

**Thursday, June 7, 2018 | 1:00-4:30pm**

**Ojai Presbyterian Church**

**Ojai Talks**

**PART I**

**1:00-2:00pm**

**Not Your Average Violinist**

Patricia Kopatchinskaja with Ara Guzelimian

**BREAK**

**PART II**

**2:15-3:15pm**

**Not Your Average Composer**

Michael Hersch and Ah Young Hong with Ara Guzelimian

**BREAK**

**PART III**

**3:30-4:30pm**

**Not Your Average Quartet**

JACK Quartet with Ara Guzelimian

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Jerrold Eberhardt**

OJAI PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
304 FOOTHILL ROAD, OJAI

# Thursday, June 7 - Sunday, June 10, 2018

Libbey Park Gazebo

## Pop-Up Concerts

Throughout the Festival please join us for these brief musical interludes with musicians from the Mahler Chamber Orchestra (MCO) and JACK Quartet, and Viktor Kopatchinsky

Thursday, June 7 | 6:00-6:20pm

LUCIANO BERIO

***Sequenza IXa* for clarinet**

Vicente Alberola *MCO clarinet*

Friday, June 8 | 11:30-11:50am

LUCIANO BERIO

***Sequenza XII* for bassoon**

Saxton Rose *MCO bassoon*

Friday, June 8 | 6:00-6:20pm

LUCIANO BERIO

***Sequenza XIV* for cello**

Benjamin Santora *MCO cello*

***Sequenza VII* for oboe**

Mizuho Yoshii-Smith *MCO oboe*

Saturday, June 9 | 11:30-11:50am

**Music for solo cimbalon**

Viktor Kopatchinsky *cimbalon*

Saturday, June 9 | 6:00-6:20pm

LUCIANO BERIO

***Sequenza I* for flute**

Júlia Gállego *MCO flute*

***Sequenza VI* for viola**

John Pickford Richards *JACK Quartet viola*

Sunday, June 10 | 11:30-11:50am

LUCIANO BERIO

***Sequenza VIII* for violin**

Timothy Summers *MCO violin*

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Michele and Arnold Brustin**

**FREE Events**

Open to the public

**Luciano Berio** (1925-2003)  
*Sequenza IXa* for clarinet (1980)  
*Sequenza XII* for bassoon (1995)  
*Sequenza XIV* for cello (2002)  
*Sequenza VII* for oboe (1969)  
*Sequenza I* for flute (1958)  
*Sequenza VI* for viola (1967)  
*Sequenza VIII* for violin (1976)

Luciano Berio's *Sequenzas*, written over a span of four and a half decades (the earliest for flute in 1958, the last for cello in 2002) have become classics of the solo repertoire and, as a cycle, a profound meditation on the nature of instruments:

*I'm much attracted by the slow and dignified transformation of instruments and of instrumental (and vocal) techniques across the centuries...*

and of the virtuosity of those who play them:

*The best solo performers of our own time—modern in intelligence, sensibility and technique—are those who are capable of acting within a wide historical perspective, and of resolving the tensions between the creative demands of past and present, employing their instruments as means of research and expression.*

Each of the *Sequenzas* explores what Berio calls a *virtual polyphony* involving the character of each instrument, the virtuosity of the performer, selected technical procedures, and an underlying compositional preoccupation with *harmonic fields*:

*...almost all of the Sequenzas have in common the intention of defining and developing through melody an essentially harmonic discourse... of suggesting a polyphonic type of listening based in part on the rapid transition between different characteristics, and their simultaneous iteration.*

The commentary below deploys, as above, fragments of Berio's own extensive notes on the *Sequenzas* to suggest both

*Virtuosity often springs from a conflict, a tension between the musical idea and the instrument.*

—Luciano Berio

interconnected relationships and related approaches to listening.

#### ***Sequenza IXa* for clarinet**

*...is in essence a long melody and, like almost all melodies, implies redundancy, symmetries, transformations, returns.*

*...a constant transformation between two different pitch fields: one of seven notes that are almost always fixed in the same register, and the other of five notes that are instead characterized by great mobility.*

#### ***Sequenza XII* for bassoon**

*The bassoon presents itself—above all in the extreme registers of its range—as possessing contrasting personalities...*

*...a circular structure: it runs back and forth in a glissando between the extreme registers of the instrument, with continuously diversified tempo relations.*

*...a limited number of articulatory procedures that form an organic past of the music's progress.*

#### ***Sequenza XIV* for cello**

Written for Rohan de Saram of the Arditti Quartet, *Sequenza XIV* incorporates Sri Lankan drum rhythms that call upon the cellist to explore both the instrument's lyrical and percussive potential, thus fulfilling a central goal of Berio's cycle:

*Assimilating, transforming and overcoming idiomatic aspects of an instrument.*

#### ***Sequenza VII* for oboe**

*...a sort of permanent conflict—for me a very expressive and sometimes*

*dramatic one—between the extreme velocity of the instrumental articulation and the slowness of the musical processes that sustain the work's progress...*

*...the prolonged absence of certain notes and insistent presence of certain intervals.*

*...memories of the cor anglais in Tristan.*

#### ***Sequenza I* for flute**

*...to suggest, through the maximum speed of transformation, concentration and alternation of differing sound characters and differing figures, a polyphonic type of listening.*

#### ***Sequenza VI* for viola**

*...a work of considerable difficulty (an indirect and perhaps rather uncouth homage to Paganini's Capricci) which continuously repeats, develops and transforms the same basic harmonic sequence...*

*...it ends with the unexpected and alien formation of a melody.*

#### ***Sequenza VIII* for violin**

*...a personal debt to the violin...*

*...two notes (A and B) which, as in a chaconne, provide a compass for the work's rather diversified and elaborate progress, in which polyphony is no longer virtual, as in the other Sequenzas, but real. And it's through this that Sequenza VIII also becomes, inevitably, a homage to that high-point of music, the Chaconne of the Partita in D minor by Johann Sebastian Bach...*

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

Thursday, June 7, 2018 | 7:30-8:30pm

Libbey Park

## Community Concert

LUIGI NONO

*La lontananza nostalgica utopica futura*

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*

Scott Worthington *electronics*

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Members of the Festival Family  
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### **FREE Event**

Open to the public

Join us for a free Pop-Up Concert  
at the Libbey Park Gazebo, 6:00pm,  
featuring Berio's *Sequenza IXa*  
(see page 37 for notes)

Luigi Nono (1924-1990)

*La lontananza nostalgica utopica futura* (1989)

## Fellow Travelers

Luigi Nono's creative energies were fueled by strongly held ideological, philosophical, and aesthetic convictions that accorded his works a special moral stature among his post-war modernist contemporaries. By the end of his life, with Euro-communism on the wane, crony capitalism on the rise, and musical modernism under attack by post-modernist apostasies (be it minimalism or neo-Romanticism), he increasingly withdrew into works notable for their introspection, often moving toward the edge of silence. In *La lontananza nostalgica utopica futura*, one of those last works, Nono maintains his uncompromising allegiance to modernism, while creating a very personal, if enigmatic, testament to his own historical moment. It is a work for solo violinist and tape in which the soloist is sometimes very nearly engulfed by the pre-recorded improvisation of another violinist, a recording in which the composer himself is an occasional and ghostly presence.

The work was the product of Nono's collaboration with the violinist Gidon Kremer, whom he had met in 1987. Their

chemistry was such that Nono invited his colleague into a studio in 1988 to record, over several days, hours of solo improvisation. The resulting tape was edited and electronically transformed by Nono into eight paired tracks, described by engineer André Richards:

Channels 1 and 2: very dense harmonic material; channels 3 and 4: untreated violin sounds with different styles of playing, single notes and fifths; channels 5 and 6: noises from the studio: voices, words, doors, and chairs, etc., as well as violin sounds; channels 7 and 8: high lines, harmonic melodies, fast tremolos, spiccato and jété passages.

The written-out violin part is divided into six sections, two to three pages each, which Nono designates in the score as "parts-connections—feelings contrasting and varied." The contrasts are at times extreme, in dynamics, articulation, register, and pitch (including microtones). These six sections—Nono calls them *leggi*—are meant to be performed throughout the performing space, the parts distributed randomly on six music stands, although

*The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new cannot be born.*

—Antonio Gramsci

*There is a destination, but no path to it; what we call a path is hesitation.*

—Franz Kafka

the score calls for two to four additional stands (without music) so that the violinist literally has to wander in search of each successive segment.

The eight speakers containing the recording of Kremer's improvisation (the original tapes have now been digitized) are controlled by a sound engineer, the second performer, who decides, in response to the violin soloist, which speakers are playing (or not) and at what volume. Although the piece begins and ends with recorded sound, it is left to the soloist to determine when each of the sections, which are not directly coordinated with the tape, begins and ends. The result is that no two performances are even remotely identical and the actual performance time can vary widely.

Nono's unwieldy title, whose literal meaning can be rendered "the nostalgic, utopian future remoteness" makes multiple allusions to time—past, present, and future—hints of Romantic utopias of the past and future, as well

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## FELLOW TRAVELERS

as the ideologies that sought to turn those utopias into realities. The work is dedicated to the Italian composer Salvatore Sciarrino, who offered this interpretive translation of the title: “The past reflected in the present (*nostalgica*) brings about a creative utopia (*utopica*), the desire for what is known becomes a vehicle for what will be possible (*futura*) through the medium of distance.” The work’s subtitle, *Madrigale per più “caminantes” con Gidon Kremer* carries with it still other associations. “Caminante” is a Spanish term for “wanderer” or “traveler,” a word Nono encountered in instructions scrawled on a monastery wall in Spain: “Caminantes, no hay caminos,

hay que caminar” (Travelers, there are no paths, one must walk). In performance the soloist takes up this challenge, searching out those paths that lead back and ahead.

An outdoor performance offers particular acoustic challenges not encountered in a concert hall. These are offset however, by the immediacy of the physical experience in which both the loudspeakers and soloist are integrated in a natural setting. Moreover, in the special environment of Libbey Park, the audience, too, assumes this role—“caminantes” all, caught up, like the soloist, in seeking a destination without a path.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

Thursday, June 7, 2018 | 9:00-10:15pm

Libbey Bowl

**Bye Bye Beethoven** (U.S. Premiere)

Staged concert conceptualized by Patricia Kopatchinskaja

CHARLES IVES

*Unanswered Question*

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

**Symphony No. 45, Farewell** (arr. Ángel Hernández-Lovera)

Finale: Presto - Adagio

JOHN CAGE

*Once Upon a Time from Living Room Music*

JOHANN SEBASTIAN  
BACH

*Es ist genug*

GYÖRGY KURTÁG

*The Answered Unanswered Question*

LUDWIG  
VAN BEETHOVEN

**Violin Concerto in D Major, Op. 61**

1. Allegro ma non troppo
2. Larghetto
3. Rondo: Allegro

*Pieces performed attacca*

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*  
Mahler Chamber Orchestra  
Maria Ursprung *stage director*

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**David Nygren**  
**Nancy and Barry Sanders**

There is no late seating  
for this concert

Following the concert,  
please join us at the front of  
the stage for a Talk-Back Q&A  
with Patricia Kopatchinskaja  
and musicians from the  
Mahler Chamber Orchestra

**Charles Ives** (1874-1954)

**Joseph Haydn** (1732-1809)

**John Cage** (1912-1992)

**Johann Sebastian Bach** (1685-1750)

**György Kurtág** (b. 1926)

**Ludwig van Beethoven** (1770-1827)

*Unanswered Question* (1906)

Symphony No. 45 ("Farewell"), mvt. 4 (1772)

*Once Upon a Time* from *Living Room Music* (1940)

*Es ist genug* (1723)

*The Answered Unanswered Question* (1989)

Violin Concerto in D Major, Op. 61 (1806)

## Bye Bye Beethoven

*Memory really matters only if it binds together  
the imprint of the past and the project of the future.*

—Italo Calvino

Tonight's concert grew out of the frustrations of a concert artist with the habits and institutions that shape and nurture a career:

You just feel strangled by tradition if you are only allowed to play the big old monuments like Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius and never something else. The *Bye Bye Beethoven* project articulates this feeling. It's not against Beethoven, who remains one of the greatest ever, but against a pervasive lack of curiosity about the present and the future.

Patricia Kopatchinskaja is nothing if not curious. She is committed to what is current and coming. "New music," she argues, "should be the focal point, old pieces are allowed but only in exceptional cases." And yet, here we are with Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Ives, Cage, and Kurtág, old and new to varying degrees, but classics all. There can be no doubt about Kopatchinskaja's dedication to new music, to living composers, to cultivating vibrant curiosity in her colleagues and audiences. She is an artist on the move, eager to follow where creativity may lead. One

of those paths led her to a composer/performer who helped inspire *Bye Bye Beethoven*, the turntablist Jorge Sánchez-Chiong, whose medium is revolution: around and around, stop-start-reverse-advance, time leaping ahead, lagging behind. His raw materials are recordings, things captured on vinyl, new, old, snatches of this and that. "Turntables are flexible," he writes, "idiosyncratic and, if you like, democratic too...., transformed from the passive role of a player to an idiosyncratic, fresh and versatile instrument."

Does that describe performers as well? Kopatchinskaja thinks so: "We've gotten too comfortable. We play what we know... we've gotten used to *reproducing*." In designing this concert, she, too, has become a turntablist, bringing a mashup of this and that, old and new—evoking that process by which new growth emerges from the decay of the old.

Decay? Well it's only natural. Composers are cocooned in their sounds. There are contexts, influences, references, and allusions, all knocking about within a lifetime's creative preoccupations. Each

"body of work," however, disintegrates in time, crumbles away into individual pieces, movements, gestures, even motives that eventually float free, unmoored, some looming larger than life, others surviving as mere shards of memory.

Seemed fine to Charles Ives. He loved those bits and pieces of cultural recall that haunt our conscious and unconscious selves. His music is full of them, many evoking personal associations that are themselves now lost. Lost, perhaps, or never there. Ives was comfortable, too, with the incomplete, the unresolved. His *Unanswered Question*—he called it a "cosmic landscape"—is a layering of fragments: hushed, hymn-like chords in the strings ("The Silences of the Druids – who Know, See, and Hear Nothing"), a distant trumpet posing "The Perennial Question of Existence," and woodwinds, struggling to find "The Invisible Answer." It is the question that lingers, hanging in the air.

Like the two violins, fragile wisps of sound, suspended at the end of Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony. It's a clever bit of

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## BYE BYE BEETHOVEN

self-erasure—music dies away, candles are extinguished, players shuffle off—all to nudge a prince to return to town. Town to country, country to town, an annual ritual, summer and fall, back and forth, and back again, round and round...as Gertrude Stein might have, and indeed, *did* say: "Once upon a time the world was round, and you could go on it around and around...." John Cage hopped aboard for the ride and in "Story," the second movement of his four-movement *Living Room Music*, he set this text for speech quartet.

Another quartet steps away from earthly gyration with a seventeenth-century meditation on life's end:

*Now good night, o world.  
I am going to heaven's house,  
I go confidently from here with joy;  
my dismal sorrow remains down below.  
It is enough!*

Bach made this chorale his own, as did Alban Berg, who used it in his violin concerto. Why do the slow-moving chords of György Kurtág's *Ligatura* trouble us here? The sustained sonorities of cellos

and violins evoke Ives' druidic silences, speculation fully validated by Kurtág's subtitle, "The Answered Unanswered Question." But aren't there also hints of Bach's chorale, and even of that concerto by Berg?

The Beethoven violin concerto has become a signature work for Kopatchinskaja. She has studied the sources to reconstruct those "contexts, influences, references and allusions" that shaped the work, such as the martial bearing—the influence of the French Revolution!—that lend an element of menace to the opening timpani solo (so why not move that timpani front and center?) She has restored the lively tempi of Beethoven's own metronome markings and the intimacy Beethoven prized in the playing of the work's dedicatee, Franz Clement, a violinist of elegance, delicacy, and "indescribable tenderness." She avoids the heroics that have so often turned this concerto into a "slow, massive and overweight structure without charm or seduction." Where the orchestra leads, she follows, "like a small bird flying over

a majestic landscape. I take my twists and turns and sometimes even disappear between the clouds." But above all, Kopatchinskaja has been inspired by Beethoven's own autograph score. Her various interpolations draw directly from this source "with its many deletions, alterations and alternative versions," a manuscript that "gives the impression of an exuberant written improvisation, an impression which I also try to translate into my interpretation." No less striking are her cadenzas, adapted from those Beethoven wrote for the keyboard version of the work—including a part for the timpani. As the third movement comes to a close—or doesn't—it's 'Beethoven, farewell' and Ludwig's turn to have a spin:

We want to clean our ears. They are all clogged up with classical music.... As someone who with her fragile acoustic instrument—the violin—represents the spirit of times past I need all my animal energies to combat this wild electric dragon perched on his metal stool over his turntables.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

Friday, June 8, 2018 | 8:00-9:00am

Zalk Theater

MICHAEL HERSCH

*The Vanishing Pavilions* for piano

Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 12, 19, 27, 29

Michael Hersch *piano*

HORAȚIO RĂDULESCU

*before the universe was born*

JACK Quartet

This concert is an  
**Ojai Member Event**  
Please inquire at the Festival Box Office

There is no late seating  
for this concert

ZALK THEATER  
BESANT HILL SCHOOL  
8585 OJAI SANTA PAULA ROAD, OJAI

Michael Hersch (b. 1971)  
Horațio Rădulescu (1942-2008)

*The Vanishing Pavilions for piano* (2001-2005), selections  
*before the universe was born* (1990/1995)

## Fragments

*Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.*

—Percy Shelley

Two titles: one evoking dissolution, the other time beyond time. Two pieces: one coiled energy and volatility, the other enduring through fragility. Two composers: one making music as a way “to quiet things within,” to put “demons into sound and silence,” the other in search of a “special state of the soul,” “no longer a music of action.”

\*

Michael Hersch’s devotion to poetry runs deep. “I search for like-minded poets because it simply makes me feel less lonely in the world.” Although specific poetic ideas are associated with any number of his works, he rejects the notion that he is “setting” texts: “I am already composing, or more accurately put, attempting to compose what it is I want to say, but the text fragment seems to mirror in my own mind that thing I wish to express, and often does it far better than I.” One such poet was Christopher Middleton, whom Hersch first met in 2001 when both were fellows at the American Academy in Berlin. Half of the pieces of *The Vanishing Pavilions* are associated with excerpts from Middleton’s collection of the same name, and although these fragments are included in the score,

Hersch feels they represent “an intimate conversation between myself and the poet rather than something for public consumption.”

“The idea of the fragment,” Hersch continues, “seems to reside at the heart of how I approach poetical text, which is in stark opposition to how I generally approach music... [It is] as if these fragments are not fragments at all. They constitute an entirety for me, a complete verbal world which draws me into them specifically for their totality.”

The two books and fifty numbers of *The Vanishing Pavilions* represent an enormous, two-hour cycle structured through recurring gestures, sonorities, and motivic ideas, as well as literal repetition. Though the textures are often dense, clustered, and explosive, exploiting the full range of the keyboard and veering wildly in mood and atmosphere, one has the sense of taut control. It is an enormously difficult work that Hersch wrote away from the keyboard so as not to be influenced by the habits of the pianist. As a result, witnessing the performance is essential for taking in what Hersch calls “the expressive terrain that exists within my mind.”

If Hersch’s music throbs with expressive intent, Horațio Rădulescu’s is nourished by the “inner life of sound,” that which was *before* and *beyond* music. In 1969, his *Credo* for Nine Cellos became the pioneering work of spectral music, whose starting point is the rich spectrum of overtones that are the vibrating signifiers of pitch and timbre. Although his work as a theorist took Rădulescu deep into scientific research, he was also rebelling against the excessive rationalism of post-war serialism: “I prefer to have the theory and the theorems and everything and then to forget them, and to make a fantastic, devilish music.” Rădulescu came to see sound as living matter, what he called “sound plasma,” and he created within a global nexus of associations, from Indian and Byzantine music to the theories of Pythagoras and the works of the Middle Ages and Renaissance in the West: “[It is] the tendency of many cultures of the world to be as close to the sound as possible, to the secret deep structure of sound, which is spectrality.”

With time Rădulescu came to regard music as a medium of spiritual exploration and in many of his later works the Daoist philosophy of Lao Tzu plays a crucial role.

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Let them be the vanishing pavilions.  
There will be remnants, surely, for someone.  
The road does not lose itself in such a darkness,  
The dark beginning to glow, all air  
A sparkling to be created  
For more than horrors to inhabit.

—CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON  
from: *The Vanishing Pavilions*

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

## FRAGMENTS

Each of the twenty-nine segments of *before the universe was born* is accompanied by a carefully arranged quotation from the *Tao Te Ching*, such as:

Being and non-being create each other

Why is it eternal? it was never born; thus it can never die

like water, which nourishes all things without trying to

These, too, are fragments, elusive, elliptical, but each is in itself a self-sufficient embodiment of the Dao. Rădelescu makes clear that these quotations are for the members of the quartet, that they should try to “realize in sound” not only each underlying idea, but its manifestation as language (rhythm) and graphic arrangement on the page (writing). Rădelescu’s performers are thus less expressive interpreters than mediators enjoined to absorb and release that which is on the page and within the sound itself. Each instrument is given a special tuning (spectral scordatura) to make possible a particular spectrum of harmonic and microtonal effects, to enhance what Rădelescu called “the splendor and wild purity of these pitch materials.”

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

**Friday, June 8, 2018 | 10:00-11:00am**

**Ojai Art Center**

## **Children's Concert**

Presented in association with the Festival's BRAVO education & community programs

**HEINRICH IGNAZ  
FRANZ BIBER**

### **Sonata Representativa for violin and harpsichord**

- |                |               |                      |
|----------------|---------------|----------------------|
| 1. Allegro     | 4. Frog       | 7. Cat               |
| 2. Nightingale | 5. Cock & Hen | 8. Musketeer's March |
| 3. Cuckoo      | 6. Quail      | 9. Allemande         |

**Patricia Kopatchinskaja** *violin*  
**Anthony Romaniuk** *harpsichord*

**ARTHUR HONEGGER**

### ***Danse de la chèvre***

**Musician of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra**  
**Chiara Tonelli** *flute*

**LUCIANO BERIO**

### ***Opus Number Zoo***

- |               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Barn Dance | 3. The Grey Mouse |
| 2. The Fawn   | 4. Tom Cats       |

**Musicians of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra**  
**Mizuho Yoshii-Smith** *oboe*      **Saxton Rose** *bassoon*  
**Vicente Alberola** *clarinet*      **Tobias Heimann** *horn*  
**Júlia Gállego** *flute*

**HEINZ HOLLIGER**

### ***Duöli for 2 Violins***

**Patricia Kopatchinskaja** *violin*  
**Sofia Malvinni and Daniel Truong** *special guest violins*

**JOHN CAGE**

### **Variations I**

**Patricia Kopatchinskaja** *violin*  
**Anthony Romaniuk** *harpsichord*

**ALAN RIDOUT**

### ***Ferdinand the Bull***

**Patricia Kopatchinskaja** *violin*      **Tim Arlon** *narrator*

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Ojai Festival Women's Committee**

Free concert. Ojai elementary school  
students will be given front row floor  
seating. Series subscribers will be given  
special area seating.

All others will be admitted on a  
first-come, first-served basis

OJAI ART CENTER  
113 S. MONTGOMERY STREET, OJAI

**Heinrich Ignaz Franz Biber** (1644-1704)  
**Arthur Honegger** (1892-1955)  
**Luciano Berio** (1925-2003)  
**Heinz Holliger** (b. 1939)  
**John Cage** (1912-1992)  
**Alan Ridout** (1934-1996)

**Sonata Representativa** (1669)  
***Danse de la chèvre*** (1921)  
***Opus Number Zoo*** (1951; rev. 1970)  
***Duöli*** (2009)  
***Variations I*** (1958)  
***Ferdinand the Bull*** (1971)

## Animals, Mostly

You probably know my story because a long time ago a man put it in a book. I can't read but I'm told it's very good...well, it would *have to be* because this man's name was Munro *Leaf*—and you know how much I like sitting under leafy trees and smelling flowers...

What Mr. Leaf didn't tell you, though, is how much I like music, especially music that reminds me of the animals that visit me in my field. That's what you're going to hear at this concert...mostly. There's some other stuff, but mostly it's about animals.

I don't get to hear many concerts, living in a field and all, but every now and then people come to play for me. Well, actually, one person, and that's my friend Patricia. She's the one who made this concert happen and she's going to play a lot of the pieces herself. I'm told she's very famous. I'm famous, too, but she gets around a lot more than I do. That's probably how she knows all these different composers and all the other people who'll play for you today, including this man who plays a tinkly kind of thing they call a har-, harpsi-, well, something or other. But what is so special about Patricia is that she makes music so much fun...she makes you feel like you could make music, too. Not sure what I could play. Maybe the bullhorn, though I hear it's not a very nice instrument.

The first composer today has a very long and very funny name, at least for a person. Because "Biber" actually means beaver. I don't know what a beaver sounds like and I don't think he does either because mostly he likes to imitate birds. Listen real hard and you'll hear a nightingale (very pretty), a cuck-cuck (very silly), a croaky frog (how did he get here?), a rooster and a hen (arguing), a quail (very shy), a cat (meow, what else?), and something called a musketeer, which I don't think is an animal at all because it doesn't sound very friendly.

Every now and then I get a visit from a goat. Mostly he just wanders around the field, kind of dreamy like, but sometimes he gets frisky and starts to dance in the high grass. There's a nice piece by a man named Mr. Honegger and it reminds me of my goat, even if Mr. Honegger never visited my field.

The next piece by Mr. Berio tells some stories that aren't always happy, like one about the fox dancing with the chicken and the fawn who wonders why people (maybe like that musketeer?) make war. The grey mouse is very old and has some good advice, which I feel like the tom cats, Omar and Bartholomew, should listen to.

Mr. Holliger must be a very nice man because he wrote a bunch of pieces just

for his granddaughter, Annina. You'll only get to hear a few of them, but I hope they're the ones about animals. Patricia tells me she's going to need some help for this.

Now there's one piece that really isn't about animals and it's by Mr. Cage. I met him once and he was a funny sort of a fellow who came to look for mushrooms in my field. I tried to tell him there weren't any, but it didn't seem to matter to him one way or the other. In fact, he spent most of his time just listening so we didn't talk much. Sometimes minutes would go by and—nothing. But then he'd clap and say, "That was wonderful." I don't know what his piece is about; Patricia tells me he left a lot of it up to her and the man who plays the tinkly thing, so maybe she can tell you. I kind of think it has something to do with the day he spent in my field.

I like the last piece best. Not just because it's about me, but mostly. I never met Mr. Ridout but he seems to know a lot about me and I know he read my book. This is a very hard piece which Patricia gets to play all alone, except for another man who tells my story. I wish I could be there but you can tell me how it went. And when it's over you can find one of those nice leafy trees to sit under and smell some flowers...

—FERDINAND

# Friday, June 8, 2018 | 1:00-3:30pm

Libbey Bowl

## PART I

1:00-2:00pm

GALINA USTVOLSKAYA

### Sonata 1

1. ♩ = 56      2. ♩ = 92      3. ♩ = 42      4. ♩ = 56

### Sonata 2

1. ♩ = 80      2. ♩ = 92

### Sonata 3

Tempo I, ♩ = 92 – Tempo II, ♩ = 46 – Tempo III, ♩ = 112

### Sonata 4

1. ♩ = 80      2. ♩ = 192      3. ♩ = 184      4. ♩ = 104 (108)

### Sonata 5

1. Espressivissimo, ♩ = 276	6. Espressivo, ♩ = 69
2. ♩ = 72	7. ♩ = 72
3. Espressivo, ♩ = 72	8. A punto, aspro, ♩ = 40
4. Espressivo, ♩ = 60	9. ♩ = 60
5. Espressivo, ♩ = 76	10. Espressivissimo, ♩ = 69

### Sonata 6

Espressivissimo, ♩ = 92 – espressivissimo, ♩ = 80

Markus Hinterhäuser *piano*

*Sonatas performed attacca*

BREAK

## PART II

2:30-3:30pm

GALINA USTVOLSKAYA

### Sonata for Violin and Piano

♩ = 120

### Duet for Violin and Piano

Espressivo

Markus Hinterhäuser *piano*

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*

This concert is in memory of

**Bernice Jeffrey**

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Daniel Lewis**

Join us for a free Pop-Up Concert  
at the Libbey Park Gazebo, 11:30am,  
featuring Berio's *Sequenza XII*  
(see page 37 for notes)

Concert Insights:  
Host Christopher Hailey with  
Markus Hinterhäuser  
noon at the Libbey Park  
tennis courts

After the concert,  
chat with artists and guests  
at the outdoor Green Room  
in Libbey Park

**Galina Ustvolskaya** (1919-2006) **Sonata 1** (1947)  
**Sonata 2** (1949)  
**Sonata 3** (1952)  
**Sonata 4** (1957)  
**Sonata 5** (1986)  
**Sonata 6** (1988)  
**Sonata for Violin and Piano** (1952)  
**Duet for Violin and Piano** (1964)

## No Exit

*Our way of life kept us firmly rooted to the ground,  
 and was not conducive to the search for  
 transcendental truths.*

—Nadezhda Mandelstam

(on her life with Ossip Mandelstam in internal exile)

There is music that speaks of extremity, unsparing in its force, unbending even in tranquility, in silence barren, refusing the comfort of grace; its beauty, truth without affect. The music of Galina Ustvolskaya inspires descriptive excess precisely because it is so *unlike* anything else. Metaphors abound (“the lady with the hammer”), as do evocations of revolt against totalitarian oppression and the gulag. If we hear such things in Ustvolskaya’s music it is not because she herself was a victim of the Terror, at least not in any physical sense. As Boris Schwarz has pointed out, she had a relatively conventional Soviet career, writing her share of “perfectly charming pieces in the best Socialist Realist tradition,” including numerous cantatas and symphonic poems. A “public” face, to be sure, but even some works in her more challenging “private” idiom, such

as the Violin Sonata, were published and performed with official blessing as a kind of acceptable modernism. By the late 1950s, however, Ustvolskaya began to sever ties with that public compositional self, including those regime-friendly works, all of which were ruthlessly expunged from her catalogue. And as she became more intensely dedicated to her own artistic vision, including a deepening spirituality, she became more uncompromising, an aesthetic absolutism that some have compared to the moral absolutism of Simone Weil (the subject of Kaija Saariaho’s *La Passion de Simone* performed in Ojai in 2016).

Much is made of Ustvolskaya’s relationship with Dmitri Shostakovich, with whom she studied between 1937 and 1947 and who was for a time a trusted friend and advisor. He once called her his “musical

conscience” and wrote, “It is not you who are influenced by me; rather, it is I who am influenced by you.” Nonetheless, their relationship began to fray in the mid-1950s, and in 1995 she wrote to her publisher:

Then, as now, I determinedly rejected his music, and unfortunately his personality only intensified this negative attitude... One thing remains as clear as day: a seemingly eminent figure such as Shostakovich, to me, is not eminent at all, on the contrary he burdened my life and killed my best feelings.

At this point, of course, Ustvolskaya had been “discovered” in the West and she was intent upon underscoring the fierce individuality of her own body of works, by then virtually complete.

CONTINUED ►►



## NO EXIT

Her six piano sonatas, composed between 1947 and 1988, represent the best overview of her compositional evolution. One may well hear echoes of the Russian constructivists of the 1920s, and critics have posited links to composers as diverse as Henry Cowell, Eric Satie, Olivier Messiaen, and even the early John Cage, although there is no evidence that she knew much—if any—of this music. “There is no link whatsoever,” she insisted, “between my music and that of any other composer, living or dead.” In the end, such speculation does little to explain the remarkable cohesiveness of her style.

Ustvol'skaya's music is intensely expressive, although its emotional range is narrow, as are the musical materials it employs. The early sonatas (1-4, written between 1947 and 1957) establish her penchant for austere, transparent textures (often a counterpoint of two voices), extreme registers and dynamics (with little gradation in between), and idiosyncratic notation that eschews meter and bar lines for a generally steady rhythmic pulse. Certain elements, including tone clusters, bell-like effects, and ponderous accents

become still more pronounced in the last two sonatas of 1986 and 1988. Number 5 is dominated by a pervasive—some might say obsessive— $\text{Db}$  and number 6 by dynamic extremes, obsessive repetition, and massive clusters sweeping across the keyboard.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

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The Duet for Violin and Piano, composed in 1964, is one of the most unusual and perhaps important works of the 20th century. There are some fragmentary reminiscences of Bach, but in the main the musical material—inarticulate and meager—is used with the utmost brutality and despair, at the limits of what is bearable. This is no place for a beautiful sound, rather one must use all available means to do justice to the expressivity of this music. By comparison other modern composers such as Shostakovich and Prokofiev seem quite conventional today.

With each performance (and listening) the relatively early Violin Sonata (1952) acquires greater quality and depth. In the beginning the violin repeats the same

hammering phrase over and over—the chisel pounding out a tombstone. This pulse continues throughout the piece, only occasionally interrupted by a faltering breath, sighs, the soul trudging on and on through an immense Russian landscape—perhaps even a GULAG—lonely, endless.

The music of Galina Ustvol'skaya is like a ritual, taking the listener into a completely individual, primeval world, where comparisons or theoretical analysis are no longer possible. She published only a very few pieces, always monumental structures created with minimal means. Ustvol'skaya was a pupil of Shostakovich (and, according to his own testimony, his teacher, as well!). In the former Soviet Union, she was a persona non grata, harassed not only because she frequently gave her pieces religious titles, but above all because her works display nothing of the optimism demanded by the regime.

If Shostakovich's literary counterpart is Solzhenitsyn, then Ustvol'skaya's literary counterpart is the lucid and cruel “Tale of Kolyma” by Varlam Shalamov (1907-1982).

—PATRICIA KOPATCHINSKAJA

Friday, June 8, 2018 | 7:30-10:00pm

Libbey Bowl

PART I

7:30-8:30pm

WILLIAM BYRD

HENRY PURCELL

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

CARL PHILIPP EMANUEL BACH

DIMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH

DIMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH

BÉLA BARTÓK

GEORGE CRUMB

GYÖRGY LIGETI

HENRY PURCELL

*Fantasy in C*

*Fairest Isle from King Arthur* (arr. Anthony Romaniuk)

**Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D minor**

Anthony Romaniuk *harpsichord*

**Fantasy in F<sup>♯</sup>**

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*

Anthony Romaniuk *harpsichord*

**Prelude in A minor**

**Fugue in C Major**

*First Dance in Bulgarian Rhythm*

*from Mikrokosmos, Book VI*

*Twin Suns from Makrokosmos, Book II*

*White on White, from Etudes, Book III*

Anthony Romaniuk *piano*

**Fantasia No. 10 in C minor**

JACK Quartet

Anthony Romaniuk *piano*

BREAK

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**The Smith-Hobson Foundation**

**Michael Hersch commission:  
National Endowment for the Arts**

Join us for a free Pop-Up Concert  
at the Libbey Park Gazebo, 6:00pm,  
featuring Berio's *Sequenza XIV* and *VII*  
(see page 37 for notes)

Concert Insights:  
Host Christopher Hailey with  
Michael Hersch  
6:30pm at the Libbey Park  
tennis courts

There is no late seating in Part II

PART II

9:00-10:00pm

MICHAEL HERSCH

***I hope we get a chance to visit soon*** (World Premiere)

After texts of Rebecca Elson, Mary Harris O'Reilly, and Christopher Middleton

Commissioned by the Ojai Music Festival, Cal Performances, Aldeburgh Festival,  
and PN Review

**Ah Young Hong** *soprano I*

**Kiera Duffy** *soprano II*

**Musicians of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra**

**Raphael Schenkel** *clarinet*

**Michael Cody Dean** *bassoon*

**Meesun Hong Coleman, Anna Mazt** *violin*

**Joel Hunter** *viola*

**Benjamin Santora** *violoncello*

**Piotr Zimnik** *double bass*

**Gary Louie** *alto sax*

**Amy Yang** *piano*

**Tito Muñoz** *conductor*

CONTINUED ►►

**William Byrd** (1538-1623)  
**Henry Purcell** (1659-1695)

**Johann Sebastian Bach** (1685-1750)  
**Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach** (1714-1788)  
**Dimitri Shostakovich** (1906-1975)

**Béla Bartók** (1881-1945)  
**George Crumb** (b. 1929)  
**György Ligeti** (1923-2006)  
\*  
**Michael Hersch** (b. 1971)

Fantasy in C, BK 25, from *My Ladye Nevells Booke* (1591)  
*Fairest Isle* from *King Arthur*, Z628 (1691)  
Fantasia No. 10 in C minor, Z741 (1860)  
Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D minor, BWV 903 (c. 1720)  
Fantasy in F# minor, H300, Wq67 (1787)  
Prelude in A Minor, from 24 Preludes and Fugues, Op. 87 (1950/51)  
Fugue in C Major, from 24 Preludes and Fugues, Op. 87 (1950/51)  
*First Dance in Bulgarian Rhythm* from *Mikrokosmos*, Book VI (1926-1939)  
*Twin Suns*, from *Makrokosmos*, Book II (1973)  
*White on White*, No. XV from Etudes, Book III (1996-2001)

*I hope we get a chance to visit soon* (2018)

# Preludes to an Elegy

*My mind to me a kingdom is;  
Such perfect joy therein I find,  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
That God and Nature hath assigned.*  
—William Byrd  
*Sonnets and Songs of Sadness and Pietie* (1588)

*Now my songs of sorrow hear,  
Since from thee my griefs do grow  
Whom alive I prized so dear:  
The more my joy, the more my woe.*  
—John Coprario  
*Funeral Teares* (1606)

We improvise with what is in our grasp, by shaping that which is; we mourn with empty hands, reaching out for that which was. This concert in two parts explores presence and absence, the self-sufficient ‘kingdom of the mind’ and the exile of grief.

The fantasy, prelude, fugue, and etude all have roots in improvisation, the capacity to elaborate, ex tempore, on an idea, a theme or motif. William Byrd created the template for the keyboard fantasy in late Renaissance England, a form described by Thomas Morley as a piece in which “a musician taketh a point at his pleasure, and wresteth and turneth it as he list, making

either much or little of it according as shall seeme best in his own conceit.” Henry Purcell, without a doubt the finest English composer of his era, influenced Benjamin Britten, among others, with his operas, including *King Arthur*; his fantasias for viol consort, on the other hand, look back to Byrd and Morley and were among the last of their kind. Less than half a century later J. S. Bach’s Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue represents a significant expansion upon Byrd’s and Purcell’s model, combining elements of both toccata and recitative in the fantasy and improvisatory freedom in a three-voice fugue on an extended and highly chromatic subject.

The emotional intensity of the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue is unusual for Bach, but wholly characteristic of his son, Carl Philipp Emanuel, who, like his father, was renowned for his keyboard improvisations. Charles Burney, after a visit with the younger Bach, described an impromptu after-dinner concert during which Bach “grew so animated and *possessed*, that he not only played, but looked like one inspired. His eyes were fixed, his under lip fell, and drops of effervescence distilled from his countenance.” The Fantasy in F# minor is a late work, whose remarkable expressive range inspired tonight’s free adaption for keyboard and violin.

Dimitri Shostakovich's 24 Preludes and Fugues pay homage to the 48 of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* through numerous direct and indirect allusions.

In the etudes that follow, the instrument at hand is both subject and medium, the musical idea cloaked as a technical challenge. Béla Bartók's six books of *Mikrokosmos*, composed between 1926 and 1939, are pedagogical in intent. The first number of book VI, "Free Variations," features mixed meter rhythms derived from Bulgarian folk music. "Two Suns," from the second book of George Crumb's *Makrokosmos* (another act of homage), explores piano resonance through direct manipulation of its strings. In György Ligeti's *White on White*, from his unfinished third book of etudes, a tranquil opening canon is followed by a frenzy of polyrhythms; only at the end do black keys intrude upon the white-key expanses.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

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Over the past eleven years, three events in particular have shaped my thinking about my life and work: the passing of a close friend from cancer in 2009, a bout with the disease myself in 2007 and, just over the past year during the majority of the period in which I was writing this evening's work, my wife's diagnosis and subsequent treatment for the disease. While the treatments and their effects are deeply challenging and there is always the fear that can and often does hover even when one is declared cancer free, my wife and I are both now ok, if not whole. Though

most of us have had similar encounters with this illness somewhere along the way, for each individual, for each family, the ordeal is uniquely personal.

While the experiences my wife and I had with cancer continue to affect our lives, it is the passing of my friend, Mary O'Reilly (1964-2009), that has left me with a grinding feeling of unresolvedness; feelings that I often have a difficult time understanding myself. It is fair to say that every work I've written since she died has been a kind of assessment of that experience and relationship, and though many of the works I've written during this period have at least on the surface kept some distance from the events that set the music into motion, this piece engages with the aforementioned circumstances more directly.

In certain respects, *I hope we get a chance to visit soon* is a companion piece to my 2012 monodrama, *On the Threshold of Winter*. For the latter work, I crafted a libretto drawn from the final series of poems by Romanian poet Marin Sorescu, who died from cancer in 1996. The poems, written during the last five weeks or so of his life, are intimate and unsparing, but taken as a whole, even in fragmented form, they strike me as something hovering between reality and a fantastical, nightmarish place. The primary texts of *I hope we get a chance to visit soon* allow little room for escapism.

*I hope we get a chance to visit soon* is essentially an elegy in nineteen parts. The piece incorporates texts from

correspondence between O'Reilly and me, from when she first relayed her diagnosis to the last note I received from her before her death. All of O'Reilly's words are sung or spoken by the soprano I. Soprano II speaks and sings texts of poet Rebecca Elson (1960-1999), who also died prematurely from cancer. Elson's poetry seems to articulate in direct terms what much of O'Reilly's thoughts refuse to openly acknowledge. The resulting dialog between these texts creates a portrait of disease as experienced by two women struck down in the prime of their lives.

Apart from a single line in movement IV, the opening movement, which is the longest of the work's nineteen sections, is the only section in the work where the text is not that of O'Reilly or Elson. It is comprised of fragments by the British poet Christopher Middleton (1926-2015), juxtaposed in the original English and in German translation. Over the years I have written several works incorporating Middleton texts, and he and I often spoke about issues of illness and its effects. A few lines seemed to well capture the experience as I considered it:

*The tentative figures will not bind up  
the wound.  
They are part of the great heave,  
over and over inflicting it  
The splitting of this mind at that  
moment when flesh took ...  
The abyss  
Unaccountable.*

—MICHAEL HERSCH

CONTINUED ►►

*I hope we get a chance to visit soon*

**Soprano I**

We are rushing toward some constellation ...  
Onhurled by bricks and poisons,  
claws to grope and probe gardens  
    that contain a rose or two,  
with any luck ...

From an open grate in an angle of the wall ...  
Dry vine leaves  
and a few dead flies on fire ...

... the spine exploding like a tower in air.

Emptiness ...  
fill it with, I don't know,  
Something, not with toys, not with mythologies,  
fill it ... with solid villages, or seas ...

Fill the emptiness or it will tear off heads ...

... the heads, howl and tumble, torn off ...  
Not much to hold on to ...

What is there to catch but absence ...

The tentative figures will not bind up the wound.  
They are part of the great heave, over and over inflicting it  
The splitting of this mind at that moment when flesh took ...

The abyss,  
Unaccountable.

**I.**

**Soprano II**

Wir rasen auf irgendein Gestirn zu ...  
Vorangeschleudert von Stein und Giftgasen,  
Pranken, um Gärten zu durchstöbern  
    und durchsuchen,  
Ob noch eine Rose wüchse, vielleicht zwei,  
mit etwas Glück ...

Von einem offenen Gitter in einem Winkel  
    der Mauer ...  
Verwelkte Rankenblätter  
Und ein paar tote Fliegen am Verbrennen ...

... das Rückgrat berstend wie ein Turm in der Luft.

Leere ...  
Füll sie mit, ich weiss nicht,  
Irgendetwas, nicht mit Kindereien,  
    nicht mit Mythologien,  
Füll sie ... mit festen Städten, oder Ozeanen ...

Füll die Leere, oder sie wird Köpfe abreissen ...

... die Köpfe heulen und rollen, abgerissen ...  
Nicht viel da, um Halt zu geben ...

Was gibt es da zu fassen ausser Verlassenheit ...

Die fahlen Schemen werden  
    die Wunde nicht verbinden.  
Sie sind Teil des schweren Atemstosses,  
    ihn uns immer wieder auferlegend,  
Die Spaltung dieses Bewusstseins in dem Augenblick,  
da es Fleisch wurde ...

Der Abgrund,  
Unberechenbar.

**Christopher Middleton  
(1926-2015)**

**Translation into German by Wolfgang Justen**

## Soprano I

I'm afraid I'm writing  
with some not so great news,  
but I wanted you to hear about it from me.  
I noticed a firm area in my abdomen  
and made a doctor's appointment to get it checked out.  
They were pretty confident that it was  
a benign cyst of some sort ...

... unfortunately, the mass turned out to be malignant ...

... I was on the operating table for seven hours  
as they removed my ...

... good news ... shows that the cancer has not spread ...  
... my prognosis is very good.

... I am in fact quite lucky.  
My mental state is actually pretty good.

The next few months won't be fun,  
but I will get through it ...

The heart's core cut ...

## II.

## Soprano II

## III.

\*\*\*\*

## IV.

They are terrifying,  
these mushrooms, the way they push up overnight,  
... and you know they are feeding off decay,  
That death is just below the surface,  
just ...  
and they grow so fast ...

... I would go out into the night  
as in a nightmare,  
And rip them up, and scatter them,  
with my bare hands,

But the death  
would still be there.

Soprano I, mvt IV., slightly reordered line from Thomas Hardy's *The Church and the Wedding*

CONTINUED ►►

*I hope we get a chance to visit soon*

**Soprano I**

... my cancer has come back ...  
I packed up my apartment ... and moved back  
to my mother's house ...  
I'm still not sure what kind of treatment I'll be having ...  
The doctors are uniformly confident  
that they can put me back into remission ...

I came home from the hospital after nine days ...  
... most of the time with a tube down my nose  
and into my stomach ...

I'm trying to be patient.

I just finished my fourth round ...  
... only two more to go ...

I hope we get a chance to visit soon,  
but if it doesn't work we can always find another ...  
when I'm restored to health

... it's time for the next infusion.  
Life sure has changed ...  
... one more round getting pumped with poisons.  
I've gotten used to the rhythm by now ...  
Life sure has changed.  
... one more round ...

**V.**

**Soprano II**

... that death is just below the surface, just,  
and they grow so fast ...  
so fast ...  
night as in a nightmare,  
And rip them up  
and scatter them,  
with my bare hands,

But the death  
would still be there

**VI.**

When sleep won't come  
And your whole life howls  
And words dive around like bats  
Feeding off the darkness ...

In the dim room  
He adjusts the beam,  
Projecting beams of light  
Like windowpanes ...

Blue and white flower field  
Of the hospital robe,  
And all my living bones ...

**VII.**

**VIII.**

Beneath us  
Continents are slipping.  
A pale, dark sun,  
A star too bright to look  
The sky in pieces.  
The universe split ...  
In pieces ...  
The universe split in pieces  
And spreading like a stain.



### Soprano I

As for my news  
I'm afraid it wasn't very good.  
I still have cancer in my body  
despite the chemo ...

... the motherfucking cells developed a resistance  
to that type of chemo.  
So I'm starting another type of clinical trial next week.

Life sure has changed ...

... one more round getting pumped with poisons.

I've gotten used to the rhythm by now.

Life sure has changed ...  
one more round ...

It's scary, but there are a lot of drugs to try  
and my doctor is very smart.  
... a lot of drugs to try ...

I started to feel tired and feverish ...  
... a blood clot ...  
... six days in the hospital ...  
... to the emergency room ...

Luckily I'm still in the trial.

... tired and feverish ...

Luckily I'm still in the trial.

### IX.

### Soprano II

A pale, dark sun,  
A star too bright to look  
The sky in pieces  
The universe split in pieces  
And spreading like a stain.

### X.

And still prodding under my arms  
My neck, my groin,  
Hoping not to feel lumps ...

Saw a pig drawn up by its hind legs ...

Hoping ...

... under a stout tree  
at the edge of town ...  
drawn up by its hind legs

... head soaked in blood ...  
... at the edge of town ...

a dozen men around sliding out its entrails ...

a dozen men ...  
carving it up ...

CONTINUED ►►

*I hope we get a chance to visit soon*

**Soprano I**

Life sure has changed ...  
... one more round getting pumped with poisons.

I've gotten used to the rhythm by now ...

Life sure has changed ...

... one more round ...

I'm still exhausted ...  
But my doctor seems to think I'm responding well to the drug.  
... the tumors hadn't grown,  
which is different from the progression she saw previously.

... just stop the motherfuckers.

One thing that helps me is to focus on the fact that  
it will get better.  
... it will get better.

One thing that helps me is to focus on the fact that  
it will get better.

... they will fix you.

I'm responding well to the drug.

One thing that helps me is to focus ...  
... it will get better.

...the tumors hadn't grown ...

... it will end and they will fix you.

**XI.**

**Soprano II**

A pale, dark sun  
A star too bright to look ...

The sky in pieces.  
The universe split ...  
... in pieces

The universe split in pieces  
And spreading like a stain

**XII.**

Violation of the body ...  
...Who will I have been ...

This little crowd of strangers  
Who have taken my body  
with needles and knives

And then gone home ...

This little crowd of strangers  
Who have taken my body  
With needles and knives and then gone home ...

This little crowd of strangers ...  
... taken my body  
With needles and knives and then gone home

And the bits of me, stashed away in freezers ...

... taken my body ...

With needles and knives ...

... the bits of me

### XIII.

#### Soprano I

... the CT scan I had last week  
showed that the tumors grew ...

... they took me off the trial drug and switched me to another ...

I had my first infusion today ...  
... so far so good.

It has a list of horrible side effects,  
but I try not to focus on them too much because  
I'm convinced I'll call them into being  
with my anxiety.

It seems I've been getting nothing but bad news  
for the last many months

and it's ... hard not to be frightened ...

... it's hard not to be frightened about the possibility that they  
won't be able to stop these tumors.

But most of the time I'm pretty optimistic.

We'll know in a couple of months  
whether the new drug is having  
any  
effect.

#### Soprano II

### XIV.

... the CT scan ...

Thanks for your e-mail ...  
I have to admit I'm pretty depressed about the progression ...  
even though I knew and still know that it is likely to take a while  
before they find a drug that works.

I find I don't like to talk about it, though.

It's much more effective to distract myself  
with work  
and such  
- it's hard to be happy and optimistic when it's dark,  
cold and snowy outside.

... the weather ...  
... snowy outside.

Two scars are pink, one white  
Where flesh was taken  
Three small tube holes underneath  
A collarbone  
Two slits on tops of feet  
A tiny dot tattoo for lining up the lungs

A cluster of white puncture marks  
On each knob of hip, backbone ...  
... lining up the lungs ...  
Where core comes out, and aspirate  
And all the little needle nicks ...

Two slits on tops of feet ...

CONTINUED ►►

*I hope we get a chance to visit soon*

**Soprano I**

... and it's hard not to be frightened  
about the possibility that they won't be able to  
stop these tumors.

But most of the time I'm pretty optimistic.

We'll know in a couple of months  
whether this new drug  
is having  
any  
effect.

... it's dark, cold and snowy outside.

... I had a rather scary conversation with my oncologist ...  
I think she decided it was time for  
a taking stock conversation ...  
She admitted for the first time that  
she didn't think I would ever be free of this disease.

... now ... this is more about alleviating symptoms ...

I'm hoping the side effects won't be too bad.

... do you have any hints for me?

Please drop me a line when you have a chance.

... and it's hard not to be frightened.  
Life sure has changed hasn't it?

**XIV.**

**Soprano II**

The twisted hawthorns -  
olive trunks  
And tugging ...

The nettles, brambles whipping your knees  
And darkness almost down ...

Three small tube holes underneath ...

Soft inside the elbow skin

**XV.**

Sometimes as an antidote  
To fear of death,  
I eat the stars ...  
To walk across the cobble fields  
Of our discarded skulls, ...  
Each ... like a chrysalis,  
Thinking: whatever left these husks  
Flew off on bright wings.

**XVI.**

Blood roaring in your ears ...  
Nausea, swollen feet  
Like pregnancy,  
But no child.

... Until we reach the threshold ...  
In me now.

These small cells lighting their fires ...  
Thin air this blood ...

**Soprano I**

Sorry not to get back to you right away.  
I actually ended up in the hospital ...

I started getting some pain in the joint between  
my torso and my right leg ...

They thought I might be bleeding into a muscle in my leg.  
It turns out that the pain is because the cancer has spread ...

... would ever be free of this disease ...

Now this is more about alleviating symptoms ...  
I'm hoping the side effects won't be too bad ...  
It turns out that the pain is because the cancer has spread ...  
... Do you have any hints for me?

Please drop me a line when you have a chance.

... and it's hard not to be frightened ...  
Life sure has changed hasn't it? ...

**XVI.**

**Soprano II**

The body betraying itself  
Ravishing itself ...

All that freshly turned earth  
And nothing growing ...

**XVII.**

What if they tell me that my time is up  
That I will never go again  
Not even once  
To the high peaks, to the seaside ...  
Yesterday walked ... all along the beach.

Clear sky, turquoise sea ...  
... a dead cat washed up,  
Someone discreetly  
Covered it with a board ...

Blood roaring in your ears ...  
Nausea, swollen feet  
Like pregnancy,  
But no child

And how in all this glory  
Can it be a gene gone wrong?  
And why?  
And didn't my body know  
I needed it  
For longer?  
That I haven't finished yet ... ?  
... all this glory ...

Until we reach the threshold ...  
In me now.

We ...

In me now ...

These small cells lighting their fires ...  
Thin air this blood ...

CONTINUED ►►

*I hope we get a chance to visit soon*

**Soprano I**

... it's been a struggle to get back on my feet this week.

The chemo I had on Tuesday really knocked me down ...

During those days it's always hard ...

It turns out that the pain is because  
the cancer has spread.

I'm doing OK, still tired.  
My appetite is good, but I still don't manage  
to gain weight.

... it's hard not to be frightened about  
the possibility that they won't be able to stop  
these tumors.

I still don't manage to gain weight ...

My hair looks like shit ...

... still tired.

**XVII.**

**Soprano II**

What if they tell me that my time is up?

... how in all this glory ...

The body betraying itself  
Ravishing itself ...

All that freshly turned earth ...

Is there ever a time you're ready  
To lay it down to stop all the singing and dancing?

**XVIII.**

He stands there speaking without love  
Of theories where, in that democracy  
Of this universe, or that,  
There could be legislators  
Who ordain trajectories for falling bodies ...

My sureness falters ...

Are you afraid to die?

... midwinter squirrels falling frozen out of trees ...

... asking what it is they kill there in that landscape ...  
an X for every individual ...

XIX.

**Soprano I**

I really feel like I need sunshine and heat,  
the kind of heat that warms your bones.  
I've been having trouble keeping food down lately,  
and my doctor decided that I needed to be admitted  
into the hospital in order to have some tests done.

I hate the hospital ...  
but I listened to her and went in.

They did a series of tests and found that I have  
a partial blockage in my small intestine.  
There's not much they can do about it  
except to have me be careful about what and how much I eat.

Have I said how much it sucks to have cancer?!

I still don't manage to gain weight ...

I really feel like I need sunshine and heat, the kind of heat that  
warms your bones.

The kind of heat  
that warms your bones.

It's dark, cold and snowy outside.

So that's what's new with me ...

... it's kind of hard not to be frightened ...

**Mary Harris O'Reilly**  
(1964-2009)

**Soprano II**

... the bird flies into the window, crack, and falls  
stunned onto the patio,  
its red throat thrown back in a kind of ecstasy,  
in a kind of posture that says 'take me,'  
to the sky, to the sun,  
and a small drop of blood grows at the corner of its beak ...

I pick up the bird and carry it to the edge of the woods  
so impenetrable there is no simple walking in,  
there is a kind of peace in dropping its small body into a thicket,  
making sure it reaches the earth,  
and covering it with the dead leaves that have lain all  
winter underneath the snow ...

Sometimes as an antidote  
To fear of death,  
I eat the stars ...  
To walk across the cobble fields  
Of our discarded skulls,  
Each like a chrysalis,  
Thinking: what ever left these husks  
Flew off on bright wings ...

Boiling with light,  
Towards the sharp  
night ...

**Rebecca Elson**  
(1960-1999)



Friday, June 8, 2018 | 10:30-11:30pm

Libbey Bowl

A community concert in tribute to the Ojai Valley renewal  
following the Thomas Fire

JOHN LUTHER ADAMS

*Everything That Rises*

JACK Quartet

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Jill and Bill Shanbrom**  
**Shanbrom Family Foundation**

**FREE Ticketed Event**

Tickets will be distributed at the gate  
prior to the performance

Patrons attending the Friday Night  
Concert will be given the option  
to keep their seats



## Rise Above

John Luther Adams has a special relationship with Ojai. Since 2009 eight of his works have been performed here, including three West Coast premieres (*Inuksuit* in 2012, and *Sila: The Breath of the World* and *Become River* in 2015). Ojai is a natural fit for a composer so sensitive to pulse of nature. From the icy expanses of the Alaskan tundra to the naked clarity of the Sonoran Desert, Adams has set out to find “a new music drawn from the light, the air, the landscapes, and the weather” of the environments in which he has lived. These environments in turn have shaped the language and syntax of the music he makes.

Adams is perhaps best known for works written for orchestra or larger ensembles that are characterized by prismatic colors and complex, interlacing lines. “I never imagined I would write a string quartet. Then I heard the JACK Quartet, and I understood how I might be able to make the medium my own.” His first two string quartets, *The Wind in High Places* (2011) and *untouched* (2015) featured natural harmonics and open strings. In the third,

*Canticles of the Sky* (2015), adapted from the choir work *Canticles of the Holy Wind*, “the musicians finally touch the fingerboards of their instruments.” These three works, roughly twenty minutes each, were followed by *Everything That Rises*, of which Adams writes:

This fourth quartet is more expansive, both in time and in space. It grows out of *Sila: The Breath of the World* – a performance-length choral/orchestral work composed on a rising series of sixteen harmonic clouds.

Over the course of an hour, the lines spin out – always rising – in acoustically perfect intervals that grow progressively smaller as they spiral upward . . . until the music dissolves into the soft noise of the bows, sighing.

The quartet consists of two principal elements, a fundamental tone in the cello and, in the upper strings, arrayed across the overtone spectrum, gently ascending gestures inflected by trills. Over the course

*Can you cleanse your inner vision,  
until you see nothing but the light?*

—Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*

of the piece these elements gradually rise from the deepest to the highest registers, each instrument seemingly independent, the intervals, drawn from ever higher partials of that fundamental tone, becoming ever smaller, a rainbow unfolding, growing ever brighter in tranquil, invisible radiance.

Adams shares with Morton Feldman, Pauline Oliveros, Horațiu Rădulescu, and Georg Friedrich Haas a fascination with the natural harmonic series, both for its inherent beauty and as a way out of the constrictions of languages—whether tonal or serial—based on twelve-note equal-temperament. Theirs is music as a natural phenomenon in which dissonance and consonance, tension and release, departure and arrival are redefined or even abandoned to move beyond polar dichotomies, away from linear narrative toward a new kind of motion, a different sense of time, space, and scale. In *Everything That Rises* John Luther Adams brings that new sensibility to Ojai at a time of healing and reflection.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

**Saturday, June 9, 2018 | 8:00-9:15am**

**Ojai Art Center**

**MORTON FELDMAN**

**Piano and String Quartet**

**Anthony Romaniuk** *piano*

**JACK Quartet**



Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Kathleen and James Drummy**

Music Dawns Concert  
is an Ojai Visionary Circle Event.  
Please inquire at the Festival Box Office

There is no late seating for this concert

OJAI ART CENTER  
113 S. MONTGOMERY STREET, OJAI

## An Evolving Thing

*You begin with the possibilities of the material.*

—Robert Rauschenberg

*...I'm not creating music, it's already there, and I have this conversation with my material....*

—Morton Feldman

The antidote to Galina Ustvol'skaya? Morton Feldman's music could not be more different. It is tranquil where hers is assertive, it shuns rhetoric where hers declaims. Its expressivity is pliant, hers unyielding. One is active thrust, the other passive stasis. Ustvol'skaya's music is incisive: it derives its power at the point of impact; Feldman's is all *after-impact*: echoes, reverberations, ripples that follow upon the gentle prod:

I am so involved with the decay of sound, and try to make its attack sourceless. The attack of a sound is not its character. Actually, what we hear is the attack and not the sound. Decay, however, this departing landscape, *this* expresses where the sound exists in our hearing—leaving us rather than coming toward us.

Two contrary natures, and yet... Like Ustvol'skaya, Feldman's materials and gestures are limited, his emotional range narrow. Both embraced an aesthetic of abstraction, of purity in sound and gesture, both abhorred intellectualized systems and methodologies. And both

were idiosyncratic individualists and demand performers (and audiences) who embrace—physically and spiritually—their respective compositional idiosyncrasies. Ustvol'skaya requires toughness, a kind of moment-to-moment visceral stamina, Feldman, the stamina of sustained serenity. And for both, time is a central category of the aesthetic experience. For Ustvol'skaya it is endurance, for Feldman it is enduring.

Both composers, near contemporaries, were profoundly influenced by the cultural climate of the 1940s and 50s, and just as it is impossible to ignore the imprint of Stalinist repression upon Ustvol'skaya's music, Feldman's works are unthinkable without the heady ferment of New York City in the aftermath of the Second World War. "It was a sort of frontier atmosphere," he later recalled, "in which an extraordinary *laissez faire* prevailed." "What was great about the fifties," he wrote elsewhere, "is that for one brief moment—maybe, say, six weeks—nobody understood art. That's why it all happened. Because for a short while, these people were left alone." The result was a kind of freedom, "not the freedom of choice,"

he maintained, "but the freedom of people to be themselves." For Ustvol'skaya that freedom came at the high price of isolation. For Feldman, it was a freedom discovered in the company of others.

This is perhaps the greatest difference between these two composers, because at a time when Ustvol'skaya was retreating into seclusion, Feldman, large, affable, garrulous, was forging deep and productive relationships with a wide range of creative individuals—composers such as John Cage, Earle Brown, and Henry Cowell, writers such as Frank O'Hara and Daniel Stern, and, most particularly, artists, including leading abstract expressionists such as Robert Rauschenberg, Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and Philip Guston. Their art was a revelation: "The new painting made me desirous of a sound world more direct, more immediate, more physical than anything that had existed heretofore [...] My desire here was not to 'compose,' but to project sounds into time, free from a compositional rhetoric...."

CONTINUED ►►

## AN EVOLVING THING

A distinctive feature of Feldman's later music, its seeming immobility, is likewise derived from the example of artists: "The degrees of stasis, found in a Rothko or a Guston, were perhaps the most significant elements that I brought to my music from painting." (Recent Ojai Festivals have included both *Rothko Chapel* and *For Philip Guston* in 2014 and 2015, respectively.) And as motion slowed, length increased:

Up to one hour you think about form,  
but after an hour and a half it's scale.

Form is easy—just the division of things into parts. But scale is another matter. You have to have control of the piece—it requires a heightened kind of concentration. Before, my pieces were like objects; now they're like evolving things.

The Piano and String Quartet is an evolving thing. One of Feldman's final works and lasting well over an hour, it is little more than a delicate undulation—piano, strings—between tender arpeggiations and quietly sustained

sonorities. The dynamics are hushed, the tempo unchanging; harmony and texture are subject to gradual, continuous transformation. "Music is not painting," Feldman once wrote, "but it can learn from this more perceptive temperament that waits and observes the inherent mystery of its materials...." If Feldman let himself be guided by his materials, if Ustvolskaya bent hers to her will, they were, despite all aesthetic differences, united in what Feldman held as an article of faith: "There is nothing but the integrity of the creative act."

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

**Saturday, June 9, 2018 | 1:00-3:45pm**

**Libbey Bowl**

**PART I**

**1:00-2:00pm**

**GYÖRGY LIGETI**

**Six Bagatelles for wind quintet**

1. Allegro con spirito
2. Rubato. Lamentoso
3. Allegro grazioso – *attacca subito*
4. Presto ruvido
5. Adagio. Mesto  
*Béla Bartók in memoriam*
6. Molto vivace. Capriccioso

**Musicians of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra**

**Júlia Gállego** *flute*

**Mizuho Yoshii-Smith** *oboe*

**Vicente Alberola** *clarinet*

**Saxton Rose** *bassoon*

**Tobias Heimann** *horn*

**Sequenza X for trumpet in C and piano resonance**

**Musician of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra**

**Matthew Sadler** *trumpet*

**Sonata for Violin and Cello**

1. Allegro
2. Très vif
3. Lent
4. Vif

**Patricia Kopatchinskaja** *violin*

**Jay Campbell** *cello*

**Lift Off**

**Musicians of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra**

**Christian Miglioranza, Martin Piechotta,**

**Rizumu Sugishita** *percussion*

**BREAK**

**LUCIANO BERIO**

**MAURICE RAVEL**

**RUSSELL PECK**

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Russ Irwin**

Join us for a free Pop-Up Concert  
at the Libbey Park Gazebo, 11:30am  
featuring Music for Solo Cimbalom

Concert Insights:  
Host Christopher Hailey  
with Jay Campbell,  
noon, at the Libbey Park  
tennis courts

There is no late seating in Part II

After the concert,  
chat with artists and guests  
at the outdoor Green Room  
in Libbey Park

PART II  
2:30-3:45pm

GYÖRGY KURTÁG

*Kafka Fragments*

**Part I**

1. Die Guten gehn im gleichen Schritt...
2. Wie ein Weg im Herbst
3. Verstecke
4. Ruhelos
5. Berceuse I
6. Nimmermehr (Excommunicatio)
7. »Wenn er mich immer fragt.«
8. Es zupfte mich jemand am Kleid
9. Die Weissnäherinnen
10. Szene am Bahnhof
11. Sonntag, den 19. Juli 1910  
(Berceuse II) (Hommage à Jeney)
12. Meine Ohrmuschel...
13. Einmal brach ich mir das Bein
14. Umpanzert
15. Zwei Spazierstücke
16. Keine Rückkehr
17. Stolze (1910/15 November, zehn Uhr)
18. Träumend hing die Blume
19. Nichts dergleichen

**Part II**

1. Der wahre Weg (Hommage-message  
à Pierre Boulez)

Ah Young Hong soprano

Patricia Kopatchinskaja violin

**Part III**

1. Haben? Sein?
2. Der Coitus als Bestrafung
3. Meine Gefängniszelle
4. Schmutzig bin ich, Milená...
5. Elendes Leben (Double)
6. Der begrenzte Kreis
7. Ziel, Weg, Zögern
8. So fest
9. Penetrant jüdisch
10. Verstecke (Double)
11. Staunend sahen wir das Grosse Pferd
12. Szene in der Elektrischen, 1910  
(»Ich bat im Traum die Tänzerin  
Eduardowa, sie möchte doch den  
Csárdás noch einmal tanzen.«)

**Part IV**

1. Zu spät (22. Oktober 1913)
2. Eine lange Geschichte
3. In memoriam Robert Klein
4. Aus einem alten Notizbuch
5. Leoparden
6. In memoriam Johannis Pilinszky
7. Wiederum, wiederum
8. Es blendete uns die Mondnacht

CONTINUED ►►

<b>György Ligeti</b> (1923-2006)	<b>Six Bagatelles for wind quintet</b> (1953)
<b>Luciano Berio</b> (1925-2003)	<b>Sequenza X for trumpet in C and piano resonance</b> (1984)
<b>Maurice Ravel</b> (1875-1937)	<b>Sonata for Violin and Cello</b> (1920-22)
<b>Russell Peck</b> (1945-2009)	<b>Lift Off</b> (1966)
*	
<b>Györgi Kurtág</b> (b. 1926)	<b>Kafka Fragments, Op. 24</b> (1984)

# Singing to Kafka

*Brahms concert of the Choral Association. The essence of my lack of musicality: my inability to enjoy music as a coherent whole.... The music I heard inevitably erects a wall around me and the only lasting musical impression, thus imprisoned, is that I am anything but free.*

—Franz Kafka  
Diary (1912)

Forty. Not very old. Had Franz Kafka lived as long as his friend and contemporary, Max Brod (1884-1968), he might have heard Ligeti’s Six Bagatelles, the first of Berio’s *Sequenzas*, or even Russell Peck’s *Lift Off*. Not that he would have cared to. But just imagine a postwar Franz Kafka—as a witness to the Cold War and the threat of nuclear annihilation, to the paranoia of show trials East and West, not to mention the traumatic aftermath of the Holocaust, in which his three sisters perished. But it was not Kafka himself, but his works that survived, works that both anticipated and came to epitomize for succeeding generations the peculiar kind of madness that bears his name.

There is madness in Ligeti’s Six Bagatelles. They were arranged from piano pieces

written between 1951 and 1953 during a time in Hungary when radio signals from the West were jammed and all forms of home-grown modernism were forbidden. In the Bagatelles we hear what he knew—above all Stravinsky and Bartók (try as he might to free himself from their influence). Short, agile miniatures; lean, rhythmically assertive, and only occasionally dissonant. But mad, nonetheless, this “prehistoric Ligeti” (his term)—as mad in its manic energy as in its methodical precision, a constantly shifting interplay of timbres and lines searching in vain for a place to rest rather than—stop.

Berio probably never bothered to ask an instrument what it felt like to be “sequenza’d.” No doubt disconcerting, given Berio’s inclination to radical

transformations of inherited idioms. *Sequenza X* calls for its share of extended techniques, including flutter-tonguing and lip trills (not to mention using a piano as a resonating chamber), but he avoids what he calls “cosmetic adjustments,” treating the trumpet in a “direct and natural” way: “perhaps it is precisely this nudity which makes *Sequenza X* the most laborious of all my *Sequenzas*.”

There is nudity of a different kind in Ravel’s Sonata for Violin and Cello. It was written after that first global cataclysm, a war in which Ravel himself had been a truck driver at the front. In postwar years Ravel embraced austerity: “I believe this Sonata marks a turning point in the evolution of my career,” he said in 1924. “In it, thinness of texture is pushed to the extreme.

## SINGING TO KAFKA

Harmonic charm is renounced, coupled with an increasingly conspicuous reaction in favor of melody.” And yet he also called it “truly a symphonic work for two instruments....”

Russell Peck’s *Lift Off*—we’re in the space age now—calls for three percussionists, each with three drums—low, medium, and high—all with distinctly different tunings. The first section gradually sets up a dialogue of fierce rhythmic cross currents mediated by metric modulation. The second section features greater rhythmic cohesion, driven toward a massive climax over a shared, variously subdivided sixteenth-note pulse. A wall of sound that might have left Kafka nostalgic for Brahms.

\*

Kafka’s parables and stories are brief, so brief as to be dwarfed by any summary. Even his novels are a succession of deftly drawn sketches. But it is in fragments that Kafka speaks to us today because we tend to splinter even these short works into ever smaller pieces that have—*partem petendo totum*—reduced narrative to its declarative essence: “One morning, as Gregor Samsa was waking up from anxious dreams, he discovered that in bed he had been changed into a monstrous verminous bug.”

György Kurtág and György Ligeti belong to the first generation to absorb Kafka’s works, his content and style, as a core experience, heightened, no doubt, by their shared Jewish roots within political and cultural environments in which anti-Semitism was rife and reminders of the Holocaust omnipresent. One could well imagine how Ligeti, who adored the author, might have set Kafka. But would he have stifled Kafka’s delicate balance of insight and diffidence with his own powerful personality? Not so György Kurtág, whose own proclivity to brevity, coupled with wry humor and a sense for the absurd, has given his oeuvre its distinctive flavor.

“I consider all my works to be like autobiographies,” Kurtág once said, “they are in different masks, but always confessing my life.” The autobiographical roots of *Kafka Fragments* go back to a year he spent in Paris in 1957-58 during which he fell into a deep creative crisis—and Kafka’s “Metamorphosis” was a constant companion. *Kafka Fragments* is dedicated to Marianne Stein, the Hungarian psychologist who helped him overcome his crisis and make a fresh start with radically simplified musical materials.

In his *Kafka Fragments* Kurtág has carried even Kafka’s propensity for concision to an extreme, leaving little but snippets of

thoughts—drawn from diaries and letters to Milenā Jesenká—resulting in pieces that can be mere seconds in length. One is often reminded of the aphoristic Webern (another obsession during that year in Paris), but whereas Webern seeks to reduce his materials to an abstract essence, Kurtág imbues each gesture with a maximal expressive intensity.

The two soloists are radically exposed and confronted with rhythmic and intonational difficulties that are compounded by intermittent over-the-top theatricality (one reason this work has lent itself so readily to staging). The violin, in various tunings and deploying a bewildering spectrum of techniques and styles from the jagged avant-garde to frantic folk fiddling, from edgy micro-tones to purest tonality, functions as a kind of *Doppelgänger*, sometimes overtly illustrating mood or texts, at others in discrete dialogue with the voice.

*Kafka Fragments* has been described as a journey, but it is a journey—whatever its autobiographical significance for Kurtág—listeners must discover on their own. Kurtág very nearly called the work “My prison cell, my fortress” (Part III, song 7), a declaration of solidarity with Kafka, but also a signpost toward the path of disciplined concision—*multo in parvo*—that freed him and Kafka, in turn, to sing.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY



**Teil I**

**Die Guten gehn im gleichen Schritt ...**

Die Guten gehn im gleichen Schritt. Ohne von ihnen zu wissen, tanzen die andern um sie die Tänze der Zeit.

**Wie ein Weg im Herbst**

Wie ein Weg im Herbst: Kaum ist er rein gekehrt, bedeckt er sich wieder mit den trockenen Blättern.

**Verstecke**

Verstecke sind unzählige, Rettung nur eine, aber Möglichkeiten der Rettung wieder so viele wie Verstecke.

**Ruhelos**

**Berceuse I**

Schlage deinen Mantel, hoher Traum, um das Kind.

**Nimmermehr (Excommunicatio)**

Nimmermehr, nimmermehr kehrst Du wieder in die Städte, nimmermehr tönt die große Glocke über dir.

**»Wenn er mich immer fragt«**

»Wenn er mich immer fragt.« Das ä, losgelöst vom Satz, flog dahin wie ein Ball auf der Wiese.

**Es zupfte mich jemand am Kleid**

Es zupfte mich jemand am Kleid, aber ich schüttelte ihn ab.

**Die Weißnäherinnen**

Die Weißnäherinnen in den Regengüssen

**Szene am Bahnhof**

Die Zuschauer erstarren, wenn der Zug vorbeifährt.

**Sonntag, den 19. Juli 1910 (Berceuse II) (Hommage à Jeney)**

Geschlafen, aufgewacht, geschlafen, aufgewacht, elendes Leben.

**Meine Ohrmuschel...**

Meine Ohrmuschel fühlte sich frisch, rauh, kühl, saftig an wie ein Blatt.

**Part I**

**The good march in step...**

The good march in step. Unaware of them, the others dance around them the dances of time.

**Like a pathway in autumn**

Like a pathway in autumn: hardly has it been swept clean, it is covered again with dry leaves.

**Hiding-places**

There are countless hiding-places, but only one salvation; but then again, there are as many paths to salvation as there are hiding-places.

**Restless**

**Berceuse I**

Wrap your overcoat, o lofty dream, around the child.

**Nevermore (Excommunicatio)**

Nevermore, nevermore will you return to the cities, nevermore will the great bell resound above you.

**“But he just won’t stop asking me”**

“But he just won’t stop asking me.” That ‘ah’, detached from the sentence, flew away like a ball across the meadow.

**Someone tugged at my clothes**

Someone tugged at my clothes but I shrugged him off.

**The seamstresses**

The seamstresses in the downpourings.

**Scene at the station**

The onlookers freeze as the tram goes past.

**Sunday, 19th July 1910 (Berceuse II) (Hommage to Jeney)**

Slept, woke, slept, woke, miserable life.

**My ear...**

My ear felt fresh to the touch, rough, cool, juicy, like a leaf.

**Einmal brach ich mir das Bein**

Einmal brach ich mir das Bein, es war das schönste Erlebnis meines Lebens.

**Umpanzert**

Einen Augenblick lang fühlte ich mich umpanzert.

**Zwei Spazierstöcke**

Auf Balzacs Spazierstockgiff: Ich breche alle Hindernisse. Auf meinem: Mich brechen alle Hindernisse. Gemeinsam ist das »alle«.

**Keine Rückkehr**

Von einem gewissen Punkt an gibt es keine Rückkehr mehr. Dieser Punkt ist zu erreichen.

**Stolz (1910 /15. November, zehn Uhr)**

Ich werde mich nicht müde werden lassen. Ich werde in meine Novelle hineinspringen und wenn es mir das Gesicht zerschneiden sollte.

**Träumend hing die Blume**

Träumend hing die Blume am hohen Stengel. Abenddämmerung umzog sie.

**Nichts dergleichen**

Nichts dergleichen, nichts dergleichen.

**Teil II****Der wahre Weg (Hommage-Message à Pierre Boulez)**

Der wahre Weg geht über ein Seil, das nicht in der Höhe gespannt ist, sondern knapp über dem Boden. Es scheint mehr bestimmt, stolpern zu machen, als begangen zu werden.

**Once I broke my leg**

Once I broke my leg: it was the most wonderful experience of my life.

**Enarmoured**

For a moment I felt enarmoured.

**Two walking-sticks**

On the stock of Balzac's walking-stick: I surmount all obstacles. On mine: all obstacles surmount me. They have that "all" in common.

**No going back**

From a certain point on, there's no going back. That is the point to reach.

**Pride (15th November 1910, 10 o'clock)**

I will not let myself be made tired. I will dive into my story even if that should lacerate my face.

**The flower hung dreamily**

The flower hung dreamily on its tall stem. Dusk enveloped it.

**Nothing of the kind**

Nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind.

**Part II****The true path (Hommage-message to Pierre Boulez)**

The true path goes by way of a rope that is suspended not high up, but rather just above the ground. Its purpose seems to be more to make one stumble than to be walked on.

CONTINUED ►►

## **Kafka Fragments**

### **Teil III**

#### **Haben? Sein?**

Es gibt kein Haben, nur ein Sein, nur ein nach letztem Atem, nach Ersticken verlangendes Sein.

#### **Der Coitus als Bestrafung**

Der Coitus als Bestrafung des Glückes des Beisammenseins.

#### **Meine Festung**

Meine Gefängniszelle – meine Festung.

#### **Schmutzig bin ich, Milena...**

Schmutzig bin ich, Milena, endlos schmutzig, darum mache ich ein solches Geschrei mit der Reinheit. Niemand singt so rein als die, welche in der tiefsten Hölle sind; was wir für den Gesang der Engel halten, ist ihr Gesang.

#### **Elendes Leben (Double)**

Geschlafen, aufgewacht, geschlafen, aufgewacht, elendes Leben.

#### **Der begrenzte Kreis**

Der begrenzte Kreis ist rein.

#### **Ziel, Weg, Zögern**

Es gibt ein Ziel aber keinen Weg; was wir Weg nennen, ist Zögern.

#### **So fest**

So fest wie die Hand den Stein hält. Sie hält ihn aber fest, nur um ihn desto weiter zu verwerfen. Aber auch in jene Weite führt der Weg.

#### **Penetrant jüdisch**

Im Kampf zwischen dir und der Welt sekundiere der Welt.

#### **Verstecke (Double)**

Verstecke sind unzählige, Rettung nur eine, aber Möglichkeiten der Rettung wieder so viele wie Verstecke.

#### **Staunend sahen wir das große Pferd**

Staunend sahen wir das große Pferd. Es durchbrach das Dach unserer Stube. Der bewölkte Himmel zog sich schwach entlang des gewaltigen Umrisses, und rauschend flog die Mähne im Wind.

#### **Szene in der Elektrischen**

Die Tänzerin Eduardowa, eine Liebhaberin der Musik, fährt wie überall so auch in der Elektrischen in Begleitung zweier Violinisten, die sie häufig spielen läßt. Denn es besteht kein Verbot, warum in der Elektrischen nicht gespielt werden dürfte, wenn das Spiel gut, den Mitfahrenden angenehm ist und nichts kostet, das heißt, wenn nachher nicht eingesammelt wird. Es ist allerdings im Anfang ein wenig überraschend, und ein Weilchen lang findet jeder, es sei unpassend. Aber bei voller Fahrt, starkem Luftzug und stiller Gasse klingt es hübsch.

### **Part III**

#### **To have? To be?**

There is no 'to have', only a 'to be', a 'to be ' longing for the last breath, for suffocation.

#### **Coitus as punishment**

Coitus as punishment of the happiness of being together.

#### **My fortress**

My prison cell – my fortress.

#### **I am dirty, Milena...**

I am dirty, Milena. endlessly dirty, that is why I make such a fuss about cleanliness. None sing as purely as those in deepest hell; it is their singing that we take for the singing of angels.

#### **Miserable life (Double)**

Slept, woke, slept, woke, miserable life.

#### **The closed circle**

The closed circle is pure.

#### **Destination, path, hesitation**

There is a destination, but no path to it; what we call a path is hesitation.

#### **As tightly**

As tightly as the hand holds the stone. It holds it so tight only to cast it as far off as it can. Yet even that distance the path will reach.

#### **Overpoweringly Jewish**

In the struggle between yourself and the world, side with the world.

#### **Hiding-places (Double)**

There are countless hiding-places, but only one salvation; but then again, there are as many paths to salvation as there are hiding-places.

#### **Amazed, we saw the great horse**

Amazed, we saw the great horse. It broke through the ceiling of our room. The cloudy sky scudded weakly along its mighty silhouette as its mane streamed in the wind.

#### **Scene on a tram**

The dancer Eduardowa, a music lover, travels everywhere, even on the tram, in the company of two violinists whom she frequently calls upon to play. For there is no ban on playing on the tram, provided the playing is good, it is pleasing to the other passengers, and it is free of charge, that is to say, the hat is not passed round afterwards. However, it is initially somewhat surprising and for a little while everyone considers it unseemly. But at full speed, with a powerful current of air, and in a quiet street, it sounds nice.

#### Teil IV

##### **Zu spät (22. Oktober 1913)**

Zu spät. Die Süßigkeit der Trauer und der Liebe. Von ihr angelächelt werden im Boot. Das war das Allerschönste. Immer nur das Verlangen, zu sterben und das Sich-noch-Halten, das allein ist Liebe.

##### **Eine lange Geschichte**

Ich sehe einem Mädchen in die Augen, und es war eine sehr lange Liebesgeschichte mit Donner und Küssen und Blitz. Ich lebe rasch.

##### **In memoriam Robert Klein**

Noch spielen die Jagdhunde im Hof, aber das Wild entgeht ihnen nicht, so sehr es jetzt schon durch die Wälder jagt.

##### **Aus einem alten Notizbuch**

Jetzt am Abend, nachdem ich von sechs Uhr früh an gelernt habe, bemerke ich, wie meine linke Hand die Rechte schon ein Weilchen lang aus Mitleid bei den Fingern umfaßt hielt.

##### **Leoparden**

Leoparden brechen in den Tempel ein und saufen die Opferkrüge leer: das wiederholt sich immer wieder: schließlich kann man es vorausberechnen, und es wird ein Teil der Zeremonie.

##### **In memoriam Johannis Pilinszky**

Ich kann...nicht eigentlich erzählen, ja fast nicht einmal reden; wenn ich erzähle, habe ich meistens ein Gefühl, wie es kleine Kinder haben könnten, die die ersten Gehversuche machen.

##### **Wiederum, wiederum**

Wiederum, wiederum, weit verbannt, weit verbannt. Berge, Wüste, weites Land gilt es zu durchwandern.

##### **Es blendete uns die Mondnacht**

Es blendete uns die Mondnacht. Vögel schrien von Baum zu Baum. In den Feldern sauste es. Wir krochen durch den Staub, ein Schlangenpaar.

#### Part 4

##### **Too late (22nd October 1913)**

Too late. The sweetness of sorrow and of love. To be smiled at by her in a row-boat. That was the most wonderful of all. Always just the yearning to die and the surviving, that alone is love.

##### **A long story**

I look a girl in the eye and it was a very long love story with thunder and kisses and lightning. I live fast.

##### **In memoriam Robert Klein**

Though the hounds are still in the courtyard, the fame will not escape, no matter how they race through the woods.

##### **From an old notebook**

Now, in the evening, having studied since six in the morning, I notice that my left hand has for some time been gripping the fingers of my right in commiseration.

##### **Leopards**

Leopards break into the temple and drink the sacrificial jugs dry; this is repeated, again and again, until it is possible to calculate in advance when they will come, and it becomes part of the ceremony.

##### **In memoriam Johannis Pilinszky**

I can't actually...tell a story, in fact I am almost unable even to speak; when I try to tell it, I usually feel the way small children might when they try to take their first steps.

##### **Again, again**

Again, again, exiled far away, exiled far away. Mountains, desert, a vast country to be wandered through.

##### **The moonlit night dazzled us...**

The moonlit night dazzled us. Birds shrieked in the trees. There was a rush of wind in the fields. We crawled through the dust, a pair of snakes.

**Saturday, June 9, 2018 | 7:30-10:15pm**

**Libbey Bowl**

**PART I**

**7:30-8:30pm**

**JOHN DOWLAND**

**TIGRAN MANSURIAN**

***Lachrimae Antique*** (arr. JACK Quartet)

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*

JACK Quartet

***Four Serious Songs* for Violin and Strings**

1. Andante con moto
2. Andante mosso, agitato
3. Allegro vivace
4. Con moto, molto semplice

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*

**Musicians of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra**

Sornitza Baharova, Nitzan Bartana, Stephanie Baubin,  
Michiel Commandeur, Elvira van Groningen, Christian Heubes,  
Kirsty Hilton, May Kunstovny, Timothy Summers *violin*  
Florent Brémond, Yannick Dondelinger, Delphine Tissot *viola*  
Maria Krykov *double bass*

***Lachrimae Amantis*** (arr. JACK Quartet)

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*

JACK Quartet

***Horse Sings from Cloud***

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*

JACK Quartet

***Lachrimae Verae*** (arr. JACK Quartet)

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*

JACK Quartet

*Pieces performed attacca*

**BREAK**

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Part I:**  
**Gary L. Wasserman and**  
**Charles A. Kashner**

**Part II Dies Irae:**  
**Metabolic Studio**

Join us for a free Pop-Up Concert  
at the Libbey Park Gazebo, 6:00pm  
featuring Berio's *Sequenza I* and *VI*  
(see page 37 for notes)

Concert Insights:  
Host Christopher Hailey with  
Anthony Romaniuk, 6:30pm,  
at the Libbey Park tennis courts

There is no late seating for this concert

Following the concert,  
please join us at the front of  
the stage for a Talk-Back Q&A  
with Patricia Kopatchinskaja

PART II  
9:00-10:15pm

**Dies Irae** (U.S. Premiere)

Staged concert conceptualized by Patricia Kopatchinskaja

HEINRICH IGNAZ  
FRANZ BIBER  
GEORGE CRUMB

**Selections from *Battalia***  
**Selections from *Black Angels***

*Sonata (Battalia)*  
*Sounds of Bones and Flutes (Black Angels)*  
*Mars – Presto III (Battalia)*  
*Danse Macabre (Black Angels)*  
*Aria-Andante (Battalia)*  
*Devil Music (Black Angels)*  
*The Battle – Allegro (Battalia)*  
*God-Music (Black Angels)*  
*Lament (Battalia)*  
*Threnody (Black Angels)*

MICHAEL HERSCH

**Violin Concerto**, first movement

ANTONIO LOTTI

***Crucifixus à 10***

**Improvisation on a Byzantine chant on Psalm 140**

GALINA USTVOLSKAYA

***Dies irae***

GYÖRGY LIGETI

***Poème Symphonique*** (excerpt)

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin and wooden box*

Mahler Chamber Orchestra

JACK Quartet

Anthony Romaniuk *piano and harpsichord*

William Johnson, Rebecca Lawrence, Stephen Pfeiffer, Eric Shetzen,

Sam Shuhan, Kathryn Schulmeister, Scott Worthington *double bass*

Matt Barbier, Callan Milani, Daniel Lawlor, Joey Sellars,

Lori Stuntz, Steve Trapani *trombone*

Daphne DiFrancesco, Wilder Arlon *children*

Tito Muñoz *conductor*

Maria Ursprung *stage director*

Johannes Link *video projections*

CONTINUED ►►

**John Dowland** (1563-1626)

**Tigran Mansurian** (b. 1939)  
**Pauline Oliveros** (1932-2016)  
\*

**Heinrich Ignaz Franz Biber** (1644-1704)

**George Crumb** (b. 1929)

**Michael Hersch** (b. 1971)  
**Antonio Lotti** (c. 1667-1740)  
**Galina Ustvolskaya** (1919-2006)  
**György Ligeti** (1923-2006)

from *Lachrimae* or seaven teares in seaven passionate pavans (1604)  
*Lachrimae Antique*  
*Lachrimae Amantis*  
*Lachrimae Verae*  
*Four Serious Songs* for Violin and Strings (2006)  
*Horse Sings from Cloud* from *Sonic Mediations* (1975)

from *Battalia* (1673)  
*Sonata*  
*Mars – Presto III*  
*Aria-Andante*  
*The Battle – Allegro*  
*Lament*  
from *Black Angels* (1970)  
*Sounds of Bones and Flutes*  
*Danse Macabre*  
*Devil Music*  
*God-Music*  
*Threnody*  
Violin Concerto, first movement (2015)  
*Crucifixus à 10*  
*Dies irae* (1973)  
*Poème Symphonique* (1962)

# Private Tears

Dowland’s tears are private, as is the music of this introspective prologue to Patricia Kopatchinskja’s *Dies Irae*. These works make no call to action, they look within, toward reflection, elegiac lyricism, meditation.

Each of the “seaven passionate pavans” of John Dowland’s *Lachrimae* (we’ll hear the first, sixth, and seventh) begins with the motive of the “falling tear” he had also used in the song, “Flow, my tears,”

whose text may well have been his own. Although Dowland points out in his dedication that tears are sometimes shed in “joy and gladnesse,” these pavans speak of deep melancholy. The unusual title of Tigran Mansurian’s second violin concerto alludes both to the work’s lyric character and to Johannes Brahms’ *Four Serious Songs*, set to Biblical texts contemplating death. The textures of the concerto’s four brief movements are sparse, the mood largely reflective, the solo violin frequently

*Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!  
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;  
Where night’s black bird her sad infamy sings,  
There let me live forlorn.*

—John Dowland

alone, as if in soliloquy. The work ends with hushed, hymn-like gestures of utter simplicity.

“Deep Listening,” Pauline Oliveros once wrote, “represents a heightened state of awareness and connects to all that there is.” In *Horse Sings from Cloud*—a title suggested by a dream—she sets out a simple concept:

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## PRIVATE TEARS

Hold a tone until you no longer want to change the tone.

When you no longer want to change the tone then change to another tone. Dynamics are free.

A very personal experience, to be sure, but to Oliveros deep listening inevitably connects us to others and our environment: "Be an observer," she would say, "be a witness."

Yes, the works of this prologue are private, but each asks for the kind of empathy that binds us to our neighbors and the world we share. This, too, a call to action.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

## Dies Irae

*Only our concept of Time makes it possible for us to speak of the Day of Judgment by that name; in reality it is a summary court in perpetual session.*

—Franz Kafka

*Where in life we do everything we can to avoid anxiety, in art we must pursue it.*

—Morton Feldman

Art is always a child of its time. Bach and Bruckner wrote, firm in their belief in God. Haydn created an alternative to the chaos and misfortune of world. Beethoven composed in the hope of the new age of global brotherhood. But what about us? What does art have to say to us today?

Our time is facing the unprecedented threat of global warming. Many—including some of the most powerful—do not want to admit it. But our best scientists say that without countermeasures the warming will lead to the planet's self-destruction. The steps taken to date have been half-hearted and insufficient. The drought, famine, state collapse, and mass migration we see today only hint at what we can expect in the next few decades: entire continents and the whole of southern Europe are threatened; food

shortages, civic disintegration, and wars over resources will continue to spread; hundreds of millions will migrate—an end to civilization and maybe to the world as we know it.

I wondered how a musician could express her alarm?

Then I hit upon a musical association: the age-old Dies Irae motive. My idea wasn't simply to construct a concert around this musical motive, but to create a dreamlike vision to prod us to think further.

Since the Middle Ages the Dies Irae has been the musical expression of End Times, of the "wrath of God" unleashed in the Last Judgment. Galina Ustvolskaya composed a contemporary version of the *Dies irae* in the old Soviet Union in 1972/73: The piano

pounds brutal, dissonant clusters, eight double basses repeat oppressive phrases—they look like birds of death. In the center, an instrument invented by Ustvolskaya, a wooden box beaten with a hammer. This hopeless and desperate music of fate lies at the heart and climax of the program.

On the way to the Last Judgment there are wars, represented here by Heinrich Ignaz Franz Biber's baroque battle piece *Battalia* and inserted between these movements, movements from George Crumb's string quartet *Black Angels* with the subtitle *Thirteen Images from the Dark Land* dated "Friday, March 13, 1970 (in tempore belli)." It is a meditation on the Vietnam conflict, the first televised war, with its daily death counts, soldiers (or their bone fragments) coming home

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## MICHAEL HERSCH

composer, violin concerto

The concerto continues a series of works I've written in response to the death of a friend, whose passing occurred in 2009. While time does often heal, or at least calm the immediacy of grief's presence, it has not in this case. If anything, with the passage of time I miss her more, and the sensation of a void remains acute. While composing the concerto I thought often of a haunting bronze sculpture by the Pennsylvania sculptor Christopher Cairns, which he calls *Stanchion*. In addition to the sculpted figure, fragments from Thomas Hardy's poems *A Commonplace Day* and *The Church and the Wedding* provided inspiration:

The day is turning ghost ...  
I part the fire-gnawed logs,  
Rake forth the embers, spoil the busy flames, and lay the ends  
Upon the shining dogs;  
Further and further from the nooks the twilights's stride extends,  
And beamless black impends ...

....

And when the nights moan like the wailings  
Of souls sore-tried,  
The folk say who pass the church-palings  
They hear inside  
Strange sounds of anger and sadness  
That cut the heart's core,  
And shaken words bitter to madness;  
And then no more

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## DIES IRAE

in caskets, and with them the countless war invalids, physically and psychologically destroyed. War has been a constant on our planet since there have been people with their thoughts and instincts. There is always war somewhere. There is no guarantee that any age or any person will be spared. We should not forget that.

Everything hurts. The first movement of the Violin Concerto by Michael Hersch is an open wound, there is no other way to say it. I know no other work by a composer of my generation that is so convincing, that moves me so deeply, makes me speechless, tolerates neither doubt nor objection. It is like a mountain one can't ignore. For me, Michael Hersch embodies the new generation after icons like György Kurtág or György Ligeti. With him, everything is crystal clear, there is no decoration, no superficial beauty, no compromises. Everything is exactly in place, has found its perfect form—as if Hersch operated with the scalpel on that open wound. This scares me because he is still a young composer. You may hate this music, but you won't forget it.

Antonio Lotti's *Crucifixus* represents the path of suffering toward a Salvation mankind can no longer count on. The improvisation on the 140th psalm appeals to God as the last refuge.

Every piece of Galina Ustvolskaya has felt like an explosion in my head: completely unlike anything else I have ever known. This music cannot be analyzed or understood rationally. Ustvolskaya herself once said that her music could not be compared to any other. She found her language in complete isolation, in an unconditional focus on her own individuality.

Hearing this music changes your life: Nothing sounds like it did before. It's like being in the middle of an earthquake, on the edge of an abyss; this music is like a force of nature, deadly. It permeates you, the audience no less than the musicians. Everyone should hear something by Galina Ustvolskaya at least once in his or her life. I will never stop performing her works.

We end with a portion of Ligeti's *Poème symphonique*, and finally the Gregorian Dies irae chant as sung since the late Middle Ages.

How much longer do we have?

—PATRICIA KOPATCHINSKAJA

**Sunday, June 10, 2018 | 8:00-9:00am**  
**Zalk Theater**

**GEORG FRIEDRICH HAAS    String Quartet No. 9**

**JACK Quartet**



Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Jennie Prebor and Fred Fisher,  
Frederick Fisher & Partners**

Music Dawns Concert  
is an **Ojai Member Event**.  
Please inquire at the  
Festival Box Office

The composer asks that this piece  
is performed in complete darkness.  
There is no late seating  
and no intermission

**ZALK THEATER**  
**BESANT HILL SCHOOL**  
**8585 OJAI SANTA PAULA ROAD, OJAI**

## Within Darkness

*O sink down upon me, night of love,  
[...] free me from the world!*

—Richard Wagner

*There is a silence, an oblivion of all existence,  
in which it seems that we have lost everything,  
a night of the soul where no star glimmers....*

—Friedrich Hölderlin

Georg Friedrich Haas is at pains to point out that his night is unconnected with “Romantic ideas,” but rather with “hopelessness and the loss of a grip on reality, with the plunging of the soul into darkness, and with the loss of utopias.” As if that, too—that “night of the soul where no star glimmers”—were not a legacy of Romanticism? Haas *is* a Romantic. Themes of night, darkness, and death abound in his operas and concert works, works he composes “to articulate a human being’s emotions and states of the soul in such a way that other human beings can embrace these emotions and states of the soul as their own.” He is likewise a composer for whom music is transcendent, a spiritual act: “In exploring the world of sound, I venture into places... other people look for that feeling in religion.”

But Haas is right: his debt to Wagner has nothing to do with *Tristan’s* love/death metaphysics. Rather, it is to the theatrical practitioner who introduced the darkened auditorium and invisible orchestra to

promote total submission to the illusion of the stage. What we experience today, a quartet in total darkness, a music out of nothingness, derives from Wagner’s determination to dissolve all barriers between music, audience, and performer, an ideal, first articulated in *The Artwork of the Future* of 1849, in which the performer “becomes an artist only by complete absorption into the audience” and the audience “forgets the confines of the auditorium, and lives and breathes only in the artwork.”

In promoting a complete interpenetration of sound, its production and reception, Wagner’s revolutionary darkness obliterated all hierarchies, eradicating both time and space. In making that darkness total Haas plunges performers and audiences into a succession of potentially unsettling states—disorientation, vulnerability, heightened consciousness, submission—all toward the goal of total immersion. Immersion, the catalyst of creativity, becomes the medium of insight.

“Don’t expect melodies, don’t expect harmonies, just expect soundscapes,” Haas cautions his audience. Is it the “darkness of the soul” we hear? To some, perhaps, but this music is also sensuous and bracing, a music both of textures, tactile and visceral, and of auras, shimmering and ethereal: sustained sonorities, pulseless, slow-moving, single pitches, layered clusters, gossamer threads of sound spread across the overtone spectrum.

Haas has been labelled a spectralist, but what composer likes labels? His music sounds nothing like that of Rădelescu, whose *before the universe was born* we heard on Friday morning. Both composers use microtones and micro-intervals derived from the overtone series, but Rădelescu’s “spectralism” is more scientifically rigorous, Haas’ more intuitive, and certainly more immediately audible. Both aspire to transcendence, but of the two Haas is less abstract, more emotionally intimate.

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## WITHIN DARKNESS

Written for the JACK Quartet, who have made a specialty of Haas' third string quartet, *in iij. Noct.* (likewise performed in complete darkness), the ninth quartet requires not only an impressive feat of memorization, but the kind of concentration that is only possible for four musicians who have become a single thinking, feeling organism. If Rădelescu's *before the universe was born* is a chain of discrete links and Feldman's Piano and String Quartet is the gradual evolution of two interlocking gestures, the Haas quartet has a clear trajectory, a feeling of departure and arrival through a series of arcs, rising and falling, breathing in and out. In Feldman's terms, this quartet, under

an hour, answers to the requirements of "form" (rather than "scale"), that is, "the division of things into parts."

An introduction: quivering, rising slowly, a single note, overtones high above; abrupt jagged stabs (only here, and again shortly before the end, is there anything approaching aggressive dissonance). Listen carefully, moment to moment, section to section and you'll hear how the form is articulated through individual *pitches*, low or high, emerging alone, fusing with others, melting into a spectral halo; through gradually fluctuating *sonorities*, clusters forming from and dissolving into a single tone, pure octaves,

fifths, floating harmonics; and through shifting *textures* that disrupt the slow, pulseless band of sound with tremolos, harsh, nasal scraping, the gentle oscillation of a somnolent beehive, low drones, the drip, drip of motoric ostinatos. Always rising, falling, emerging, fading; just once the merest hint of melody.

Prickly pizzicatos initiate the final section, a slow ascent into stratospheric heights. A gentle coda, strands of sound, sustained again, coalescing into a final middle register clustered sonority that recedes into silence. A breath—in, out. Silence. Luminous silence.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

**Sunday, June 10, 2018 | 10:00-11:00am**

**Ojai Art Center**

## **Children's Concert**

Presented in association with the Festival's BRAVO education & community programs

**HEINRICH IGNAZ  
FRANZ BIBER**

### **Sonata Representativa for violin and harpsichord**

- |                |               |                      |
|----------------|---------------|----------------------|
| 1. Allegro     | 4. Frog       | 7. Cat               |
| 2. Nightingale | 5. Cock & Hen | 8. Musketeer's March |
| 3. Cuckoo      | 6. Quail      | 9. Allemande         |

**Patricia Kopatchinskaja** *violin*

**Anthony Romaniuk** *harpsichord*

**ARTHUR HONEGGER**

### ***Danse de la chèvre***

**Musician of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra**

**Chiara Tonelli** *flute*

**LUCIANO BERIO**

### ***Opus Number Zoo***

- |               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Barn Dance | 3. The Grey Mouse |
| 2. The Fawn   | 4. Tom Cats       |

**Musicians of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra**

**Mizuho Yoshii-Smith** *oboe*

**Saxton Rose** *bassoon*

**Vicente Alberola** *clarinet*

**Tobias Heimann** *horn*

**Júlia Gállego** *flute*

**HEINZ HOLLIGER**

### ***Duöli for 2 Violins***

**Patricia Kopatchinskaja** *violin*

**Sofia Malvinni and Daniel Truong** *special guest violins*

**JOHN CAGE**

### **Variations I**

**Patricia Kopatchinskaja** *violin*

**Anthony Romaniuk** *harpsichord*

**ALAN RIDOUT**

### ***Ferdinand the Bull***

**Patricia Kopatchinskaja** *violin*

**Tim Arlon** *narrator*

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

**Ojai Festival Women's Committee**

Free concert. Series subscribers  
will be given a special area seating.

All others will be admitted  
on a first-come, first-served basis

For program notes, please see page 51

OJAI ART CENTER  
113 S. MONTGOMERY STREET, OJAI

Trimpin Arch Redux  
at Libbey Park, 9:00-9:15am

Sunday, June 10, 2018 | 1:00-3:30pm

Libbey Bowl

PART I

1:00-2:00pm

HANS ABRAHAMSEN

***Schnee* (10 Canons for 9 instruments)**

**Canon 1a** Calm but moving

**Canon 1b** Almost always tender and still

**Canon 2a** Merrily playful, but not too playful,  
always a little melancholy

**Intermezzo 1**

**Canon 2b** Merrily playful, but not too playful,  
always a little melancholy

**Canon 3a** Very slow, dragging and with gloom  
(in the tempo of "Tai Chi")

**Canon 3b** Very slow, dragging and with gloom  
(in the tempo of "Tai Chi")

**Intermezzo 2**

**Canon 4a (minore) (Homage to WAM[ozart]).**  
Stormy, restless and nervous

**Canon 4b (maggiore)** Very stormy, restless and nervous

**Intermezzo 3**

**Canon 5a (rectus)** Simply and childlike

**Canon 5b (inversus)** Simply and childlike

**Musicians of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra**

**Chiara Tonelli** *violin*

**Rosemary Staniforth** *oboe*

**Raphael Schenkel** *clarinet*

**Kirsty Hilton** *violin*

**Yannick Dondelinger** *viola*

**Christophe Morin** *viola*

**Rizumu Sugishita** *percussion*

**Amy Yang, Anthony Romaniuk** *piano*

**Tito Muñoz** *conductor*

BREAK



Special thanks  
for underwriting support:  
**Carolyn and Jamie Bennett**

Join us for a free Pop-Up Concert  
at the Libbey Park Gazebo, 11:30am  
featuring Berio's *Sequenza VIII*  
(see page 37 for notes)

Concert Insights:  
Host Christopher Hailey with  
Thomas W. Morris, noon,  
at the Libbey Park tennis courts

There is no late seating in Part I

After the concert,  
chat with artists and guests  
at the outdoor Green Room  
in Libbey Park

PART II

2:30-3:30pm

MOLDOVAN FOLK MUSIC

***Călușarii***

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*  
Viktor Kopatchinsky *cimbalom*  
Emilia Kopatchinskaja *violin*  
Maria Krykov *MCO double bass*

HORAȚIO RĂDULESCU

***Doina***

Amy Yang *piano*

MOLDOVAN FOLK MUSIC

***Doina and Hora***

Viktor Kopatchinsky *cimbalom*

GYÖRGY LIGETI

***Hungarian Rock***

Anthony Romaniuk *harpsichord*

GYÖRGY KURTÁG

**Eight Duos for violin and cimbalom, Op. 4**

- |                                |                      |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. <i>Poco sostenuto</i>       | 5. <i>Allegretto</i> |
| 2. <i>Agitato, non allegro</i> | 6. <i>Vivo</i>       |
| 3. <i>Risolto</i>              | 7. <i>Adagio</i>     |
| 4. <i>Lento</i>                | 8. <i>Vivo</i>       |

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*  
Viktor Kopatchinsky *cimbalom*

GEORGE ENESCU

**Sonata No. 3 for violin and piano, Op. 25  
(dans le caractère populaire roumain)**

1. Moderato malinconico
2. Andante sostenuto e misterioso
3. Allegro con brio, ma non troppo mosso

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*  
Amy Yang *piano*

MOLDOVAN FOLK MUSIC

***Ciocârlia***

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*  
Viktor Kopatchinsky *cimbalom*  
Emilia Kopatchinskaja *violin*  
Maria Krykov *MCO double bass*

<b>Hans Abrahamsen</b> (b. 1952) *	<i>Schnee</i> (2008)
<b>Moldovan Folk Music</b>	<i>Călușarii</i> <i>Doina and Hora</i> <i>Ciocârlia</i>
<b>Horațio Rădulescu</b> (1942-2008)	<i>Doina</i> , Third Piano Sonata, Mvt. 3 (1992/1999)
<b>György Ligeti</b> (1923-2006)	<i>Hungarian Rock</i> (1978)
<b>György Kurtág</b> (b. 1926)	Eight Duos for violin and cimbalom Op. 4 (1961)
<b>George Enescu</b> (1881-1955)	Sonata No. 3 for violin and piano, Op. 25 (1926)

## A White Crust upon the Earth

...the snow glittered, with black screeching crows  
flying above it, but above everything the moon  
shone so large and bright.

—Hans Christian Andersen  
*The Snow Queen*

...and the snow melted, and the streams flowed.

—Ion Creangă  
*Childhood Memories*

In *Schnee* the winter storms have passed. There is stillness now, the air crisp, thin, the light clear, translucent:

Snow can transform a familiar landscape in a couple of minutes and it dampens all the usual noises. It allows us to imagine something different ... a time of slow transition.

The most immediately striking feature of Hans Abrahamsen's *Schnee* is its evocation of winter through textures of brittle transparency. The score is replete with vivid instructions—"icy *sul ponticello*" in the strings, harmonics that are "so light that there comes only air, like an icy whisper"; unusual effects that conjure winter's hushed stillness—a sheet of

paper brushed along a smooth table top producing a "whisper/whisker-like sound," ghostly "clicks" of a finger-nail glissando across the surface of the piano keys; overt allusions to sleigh bells, descriptive interjections ("Children are hoping: snow is coming!"), and an homage Mozart and his German dance entitled "Sleigh Ride."

Abrahamsen has described himself as a "poem composer": "I'm writing short pieces—like a poem—but then they can be put together forming a kind of cycle." *Schnee*, however, is far more than a series of suggestive character pieces. Its wintry textures serve both as a metaphor and a medium for the work's underlying preoccupation, crystalline canonic structures (inspired by Bach) and the

notion of "circular time" in which music "can stand still or move either backwards or forwards." The ten canons of *Schnee* are paired—the second representing a kind of "double" of the first, "like a painting in two versions, but with different colors." These canons are grouped in four movements separated by brief interludes during which selected instruments undergo microtonal "detuning."

The final two canons, extremely brief, return to the hushed textures of the opening. There is magic here, fairytale simplicity and childlike wonder, but also something cold and dispassionate, hinting at what musicologist Richard Powell calls "a wider circularity" within an "onward process of disintegration." This calls to



## A WHITE CRUST UPON THE EARTH

mind another winter cycle, Schubert's *Winterreise*, which ends with the barren desolation of "Der Leiermann":

Just beyond the village  
stands a hurdy-gurdy man,  
and with numb fingers  
he plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice  
he totters to and fro,  
and his little plate  
has no reward to show.

\*

The image of the hurdy-gurdy man, barefoot on the ice, evokes the terror of winter: that season of separation from the earth and its promise of growth and life. This is why spring and the earth reborn are celebrated with such frenzy in folk culture, including the Eastern European folk music in the second part of this concert. It is music Patricia Kopatchinskaja has known since childhood and though she "breathes the air of modern music," folklore, she insists is "in my blood." Her father, Viktor Kopatchinsky, is a virtuoso of the cimbalom, a type of hammered dulcimer that by the late 19th century had developed into a concert instrument; her mother, the violinist Emilia Kopatchinskaja, performs with the kind of improvisatory freedom that a classical musician (including her daughter) can only envy. The music they play—vocal and dance forms such as *călușari*, *doina*, *hora*, and *ciocârlia*—is shared across Hungary, Romania, and Moldova, defying the shifting borders and ethnic tensions that have troubled this region for centuries.

The members of the *Călușari*, a Romanian secret society, whose origins date from at

least the 17th century, are known for their highly athletic dancing that was said to ward off fairy spells. Dressed in distinctive white tunics, festooned with bells, colorful ribbons, and holding decorative props (including swords and flags) they wander through the countryside in the weeks after Easter, often accompanied by fiddlers, to take part in village festivals.

The *doina* is a freely improvisational melodic style from Romania with links to melodic practices throughout Eastern Europe (including Klezmer music), North Africa, and the Middle East. The style is lyrical, usually melancholy (featuring themes of love and longing) with a high degree of melismatic ornamentation. Peasant doinas are most often monophonic and performed on simple folk instruments, whereas their urban counterparts make use of more advanced concert instruments, such as the cimbalom.

The *hora*, a circle dance found throughout Eastern Europe and the Balkans, originated in Greece and is associated with spring. In Romania the *hora*, popular at weddings and village festivities, is danced counter clockwise—three steps forward, one step back—and accompanied by multiple instruments.

*Ciocârlia* (the Romanian word for skylark) is a tune that was introduced by the panpipe virtuoso Angheluș Dinicu in the late nineteenth century and made widely popular through an arrangement made by his grandson, the violinist Grigoraș Dinicu (also known for his *Hora staccato*). Angheluș and Grigoraș Dinicu were associated with the *Lăutari*, traditional Romani musicians, whose *lăutărească* music, heard in both rural and urban

settings, is distinct from Romanian peasant music. Bartók did not consider *lăutărească* music "authentic" enough to study, whereas Enescu was heavily influenced by its styles.

All of the composers on this program were born in what was at the time the Kingdom of Romania, all are products of its multi-ethnic society, and all subject its rich and diverse musical traditions to startling transformations in their compositions. In Rădulescu's mind the *doina* was both an improvisational melodic form and a verb: "to long with sound, as the shepherd does when he plays the doina for his love who is in the valley." Ligeti's "postmodern pastiche," *Hungarian Rock*, combines the rhythms, melodic patterns, and ornaments of Hungarian folk music with a Baroque form (chaconne), not to mention a parody Rock and Roll). Kurtág's use of the cimbalom in his duos creates a link to folk music even if his aphoristic syntax attenuates any explicit reference.

George Enescu, without doubt Romania's best-known twentieth-century composer (and violinist), gave his third violin sonata the subtitle "in Romanian folk style." It is a wholly individual, stylistically idiosyncratic work and although there are no direct quotations from any known folk sources, its improvisatory character, florid ornamentation, and free-flowing rhythms are unthinkable without that heritage. For Patricia Kopatchinskaja it is an irresistible combination of the "almost avant-gardistic" with "the crazy folk music my parents play." And for that hurdy-gurdy man? Maybe just the thing to bring him in from the cold.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

Sunday, June 10, 2018 | 4:30-6:30pm

Libbey Bowl

BÉLA BARTÓK

### Divertimento for Strings

1. Allegro non troppo
2. Molto adagio
3. Allegro assai

Mahler Chamber Orchestra

IGOR STRAVINSKY

### *L'Histoire du Soldat* (Suite)

*Marche du Soldat*  
*Petits Airs au bord du ruisseau*  
*Pastorale*  
*Marche royale*  
*Petit concert*  
*Trois danses (Tango – Valse – Ragtime)*  
*Danse du diable*  
*Grand Choral*  
*Marche triomphale du diable*

Musicians of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra

Vicente Alberola *clarinet*

Saxton Rose *bassoon*

Christopher Dicken *trumpet*

Andreas Klein *trombone*

Martin Piechotta *percussion*

Meesun Hong Coleman *violin*

Piotr Zimnik *double bass*

INTERMISSION

GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT

### *Kyrie* (arr. Patricia Kopatchinskaja)

*attacca*

GYÖRGY LIGETI

### Violin Concerto

1. Praeludium: Vivacissimo luminoso – *attacca*:
2. Aria, Hoquetus, Choral: Andante con moto – *attacca*:
3. Intermezzo: Presto fluido
4. Passacaglia: Lento intenso
5. Appassionato: Agitato molto

Patricia Kopatchinskaja *violin*

Mahler Chamber Orchestra

Philipp von Steinaecker *conductor*

Special thanks  
for underwriting support:

Cathryn and Tom Krause

*L'Histoire du Soldat*  
The Colburn Foundation

**Béla Bartók** (1881-1945)  
**Igor Stravinsky** (1882-1971)  
**Guillaume de Machaut** (c. 1300-1377)  
**György Ligeti** (1923-2006)

*Divertimento for Strings* (1939)  
*L'Histoire du Soldat Suite* (1918)  
*Kyrie* (before 1365)  
*Violin Concerto* (1990/92)

## A Distant Mirror

*Objects in Mirror are Closer than they Appear.*

—Anonymous

Beethoven, Ligeti. Two concertos bracket this festival. Two concerts that address creativity through very different prisms. The first—an act of rebellion born of impatience with a backward-looking status quo—imagines the future emerging from the wreckage of the past, the second invents the past anew, from fragments reassembled.

Beethoven is a familiar emblem of revolution, the drumbeat of the timpani in the violin concerto a symbol of the inexorable forward thrust of history. Ligeti, on the other hand, circles around time, weaving between folk roots, the avant-garde, and history's precedents to become, in his later works, a self-admitted assembler of "heterogeneous elements." In his violin concerto he cites the *Hoquetus David* of Machaut, uses a slide whistle with pizzicato string effects derived from Shostakovich's Fourth Symphony, includes a chorale inspired by Stravinsky's Symphonies of Wind Instruments, and draws upon his study of African music, fractal geometry, Maurits Escher, untuned tuning, Conlon Nancarrow,

and 14th-century *Ars Subtilior*. He also studied the late string quartets of Haydn:

From Haydn one can learn how to achieve the clearest effect with the simplest means. If he had to decide between a rather ornate structure and a skeleton, Haydn always chooses the skeleton. He does not use a note that is not necessary. I used this principle to avoid unnecessary complexity in the second version of the *Violin Concerto* [which brought me] nearer to my ideal conception.

Ligeti's concerto keeps company with works by Bartók and Stravinsky that likewise look back and around. In the outer movements of his *Divertimento*, a genre redolent of 18th-century aristocratic entertainment, Bartók mixes traditional forms and techniques (sonata, rondo, waltz, fugue) and neo-classical textures (the ripieno/concertino contrast of the concerto grosso) with the modal harmonies and compound meters of folk music. The eerie "night music" effects of the *Molto Adagio*—harmonics,

double stops, and massed trills over a slow ostinato in the lower strings—are contained within a lucid ternary form of the minuet and trio.

Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat* is still more extreme in its hybrid mixture of elements. The play, adapted from a Russian folk tale, tells the story of a soldier whose pact with the devil yields great riches, whose fiddle playing restores his freedom and wins the hand of a princess, and whose homesickness leads him back into the clutches of the devil. This "poor" spectacle, intended to be "read, played, and danced" in itinerant performances, is scored for a ragtag assortment of mismatched instruments corresponding to Stravinsky's notions of a jazz band. In the concert suite we find jazz (stylized ragtime), a waltz, and an Argentinean tango rubbing shoulders with a Lutheran chorale, elements of Russian folk music, "gypsy" fiddling he heard in a dream, as well as reminiscences of a soothing *pasodoble* and a raucous marching band once encountered in Seville.

CONTINUED ►►

## A DISTANT MIRROR

Stravinsky and Bartók share with other composers of their generation a complex relationship to a past they received as an unbroken inheritance, but began to question and deconstruct. Both composers were driven into exile—twice in Stravinsky's case—by revolution and war, events neatly bracketed by the *Soldier's Tale* Suite and *Divertimento*, the one written just after a world war of unprecedented fury, the other just before a second that inflicted still greater horrors. The scars of both wars are present in the life and works of György Ligeti, from the cultural environment of his youth and education, to the traumas of the Holocaust, his emigration to the West, and as a witness to the disintegration of cultural narratives that had still sustained Stravinsky and Bartók.

It is fitting that Ligeti's concerto, a product of a world thus transformed and fragmented, is introduced by a Kyrie from the 14th-century mass by Guillaume de Machaut. It is a nod both to a composer Ligeti much admired and to an equally calamitous era that included famine, a devastating plague, the Hundred Years' war, peasant revolts, a papal schism, and, yes, climate change.

*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison*  
Lord have mercy, Christ, have mercy.

Ligeti loved musical ideas and the means and materials of their realization. His insatiable curiosity, his every-expanding range of references—with no attempt

at seamless synthesis—grew to include African and Asian rhythms and tunings, Western music of the Medieval, Renaissance, and Baroque periods, and popular idioms. He exulted in giddy pastiche, in phantasmagoric concoctions that combined humor and pathos, bold gestures and intensely felt expression. In his concerto he created "marvelous new harmonies" using "dirty sound"—the dissonance of clashing intonations and tuning systems: a violin tuned slightly higher, a viola slightly lower according to precise specifications derived from the overtone series; instruments—ocarinas, recorders, and slide whistle—notorious for their intonational insecurity; natural overtones in the horns and trombone; and micro-intervals in the woodwinds.

For all that, the concerto's notation is traditional and its five movements proudly proclaim their historical pedigrees. The Praeludium introduces us to Ligeti's off-kilter sonic world with what he called a "glassy shimmering character" exuding "fragility and danger." In the Aria, Hoquetus, Choral, a dignified modal folk melody adapted from the third of the Six Bagatelles for Wind Quintet is the subject of variations. The theme is soon encased in a halo of overtones from the horns and trombone with discordant outbursts from the ocarinas and slide whistles, and then transformed into a brass chorale before an epilogue restores the reflective mood of the opening bars. Following without a break, a very brief Intermezzo, the soloist

soaring above softly cascading descending lines (in canon) in the upper strings; "Dirty sound," from the horns and woodwinds, a cataclysmic climax.

The emotionally intense Passacaglia is based on a chromatic scale, slowly rising from the depths, the soloist high above. Disruptions, slide whistles, a battery of percussion, hints of a Romanian village dance, and rude accents with the soloist occasionally joining in. Abrupt fortissimo end.

In the last movement, against gauzy string textures, a more assertive soloist holds her own against coarse commentary in the woodwinds, percussion, and brass, before launching into an episode of Balkan folk music. After an aggressive brass interjection, a brief moment of lyricism and a frenetic solo cadenza (Kopatchinskaja will play her own); the snap of a woodblock, a spasm of percussion, brass, winds; fade into silence.

Looking back, Ligeti described his destination: "I wanted to write a highly virtuoso work in the tradition of the great violin concertos"—and his chosen path: "So that something new and complex can develop, I always try to merge these outside impulses with my internal pictures and ideas." To move ahead you sometimes have to discover how near you are to what lies behind.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY