

# Ritratto

opera

2018/2019

full score

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libretto Frank Siera

## Ritratto

Ritratto is the Italian word for 'portrait' and the title of this opera.

The young orphaned and married, excessively wealthy Italian Marchesa Casati strove to be seen throughout her life. She was famous for the exuberant parties she organized. She allowed herself to be portrayed or photographed by numerous artists.

With her black-rimmed eyes, her flaming red hair and eccentric behaviour she tried to gain a place in the art world.

Against the background of the first world war, the libretto questions the importance of art.

At a feast of Casati, all sorts of artists from the time of Casati are brought together.

At the time, it was the Futurists who paved the way for fascism with their art.

Casati does not engage with secular problems and focuses on her passion.

In opera she goes even further than in real life; by not seeing, she tries to be seen herself.

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## “RITRATTO“

SCENE 0 (Prologue)

### “WARM WELCOME”

Before we enter the party,  
Luisa Casati's guard and servant Garbi welcomes the guests to the Palazzo dei Leoni in Venice.

GARBI: (Recitativo)  
Welcome, I wish you all a warm Venetian welcome.  
Welcome Venetians and all the other guests.  
My name is Garbi.  
Don't be mistaken,  
I'm not only a servant,  
above all I'm observant.  
My role is a silent one.  
I'm covered in a silent gold.  
These words are solely in my head:  
speech is silver, silence is golden.  
Silent but not submissive,  
impressive but not servile.  
So go ahead, and be amazed.  
Your hostess is the richest woman in Italy.  
Your hostess has the biggest eyes in Italy.  
Your hostess is the strangest creature in Italy.  
The strangest creature with the strangest features.  
So open your eyes and try not to grasp the reality of time.  
There is no time tonight, there is only tonight.  
Welcome to this grand theatrical ball hosted by the  
divine marchesa Luisa Casati Stampa di Soncino.

Signore'e signori,  
may I present maestro Sergei Diaghilev,  
maestro Man Ray, Kees van Dongen, Filippo Marinetti, Jacob Epstein,  
and, Gabriele D'Annunzio.

## SCENE 1

### “PARTY AT THE PALAZZO”

We enter the party at the palazzo.  
 Revelry, merrymaking and wonderment everywhere.  
 We hear several famous artists eulogise Luisa Casati and boast about their connection.  
 Fashionably late, Casati enters drunk and welcomes her guests.

CHORUS:  
 Uccidiamo il chiaro di luna.

DIAGHILEV:  
 Of all the worldly wonders, only art assures us immortality.  
 \*Is kust va bis yet bis mièrtie, bis mièrtie.  
 (\*Russian; transl.: only art promises immortality.)

MAN RAY:  
 All critics should be assassinated;  
 kill them!  
 Just kill them!

KEES VAN DONGEN:  
 Kunst spreekt beter dan de mensen zelf.  
 Painting is the most beautiful of lies.  
 The woman is a lie, so stunningly glorious; she is for sure my muse!

GARBI:  
 Did you see the scenery, are you not astonished?

MARINETTI:  
 La nostra musa futura.  
 Uccidiamo il chiaro di luna.

CHORUS:  
 There is no world tonight, there is only the starry sky.  
 Uccidiamo il chiaro di luna.

GARBI:  
 Did you witness the wealth, are you not in awe?

DIAGHILEV:  
 Dansez \*tantsi li danse, tantsi, dansez, an'sui, ju! dance.  
 The first time, slowlier, un grand pas  
 (\*Russian; transl.: dance)

MAN RAY:  
 The looks of a photograph,  
 the impact of a silent movie.

KEES VAN DONGEN:  
 Schaamteloosheid is een deugd, een deugd, een deugd!

EPSTEIN:  
 The majesty and grace of a statue,  
 a masterwork of art requires no weaknesses, no tremble of a lip,  
 no blink of an eye.  
 But you are never sure if you are with her or with her replica of wax.

DIAGHILEV:  
 Every step a pirouette, a pirouette,  
 un grand pas, a pirouette.  
 And every step adagio, adagio.  
 Every step a pirouette, un grand pas;  
 and every step adagio, adagio, adagio.  
 Un grand pas, un flic-flac, un pas de bourrée.

GARBI:  
 Have you paraded the palace yet?

MAN RAY:  
 She walks but she floats, she stares but she shoots.  
 She looks at you with six eyes.  
 Our futurist muse.  
 La musa futura.

GARBI:  
 Did you wander by the water yet?

KEES VAN DONGEN:  
 The female eyes tempting trickery.

MARINETTI:  
 La nostra musa futura.

CHORUS:  
 Uccidiamo il chiaro di luna.  
 There is no world tonight,  
 there is only the starry sky.  
 Uccidiamo il chiaro di luna.

GARBI:  
 Did you chat with the cheetahs yet?

DIAGHILEV:  
 I don't aspire to artistry, true art reigns supreme in uniting  
 the right people.  
 Be the artistic centre of a supreme collection.

GARBI:  
 Did you sneak from the snake yet?

KEES VAN DONGEN:  
 Her clothes of a blinding blackness,  
 Her hair of a firing redness and kohl blackened eyes,  
 blood hot red, mesmerising eyes.

GARBI:  
 Have you greeted the greyhounds yet?

D'AMONZIO:  
 Animale di lusso.  
 Bisogna fare la propria vita, come si fa un'opera d'arte.  
 Coré, la donna ideale, l'ultima opera d'arte!

LUISA: (Aria)  
 Good evening spectators, enjoy your drinks.  
 Greet the guests, speculate about the spectacles.  
 Queue for the uncrowned queen.  
 I live for the eternal art.  
 I am the divine marchesa, la musa egoista.  
 Enjoy this temporary eternity, for art is a wondrous  
 world in itself,  
 a world in which we may evermore dwell and design  
 our distinctive destinies.  
 Good evening spectators, greet the guests,  
 enjoy your drinks.  
 Queue up for the uncrowned queen.  
 I live for the eternal art.  
 I'm the divine marchesa,  
 la musa egoista.

CHORUS:  
 There is no world tonight,  
 there is only the starry sky.  
 Uccidiamo il chiaro di luna.

LUISA: ('Aside' Aria)  
 Life knocks me out, it always has.  
 I am no match for this opponent.  
 My antagonist has no name, but cruel fate.  
 Life knocks me out, it always has.  
 I'm no match for this opponent.  
 My antagonist has no name,  
 but cruel fate.

SCENE 2

“A BREAK BY BROOKS”

Unexpectedly, while D'Annunzio is privately lauding Casati, Romaine Brooks enters the palazzo and surprises Luisa Casati. She reports, in a quarrel with Casati, that war has been declared. Casati pretends not to hear the news and, in a seemingly unmoved manner, tries to continue and reinforce the party. However, D'Annunzio, Marinetti and the other guests have their minds set on nothing but the war. Brooks tries to convince D'Annunzio to tell Casati to stop the party. When most of the guests leave, to make matters worse, Casati's electric bulb dress short-circuits. In the end, the crowd leaves the party to engage in combat.

D'ANNUNZIO:

You are not a queen.  
But oh how I would love to court you.  
How I would love to write your life.  
My magnum opus.  
Luisa Casati, I call you Coré.

D'ANNUNZIO: (Aria)

Siete per me come un giardino chiuso,  
me non avvolgerà tanto mistero.  
Siete per me come un giardino chiuso,  
me non avvolgerà tanto mistero.

You're not a queen.  
But how I would love to court you.  
How I would love to write your life.  
I always address you as Coré,  
la regina nera.

Siete per me come un giardino chiuso,  
me non avvolgerà tanto mistero.

Generous muse, perfect creation.  
You ideal femme, sei'un capo lavoro.  
Your breathtaking eyes made to blot out all that is beautiful.

May your virtue ever linger.

Siete per me come un giardino chiuso,  
me non avvolgerà tanto mistero.

I am enthralled by your enchantment,  
by your appearance a perfect performance, a marvelous land  
both explored and unexplored.

Never, never let it wither.  
Never, never let it wither.  
A work of outstanding artistry.

LUISA:  
Yes, a masterpiece, I am,  
un capolavoro.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
A masterpiece you are, Coré!  
A character, not a person.  
A marchesa, rich and married.  
A problem with any of the three,  
I've never had.

LUISA:  
Aspetta, who is that in the corner of my eye:  
who is giving me the evil eye?  
Who meets the eye?  
Who is she, Garbi?

GARBI:  
Romaine Brooks.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Romaine Brooks.

LUISA:  
I am not blind,  
my eyes do not fool me.  
Why is she here?

GARBI:  
You invited her.

LUISA:  
Why did she come?

GARBI:  
Politeness perhaps?

LUISA:  
She is not polite.

GARBI:  
Surely sensation.

LUISA:  
She is not sensational.

D'Annunzio:  
Women and their grotesque gossiping;  
I need another glass!

LUISA:  
She is a threat to my party  
with her scepticism.  
I don't want her to complicate the evening as she did before.  
We'll have a whale of a time!

Go and wake the boa snake!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
I've always been fond of Romaine,  
but never of her interferences.

BROOKS:  
Bonsoir Luisa.

LUISA:  
Romaine!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
I dislike her paintings too!

LUISA:  
Such an unexpected surprise.

BROOKS:  
Lack of expectation defines a surprise!

LUISA:  
Have you come tonight  
to finally paint me my portrait?

BROOKS:  
I have come to finally bring you a mirror!

LUISA:  
Is it tall enough to reflect my full, total character?

BROOKS:  
It's aggressive enough to knock you off your feet.

LUISA:  
I'm not easily swept off my feet,  
for I'm flying high above my higher ground.

BROOKS:  
Such a fly-by-night femme.

LUISA:  
Such a make sparks-fly madame.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
I best not waste my time  
on the female mind.  
The world is mine, not theirs.

BROOKS:  
The world is at war,  
are you aware, Luisa?

LUISA:  
Inside people are enjoying themselves.

BROOKS:  
It is war!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
It's what?

BROOKS:  
Bombs, guns, flames have set fire to families' homes.

LUISA:  
For everyone cocktails!

BROOKS:  
It's war out there, Luisa!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Did I hear the humdrum Romaine declare the long-awaited war?

LUISA:  
Perhaps the purple painted parrots now!

BROOKS:  
We are at war!  
While here it's only ostentation!

LUISA:  
Sensation

BROOKS:  
Ostentation!

LUISA:  
I'd rather prefer the portrait over the mirror.

MARINETTI:  
Did someone mention war?

LUISA:  
I spoke of parrots!

MARINETTI:  
I clearly heard war!

BROOKS:  
The world is at war.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Romaine Brooks, the bearer of good news.  
The time has finally come.

MARINETTI:  
War is beautiful; the sound of guns,  
the clang of arms.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Non ho tempo da perdere!

MARINETTI: (Aria)  
Marcia del cannoneggiamento.  
Futurista, ottimismo, bomba, pallottole di cannone:  
Bum, cing, ciak, bum, bum, cing, bum, pum.  
Orchestra dei rumori, grida degli ufficiali:  
Zang, tumb, tumb, zang, zang, tumb, tumb,  
zang, zang, tumb, tumb, zang, zang, rumb, tuuuuum.

LUISA:  
My dress.

BROOKS:  
A mess.

LUISA:  
Che succede in casa mia!

BROOKS:  
A battlefield.

MARINETTI:  
War is beautiful!

D'Annunzio:  
A paradise.

MARINETTI: (Aria continues)  
Marcia del cannoneggiamento.  
Tarata, pic, pac, pum, pluff, plaff, tumb, tric, trac, bum.

LUISA:  
Let's release the monkeys!

MARINETTI: (Aria continues)  
Gas masks, small tanks, flame throwers.  
War is beautiful.  
Burning villages, we have to engage.  
Tarata, tatata, pic, pac, pum, tumb,  
tumb, bum, zang, tumb, bum, bum.  
War is beautiful, beautiful!  
Now is the moment to take action.

CHORUS:  
We shall soon see angels fly,  
we sing the song of danger.  
War is what we glorify.  
Aggression is no foreign stranger.  
Then the silence increases.  
La nostra sfida alle stelle.

LUISA:  
Garbi, tell the musicians to play louder!

BROOKS:  
The world is on fire.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
A ruthless raging fire,  
beautiful, heartwarming.

BROOKS:  
As Luisa's lyrical lover,  
squeeze some sense into her.  
This masquerade has to stop.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
No time for female fussing,  
it's time for war.

BROOKS:  
Love is the only goal.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Love means the end,  
war means a start.

LUISA:  
Play louder!

BROOKS:  
You never loved her.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
I love the art we have.

BROOKS:  
I love the love we have.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
You crave the art we love.

BROOKS:  
I crave the truth.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Don't burden your pretty head too much!

LUISA:  
The music, louder!!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Don't let your jealousy colour the complete gray of your boring paintings,  
your adored portraits.

BROOKS:  
Yes, you are a puzzling poet!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Grazie mille!

LUISA:  
Garbi, help me into my electric ensemble.

CHORUS:  
We shall soon see angels fly.

D'ANNUNZIO (Recitativo)  
Miei cari compagni,  
there is one love, one truth, we are superior human beings.  
Don't waste your time partying, be a warrior.  
Strive for glory.  
Urrà per la guerra!

MARINETTI:  
Urrà per la guerra!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Urrà per la guerra!

VAN DONGEN/EPSTEIN/D'ANNUNZIO/MAN RAY/DIAGHILEV/MARINETTI:  
Urrà, Urrà, urrà!

CHORUS:  
Our hearts are set on fire.  
We can never, never tire.  
Militare patriottismo, anarchismo, futurismo.  
We shall soon see angels fly,  
While we sing the song of terror.  
Be a warrior in full splendour;  
war is what we glorify!

LUISA:  
The gondolas, Garbi!

GABRIELE:  
Let us dance now our way into the night,  
vi saluto dal mio cuor.

MAN RAY:  
Good evening.

DIAGHILEV:  
\*Do svidaniya  
(\*Russian; transl.: good evening.)

VAN DONGEN:  
Goedenavond.

MARINETTI:  
Buonasera, addio.

CHORUS:  
We shall soon see angels fly,  
while we sing the song of terror we despair.  
Our hearts are set on fire.  
We can never, never tire.  
Farewell, farewell, farewell!!!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Eia, eia, eia, alalà!

LUISA: ('Aside' Aria)  
It knocked me out,  
when I was thirteen, unlucky number.  
I lost my father, my mother.  
I lost the battle against farewell.  
I am a poor loser.  
It knocked me out,  
success has many fathers,  
but failure is an abandoned orphan.  
But failure is an abandoned orphan.  
It knocked me out,  
success has many fathers,  
but failure is an abandoned orphan.  
It knocked me out,  
in the brutal battle against time.

SCENE 3

“THREE IS A CROWD”

Everybody has left the palazzo: only Casati, Brooks, D'Annunzio and Garbi remain.  
D'Annunzio is fixed on warfare while Brooks tries to convince Casati that the continuation of the party is nonsense.  
Casati will not have it.  
In the end, D'Annunzio exits too, ready to become a war hero.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Addio, you former lovebirds!  
Fly around your unfinished business!

ROMAINE:  
Love is not business! I guess this is goodnight for me too.  
Adieu! Bonne nuit!

LUISA:  
The party is not over yet!

ROMAINE:  
But everyone left!

LUISA:  
Voglio festeggiare la vita!

I am not letting some international argument  
ruin this masterpiece called life!

Look at the crimson sky, such a spectacular sunrise,  
like an aquarelle, Ariel!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Blood and fire are the dyes  
that colour the iron sky.

Don't underestimate the mastery of art;  
the cruelest of situations can be the classiest of arts

ROMAINE:  
War is not art, Gabriele,  
neither is your life, Luisa.  
Stop flying! Stop fighting!  
You are losing your eye to reality more important  
than this party tonight.

LUISA:  
It's not about this party; it's about art!  
I don't want to fight in something useless like a war.  
I fought so hard to gather all these artists who can create a whole new world.

D'ANNUNZIO:  
Pure artists don't talk, they embody art.  
The feast of war, the feast has begun.  
So I will leave you ladies to your chitchat.

ROMAINE:  
Stop talking about us like that!  
Love is not business.  
War is neither feast nor art!  
Women are not ignorant!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
I cannot be late. It's high time to join the war.  
I might write to you, Luisa.  
Addio!

ROMAINE:  
Stop this l'art pour l'art; it's high time to see the truth!

LUISA:  
Art is the truth. I am a living work of art.

ROMAINE: (Aria)  
Is art your life, or is life your art?  
What do you aspire to be?  
Would you rather be an object or a subject?  
Dorian Gray or Jeanne d'Arc?  
A watery copy of a copy?  
Or a woman in her own right, own right?

It's time to peer into the looking-glass!  
What do you see, what do you see?  
Would you rather be an object, or a subject?  
What do you see, what do you see?  
A watery copy of a copy?  
Or a woman in her own right, own right?

LUISA:  
I am a woman in my own right!!!

SCENE 4

“THE END OF AN ERA”

Only Casati, Brooks and Garbi remain.

Garbi interrupts the private discussion with the message that bailiffs are at the front door to collect Casati's belongings due to bankruptcy and soldiers are about to enter the palazzo to seek shelter from the war.

GARBI:

Marchesa, the bailiffs are at the front door coming to collect your belongings!  
They say you are bankrupt!

LUISA:

All my belongings and treasures!

GARBI:

Your precious animals, wax replicas, paintings and evening gowns.

LUISA:

O Dio, malvagia sorte! Che cosa è successo qui?

GARBI:

Instead of knocking on the front door,  
they may even take the door completely away!

LUISA:

O Dio, che succede?

CHORUS (the bailiffs):

We cannot help, but take the heart from this house, from the walls,  
from the rooms, from the garden.  
We cannot help, but take the heart from this house.

GARBI:

Marchesa, more men are at the front door, coming to enter the palace!

LUISA:

What men, who, why?

GARBI:

Soldiers who seek shelter.

CHORUS (the soldiers):

We cannot help but bring the heat to this house, to the walls, to the rooms,  
to the garden.  
We cannot help, but bring the heat to this house.

LUISA: ('Aside' Aria)

It knocks me out,  
but I knock back.  
The world is invincible,  
merciless, hideous.  
But I fight hard to stand my ground.  
The truth is hard to bear,  
so I choose another combat.

SCENE 5

“THE TWO OF US TOGETHER”

Casati and Brooks are left behind together, with the bailiffs and soldiers in the background as silent witnesses.  
 Casati seduces Brooks to paint her portrait.  
 During the painting, Garbi brings a letter from the war by D'Annunzio in which he mentions losing the sight of one eye.  
 This gives Casati an idea and she orders Garbi to bring her a knife so she can cut her skin and breasts off and take her eyes out, to put them in the portrait.  
 Brooks protests, but Casati, slowly becoming more outrageous, does bloodily take her own eyes out.  
 Brooks runs away and Garbi comes to tell Casati that the soldiers, the bailiffs, her artworks and Brooks have all gone.

LUISA:

Did you really come to warn me,  
 or was the war a good excuse?

ROMAINE:

War is the actual truth.

LUISA:

A pretty useful truth one might say.

ROMAINE:

You are not helping.

LUISA:

You have not been helpful  
 ever since you arrived.  
 But since you're here anyway,  
 we should make the best of it,  
 now that we're alone, alone, alone, alone, alone,  
 alone enough, alone enough; alone.

ROMAINE:

We are not alone, alone, alone, alone,  
 not alone, alone, alone, alone.

LUISA:

Paint me my portrait!

ROMAINE:

I don't do portraits just like that!

LUISA:

I am not just like that.  
 Think of the time we used to be together.  
 Think of how we eased each others minds.

ROMAINE:

It wasn't easy,  
 and I don't do portraits easily.

LUISA:

Paint me my portrait!  
 I will pay you well for that!

ROMAINE:

They took all your belongings.

LUISA:

But not my worth!

ROMAINE:

I don't like painting everybody.

LUISA:

My body is not every body.

ROMAINE:

But I only do nudes, only nudes;  
 only nudes, only nudes.

LUISA:

Very well, then I'll be nude!

ROMAINE:

I've better things to do.

LUISA:

Paint me, it's the very best that you can do!  
 I like it when your gaze is the cover to my nudity.  
 Go on, start with my head and then slowly lower,  
 lower, lower, lower, lower, lower, lower, lower.

ROMAINE:

Tes cheveux,  
 tes yeux,  
 ta peau.

LUISA:

This moment of truth, truth,  
 truth.

ROMAINE:

Ton visage.

LUISA:

Grey, black, white, the flames of orange, the colours of  
 anticipation flow right into my head, into my heart,  
 into my veins, my soul, like the opium seed of the poppy,  
 into my head, my veins, my heart, my soul, my soul, my soul.

ROMAINE:

Ton cou,  
 tes bras,  
 tes seins

ton nombril,  
 ta féminité,

tes jambes,  
 tes genoux.

LUISA:

This portrait of portraits turned into a dream, into a dream.

ROMAINE:

Tes genoux.

LUISA:

The fire has been lit,

ROMAINE:

Tes jambes,  
 tes seins,  
 ton nombril,  
 ta féminité.

LUISA:

the fire has been lit.  
 This moment of truth, of truth, of truth, of truth.  
 The colours of anticipation flow right into my heart.

ROMAINE:

Tes genoux,  
 tes cheveux,  
 ta peau,  
 ton visage,  
 ta peau,  
 tes yeux,  
 ta féminité.

LUISA:  
This portrait of portraits.  
Questo ritratto si trasforma in un sogno.  
Questo ritratto, ritratto, un sogno, sogno.

GARBI:  
I'm so sorry to interrupt, Marchesa,  
but word has come from D'Annunzio,  
a letter from the battle.

LUISA:  
Ariel, Ariel,  
Ariel, Ariel!!

GABRIELE: (Letter Aria)  
Cara Coré,  
che epoca in cui vivere!  
The world is covered in an elegant violence.  
Blood is shed, bombs are dropped.  
The arts have never been more prominently active.  
Most of my time is spent high above the ground,  
performing as a pilot in a fighter plane.  
My spirits high, like our national spirits should be.  
My pride is not without some danger,  
danger, danger, danger.  
For in combat I have lost the sight of one eye.  
My vision of beauty has only been refined,  
refined, refined.

LUISA:  
That's it!  
The eyes, the eyes.  
Let me see,  
let me see the portrait!

ROMAINE:  
It's not finished yet.

LUISA:  
Let me see my portrait!  
You did not make me beautiful!

ROMAINE:  
I portrayed the truth.

LUISA:  
You, Romaine, are a genius,  
you portrayed the truth,  
you made reality into art,  
and Ariel is also a genius.

The portrait is not finished indeed!  
Garbi, bring us a knife!  
Take my reality, and make it into art.  
Slice my skin, put it in the portrait!

ROMAINE:  
Excuse me?!

LUISA:  
Cut off my breasts,  
take out my eyes,  
put them in the portrait.

ROMAINE:  
Luisa, c'est de la folie!

LUISA:  
No, Romaine, you are a genius.  
The reason I love you!  
Slice my skin, cut it off, Romaine!

ROMAINE:  
No Luisa, be reasonable!

LUISA:  
Take my breasts, cut them off.  
I know you want to.

ROMAINE:  
No, Luisa, please, don't force me into something again!  
There's a thin line between love and lunacy.  
I don't want us to end up bruised again!

LUISA:  
Take out my eyes, cut them out Romaine!  
If you won't do it, I'll take them out myself!  
My eyes, my very own eyes!

ROMAINE:  
Luisa, tu es folle, c'est bizarre!

LUISA:  
No, Romaine, je suis l'art, l'art!!

ROMAINE:  
There is a difference between painted truth and living truth.

LUISA:  
Ah, my eyes.

ROMAINE:  
Stop it, don't hurt yourself!

LUISA:  
A sacrifice.

ROMAINE: (Arietta)  
Je suis perdue,  
aide-moi.  
Cela ne peut pas être la vérité que je vois.  
Si oui, je préférerais vivre un mensonge.

Je suis perdue,  
aide-moi.  
Cela ne peut pas être la vérité que j'ai perdue.  
Si oui, je ne sais vraiment pas pourquoi.

Aide-moi, à sortir de ce cauchemar.  
Aide-moi!

LUISA:  
Are you leaving, Romaine?  
We have not finished yet.  
Don't leave me triumphantly since you are the fraud, coward!

GARBI:  
Marchesa, soldiers, paintings, Brooks, have gone.  
Your flickering frock lost light,  
now your bickering self lost sight.  
Everyone left, now there's nothing left, nothing left.

**“BATTLEFIELD DELIBERATION”**

Garbi and Casati are the only ones left at the palazzo. Casati is wounded, blind and confused.  
 All of a sudden, she hears D'Annunzio's voice. It is unclear whether the voice is in her imagination or a continuation of his letter.  
 The voice reveals some gruesome realities or rumours about D'Annunzio's behaviour.  
 This makes Casati realise she has gone too far in listening to D'Annunzio and trying to become a living work of art.  
 After D'Annunzio's, we also start hearing the other artists' voices.  
 It is unclear whether the voices are in Casati's imagination, memory or psychic vision.  
 Garbi foreshadows to an exhausted Casati a hypothetical (but real) future in which Casati has calmed down from her obsession with becoming art. However, after her last words “it is not truth, it is art”, Casati passes away.  
 The choir (including the 5 artists) plays the part of voices from Luisa's past.

D'ANNUNZIO: (Letter Aria) (continuation)  
 My vision of beauty has only been refined.

LUISA:  
 Ariel!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
 I feel like a poet more than ever.

LUISA:  
 Where are you?

D'ANNUNZIO:  
 My instigating words reach thousands of souls,  
 as my bombs their homes.  
 I write so many letters to so many women.

LUISA:  
 So many women?

D'ANNUNZIO:  
 I took my artistic freedom to another level by removing  
 several ribs to perform my own fellatio,  
 fellatio.

LUISA:  
 This cannot be true?!

D'ANNUNZIO:  
 As a true artist,  
 I even took a bite  
 in the luscious meat  
 of tasty children.  
 Such a delicacy!  
 Nessun rimpianto,  
 rimpianto!  
 I do not regret it.  
 I do not regret it.

LUISA:  
 I dò regret, o the bitter remorse!  
 We have gone too far.  
 My heart swims in blood.  
 We made ourselves into monsters.  
 I believed the horror of a man I named Ariel, Ariel.

GARBI:  
 Marchesa.

LUISA:  
 Ah you are here, Garbi.

GARBI:  
 I've never liked that man.  
 He brought the war to us,  
 the war between fiction and reality.  
 I will not be golden again, I will not be silenced, I will not be a  
 living work of art anymore.  
 Neither, neither will you, you,  
 you, you.

LUISA: (Aria)  
 My eyes, my eyes, my eyes swim in blood.  
 My vision lost, my vision lost, my vision lost,  
 but now I see, I see.  
 I am no longer the beholder of my own beauty  
 or a witness of living artistry.  
 If we have art in order not to perish from the truth,  
 from the truth.  
 What is it for when too much truth,  
 truth topples you, topples you,  
 topples... me,  
 topples....me...

DIAGHILEV:  
 To live a pièce de résistance,  
 is to injure oneself plainly.

MAN RAY:  
 Coincidental victories don't camouflage the losses suffered.

MARINETTI:  
 Past performance is no guarantee of future performance.

CHORUS:  
 Art does not replace, art does not erase, nor keeps us  
 from perishing.

VANDONGEN:  
 Prettense purity and brightness don't represent reality.

EPSTEIN:  
 Don't turn a blind eye when the sound of truth is louder  
 than the sound of poetry.

CHORUS:  
 It helps us with cherishing and to acknowledge the truth.  
 Art mocks, shocks, confronts,  
 discomforts and comforts.

LUISA:  
 No one warned me,  
 the truth was going to be this painful,  
 and yet it feels so natural.

GARBI:  
 If perhaps one day,  
 you no longer live in palaces,  
 but in a nickel-and-dime retreat  
 decorated with nothing but yourself.

LUISA:  
 I will not live to see that day.

GARBI:  
 I hope you call upon a friend  
 to spend your last pennies  
 on a cheap bottle of wine.

LUISA:  
My open eyes have never seen as clear as closed.

GARBI:  
When perhaps one day,  
I hope you watch and listen and think,  
when perhaps one day, someone decides to....

LUISA:  
To become a living work of art is an admirable aspiration,

LUISA, GARBI:  
and yet, it is not truth, is not truth, it is art, art, art.  
It's art, art, it is art...

GARBI: (Aria)  
Life knocked you out, your fate was sealed.  
Your blind eyes behold more reality than ever before and you found comfort  
in both truth and fantasy.  
Life knocked you out, your fate was sealed.  
Your blind eyes behold more reality than ever before:  
Fantasia e verità.

CHORUS:  
Fantasia e verità,  
fantasia e verità.

GARBI:  
Fantasia e verità,

CHORUS:  
Verità.

GARBI/CHORUS:  
Verità.

Fine

Dedicated to Pierre Audi  
(Ritratto was Audi's last commission as artistic director of the Dutch National Opera)

Commissioned by the Dutch National Opera

Special thanks to Sheila Barnes, Klaus Bertisch and Menno Zwart

**Scoring**

- Luisa Casati Stampa di Soncino - soprano  
Italian; marchioness

- Romaine Brooks - mezzo soprano  
American, French; painter

- Gabriele D'Annunzio - tenor  
Italian; poet

- Garbi - baritone  
Italian; African descent; guard and servant

Supporting roles:

- Sergei Diaghilev - counter tenor  
Russian; ballet impresario

- Man Ray - tenor  
American; photographer

- Kees van Dongen - baritone  
Dutch; painter

- Filippo Marinetti - bass baritone  
Italian; poet and Futurist

- Jacob Epstein - bass baritone  
American, British; sculptor

Mixed choir (12 singers) SATB  
(the supporting roles are also members of the mixed choir)

Clarinet in E flat, A and E flat  
Bassoon  
Horn in F

Percussion (2 players)  
Glockenspiel, Crotales (2 octaves), Water gongs, Thai Gongs,  
Boobams, Cymbals (hand cymbals), Large tamtam, Tambourin  
Woodblock, Lion's roar, Rattle, Wooden box (with wooden hammer)  
Triangle, Flexatone (high), Snare drum, Bass drum (with fixed cymbal)

Harp

Piano

String Orchestra (5-5-4-4-2 min.)

Electronic sound effect; scene 2 - 1 bar before **78**:  
<https://soundcloud.com/jorritamminga/short-circuit>

score in concert pitch

**Duration:** c. 90'

D 18112

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Willem Jeths  
\*) libretto Frank Siera

\*) libretto Frank Siera

\*) adapted version by the composer of the original libretto  
[Ritratto; De Nieuwe Toneelbibliotheek; ISBN: 978-94-60765438]



3

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Crot.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

Garbi (Bar.)

*mf* *f* *mp* *pp* *lunga* *generoso*

I'm cov-ered in a si-lent gold. These words are so-ley in my head: ... speed is sil-ver, ... si-lence is gol-den. Si-lent but not sub-

3

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

1) alternate rapidly (trill) on two different positions of the same note

27

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

Garbi (Bar.)

rit. a tempo

sub. *mf*

*mp* sub. *fp* sub. *fp* sub.

open *mp* sub. *fp* sub. *fp* sub.

*mf* *mp* *p* *mf* *f* *f* *f*

*mf* *pp* *f* *ff* *f*

- mis-sive, im-pres-sive but not ser - vile. So up a head and be a - mazed. — You host-ess — is the rich-est wo-man. — in I-ta-ly. —

[illegible]









sub. ♩ = 144, vivace molto

60

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Cymb.

S. dr.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

Garbi (Bar.)

Ray, Kees van Don-gen, Fil-li-po — Ma-ri-net-ti, Ja-cob Ep-stein, and, Ga-bri-e-le D'An-nun-zi-o.

sub. ♩ = 144, vivace molto

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

attacca

preview  
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scene 1 - Party at the palazzo

We enter the party at the palazzo. Revelry, merrymaking and wondermen everywhere.  
We hear several famous artists eulogise Luisa Casati and boasts about their connection.  
Fashionable late, Casati enters drunk and welcomes her guests.



$\text{♩} = 140$  festoso ed energico molto

6

Clarinet B♭

Bassoon

Horn F

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Violin 1

Violin 2

Violoncello

Double Bass

*f* *p* *ff* *p sub.* *(sim.)* *détaché leggero* *sim.* *Uc - ci - dia - mo il chia - ro di*

10

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Dia. (C.t.)

Man R. (Ten.)

Sopr.

Alto

Ten.

Bass

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vlc.

D.B.

*f* *mp* *p* *pizz.* *(sim.)* *Of all the world-ly won-ders, on-ly art as - sures us im-mor - tal-i-ty. Is* *lu - na.* *lu - na.* *lu - na.* *lu - na.* *lu - na.* *All crit-ics should be as -*

18

7

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Tamb.

Hrp.

Pno.

Dia.  
(C.t.)

Man R.  
(Ten.)

Van D.  
(Bar.)

kust va\_ bis yet bis mièr-tie, bis mer - ti.

-sas - n - a - ed kill them! Just kill them!

Kunst spreekt be - ter dan de men-sen zelf. Paint - - ing is the most beau - ti - ful of lies, of lies.

7

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

*p*

26

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Tamb.

Hrp.

Pno.

Garbi (Bar.)

Van D. (Bar.)

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

8

*poco*

*mp*

*p*

*mf*

*f*

*ff*

*cresc. molto*

Did you see the scen - er - y, are you not a - ston - - - ished?

The wom - an is a lie, so stunn - ing - ly glo - ri - ous; she is for sure my muse, -

*div. a3*

*pizz.*

*mp*

*arco*

*p*

*mf*

*div. a2*

*pizz.*

*mp*

*arco*

*p*

*mf*

*div.*

*p*

*mf*

rit. molto - - - - - 9 sub. ♩ = 70 Poco meno mosso ♩ = 64

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Glock.

Tamb.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

Van D. (Bar.)

Mar. (Bass)

rit. molto - - - - - 9 sub. ♩ = 70 Poco meno mosso ♩ = 64

VI. 1

VI. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

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10 ♩ = 64

42

Cl. B♭

lunga

colle voci

pp

Bsn.

lunga

colle voci

pp

Hrn.

lunga

Crot.

lunga

colle voci

pp

Gr. c.

lunga

pp

Hrp.

lunga

Pno.

lunga

Van D.  
(Bar.)

lunga

pp

lu - na.

Mar.  
(Bass)

lunga

pp

lu - na.

Sopr.

lunga

pp

poco

mf

There is no world to-night, there is on-ly\_ the star - ry sky.

Alto

lunga

pp

poco

mf

p sub.

There is no world to-night, there is on-ly\_ the star - ry sky. Uc - ci - - dia-mo\_ il chia-ro\_ di

Ten.

lunga

pp

poco

mf

p sub.

There is no world to-night, there is on-ly\_ the star - ry sky. Uc - ci - - dia-mo\_ il chia-ro\_ di

Bass

lunga

pp

poco

mf

There is no world to-night, there is on-ly\_ the star - ry sky.

20 ♩ = 64

VI. 1

lunga

VI. 2

lunga

Vla.

lunga

Vlc.

lunga

D.B.

lunga

11 sub. ♩ = 140 festoso accel. - - - - -

lunga

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Crot.

Cymb.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

Garbi (Bar.)

Sopr.

Alto

Ten.

Bass

Did you wit - ness the wealth, are you not in awe?

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11 sub. ♩ = 140 festoso accel. - - - - -

lunga

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

pizz.

arco

senza sord.

sub. *ff*

*ff*

*mf*

*mp*

*f*

*molto*



**13**

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Glock.

Tamb.

S. dr.

Hrp.

Pno.

Dia.  
(C.t.)

Van D.  
(Bar.)

Epst.  
(Bass)

71

*p*

*mp*

*p*

*r.s. r.s.*

*E♭ F♯ G♮ A♯  
D♯ C♯ B♭*

*p*

*mf*

*mp*

*ff*

*f*

grand pas.

eén deugd, één deugd!

The maj - es-ty and grace ——— of a stat - ue, a mas - ter-work ——— of art — re-quir-es no

13

Violin 1 (Vl. 1): Measures 13-18. Dynamics: *p*, *poco*, *mp*. Articulation: *div.*

Violin 2 (Vl. 2): Measures 13-18. Dynamics: *p*, *poco*, *mp*. Articulation: *div. a3*

Viola (Vla.): Measures 13-18. Dynamics: *p*, *poco*, *mp*. Articulation: *div. a2*

Violoncello (Vlc.): Measures 13-18. Dynamics: *p*, *poco*, *mp*

Double Bass (D.B.): Measures 13-18. Dynamics: *p*, *poco*, *mp*

poco rit. (colla voce) **14** a tempo

78

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Glock.

Tamb.

S. dr.

Hrp.

Pno.

Dia.  
(C.t.)

Epst.  
(Bass)

Eve - ry step a pir - ou - ette, a pir - - ou - ette, un  
weak - ness-es, no tremble of alip, no blink of an eye. But you are nev-er sure if you are with her or with her rep - li -

poco rit. (colla voce) **14** a tempo

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

unis. arco

div.

arco unis.

rit. molto

lunga

15

sub. adagio

♩. = 44

84

Cl. B♭

mp

f

p

Bsn.

f

p

Hrn.

f

p

Glock.

p

Tamb.

f

Hrp.

mp

f

Pno.

fff

Dia.  
(C.t.)

grand pas, a pir-ou ette. And e - ry ten a - a - - gio. Eve-ry

ff

fff

lunga

mf

Epst.  
(Bass)

- ca of wax, wax.

ff

fff

lunga

rit. molto

lunga

15

sub. adagio

♩. = 44

VL 1

f

mf

p sub.

p

VL 2

f

mf

p sub.

p

Vla.

f

mf

p sub.

p

Vlc.

f

pizz.

p

D.B.

f

pizz.

p



poco rit. **17** a tempo

103

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Hrp.

Pno.

Garbi (Bar.)

Dia. (C.t.)

Man R. (Ten.)

Van D. (Bar.)

Mar. (Bass)

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

*mf* *mp* *p* *p sub.*

*f* *mf* *mf*

pas; and ev - ery step a - da - gio, a - da - gio a - da - gio. And ev - - - ery thing a - - - da - - - gio, a -

he wal s ut she foats she staes but she

poco rit. **17** a tempo

*mf* *mp* *p* *p*

*mf* *mp* *p* *p*

*mf* *mp* *p* *p*

div. a3 unis. arco pizz. pizz.

*mf* *mp* *p* *p*

*mf* *mp* *p* *p*

110

Cl. B $\flat$

Bsn.

Hrn.

Hrp.

Pno.

Garbi  
(Bar.)

*ff* *interrupting, very fast*

Did you wan-der by the wa-ter yet?

Dia.  
(C.t.)

*f*

- da - gio. —

Un grand pas, un flic-flac, un pas de bour-rée.

Man R.  
(Ten.)

*f* *mf*

shoot She looks at you with six eyes, she looks at you with six eyes, with six eyes. Our

Van D.  
(Bar.)

*f*

The fe - male eyes tempt-ing trick - er - y.

Mar.  
(Bass)

*f*

La nos-tra

Vl. 1

*p* *mf*

Vl. 2

*p* *mf*

Vla.

*p* *mf*

Vlc.

*mf*

D.B.

*mf*

rall. - - -slowlyrit. molto

18sub. ♩ = 70

116

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Hrp.

Pno.

Man R.  
(Ten.)

Mar.  
(Bass)

Sopr.

Alto

Ten.

Bass

fu - tur - ist muse. La mu - sa fu - tu - ra.

mu - sa fu - tu - - - ra, la mu - sa fu - tu - ra.

Uc - - - ci - - dia - mo il chia - ro di lu - na.

Uc - - - ci - - - dia - mo il chia - ro di lu - na.

rall. - - -slowlyrit. molto

18sub. ♩ = 70

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

arco

arco



139

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Pno.

Garbi (Bar.)

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

*Did you chat with the chee-tahs yet?*

146

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Pno.

Garbi (Bar.)

Dia. (C.t.)

*I don't as-pire to art-ist-ry, true art reigns su-preme in u-nit-ing the right peo-ple.*

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

153

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Hrp.

Pno.

Garbi  
(Bar.)

Dia.  
(C.t.)

Van D.  
(Bar.)

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

Did you sneak from the snake yet?

De the a-tis ce cen - re f a u - rem ec tion

Her clothes of a blind-ing black-ness, her hair of a fir - - - ing red-ness and kohl

mp p mp mp

sfz p sfz p mp p

f

f

mp p mp p mp p

pizz. arco pizz. arco pizz.

pizz. arco pizz. arco pizz.

div. unis.

25

159

Cl. Bb

Bsn.

Hrn.

Glock.

Hrp.

Pno.

D'A.  
(Ten.)

Garbi  
(Bar.)

Van D.  
(Bar.)

— black - ened eyes, blood-shot red, mes - mer-is-ing eyes.

Have you greet-ed the grey - hounds yet?

A - - ni-ma-le di

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25

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

*p*

*mp*

*mf*

div. a3

pizz.

div. a2

pizz.



27

poco rit. sub. pesante 28 sub. a t<sup>o</sup> (♩ = 132) "Suddenly very fast" string. molto

179

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Cymb.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

D'A.  
(Ten.)

poco rit. sub. pesante 28 sub. a t<sup>o</sup> (♩ = 132) "Suddenly very fast" string. molto a t<sup>o</sup>

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

# Aria Luisa Casati

29 sub. ♩ = 72

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Flex.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

Cas.  
(Sopr.)

caricaturale

*mf* 3)

Good eve - - - ning

spe - c - ta - tors,

en - joy your drinks.

Greet the guests, —

29 sub. ♩ = 72

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

3) almost drunk, in between singing and speaking, with a tongue thickened by drink and out of tune but stubbornly trying to be in tune!

48



Cas. (Sopr.)

The image shows a musical score for a Soprano part. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature changes throughout the piece: 3/4, 4/4, 5/4, 2/4, 3/4, 2/4, 3/4, and 2/4. The lyrics are written below the staff. There are various musical markings including slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'quasi portamento' and 'm.'. A large 'preview' watermark is overlaid on the center of the image.

quasi portamento

am the di-vine — mar-che - sa — la mu-sa e-go-is - ta. En-joy this tem-po-rar-y — e-ter-ni-ty, —

50

204

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Boo bams

Flex.

Hrp.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

for art is a won-drous world in it-self, a world in which we may ev-er - more dwell and de-sign our own dis-tinc-tive

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33 ♩ = 72

225

Cl. B♭

colle voci

pp

lunghissima

Hrn.

stopped

colle voci

pp

lunghissima

Crot.

pp

lunghissima

Gr. c.

p

lunghissima

Hrp.

(non arpegg.)

mp

lunghissima

Sopr.

pp

ff

lunghissima

There is no world to-night, there is on-ly the star-ry sky.

Alto

pp

ff

p sub.

lunghissima

There is no world to-night, there is on-ly the star-ry sky. Uc - ci - - dia-mo il chia-ro di lu - - - na.

Ten.

pp

ff

p sub.

lunghissima

There is no world to-night, there is on-ly the star-ry sky. Uc - ci - - dia-mo il chia-ro di lu - - - na.

Bass

pp

ff

lunghissima

There is no world to-night, there is on-ly the star-ry sky.

# "Aside" Aria Luisa Casati

34 rubato ♩ = 54 introverso molto

234

Pno.

p

Cas. (Sopr.)

aside, introverted

p

fp

Life knocks me out, it al - ways has. I am no match for this op - po-nent. My an - tag - o - - nist has no name, but cru -

Vla.

con sord.

quasi senza vibrato

pp

Vlc.

con sord.

quasi senza vibrato

pp

245 (rapidly alternating trills)

Cl. B♭

Hrn.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

*pp* (stopped) *pp* *p espr.* *pp* (rapidly alternating trills)

- - el fate. Life knocks me out, it al - ways has. I'm no match for this op - po - nent. My an - tag - o - - - nist has no

35 **Meno mosso** rit. molto

255

Cl. B♭

Hrn.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

lunga to Clar. in E♭

lunga

lunga *espress. molto e intimo molto*

lunga

name, but cru - - el fate.

lunga con sord. *intimo molto*

lunga con sord. *pp* *intimo molto*

lunga con sord. *pp* *intimo molto*

lunga con sord. *pp* *intimo molto*

lunga con sord. *pp* *intimo molto*

lunga con sord. *pp* *intimo molto*

lunga con sord. *pp* *intimo molto*

lunga (con sord.) 1. solo *intimo molto*

lunga con sord. 1. solo *pp* *intimo molto*

lunga via sord.

lunga via sord.

lunga via sord.

lunga via sord.

lunga via sord.

lunga via sord.

lunga via sord.

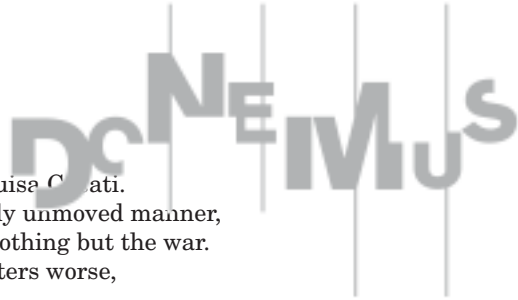
lunga via sord.

lunga via sord.

lunga via sord.

preview  
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scene 2 - A break by Brooks



Unexpectedly, while D'Annunzio is privately lauding Casati, Romaine Brooks enters the palazzo and surprises Luisa Casati. She reports, in a quarrel with Casati, that war has been declared. Casati pretends not to hear the news and, in a seemingly unmoved manner, tries to continue and reinforce the party. However, D'Annunzio, Marinetti and the other guests have their minds set on nothing but the war. Brooks tries to convince D'Annunzio to tell Casati to stop the party. When most of the guests leave, to make matters worse, Casati's electric bulb dress short-circuits. In the end, the crowd leaves the party to engage in combat.

$\text{♩} = 106$  poco a poco accel. - - - - -

Clarinet E $\flat$  to Clar. in E $\flat$  Clar. in E $\flat$

Bassoon *p* *mf*

Horn F *mf*

Violin 1 senza sord. *pp*

Violin 2 senza sord. *pp*

Viola senza sord. *p* *mf*

Violoncello senza sord. *p* *mf*

Double Bass senza sord. *mf*

sub. rit. 36 sub. a t $^\circ$  ( $\text{♩} = 106$ ) sub. rit. sub. a t $^\circ$

Cl. E $\flat$  10 *mf* *f* *ff* *ff* *fff* *ff*

Bsn. *mf* *f* *ff* *ff* *fff* *ff*

Crot. *f* *f*

Gr. c. *mf* *f* *mf* *f*

Vl. 1 *mp* *ff* *fff* *ff* *fff* *ff*

Vl. 2 *f* *ff* *fff* *ff* *fff* *ff*

Vla. *fp* *ff* *ff* *ff* *fff* *ff*

Vlc. *f* *ff* *ff* *ff* *fff* *ff*

D.B. *f* *ff* *ff* *ff* *fff* *ff*



39  $\text{♩.} = 42$  amarevole molto e rubato molto rit. — — a temp.









47  $\text{♩} = 6\text{a}$

64



48

Quieto e solenne ♩ = 42

49

Più mosso ♩ = 58

116

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

Cas.  
(Sopr.)

48

Quieto e solenne ♩ = 42

49

Più mosso ♩ = 58

VL 1

VL 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

stringendo - - - a tempo 50 sub. ♩ = 80

123

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Water gong

Lion's roar

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

D'A. (Ten.)

Garbi (Bar.)

immense in water

coperto

excited and flabbergasted

Ro-mai - ne

Ro-mai - ne Brooks

stringendo - - - a tempo 50 sub. ♩ = 80

div. unis.

arco unis.

unis. pizz. arco

pizz. arco

preview

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156

Bsn.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

R. Br. (Alto)

D'A. (Ten.)

Vlc.

D.B.

snake!

Bon-soir Lu-i - - sa.

Ro-mai - ne!

Such an un-ex-pec-ted sur-

I've al-ways been fond of Ro-mai-ne, but nev-er of her in-ter-fer-enc-es.

I dis-like her paint-ings too!

*mf* *sim.* *mf* *mf* *mf*

163

Bsn.

Flex.

Hrp.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

R. Br. (Alto)

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vlc.

D.B.

-prise.

Have you come to-night to fi - nal-ly paint me my por-trait, my por - trait?

Lack of ex-pec-ta-tion de-fines a sur-prise!

1. solo *con passione molto vibr.* *pp* *mp*

1. solo *con passione molto vibr.* *pp* *mp*

arco

unis. div. *mp*

div. *mp*

**54** sub. agitato ♩ = 84

Cl. B♭  
Bsn.  
Hrn.  
Crot.  
Wbl.  
Flex.  
Hrp.  
Pno.  
Cas. (Sopr.)  
R. Br. (Alto)  
D'A. (Ten.)

sub. meno mosso ♩ = 78

170

*ff*, *f*, *pp*, *stopped*, *p*, *E♭F#G♯A# D♯C♯B♯*, *mp*, *almost dreaming*, *very tarting*, *f*, *mp*

I have come to find-ly bring you a fair-er  
She is a dull paint-er, hum-drum and gray.

Is it tall e-nough to re-flect my full, to-tal

**54** sub. agitato ♩ = 84  
sul pont.  
tutti div.

Vl. 1  
*ffp*

Vl. 2  
*ffp*

Vla.  
*ffp*  
sul pont.

Vlc.  
*ffp*

D.B.  
*ffp*

sub. meno mosso ♩ = 78  
ord.

ord.  
*pp*

ord.  
*pp*

ord.  
*pp*

ord.  
*pp*

unis.  
*p*  
pizz.

unis.  
*p*  
pizz.

*p*

55 sub. agitato ♩ = 84

176

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Wbl.

Flex.

Hrp.

Pno.

Cas.  
(Sopr.)

R. Br.  
(Alto)

char - ac-ter?

It's ag-gres-sive e-nough t knock you off your feet.

I am not eas-i-ly swept off my feet, — for I'm fly-ing — high

**55** sub. agitato ♩ = 84  
sul pont.

Vl. 1

*ffp*

*fz*

Vl. 2

*ffp*

*fz*

Vla.

*ffp*

*fz*

Vlc.

sul pont.  
*fz*

D.B.



56 Meno mosso ♩ = 68

poco meno mosso

188

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Boo bams

Hrp.

Pno.

R. Br. (Alto)

D'A. (Ten.)

*mf*

*f*

*ff*

*ff*

*mp*

I best not waste my time on the fe-male mind. The world is mine, not theirs.

sharp 't' sound

with lust for power

The

56 Meno mosso ♩ = 68

poco meno mosso

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

*ff*

*ff*

*ff*

*ff*

*pp*

*fp*

*pp*

*fp*

*pp*

*fp*

ord. poco a poco scratchy

poco a poco in modo ord.

ord. poco a poco scratchy

poco a poco in modo ord.

arco poco a poco scratchy

poco a poco in modo ord.



sub. slowly and introverso ♩ = c. 56

sub. poco più mosso ♩ = 72

202

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Flex.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

Cas.  
(Sopr.)

R. Br.  
(Alto)

D'A.  
(Ten.)

war!

It's what?

Bombs, guns, flames \_\_\_\_ have set fire to fam-i-lies'

sub. slowly and introverso ♩ = c. 56

sub. poco più mosso ♩ = 72

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

arco

p

fff

f

sim.

f

fff

f

fff

fff

fff

fff

p

p

p

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207

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Flex.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

Cas.  
(Sopr.)

R. Br.  
(Alto)

D'A.  
(Ten.)

meno mosso ♩ = 56

58 sub. più mosso ♩ = 78

VL 1

VL 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

For eve-ry-one cock-tails!

homes.

It's war out there, Lu-i - - sa!

D I hear the hum drum Ro-mai -

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213

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Wbl.

Flex.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

R. Br. (Alto)

D'A. (Ten.)

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

*p*

*ff*

*p*

*mf*

*f*

*in despair*

*f*

*ff*

*completely upset*

*f*

*mp*

Per-haps the pur-ple paint-ed par-rots now!

We are at war! While here it's on-ly os-ten - ta - tion!

Os - ten-ta-tion!

-ne de-clare the long-a-waited war?

*sul pont.*

*ffp*

*sul pont.*

*sub.*

*unis.*

*div.*

*sul pont.*

*sub.*

*ffp*

*sub.*

*arco*

*p*

*arco*

## Poco meno mosso ♩ = 60

219

Flex.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

Mar. (Bass)

Vlc.

D.B.

*suddenly mood change*

*3*

*f* screaming hysterically

ra-ther pre-fer the por-trait o-ver the mir - ror.

I spoke of par-rots!

*mf*

*ff*

Did some-one men-tion war?

I clear-ly heard war!

*arco*



## Aria Marinetti

rit. molto

sub. t° di Marcia ♩ = 108

[illegible]

61

isterico e marziale, moltissimo  
molto energetico e caricaturale

238 molto energico e caricaturale

Cl. B♭ *ff* *sub. mp*

Bsn. *ff* *sub. mp* ord.

Hrn. *ff* *sub. mp* *f* *ff* *mp*

S. dr. *f* *sub. p* b. dr. with fixed cymb.

Cymb. *f*

Gr. c. *mf*

Mar. (Bass) *ff* (move like marching) *estatico molto*

Mar - cia del can-no-neg-gia - men - - to. Fu - tu - ris - ta, ot - ti - mis - - mo, bom - ba, pal - la di can-

Vl. 1 *ff* *sub. mp* unis.

Vl. 2 *ff* *sub. mp* div.

Vla. *ff* *sub. mp* arco unis.

Vlc. *ff* *sub. mp* arco

D.B. *ff* *sub. mp*

244

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

S. dr.

Cymb.  
Gr. c.

Mar.  
(Bass)

- no - - - ne: Bum, cing, ciak, bum, bum, cing, bum, pum. Or - ches-tra dei ru - mo - - - ri, Gri - - - da de-gli uf - fi

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

div.

div.

unis.

250

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

S. dr.

Cymb.  
Gr. c.

Pno.

Mar.  
(Bass)

- cia - li: Zang, tumb, tumb, zang, zang, tumb, tumb, zang, zang, tumb, tumb, zang, zang, tumb, tuuuuum.

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

div.

div.

unis.

63

255

Cl. B♭

sub. *mp*

Bsn.

sub. *mp*

ord.

Hrn.

sub. *mp*

*f*

*ff*

*mp*

S. dr.

sub. *p*

Cymb.

Gr. c.

*mf*

Mar. (Bass)

*ff*

Mar - cia del can-no-neg-gia - men - - to. Fu - tu-ris-ta, ot - ti - mis - - - mo, bom - ba, pal-la di can - no - - - ne:

choir: (move like marching)

estatico molto

unis.

Sopr.

Alto

*ff*

Mar - cia del can-no-neg-gia - men - - to. Fu - tu-ris-ta, ot - ti - mis - - - mo, bom - ba, pal-la di can - no - - - ne:

Ten.

*ff*

Mar - cia del can-no-neg-gia - men - - to. Fu - tu-ris-ta, ot - ti - mis - - - mo, bom - ba, pal-la di can - no - - - ne:

Bass

*ff*

Mar - cia del can-no-neg-gia - men - - to. Fu - tu-ris-ta, ot - ti - mis - - - mo, bom - ba, pal-la di can - no - - - ne:

unis.

Vl. 1

*mp*

Vl. 2

*mp*

div.

Vla.

*mp*

unis.

Vlc.

*mp*

D.B.

*mp*

64

261

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

S. dr.

Cymb.

Gr. c.

Mar. (Bass)

Bum, cing, ciak, bum, bum, cing, bum, pum. Or - - ches-tra dei ru - mo - - - ri, Gri - - - da de - gli uf - fi-

Sopr.

Alto

Bum, cing, ciak, bum, bum, cing, bum, pum. Or - - ches-tra dei ru - mo - - - ri, Gri - - - da de - gli uf - fi-

Ten.

Bum, cing, ciak, bum, bum, cing, bum, pum. Or - - ches-tra dei ru - mo - - - ri, Gri - - - da de - gli uf - fi-

Bass

Bum, cing, ciak, bum, bum, cing, bum, pum. Or - - ches-tra dei ru - mo - - - ri, Gri - - - da de - gli uf - fi-

div.

Vl. 1

div.

Vl. 2

div.

Vla.

unis.

Vlc.

D.B.



[illegible]

65 **Meno mosso** (♩ = 92)

Violins 1 and 2 play a melodic line with accents and dynamic markings *ffp* and *ffp*. The Violas play a similar melodic line with accents and dynamic markings *ffp* and *ffp*. The Violoncello and Double Bass play a bass line with accents and dynamic markings *ff* and *sub. p*.

A graphic featuring two musical staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat), with a single eighth note on the second line. The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat), with a single eighth note on the second line. The text 'De Nieuw Mus' is overlaid in a large, stylized font across the staves.

*f* A par-a-dise. *ff* Mer - cia del can-no-neg-gia-me - - - to. Ta-ra-ta, pic, pac, pum, pluff, plaff, tumb, tuc,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is shown. It consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody in the top staff begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then two eighth notes B-flat4 and A4. The bass line in the bottom staff begins with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then two eighth notes B-flat3 and A3. The system ends with a double bar line.

sub. accel. **66** Poco più mosso, marziale ♩ = 100

ffp

ffp

poco rit.

preview

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sub. slower                      poco a poco rit.

67 ♩ = 44

294

Water gong

Gr. c.

Mar. (Bass)

Sopr.

Alto

Ten.

Bass

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

lunga

*p*

*glissando*

*coperto*

*p*

*lunga*

*quasi gliss.*

*lunga*

beau - ti - ful! Now is the mo - ment to take ac - - - tion. —

(totally identified with war)  
con falsetto

*lunga*

*pp*

*mp*

*poco a poco cresc.*

We — shall soon see an - gels fly, we sing the

*lunga*

*pp*

*mp*

*poco a poco cresc.*

We — shall soon see an - gels fly, we sing the

*lunga*

*pp*

*mp*

*poco a poco cresc.*

We — shall soon see an - gels fly, we sing the

*lunga*

*pp*

*mp*

*poco a poco cresc.*

We — shall soon see an - gels fly, we sing the

(div.)

unis. pizz. *lunga*

*pp*

(div.)

pizz. *lunga*

*pp*

pizz. *lunga*

*pp*

pizz. *lunga*

*pp*

meno mosso

301

Sopr.

Alto

Ten.

Bass

*ff*

*mp sub.*

*f*

*ff*

song of dan - - - ger. — War is what we glo - ri - fy. —

*ff*

*mp sub.*

*f*

*ff sub. p*

song of dan - - - ger. — War is what we glo - ri - fy. — Ag - gres - sion is no for - eign stran - ger.

*ff*

*mp sub.*

*f*

*ff sub. p*

song of dan - - - ger. — War is what we glo - ri - fy. — Ag - gres - sion is no for - eign stran - ger.

*ff*

*mp sub.*

*f*

*ff*

song of dan - - - ger. — War is what we glo - ri - fy. —





**71** very fast, t<sup>o</sup> de Valse

333

Cl. B $\flat$

Bsn.

Hrn.

S. dr.

Gr. c.

Hrp.

Pno.

R. Br. (Alto)

72 sub. meno mosso ♩ = 58

sub. poco

sub. intimo

pesante

pp

f

fff

wooden sticks

r.s.

Glissando

ff

fff

mf

sub. intimo

preview

**71** very fast  $\text{♩} = \text{de Vals}$

(div.)  $f$   $ff$  Glissando  $f$  Glissando

Vl. 1 (div.)  $f$   $ff$   $f$

Vl. 2 (div.)  $f$   $ff$   $f$  Glissando Glissando

Vla. (div.)  $f$   $ff$   $f$  Glissando Glissando

Vlc. (div.)  $f$   $ff$   $f$  Glissando Glissando

D.B. unis.  $f$   $ff$   $f$   $fff$  pesante  $p$

**72** sub. meno mosso  $\text{♩} = 58$

sub. da lontano 2 soli  $pp$

sub. da lontano  $pp$

sub. da lontano 2 soli  $pp$

sub. da lontano  $pp$

unis. pizz.  $p$

pesante  $f$   $fff$   $p$

pesante  $f$   $fff$

pesante  $f$   $fff$   $p$

341

Cl. Bb

Bsn.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

R. Br. (Alto)

D'A. (Ten.)

l loved her. *sub. intimo* I love the love we have. I crave the truth.

I love the art we have. You crave the art we love. Don't bur-den your pret-ty head too much.

*independant from tempo, screaming loudly!*

*f* The mu-sic, *ff* loud-er!!

un. *8va* tutti *ff*

un. *8va* tutti *ff*

un. *ff*

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

73 t° di Valse ♩ = 58 sub. ♩ = 68 a t° ♩ = 58

349

Cl. Bb

Bsn.

Hrn.

Gr. c.

Pno.

D'A. (Ten.)

Don't let\_ your jeal - ous-y co-lour the com-plete gray of your bor - ing

*(S<sup>vo</sup>)*

*con sord. div. pp sub. dim.*

*con sord. pp sub. dim.*

*con sord. pp sub. dim.*

*con sord. pp*

*arco ff*

*arco ff*

*pp*

preview

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senza sord. Bartók pizz. *ff*

Bartók pizz. div. *ff*

energie  $\bullet = 84$

Willem Jeths - Ritratto - scene 2

[illegible]

poco accel. - - - - -

378

Cl. B♭ *ffp* *p* *poco a poco cresc.*

Bsn. *ffp* *p* *p* *poco a poco cresc.*

Hrn. *ffp* *p* *poco a poco cresc.*

S. dr. *f*

Gr. c. *f*

Hrp.

Pno. *f* *p* *poco a poco cresc.*

D'A. (Ten.) *ff* *f* *ff* *f* *f*  
Strive\_\_\_ for glo - ry. Ur - rà\_\_\_ per la guer-ra!\_\_\_ Ur-rà\_\_\_ per la guer-ra! Ur-rà, ur - rà, ur-rà, ur -

Dia. (C.t.) *f*  
Ur-rà, ur-rà, ur - rà, ur-rà, ur -

Man R. (Ten.) *f*  
Ur-rà, ur-rà, ur - rà, ur-rà, ur -

Van D. (Bar.) *f*  
Ur-rà, ur - rà, ur-rà, ur -

Mar. (Bass) *f*  
Ur-rà per la guer-ra!\_\_\_ Ur-rà, ur - rà, ur-rà, ur -

Epst. (Bass) *f*  
Ur-rà, ur - rà, ur-rà, ur -

poco accel. - - - - -

unis.

Vl. 1 *f*

Vl. 2 *f*

Vla. *ffp* *poco a poco cresc.* *f*

Vlc. *ffp* *poco a poco cresc.* *f*

D.B. *ffp* *poco a poco cresc.* *f*

75

sub. t° di Marcia

 = 108

385

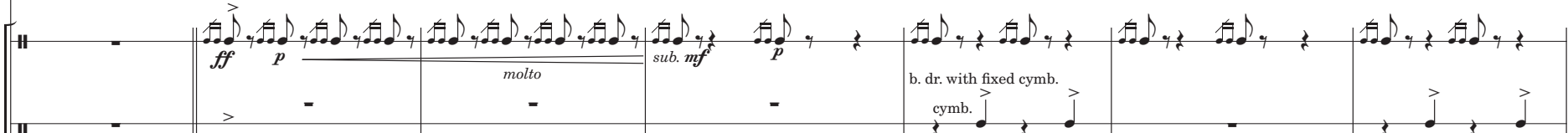
Cl. B♭



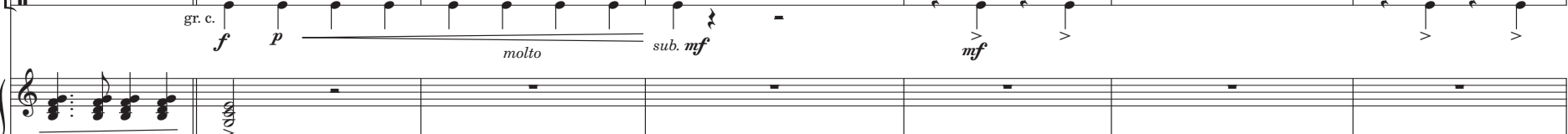
Bsn.



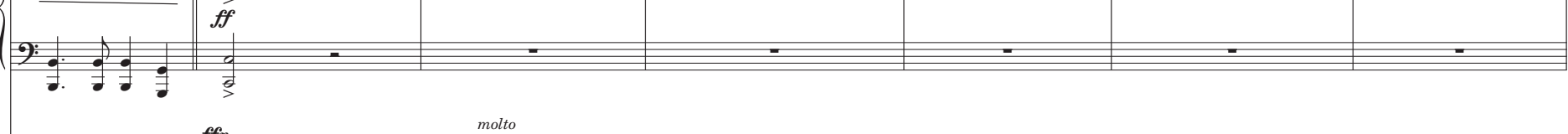
Hrn.



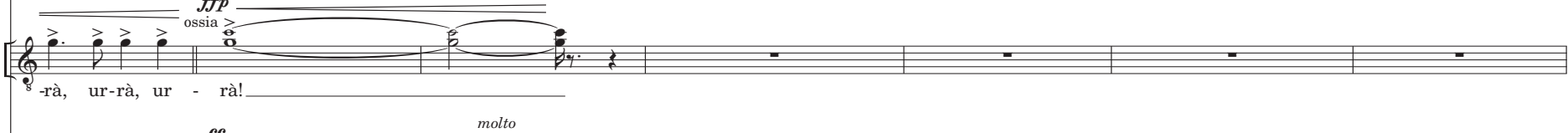
S. dr.



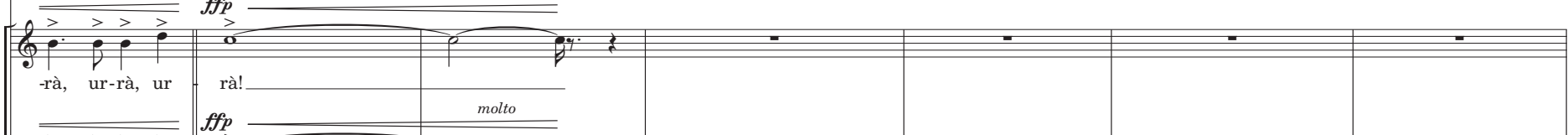
Cymb.  
Gr. c.



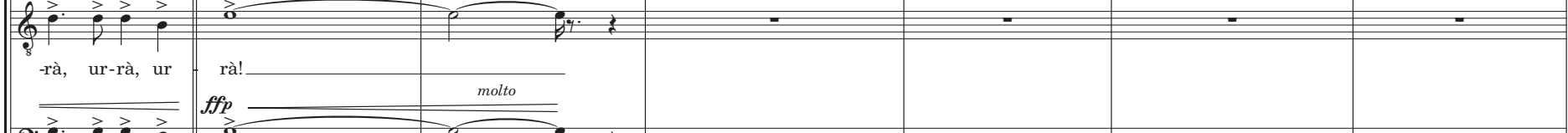
Pno.



D'A.  
(Ten.)



Dia.  
(C.t.)



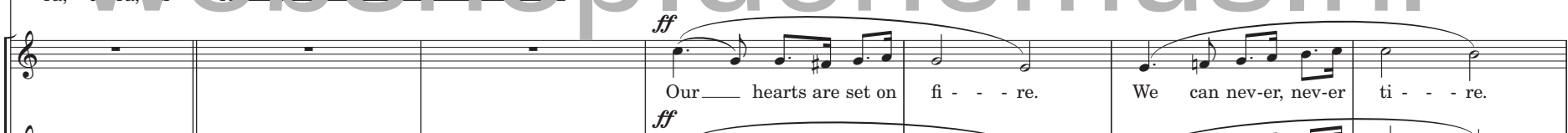
Man R.  
(Ten.)



Van D.  
(Bar.)



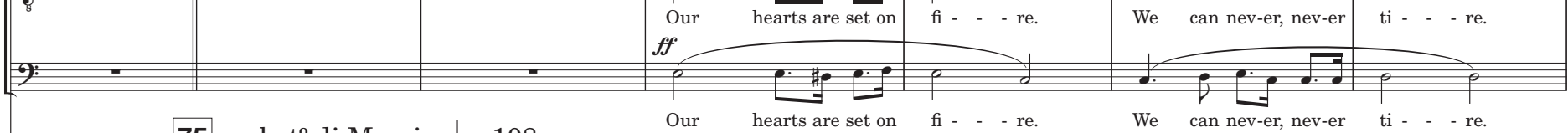
Mar.  
(Bass)



Epst.  
(Bass)



Sopr.



Alto



Ten.



Bass



Our \_\_\_\_\_ hearts are set on fi - - - re. We can nev-er, nev-er ti - - - re.

Our hearts are set on fi - - - re. We can nev-er, nev-er ti - - - re.

Our hearts are set on fi - - - re. We can nev-er, nev-er ti - - - re.

Our hearts are set on fi - - - re. We can nev-er, nev-er ti - - - re.

75

sub. t° di Marcia

 = 108

Vl. 1



Vl. 2



Vla.



Vlc.



D.B.





398

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

S. dr.

Cymb.

Gr. c.

Cas.  
(Sopr.)

D'A.  
(Ten.)

Sopr.

Alto

Ten.

Bass

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

*screaming hysterically,  
independently from tempo*

The gon-do-las, Gar-bi!

*f*

Let us

While we sing the song of ter - - - ror. Be a war - - - rior in full splen - dour; war is what we glo - ri - fy!

div.

While we sing the song of ter - - - ror. Be a war - - - rior in full splen - dour; war is what we glo - ri - fy!

While we sing the song of ter - - - ror. Be a war - - - rior in full splen - dour; war is what we glo - ri - fy!

While we sing the song of ter - - - ror. Be a war - - - rior in full splen - dour; war is what we glo - ri - fy!

unis. 2 soli

*p*

div.

unis.

div.

unis.

div.

unis.

unis. 2 soli

*p*

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77

404

Cl. B♭

D'A.  
(Ten.)

Dia.  
(C.t.)

Man R.  
(Ten.)

Van D.  
(Bar.)

Mar.  
(Bass)

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

*p*

dance now our way in - to tri - umph, vi sa - lu - to dal mio cuor. *f*

*\*)* Do svi - dà - niya

*f*

Good - eve - ning

*f*

Goe - den - a - vond.

*f*

Buo - na - se - ra, ad -

div.

div.

unis.

pizz.

arco

*p*

div.

unis.

pizz.

div.

unis. arco

pizz.

arco

*p*

*\*)* Russian: good evening

78

417

Cl. B♭

*f*

*mp*

Bsn.

*mp*

Hrn.

*mp*

S. dr.

*mp*

Cymb.

Gr. c.

gr. c.

*mp*

Hrp.

Pno.

*f*

*sim.*

Mar.  
(Bass)

*ff*

-di - - - o.

Sopr.

*p*

*f*

*mf*

We shall soon see an - gels fly, while we sing the song of ter-ror we des -

Alto

unis. *p*

*f*

*mf*

We shall soon see an - gels fly, while we sing the song of er-ror we des -

Ten.

*p*

*f*

*mf*

We shall soon see an - gels fly, while we sing the song of ter-ror we des -

Bass

*p*

*f*

*mf*

We shall soon see an - gels fly, while we sing the song of ter-ror we des -

78

tutti

Vl. 1

*f*

*mp*

tutti

Vl. 2

*f*

*mp*

tutti

Vla.

div. a3

*f*

div. a2

Vlc.

(pizz.)

*mp*

pizz.

D.B.

*mp*

427

79

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

S. dr.

Cymb.

Gr. c.

Pno.

D'A.  
(Ten.)

Dia.  
(C.t.)

Man R.  
(Ten.)

Van D.  
(Bar.)

Sopr.

Alto

Ten.

Bass

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

div. a3

div.

div.

Fare -

Fare - well. —

Fare - well —

Fare -

-pair. Our hearts are set on fire. We can nev - er, nev - er tire, Fare well. —

-pair. Our hearts are set on fire. We can nev - er, nev - er tire, Fare well. —

-pair. Our hearts are set on fire. We can nev - er, nev - er tire, Fare well. —

-pair. Our hearts are set on fire. We can nev - er, nev - er tire, Fare - well. —

79

[illegible]

sub. a tº (♩ = 108)

con sord. senza misura

lunghissima

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

con sord.

lunghissima

ppp

con sord.

lunghissima

unis.

ppp

div.

pizz.

ff

unis.

pizz.

lunghissima

ff

unis.

pizz.

lunghissima

ff

"Aside" Aria Luisa Casati  
80 rubato ♩ = 54 introverso molto

443

Cl. B♭

Bsn.

Hrn.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

Vl. 1

Vl. 2

Vla.

Vlc.

*aside, introverted*

*p*

It knocked me out, when I was thir-teen, un-luck-y num-ber. I lost my fa-ther, my moth-er. I

*con sord. arco*

*unis. pp*

*con sord. arco*

*pp*

81 (rapidly alternating trills)

450

Cl. B♭

Hrn.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

*pp*

*stopped*

*pp*

*pp*

*arco*

*pp*

*pp*

lost the bat-tle a-gainst fare-well. I am a poor los-er. It knocked me out, suc-

457

Cl. B♭

Hrn.

Pno.

Cas. (Sopr.)

Vla.

Vlc.

D.B.

*pp*

*pp*

*p espr.*

*pp*

*(rapidly alternating trills)*

*pp*

*pp*

cess has man-y fa-thers, but fail-ure is an a-ban-doned or-phan. But fail-ure is an a-ban-doned

