



Thursday, June 6, 2019 | 1:00-4:30pm

Ojai Presbyterian Church

Ojai Talks

PART I 1:00-2:00pm

Making the Future Present

Barbara Hannigan *music director*

Kate Howden *mezzo-soprano*

Ara Guzelimian *Ojai Talks director*

Barbara Hannigan discusses this year's Festival and is joined by mezzo-soprano Kate Howden to explore her EQ mentoring program for young artists.

INTERMISSION

PART II 2:15-3:15pm

My Ojai Adventure

Thomas W. Morris *artistic director*

Ara Guzelimian *Ojai Talks director*

Tom Morris talks about his 16 years as Artistic Director of the Ojai Music Festival, his more than 50-year life in music, and his perspectives on the current and future state of music.

INTERMISSION

PART III 3:30-4:30pm

The LUDWIG Vision

Wilmar de Visser *LUDWIG double bass player*

Peppie Wiersma *LUDWIG artistic director*

Ara Guzelimian *Ojai Talks director*

Two of LUDWIG's founders describe its creation, range of activities, and how it is trying to redefine the essence of a musical ensemble in today's world.

Special thanks
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NancyBell Coe

OJAI PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
304 FOOTHILL ROAD, OJAI



Thursday, June 6 – Saturday, June 8, 2019

Libbey Park Gazebo

Pop-Up Community Concerts

Please join us throughout the Festival for these performances featuring Steven Schick

Thursday, June 6 | 5:30-6:00pm

PART I

JOHN LUTHER ADAMS

The Mathematics of Resonant Bodies

Burst

Crash

Roar

Steven Schick *percussion*

Friday, June 7 | 5:30-6:00pm

PART II

JOHN LUTHER ADAMS

The Mathematics of Resonant Bodies

Shimmer

Rumble

Burst

Steven Schick *percussion*

Saturday, June 8 | 5:30-6:00pm

PART III

JOHN LUTHER ADAMS

The Mathematics of Resonant Bodies

Thunder

Wail

Stutter

Steven Schick *percussion*

Special thanks
for underwriting support:

Ventura County Community Foundation

Special thanks for
underwriting support of Steven Schick:

Kathleen and Jerrold Eberhardt

FREE Events

Open to the public

John Luther Adams (b. 1953)
The Mathematics of Resonant Bodies (2002)

Auras

In the series of works we'll hear in these Community Concerts, John Luther Adams has set himself a challenge: "All noise contains pure tone. And the complex sonorities of percussion instruments conceal choirs of inner voices. In *The Mathematics of Resonant Bodies* my search is to find and reveal those voices."

Several years ago, I composed *Strange and Sacred Noise*, a cycle for percussion quartet celebrating noise in music and in nature. One of the *Noise* pieces is scored for four tam-tams, playing waves of different periods that eventually crest together in an enormous tsunami of sound. When I first heard this piece (which was written for and premiered by the wonderful Percussion Group Cincinnati) I was startled. Amid the dense masses of broad-band noise I clearly heard voices, like a choir singing long, wordless tones. I called these "angel voices." And I wanted to hear them alone ...

I began this work by composing a new cycle of quartets. Steve Schick came to Alaska and recorded these pieces one part at a time. I assembled the recordings and then began filtering them as I'd previously done with the tam-tams. The result was a series of "auras" derived from the inner resonance of the instruments themselves. As the final step, I composed a series of solo parts to be performed within these sonic fields.

These solo parts are performed in tandem with the pre-recorded auras to produce what Adams calls a unified sounding image:

"Depending on the size and the acoustics of the performance space, amplification of the percussion instruments may be required – not so much for loudness as to create a more spatially unified image from the 'live' and recorded sounds."

The percussion instruments in question include drums of varying sizes, triangles, cymbals, a tam-tam, and a siren, instruments in which pitch is either indefinite, unstable, or blurred, but rich in overtones, a complex halo of the "pure tones" that initiated Adams' thinking about this piece. The result is a collage of textures, giving the work a tactile dimension that Adams likens to "the hands-on relationship that painters and sculptors have with the materials of their art."

All the instruments in *Resonant Bodies* are noise instruments. They're also generic. Snare drums, tom-toms, bass drums, cymbals, and tam-tams are mainstays of Western percussion. And although each individual instrument sounds different, in a general sense they all sound alike. So it's the percussionist (with his sticks and his touch) who makes them specific, who gives them their particular names and profiles.

Like the listener, the soloist in these pieces is a solitary figure traversing enveloping landscapes of resonance.

The performances here in Ojai, heard in groups of three, alter the original score order (aside from *Burst* and *Stutter*) to create a succession of arresting contrasts. *Burst*, written for four snare drums,

*The real substance of music
always seems just beyond our reach.*

—John Luther Adams

begins with an aggressive fusillade that alternates with passages of quiet restraint. The eight suspended cymbals of *Crash* create a raucous chorus, whose aura evokes claustrophobic canyon walls. The deep tones of the large tam-tam in *Roar* create ever-widening spheres of sound whose aura can be at once cutting and penetrating.

The second grouping opens with the piercing tingle-tangle of *Shimmer*; its eight triangles produce a hallucinatory glow interwoven with a swirl of whistling tones. *Rumble*, featuring the lowest and largest of the drums, traces a steady arc from the almost inaudible toward a menacing climax and back again toward silence; its aura is ineffably gentle. *Burst* returns, now as a concluding exclamation point.

The last set begins with *Thunder*, an explosion of punching energy, but irregular, speeding up, slowing down, and, with its eight low drums and two kick drums, a piece with remarkably varied textures. Its aura, surprisingly, conjures the wind. In *Wail*, a slow, quiet crescendo in which the rising pitch of the siren seems to emerge from a swarm of importunate squeaking hinges, tells a ghostly, terrifying tale. The work concludes with *Stutter*, again with four snare drums, but the beginning is reticent, hesitant, building slowly, layer upon layer, to the assertive vehemence with which *Burst* – and the piece – began.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY



Thursday, June 6, 2019 | 7:30-10:30pm

Libbey Bowl

PART I 7:30-8:45pm

IGOR STRAVINSKY

The Rake's Progress

Act I

Act II, Scenes 1 and 2

BREAK

PART II 9:15-10:30pm

IGOR STRAVINSKY

The Rake's Progress

Act II, Scene 3

Act III

Tom Rakewell

Anne Truelove

Nick Shadow

Baba the Turk

Father Truelove

Keeper of Madhouse

Mother Goose

Sellem

Elgan Llyr Thomas *tenor*

Aphrodite Patoulidou *soprano*

Yannis François *bass*

Fleur Barron *mezzo-soprano*

Antoin Herrera-Lopez Kessel *bass*

Antoin Herrera-Lopez Kessel *bass*

Antoin Herrera-Lopez Kessel *bass*

James Way *tenor*

LUDWIG

Los Robles Master Chorale, Lesley Leighton *choral director*

Edo Frenkel *harpsichord*

Barbara Hannigan *conductor*

Linus Fellbom *director and lighting design*

Theresa Frisk *hair and makeup concept*

Anna Ardelius *costume designer*

Clarice Major *costumer*

Joseph Hesley *technical manager*

Anton Trochez *box designer*

Luke Martin *supertitles*

Special thanks
for underwriting support:

Nancy and Barry Sanders

Join us for a free Pop-Up Concert
at the Libbey Park Gazebo, 5:30pm,
featuring John Luther Adams'
The Mathematics of Resonant Bodies
(see page 37 for notes)

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

After the concert,
meet Festival artists at the
outdoor Green Room in the Park,
located in the front of the Box Office

The Rake's Progress is used
by permission of Boosey & Hawkes

The Rake's Progress libretto is available on the
Festival's website OjaiFestival.org/RakesProgress

Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)
The Rake's Progress (1951)

Stop All the Clocks

The tale is simply told. A young man inherits a fortune (a trap by the devil), leaves his country sweetheart, falls into bad company in the big city, marries a bearded lady, and squanders both his wealth and a chance of regaining his still-loyal beloved. When the devil claims his due, the young man bests him in a game of cards, saves his soul but ends in a madhouse, where, after one last reunion with his love, he dies. The asylum inmates sing a lament and the cast members offer a tidy moral.

The Rake's Progress, inspired by a series of William Hogarth paintings of the same name, is a conscious confection, a clever pastiche in which Stravinsky and his collaborators, W.H. Auden and Chester Kallman, evoke 18th-century milieu with 18th-century music setting words that mimic 18th-century language. In 1951. Critics had a field day and even Stravinsky had cause to ask, "Can a composer re-use the past and at the same time move in a forward direction?"

Stravinsky called it "a conventional opera," a return to clichés, to conventions "considered by respectable circles to be long since dead." He revives, without apparent irony, the styles and structures of the *opera buffa* and *opera seria*, the

stilted formality of courtly dances, and the ruddy informality of the ballad opera (underscored by the English-language libretto). A fond farewell to neoclassicism before that astounding volte-face in which Stravinsky, in an apparent capitulation to historical inevitability, adopted serialism?

There is indeed something valedictory about this opera, a wistfulness that takes more than the 18th century into its embrace. On closer examination its sources are eclectic and broad, a parable that mixes myths and mythologies from Orpheus and Euridice, Adonis and Venus, to fairy tales, Faust, and Don Juan. Its musical allusions range from the 17th to the 19th centuries, from Lully, Gluck, and Mozart to Beethoven and Weber, Rossini to Donizetti, Verdi to Tchaikovsky. Is Stravinsky mourning lost worlds or challenging the checkpoints that modernity had erected against untroubled access to the past?

Or is this nothing more than the Stravinsky of old, a composer whose obsession with models and archetypes both predates and endures beyond his infatuation with neoclassicism? His early ballets and stage works from *Petruschka* and *Le Sacre du Printemps* to *Les Noces* and *L'Histoire du soldat* draw no less freely on Russian

"Pray, my dear," quoth my mother, "have you not forgot to wind up the clock?"

—Laurence Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*

folk sources and liturgical traditions, and his hieratic late works incorporate Renaissance polyphony and Latin ritual, set Old Testament texts and English poetry. Throughout his life Stravinsky both drew upon and deconstructed his inheritances, the broad nature of which defines his creative persona. And yet he holds at a distance whatever he claims as his own. Reviewers who characterized *The Rake's Progress* as a cool, calculated masterpiece of craft were echoing criticisms that had haunted Stravinsky for decades. Judgments of the opera have softened with time, but there is no denying that its affecting qualities are mixed with artifice, that distance is a part of its aesthetic strategy.

We hold the objects of our wonder in a delicate grasp, the better to admire, the better to share. What Stravinsky holds up for our view – this play of light and shadow in historical garb – arrived at a time still reeling from war and tragedy, a period of postwar dislocations and bold initiatives that scorned the past. *The Rake's Progress* was mocked as passé and irrelevant, to which Stravinsky offered the weak response: "I ask the listener to suspend the question, however, as I did

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SYNOPSIS

In the idyllic countryside, Anne Trulove and Tom Rakewell celebrate their love. Anne's father has found a job for Tom in the city, but Tom longs for an easier path to money. Nick Shadow appears with news that Tom has inherited a fortune from an unknown uncle. They must leave for London and Tom need only pay Shadow for his services after a year and a day. In the wicked city, Shadow introduces Tom to Mother Goose's brothel. Back in the country, Anne fears the worst and decides that she must rescue Tom.

Meanwhile, Tom, in his new London house, is already bored with ordinary pleasures, so Shadow suggests visiting the amazing bearded woman, Baba the Turk. When Anne arrives at Tom's house, she is horrified to find him married to the hideous Baba. When Tom tires of Baba as well, Shadow appears with one last new idea... a machine that turns stones into bread. Anne again appears to save Tom, but this time his house is for sale and his property for auction. The bankrupt Tom has disappeared with Shadow. Baba urges Anne to follow him.

A year and a day from their first meeting, Shadow brings Tom to a graveyard at night. A terrified Tom discovers he must pay not with money but with his soul. But, as Shadow is about to take hold of him, Tom hears Anne's voice in the distance and his past love is reawakened. Shadow, defeated, disappears into the ground. Tom survives, but he is now mad and is shut up in Bedlam. Anne comes there to comfort him, but there is little to be done. Her father arrives and persuades her to leave Tom to his fate.

In the epilogue each of the principal characters draws a moral from the tale and all join together to assert that "for idle hands and hearts and minds, the Devil finds a work to do."

—from Boosey & Hawkes

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

STOP ALL THE CLOCKS

while composing, and to try and discover the opera's own qualities – difficult as that request may be." He concludes: "And, in any case, I am not concerned with the future of my opera. I ask for it only a measure of present justice."

Present justice has indeed been kind, recognizing *The Rake's Progress* as a witty *tour de force* which, like *Figaro*, like *Falstaff*, combines both the airborne delight of true comic pacing and the affecting grace of human sentiment, such as the lovers' tender farewell in Act I; their reunion in Act III; virtually all of Anne Truelove's expressions of devotion for Tom, including her final lullaby, "Gently, little boat"; the gracious dance interludes – and even Baba the Turk's wise parting words to Anne ("You love him, seek to set him right.")

With *The Rake's Progress* Stravinsky had no intention of re-establishing the past or challenging the future. The great progressives "sought to abolish or transform most of the very clichés I have tried to re-establish, and my return to these clichés was not meant as a superseding of their now conventionalized reforms" Rather than stopping the clock, just a bit of rewinding to help keep it going.

So "can a composer re-use the past and at the same time move in a forward direction?" The answer lies in the question. Must the present moment always represent progress? Is being always *becoming*?

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

A CONVERSATION ON *THE RAKE'S PROGRESS* WITH DIRECTOR LINUS FELLBOM



Ojai Music Festival: What particularly drew you to *The Rake's Progress* as an opera? What do you think is the relevance of the story to a contemporary audience?

Linus Fellbom: When first approached by Barbara Hannigan about this project, I only knew the piece as one does as an opera lover, not having worked with it before. I vaguely knew the outline of the story, I had heard an aria or two, but had never listened through, or seen a performance of the entire opera. I had worked with other Stravinsky pieces, orchestral music and ballets, and always loved his universe. And now, having spent over two years working intensively with the piece, I'm entirely smitten.

OMF: Do you regard *Rake* as a straightforward morality tale, or an exploration of human frailty (or anything else)?

LF: I regard *Rake* as a deeply complex piece. It is incredibly playful and sometimes even silly. There's loads of humor and absurdities and at the same time there's an enormous depth and darkness. In this respect, perhaps the most important one is an ingenious mirroring of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Both operas contain the darkest, blackest depths as well as the most comforting light and lightness.

OMF: What were the main inspirations for the current production? Did you return to the 18th century and the original set of prints by William Hogarth, or were there other influences that you followed?

LF: The Hogarth prints are, of course, to be carefully studied when preparing for *Rake*, but for me this project started with an image or a situation that almost immediately appeared in my mind. Some sort of congregation, a group of people gathered together to perform a rite or ritual, and this ritual consists of performing Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*. That was the very first intuitive idea. All singers, chorus as well as soloists, together with the musicians and Barbara, all dressed in the same ritual way, enter the space in silence, sit down, focus, concentrate, and tune. Instruments as well as voices, and then the opera begins.

OMF: Staging an opera could be open to many interpretations. Could you elaborate on the significance of the box motif? How do you use it in the action of the story?

LF: The box basically came out of two lines of thoughts, the first being as part of the rite this group of people has gathered to witness. As a part of the ritual, as a tool to perform the piece, everything they need is inside the box – props, parts of costumes, makeup items, and Tom Rakewell.

The other line of thought was finding a key to telling this particular story to an audience of our time. I found it complicated to just tell the story without a comment about the fact that, in very few words, it revolves around a man who carelessly leaves his fiancée and sets out into the world to feed any temptation he comes across, only to first be waited on, then forgiven and absolved by the ever-faithful, loving, and forgiving woman. To me, the story frame, with the ritual and Tom being kept inside this box but taken out occasionally to perform the piece, liberates us to fully go into each scene and portray them as written, leaving all irony to the audience, trying to tell them "We all know this is really old and really silly."

OMF: Is this your first creative partnership with Barbara Hannigan? How has your working relationship evolved on this project?

LF: Working for the first time with Barbara – and on this piece – has been nothing but a blessing. I'm not sure either of us was aware of the full extent of how much we share in our way of looking at work, artistic as well as practical. I completely subscribe to her religion of enthusiasm, kindness, utter professionalism, and excellence of performance, all rooted in a fundamental and unconditional love for this art form.

OMF: You're not only the director but designer and lighting designer as well – is that how you like to work or is this project unusual?

LF: It is usually asking for trouble to take on three such dire parts of an opera production. And I do it with great humbleness and complete respect for the three different occupations. Since my background is lighting, and having accumulated a fair amount of experience over the years, I usually feel comfortable lighting the shows I also direct. When it comes to set design, it depends very much on the project and the concept. When there's an idea that seems clear enough and also reasonable enough to achieve when it comes to designing a scenic space, I occasionally also add that to my workload. This particular project is, of course, not comparable to a full-scale opera production, but because the idea was so clear from very early on, it seemed possible to achieve.

OMF: As a director, how did you find working with a relatively young cast, in the early stages of their professional careers?

LF: Having worked with three complete casts of singers for the different stops of the tour, I've had the benefit of rehearsing with different artists different ways of working and creating a role. Through Barbara's Equilibrium program and the workshops, classes, discussions, and all that it has brought with it, there has been a tremendously creative, energizing, open, and kind working climate throughout the process. I have nothing but love and admiration for all of these amazing artists – it has been a complete privilege.



Friday, June 7, 2019 | 8:00-9:00am
SANE Living Center

CLARA IANNOTTA

dead wasps in the jam-jar (iii) (U.S. premiere)

JACK Quartet



TYSHAWN SOREY

Everything Changes, Nothing Changes (West Coast premiere)

JACK Quartet



Special thanks
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Michele Brustin

This concert is a
Partner Circle Donor Concert
Please inquire at the
Festival Box Office

SANE LIVING CENTER
316 E MATILIJA STREET, OJAI

Clara Iannotta (b. 1983)
dead wasps in the jam-jar (iii) (2017-18)

Tyshawn Sorey (b. 1980)
Everything Changes, Nothing Changes (2018)

To Shape the Stillness of Time

*Write from experience and experience only...
Try to be one of the people on whom nothing is lost.*

—Henry James

Clara Iannotta describes herself as a composer obsessed with sounds, experience, memory, ideas. Her works are often spare and appear to focus upon a single question and all its parameters in exquisite detail. *dead wasps in the jam-jar (iii)* – an image taken from a poem by the Irish poet and artist Dorothy Molloy – grew out of a commission by the violinist Yuki Numata Resnick for pieces from various composers to be paired with the movements of Bach's solo Partita No. 1, in Iannotta's case the Double of the Corrente, which served as the scaffold for her superimposed composition. To this first piece for solo violin, Iannotta added a second for string orchestra and electronics and a third for string quartet and electronics:

dead wasps in the jam-jar (iii) is born from a desire to explore depth. For a long time, my music has been about creating a surface on which things move, blend, but mostly hide what is underneath them. A surface is nothing more than a reflection, and I was constantly veiling the real mirrored image, probably also because I was (and still am) not sure yet of what

this image was, even though I knew what its shadow looked like. The three pieces that form the cycle *dead wasps in the jam-jar ...* try to investigate this matter. While working, I pictured a kind of deep-sea environment, the lowest layer in the ocean, where constant pressure and perpetual movement seem to shape the stillness of time.

Time is another central preoccupation of Iannotta's music, a concept that has a spatial dimension:

A "now" doesn't exist. When we talk about "now," physically, we are talking about something that absolutely doesn't exist. And I am just trying to understand whether it is possible somehow to three-dimensionalize time. Time not seen as something linear but almost like very, very small points in a three-dimensional way. My music is trying to hold layers of memory that get stuck on each other, that they challenge your linear way of listening. My music is something that you do not listen to; it's an experience.

The musicologist Markus Böttgeman has picked up on this idea and written that the progress of Iannotta's music is determined "not by motives and their development, but rather by the constant restructuring, recontextualizing, charging and filtering of a complex sound aggregate." Her compositions, he continues, "do not tell a story; they unfold a physiognomy. They conceive spaces of perception in which the ear can, metaphorically speaking, wander about and gather experiences."

Tyshawn Sorey's experiences as a performer, composer, and educator have led to a creative universe as broadly inclusive as Iannotta's is narrowly focused. He bristles, however, at the notion that his works represent a synthesis of its multiple sources. "We think of hybridity as fusion. That's not what I do. The way I look at my work is about mobility – being able to do what I want at any given moment as a performer or a composer, without any obligation to a particular institution or musical model."

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TO SHAPE THE STILLNESS OF TIME

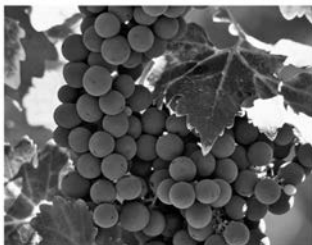
Everything Changes, Nothing Changes, commissioned by the JACK Quartet, is a meditation on mobility. Its structure, inspired by Sudoku puzzles, is a grid of 14 sections containing 16 rhythmic units in permutation, but that says little about how one listens. The piece is slow-moving and delicate, never rising above piano. The quartet plays sustained sonorities as a unit, individual voices perceived not as solo lines but as components of gently shifting harmonic textures. Nonetheless, as Sorey points out, the manner in which these harmonies are articulated affects the way we perceive them:

When two or three voices are playing a given sonority (an event), the ear

tends to go horizontally towards the arrival of a new voice that enters. In other words, when one or two voices arrive within any event, the sonority then intensifies so that the resulting harmony is perceived more quickly than the way in which the voices move within that event.

As with *dead wasps in the jam-jar (iii)*, *Everything Changes, Nothing Changes* is about close listening. Both are soft, slow, and sustained. The one, a sequence of strikingly evocative incidents, invites us to peer into depths; the other, more abstract, asks us to take hold of sculptured time.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY



Friday, June 7, 2019 | 11:00am-1:15pm

Libbey Bowl

PART I 11:00am-12:00pm

JOHN ZORN

The Alchemist

JACK Quartet

JOHN ZORN

Hexentarot

attacca

JOHN ZORN

Ghosts

attacca

JOHN ZORN

The Aristos

Christopher Otto *violin*

Jay Campbell *cello*

Stephen Gosling *piano*

BREAK

PART II 12:30-1:15pm

JOHN ZORN

Ouroboros

Jay Campbell and Alexa Ciciretti *celli*

JOHN ZORN

The Unseen

JACK Quartet

JOHN ZORN

Necronomicon

Conjurations

The Magus

Thought Forms

Incunabula

Asmodeus

JACK Quartet

Special thanks
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Esther and Tom Wachtell

Concert Insights:

Host Christopher Hailey with
Jay Campbell and Stephen Gosling
10:00am at the Libbey Park
tennis courts

After the concert,
meet Festival artists at the
outdoor Green Room in the Park,
located in the front of the Box Office

John Zorn (b. 1953)
The Alchemist (2011)
Hexentarot (2013)
Ghosts (2015)
The Aristos (2014)
Ouroboros (2014)
The Unseen (2017)
Necronomicon (2003)

Mysteries

*There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.*

—Hamlet 1/5

You couldn't invent John Zorn. Author, artist, philosopher, publisher, record producer, club owner, band leader, arranger, multi-instrumentalist, and, above all, wickedly prolific composer. His passions, interests, inquiries, and dabblings are a lure for the cataloger. But according to what categories? The alphabet helps: Alchemy, Anger (Kenneth), Artaud (Antonin), Avant garde, Bacon (Francis), Bataille (Georges), Cartoon, Coleman (Ornette), Crowley (Aleister), Demonology, Deren (Maya), Downtown scene, Fantasy, Film, Genet (Jean), Grindcore, Grunge, Hardcore, Improvisation, Jazz, Judaism, Kabbalah, Klezmer, Love, Lovecraft (H.P.), Magick, Manga, Messiaen (Olivier), Metal, Morricone (Ennio), Mysticism, Numerology, Occult, Pornography, Postmodern, Rock, Sade (Marquis de), Sephardic music, S/M, Spillane (Mickey), Surrealism, Stravinsky (Igor), Tradition, Transgression, Varèse (Edgard), Violence ... What does that get you? An index (and a partial one at that!) but hardly an indication. Still, John Zorn's vast body of work is the sum of his interests: "I'm an additive person – the entire storehouse of my knowledge informs everything I do."

As one might expect from the multiplicity of his sources, Zorn's musical thinking eschews linear exposition and development. In general terms he has described his music as "put together in ... a very 'filmic' way [like] montage. It's made of separate moments that I compose completely regardless of the next, and then I pull them, cull them together." Zorn is nevertheless highly sensitive to formal cohesion. Speaking of the small soundbites that make up many of his so-called "file-card pieces" (such as the albums *Spillane* and *Kristallnacht* of 1987 and 1993), Zorn has observed:

At the time in the '80s people used to use the word *postmodern* and this, that, and the other. What's really going on is short moments of music that really make an impact, that are ordered in a very, very specific way, sequenced in just such a way that the energy continues, the momentum continues, and you just follow from the beginning to the end for 15, 20, 30, sometimes 50 minutes of these short segments that are of varying lengths but each one exists on its own and it says something unique on its own.

The works on this program, largely from the past decade, can only hint at the range of an oeuvre that reaches back to the 1970s. Here, more recent preoccupations, especially the occult, point to Zorn's fascination with forces beneath the surface of our conscious experience.

The subtitle of *The Alchemist* gives a detailed elaboration of its sources:

a true and faithful chronicling of the esoteric spiritual conferences and concomitant hermetic actions conducted by Her Majesty's Alchemist Dr. John Dee and one Edward Kelley invoking the Nine Hierarchies of Angelic Orders to visible appearance, circa 1587.

Zorn describes the work as "a trip through an Alchemist's laboratory. A séance invoking angelic orders. Virtuoso lyricism, numerology, prayers, canons, contrapuntal complexity, alchemical procedures (distillation, calcination, crystallization,

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MYSTERIES

sublimation, purification, rotation) and the ghost of a fugue." The fugue in question is Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge*, op. 133, but listen closely and you'll hear Beethoven morphing into Schoenberg (and much more besides).

Hexentarot, *Ghosts*, and *The Aristos* form a set of piano trios. *Hexentarot*: "Twelve simple canons for the witches' Sabbath. This dynamic piece was completed on the eve of the Grand Sabbath Beltane."

Ghosts: "A mysterious, spooky piece inspired by the slow central movement of Beethoven's infamous 'Ghost' Trio, op. 70."

The Aristos: "Written under the spell of John Fowles' masterwork *The Magus*, *The Aristos* is subtitled nine metaphysical ambiguities for violin, cello and piano. In keeping with enigmatic nature of *The Magus*, where reality and fantasy intertwine, the composition is tight and fast moving, with many surprises and unusual juxtapositions. A collection of aural philosophical aphorisms."

"The Ouroboros," Zorn writes, "is an ancient hermetic motif depicting a serpent eating its own tail symbolizing cyclicity, recreation, rebirth and infinity. Here two celli (yin and yang) work together to build a torrent of intensity. The One is the All!"

The scoring of Zorn's chamber music is varied and often unconventional, but this concert begins and ends with pieces for string quartet, part of a body of works that redefine both the medium and its formal inheritance. *The Unseen* is subtitled "Music for the Temple," which Zorn describes as "a hermetic tribute to Hilma af Klint, the Swedish artist and mystic whose incredible paintings inspired by spiritualism are among the first abstract art."

Necronomicon, the longest work on this program, is in five movements, "a tour de force of Black Magic and Alchemy," Zorn writes, "with perhaps the most intense ensemble writing I've yet achieved." He continues:

Because one can never know where the creative spark comes from or why it exists, it must be treasured as Mystery The process of composing music is often at its best when the piece is seemingly writing itself and the composer is merely an observer. [*Necronomicon*] came about in such an atmosphere, and months of preparation were involved before putting pencil to paper [The piece] transcended my expectation and my abilities.

Zorn is a proud member of the avant garde (whatever that means these days), but he also emphasizes his allegiance to tradition and his inheritance(s), both conscious and unconscious: "I feel like there are messages. I feel like there are angels. I feel that there is a legacy and an energy. And I feel that it's possible to tap into that." At the same time, he acknowledges his deep debt to colleagues and fellow musicians across the wide spectrum of his own musical activities: "I could not do this music without these musicians. It's about people. Music is about people for me. It's not about sounds. It's about people; it's about putting people into challenging situations. And for me, challenges are opportunities."

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY



Friday, June 7, 2019 | 2:00-3:00pm

Ojai Presbyterian Church

Ojai Film

Zorn II

A film by Mathieu Amalric

Since 2010, for no other reason than friendship, often I would film John Zorn at work. No commission, no deadlines, no broadcast: just with a small camera and some mics, which I would quickly move around to catch the energy of the music John and his constellation of musicians were rehearsing, performing, and searching ... all around the world.

A first film: *Zorn (2010-2017)*, screened only during his Marathons, was completed, and we immediately felt there was no reason to end there ... So I just added "to be continued" after the credits, and here is the second movement. A third is to come, like Zorn's endless inspiration.

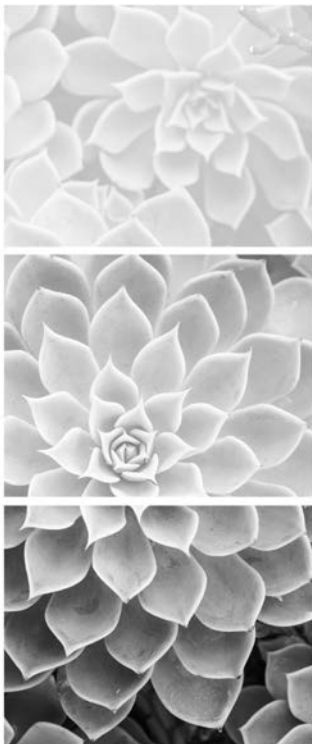
—MATHIEU AMALRIC *director*

Special thanks
for underwriting support:

Jennie Prebor and Fred Fisher

This is a ticketed event.
Please inquire at the Festival Box Office
or purchase at the door

OJAI PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
304 FOOTHILL ROAD, OJAI



Friday, June 7, 2019 | 7:30-10:00pm

Libbey Bowl

PART I 7:30-8:30pm

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut (Images)

attacca

MAURICE RAVEL

Une barque sur l'océan (Miroirs)

attacca

OLIVIER MESSIAEN

Un reflet dans le vent (Préludes)

Stephen Gosling *piano*

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

String Quartet No. 2

Mässig

Sehr rasch

"Litanei" langsam

"Entrückung" sehr langsam

Barbara Hannigan *soprano*

JACK Quartet

BREAK

PART II 9:00-10:00pm

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Syrinx

Ingrid Geerlings *flute*

attacca

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

Verklärte Nacht

Grave (m. 1)

Molto rallentando (m. 100)

A tempo (m. 188)

Adagio (m. 229)

Adagio (molto tranquillo) (m. 370)

LUDWIG

Barbara Hannigan *conductor*

CLAUDE VIVIER

Lonely Child

Aphrodite Patoulidou *soprano*

LUDWIG

Barbara Hannigan *conductor*

Special thanks
for underwriting support:

**Sandy and Richard Schulhof
in Honor of Bernard R. Schulhof**

Join us for a free Pop-Up Concert
at the Libbey Park Gazebo, 5:30pm,
featuring John Luther Adams'
The Mathematics of Resonant Bodies
(see page 37 for notes)

Concert Insights:

Host Christopher Hailey
with Bill Elliott

6:30pm at the Libbey Park
tennis courts

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

Schoenberg's String Quartet is used by
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Lonely Child is used by permission of
Boosey & Hawkes

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut (*Images*, Book II, 1907)
Syrinx (1913)

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Une barque sur l'océan (*Miroirs*, No. 3, 1904-05)

Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)

Un reflet dans le vent (*Préludes*, No. 8, 1928-29)

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

String Quartet No. 2 in F# minor, op. 10 (1908)
Verklärte Nacht, op. 4 (1899)

Claude Vivier (1948-1983)

Lonely Child (1980)

“Give Me Your Joy”

Poetic imagery, painting, and nature served to stimulate Debussy's imagination, as did his encounter with non-Western music. In *Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut* (And the moon descends on the temple that was), a title suggested by the sinologist Louis Laloy, one hears in its suspended stillness elements of the music of Bali, which Debussy first heard in the 1889 Paris Exhibition Universelle. Ravel's *Une barque sur l'océan* (A boat on the ocean), the third of his five-movement *Miroirs*, is a study of motion, captured in surging arpeggiated currents. *Un reflet dans le vent* (A reflection in the wind) is the last of Messiaen's eight *Préludes*, a set written while he was still a student of Paul Dukas. Their descriptive titles may suggest Debussy, their crisp textures Ravel, but these preludes already bear the hallmarks of Messiaen's distinctive harmonic and rhythmic language.

It was the pestilence of 1579 that got dear old Augustin. Or so it seemed. Actually, Vienna's beloved ballad singer was stone drunk when he was mistaken for a plague victim and tossed into an open pit. When he awoke the next

morning, he had a song to sing: "Augustin, Augustin, lie down in your grave! O, you dear Augustin, it's all over!" It's a catchy tune and when it popped up uninvited in the second movement of Schoenberg's Second String Quartet the audience took note. The uproar – it was December 21, 1908 – seemed to confirm Augustin's dire prognostication: *Alles ist hin*, this really is the end.

At a century's remove it may be difficult to understand the fuss. The quartet is relatively short, its textures and formal layout clear and transparent. The impassioned first movement is an abbreviated sonata form; the second, a fidgety scherzo, interrupted, of course, by the sudden appearance of the sweet triviality of Augustin's refrain. But the third movement delivers an unprecedented shock: a soprano voice. This setting of Stefan George's "Litanei" (Litany) does double duty as a series of variations that act as a kind of delayed development section for the truncated opening movement. It has the feel of a single arching line reaching its gripping climax with the words "Kill the longing, close the

Music fathoms the sky.

—Charles Baudelaire

wound! Take my love away, take from me love" – here the soloist takes a dramatic downward leap – followed by this hushed appeal: "and give me your joy!"

Release comes in "Entrückung" (Rapture), which begins "I feel air from another planet." Schoenberg's ethereal introduction is so exquisitely inviting that even today many are unaware that this movement marks Schoenberg's own radical leap into atonality – the original velvet revolution. It is doubtful that the first audience had any clue one way or the other because by this point in the evening the music was being drowned out by a phalanx of vociferous rowdies convinced that they were witnessing a catastrophe only slightly less calamitous than that long-ago plague. Most critics were ready to toss the work into a mass grave for failed experiments, but the quartet, like Augustin, proved remarkably resilient and soon found more congenial company in the standard repertory.

CONTINUED ►►

“GIVE ME YOUR JOY”

“and the hope of time”

The myth of Syrinx is the story of a chaste nymph transformed into river reeds to escape Pan’s pursuit. Pan, in turn, creates from these reeds the pipes with which he laments his loss. Debussy’s piece for solo flute, scarcely three minutes long, serves as the prelude to another work of transformation: Schoenberg’s *Verklärte Nacht* (Transfigured Night).

Long before the premiere of the Second String Quartet, critics were baffled by *Verklärte Nacht*. Indeed, one Viennese concert society refused to perform the work because it contained a chord that could not be explained by traditional rules of harmony. The real affront, however, lay not in the piece’s chromatic harmonies or dense textures, but in its steamy program (drawn from Richard Dehmel’s poem of the same name) that sullied the austere preserve for chamber music. Although the work is in a single movement, Schoenberg’s music closely follows a woman’s tortured confession to her lover that she is carrying the child of another man. In the radiant conclusion the man assures his partner that the stranger’s child will be his own, transfigured by their love.

There can be no question that much of Claude Vivier’s music is intensely autobiographical and that is especially true of *Lonely Child*. Vivier was adopted from an orphanage and never learned

the identity of his birth parents or the circumstances of his own conception and birth. He grew up in a working-class neighborhood of Montreal and was sent as a teenager to Catholic boarding schools to prepare him for the priesthood, though he was eventually told that he was temperamentally unsuited to religious orders. It may have been his homosexuality, which he never sought to hide, or his all-consuming passion for music that would lead into composition. The two were thereafter intertwined in a life that was lived recklessly, dangerously, fully. He was murdered at 44 by a young man he had picked up at a Paris bar.

At the time of his death Vivier, whose Ritual Opera *Kopernikus* was performed at the 2016 Ojai Festival, had already created a body of work that assured his legacy as one of the most distinctive voices of the 20th century. Although that legacy has been slow to reach a wider audience, several works, including *Lonely Child*, have now earned a firm place in performance and recording. Vivier’s formative influences included the European avant garde of the 1960s, studies with Stockhausen (“the true beginning of my life as a composer”), travel to the Near and Far East (Iran, Japan, Thailand, Bali), and friendship with the pioneers of French spectralism, Gérard Grisey and Tristan Murail. His music often has a ritualistic

Genius is the recovery of childhood at will.

—Arthur Rimbaud

quality and centers on universal themes of death and transcendence. Vivier has described *Lonely Child* as “a long song of solitude” composed “without using chords, harmony, or counterpoint,” a homophonic texture that becomes one single, “intervalized” melody:

Thus, there are no longer any chords, and the entire orchestra is then transformed into a timbre. The roughness and the intensity of this timbre depends on the base interval. Musically speaking, there was only one thing I needed to control, which automatically, somehow, would create the rest of the music, that is great beams of color!

The work begins softly, the texture spare, gradually adding layer upon layer before returning to the peace of the opening. The French text, a soothing lullaby, speaks of maternal love, guardian fairies, magic, visions of paradise, and eternal peace in the afterlife. There are also lines in Vivier’s own invented language – phonetic sounds he developed from various real and imagined sources – that can be traced back to the unanswered questions of his birth: “Not knowing my parents enabled me to create a magnificent dream world,” Vivier said shortly before his death. “I shaped my origins exactly as I wished.”

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

Arnold Schoenberg String Quartet No. 2

The latter two movements of the Second String Quartet are set to poems from Stefan George's collection Der siebente Ring (The Seventh Ring), which was published in 1907

Litanei

Tief ist die trauer die mich umdüstert,
Ein tret ich wieder, Herr! in dein haus.

Lang war die reise, matt sind die glieder,
Leer sind die schreine, voll nur die qual.

Durstende zunge darbt nach dem weine.
Hart war gestritten, starr ist mein arm.

Gönne die ruhe schwankenden schritten,
Hungrigem gaume bröckle dein brot!

Schwach ist mein atem rufend dem traume,
Hohl sind die hände, fiebernd der mund.

Leih deine kühle, lösche die brände.
Tilge das hoffen, sende das licht!

Gluten im herzen lodern noch offen,
Innerst im grunde wacht noch ein schrei.

Töte das sehnen, schliesse die wunde!
Nimm mir die liebe, gib mir dein glück!

Entrückung

Ich fühle luft von anderem planeten.
Mir blassen durch das dunkel die gesichter
Die freundlich eben noch sich zu mir drehen.

Und bäum und wege die ich liebte fahlen
Dass ich sie kaum mehr kenne und du lichter
Geliebter schatten—rufer meiner qualen—

Bist nun erloschen ganz in tiefern gluten
Um nach dem taumel streitenden getobes
Mit einem frommen schauer anzumuten.

Ich löse mich in tönen, kreisend, webend,
Ungründigen danks und unbenamten lobes
Dem grossen atem wunschlos mich ergebend.

Mich überfährt ein ungestümes wehen
Im rausch der weihe wo inbrünstige schreie
In staub geworfner beterrinnen flehen:

Dann seh ich wie sich duftige nebel lüpfen
In einer sonnerfüllten klaren freie
Die nur umfängt auf fernsten bergesschlüpfen.

Der boden schüttert weiss und weich wie molke.
Ich steige über schluchten ungeheuer.
Ich fühle wie ich über letzter wolke

In einem meer kristallnen glanzes schwimme—
Ich bin ein funke nur vom heiligen feuer
Ich bin ein dröhnen nur der heiligen stimme.

Litany

Deep is the sadness that gloomily comes over me,
Again I step, Lord, in your house.

Long was the journey, my limbs are weary,
The shrines are empty, only anguish is full.

My thirsty tongue desires wine.
The battle was hard, my arm is stiff.

Grudge peace to my staggering steps,
for my hungry gums break your bread!

Weak is my breath, calling the dream,
my hands are hollow, my mouth fevers.

Lend your coolness, douse the fires,
rub out hope, send the light!

Fires in my heart still glow, open,
inside my heart a cry wakes.

Kill the longing, close the wound!
Take my love away, give me your joy!

Rapture

I feel air from another planet.
I faintly through the darkness see faces
Friendly even now, turning toward me.

And trees and paths that I loved fade
So I can scarcely know them and you bright
Beloved shadow—summoner of my anguish—

Are only extinguished completely in a deep glowing
In the frenzy of the fight
With a pious show of reason.

I lose myself in tones, circling, weaving,
With unfathomable thanks and unnamed praise,
Bereft of desire, I surrender myself to the great breath.

A violent wind passes over me
In the thrill of consecration where ardent cries
In dust flung by women on the ground:

Then I see a filmy mist rising
In a sun-filled, open expanse
That includes only the farthest mountain hatches.

The land looks white and smooth like whey,
I climb over enormous canyons.
I feel as if above the last cloud

Swimming in a sea of crystal radiance—
I am only a spark of the holy fire
I am only a whisper of the holy voice.

Claude Vivier *Lonely Child*

Bel enfant de la lumière dors, dors, dors, toujours dors.
Les rêves viendront, les douces fées viendront danser
avec toi.

Merveille, les fées et les elfes te fêteront, la farandole
joyeuse t'enivrera.

Ami.

Dors, mon enfant, ouvrez-vous portes de diamant, palais
somp tueux,

mon enfant, les hirondelles guideront tes pas.

Kuré nouyazo na-oudè waki nannoni eudou-a.

Dors, mon enfant.

Dadodi yo rrr-zu-i yo a-e-i dage dage da è-i-ou dage
dage ou-a-è dagè dadoudè dagè dagè dagè

na-ou-è ka jadè-do yanousè mayo rès tè de-i-a wè
nanoni nowi i-è ka.

Les étoiles font des bonds prodigieux dans l'espace,
temps, dimensions zébrés de couleurs.

Les temps en paraboles discutent de Merlin, les
magiciens merveilleux embrassent le soleil d'or,

les acrobates touchent du nez les étoiles pas trop
sages, les jardins font rêver aux moines mauves.

Reves d'enfant, donnez-moi la main et allons voir la fée

Carabosse, son palais de jade sis au milieu des

morceaux de rêves oubliés déjà flotte éternellement.

Oh reine des aubes bleues donne-moi s'il te plaît l'éternité.

Oh Reine.

Koré noy Tazio.

Koré kore Tazio Tazio Tazio.

Koré noy na-ou yasin kè.

L'héliante douce dirige vers les étoiles l'énergie sublime,
Tazio, la langue des fées, tu la parleras

et tu verras l'amour, Tazio, tendrement tes yeux verts,
puiseront dans les lambeaux de contes

surannés pour en créer un vrai le tien, Tazio, donne-

moi la main, Tazio, Tazio, et l'espoir

du temps, du temps.

Hors temps apparaît mon enfant, les étoiles au ciel

brillent pour

toi, Tazio, et t'aiment éternellement.

Beauteous child of light sleep, sleep, sleep, forever sleep.

The dreams will come, the gentle fairies will come and
dance with thee.

Wonder, the fairies and the elves will fête thee and the
merry farandole will inebriate thee.

Friend.

Sleep, my child. Open up, doors of diamond, sumptuous
palaces,

my child, the swallows will guide thy steps.

Kuré nouyazo na-oudè waki nannoni eudou-a.

Sleep, my child.

Dadodi yo rrr-zu-i yo a-e-i dage dage da è-i-ou dage
dage ou-a-è dagè dadoudè dagè dagè dagè

na-ou-è ka jadè-do yanousè mayo rès tè de-i-a wè
nanoni nowi i-è ka.

The stars make prodigious leaps in space,

time, dimensions striped with colored zebra-markings.

The times discuss Merlin in parables, the wondrous

magicians splash the glowing sun with gold, the

acrobats touch with their nose the mischievous stars,
the gardens make the mauve monks dream.

Children's dreams, give me your hand and let us go and

look up the fairy Carabosse, her palace of jade,

lying amidst pieces of forgotten dreams, is already floating in eternity.

Oh, queen of blue dawns, give me, please, eternity.

Oh, Queen.

Koré noy Tazio.

Koré kore Tazio Tazio Tazio.

Koré noy na-ou yasin kè.

The gentle helianthus directs the sublime energy towards
the stars, Tazio.

The language of the fairies, you will speak it and you
will know love, Tazio.

Tenderly, your green eyes will dip into dregs of
outmoded tales to create a real one, yours, Tazio.

And the hope of time, of time.

Beyond time, my child appears, the stars in the sky are

shining

for you, Tazio, and will love you forever and ever.



Friday, June 7, 2019 | 10:30-11:30pm

Ojai Art Center

Dancing Under the Stars with LUDWIG's Ballroom Band

LUDWIG's Ballroom Band

Ingrid Geerlings *flute*
Bart de Kater *clarinet*
Sven Berkelmans *trumpet*
Niels Meliefste *percussion*
Nadia Wijzenbeek *violin*
Bas Treub *violin*
Frank Brakkee *viola*
Michael Müller *cello*
Wilmar de Visser *double bass*

Bill Elliott *piano and master of ceremonies*

Dance under the stars to waltzes, foxtrots, and tangos with LUDWIG's Ballroom Band – pros and beginners welcome!

In the Netherlands, people love ballroom dancing but hardly ever get to dance to live music – so we looked for some nice arrangements and started LUDWIG's Ballroom Band! We had a few tryouts and were amazed to see people arriving all ready to go – some dressed in style, others in jeans, some a bit shy at first, others like pros with special shoes and gear. We're gradually expanding our repertoire and doing this more and more. Bringing it to Ojai seemed like a natural addition and something that would showcase the versatility of our ensemble. At the Ojai Art Center, we have added some special arrangements by our very own bandmaster friend, Bill Elliott.

—PEPIE WIERSMA
LUDWIG Artistic Director

This is a Donor Event

Ticket priority is for donors.
For additional tickets, inquire at the
Box Office or purchase at the door

OJAI ART CENTER
113 S. MONTGOMERY STREET



Saturday, June 8, 2019 | 8:00-9:00am

Zalk Theater

Music Dawns

JAMES DILLON

La Coupure

Steven Schick *percussion*

Ross Karre and **William Brent** *video and sound design*



Special thanks for
underwriting support:

David Nygren

This is a ticketed event.
Please inquire at the Festival Box Office
or purchase at the door

There is no late seating for this concert

ZALK THEATER
BESANT HILL SCHOOL
8585 OJAI SANTA PAULA ROAD

James Dillon (b. 1950)

La Coupure (No. 5 from *Nine Rivers*, 1982-1999)

A River Runs Through It

*I know the skies bursting with lightning, and the waterspouts
And the surf and the currents; I know the evening,
And dawn as exalted as a flock of doves,
And at times I have seen what man thought he saw!*

—Arthur Rimbaud, “Le Bateau Ivre”

The formidable intricacies and technical difficulties of James Dillon’s music have routinely led critics to associate his works with the “New Complexity,” that last bastion of principled Modernism battling the rising tide of postmodern indulgence. But there is always more to it, and Dillon, whose compositional affinities extend from the spatial and gestural textures of Edgard Varèse and Iannis Xenakis to the rarified domain of spectral analysis, has drawn upon his own interests in physics, acoustics, philosophy, psychology, aesthetic theory, literature, cultural anthropology, and mythology to create a body of work that is as distinct as it is unclassifiable. Throughout, though, he has remained focused on the properties and energies of music itself: “I wanted to claw my way back to where music still has meaning, and not present some kind of second-hand experience.”

All of Dillon’s interests are present in *Nine Rivers*, the most ambitious of his cyclic works both in variety and scale. Its nine parts, each differently scored, require three conductors, the resources of an orchestra, six percussionists, 16

solo voices, a solo percussionist, as well as video and sound artists, factors that accounted for its much-delayed premiere in 2010. It is a work rife with metaphor and allusion, “a mythos,” Dillon has written, “of imagined waters, of fairies and snake-gods, a melancholy of flow, a requiem for poisoned rivers, an odyssey, a theatre of memory....” Its “drift of influences” range from Heraclitus to quantum mechanics, Celtic knot symbols to Arthur Rimbaud, whose poem “Le Bateau Ivre” (The Drunken Boat) provided mottos for each of the nine sections. “Like some medieval cathedral, the idea for the project began to absorb and integrate ideas from different sources. These apparently unconnected ideas offered different conceptualities of time.”

The river itself is the central metaphor of time: “The idea of flux or change captures the very fleeting essence of sound itself, musical form of course engages with memory and renders meaning to a set of emerging or fleeting properties.” But Dillon has in mind yet another metaphor, likewise derived from the word *river*: one who rends, severs, sunders, or divides. A river,

after all, slices its way through the land as it seeks an outlet to the sea. It is a symbol both of life and, like the river Styx, a border crossing to death.

Nine Rivers is “a journey through timbral rivers,” its succession of parts tracing a passage from source to mouth, from the tight rigidity of the first movement (*East 11th St NY 10003* for six percussionists) to the controlled chaos of the last (*Oceanos* for voices, chamber ensemble, and live electronics). At the heart of *Nine Rivers* is *La Coupure* (The Cut), whose title plays upon the second meaning of *river*. It is the central and longest of the work’s nine parts and the last to be composed. It represents a turning point, emphasized by its length, its deployment of a single soloist, and the introduction of multimedia sources and live electronics. Ebb and flow, movement and interruption, continuity and contrast are its themes and the principles of its organization that recall the language of film montage, literally cutting and pasting with multiple references to other movements of the cycle: “I want to some extent to play with the character

CONTINUED ►►

A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT

of the material, its setting and re-setting suggests not a movement from one state to another, but a kind of floating point against which memory is constituted as a net of subjective interactions, what Joyce calls “*a merry go raum*.”

In *Nine Rivers* Dillon sought to examine and juxtapose “differing conceptions of musical time”: time both as a cultural construct as captured in myth, metaphor, literature, and philosophy, and time as an observable scientific phenomenon: “The ancient mythic association of river with ‘time’ and ‘memory’ is combined here with a formal schemata derived from the physical sciences, where the analysis of fluid dynamics and pattern formation is ‘crossed’ with more poetic concerns to form an interlace.”

Time is treated primarily both as continuous in the sense of musical “flow” and discontinuous in the sense of “interruption” (“the cut” of

La Coupure). These two extremes of organization form an axis from which musical processes are derived. However, in a musical work it should be emphasized that we primarily experience time as a space of intermittent glimpses, spontaneous flashes of order and disorder, resonances, tensions and release and it is within this “fuzzy” domain that the specter of any time-space-form continuum will lie. *Nine Rivers* is a “*speculum temporum*,” a theatre of memory in the ancient sense of the idea, a connected symbolic space which contains a proliferation of references and cross references. Musical gesture, figures, and ornaments run through and across the individual works.

It is the juxtaposition of these two notions of time — flow and interruption — that lies at the heart of *La Coupure*: “The task for

me has always been to seek an utterance which does not act merely as a sign for ideas, but actually brings them into being through a kind of differentiation. Not a ‘mimetic’ act, but an essential action.”

In other words: “music that still has meaning.”

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY



Saturday, June 8, 2019 | 11:00am-1:20pm

Libbey Bowl

PART I 11:00-11:50am

Tribute to Oliver Knussen

OLIVER KNUSSEN

Masks

Ingrid Geerlings *LUDWIG flute*

OLIVER KNUSSEN

Autumnal

Nocturne

Serenade

Bas Treub *LUDWIG violin*

Stephen Gosling *piano*

OLIVER KNUSSEN

Sonja's Lullaby

Stephen Gosling *piano*

OLIVER KNUSSEN

Cantata

Heleen Hulst *LUDWIG violin*

Frank Brakkee *LUDWIG viola*

Michael Müller *LUDWIG cello*

Aisling Casey *LUDWIG oboe*

OLIVER KNUSSEN

Eccentric Melody

Jay Campbell *cello*

OLIVER KNUSSEN

Ophelia's Last Dance

Stephen Gosling *piano*

OLIVER KNUSSEN

Study for Metamorphosis

Hajime Konoe *LUDWIG bassoon*

All pieces performed attacca

BREAK

Special thanks
for underwriting support:

Kathleen and James Drummy

Concert Insights:

Host Christopher Hailey
with Edo Frenkel

10:00am at the Libbey Park
tennis courts

After the concert,
meet Festival artists at the
outdoor Green Room in the Park,
located in the front of the Box Office

Twice Through the Heart is used by
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PART II 12:20-1:20pm

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

The Isle of the Dead (arr. Thomas Beijer)

LUDWIG

Edo Frenkel *conductor*

MARK-ANTHONY TURNAGE

Twice Through the Heart

Part One

1. *No Way Out*
2. *Inside (part 1)*
3. *Love*

Part Two

4. *By the Sea*
5. *Inside (part 2)*
6. *Four Walls*

Part Three

7. *Interlude*
8. *Landslide*
9. *China Cup*

Kate Howden *mezzo-soprano*

Stephen Gosling *piano and celeste*

LUDWIG

Edo Frenkel *conductor*

Oliver Knussen (1952-2018)
Masks, op. 3 (1969)
Autumnal, op. 14 (1969)
Sonja's Lullaby, op. 16 (1969)
Cantata, op. 15 (1969)
Eccentric Melody (1998)
Ophelia's Last Dance, op. 32 (2010)
Study for "Metamorphosis" (1972, rev. 2018)

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)
The Isle of the Dead, op. 29 (1908)
(arr. Thomas Beijer 2019)

Mark-Anthony Turnage (b. 1960)
Twice Through the Heart (1997)

Remembering Olly

But the wild things cried, "Oh please don't go – we'll eat you up – we love you so!" ... but Max stepped into his private boat and waved goodbye.

—**Maurice Sendak**
Where the Wild Things Are

Olly Knussen. Too soon. A man of warmth, generosity, and enormous creative gifts. An unstinting mentor of young composers, a loyal friend and champion of colleagues, and a brilliant interpreter on the podium. Knussen led the Aldeburgh Festival from 1983 to 1998, where he inaugurated a composition and performance course, and directed contemporary musical activities at Tanglewood from 1986 to 1993. His wide interests and catholic tastes were fully in evidence in his programming for the 2005 Ojai Festival: Stravinsky and Ravel to Nancarrow and Kagel, with Bartók, Grainger, Moszkowski, and, of course, Knussen in between.

But Knussen was above all a composer of rare brilliance. He cringed at the thought that he had conducted his first symphony at 15 and had a commission from Benjamin Britten and the Aldeburgh

Festival a year later (both pieces he later withdrew). He worked slowly, painfully, and suffered at times from an almost crippling degree of self-criticism, leaving, as a result, a relatively small oeuvre and a number of fragments. For such a big man – almost a giant, or so it seemed – his music was surprisingly delicate. He was profoundly drawn "to miniature things and fineness of detail and precision." In describing his music, critics trip over themselves with adjectives like "crystalline," "lucid," "refined," "transparent," "luminous." Every note exact, every sonority immaculately voiced, every gesture perfectly calculated, and at the same time every piece exquisitely, achingly expressive, as exemplified in his two fantasy operas on Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are* and *Higglety Pigglety Pop!* or his *Songs for Sue*, the requiem for his former wife.

Knussen cited Britten, Stravinsky, Berg, and Debussy as composers who were "embedded" in his consciousness, composers that determined the very notes he wrote. But as Andrew Clements wrote of Knussen's music, "its affiliations were clear, but it never seemed remotely derivative, with its stylistic strands woven into a wonderfully flexible, iridescent musical idiom, in which every instrumental and vocal line seemed perfectly imagined and immaculately shaped. Each work was a miracle of conciseness and packed in more musical content than many composers managed to include in pieces five times as long..."

The works on this tribute are all relatively short but chronological. *Masks*, the rare early piece that survived Knussen's critical scrutiny, is heard here with its *ad libitum* glass chimes. It has joined Debussy's *Syrinx*

and Varèse's *Density 21.5* as one of the classics of the solo flute literature. Knussen described the next three works that make up a triptych as "diary-like expressions" that were at the same time explorations of new harmonic spaces. *Autumnal*, written in memory of Benjamin Britten, has two movements – Nocturne and Serenade – named after two of Britten's own song cycles. In *Sonja's Lullaby*, written for Knussen's infant daughter (now an accomplished singer specializing in new music), the lowest registers of the piano anchor a gentle rocking motion and widely spaced sonorities and filigree in the voices above. *Cantata* for oboe and string quartet, the longest movement of the set, is more episodic, a quality that reminded Knussen of 18th-century solo cantatas in their alternation of recitatives and self-contained numbers. There are moments of high drama before an introspective coda recalls the work's opening.

Eccentric Melody, written for Elliott Carter's 90th birthday, is a compact, powerful work that explores the cello's full expressive range. *Ophelia's Last Dance* is fashioned from one of the many fragments in Knussen's compositional workshop (this one dating from 1974). The melody continued to haunt him and in 2009-10 he brought it together with several other "homeless' dance-fragments" to produce a piece "related more by personal history and by mood than anything more concrete." *Study for "Metamorphosis"* – another early work – was revised just before Knussen's death and dedicated to the memory of the composer Alan Stout.

*

This is a concert Olly Knussen would have loved. He was a champion of new music, including that of his student and close friend Mark-Anthony Turnage, but he also loved the delectable harmonies and rich orchestral textures of such late

Romantics as Sergei Rachmaninoff. A third passion was the art of transcription, be it the overblown glory of Stokowski's Bach or the ascetic chamber reductions by Schoenberg and his circle.

Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem *The Isle of the Dead* was inspired by a hauntingly evocative painting of the same name by the Swiss symbolist painter Arnold Böcklin, which the composer had gotten to know in a black and white reproduction. This may account for the somber cast of the orchestration because as the composer later wrote: "If I had seen first the original, I probably would have not written my *Isle of the Dead*. I like it in black and white." The work is both pictorial – from the outset one hears the heavy strokes of the oarsmen making their way, their cargo a coffin, toward the looming island – and fraught with musical symbolism, including quotations of the 13th-century chant *Dies Irae* (Day of Wrath) associated with the Latin requiem mass. This is Rachmaninoff at his most Wagnerian – the Wagner, that is, of *Tristan* and *Parsifal*. Thomas Beijer's arrangement reduces the original concert orchestra – triple winds (and six horns!), expanded percussion, and a full string complement – to 15 players. What is lost in Rachmaninoff's heavy orchestral mass is gained in transparency and finely balanced colors.

Death is also the central theme of Mark-Anthony Turnage's *Twice Through the Heart* – but whereas with Böcklin and Rachmaninoff it is veiled in symbolic mists, with Turnage it is raw and graphic, literally "ripped from the headlines." Turnage's source was a real-life incident involving a woman who murdered her abusive husband, stabbing him twice through the heart with a kitchen knife. In the trial that followed she resists her lawyer's advice to bring up the subject of her abuse (out of misplaced loyalty to her dead husband) and is given a lengthy prison sentence.

The libretto by Scottish poet Jackie Kay is based on her 1992 television documentary on the trial. Turnage writes of his goals for his musical adaptation:

I wanted to write a simple voice that was not poetic, literary or polemical. I wanted the voice to be so everyday it would be banal: the language to be flat and ordinary. I wanted to contrast the heightened drama of such domestic violence with plain, unpoetic speech. I was captivated with the idea that both the home and the prison were forms of incarceration for the battered wife. That there was no place she could be free. That the battered wife received a double sentence: the first from the husband and the second from the judge.

Such subject matter is characteristic of Turnage's penchant for gritty topics (he made his 2001 Ojai debut with the chamber work *Blood on the Floor*). *Twice Through the Heart* is a monodrama whose three parts explore the wife's memories and reflections upon her abusive husband, her trial, and her present incarceration. The instrumental texture, now harsh and aggressive, now tender, occasionally inflected with jazz idioms, is transparent throughout. The vocal writing, often reminiscent of Alban Berg, is direct and affecting. *Twice Through the Heart* is a bleak work, but also a work of profound compassion for those whose voices are so often hidden or silenced. Amelia Rossiter, on whose trial this story is based, was eventually freed after her conviction was reduced to manslaughter with a plea of provocation.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

Mark-Anthony Turnage *Twice Through The Heart*

Part I

1. No Way Out

There's no way out, no way out,
He ties the kitchen towel into a garotte,
There's no way out, no way out.
He hits me with a rolling pin.
There's no way out, no way out.
I notice a steak knife missing,
There's no way out, no way out.

We're too old for this, I shout.
There's no way out, no way out.
He just keeps on and on about,
There's no way out, no way out.
He's always on about how I am in the wrong,
He'll sort me out, sort me out.
He walks towards me. Lout.

I pick up a knife to protect myself,
There's no way out, no way out.
He keeps on walking towards me.
There's no way out, no way out.
The knife is smiling. Come on, kill me.
There's no way out, not one way out, no way out.
He towers above me, that odd mouth.

2. Inside (part 1)

There was no one to tell the tale
I couldn't be that disloyal
The way his love turned into a belt
As if hatred was all he felt.

I am in this small cell
All those years in a silent hell
My lawyer said talk at the trial
But I couldn't be that disloyal.

So many years and I could never tell
Shame ringing like a church bell
Every time taking its toll
There is no one to tell the tale.

3. Love

For the first time in my life I had a love child,
planted like a garden, wanted. I swelled
with pleasure, passing days along the coast,
light breeze, laughing. I was forty, laughing.

He and I we liked to keep things simple.
We sat down to dinner and toasted each other.
All for us, the bright stars in the sky,
the half moon.

I never wanted anyone so much, so soon.
Desire shook me. Then
Suddenly something went wrong. Love gone rotten.
Our child screamed.

You write notes. We fight. You won't talk.
You write notes. We fight. You won't talk.
The walls come in like a terrible tide.
Trapped here, marooned, mouth open wide.

Part II

4. By the Sea

What is there to talk about?
There's no way out, no way out.

Fear stopped me walking out
There was no way out, no way out.

I didn't want to sully his name
I wore it like a skin, the shame.

He wasn't a frail weak man
I'm not what you think I am.

I can't talk of his repeated sin
He hit me with a rolling pin.

All I ever wanted was a simple life
My church, my child, being a wife.

Just him and me, him and me
Inside a small house by the sea.

5. Inside (part 2)

Inside I'd say please don't,
Grit my teeth, bite the pillow.
You pulled me to a place
Where everything went numb, hollow.
I'd lose my voice.
Inside, I'd say don't please.
High on the wall I'd watch your shadow
Turn against me shape of a storm.

My own heart, broken like bones,
I'd wish at night for tomorrow,
Would leave me alone.
Nothing, nothing washes you away,
You, underneath my skin
That smell, that voice, that hollow,
My own heart, broken like bones.

6. Four Walls

Within these four walls he stares at me.
We don't venture out much these days.
Holiday brochures come by post;
I leaf through the glorious pictures of Tunisia.
What about a coach trip?
A mystery tour? He won't go anywhere.
His endless notes: More milk, get me my tea,
I talk to myself. Live somewhere else.
He writes notes. We fight. He won't talk.
He writes notes. We fight. He won't talk.
He writes notes. We fight. He won't talk.

Part III

7. Interlude

8. Landslide

His body is buried in the land.
You are buried here: this place
Where your voice is.

A disused mine. You mime
The same sentence. The sound gets stuck,
Life. Life.

You wait for the time that never comes,
Days slide into nights. Waiting.
Nights long like years in a small room.

The wind sings through cells.
You buried something and forgot
Where you put it. Years ago.

Maybe you even forgot what you buried.
How it went. What the tune was.
Remembering is dying slowly, dying slowly.

Slipping away. Walking the same
coastline until your body steps
– Like land slides into the sea –
Under the path, people will later walk over.

9. China Cup

This china cup, every night, this china cup
The same fragile bone china from home.
My hands cupping bluebells. Locked in.

In my cell I lift my mouth to my china cup
The same fragile bone china from home.
Outside, the long stretch of stone. Tide in.

Every night this hot drink from my china cup
In this small cell like the one at home.
Four walls here, four there. Tide in.

Every night this same routine china cup,
Powdered milk. Alone. Sipping away at home.
The noise of the key turning. Locked in.
Locked in. Locked in.

*Verse by Jackie Kay (b. 1961) reproduced by
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CONTINUED ►►



Saturday, June 8, 2019 | 2:00-3:30pm

Ojai Presbyterian Church

Ojai Films

Music is Music

A film by Mathieu Amalric

For her CD *Crazy Girl Crazy*, Barbara Hannigan and Didier Martin of Alpha Classic had the idea for a concept album with maybe a film included with it. Fortunately, I had the chance to try to grasp the interior process of Barbara's first album as a singer AND conductor. Thanks to her beautiful words, thanks to the welcome openness of LUDWIG, a physical feeling that YES "the circle is complete" sprang up, with instrumentalists singing and a soprano conducting.

—MATHIEU AMALRIC *director*

C'est presque au bout du monde

A film by Mathieu Amalric

L'Opéra de Paris created a new online film website in 2015 named 3^e Scène and offered a "carte blanche" to all sorts of directors to examine aspects of opera and/or ballet. I was one of the lucky ones, and alone with a naïve camera and microphone, a miracle appeared in front of me... the mystery of the birth and care of the voice. The warm-up!! Time after time and yet, never to happen again... like a first time.

—MATHIEU AMALRIC *director*

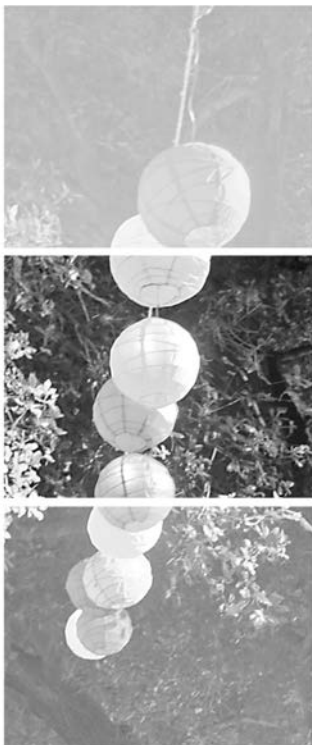
Taking Risks

Accentus documentary on *Equilibrium* (U.S. premiere)

Accentus Music and the Gothenburg Symphony accompany Barbara Hannigan preparing her first opera production, Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, as a conductor and recruiting the singer cast through a very personal selection process. The documentary follows all stages of the production, starting with the entire casting process and the very first auditions in Stockholm, Paris, Zurich, and London. The first joint workshop of all chosen singers, the coaching, rehearsals, and the premiere of the staged production of Stravinsky's opera in Gothenburg in December 2018 were also filmed.

This is a ticketed event.
Please inquire at the Festival Box Office
or purchase at the door

OJAI PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
304 FOOTHILL ROAD, OJAI



Saturday, June 8, 2019 | 7:30-10:15pm

Libbey Bowl

PART I 7:30-8:00pm

JOHN ZORN

Jumalattaret

proem—opening invocation

1. päivätär
2. vedenemo
3. akka
4. louhi
5. mielikki
6. kuu
7. tellervo
8. ilmatar
9. vellamo

postlude

Barbara Hannigan *soprano*

Stephen Gosling *piano*

BREAK

PART II 8:15-9:00pm

Rites of Passage

Scalderica de Oro (The Golden Ladder), Morocco

Equilibrium Singers

Mera Merose (Dawn is Breaking), Kalymynos Island, Greece

Aphrodite Patoulidou

Bexabene Oxamu (The Monitor Lizard), Xhosa

Yannis François

Kiev by John Zorn

Alexa Ciciretti and Edo Frenkel

Hong Cai Mei Mei (Rainbow Sister), Suiyan Province, China

Fleur Barron

Lisa Lan (Fair Lisa), Wales

Elgan Llyr Thomas

Botany Bay, Australia

Kate Howden

Special thanks
for underwriting support:

Smith-Hobson Foundation

There is no late seating
in Part I of the concert

Join us for a free Pop-Up Concert
at the Libbey Park Gazebo, 5:30pm,
featuring John Luther Adams'
The Mathematics of Resonant Bodies
(see page 37 for notes)

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

After the concert, chat with Festival
artists at the outdoor Green Room
in the Park, located in the front
of the Box Office

Quatre chants pour franchir le seuil
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Boosey & Hawkes

My Love is Mine by John Dove, England

James Way

Guantanamera, Cuba

Antoin Herrera-Lopez Kessel

EQ singers

Fleur Barron *mezzo-soprano*

Yannis François *bass*

Antoin Herrera-Lopez Kessel *bass*

Kate Howden *mezzo-soprano*

Aphrodite Patoulidou *soprano*

Elgan Llyr Thomas *tenor*

James Way *tenor*

Alexa Ciciretti *cello*

Bart de Kater LUDWIG *clarinet*

Emmy Storms LUDWIG *violin*

Edo Frenkel *piano*

BREAK

PART III 9:30-10:15pm

GÉRARD GRISEY

Quatre chants pour franchir le seuil

(Four songs for crossing the threshold)

Prélude

I. La mort de l'ange

Interlude

II. La mort de la civilisation

Interlude

III. La mort de la voix

Faux Interlude

IV. La mort de l'humanité

Berceuse

Barbara Hannigan *soprano*

LUDWIG

Steven Schick *conductor*

John Zorn (b. 1953)

Jumalattaret (2012)

Rites of Passage: Folk Songs (arr. Edo Frenkel and Fleur Barron)

Gérard Grisey (1946-1998)

Quatre chants pour franchir le seuil (1997-1998)

Nature's Voices

Using a cut-up of texts from the epic Finnish tale the Kalevala, *Jumalattaret* is a song cycle in praise of nine Finnish goddesses out of Sami Shamanism: Päivätär, goddess of summer; Vedenemo, mother of waters; Akka, goddess of the underworld; Louhi, a powerful witch and shapeshifter; Mielikki, goddess of the hunt; Kuu, moon goddess; Tellervo, goddess of forests; Ilmatar, virgin spirit of air; Vellamo, goddess of water. The music uses a variety of techniques and genres and moves from lyrical folk-like simplicity to more complex atonal and textural pyrotechnics.

When John Zorn and I first started talking about working together, in summer of 2015, he mentioned his piece *Jumalattaret*, for soprano and piano, and sent me the score. The piece had not yet been performed. I was game! I could tell from first glance that this was a piece to be reckoned with, and I was very excited to finally work with this hero of mine whose music I'd been listening to since I was a student at university.

Steve Gosling and I started rehearsing the piece in New York in November 2017. John sat in the room with the score – I

was still reliant on a keyboard beside me on an extra music stand, as the musical language was not yet incorporated in me. I was thrilled to work with Steve; I hadn't worked with him before, and he had an incredible combination of powerhouse virtuosity and delicate lyricism. We had the intention to record *Jumalattaret* that month, but realized quickly, especially for me, that we needed more time and less pressure, so we postponed the recording and just rehearsed. We set a date nine months later to premiere *Jumalattaret* at the Jazz em Agosto Festival in Lisbon. Nine months = plenty of time!

My summer vacation in Nova Scotia therefore followed the pattern of practicing Zorn until 2 or 3pm every day before allowing myself to take a vacation from my problems (as Bill Murray said in the film *What About Bob?*). Instead of fighting off bugs with my dad in his garden, checking on the tomatoes, digging for carrots, and pickling cucumbers for canning, I was faced with a problem: After all these years of performing some of the most difficult rep on the classical music planet, I was in a pickle. (Understatement of the season.) My

*Still the daughter of the Ether,
Swims the sea as water-mother,
With the floods outstretched before her,
And behind her sky and ocean.*

—*The Kalevala*, Rune I

sister, also a musician, and her boyfriend, a composer and sound engineer, were home for the vacation as well and saw my mounting fear and apprehension. I'm always working on *something* during vacation time but this time it was different. They took a look at the score and their jaws dropped. Barbara had met her Waterloo. Normally I work quite quickly; learning music is pretty easy for me. Any music. I just plow away like the Taurus that I am, and trust that the inevitable will happen: The piece will become part of me. Sometimes it takes a bit longer than other times, but it always happens.

It wasn't happening. The sun was shining and I was indoors, dividing *Jumalattaret* into smaller and smaller sections to try and master one, just ONE phrase. Even just a *part* of a phrase. Then news came in from Steve Gosling: While on *his* vacation he was downed by an ocean wave and fractured his collarbone. He was to undergo immediate surgery and was not sure he'd be able to do our concert in a few weeks. I figured it was a sign. Two days later, post-surgery, Steve wrote back to John and me to say he expected to recover in time. Also a sign. Back to work ...

I wrote to John. Tried to give him a kind of heads up as to how I was progressing. (Subtext of the mail was: Barbara begging for a little wiggle room regarding accuracy). He completely understood where I was coming from – it was as if he read my mind. He sensed that I was in turmoil (yes!). He feared perhaps I didn't like the piece (no!). He didn't want me to do the piece if it wasn't bringing me pleasure (hmmm). But he said that accuracy in the problematic passages was indeed essential. If I read between the lines, in the state I was in, he meant, with love and belief in me: *Either get back to work or give up, Barbara. Your call.* We exchanged a few more mails, and John was incredibly deep in his response to what I was sharing with him. I'd never experienced anything like this kind of support with a composer. He was not

offended. He was really with me in the struggle. John wrote the following:

one cannot transcend anything by staying on safe ground and it is in these intense moments that we can find deeper truths, bring mind and heart together – and begin to understand the soul and its workings in that courageous moment of letting go and going for it, the music will become alive in a special and heroic way – a way that is beyond just the notes on paper

I felt overcome with a warrior spirit. I was going to hit the piece hard! I dug into work and drew on all my courage. I leapt and tumbled and crashed and soared through my practice sessions after that.

We gathered in Lisbon a few days before the concert. Steve and I rehearsed. John

joined us, cheering us on, giving us criticism and suggestions where needed. Everything he did was supportive. There was one phrase near the opening of the piece which I had hoped to sing in one breath. So far I hadn't managed it. It was LONG. We set up the stage in Lisbon – opening the curtains to show the glass wall of the Gulbenkian concert hall behind us. We were performing at dusk with the trees, the pond, and the birds flying in and out of our landscape. It was a full house. John was in the front row, right in front of me. He was *with us*.

The performance was a triumph: a joyous, powerful, triumphant, intimate communion between composer, performers, and audience. And that LONG phrase near the opening of the piece? I sang it in one breath.

—BARBARA HANNIGAN

Rites of Passage

The folk songs in *Rites of Passage* incorporate indigenous and raw folk material reflecting each performer's cultural and ethnic heritage; the resonances are both primal and personal.

Collectively, the songs chart a cyclical journey through courtship and marriage, the bloom of new love, conflict and dissolution, new beginnings, and love reawakened. A line from the final, jubilant

piece, the Cuban folksong *Guantanamera*, gives voice to the creative impulse that underpins it all: "Before I die, I want to share these poems of my soul."

—FLEUR BARRON and EDO FRENKEL

Abschied

Quatre chants pour franchir le seuil was Gérard Grisey's last completed score before his sudden and unexpected death in 1998. Its subject – passing the frontier

from this world to the next – may well seem eerily prescient, but its themes of threshold and transition are threaded throughout the composer's works and

lie at the core of his creative being. As a pioneer of spectral music, Grisey explored the subtle gradations that grow out of the microtonal properties of each tone.

With a birth, a life, and a death, sound resembles a living being. Time is its atmosphere and its territory.

—Gérard Grisey

CONTINUED ►►

ABSCHIED

The consequences for musical syntax, form, harmony, phrasing, and rhythm are profound. His pieces tend to be slow, organic, their progress governed by evolution and flow rather than tension and release. Many of his titles (*Vagues, chemins, le souffle, Sortie vers la lumière du jour, Jour, contre-jour, Le noir de l'étoile*) even suggest those liminal states of being we experience with the rising or setting sun, or in waking or drifting off to sleep.

The texts Grisey chose for *Quatre chants pour franchir le seuil* are drawn from contemporary poetry and ancient Egypt, Greece, and Mesopotamia. Grisey met Christian Guez-Ricord (1948-88) in 1973 when the poet's battles with mental illness, which ended in suicide, had already begun. Grisey described the imagery of "The Death of an Angel" as "the most horrible of all" because the angel "is entrusted our dreams." The soprano sings shards of text against gently descending

lines. Toward the end, with palpable terror, her outbursts are shadowed by the trumpet.

Grisey had a lifelong fascination with Egyptian religion and mythology, which was the inspiration for several of his works. The source he selected for his *Quatre chants*, however, is simply a dry account of fragmentary inscriptions, telling symbols of the impermanence of time. The vocal line, little more than a matter-of-fact recitation of these texts, is accompanied by carefully placed individual tones, save for one savage eruption on the passage that begins with "*qui fait le tour du ciel*" ("that makes the circuit of the sky").

Only fragments survive of the works of the Greek poet Erinna, who is thought to have lived in the first half of the fourth century BCE. Here, each line is set with urgency only to fall away into silence.

The extract from the Gilgamesh epic begins with cataclysmic images of the end of the world, conjured by an extended percussive interlude with frenzied woodwind interjections. The voice enters with an outcry against continued instrumental agitation and long sustained notes in the brass. After a gradual descent the movement ends in stillness.

Grisey has written that the gently rocking Berceuse with which the cycle ends "is not intended to make one fall asleep but to awaken. It is the music to the dawning of a humanity finally liberated of its nightmare." If Grisey did not anticipate his own death, he certainly anticipated our future, concluding, "I dare to hope that this lullaby is not one of those we will one day sing for the first human clones – when we will make them aware of the genetic and psychological violation they have been subjected to by a humanity desperately seeking fundamental taboos."

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

Jumalattaret

selected texts from the *Kalevala*

proem—opening invocation

Mieleni minun tekevi, aivoni ajattelevi
lähteäni laulamahan, saa'ani sanelemahan,
sukuvirttä suoltamahan, lajivirttä laulamahan.
Sanat suussani sulavat, puhe'et putoelevat,
kielelleni kerkiävät, hampahilleni hajoovat.
ylistykseksi jumalattaret!

mastered by impulsive desire, by a mighty inward urging, I am now ready for singing, ready to
begin the chanting in praise of the goddesses!

3. akka

Viel' on muitaki sanoja, ongelmoita oppimia:
there are other words of magic, incantations I have learned

4. louhi

siitti siivet sulkinensa
kuuhuen käsin tavoitti
made a pair of feathered wings, with her bare hands by her magic

7. tellervo

Keksi piirtämän kivessä, valemiiivan kalliossa.
secret sign drawn on the rock

8. ilmatar

Parempi olisi ollut ilman impenä eleä,
better had it been for me to have stayed the airy virgin

postlude

Ellös täältä ilman pääskö,
nousko, kuu, kumottamahan, pääskö, päivä, paistamahan,
kun en käyne päästämähän, itse tulle noutamahan
yhöksän orihin kanssa, yhen tamman kantamalla!

Moon of gold and Sun of silver,
Hide your faces in the caverns
Of Pohyola's dismal mountain;
Shine no more to gladden Northland,
Till I come to give ye freedom,

Drawn by coursers nine in number,
Sable coursers of one mother!

La mort de l'ange

De qui se doit
de mourir
comme ange

...
comme il se doit de mourir
comme un ange
je me dois
de mourir
moi même

il se doit son mourir
son ange de mourir
comme il s'est mort
comme un ange

D'après *Les heures de la nuit*
de Christian Guez Ricord

Death of the angel

By him who has the duty
to himself
to die as an angel

just as he has a duty to
himself to die like an angel
my duty is
to die
myself

he owes this death to himself
his angelic destiny is to die
just as he has departed
like an angel

After *The Hours of the Night*
by Christian Guez Ricord

La mort de la civilisation

n° 811 et 812:
(presque entièrement disparus)
n° 814: « Alors que tu reposes pour
l'éternité... »
n° 809: (détruit)
n° 868 et 869: (presque entièrement détruits)
n° 870 : « J'ai parcouru ...
j'ai été florissant ...
je fais une déploration ...
Le lumineux tombe
à l'intérieur de ... »
n° 961 et 963: (détruits)
n° 973 : « qui fait le tour du ciel ...
jusqu'aux confins du ciel ...
jusqu'à l'étendue des bras ...
Fais-moi un chemin de lumière,
laisse-moi passer ... »
n° 903: (détruit)
n° 1050: « formule pour être un dieu ...

D'après *les Sarcophages*
Egyptiens du moyen empire

Death of civilization

811 and 812:
(almost entirely disappeared)
814: "Now that you rest for
eternity"
809: (destroyed)
868 and 869: (almost entirely destroyed)
870: "I have travelled through ...
I have been prosperous ...
I make my lamentation ...
The Luminous falls
inside the..."
961 and 963 (destroyed)
973: "that makes the circuit of the sky ...
right to th borders of the sky ... right to
the arms' urthest reach ...
Make me a pass of light,
let me pass on ..."
903: (destroyed)
1050: "Formula for being a god..."

After the *Egyptian Sarcophagi*
of the Middle Empire

La mort de la voix

Dans le monde d'en bas,
l'écho en vain dérive.
Et se tait chez les morts.
La voix s'épand dans
l'ombre.

D'après *Erinna*

La mort de l'humanité

... Six jours et sept nuits,
Bourrasques, Pluies battantes
Ouragans et Déluge
Continuèrent de
Saccager la terre.
Le septième jours arrivé.
Tempête, Déluge et
Hécatombe cessèrent.
Après avoir distribué
leurs coups de hasard,
Comme une femme
dans le douleurs,
La Mer se calma
et s'immobilisa.

Je regardai alentour:
Le silence régnait!
Tous les hommes étaient
Retransformés en argile:-
Et la plaine liquide
Semblait une terrasse.
(Berceuse)
J'ouvris une fenêtre
Et le jour tomba
sur ma joue.
Je tombai à genoux, immobile,
Et pleurai ...
Je regardai l'horizon
de la mer, le monde ...

D'après *l'épopée de Gilgamesch*

Death of the Voice

In the world below,
the echo drifts in vain,
and fallen silent among the
dead. The voice spreads in
the shadow.

After *Erinna*

La mort de la civilisation

... For six days and seven nights,
Squalls, Pelting rains,
Hurricanes and Flood
Continued
to ravage the earth.
When the seventh day arrived,
Tempest, Flood
and Carnage ceased.
Having distributed
their random blows
Like a woman
in labour
The Sea calmed herself
into stillness.

I looked about:
Silence reigned!
All mankind had been
Returned to clay
And the flat liquid
Resembled a terrace.
(Berceuse)
I opened a window
And daylight fell on
my cheek.
I fell to my knees, immobile,
And wept ...
I looked at the sea's horizon,
the world ...

After *The Epic of Gilgamesh*



Sunday, June 9, 2019 | 8:00-9:00am

Zalk Theater

Music Dawns

CATHERINE LAMB

String Quartet (U.S. premiere)

JACK Quartet



Special thanks
for underwriting support
of the JACK Quartet:

Carolyn and Jamie Bennett

This is a ticketed event.
Please inquire at the Festival Box Office
or purchase at the door

There is no late seating for this concert

ZALK THEATER
BESANT HILL SCHOOL
8585 OJAI SANTA PAULA ROAD

Catherine Lamb (b. 1982)
String Quartet (2009)

... as though a tone were a being

Perhaps one can change the rituals; perhaps it is possible to try to wake up the ear. To wake up the ear, the eyes, human thinking, intelligence, the most exposed inwardness.

—Luigi Nono

Three excerpts from Catherine Lamb's essay "The Interaction of Tone":

Interaction

Tonal spectrums fan one another, bleed, or create a wash. I layer them in space, through a clear form, intuitively and freely. A tone exists in the world. Elements cross. The world alters its state and our ears alter its opening.

Movement/Being

In a moment, the shades of a tone coalesce with others – the tone that opens into others, the tone that shifts and holds, the tone that splits into two. Tones becoming a wash – (perhaps color exchanges in the wash, passing). Tone and timbre as separated or as combined elements; becoming an area, within a space. The space fills with a few tones and their spectrums. The motion that moves the sound, the wave that moves in the air – our perception of that wave as it is in the air. (Where it moves to, how it is, what it becomes).

Reflection

Grey is distinct portions of enmeshing, as a tone may never be completely separate from another. I may search for distinct vibrational "beings," and yet the combination may sound as another variant of grey. It is within the chaos of the world one attempts to distinguish one portion from another and call it a name. Through elemental, relational layering, we begin to listen to the reality of the world, more closely, more intimately. Through that intimate space there is transformation.

Sound, color, timbre, spectral relationships are the substance of Catherine Lamb's compositional world, a world of transitions in which sound becomes color, color space, and all elements interact. These preoccupations have led her on a path of deep discovery – of the mysteries within each tone, within herself, and within the very nature of human perception. Her music – this string quartet – does not lend itself to descriptive narratives, to erecting signposts of *what* to listen for. Better to ask *how* to listen.

Lamb began composing around the age of 11 but, despite formal instrumental training, was largely self-taught as a composer. In an interview in the journal *Sound American* she recalls:

As a teenager I was very inspired by the multiplicities of colors while playing interval exercises on my viola, but it was much later that I was able to begin to *name* particular relationships. Only after I was inspired to go to India when I was 21 did musical harmony begin to deconstruct much further for me. Either my ears were opened or my worldview was opened.

At CalArts James Tenney introduced Lamb to the writing of the German physicist Hermann Helmholtz (1821-1894), whose *On the Sensations of Tone as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music* was a pioneering work on acoustic and aesthetic theory.

It was the simple act of being asked to read Helmholtz that completely altered my perception of everything

CONTINUED ►►

... AS THOUGH A TONE WERE A BEING

around me. *Everything* sounded different after that point because I was actually altering the filters in my listening brain and focusing on interacting spectra in everyday machines. Hearing a thousand tanpuras constantly everywhere, I had a total psychedelic experience without any kind of ingested or mind-altering substance other than newfound knowledge of what was always there and knowing that it would be impossible to ever perceive it in totality.

This shift in perception transformed Lamb's compositional process, including her notation. Instead of pitches her scores now often consist of numbers, ratios that define spectral relationships. Schoenberg's revolution was predicated on retaining 12-note equal temperament. For Lamb the premises have changed:

... my musical life, my focus and filters have shifted such that musical constructs and language mean

something different to me now. I would fail horribly at a music theory exam, because I can't imagine how to think in such a language anymore. When I compose, I am most often composing with numbers.... Simply speaking, 1/2/3 takes the place of A/B/C.

The challenges of Lamb's music rest less in its technical difficulty or the use of extended techniques. It goes far beyond the use of different tunings or microtonal inflection. It is a radical re-conception of traditional notions of time and harmonic space:

Sometimes it feels like a battle; almost anytime I have a piece realized, I must confront the harmonic pedagogical system and from that space defend my own position, which is sometimes met with surprising hostility! I'm finding that even though there is a deep history of composers working with intonation systems other than the contemporary standard one, and

there are many contemporary and younger composers interested in thinking on their own terms outside of it, musical training is still quite limited, harmonically speaking.

Drawing on Tenney's teaching, Lamb began to see harmony as "multi-dimensional" rather than "vertical," to develop what she calls "a new generation of material":

I think I have always felt free while composing; whether or not you could call the work I am doing linear or non-linear, planer, geometric, or otherwise dimensional, music is always, in basic terms, regarding experiences in time and space, which I find infinitely inspiring and reflective of the human condition.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY



Sunday, June 9, 2019 | 11:00am-1:15pm

Libbey Bowl

PART I 11:00-11:45am

WILLIAM WALTON

Façade – An Entertainment

Fanfare (Instrumental)
 Hornpipe
 En Famille
 Mariner Man
 Long Steel Grass (Trio for Two Cats and a Trombone)
 Through Gilded Trellises (from *The Sleeping Beauty*)
 Tango-Pasodoble (I do like to be beside the Seaside)
 Lullaby for Jumbo
 Black Mrs Behemoth
 Tarantella
 A Man from a far Country (from *The Sleeping Beauty*)
 By the Lake
 Country Dance
 Polka
 Four in the Morning
 Something lies beyond the Scene
 Waltz
 Swiss Jodelling Song
 Scotch Rhapsody
 Popular Song
 Fox Trot (Old Sir Faulk)
 When Sir Beelzebub

Ingrid Geerlings *LUDWIG* flute

Bart de Kater *LUDWIG* clarinet

Lars Niederstrasser *LUDWIG* saxophone

Sven Berkelmans *LUDWIG* trumpet

Niels Meliefste *LUDWIG* percussion

Charles Watt *LUDWIG* cello

Barbara Hannigan *conductor and speaker*

Additional speakers include:

Fleur Barron, Yannis François, Edo Frenkel, Kate Howden,

Antoin Herrera-Lopez Kessel, Aphrodite Patoulidou,

Steven Schick, Elgan Llyr Thomas, James Way, plus a few surprises

BREAK

PART II 12:15-1:15pm

TERRY RILEY

In C

Festival artists

Special thanks
for underwriting support:

Ojai Festival Women's Committee

Concert Insights:
Host Christopher Hailey
with Thomas W. Morris
10:00am at the Libbey Park
tennis courts

After the concert, chat with
Festival artists at the outdoor
Green Room in the Park, located
in the front of the Box Office

William Walton (1902-83)

Façade – An Entertainment (1922-23; rev. 1951)

Terry Riley (b. 1935)

In C (1964)

Notes From the Attic

I am not eccentric. It's just that I am more alive than most people.

—Edith Sitwell

You can get away with a lot when you're taken under a wing. The wing that sheltered the 19-year-old William Walton belonged to Sacheverell Sitwell, who brought his protégé, whom he had met at Oxford, to London and lodged him in the attic of the family home in Chelsea. That home was the site of one of the most celebrated literary salons of the 1920s where Sacheverell, together with brother Osbert and sister Edith, scions of a distinguished family of minor nobility, enjoyed notoriety for their publicity-seeking flamboyance. Through them Walton met a number of cultural celebrities, including Sergei Diaghilev, Igor Stravinsky, Arnold Schoenberg, and George Gershwin, and eventually became one himself.

In 1921 Edith, a gifted if decidedly unconventional poet, asked Walton to provide musical accompaniments to

poems she published under the title *Façade*. The poems often bordered on nonsense, but were meticulously constructed and rife with topical insight. Many had musical titles such as "Lullaby for Jumbo," "Trio for Two Cats and a Trombone," "Fox Trot," "Jodelling Song," and "Hornpipe" and Walton's score exploits every opportunity for allusions to and quotations from folk songs, popular tunes, dance styles, national idioms, and even snippets from Rossini's *William Tell* overture. Some of his musical sources are treated with loving care; others are wicked parodies that are sent through the wringer of rhythmic and harmonic distortion.

Façade – An Entertainment, first performed in the Sitwell home in 1922, featured Edith Sitwell hidden behind a decorative screen reciting her poems through a megaphone. The 1922 public premiere, again with Edith and her

megaphone, was a *succès de scandale* – a true Sitwell extravaganza. Virginia Woolf was there, as was Evelyn Waugh. The audience booed with abandon and critics were merciless, describing the event as a joke, an affront, and a waste of time, an assessment with which Noel Coward, who walked out of the performance, seems to have agreed (he wrote his own parody of the event). But *Façade* survived, and its afterlife has included incarnation as a ballet (without the poems), arrangement into two orchestral suites, and numerous performing versions with varying selections of poems, accompanied by ensembles of variable sizes.

This Ojai performance follows the published version of 1951.

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All Together Now

But first, some rules. Here are 53 melodic patterns of varying lengths. Repeat each pattern a few times and then move on. No conductor, just a steady eighth-note pulse of high C's. Any number of instruments (or vocalists) can play. That's it, basically.

Except there's more.

You are free to transpose patterns up or down an octave, augment rhythmic values, even drop out and take a rest. Feel free to move together from soft to loud and back, to align and offset patterns, create canons or polyrhythms, and every now and then come together in unison. Just try to stay within two or three patterns of each other, not getting too far ahead or lagging behind. When you drop out, pay attention to the accents and periodic patterns; when you re-enter, find your place in the flow. And at the end, when you reach figure 53, simply vamp until everybody else catches up. Then, all together, crescendo and diminuendo a few times and drop out whenever you're ready.

There you have it, *In C*, the first minimalist piece. Its gradually shifting repetitive patterns influenced generations of minimalist and process composers,

including Steve Reich, Philip Glass, and John Adams. In fact, Reich (along with Pauline Oliveros and Morton Subotnick) was among the performers at the work's premiere at the San Francisco Tape Music Center (it was Reich who had suggested the steady pulse of C's). Riley never thought of this music as "minimalist"; to him it was psychedelic (this was San Francisco, after all), not repetition and process but mind expansion. Oliveros has described the experience as "a cloud of birds tacking the sky with unplanned unanimity" and Michael Tilson Thomas, who did it a few years later at Tanglewood, said it was like being "inside some kind of big improvisation." The loose, improvisational feel of *In C* comes from jazz, a major influence on Riley's music, and, as in jazz, freedom and improvisation are based on listening, on fitting your piece into the larger puzzle. Performing *In C* requires what Riley called "developing a group dynamic."

Back in 1964, Riley originally called *In C* "The Global Village for Symphonic Pieces." Not a great title, you'll admit, but the "global" and "village" bits suggest why this piece has had such wide resonance. Riley has recalled that the first performances

of *In C* were "big communal events where a lot of people would come out and sometimes listen or dance to the music because the music would get quite ecstatic with all these repeated patterns." This is what John Adams was getting at when he said that with *In C* "the pleasure principle had been invited back into the listening experience." Each performance of *In C* creates its own blissful global village. It's a festive ritual, a celebratory group experience. This was perhaps the newest, most radical aspect of Riley's piece, not its repetitions or its "in C-ness," which many read as a slap in face of all doctrinaire serialists. Tonality forever! In fact, the piece isn't really in C at all, since its open-ended modal patterns hint at E and G, as well. But that tonal transparency, those interlocking patterns, were something identifiable, something we could follow, and something that re-imagined both composition and the concert experience. Riley, incidentally, also upset all notions of creative ownership when he published the *In C* score and its instructions on the first LP recording. So much for copyright. But why not? It's perfectly in keeping with what Riley calls the "community idea" of music.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY



Sunday, June 9, 2019 | 4:30-6:30pm

Libbey Bowl

IGOR STRAVINSKY

Pulcinella

1. Overture: Allegro moderato
2. Serenata: Larghetto: "Mentre l'erbetta pasce l'agnella" (tenor)
3. Scherzino: Allegro
4. Poco più vivo
5. Allegro
6. Andantino
7. Allegro
8. Ancora poco meno: "Contento forse vivere" (soprano)
9. Allegro assai
10. Allegro – Alla breve: "Con queste paroline" (bass)
11. Andante: "Sento dire non c'è pace" (soprano, tenor and bass)
12. Allegro: "Chi disse cà la femmena" (tenor)
13. Presto: "Ncè stà quaccuna pò" (soprano and tenor) /
"Una te fallan zemprecce" (tenor)
14. Allegro – Alla breve
15. Tarantella
16. Andantino: "Se tu m'ami" (soprano)
17. Allegro
18. Gavotta con due variazioni
19. Vivo
20. Tempo di minuetto: "Pupillette, fiammette d'amore"
(soprano, tenor and bass)
21. Finale: Allegro assai

Kate Howden *mezzo-soprano*

James Way *tenor*

Antoin Herrera-Lopez Kessel *bass*

LUDWIG

Barbara Hannigan *conductor*

INTERMISSION

JOSEPH HAYDN

Symphony No. 49 "La Passione"

Adagio

Allegro di molto

Minuet and Trio

Presto

LUDWIG

Barbara Hannigan *conductor*

Girl Crazy Suite (arr. Bill Elliott)

LUDWIG

Edo Frenkel *piano and celeste*

Barbara Hannigan *conductor and soprano*

GEORGE GERSHWIN

Special thanks
for underwriting support:

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Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

Pulcinella (1920)

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Symphony No. 49 "La Passione" (1768)

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

Girl Crazy (1930); suite arr. Bill Elliott (2016)

I Got Music

Haydn never contested his paternity. "Papa" planted seeds aplenty, but in ground he tilled, toiled, and harvested himself. Moreover, he provided the offspring of his fecund creative imagination with generous child support, annuities he called the sonata, symphony, and string quartet.

Haydn's DNA is embedded in the musical language of the later 18th century, a language, as Charles Rosen has written, of extraordinary "coherence, power, and richness of allusion." It was nothing short of a revolution, a new way of hearing and organizing musical material. But revolutions don't happen overnight. They are gradual, prepared by ideas and practices that slowly coalesce around a body of work that is rarely, if ever, that of a single individual. Nonetheless, in the course of one long life, Haydn witnessed and contributed to virtually every stage of forming what we know as the Classical Style.

Haydn's Symphony No. 49, composed in 1768, exemplifies that process in which

old and new huddle together at the threshold of change. The orchestration is conventional and the structure, with its opening slow movement, harkens back to the 17th-century church sonata. The content, however, is new. Its tonality – F minor throughout – establishes an ominous tone that is combined with unprecedented emotional turbulence: dynamic extremes, dramatic melodic leaps, unexpected accents and silences, agitated string *tremolandi*. One is tempted to regard this as Romanticism *avant la lettre*, but it was very much a phenomenon of the 1760s and '70s, as evident in literature as in music (Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther* of 1774 comes to mind). Indeed, this period took its name from a 1777 play by Maximilian Klingler: *Sturm und Drang* (Storm and Stress). In "La Passione" (the title was given much later) these aspects are most evident in the brooding Adagio and the tempestuous Allegro and Presto finale (the minuet, though somber, is more traditional, its trio downright genial). The *Sturm und Drang* moment passed, but what remained, at least in music, was a new capacity for channeling such unruly

Who could ask for anything more?

—Ira Gershwin

passion into a balanced style. Charles Rosen again:

Not until Haydn and Mozart, separately and together, created a style in which a dramatic effect seemed at once surprising and logically motivated, in which the expressive and the elegant could join hands, did the classical style come into being.

Vienna's Classical Style and its attendant forms persisted into the 20th century but its legacies had become attenuated, first through cliché, later by distension. Haydn's inheritance was threatened by an inflation of scale, means, and meaning. Ever-larger orchestras, ever-longer works freighted with literary and philosophical ballast, and tonality – the foundation of the style – stretched to the breaking point by chromaticism. It is easy to regard the eruptions of the early 20th century, atonality, rhythmic ferocity – *Pierrot lunaire*, *Le Sacre du Printemps* – as attempts to break the logjam, just as many hailed the Great War as the necessary end of an oppressive peace. The reaction that

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I GOT MUSIC

followed this ghastly carnage likewise has its logical – or at least psychologically plausible – explanation: away with Wagner, hothouse Romanticism, and the excrescences of the long 19th century. Back to 18th century, to balance and clarity.

Neoclassicism, like Haydn's Classical Style, was not an overnight phenomenon. The gavottes and minuets of the 19th century are legion, but that was costume-ball nostalgia. Neoclassicism was something else, a new way of hearing that filtered flirtation with the past through the prism of contemporary idioms.

Pulcinella is a *commedia dell'arte* ballet interspersed with songs. It is not, of course, an homage to Viennese Classicism; its models are not Haydn and Mozart, but Pergolesi (or at least what Stravinsky believed was Pergolesi):

I knew that I could not produce a "forgery" of Pergolesi because my motor habits are so different; at best, I could repeat him in my own accent. That the result was to some extent a satire was probably inevitable – who could have treated that material in 1919 without satire? – but even this observation is hindsight.... A stylish orchestration was what Diaghilev wanted, and nothing more; my music so shocked him that he went about for a long time with a look that suggests "The Offended Eighteenth Century."

What Stravinsky achieved in this collision with 18th century was in some senses a continuation of the witty and lucid textures of his recent works, including *L'Histoire du soldat*. He certainly didn't intend to reinstate the past, but rather to create in its echo new perspectives for the present. The music is not Stravinsky's, but its freshness and vigor are, qualities that would nourish his musical imagination for the next three decades.

Neoclassicism was an international phenomenon, as popular in America as it was in Europe. But when Stravinsky arrived on these shores, he was confronted by another musical culture that had its roots not in 18th-century Austria or Italy but in the rich *mélange* of contemporary American experience – new energies of jazz, Tin Pan Alley, and Broadway theater; in short, the world of George Gershwin. *Girl Crazy*, premiered in 1930, featured an all-star cast that included Ethel Merman and Ginger Rogers, and a pit orchestra teeming with such luminaries as Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, and Jack Teagarden. Bill Elliott's *Girl Crazy* Suite enfolds the show's hits – "But Not for Me," "Embraceable You," and "I Got Rhythm" – in a series of droll arrangements that extend from gauzy impressionism to brassy Broadway swagger.

Stravinsky admired Gershwin, as did Schoenberg. They recognized a colleague who knew as well as they how to make the present exist. As Schoenberg once wrote of his friend: "He is a composer – that is, a man who lives in music and expresses everything, serious or not, sound or superficial, by means of music, because it is his native language." Schoenberg and Stravinsky, and for that matter Haydn, all lived long enough to know that style is mutable, that language evolves. That music, like Heraclitus' river, is in constant flux, a medium for ever-widening arcs of creative expression that both reflect and challenge existing modes of perception. And with their colleague George Gershwin, they knew, too, that music, to thrive, must always be about the joyous urgency of now.

—CHRISTOPHER HAILEY

Igor Stravinsky *Pulcinella*

2. tenor

Mentre l'erbetta
pasce l'agnella,
sola, soletta
la pastorella
tra fresche frasche
per la foresta
cantando va.

While the lamb grazes
on the fresh grass,
the shepherdess,
all alone
amid the leafy groves,
goes singing
through the wood.

8. soprano

Contento forse vivere
nel mio martir potrei,
se mai potessi credere
che, ancor lontan, tu sei
fedele all'amor mio,
fedele a questo cor.

Perhaps I might live
content in my torment
if I could but believe
that, though far away,
you were faithful to my love,
faithful to this heart.

10. bass

Con queste paroline
così saporitine
il cor voi mi scippate
dalla profondità.
Bella, restate quà,
che se più dite appresso
io certo morirò.
Così saporitine
con queste paroline
il cor voi mi scippate,
morirò, morirò.

With such delightful
sweet words as these
you tear out my heart
from its very roots.
Fair one, stay here,
for if you speak on
I shall certainly die.
With such delightful
sweet words as these
you tear out my heart;
I shall die, I shall die.

11. soprano, tenor, and bass

Sento dire non c'è pace.
Sento dire non c'è cor,
ma chiù pe'tte, no, no
no'ncè pace chiù pe'tte.

I hear it said there's no peace,
I hear it said there's no heart;
for you, alas, no, never,
there's no more peace.

12. tenor

Chi disse cà la femmena
Sa cchiù de farfariello
disse la verità, disse la verità.

He who says that a woman
is more wily than the devil
speaks the truth, the very truth.

Duet

13. soprano and tenor

Ncè stà quaccuna pò
che a nullo vuole bene
è à ciento frisco tene
schitto pe scorcò glià,
è à tant' antre malizie
chi mai le pò conta.

There are some women
who love no one
and keep a hundred on a string,
openly deceiving them all,
and up to so many tricks,
so many, many tricks,
that no one could count them.

13. tenor

Una te fallan zemprecece
ed è maleziosa
n'antra fa la schefosa
e bò lo maritiello,
ncè stà quaccuna pò
che a nullo ude tene
chia chillo ten'ancora
è à chisto fegne ammore
è cionton frisco tene schitto
pe scorcò glià
è tante antre malizie
chi mai le pò contà

One feigns innocence
yet is cunning,
another acts hard to please
yet longs for husband.
There are some, too,
who love no one – listen to me –
who hold on tight to one man
and make eyes at another,
and keep a hundred on a string,
openly deceiving them all,
and up to so many, many tricks
that no one could count them.

16. soprano

Se tu m'ami, se tu sospiri
sol per me, gentil pastor,
ho dolor de' tuoi martiri, ho
diletto del tuo amor,
ma se pensi che soletto
io ti debba riamar,
pastorello, sei soggetto
facilmente a t'ingannar.
Bella rosa porporina
oggi Silvia sceglierà,
con la scusa della spina
doman poi la sprezzerà.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio
io per me non seguirò.
Non perchè mi piace il giglio
gli altri fiori sprezzero.

If you love me, if for me alone
you sigh, gentle shepherd,
I grieve for your suffering,
I delight in your love.
But if you think that in return
I should love you alone,
dear shepherd, you're likely
to be easily proved wrong.
Today Sylvia may select
a beautiful crimson rose,
but tomorrow will spurn it
on the pretext of a thorn.
But, for my part,
I won't follow men's advice:
just because I like the lily
I won't scorn other flowers.

20. soprano, tenor, and bass

Pupillette, fiammette d'amore,
per voi il core struggendo si va.

Fair eyes, sparkling with love,
for you my heart languishes.