love letters to his fiancée, and several rolls of photographs were found by a Norwegian walrus-hunting crew.

As in *From the Diary of Virginia Woolf*, Argento suggests circular form with quotation. Fraenkel's "Epilogue" provides a kind of coda by quoting his opening song as he recounts having buried his two friends. But Argento adds a devastating finale in "Final Words," where, over a chillingly steady eighth-note pulse in the piano, Andrée chants the disconnected, incoherent words that end his journal. Yet the phrase that lingers in the mind is Fraenkel's despairing, "Was it only for this?"

Notes by Kyle Gann

## TEXTS OF THE SONGS

*From the Diary of Virginia Woolf*

### I The Diary; April 1919

What sort of diary should I like mine to be? Something...so elastic that it will embrace anything, solemn, slight, or beautiful that comes into my mind. I should like it to resemble some deep old desk...in which one flings a mass of odds and ends without looking them through. I should like to come back, after a year or two, and find that the collection had sorted itself and refined itself and coalesced, as such deposits so mysteriously do, into a mould, transparent enough to reflect the light of our life...

### II Anxiety; October 1920

Why is life so tragic; so like a little strip of pavement over an abyss. I look down; I feel giddy; I wonder how I am ever to walk to the end. But why do I feel this: Now that I say I don't feel it. The fire burns; we are going to hear the Beggar's Opera. Only it lies about me; I can't keep my eyes shut.... And with it all how happy I am - if it weren't for my feeling that it's a strip of pavement over an abyss.

### III Fancy; February 1927

Why not invent a new kind of play; as  
for  
instance:  
Woman thinks...  
He does.  
Organ plays.  
She writes.  
They say:  
She sings.  
Night speaks  
They miss

### IV Hardy's Funeral; January 1928

Yesterday we went to Hardy's funeral. What did I think of? Of Max Beerbohm's letter...or a lecture...about women's writing. At intervals some emotion broke in. But I doubt the capacity of the human animal for being dignified in ceremony. One catches a bishop's frown and twitch; sees his polished shiny nose; suspects the rapt spectacled young priest, gazing at the cross he carries, of being a humbug...next here is the coffin, an overgrown one; like a stage coffin, covered with a white satin cloth; bearers elderly gentlemen rather red and stiff, holding to the corners; pigeons flying outside...procession to poets corner; dramatic "In sure and certain hope of

immortality” perhaps melodramatic...Over all this broods for me some uneasy sense of change and mortality and how partings are deaths; and then a sense of my own fame...and a sense of the futility of it all.

V Rome; May 1935

Rome: tea. Tea in café. Ladies in bright coats and white hats. Music. Look out and see people like movies...Ices. Old man who haunts the Greco...Fierce large jowled old ladies...talking about Monaco. Talleyrand. Some very poor black wispy women. The effect of dowdiness produced by wispy hair. Sunday café...Very cold. The Prime Minister's letter offering to recommend me for the Companion of Honour. No.

VI War; June 1940

This, I thought yesterday, may be my last walk...the war - our waiting while the knives sharpen for the operation - has taken away the outer wall of security. No echo comes back. I have no surroundings...Those familiar circumvolutions - those standards - which have for so many years given back an echo and so thickened my identity are all wide and wild as the desert now. I mean, there is no “autumn,” no winter. We pour to the edge of a precipice...and then? I can't conceive that there will be a 27th June 1941.

VII Last Entry; March 1941

No: I intend no introspection. I mark Henry James' sentence: observe perpetually. Observe the oncome of age. Observe greed. Observe my own despondency. By that means it becomes serviceable. Or so I hope. I insist upon spending this time to the best advantage. I will go down with my colors flying...Occupation is essential. And now with some pleasure I find that it's seven; and must cook dinner. Haddock and sausage meat. I think it is true that one gains a certain hold on sausage and haddock by writing them down.

### The Andrée Expedition

Part One: In the Air

1. Prologue (Fraenkel)

What was it the Austrian newspaper wrote? “Any man who says he will travel to the North Pole and back in a balloon is either a simpleton, a charlatan, or a Swede.” How well we qualified!

Young Strindberg - a latter-day Don Quixote - risked his life to impress the blue-eyed goddess of his dreams. Throughout the journey he wrote her love-letters. But where did he expect to post them, I wonder?

Our leader, Andrée, dreamt only of glory and immortality, already photographed and measured for his waxwork likeness which would stand in

some dusty museum, its translucent finger pointing to this journal I now hold in my freezing hands.

And I, Fraenkel, I measured the winds, and I plotted the stars, and asked myself over and over again: what attracted me to the North like the trembling needle of a compass?

2. The Balloon Rises (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)

“Dearest Anna,

It was grand when at last it was determined that we should start. Andrée asked us: ‘Well, shall we try it or not?’ Fraenkel at first answered evasively, but then said that we should. I answered, ‘I think we ought to try it.’ Andrée was serious and said nothing.

Now my thoughts turned to you and to my parents and friends at home. How would the journey succeed? And how fast my thoughts came.

‘Cut away everywhere!’ comes Andrée's voice. Three knives cut three lines and the balloon rises amid the cheers of those below. A peculiar sensation, wonderful, indescribable! We still hear the hurrahs at a distance. And then: silent and still.

At seven o'clock mists begin. Andrée goes to his berth to rest. A black bird circles a moment in the distance, then disappears in the fog. The sun has gone. Good night!”

3. Pride and Ambition (Andrée: First Journal)

“Is it not a little strange to be floating here above the polar sea? To be the first that have floated here in a balloon. I cannot deny that all three of us are dominated by a feeling of pride. We think we can well face death, having done what we have done. Isn't it all, perhaps, the expression of an extremely strong sense of individuality which cannot bear the thought of living and dying like a man in the ranks, forgotten by coming generations? Is this ambition?”

Dispatch, July 11, 1897: “Four carrier pigeons sent off. We are now in over the ice which is much divided in every direction. Weather magnificent. Best of humor. Andrée Strindberg Fraenkel”

4. Dinner Aloft (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)

“*Diner du 13 Juillet* (for it is I who attend to the housekeeping) *Repas pendant le voyage: Potage d'Oseille Hotch Potch, Chateaubriand, The King's Special Ale, chocolate with biscuits, Biscuits with raspberry syrup and plus H<sub>2</sub>O. A good, invigorating meal! Au revoir!*”

5. The Unforeseen Problem (Fraenkel)

Indeed, it was a very good meal, Anna. But your fiancé neglected to mention that it was consumed under — what Andrée called *trying circumstances*. By the third day of our flight, a steady fine drizzle had deposited more than

a ton of ice above our heads. On the webbing that encircled the balloon's equator, thousands and thousands of icicles formed. Every fifty meters we paid unplanned visits to the surface, stamping it angrily, like some enraged behemoth, then lurching up into the air again. Strindberg became seasick and vomited that excellent dinner, while Andrée glared at the fog, attempting to will the enshrouded sun to appear and melt away our glistening crown of thorns.

#### 6. The Flight Aborted (Andrée: First Journal)

"Fog still intense. Everything is dripping. We have not had any sleep or been permitted any resting from the repeated slamming against the ice. We probably cannot stand it much longer. The balloon sways, twists, and rises and sinks incessantly. It wishes to be off but cannot. The rattling of the guide-lines and flapping of the sails are the only sounds heard.

No bird is seen or heard and so I suppose there is no land near. Monotonous touch. New touch. Another touch...the balloon rises to a great height but we opened both valves and at 6:29 we were down again. We jumped out of the balloon. Worn out and famished but determined to set out from the point where we are now. On foot."

End of Part One

#### 7. Mishap With a Sledge (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)

"Well, now your Nils knows what it is like to walk on polar ice!

We had a little mishap at the start: While crossing from one ice-floe to the next, the first sledge went crooked and fell in. I jumped down into the water and held fast the sledge so that it should not sink. It was with difficulty it was saved. Andrée was angry that I had taken such a risk, since we have two more sledges and provisions enough. Of course, he did not know that in the first sledge is my sack with all your letters and your portrait. Yes, they will be my dearest treasure during the winter.

Well, my dear, what will you be thinking all winter? That is my only anxiety.

There is much I should write about but now I must sleep. Good night."

#### 8. The King's Jubilee (Andrée: First Journal)

"September 18. A beautiful day. The King's Jubilee. A lucky day for us. We had the Swedish flag hoisted and finished the day with a ceremonial meal. Then with a fine Port, *Antonio de Ferrara, 1834*, given to us by the King himself, we drank to the King's health with Royal Hurrahs and in unison we sang: *Du gamia, du fria, du fjällhöga Nord*. The general feeling was one of the greatest good cheer and we lay down satisfied and contented. (*Ack, jaq vill leva, jaq vill döi Norden!*)"

#### 9. Illness and Drugs (Fraenkel)

It is hard to believe that Jubilee Day was scarcely a month ago. An observer might have found our patriotic display pathetic: Strindberg banded all over for cuts and boils; my feet were useless and I could no longer pull my sledge; all three of us suffered from cracked lips, a permanent catarrh, noses running constantly, attacks of diarrhea and cramps.

The good doctor Andrée prescribed morphine and opium tablets. We rested: then marched a few more kilometers. More morphine and opium — few more kilometers. How long did he think the drugs would last?

#### 10. Hallucinations (Andrée: First Journal)

"The day has been extremely beautiful. Perhaps the most beautiful day we have had. Magnificent Venetian landscape with canals between lofty hummock edges on both sides, water squares with fountains of ice and stairs down to the canals. Divine. The sun touched the horizon at midnight. The landscape caught fire. The snow an ocean of flame. Divine. We have several times seen a bird, quite black and silent as a spirit. We have not seen it fly but only dive. What kind of bird is it?"

#### 11. Anna's birthday (Strindberg: Letter to Anna)

"We have just stopped for the day, after drudging and pulling the sledges for ten hours. I am really rather tired but must first chat a little. First and foremost I must congratulate you, for this is your birthday. Oh, how I wish I could tell you now, Anna, that I am in excellent health and that you need not fear for us at all. We are sure to come home by and by. But it is strange to think that not even for your next birthday will it be possible for us to be at home. And perhaps we shall have to winter here for another year more. We do not know yet.

Poor little Anna, in what despair you will be if we should not come home next autumn. And you can imagine how I am tortured by the thought of it, too, not for my own sake, for now I do not mind if I have hardships as long as I can come home at last."

#### 12. Epilogue (Fraenkel)

We built our winter house of ice and snow. Andrée christened it: "home." A week later, I buried Strindberg and I fashioned a crude black mourning ribbon to adorn my coat. Poor Andrée - unaware that Strindberg had died; and that he himself was dying - continued to babble on and on about the next expedition and filled a few more pages in his notebooks. Before long, there bloomed a second ribbon. Next will come my turn and then it all will be...concluded.

It is clear to me now that Andrée knew from the start that our journey was doomed. And I think I understand what made him persevere to the end: in