

# Williams College Department of Music



## Qiana Yang '19, piano

W.A. Mozart (1756 – 1791)

Sonata in B Flat Major, K. 333

*Allegro*  
*Andante Cantabile*  
*Allegretto Grazioso*

Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)

*Kreisleriana*, op. 16

*Äußerst bewegt*  
*Sehr innig und nicht zu rasch*  
*Sehr aufgeregt*  
*Sehr langsam*  
*Sehr lebhaft*  
*Sehr langsam*  
*Sehr rasch*  
*Schnell und spielend*

*\*brief pause\**

Frédéric Chopin (1810 – 1849)

Sonata in B Minor, op. 58

*Allegro maestoso*  
*Scherzo: Molto vivace*  
*Largo*  
*Finale: Presto non tanto*

**Saturday, May 11, 2019**  
**1:00 p.m.**

*Brooks-Rogers Recital Hall*  
*Williamstown, Massachusetts*

Please turn off cell phones. No photography or recording is permitted.

## **Qiana Yang '19**

Williams College, class of 2019. Music and Math double major. Pianist. Winner of 2018 Berkshire Soloist Competition. Alumna of Aspen Music Festival and Meadowmount School of Music. Fan of all genres of high fantasy. Writer of the best papers. Keeper of the best dream journal. Best uphill hiker. Worst downhill hiker. Best friend. Worst enemy. Best bio writer, worst bio writer. Best cat of Schrodinger. Worst Katze von Schrödinger. Quantum uncertainty. Time is real. Nein, die Zeit ist nicht wirklich.

My sincere thanks to Elizabeth Wright, my piano teacher for four years, without whom this recital would not have been possible;

To M. Jennifer Bloxam, my advisor and professor for four years, without whom my thesis would not have been possible;

To myself, without whom nothing would have been possible;

To my mom, who loves me the most;

To my dad, the best and wisest man I know in the world;

To my little sister, who shares my passion for trashing dystopian YA novels;

To Leonard and Erin, the most hardworking people in the music department, one of whom will some day conduct the BSO and the other will become my favorite Disney princess;

To Jonathan and Jeff, who could put up with my sloppiness and nonsense;

To Mark, Michelle and Steve, the absolute treasures of the Music Department;

To my professors this semester, who convinced me to take risks and changed my life that way;

To Youtuber pierocks6121, for leaving a fine legacy of memes (<https://youtu.be/hoOI2BtrwYk>);

To all of my friends on and off campus, for being my friends.

### **Program notes:**

Sonata in B Flat Major, K. 333, W.A. Mozart (1756–1791):

“Where did he come from? —No one knows!—Who were his parents?—Also not known!—Who was his teacher?—An excellent master, for he plays splendidly, and because he has common sense and some education, he’s even pleasant company. He might qualify as a music master himself. And he really and truly had been a Kapellmeister, they added knowingly, for one day when he was in a good mood he showed them a reference from the Director of the \_\_\_\_\_ Court Theater, which indicated that the Kapellmeister Johannes Kreisler had been relieved of his post only because he had stubbornly refused to write an opera to the court poet’s text and several times—from a table in the public tavern—had spoken disparagingly about the Primo uomo. Further, with all sorts of wandering and incoherent rigamarole, he had tried to promote a young girl who studied voice with him over the Prima donna. Still, he had been told he could keep the title of Kapellmeister and might even get back into good graces at the court if he would renounce certain eccentricities and ridiculous prejudices, as for example that true Italian music was gone forever and so on and if he were willing to acknowledge the eminence of the court poet, generally recognized as a second Metastasio...

“Be that as it may, it’s enough to say that Johannes was driven by his inner apparitions and dreams as if on an eternally surging sea, that he seemed to search in vain for that harbor which would give him, finally, the peace and contentment without which an artist cannot create. So it was that friends couldn’t persuade him to write down a composition or, if one were written down, to keep him from destroying it. From time to time, in the most agitated mood, he composed through the night. He would awaken the friend who lived next door, to play for him the music

he had dashed off in a frenzy. He would shed tears of joy over the completed work, praise himself as the happiest of humans, but the next day the magnificent composition would lie in ashes on the hearth...

"Suddenly—no one knew how or why—he was gone. Some said they had observed signs of insanity in him, and he actually had been seen hopping out of the city gate, singing merrily, with two hats jammed on his head and two music pens thrust like daggers into his red sash. But his closest friends hadn't noticed anything out of the ordinary, since violent outbursts stemming from some inner vexation had always been normal for him. When all investigation as to his whereabouts proved futile and his friends were trying to decide what to do with the musical sketches and other papers he had left behind, Fräulein von B\_\_\_ came forward, claiming that it was her duty to collect and safeguard the belongings of her beloved teacher and friend, whom she by no means considered gone for good. The friends quite willingly gave her everything, and when they found that Johannes had seized opportune moments to pencil several short, for the most part humorous essays on the reverse side of his music papers, the devoted student allowed them to be copied and shared, as modest witness to the composer's transitory moods."

—E.T.A. Hoffmann, *Kreisleriana*, Prologue, trans. John Louis Miller.

Kreisleriana, Op. 16, Robert Schumann (1810–1856):

With Kreisler's name and character, Hoffmann establishes the motif of the circle. Of his name, the Kapellmeister himself explains:

"It will make you think of the wonderful circles in which our whole being moves and from which we cannot escape no matter how we try. The circler circles in these circles, and it may well be that, exhausted by the St. Vitus dance which he is forced to perform, disputing with the dark, unfathomable power which circumscribes these circles, having a constitutionally weak stomach, he longs to escape."

—E.T.A. Hoffmann, *Life and Opinions of the Tomcat Murr*, trans. Leonard J. Kent and Elizabeth C. Knight.



Sonata in B Minor, Op. 58, Frédéric Chopin (1810–1849):

“In my dream, I went on a little hiking excursion along Route 2 and somehow ended up in my high school, which, to my surprise, became a national tourists' destination. What used to be the student center now became a huge 100-floor bell tower. I was so intrigued by this renovation and decided to ring the bells. Then I somehow encountered Stephen in the stairs, and we decided to go up together. Then, midway through our journey, I decided to turn back and left Stephen, because the same force that was calling for me in the previous dream was calling for me at that moment, too. In front of the tower was a trail leading into a mountain, and I decided to walk into the forest with other tourists.

“But instead of staying with the group, I found myself getting lost again, and this time I was alone in the forest. Apparently, there was a supernatural force that would change the forest's trail paths once in a while so that those with terrible sense of direction (like me) could easily get lost. I ended up walking for two days without any sense of orientation, and by the end of that I was tired and dehydrated and hungry and still alone. And then, to my surprise, I encountered Stephen again under a tree, and he promised me that he would walk with me until we find a way out, and we wouldn't worry about getting lost again because he brought a compass. I praised him for having his [wits] together, and we continued with our journey.

“Then a few hours later, we spotted a human figure at the top of a hill with coarse gloves, coarse hiking boots and a baseball cap. It turned out that human being was Leonard, who was stuck in the same forest for more than 20 days. Then he told us that before being trapped in the forest, he had already made sure to bring several sleeping bags and tents, several cartons of water and enough food and drink for a whole month. In addition, he brought soap and chose to set his tents near a river so he could have daily showers, and brought hunting rifles so that he did not have to live a vegetarian lifestyle forever. Since he had so much surplus food and water and sleeping bags, he offered to let us stay with him until we could enact a plan together and leave the forest forever. I was so taken away by his wilderness survival skill that I said to myself: ‘That guy really has his [wits] together!’

“After the three of us ate some rabbits that Leonard had killed with his hunting rifle, we decided to roam around the hill to get a sense of our new habitat. To our surprise, we spotted another human figure at the top of another hill with coarse gloves, coarse hiking boots and a baseball cap. Apparently, this human figure also spotted us, because he came to us right away. It turned out that this person was Jeff Pearson, who was stuck in the same forest for about 30 days. Jeff then invited us three to his habitat and proudly described to us how fertile the soil was. Apparently, when he was stuck in the forest, he managed to find the most fertile ground of the entire forest, settled down there and built a small wooden hut from scratch. Even more surprisingly, he cultivated a few acres of wheat and corns by himself and domesticated all the wild animals he could find and then started operating a cow farm so that he could get unlimited supply of milk. Leonard, Stephen and I were so amazed by his wilderness survival skill that we said to ourselves: “holy [wits]! That guy really has his [wits] together!” We never found our way out of the forest, but we led a good life together ever after. Then I woke up.”