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## The Rawson Duo 2010-11 Season at a Glance

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October 15 & 17, *An English Idyll* ~ Frederick Rosse, Cyril Scott, and Thomas Dunhill

November 12, 14 & 16, *American Frontiers* ~ Aaron Copland, Gregory Stone, Robert Russel Bennett, and Robert McBride

December 17, 19 & 21, *Nordlys: Music of Scandinavia* ~ Halvorsen, Grieg, and Sibelius

January 28 & 30, and February 1, *Bella Italia* ~ Respighi-Vivaldi, Malipiero, Casella, Tedesco, Pizzetti

February 27 and March 4, *Bach of Ages* ~ Johann Sebastian Bach

March 25, 27 & 29, *Collage with guest cellist Zon Eastes* ~ Gabriel Pierné, Jackson Berkey, and Paul Schoenfield

May 6 & 8 ~ *Sir John Blackwood McEwen*

June 10 & 12 ~ *The Brahms Violin and Piano Sonatas*

Complete details of these concerts and seasons with event pictures and program links can be found on our web site, [www.rawsonduo.com](http://www.rawsonduo.com)

Notice of event details, dates and times when scheduled will be sent via email or ground mail upon request. Be sure to be on the Rawsons' mailing list. Contact: [rawsonduo@gmail.com](mailto:rawsonduo@gmail.com) or call 379-3449

We thank you for your support and interest in our music projects and look forward to seeing you again in the fall for the start of our 2011-12 season.

**Google Books related to today's program** ~ books that can be read online or downloaded free of charge from [www.books.google.com](http://www.books.google.com) (enter titles in search box and include year)

*Johannes Brahms: The Herzogenberg Correspondence*, 1909 (that's the free version)

*Masters in Music, Volume 5* by Daniel Gregory Mason, 1905 (all volumes are available)

*The Beautiful in Music: a contribution to the revisal of musical aesthetics* by Eduard Hanslick, 1854 (perhaps a little off the subject but sheds interesting light on classical music. Hanslick was the famous Viennese music critic who championed Brahms and the aesthetic of "absolute" music, music built of classical form without a program, as these sonatas)

*Music and Manners: personal reminiscences and sketches of character* by William Beatty-Kingston, 1887



**ON DISPLAY at the Rawsons:** Harold Nelson has had a lifelong passion for art, particularly photo images and collage. It sustained him through years of working in the federal bureaucracy with his last sixteen in Washington DC. He started using his current collage technique in 2004, two years before retirement from his first career and his move from Virginia to Port Townsend. His art is shown frequently on the Peninsula, and he is currently showing at Northwind Arts Center and the Northwind Showcase gallery. ~ [www.hnelsonart.com](http://www.hnelsonart.com)

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## Rawson Duo Concert Series, 2010-11

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### The Brahms Sonatas *for* Violin and Piano



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At the home of Alan and Sandy Rawson  
10318 Rhody Drive, Chimacum WA  
Friday and Sunday, June 10 & 12

## The Rawson Duo

Specializing in Romantic and early twentieth-century works, the **Rawson Duo** has given numerous recitals on college campuses and community performing arts series across the United States and Canada. The Rawsons now reside in Chimacum where they perform throughout the year in the intimate setting of their home located on 7.5 acres, bringing to life rarely heard works celebrated with warm hospitality.

Violinist **Alan Rawson** first pursued his music interests in his junior year in high school as a self-taught folk guitarist, recorder player, and madrigal singer. Classical Violin studies were begun at Cañada Junior College in Redwood City California, since their program did not include Country and Western fiddling. He received his Bachelor of Music and Master of Arts degrees from San Francisco State University and completed his doctorate degree at the University of Colorado in Boulder in violin performance studying with Oswald Lehnert while developing a passionate interest in Rocky Mountain cycling and cross country skiing. He has served on the music faculties of Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota and the University of Idaho in Moscow, and has recently retired from Minnesota State University Moorhead where he directed the University Orchestra and taught upper strings. He was concertmaster of the Fargo-Moorhead Symphony for twenty years and appeared as a featured orchestral soloist several times performing works by Tchaikowsky, Mozart, Sibelius, and Bruch, among others.

Alan has a passionate interest in exploring the music of past great composers, now all but lost to obscurity, and he is actively researching, locating and scanning public domain scores, making these freely available to the internet community worldwide.

A native of Fargo, ND, **Sandy Rawson** (pianist, organist, harpsichordist) completed her Bachelor of Music degree in piano performance at the University of Minnesota and continued her studies at the Musik Akademie in Vienna, Austria. During her long tenure in the Fargo Moorhead area, she was a highly active accompanist and large ensemble pianist performing with all the major organizations including opera, symphony, choral, ballet, universities and public schools. She frequently appeared on faculty and guest artist recitals at the three local universities, NDSU, MSUM, and Concordia College. An active church organist from the age of 14, she held the post of organist at the First Congregational Church in Fargo for 25 years. She currently is the organist for Sequim Community Church and piano accompanist for Peninsula Chamber Singers.

Sandy's love of music is equaled by her love for cooking. A professionally trained chef, having lived several years in Europe and Japan, international cuisine has been a lifelong passion. Today's Scottish reception:



### AUS DEM WIENER KAFFEEHÄUSER UND HEURIGEN

Mozart Gebäck ~ *nougat and pistachio-marzipan pastries covered with chocolate*

Almond Kipfel ~ *chocolate-dipped almond crescent moons*

Viennese Cream Brioche / Apricot Danoises (*pastries*)

Leberkäse ~ (*"loaf of life"*) *beef and pork loaf on rye bread*

Gebackener Fleischstrudel ~ *meat-filled strudel*

Liptauer ~ *paprika cheese in peppers and on rye bread*

Viennese Hazelnut Chocolate Raspberry Bars

## Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

### *Sonata No. 1 in G Major, Op. 78 ("Regen," 1879)*

*Vivace ma non troppo*

*Adagio*

*Allegro molto moderato*

~ *interval* ~

### *Sonata No. 2 in A Major, Op. 100 ("Thun," 1886)*

*Allegro amabile*

*Andante tranquillo*

*Allegretto grazioso (quasi Andante)*

~ *interval* ~

### *Sonata No. 3 in D Minor, Op. 108 (1888) to Hans von Bülow*

*Allegro*

*Adagio*

*Un poco presto e con sentimento*

*Presto agitato*

Uhl, Wachenhusen, Spitzer and Speidel, feuilletonists of the first water— Gustav Walter and Caroline Bettelheim, stars of the Imperial Opera House, Professor Joachim and his gifted wife, then the first Liedersaengerin of the day, and other shining lights of music, the drama, and the plastic arts, too numerous to recapitulate in this place.\*

*a few Bits of Interest\**



Of this intellectually and artistically luminous circle, Johannes Brahms, whenever he joined it, became at once the central point and chief personage—partly in virtue of the prestige earned for him by his indisputable genius, and partly by reason of his own innate masterfulness of disposition, which enabled him, in eleven cases out of twelve, to take and keep the lead in society, no matter of what class.

An imperious man, restrained from self assertion by no reluctance to wound his neighbours' sensibilities, if he be endowed with real talent, and have done things universally acknowledged to be great, finds little difficulty in establishing himself as a social despot amongst people of average brains and courage. Having a rough side to his tongue, and

being quite unscrupulous with respect to his use of it, his domineering is frequently submitted to by those who are his equals in intelligence and his superiors in breeding, but either too timid or too indolent to resist his assumption of superiority. Such a one, when I first met him some eighteen years ago, was Johannes Brahms—loud, dictatorial, a little too obviously penetrated with a sense of his surpassing greatness, violently intolerant of opinions differing from his own, curiously blunt of speech and "burschikos"—a German adjective comprehensively descriptive of the roughness characterising University manners throughout the Fatherland—but none the less a jovial spirit, strongly addicted to the pleasures of the table, and taking keen delight in highly-salted "after-dinner" stories, of which he was an ever-ready narrator, at once boisterous and unctuous. As long as he was allowed to have his own way, without let or hindrance, whether in an oracular or anecdotal mood, he was an exceedingly amusing companion, being extremely well read, clear-headed, and humorous. But he could not stand competition; a shared social throne had no charms for him, and other people's brilliancy "put him out." When by any extraordinary accident he found himself relegated to the position of "the other lion" who "thought the first a bore," his irritation too often betrayed him into actual rudeness towards people for whom he had the highest regard. At one of the W s' select musical parties I remember an instance of how badly he could behave, even to such a man as Joseph Joachim—a prince of executant art and his intimate personal friend. Joachim had very amiably volunteered to play, and there happened to be no violin music handy except one set of the Beethoven P.F. and Violin Sonatas (that dedicated to Salieri), which was brought by our hostess to the great virtuoso with the request that he would ask Brahms— she had not the courage to do so—to take the pianoforte part. Turning towards Brahms, Joachim smilingly asked, "Dear master, will you vouchsafe to play this with me for the amusement of our friends here?" "I am not an accompanist," growled Brahms, and abruptly turning his back upon Joachim, strode angrily off into another room. The Hungarian violinist merely shrugged his shoulders, and looked around for a volunteer pianist. I may perhaps be pardoned for mentioning en passant that I had the good fortune to be accepted as Brahms' substitute, much to my gratification. Nobody except myself seemed the least surprised at the latter's pettish outburst and sortie. To a look of inquiry I was unable to suppress, Joachim replied, "it is his way when he is vexed; he means nothing by it," and this view of the incident was evidently the one adopted by all present.



Elisabet and Heinrich von Herzogenberg



Amanda Maier



Hermine Spies



Amanda and Elisabeth

\*A *feuilletonist* was a newspaper writer of light fiction, reviews, and articles of general entertainment.

Violinist Joseph Joachim was one the foremost performers and teachers of the day who arranged Brahms' *21 Hungarian Dances* for violin and piano and premiered his violin concerto.

\* *mostly hewn from the internet*

The G Major Sonata, Op. 78 was composed during the summers of 1878 and 1879 while Brahms was staying in picturesque Pörschach, a village on the Wörthersee lake in Carinthia, Austria. While there, he also composed his 2nd Symphony and well known *Lullaby*.

The work has been nicknamed the “Regen” (Rain) Sonata because of ties with it and his *Regenlied* (Rain Song) which Brahms set as the third of his Op. 59 group of songs. Elements of the song are hinted at throughout, but particularly the 3rd movement is possessed of it. The complete song melody is used for the rondo theme which is heard a number of times. The text of the original song is from the poem by Klaus Groth (1819-1899).

Walle, Regen, walle nieder,  
Wecke mir die Träume wieder,  
Die ich in der Kindheit träumte,  
Wenn das Naß im Sande schäumte!

*Pour, rain, pour down,  
Awaken again in me those dreams  
That I dreamt in childhood,  
When the wetness foamed in the sand!*

Wenn die matte Sommerschwüle  
Lässig stritt mit frischer Kühle,  
Und die blanken Blätter tauten,  
Und die Saaten dunkler blauten.

*When the dull summer sultriness  
Struggled casually against the fresh coolness,  
And the pale leaves dripped with dew,  
And the crops were dyed a deeper blue.*

Welche Wonne, in dem Fließen  
Dann zu stehn mit nackten Füßen,  
An dem Grase hin zu streifen  
Und den Schaum mit Händen greifen.

*What bliss to stand in the downpour  
With naked feet,  
To reach into the grass  
And touch the foam with one's hands!*

Oder mit den heißen Wangen  
Kalte Tropfen aufzufangen,  
Und den neuerwachten Düften  
Seine Kinderbrust zu lüften!

*Or upon hot cheeks,  
To catch the cold drops;  
And with the newly awakened fragrances  
To air one's childish breast!*

Wie die Kelche, die da troffen,  
Stand die Seele atmend offen,  
Wie die Blumen, düftertrunken,  
In dem Himmelstau versunken.

*Like the flowers' chalices, which trickle there,  
The soul breathes openly,  
Like the flowers, drunk with fragrance,  
Drowning in the dew of the Heavens.*

Schauernd kühlte jeder Tropfen  
Tief bis an des Herzens Klopfen,  
Und der Schöpfung heilig Weben  
Drang bis ins verborgne Leben.

*Every trembling drop cooled  
Deep down to the heart's very beating,  
And creation's holy web  
Pierced into my hidden life.*

Walle, Regen, walle nieder,  
Wecke meine alten Lieder,  
Die wir in der Türe sangen,  
Wenn die Tropfen draußen klangen!

*Pour, rain, pour down,  
Awaken the old songs,  
That we used to sing in the doorway  
When the raindrops pattered outside!*

Möchte ihnen wieder lauschen,  
Ihrem süßen, feuchten Rauschen,  
Meine Seele sanft betauen  
Mit dem frommen Kindergrauen.

*I would like to listen to it again,  
That sweet, moist rushing,  
My soul gently bedewed  
With holy, childlike awe*

“No, I did not mean that. But at the time when I should have liked to marry, my music was either hissed in the concert-rooms or at least received with icy coldness. Now for myself I could bear that quite well, because I knew its worth, and that some day the tables would be turned. And when, after such failures, I entered my lonely room I was not unhappy. On the contrary! But if, in such moments, I had had to meet the anxious, questioning eyes of a wife with the words, ‘Another failure’ —I could not have borne that! For a woman may love an artist whose wife she is ever so much, and even do what is called believe in her husband—still, she cannot have the perfect certainty of victory which is in his heart. And if she had wanted to comfort me — a wife to pity her husband for his non-success—Ugh! I cannot bear to think what a hell that would have been, at least to me.”

Brahms uttered these words vehemently, in short, broken sentences, looking so defiant and indignant that I could think of no reply; and only silently reflected, on the one hand, what fiery and tender, jubilant and sad love-songs the man had written, who, walking beside me, thought, at this moment, with bitterness of his lonely condition; and on the other, what mental suffering the noblest and proudest minds have to bear through the hard-heartedness and lack of comprehension of the world.

“It has been for the best,” added Brahms suddenly, and the next minute showed his usual expression of quiet content.

#### **Relaxed and in Thun** (more from Widmann):

In order to spend the summer near me, in May, 1886, Brahms took up his residence in Thun for the first time. Whenever the weather permitted he used to dine in the garden of some restaurant; he always disliked a table d'hôte (host's table) meal, if only for the simple reason that he detested conventional dress. He was most at his ease in a striped flannel shirt, without either tie or stiff collar; even his soft felt hat was more often carried in his hand than on his head. In bad weather a brownish-gray shawl, thrown round his shoulders and fastened on the chest with a huge pin, completed the curious, unfashionable attire at which people gazed in astonishment.

**Meeting the man in higher circles** (a rather wordy quote for those who've arrived early and have the time to digest it) from *Music and Manners: personal reminiscences and sketches of character*, by William Beatty-Kingston, 1887:

My first meeting with the author of the *German Requiem* took place in the bosom of a singularly unmusical family, endowed by nature, however, with an infinite capacity for hero-worship. Every member of this household, from its head, the erudite, grizzled “Uerr Doctor”—a veritable mine of scholarship and science, but barely able to distinguish “Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser” from “Ach, meine liebe Augustine”—down to its youngest cadette, a merry, flaxen-haired girl of sixteen, to whom melody and rhythm were inexhaustible sources of perplexity, except in so far as they served to facilitate and even promote the recreation of dancing, regarded Herr Brahms with undisguised admiration, and paid him that sort of reverent homage which lay-folk of a devotional turn, however ignorant of the religious mysteries embodied, so to speak, in an exalted ecclesiastical functionary, are apt to offer up to a high priest or archbishop. One and all, however, my friends the “W s were most excellent, worthy, and hospitable people, counting amongst the habitués of their dinner-table many of Vienna's artistic and literary celebrities, and possessing the inestimable social talent of keeping their guests in good humour and well entertained. Their circle, at the time the privilege of frequenting it was accorded to me, included Etienne and Friedlaender, the co-proprietors of the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna's leading journal for the past twenty years—

hear you play it through to a fine rumbling accompaniment of your own making! What delights me so in this sonata is its wonderful unity. The four movements are so unmistakably members of one family. One purpose dominates them, one color scheme embraces them all; yet their vitality finds expression in such various ways. . .

Let me thank you, dearest Friend — thank you for your good deed in sending us the sonata, and thank you for writing it and giving us only of your best.

One week later, Elizabet offers more critical suggestions.

I know the D minor sonata by heart now, to my great joy. It is an indescribable pleasure to absorb it into one's self and then play it quite out of one's head. Amanda Runtgen and I kept on smiling at each other when we found we knew even the last movement to-day. But the development gives us considerable trouble, and I do beg you will look at those syncopations again, and see if you could not alter them a little; I mean from B flat minor onwards, and particularly the bars where the bass has the theme in C sharp minor. It is more comprehensible in the big crescendo afterwards, where the swing and breadth of movement are a help. But the C sharp minor part is complicated by the unfavourable position of some of the important notes of the harmony given to the fiddle. It is really quite a blot on the movement, which is so glorious and so effective as a whole. Then, again, one has to struggle and pant to keep in, because there is so often nothing to mark the strong beats in those bars. It would be just the same, I believe, no matter how good the violinist, and it is such a pity to let that one place spoil the effect, when the rest of the movement sounds so well. It is one of those episodes that only musicians will understand, and that is not desirable, is it?

"I have one other proposal: that you should make the chords in the Scherzo pizzicato. It sounds as well again. Played arco, that part becomes abstract too; you hear notes, but no connected sound, and it makes it difficult to trace the continuation when the whole passage is so complicated in itself."

The syncopations are difficult to deal with, and there are indeed some unfavorable note positions called for in the 3rd sonata. Brahms took the last suggestion of pizzicato chords over the bowed effect while holding fast to the syncopations.

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### *Observations and Recollections, quotes from various writings*

**A bachelor at heart** Brahms remained. From an article by H. Conrat, "La Revue Musicale 1904" published in *Masters in Music, Volume 5* (1905) by Daniel Mason comes this recollection:

A foreigner, an artist, came to see Brahms with his wife. He was a man still young, who, in the space of a few years, had married three times. Brahms, who happened to meet him on several occasions during one week, took advantage of the opportunity to say to him one day, "What, still the same wife? What boredom! What monotony!"

**Views on marriage**, from J V Widmann's *Recollections (Masters in Music, V. 5, 1905)*:

Early one morning we were walking along the road which leads by the lake from Beatenbucht to Merligen, and had somehow come to speak of women and family life. Brahms said, "I have missed my chance. At the time I wished for it I could not offer a wife what I should have felt was right." Upon my asking him if by that he meant that he had lacked confidence in his power to keep wife and children by his art, he replied:

Over a 21 year period, Brahms developed a friendship with a couple he first met in Vienna, Heinrich and Elisabet von Herzogenberg. Their letters of correspondence, over 400 pages, were published in the early nineteenth hundreds and are now available to read on the internet. Heinrich Herzogenberg was also a composer devoted to traditional styles and an ardent admirer of Brahms. Over his lifetime he produced an extensive list of published works including three mature violin sonatas, an output comparable to his better known contemporaries.

Most of the correspondence is between Brahms and Elizabet who must have been an amazing woman, to be a former piano student of Brahms, to have such valued opinions, to have drafts of great works sent by the composer first to her for comment and critique. She responded not only with great enthusiasm, but often with specific suggestions which Brahms took.

In reference to Brahms and his Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, a 1919 Chicago Symphony program commented on his consultant, "the understanding of music possessed by Elizabet Herzogenberg was of more than ordinary comprehensiveness. . . The master would seem to have valued Elizabeth's opinion, and he frequently consulted her." Elizabet and Heinrich were among the first to set eyes on this work, before its premier performance. Brahms sent his only draft to the couple by ordinary mail. Elizabet scolded him for not registering the parcel and insuring its safe delivery. He wrote back that it was no matter should it have gotten lost, it was all stored in his mind, and it would not take a great effort to write it out again.

Shortly after completion of the first violin sonata, Brahms sent a copy of it to Elizabet, and she describes her impression of the work in a letter from Leipzig dated November 11, 1879:

. . . I prefer to say nothing about your sonata. What a lot you must have had to listen to already—to the point or otherwise—on the subject! You must be aware that it appeals to the affections as do few other things in the realm of music. You interpret it this way, that way, lose yourself in blissful dreaming as you listen to it, and become an enthusiast of the first order. The last movement in particular holds you enthralled, for the soul of it positively overflows, and you ask yourself whether it can be just this piece in G minor that so moves you, or something else that has taken possession of your inmost self, unknown to you. And then there is that dear [rhythm: da-d, da—dotted eighth / sixteenth / quarter], which almost deludes you every time into thinking that Brahms 'discovered' the dotted quaver. . . When I play the last page of the adagio in E flat with the heavenly pedal note, getting slower and slower to make it last longer, I always feel you must be a good sort after all.

Eight years were to pass before Brahms continued composing for violin and piano duo, and song melodies and ideas of other works are once again in evidence. It was in summer time of 1886, in the picturesque, lake-side village of Thun, Switzerland that he composed his 2nd Sonata, Op. 100. Thun is about 70 miles SW from Zurich as the crow flies.

It may have been more than beautiful surroundings of mountains and lakes that inspired the radiant "Thun" Sonata, as No. 2 is called. A confirmed bachelor his entire life, there was a young opera singer in this period who probably came closest to capturing the composer's heart by the name of Hermine Spies. She was one of the leading altos in Europe, took a special interest in Brahms vocal works, and it was for her that he wrote many of his lieder.

The prospect of an anticipated visit was on his mind that summer which could account for the fact that material from three previous songs dedicated to Spies found their way into the new composition. The second theme in the Sonata's first movement is consumed with the song, "Wie Melodien zieht es mir" (Op. 105, No. 1, "It moves like a melody"). The poem text is another by Klaus Groth:

Wie Melodien zieht es Mir leise durch den Sinn, Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es, Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.	<i>It moves like a melody Gently through my mind, It blossoms like spring flowers, And wafts away like fragrance.</i>
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Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es Und führt es vor das Aug', Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.	<i>But when it is captured in words And placed before my eyes, It turns pale like a gray mist And disappears like a breath.</i>
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Und dennoch ruht im Reime Verborgnen wohl ein Duft, Den mild aus stillem Keime Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.	<i>And yet, remaining in my rhymes There hides still a fragrance, Which mildly from the quiet bud My moist eyes call forth.</i>
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And then there's "Komm bald" (Op. 97, No. 5, "Come soon"), also by Groth. This is quoted in the final movement.

Warum denn warten von Tag zu Tag? Es blüht im Garten, was blühen mag. Wer kommt und zählt es, was blüht so schön? An Augen fehlt es, es anzuseh'n.	<i>Why, then, wait from day to day? The garden blooms when it wants to bloom. Who comes to count everything that blooms so fair? No pair of eyes would be able to see everything.</i>
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Die meinen wandern vom Strauch zum Baum; mir scheint, auch andern wär's wie ein Traum. Und von den Lieben, die mir getreu und mir geblieben, wär'st du dabei!	<i>My own eyes wander from bush to tree; it seems to me that others would think it a dream. And of those lovers, who are true to me and love me, I wish you were among them!</i>
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A third song that finds its way into the sonata is "Auf dem Kirchhofe" (Op. 105, No. 4, "In the church yard," setting the poem by Detlev von Liliencron 1844-1909).

Der Tag ging regenschwer und sturmbewegt, Ich war an manch vergessenem Grab gewesen, Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt, Die Namen überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.	<i>The day was heavy with rain and turbulent with storms, I was amongst many long-forgotten graves, Weathered stone and cross, ancient wreaths, The names overgrown, scarcely legible.</i>
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Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regenschwer, Auf allen Gräbern fror das Wort: Gewesen. Wie sturместot die Särge schlummerten, Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.	<i>The day was turbulent with storms and heavy with rain, On all the graves the words froze: "We Were." As the death of the storm the coffins slept, On all the graves thawed peacefully: "We Were Healed."</i>
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His third Sonata in D minor, Op. 108 was also started in the summer of 1886 but was not completed until two years later; the story takes up once again with Elizabeth.

The Herzogenbergs' acquaintance with Brahms included an intimate circle of friends, and among those was a Swedish violinist, Amanda Maier who was the first woman to graduate from the Royal School of Music in Stockholm. In her teens she enjoyed an active life as an international touring violinist, performing her own compositions, most notable is her Sonata in B minor.

Her touring career fell by the wayside after her marriage to the Dutch composer, Julius Röntgen (1855-1932), son of her violin teacher in Leipzig. However, she remained active in private home performing, rubbing elbows with many notable greats of the time including Brahms, Grieg, and the Herzogenbergs.

Amanda, in the early stages of tuberculosis following the birth of her second son, stayed in the Herzogenberg house in Nice, France in the latter part of the 1880s taking in the recuperative weather, and the two friends often played music together. She died of the disease in 1894 at the age of 41.

In a letter to Brahms, dated October 30, 1888, Elizabeth describes receiving the final draft of the third sonata and the first excited reading:

My Dear Friend, This 30th of October will long be green in my memory. I cannot tell you how I felt when the dear, fat roll of music was brought in this morning. We were still at breakfast, and my heart beat fast as I cautiously extracted the kernel from its shell. Heinrich wanted to tear the manuscript from me; but I held it tight, and ran straight up to Amanda's room, where — more or less mal coiffées (hair's a mess), but full of joyous expectancy we — sat down to play it at once. We got into the spirit of it immediately, feeling your spell upon us. Our eyes flew from bar to bar, our zeal and delight grew from page to page, our fingers tackled every difficulty with such success that I hardly knew myself. We grasped each successive beauty, feeling quite at home in spite of the startling sense of novelty which a first movement invariably produces.

At the opening of the development we quite caught our breath. How new it is, with that exquisite pedal note absorbing everything! How our surprise and delight grew and grew as the A showed no sign of giving way, but held its own through all the glorious tissue woven above it! How my left thumb reveled in the pressure it had to exert! And that F sharp minor on that Proteus A, and the gradual ebbing until the theme's subdued return— molto legato. O my friend, that was indeed one of your moments!

"that Proteus\* A" refers to a one-of-a-kind effect Brahms wrote in the first movement. The entire development section is set to a heart throbbing pedal note, A in the bass. The spinning harmonies above prove its allusive (Proteus) definition. She went on to write:

It is still too new to write quite fully, but I must dwell on one or two points; the delicious tranquillo of the coda, and the shorter pedal-note at the end, emphasizing the structure of the sonata-form and welding the two pedal-notes, A and D, into one golden ring. And how one's heart goes out to the last page; to those sustained notes on the violin which combine with the left-hand minims (half notes) on the piano in such beautiful contrary movement! How it vibrates with emotion, how it grows in intensity at the ritenuto, reaching its climax where the pedal-note ends and the violin becomes chromatic! When we had reached that point we exchanged comprehensive looks, we three, and our looks would have told you much that you would like to hear. Would that I had you here and could press your hand in gratitude for this great gift, and seat you at the piano to

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\*Proteus was a sea-god in Greek and Roman mythology, the son of Oceanus and Tethys, said to be capable of assuming various shapes at will.