



# LA International New Music Festival 2013



LA International New Music Festival 2013  
January 26, February 2 & 23, March 2, 2013  
The Colburn School at 8 pm  
Presented by Southwest Chamber Music

# Composers



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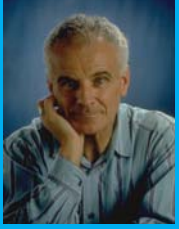
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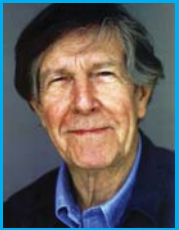
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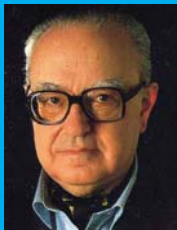
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## LA International New Music Festival

Welcome to the 2013 *LA International New Music Festival*. Celebrating the 25th anniversary of Southwest Chamber Music, the inaugural *LAINMF* was held in May of 2012. The ensemble received such tremendous response from many composers for its Silver Anniversary commissions that conceptualizing a new endeavor became self evident – there were more pieces than we could produce in one season, suggesting a vivid continuity that would augment our ongoing endeavors with Asia, Latin America and Europe. After years of experience and achievement, the *LAINMF* was launched with its next installment embedded from the beginning.

In 25 years of programming concerts the most often asked question I receive is “How do you select the pieces for each season?” This is a good question, and when new music, and in particular world premieres, are put into the recipe, one confronts many practical unknowns. What will the level of difficulty be? How long is the final piece? How does a particular work interact with commitments to other composers? How should the works be positioned in the total experience of an evening of music?

I view my responsibility in creating concert programs as a balancing act between continuity and change. As primary a concern as practical considerations are, I don't rely on them as the sole arbiters of my decision making process. To reach final decisions with the programs I create I also trust outside influences, often in idiosyncratic and non-musical ways. Though our outstanding commissions from Unsuk Chin, Lei Liang, Charles Wuorinen, Anne LeBaron and Roger Reynolds plus a recording commitment to Gabriela Ortiz and FONCA in Mexico City were given entities, the shape and contours of this particular 2013 *LAINMF* Festival came from two works of literature.

I was browsing in Stories Book Store in Echo Park soon after the death of Carlos Fuentes. To my surprise there was a used copy of his masterpiece, *Terra Nostra*, on the shelf. I'd seen the book before and felt that in homage to his passing it was time for me to jump into its 778 pages – at \$7.50, purchasing the book was self evident. Fuentes is that rare author whose writing simultaneously creates a narrative suspense worthy of Alfred Hitchcock combined with an integrity of content revealing transformative new points of view. Divided into three parts, *The Old World*, *The New World*, and

## By Jeff von der Schmidt Artistic Director

*The Next World*, I realized I had found a sweeping testament to the issues that confront the Americas with Europe. The long term resonance with Southwest's continuing success with Mexico and its composers, performing artists and presenters made *Terra Nostra* a personal *idée fixe* of my programming the 2013 *LAINMF*.

And with my fingers crossed, I hope the interested reader will be puzzled by my using a French phrase in reference to the influence of this majestic book by Mexico's Carlos Fuentes. But first I need to return to my lode star responsibility of balancing continuity and change. As the 21st century gets going in earnest, the world of new music is, like everything else, going through a period of healthy transition. Numerous compass-point composers of influence to my generation – John Cage, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Alberto Ginastera, Toru Takemitsu and just recently, Hans Werner Henze and Elliott Carter – have passed away. But by no means do they find themselves regularly programmed in any relation to the cultural endowment we've received from their music. For me this situation is evidence of a musical jet lag shared by audiences, some musicians and most performing organizations.

*Terra Nostra* begins with a futuristic chapter where the Seine in Paris is a boiling cauldron of a river, disturbing the passage of time itself and confusing all of the customs of European France. The author of influence on Fuentes' masterpiece had, like Fuentes, lived in Paris. The man in question archetypically still hovers over many of the ideas that shape our daily life. As people become more connected, as air travel facilitates ever new waves of global immigration, as the concepts of language and spelling are being strongly questioned by text messaging and search engine surfing, there looms a gigantic wandering author over it all. By day he is *Ulysses* as Bloom, by night Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker. The author coming into view is Yes, Here Comes Everybody, James Joyce.

As luck would have it, John Cage was an avid Joycean. Southwest has a measurable devotion to the music of this Los Angeles favorite son – we have more works of Cage in our repertory than probably any other ensemble in the nation. For good measure, Cage and I were both born at Good Samaritan Hospital, not far from our location here at the Colburn School on Grand Avenue. As I studied his complete works, there was one

major late piece speaking to me. He had written a tour-de-force intended for his 80th birthday, *Muoyce II: A Writing Through "Ulysses"* that he was never to perform. He passed away on August 12, 1992 before his September 5 birthday and the scheduled world premiere in Germany. Compressing the eighteen episodes of Joyce's novel into one hour, *Muoyce II* is accompanied by six CDs of random traffic sounds. And so my important re-reading of Joyce's *Ulysses* mirrored *Terra Nostra* by Fuentes, who modeled his book on Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* (and heaven help the speaker of Cage's *Muoyce* should s/he not be closely familiar with Joyce's nocturnal masterpiece!).

How did these two books, *Terra Nostra* by Fuentes and *Ulysses* by Joyce, impact my programs?

The answer is that Joyce from the Old World and Fuentes from the New World confirmed my belief that the common sense skeleton key opening the musical door forward is best served by a celebration worthy of our dizzying cultural simultaneities. I firmly believe that the general population does not pay strict attention to the artist – if it did, we'd be in a much better world! But what I do think the artist accomplishes, from one generation to the next, is to create ideas that will eventually become accepted. Joyce was a *raconteur* who liked to wear tennis shoes and lived with his girl friend, unmarried, for years. Before we discuss his books, are any eyebrows raised by these personal habits in 2013?

British historian Michael Wood might well be on to something when he states that the short heyday of the West is coming to a close and, echoing Alexander the Great, we find ourselves still fighting, literally and figuratively, with Darius of Persia. The ancient civilizations of China and India, the maturing reconciliation between pre- and post-Columbian cultures in Central and South America, and the return of Africa to the influential era of the Queen of Sheba are creating a new global balance. The West needs new internal momentum and new external strategies with these past acquaintances. As we search for a reset button up to the task of comprehending our interconnected world, the cultural amnesia Cage and Boulez dreamed of in the post war era is now at hand. The worlds of music and culture are the background driver of these global changes, as they will eventually overtake the loud

but ultimately transitory foreground noise of demographics, economics and politics. So it seems to me. As Elliott Carter once told me – it is usually the little voice that wins out in the end. Therefore the *raison d'être* of my 2013 *LAINMF* programs are to balance and sustain the continuity of change – embracing the still new sounds from Cage, Stockhausen, Carter, Henze, Chávez, Take-mitsu or Ginastera as they guide my traveler's curiosity from a now interconnected world with new music from Venezuela, South Korea, China, England, Mexico, California and beyond.

– Jeff von der Schmidt



## CONCERT PREVIEW BEGINS AT 7 PM

### Bryce

Larry Kaplan, *flute*  
David Johnson & Dave Gerhart, *percussion*  
Alison Bjorkedal & Allison Allport, *harps*  
Jeff von der Schmidt, *conductor*

**Toru Takemitsu**  
(1930-1996)

### Listening to Blossoms (World Premiere)

*Commissioned for the 25th anniversary of Southwest Chamber Music  
by The James Irvine Foundation*

Larry Kaplan, *flute*, Alison Bjorkedal, *harp*  
Ming Tsu, *piano*, Shalini Vijayan, *violin*  
Luke Maurer, *viola*, Tom Peters, *double bass*  
Jeff von der Schmidt, *conductor*

**Lei Liang**  
(b. 1972)

### Luimen (West Coast Premiere)

Tony Ellis, *trumpet*, Al Veeh, *trombone*  
Alison Bjorkedal, *harp*, Hans Wesseling, *mandolin*  
Helenus de Rijke, *guitar*, Dave Gerhart, *vibraphone*  
Jeff von der Schmidt, *conductor*

**Elliott Carter**  
(1908-2012)

## INTERMISSION

### Oratorio Profano (U.S. Premiere)

*Hombre Demonio*  
*Ángel Icaro*  
*Dúo*  
*Ángel Icaro*  
*Dúo*  
*Dúo*  
*Final*

Laura Mercado Wright, *mezzo soprano*, Abdiel Gonzalez, *baritone*  
Larry Kaplan, *flute*, Alison Bjorkedal, *harp*  
Helenus de Rijke, *guitar*, David Johnson, *percussion*  
Jeff von der Schmidt, *conductor*

**Adina Izarra**  
(b. 1959)

### cosmigimmicks (U.S. Premiere)

*Shadow Play*  
*Quad*  
*Thall (Masque)*

Tony Ellis, *trumpet*, David Johnson, *percussion*  
Helenus de Rijke, *guitar*, Hans Wesseling, *mandolin*  
Alison Bjorkedal, *harp*, Ming Tsu, *piano*, Shalini Vijayan, *violin*  
Jeff von der Schmidt, *conductor*

**Unsuk Chin**  
(b. 1961)

Artist bios may be found at [www.swmusic.org](http://www.swmusic.org)

The LA International New Music Festival is funded through the generosity of the National Endowment for the Arts, The James Irvine Foundation, the Clarence E. Heller Charitable Foundation, Aaron Copland Fund for Music, Department of Cultural Affairs - City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles County Arts Commission, and the Schoenberg Family Charitable Fund.

**Bryce by Toru Takemitsu**

*Bryce* was composed for Bryce Engleman, a flutist whose father Robin is a member of the Canadian percussion ensemble Nexus, which commissioned Takemitsu for *From Me Flows What You Call Time*. As with many other of his works Takemitsu generates a cryptic motive, in this case from the German nomenclature of B flat (simply 'B' in German), C and E. With their close quarter tone neighbors, these pitches symbolize the name Bryce. The music is slow, meditative and calligraphic in its syntax. My good friend Oliver Knussen has pointed out that though every note of a score by Takemitsu can be reconciled in Western musical vocabulary, how the music is conceptualized is thoroughly Asian and exclusively Japanese.

— Jeff von der Schmidt

**Listening for Blossoms by Lei Liang**

The sound of blossoms is a theme in both Chinese and Japanese traditional poetry, and it arose as part of the Taoist and Buddhist practices of meditation. If one contemplates in complete stillness, one can hear the blossoms. This piece was also inspired by the idea of layering surfaces as well as an ambiguous and subtle world of time found in these poetic texts.

*Listening for Blossoms* was jointly commissioned by the James Irvine Foundation for the 25th anniversary of Southwest Chamber Music and Cicada Chamber Players in New York City. It was begun while I was in residence at Copland House, Cortlandt Manor, NY, as a recipient of the Aaron Copland Award, and was completed at the American Academy in Rome in September 2011.

— Lei Liang

**Luimen by Elliott Carter**

For a number of years I had been thinking of writing a piece based on the sound of plucked instruments like the mandolin, guitar, and harp, so when the Nieuw Ensemble asked me for a piece I realized that this group had excellent players of these three instruments to which I added trumpet, trombone and vibraphone, and composed a one movement fantasy whose title was chosen by the Ensemble (meaning 'moods'). The score opens with a fast movement during which the mandolin picks out a line of short notes. A guitar solo accompanied by the group follows and the work concludes with a coda for the sextet. The music was composed during the early summer of 1997 in Southbury, Connecticut.

— Elliott Carter

**Oratoria Profano by Adina Izzarra**

Written in 1997 on texts by Fernando Fernández, Venezuelan writer, *Oratoria Profano* was commissioned by the Simón Bolívar University for its anniversary and was conceived to accompany an exposition of works by Felipe Herrera (Venezuelan painter, b.1947), based on themes of heaven and hell, Icarus and fallen angels. The exposition included also a lot about time and clocks. It is based on a deconstruction of *Dido's Lament* by Henry Purcell. The Lament itself appears towards the end of the work. The baritone is an angel and the *soprano* a devil. During its first performance both singers wore makeup allusive to their characters and stood on an altar designed by Herrera. The work was first performed at the Central Library, Simón Bolívar University, in January 1998.

— Adina Izzarra

**cosmigimmicks by Unsuk Chin**

Immediately upon receiving this commission from the Nieuw Ensemble, Southwest Chamber Music and the Wittener Tage für Neue Kammermusik, I thought about composing a work related to pantomime. I was especially inspired by the unique instrumental structure of the Nieuw Ensemble - in the imaginary theatre of *cosmigimmicks*, plucked instruments (guitar, mandolin and harp) play the main roles, while the other instruments (prepared piano, violin, trumpet and percussion) disguise themselves in order to join in a play of masques and mimicry. Frequently, all instruments meld into a single 'super-instrument': both the pianist and the violinist imitate the plucked instruments, the former by means of preparation, the latter by employing unusual playing techniques; last but not least, the array of percussion instruments is employed to attain the greatest possible symbiosis of sound with the other instruments. The overall timbre of the piece is metallic and highly fragile.

This unusual tonal character of the instrumentation called forth structural, harmonic and rhythmical ideas as well, all of them linked to the notion of musical pantomime. Why pantomime? What especially fascinates me is a good mime's ability to incisively sum up archetypes and whole life stories in a few gestures without having to be concerned about linear time or plain narrative. At best, pantomime is able to embrace both the sublime and the low in an often baffling mixture of ritual and nonsense, of street and high art, of madness and contemplation, of the tragic and the roughly comical.

Pantomime stems from a time in which man did not yet speak, and has ever since appeared in a great variety of forms. There exist Asian traditions of mime which tend to be extremely formalized

and highly complex. In Europe, the art of pantomime, which was often frowned upon by church and the powers that be, had been a strong undercurrent in the history of theatre since the Ancient Greeks: as Martin Esslin has pointed out, there exists a congeniality of expression between phenomena as diverse as the Commedia dell'arte, Shakespeare's fools, the masters of the silent film and the Theatre of the Absurd.

However, in *cosmigimmicks* I was not at all keen to mapping the history of the pantomime. Instead, I chose to concentrate on three scenes important for me. These scenes are not narratives, but rather object-like impressions which have been expanded into musical time, and which frequently possess a feverish monotony.

The first movement, *Shadow Play*, is not related to pantomime at all, but to shadow puppetry. It starts with mere noise, of which tones and harmonies gradually emerge. The musical gestures are shadowlike; figures appear and disappear as quickly as a flash. These gestures are enigmatic, impalpable and unpredictable like Kafka's *Odradek*. Spatial and textural contrasts (between far and near, and between blurry and clear) are explored. The music is frequently between the border of noise and sound, as if zooming the gestures in and out. In the course of the movement, the music gets more and more complex, the extremely fast figures becoming in turn slower and more expanded.

The second movement, *Quad*, was inspired by Samuel Beckett's two homonymous TV plays (which are, in fact, 'geometrical pantomimes'). This is a strongly rhythmical scene, simple and regular, the pace-like movement being constantly accelerated by means of a kind of metric modulation. Each instrument is transformed here into a kind of percussion.

The last movement, titled *Thall*, is an homage to György Ligeti. The title is Korean and means 'mask'. The guitar is at the centre of this movement, playing a quasi-melody consisting of a few microtones, which is repeated time and again. In accordance with the changing harmonies of the other instruments, this 'melody' changes, similar to a transformation of a mime's facial expression (a little bit like Marcel Marceau's *Le Fabricant de Masques*). The overall character of *Thall* is both slightly sentimental and macabre, describing the psyche of a torn person, the change of mental states being illustrated by means of alteration of the harmonic language.

Despite all mentioned references and stimuli, *cosmigimmicks* is highly abstract and subjective and certainly not literary program music. *cosmigimmicks* was commissioned by Susan Bienkowski and Wang Chung Lee for the 25th anniversary of Southwest Chamber Music.

— Unsuk Chin

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**Oratoria Profano by Adina Izarra**  
**Text by Fernando Fernández**

1. Hombre - demonio

El eterno me creó a su imagen  
 El eterno me creo a su semejanza  
 Disfruté del paraíso sin conciencia  
 Sufrí del ostracismo, ahora despierto serpiente.  
 Animal soy, de dientes afilados y saliva amarga  
 Me hundo hasta la lava profunda y ardiente de la tierra  
 Agonizo en lucha eterna y dura.

2. Ángel - Ícaro

El eterno me ha creado espíritu puro  
 Mis alas me elevan sobre la tierra  
 Y llego hasta el sol  
 Con su energía y poder combato y derroto bestias  
 De calaña infame.

3. Dúo

Mis alas de cóndor, mi cuerpo de aire, mis brazos de fuego  
 Combaten y destruyen al maldito  
 Ah! (clavo la lanza en el corazón del gran perro)  
 Sufro.  
 y lo arrojé al cráter de mis entrañas  
 Otra vez me retuerzo otra vez salto  
 (de mis músculos, de mis nervios desgarrados)  
 Levanto la cabeza y abrazo con fuerza la cabeza  
 De la lanza que parte mi corazón  
 Al cráter oscuro del infierno

4. Ángel - Ícaro

Victorioso vuelo hasta el padre sol  
 Nutriente alimento mi fuerza de su fuego,  
 Su fuego, su fuego ardiente  
 (Seré astro llameante, fuente de vida)

5. Dúo

Me planto con mis garras de uñas afiladas  
 Sobre la tierra bochornosa  
 Pierdo fuerza y me precipito  
 Como una piedra sin alma  
 Mis ojos centelleantes lloran por la luz  
 De las alturas  
 (Me precipito)  
 Me precipito sin el alma hasta el cráter  
 Luz que quema mi rostro denigrado  
 Cráter de lava profunda y ardiente  
 Caigo en el cráter de lava, lava profunda y ardiente  
 Ah! Mis alas se queman  
 (Quemadas parecen dos torres destruidas,  
 dos banderas sin viento)

6. Dúo

Abrazados luchamos con nuestra pesadez  
 Nos confundimos en un solo cuerpo sudoroso y marcado  
 Penetramos en la tierra derretida y llameante.  
 Ah! Somos carne y espíritu  
 Celda y pájaro; virtud y pecado  
 Ángeles caídos, hombres desterrados  
 (el peor castigo: no saber que el paraíso está dentro de nosotros  
 y no fuera)  
 El vuelo no está en las alas reside en el deseo, el paraíso interior  
 nuestras flaquezas  
 Y poderes.

7. Final

El eterno me creó a su imagen  
 El eterno me creó espíritu puro  
 Hombre, ángel, demonio; caigo y me levanto  
 Hombre soy, ángel soy  
 Desde la tierra miro las estrellas y me levanto.

1. Hombre - demonio

The eternal created me to his image  
 The eternal created me to his likeness  
 I enjoyed Paradise with no conscience  
 I suffered ostracism, now I wake up as serpent.  
 I am an animal, with sharp teeth and bitter saliva.  
 I sink towards the deep and burning lava of Earth  
 I agonize in an eternal and hard fight.

2. Ángel - Ícaro

The eternal has created me as a pure spirit  
 My wings rise me over the Earth  
 And I reach the sun  
 With its energy and power I fight and defeat beasts  
 Of infamous sort.

3. Dúo

My condor wings, my wind body, my arms of fire.  
 Fight and destroy the damned one.  
 Ah! (I pierce the heart of the big dog with my spear)  
 I suffer  
 And I throw him into the crater of my guts.  
 Once again I twist, I jump again  
 (from my muscles, from my torn apart nerves)  
 I raise my head and embrace with strength the head  
 Of the spear that breaks my heart  
 To the dark crater of hell

4. Ángel - Ícaro

Victorious I fly towards Father-sun  
 I feed on his fire for my strength  
 His fire, his burning fire  
 (I will be a radiant star, fountain of life)

5. Dúo

I stand on my paws of sharp claws  
 On the embarrassing Earth  
 I lose strength and I fall  
 Like a soulless stone  
 My bright eyes cry for the Light  
 Of the heights  
 (I fall)  
 I fall without soul towards the crater  
 Light that burns my denigrated face  
 Deep and burning lava crater  
 I fall in the crater of lava, deep and burning lava  
 Alas! My wings burn  
 (My burned wings look like two destroyed towers,  
 two flags without wind)

6. Dúo

Embraced we fight with our heaviness  
 We disappear within one and only sweaty body  
 Together we penetrate into the melted and burning Earth  
 Ah! We are flesh and spirit  
 Cage and bird, virtue and sin  
 Fallen angels, exiled men  
 (The worst punishment: Not knowing that Paradise is inside us  
 and not outside)  
 The flight is not within the wings, but in the desire, the interior  
 paradise of our weaknesses  
 And powers

7. Final

The eternal created me to his likeness  
 The eternal created me as pure spirit  
 Man, angel, demon, I fall and I raise  
 Man I am, angel I am  
 From Earth I look up to the stars and I stand up.



## CONCERT PREVIEW BEGINS AT 7 PM

### Lux in Tenebris

**Sir Peter Maxwell Davies**  
(b. 1934)

Tom Peters, *double bass*

### Farewell – A Fancye

**John Dowland**  
(1563-1626)  
(arr. Sir Peter Maxwell Davies)

Lisa Edelstein, *alto flute*, Jim Foschia, *clarinet*  
Ken McGrath, *marimba*, Phillip Bush, *piano*  
Kira Blumberg, *viola*, Peter Jacobson, *cello*  
Jeff von der Schmidt, *conductor*

### S. Biagio 9 Agosto Ore 1207

**Hans Werner Henze**  
(1926 – 2012)

Tom Peters, *double bass*

### Elegía (U.S. Premiere)

**Gabriela Ortiz**  
(b. 1964)

Elissa Johnston, Sharon Harms, Laura Mercado Wright & Ayana Haviv, *sopranos*  
Lisa Edelstein, *flute/piccolo/alto*, David Johnson, *timpani*  
Ken McGrath & Dave Gerhart, *percussion*  
Alison Bjorkedal, *harp*, Phillip Bush, *piano/celesta*  
Shalini Vijayan, *violin*, Kira Blumberg, *viola*  
Peter Jacobson, *cello*, Tom Peters, *double bass*  
Jeff von der Schmidt, *conductor*

## INTERMISSION

### It Happens Like This (West Coast Premiere)

**Charles Wuorinen**  
(b. 1938)

*Commissioned for the 25th anniversary of Southwest Chamber Music*

*It Happens Like This*

*The Rules*

*The Formal Invitation (Scherzo)*

*The Promotion (Madrigal)*

*Intruders*

*Faultfinding Tour*

*The Wild Turkey*

Sharon Harms, *soprano*, Laura Mercado Wright, *mezzo soprano*  
Steven Brennfleck, *tenor*, Douglas Williams, *bass*  
Jim Foschia, *clarinet*, Judith Farmer, *bassoon*, Daniel Rosenboom, *trumpet*  
Terry Cravens, *trombone*, Ken McGrath & David Johnson, *percussion*  
Alison Bjorkedal, *harp*, Phillip Bush, *piano*  
Shalini Vijayan, *violin*, Kira Blumberg, *viola*  
Peter Jacobson, *cello*, Tom Peters, *double bass*  
Jeff von der Schmidt, *conductor*

Artist bios may be found at [www.swmusic.org](http://www.swmusic.org)

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**Lux in Tenebris**  
by Sir Peter Maxwell Davies

This atmospheric piece seems, as the composer says, to travel from darkness to light. But that's not all: it's also a journey from an eerie, unfledged world into a material existence. The piece enjoys the briefest of flowerings, cavorting in the light of day like a winged insect that hasn't long to live (witness the vital allegro and spirited scherzo) before returning, by a different path, to a renewed state of nothingness. Closing harmonics – the dying embers of the journey – have a sad, disembodied feel, like a sad farewell from a wistful glass harmonica. *Lux in Tenebris* was written for Duncan McTier to perform in the special atmosphere of St. Magnus Church, Birsay. Yet there are echoes of Max's earliest, pre-Orkney works – as if he had once embraced a magical sound that has never left him – and presumably never will.  
– Roderic Dunnett

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**Farewell a Fancye**  
by John Dowland (arr. Davies)

Written for the farewell concert of The Fires of London, this muted slow movement makes a lute fantasy by John Dowland into a memento of the more introspective moments in Davies's chamber music since *Ave Maris Stella*.  
– Paul Griffiths

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**S. Biagio 9 Agosto ore 1207**  
by Hans Werner Henze

Hans Werner Henze's *S. Biagio 9 Agosto ore 1207: Recordo per un contrabbasso solo* (*San Biagio, August 9, 1207: A Remembrance for Solo Double Bass*) was written for the Cantiere Internazionale d'Arte in Montepulciano, Italy in 1979 for double bassist Dieter Lange. This is one of my favorite pieces to perform, but the rather enigmatic title posed a mystery. I knew that one of the main cultural sites of Montepulciano is the gothic Tempio de San Biagio, but that was only one piece of the puzzle and not much of a clue. It was not until one of my students, who was born and raised near Montepulciano, helped solve the mystery. Between the 9th and 12th of August the Earth passes through the tail of the Swift-Tuttle Comet, causing the Perseid Meteor Shower—one of the most spectacular lightshows the night sky has to offer. The evening of August 9, 1207 had a particularly intense

meteor shower. The residents of Montepulciano are said to have been so terrified by the Perseids that they began to see signs and visions of angels coming down out of the sky. It is this remembrance of fear and wonder that Hans Werner Henze captures so eloquently in *S. Biagio 9 Agosto ore 1207*.  
– Tom Peters

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**Elegía by Gabriela Ortiz**

When I wrote *Elegía*, I tried to capture the dramatic and ritual atmosphere existing around death in Western culture. This explains the utilization of small phrases selected from the Requiem liturgy for the vocal parts, and elements of composition common to this musical genre, as well as the presence of *Cantus firmus* from which the instrumental parts develop as series of contrapuntal layers. This counterpoint game, however, is not treated as strictly as in traditional polyphony, but, rather, with a natural, tenseless flow. One purpose of this work is to sonically describe the ritual atmosphere of funeral ceremonies. The whole piece is a procession perceived acoustically by the audience situated in a fixed point to which the procession approaches, transforms itself, fades away and dies. *Elegía* is dedicated to the memory of my mother who died prematurely at the age of 46 in 1987. The work will be recorded by Southwest Chamber Music a few days after this performance, funded by FONCA in Mexico City.  
– Gabriela Ortiz

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**It Happens Like This**  
by Charles Wuorinen

*It Happens Like This* was co-commissioned by Southwest Chamber Music to celebrate its 25th anniversary, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra for Tanglewood and conductor James Levine.

A suggestion, before we delve into these pieces: read the poems first, if you have time before the performance. That will go a long way to letting you enter into the spirit of these delightful settings of James Tate's poetry.

In a compositional life as widely varied as any in the modern era, Charles Wuorinen has consistently remained attentive to the importance of the human voice. His settings have included modern American poets—poets whose place in the world is in some degree analogous to his own—including Richard Howard, John Ashbery, Coburn Britton, Stanley Kunitz, and James Tate; he has also set poems of

Seamus Heaney, Dylan Thomas, Derek Wolcott, and James Fenton, who also served as librettist for Wuorinen's opera *Haroun and the Sea of Stories*. Some of these are songs in the more-or-less traditional sense, but others fit less nicely into the expected mold of voice-and-piano.

Charles Wuorinen first set a text of James Tate—"Never Again the Same"—for a *Works and Process* concert at the Guggenheim Museum in 2006. The composer was drawn to Tate's quirky and charming work in part because he was "tired of doom and gloom," not to say that Tate acknowledges no room for things to go possibly very wrong. In reading a lot of the poet's work, Wuorinen started to conceive of a large-scale work for the stage, and contacted the poet to talk about a possible collaboration. Tate was open to the idea but for various reasons a direct collaboration was not in the cards; instead, he gave his blessing to Wuorinen's idea to create from a group of poems a piece that would work as either a concert work or with staging, lights, and costumes. A co-commission from the Boston Symphony Orchestra and music director James Levine, and Southwest Chamber Music for its 25th anniversary, enabled him to start work. *It Happens Like This*, the completed cantata, is dedicated to Levine, who was originally supposed to conduct the piece but had to withdraw for health reasons.

In assembling the texts for *It Happens Like This*, Wuorinen had in mind to look for poems that depicted an active scene, and that might accommodate multiple voices, always keeping in mind the potential for staging and interaction among several singers. He decided to limit his choice to poems within one book to keep a consistency of style and theme; all of these poems are from James Tate's 2004 book *Return to the City of White Donkeys* (Ecco).

Wuorinen's initial set was six poems; only after being well advanced in the composition did he feel a seventh, "Faultfinding Tour," was needed for proper balance. The complete set is symmetrical (to a point); the first, fourth, and seventh poems center on animals—respectively a goat, a reincarnated dog, and a wild turkey. "The Promotion," the central song, is a madrigal, unique among these settings for its rich and entirely sung vocal texture. The scherzo of the second setting, "The Rules," is balanced by a similarly quick, frenetic style for the sixth, "Faultfinding Tour," with its lists of items and non-sequiturs. Both the first setting, "It Happens Like This," and the last, "The Wild Turkey," feature a human narrator who has entered a kind of transcendental association with an animal.

Throughout, Wuorinen uses both speech (except in the madrigal) and sung language to dramatize the texts. Multiple voices are used, for example, as the voice of the narrator in response to the policeman in "It Happens Like This." In the case of "The Formal Invitation" and "Intruders," the several characters are taken in turn by individual singers. In the former, the *tenor* is the narrator in first person, singing when he speaks to the others, speaking when he describes the action. Wuorinen offsets the short speeches by pausing the music. In the latter song, the bass narrates, with soprano and alto as ephemeral echoes of his description of the spooky circumstance of hearing something in his yard at night. Tenor takes the second character.

In many cases, the instrumental accompaniment is an environment for the presentation of the text, that is, not specifically accompanimental, particularly for the spoken phrases. "The Formal Invitation" is a good example; also, in "Intruders," a long instrumental opening "creates" the night outside the narrator's door. Where the connection between the music and the sung text is more direct, Wuorinen chooses instrumental groups to complement timbrally the character of the text, and there is frequent pitch support for the sung portions, albeit not necessarily a clear doubling of a vocal line. The most pure, musically traditional setting is the madrigal of "The Promotion," which reflects the composer's long study of ancient music. The madrigal as a genre is a highly pictorial, contrapuntal part-song that dominated the late Renaissance and early Baroque in the works of such composers as Monteverdi and William Byrd. The multiple voices echo the dog-become-human's multiple lived experiences. (Reincarnation, like communion with animals, is another theme that crops up several times in *Return to the City of White Donkeys*.)

It should always be kept in mind that the tone of these poems, even if sometimes strange and foreboding, nearly always gives way to surprising and often deeply sympathetic humor. This, in spite of the extra turn of the screw Tate—and now Wuorinen—give to what might moment-by-moment seem to be an entirely plausible and reasonable scenario. Why not invite a turkey into your life, if it brings the kind of peace you didn't know existed?  
—Robert Kirzinger

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**Elegía by Gabriela Ortiz**  
**Text from the Latin Requiem Mass for the Dead**

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine,  
 et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Salva me fons pietatis  
 libera me, Domine, de morte æternam.

Requiescant in pace.  
 Amen. Rest eternal grant them, O lord, and  
 may light perpetual shine upon them.

Save me, O Fount of Pity  
 Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death.

May they rest in peace.  
 Amen.

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**IT HAPPENS LIKE THIS**  
**by Charles Wuorinen on texts of James Tate**

**It Happens Like This**

I was outside St. Cecilia's Rectory smoking a cigarette when a goat appeared beside me. It was mostly black and white, with a little reddish brown here and there. When I started to walk away, it followed. I was amused and delighted, but wondered what the laws were on this kind of thing. There's a leash law for dogs, but what about goats? People smiled at me and admired the goat. "It's not my goat," I explained. "It's the town's goat. I'm just taking my turn caring for it." "I didn't know we had a goat," one of them said. "I wonder when my turn is." "Soon," I said. "Be patient. Your time is coming." The goat stayed by my side. It stopped when I stopped. It looked up at me and I stared into its eyes. I felt he knew everything essential about me. We walked on. A policeman on his beat looked us over. "That's a mighty fine goat you got there," he said, stopping to admire. "It's the town's goat," I said. "His family goes back three hundred years with us," I said, "from the beginning." The officer leaned forward to touch him, then stopped and looked up at me. "Mind if I pat him?" he asked. "Touching this goat will change your life," I said. "It's your decision." He thought real hard for a minute, and then stood up and said, "What's his name?" "He's called the Prince of Peace," I said. "God! This town is like a fairy tale. Everywhere you turn there's mystery and wonder. And I'm just a child playing cops and robbers forever. Please forgive me if I cry." "We forgive you, Officer," I said. "And we understand why you, more than anybody, should never touch the Prince." The goat and I walked on. It was getting dark and we were beginning to wonder where we would spend the night.

**The Rules**

A man came into the store and said, "I'd like to have two steaks, about ten ounces each, a half-an-inch thick, please." I said, "Sir, this is a candy store. We don't have steaks." He said, "And I'd like to have two potatoes and a bunch of asparagus." I said, "I'm sorry, this is a candy store, sir. That's all we carry." He said, "I don't mind waiting." "It could be many years," I said. "I have plenty of time," he said. And, while he was waiting, a woman came in and said, "Where is your hat section? I'm hoping you have a large, red hat with a feather." "I'm awfully sorry, but this is a candy store," I said. "We don't carry hats." "I'd like to see it, nonetheless," she said. "It might just fit me." "We only carry candy," I said. "It might just fit me, anyway," she said. "If you'd like to wear a piece of candy on your head, I could possibly find something in red," I said. "That would be lovely," she said. And, then, another man came in and pulled out a gun. "Give me all your money," he said. I said, "I'm sorry, this is a candy store. We don't do hold ups." "But I have a gun," he said. "Yes, I can see that, sir, but it doesn't work in here. This is a candy store," I said. He looked at the man and woman standing in the corner. "What about them, can I hold them up?" he said. "Oh no, I'm afraid not. They're covered under the candy store protection plan, even though, technically, they don't know they're in a candy store," I said. "Well, at least I knew

you were a candy store, I just didn't know there were all these special rules. Can I at least have some jellybeans? I'll pay you for them, don't worry," he said. As I was getting him his jellybeans, another man walked in with a gun. "This is a stickup," he said. "Give me all of your cash." The first thief said, "This is a candy store, you fool. They don't do stickups." "What do you mean, they don't do stickups?" the second thief said. "It's against the rules," the first one said. "I never read the rule book. I didn't even know there was one," the second one said. "Would you like some chocolate kisses, or perhaps some peanut brittle?" I said, hoping to avert a squabble. He replaced the gun into his shoulder holster and scanned the glass cases thoughtfully. "A half-a-dozen chocolate-covered cherries would make me a very happy man," he said. "That's what candy stores are for," I said. The two thieves left together, munching their candy and chatting about a mutual friend. And that's when Bonita Sennot and Halissa Delphin came in. Halissa was wearing a large, red hat with a feather in it. The woman in the corner leapt forward. "That's it! That's the very hat I want," she said, yanking the hat off Halissa's head. Halissa grabbed the lady's arm and threw her to the floor, retrieving her hat. Bonita ordered a bag of malted milk balls. The man in the corner helped the woman to her feet. "That's my hat," she whispered to him. "She's wearing my hat." Halissa invited me to have dinner with them. I said, "Great!"

### The Formal Invitation

I was invited to a formal dinner party given by Marguerite Farnish Burridge and her husband, Kneim Oswald Lancelot Burridge. I had never met either of them, and had no idea why I was invited. When the butler announced me, Mrs. Burridge came up and greeted me quite graciously. "I'm so happy you could join us," she said. "I know Kneim is looking forward to talking to you later." "I can't wait," I said, "I mean, the pleasure's all mine." Nothing came out right. I wanted to escape right then, but Mrs. Burridge dragged me and introduced me to some of her friends. "This is Nicholas and Sondra Pepperdene. Nicholas is a spy," she said. "I am not," he said. "Yes, you are, darling. Everyone knows it," she said. "And Sondra does something with swans, I'm not sure what. She probably mates them, knowing Sondra." "Really! I'm saving them from extinction," Mrs. Pepperdene said. "And this is Mordecai Rhinelander, and, as you might guess from his name, he's a Nazi. And his wife, Dagmar, is a Nazi, too. Still, lovely people," she said. "Marguerite, you're giving our new friend a very bad impression," Mr. Rhinelander said. "Oh, it's my party and I can say what I want," Mrs. Burridge said. A servant was passing with cocktails and she grabbed two off the tray and handed me one. "I hope you like martinis," she said, and left me standing there. "My name is Theodore Fullerton," I said, "and I'm a depraved jazz musician. I prey on young women, take drugs whenever possible, but most of the time I just sleep all day and am out of work." They looked at one another, and then broke out laughing. I smiled like an idiot and sipped my drink. I thought it was going to be an awful party, but I just told the truth whenever I was spoken to, and people thought I was hilariously funny. At dinner, I was seated between Carmen Milanca and Godina Barnafi. The first course was fresh crabmeat on a slice of kiwi. Mine managed to slip off the plate and landed in the lap of Carmen Milanca. She had on a very tight, short black dress. She smiled at me, waiting to see what I would do. I reached over and plucked it from its nest. "Nice shot," she said. "It was something of a bull's-eye, wasn't it?" I said. Godina Barnafi asked me if I found wealthy women to be sexy. "Oh yes, of course," I said, "but I generally prefer

poor, homeless waifs, you know, runaways, mentally addled, unwashed, sickly, starving women." "Fascinating," she said. A leg of lamb was served. Kneim Burridge proposed a toast. "To my good friends gathered here tonight, and to your great achievements in the furtherance of peace on Earth." I still had no idea what I was doing there. I mentioned this to Carmen since we'd almost been intimate. "You're probably the sacrificial lamb," she said. "The what?" I said. "The human sacrifice, you know, to the gods, for peace," she said. "I figure it's got to be you, because I recognize all the rest of them, and they're friends." "You've got to be kidding me," I said. "No, we all work for peace in our various ways, and then once a year we get together and have this dinner." "But why me?" I said. "That's Marguerite's job. She does the research all year, and she tries to pick someone who won't be missed, someone who's not giving in a positive way to society, someone who is essentially selfish. Her choices are very carefully considered and fair, I think, though I am sorry it's you this time. I think I could get to like you," she said. I picked at my food. "Well, I guess I was a rather good choice, except that some people really like my music. They even say it heals them," I said. "I'm sure it does," Carmen said, "but Marguerite takes everything into consideration. She's very thorough."

### The Promotion

I was a dog in my former life, a very good dog, and, thus, I was promoted to a human being. I liked being a dog. I worked for a poor farmer guarding and herding his sheep. Wolves and coyotes tried to get past me almost every night, and not once did I lose a sheep. The farmer rewarded me with good food, food from his table. He may have been poor, but he ate well. And his children played with me, when they weren't in school or working in the field. I had all the love any dog could hope for. When I got old, they got a new dog, and I trained him in the tricks of the trade. He quickly learned, and the farmer brought me into the house to live with them. I brought the farmer his slippers in the morning, as he was getting old, too. I was dying slowly, a little bit at a time. The farmer knew this and would bring the new dog in to visit me from time to time. The new dog would entertain me with his flips and flops and nuzzles. And then one morning I just didn't get up. They gave me a fine burial down by the stream under a shade tree. That was the end of my being a dog. Sometimes I miss it so I sit by the window and cry. I live in a high-rise that looks out at a bunch of other high-rises. At my job I work in a cubicle and barely speak to anyone all day. This is my reward for being a good dog. The human wolves don't even see me. They fear me not.

**Intruders**

It was around midnight, and I knew something was out in the yard. I hadn't heard anything, I just felt it. It was a cloudy night, no stars shone through. Every now and then a bit of the moon would peek through. I walked around, shining my flashlight up and down the yard. Frogs croaked at intervals, and other night creatures scurried over the leaves. I knew something else was present nearby. Finally, my flashlight caught the face of a man standing on the far edge of my property. I think I frightened him more than he frightened me. "What are you doing here?" I said in a slightly harsh voice. "My wife kicked me out. I had nowhere to go. I live down the street in the trailer. My name's Daryl," he said. "Well, that's a pretty rough story, Daryl," I said, "but if I had a gun I'd have to shoot you. I just can't have a stranger roaming around my property at night." "I understand," he said. "Here, you can have my gun." "You have a gun?" I said. "It's legal," he said. "I'm a security guard. You can have it. Go ahead, shoot me." "Daryl, I have no interest in the world in shooting you." The moon came out just then, and I could see his face. He was just a kid, and he'd obviously been crying. "I love her," he said, "but she's got big ideas, and I guess I'm just not good enough for her." She was nearby. I could sense her sneaking up on us. Whether she, too, was armed or coming to reconcile, I had no idea. I whispered to Daryl, "Give me the gun."

**Faultfinding Tour**

I was on a faultfinding tour of my own soul. Oily rags everywhere, there's a nut missing there, a hinge blowing in the wind, paint peeling, cracked windowpane, water dripping, plugged drain, dust babies twisting in the night. It's not so bad. It will still fly. A few creaks and shudders. I recall a thousand years ago I was fighting for my life. An angel in a tree surprised me. A snake swallowed me, and I traveled that way for years. It was dark and I was thirsty. Then I woke, and I was in a city. I ran. I climbed the side of a building. People shouted. Shots were fired. I was at a party, drinking champagne. It was somebody's birthday. Colby Phillips made a speech, and the lights went out. Somebody kissed me. I was in the mountains being tracked by wolves. The wind was fierce. I couldn't see where I was going, but I trudged on. I fell from a cliff. It felt like flying. Indeed, I believed I was flying. I held my arms out, and the drafts lifted me. The wolves were howling, for that is what they do so well. Their dinner was sailing through the air. The stars were out. A full moon lit up the little towns below. I was going home. My heart gladdened. Love and work. Work and love. And the loud sobbing through the night. What to make of it? The study of maps, the naming of plants, the endless railway tracks, the hawks, the bikes, the walking sticks, the masks, the postcards and paperclips and lipstick stains and you're never coming back, the soufflé was a grand success, his death came as no surprise, the telephone is on fire, the toys scattered across the lawn, a frog the size of a dog, the police car slowly spinning in

the rain, hello howdy, how's your tooth, who stole the newspaper, I'm sorry, I forgot, I didn't see a thing, there's a newt in the basement saying your name, she's gone to the store for some nails, a drill, a wheelbarrow, a rake and a rabbit. The soul's mansion is ancient, and sadly needs repair. Throughout the huge, windy rooms a song still lingers, faint murmur or hum, forever, yesterday, or never again.

**The Wild Turkey**

I was standing at the kitchen sink washing a few dishes, when I hear this knocking at my door. I looked out the window, but there was no one there. But the knocking continued. I looked down, and there was this wild turkey staring at me. He must have been about four feet tall, and he was looking right into my eyes. Then he pecked at the door again, and I instinctively opened it. He walked into the middle of the room and said, "Gobble gobble gobble." I poured him a bowl of dry cereal and another bowl of water. He tried the cereal and seemed to like it. He'd take four or five bites, and then wash it all down with a couple of sips of water. Then he'd look up at me with his blue head and his red and white mottled neck. He finished the cereal, then flapped his great wings as if to thank me. His green iridescent feathers glazed the room in a magical light. I walked into the living room, and he followed me. I sat down in my chair, and he leapt up on the, back of the couch. He had the meekest, almost beseeching eyes, that seemed to say, "Whatever you want to do next is fine by me. I'm your guest, after all, and we've only just met, though I feel like I've known you for a lifetime, old friend, new friend, good friend." "Gobble gobble gobble," I said. He didn't reply, but turned his head away and stared at the TV, which was off. We sat there in silence for a good long time. Sometimes our eyes met, and we'd wander down those ancient hallways, a little afraid, a little in awe. And then we'd turn away having reached a locked door. He studied the room, too, for any clue, but it must have all seemed so alien, the beautiful vases and bowls, the paintings, scraps of a lost civilization. Hours passed like this. I felt an immense calm within me. We were sleeping in a tree on an island in an unknown land.

## CONCERT PREVIEW BEGINS AT 7 PM

**Nebadon aus KLANG** (U.S. Premiere)

**Karlheinz Stockhausen**  
(1928 – 2007)

Performed without pause

- |                          |                          |   |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| 1. NEBADON               | 9. NEBADON               | 17. NEBADON                             |
| 2. MICHAEL               | 10. <i>in SALVINGTON</i> | 18. <i>ten million inhabited worlds</i> |
| 3. ETERNAL SON           | 11. MICHAEL              | 19. <i>in the superuniverse</i>         |
| 4. CREATOR SON           | 12. <i>with GABRIEL</i>  | 20. ORVONTON                            |
| 5. NEBADON               | 13. ANTÁRES              | 21. <i>and central universe</i>         |
| 6. <i>local universe</i> | 14. ORION NEBULA         | 22. HAVONA                              |
| 7. <i>Christ MICHAEL</i> | 15. MICHA – CHRIST       | 23. <i>rotates around SAGITTARIUS</i>   |
| 8. URANATIA              | 16. MARIA                | 24. <i>holy NEBADON</i>                 |

Andrew Pelletier, *French horn*  
 Francesco Perlangeli, *sound design*  
 Nicolas Tipp, *sound design*  
 Matthew Snyder, *sound design*

## INTERMISSION

**Muoyce II: A Reading Through “Ulysses”** (West Coast Premiere)

**John Cage**  
(1912 – 1992)

Performed without pause

- |             |                  |              |                     |               |                 |
|-------------|------------------|--------------|---------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Episode I   | Telemachus       | Episode VII  | Æolus               | Episode XIII  | Nausicaa        |
| Episode II  | Nestor           | Episode VIII | Lestrygonians       | Episode XIV   | Oxen of the Sun |
| Episode III | Proteus          | Episode IX   | Scylla & Charybdis  | Episode XV    | Circe           |
| Episode IV  | Calypso          | Episode X    | The Wandering Rocks | Episode XVI   | Eumæus          |
| Episode V   | The Lotus Eaters | Episode XI   | Sirens              | Episode XVII  | Ithaca          |
| Episode VI  | Hades            | Episode XII  | Cyclops             | Episode XVIII | Penelope        |

Jeff von der Schmidt, *speaker*  
 Jan Karlin, *director*  
 Francesco Perlangeli, *sound design*  
 Nicolas Tipp, *sound design*  
 Matthew Snyder, *sound design*

Artist bios may be found at [www.swmusic.org](http://www.swmusic.org)

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**Nebadon aus KLANG  
by Karlheinz Stockhausen**

*Nebadon for horn and electronic music* (layers 15 – 14 – 13 from COSMIC PULSES) is the 17th Hour of KLANG/SOUND – *The 24 Hours of the Day* and was composed in 2007. The *MusikTriennale Cologne* commissioned the world premiere which took place on May 8, 2010, at the *Christuskirche* in Cologne with Christine Chapman (horn) in the context of the world premiere of KLANG. The commission was supported by the *Kunststiftung NRW*. The integral performance of KLANG was a joint project of the *MusikTriennale* and the *musikFabrik*, supported by the *Kunststiftung NRW* and the *Kulturstiftung des Bundes*.

The three layers 15 – 14 – 13 of the electronic music for NEBADON originate from the composition COSMIC PULSES, the 13th Hour of KLANG.

COSMIC PULSES consists of 24 layers, 24 melodic loops, each of which has a different number of pitches between 1 and 24 and rotate in 24 tempi and in 24 registers within a range of circa 7 octaves. The tempi 240 -1.17 apply to sequences of 8 pulses. The loops are successively layered on top of each other from low to high and from the slowest (layer 24) to the fastest tempo (layer 1) and end one after another in the same order.

The loops were enveloped by manual regulation of the accelerandi and ritardandi around the respective tempo, and by quite narrow glissandi upwards and downwards around the original melodies. This was carried out by Kathinka Pasveer according to the score.

What is completely new is the kind of spatialisation: each section of each of the 24 layers has its own spatial motion among 8 loudspeakers. The spatialisation was made possible by Joachim Haas and Gregorio Karman, collaborators of the Experimental Studio for Acoustic Art in Freiburg. The loops and synchronization were realized by Antonio Pérez Abellán.

To articulate the 24 sections of NEBADON, Stockhausen wrote the words (listed on the previous page), which were recorded by Kathinka Pasveer and mixed to the electronic music.

NEBADON should always be performed from memory.

– Suzanne Stephens

**Muoyce II: A Reading Through  
“Ulysses” by John Cage**

The works of James Joyce remain a constant companion in my life. I was introduced to his books through a small elective English class at Loyola High School – having an Irish priest lead the class by reading Joyce out loud was like going instantaneously from literary darkness into light. In looking back, how fortunate to have a Jesuit priest named Deasy be the teacher who exonerated a few of us to read Molly’s soliloquy for the first time. I am forever grateful.

Cage might seem to behave like an unconventional composer but as time moves on there are definite patterns and interests that create a body of work, no matter how wide ranging that work became. Joyce is one of Cage’s constants. Having created a masterpiece inspired by *Finnegans Wake*, it was logical, inevitable, that Cage would create the bookend to his *Roaratorio: An Irish Circus on Finnegans Wake*. For his 80th birthday he created a tour-de-force for himself to perform. Condensing the eighteen episodes of *Ulysses* into one hour, Cage set about recording traffic sounds from locations of tours by the Merce Cunningham Dance Company. There were to be six recordings on DAT cassettes. Two of these essential recordings are lost. No matter how hard the Cage Trust searches, only four are extant, from Montreal, Austin, San Francisco and Toulouse. What’s to be done?

Laura Kuhn of the Cage Trust and Gene Caprioglio of C.F. Peters, Cage’s publisher, have patiently answered my questions for the last two years about this late major Cage work. We’ve made the mutual decision to use this West Coast premiere of *Muoyce II* to create a performing edition of the piece. We’re in the situation not uncommon with the last work of composers – think Mozart’s *Requiem* or Mahler’s *Symphony No. 10*. Solutions are part of the equation allowing these final testaments their place in the repertoire.

To create the necessary firewall for *Muoyce II*, our solution is that for each performance two additional recordings of traffic noise be constructed by the performing organization producing the piece. In our case we have a straightforward answer. In 2010 my good friend from Hanoi in Vietnam, composer Vu Nhat Tan, recorded the sound of the 210 Freeway in Pasadena and presented me a CD of this random sound source as a present. So now we had sounds from our home in Los Angeles County to go with Cage’s from Austin, Montreal, San Francisco and

Toulouse. I then sent Tan an email with a question – would he have similar traffic sounds from Hanoi or Saigon, where Southwest has been on tour? I received an email within 24 hours with a wave file of exactly what was needed.

And so this solution completes Cage’s original intention that *Muoyce II* is accompanied by six recordings of random traffic sounds from four cities relating to Cage’s experience and two recordings in relation to Southwest’s.

The era of the internet makes Joycean research much easier. My caution to the listener is to sit back and relax. By compressing Joyce’s magnum opus into an hour’s duration, each episode read is a general impression of instantaneous association with key words. The impact is of the great novel passing through the mind of John Cage before your ears (less so your eyes). Cage often created the impossible with the concomitant challenge that if the performer can achieve the impossible, then society has the example that anything can be accomplished. Though Cage often put his performers in this situation (eg. a violinist performing the *Freeman Etudes*), it seems to me that with *Muoyce II* Cage takes one last walk around the block with his dream of making impossible experience possible before his death, with the demand only on himself. His once beautiful calligraphic handwriting visibly shakes in the manuscript pages one needs to study – *Muoyce II* for me is the final major effort of a tired but happy old soul. It’s his last will and testament. Yes.

– Jeff von der Schmidt



## CONCERT PREVIEW BEGINS AT 7 PM

### Invención III

**Carlos Chávez**  
(1899-1978)

Alison Bjorkedal, *harp*

### Serenata

**Alberto Ginastera**  
(1916 - 1983)

*Poetico - Aquí te amo*  
*Drammatico - Girante, errante noche*  
*Fantastico - Hemos perdido*

Abdiel Gonzalez, *baritone*, Peter Jacobson, *cello*  
Larry Kaplan, *flute*, Lara Wickes, *oboe*, Helen Goode, *clarinet*  
Rose Corrigan, *bassoon*, Andrew Pelletier, *French horn*  
Ken McGrath & David Johnson, *percussion*  
Alison Bjorkedal, *harp*, Tom Peters, *double bass*  
Jeff von der Schmidt, *conductor*

## INTERMISSION

### Some Things Should Not Move (World Premiere)

**Anne LeBaron**  
(b. 1953)

*Commissioned for the 25th anniversary of Southwest Chamber Music  
by The James Irvine Foundation*

Elissa Johnston, *soprano*  
Larry Kaplan, *flute*  
Alison Bjorkedal, *harp*  
Tom Peters, *double bass*

### Positings (World Premiere)

**Roger Reynolds**  
(b. 1934)

*Commissioned for the 25th anniversary of Southwest Chamber Music  
by The James Irvine Foundation and the Clarence E. Heller Charitable Foundation*

Larry Kaplan, *flute/piccolo*, Andrew Pelletier, *French horn*  
Lorenz Gamma, *violin*, Peter Jacobson, *cello*  
Ming Tsu, *piano*, Paul Hembree, *computer musician*

Artist bios may be found at [www.swmusic.org](http://www.swmusic.org)

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**Invención III by Carlos Chávez**

The *Invención III* was written in 1967 for the 70th birthday of Nadia Boulanger, the legendary proponent of Stravinsky's neoclassicism. Boulanger taught a century of Americans, from Aaron Copland to Elliott Carter to Phillip Glass.

In many ways, *Invención III* is the perfection of Chávez's non-repetition, his Mexican response to the harmonic changes swirling during his lifetime. The tonal vocabulary is very limited, which has the practical result of reducing the complications of pedal changes for the harpist to a minimum. The result is a harmonic prism that is perfectly reflective. Each note functions as its own mirror, both as dissonance and consonance, a fact hypnotically audible in the compressed time frame of this work. Chávez dispenses with any Italian tempo indication, expunging his last European vestige. The three sections are designated only by their metronome marks (quarter = 60, 36, and 152). His cycle of three *Invenções* deals with aural common sense (one note or one tempo leading to the next) and musical resonance (the instrumental acoustics play a key role determining the harmony).

In this final *Invención*, Chávez transforms the French chromatic harp into a magically sophisticated pre-Columbian instrument. The Mexican cultural dream of the post-Mexican Revolution world infuses this birthday gesture to Nadia Boulanger, herself a major symbol of twentieth century European influence on composers from the Americas. As Rivera, Orozco and Siqueiros had taken their revenge on Hernan Cortés and centuries of colonialism by painting the history of Mexico on Spanish buildings, Chávez sent an angelic messenger from the New World to Boulanger and European influence, wishing them a complicated happy birthday.

—Jeff von der Schmidt

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**Serenata by Alberto Ginastera**

The title *Serenata* here is used in its earlier meaning of "night music," though it is essentially dramatic in style in a way that it would not have been formerly.

The work is constructed with fixed and aleatory elements. The first and last movements are in ternary form and from time to time the various instruments are required to improvise. The second movement is basically aleatory.

The first movement, *Poético*, is in three sections played without pause. In the first section *Prologo* the male voice,

surrounded with transparent instrumental sonorities, recites fragments of Poem No. 18. In the second section *Musica notturna*, the cello appears as soloist in a passage of intense and poetical emotion. In the third section, always intense in character, the male voice sings Poem No. 3.

The second movement, *Fantastico*, is made up by a sequence of aleatory structures. The cello, speech voice and ensemble parties keep their own individuality. For this movement I used fragments of several poems in the form of a "collage." here the night, quiet and cosmic in the first movement, becomes restless and haunted.

The third movement, *Drammatico*, is subdivided like the first into three sections. The first (Cadenza) is composed in a concertante style with the cello in opposition to the ensemble in a stormy development which gradually transforms the character of the *Serenata* and leads to the sorrowful and touching song of Poem No.10. The work ends with a Coda for the two soloists recalling the nocturne music of the first movement, accentuating its melancholy character and dying into silence as it descends to the lowest register.

The musical language of the *Serenata* seems to me a development of the technique I have used in my recent works (*Beatriz Cenci, Milena, Second Piano Concerto, Third String Quartet*), based on what I call 'total chromaticism,' within which unfold the infinite phenomena, together with their corresponding resonances, of the ever-changing world of sound.

The work of Neruda varies from lyrical exaltation to epic violence; through which we glimpse a vision of the greatness and magic of the whole continent. In the verses of the great Chilean poet I met the "palabras iluminadas" ("radiant words") as he called them in his article *Exégesis y Soledad* introducing his *Poemas de amor*. Like him, I have tried in my *Serenata* —and here I repeat Neruda's own thoughts— "to bring ever closer together my thought and its expression."

I wrote this *Serenata Op. 42*, dedicated to my wife Aurora, in Geneva during the last months of 1973 as the result of a commission from the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in New York City.  
—Alberto Ginastera

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**Some Things Should Not Move by Anne LeBaron**

In March 2008, I moved into an apartment in the center of Vienna—essentially an artist's studio with a bathroom and kitchen, in a renovated building that was, in the past, a monastery. Abstract paintings by the owner hung everywhere, and since the apartment was circular, I found myself surrounded by these works of art. I was there on a sabbatical, to write my cyborg-opera—*Sucktion*, which has since been performed several times and, last year, in Vienna. My daughter travelled with me as an exchange student, staying with a family in Mauer, a suburb, where she attended a Rudolf Steiner high school.

After some weeks of living and working in this apartment, there were strange goings-on that became increasingly intense. Perhaps the strangest manifestations of unusual activity were subtle changes in the paintings themselves: colors would shift, shapes would alter. The work of art near the bed where I slept was the most active in these ways, and I had to remove it—not a good idea. That's when things began to get interesting. What happened next will unfold in my autobiographical monodrama-in-progress, for soprano and chamber ensemble. The soprano in the monodrama will impersonate three characters, the Composer, her Daughter, and a Viennese Psychic. My daughter, Yvonne Eadon, is writing the libretto. She observed the situation from near and not-so-near, and thus has a healthier perspective than I might... and I've admired her writing for many years.

This extended aria touches upon the Composer's initial thrill at finding herself in this city of deep musical history, while soon becoming rattled by the uncanny events going on in the dead of night, in her new abode. As she drifts into sleep, a prophetic dream becomes so acutely fierce that she abruptly awakens. She is in the midst of a lengthy psychic battle... and this aria, *Some Things Should Not Move*, is the sneak preview.

I'm grateful to Jeff von der Schmidt, Jan Karlin and the James Irvine Foundation for making it possible to compose this work.

—Anne LeBaron

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**Positings by Roger Reynolds**

When one “posits” some thing (so says the Oxford English Dictionary), one places it in a position, assumes it as a fact, as a basis for argument, or – more intriguing – as a way of affirming an existence. In this work, I have gathered together a small but flexible and powerful yet timbrally coherent quintet of instruments. They posit five musical spaces, each of which, in turn, arises out of a single, central gesture made by one member of the quintet. So, for each of these five musical miniatures, there is a kind of genetic seed, and also an aggregation around it of other related materials.

There is a second resource, however, a force unto itself: a computer musician whose role it is to capture and to sonically muse on the instrumentalist’s materials. *Positings* proceeds as a sequence of instrumental miniatures that are connected by a constantly evolving thread of algorithmically processed instrumental sound. The computer is silent during the quintet’s five statements, but then proceeds to extend, modify, indeed to transform their contents. At first the response is clearly an echoing of what the live instrumentalists have just done, but as the performance continues, the cross-referencing of instrumental positings and computer transformations becomes more intricate, including not only memories of what has happened but anticipations of what has not yet occurred. During the sometimes extended computer interludes, the instrumentalists reverse the process: they take the transformations worked by the computer musician as new “positings” to which *they* respond, not in contrast but as allies.

*Positings* was commissioned by The James Irvine Foundation and The Clarence E. Heller Charitable Foundation for the 25th anniversary of Southwest Chamber Music, and is dedicated to them. My musical assistant in this project has been Paul Hembree.  
– Roger Reynolds

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**Serenata by Alberto Ginastera**  
**Poems by Pablo Neruda (translated by W.S. Merwin)**

1. *Poético*

Aquí te amo.  
 En los oscuros pinos se desenreda el viento.  
 Fosforece la luna sobre las aguas errantes.  
 Andan días iguales persiguiéndose.

Se desciñe la niebla en danzantes figuras.  
 Una gaviota de plata se descuelga del ocaso.  
 A veces una vela. Altas, altas, estrellas.

Aquí te amo.  
 La luna hace girar su rodaje de sueño.  
 Me miran con tus ojos las estrellas más grandes.  
 Y como yo tea mo, los pinos en el viento,  
 quieren cantar tu nombre con sus hojas de alambre.  
 (Poema 18)

Ah vastedad de pinos, rumor de olas quebrándose,  
 lento juego de luces, campana solitaria,  
 crepúsculo cayendo en tus ojos, muñeca,  
 caracola terrestre, en ti la tierra canta!

En ti los ríos cantan y mi alma en ellos huye  
 como tú lo deseas y hacia donde tú quieras.  
 Márcame mi camino en tu arco de esperanza  
 y soltaré en delirio me bandada de flechas.

En torno a mí estoy viendo tu cintura de niebla  
 y tu silencio acosa mis horas perseguidas,  
 y eres tú con tus brazos de piedra transparente  
 donde mis besos alcanzan y mi húmeda ansia anida.

Ah tu voz misteriosa que el amor tine y dobla  
 En el atardecer resonante y muriendo!  
 Así en horas profundas sobre los campos he visto  
 Doblarse las espigas en la boca del viento.  
 (Poema 3)

2. *Fantástico*

Girante, errante noche.

El viento de la noche gira en el cielo y canta.

Pasan huyendo los pájaros.  
 El viento. El viento.

Zumbando entre los árboles, orquestal y divino,  
 como una lengua llena de guerras y de canto.

De pronto el viento aulla y golpea mi ventana cerrada.

El viento es una red cuajada de peces sombríos.  
 Aquí vienen a dar todos los vientos, todos.

Tú estás aquí, Ah tú no huyes.  
 Tú me responderás hasta el último grito.  
 Ovíllate a mi lado como si tuvieras miedo.

Mientras el viento triste galopa matando mariposas  
 yo tea mo, y mi alegría muerde tu boca de ciruela.

1. *Poético*

Here I love you.  
 In the dark pines the wind disentangles itself.  
 The moon glows like phosphorus on the vagrant waters.  
 Days, all one kind, go chasing after each other.

The snow unfurls in dancing figures.  
 A silver gull slips down from the west,  
 Sometimes a sail. High, high stars.

Here I love you.  
 The moon turns its clockwork dream.  
 The biggest stars look at me with your eyes.  
 And as I love you, the pines in the wind  
 want to sing your name with their leaves of wire.  
 (Poem 18)

Ah vastness of pines, murmur of waves breaking,  
 slow play of lights, solitary bell,  
 twilight falling in your eyes, toy doll,  
 earth-shell, in whom the earth sings!

In you the rivers sing and my soul flees in them  
 as you desire, and you send it where you will.  
 Aim my road on your bow of hope  
 And in a frenzy I will free my flock of arrows.

On all sides I see your waist of fog,  
 and you silence hunts down my afflicted hours,  
 my kisses anchor, and my moist desire nests  
 in you with your arms of transparent stone.

Ah your mysterious voice that love tolls and darkens  
 in the resonant and dying evening!  
 Thus in deep hours I have seen, over the fields,  
 the ears of wheat tolling in the mouth of the wind.  
 (Poem 3)

2. *Fantástico*

Turning, wandering night.

The night wind revolves in the sky and sings.

The birds go by, fleeing.  
 The wind. The wind.

Orchestral and divine, resounding among the trees  
 Like a language full of wars and songs.

Suddenly the wind howls and bangs at my shut window.

The sky is a net crammed with shadowy fish.  
 Here all the winds let go sooner or later, all of them.

You are here. Oh, you do not run away.  
 You will answer me to the last cry.  
 Cling to me as though you were frightened.

While the sad wind goes slaughtering butterflies  
 I love you, and my happiness bites the plum of your mouth.

Al los vasos del pecho! Ah los ojos de ausencia!  
Ah las rosas del pubis! Ah tu voz lenta y triste!

Cierra tus ojos profundos. Allí aletea la noche.  
Ah desnuda tu cuerpo de estatua temerosa.

De la noche las grandes raíces  
crecen de súbito desde tu alma.  
Sólo guardas tinieblas, hembra distante y mía,  
de tu Mirada emerge a veces la costa del espanto.

He aquí la soledad de donde estás ausente.

La soledad cruzada de sueño y de silencio.

Innumerable corazón del viento  
latiendo sobre nuestro silencio enamorado.

### 3. *Drammatico*

Hemos perdido aun este crepúsculo.  
Nadie nos vio esta tarde con las manos unidas  
mientras la noche azul caía sobre el mundo.

He visito desde mi ventana  
la fiesta del poniente en los cerros lejanos.

A veces como una moneda  
se encendía un pedazo del sol entre mis manos.

Yo te recordaba con el alma apretada  
de esa tristeza que tú me conoces.

Entonces dónde estabas?  
Entre qué gentes?  
Diciendo qué palabras?  
Por qué se me vendrá todo el amor de golpe  
cuando me siento triste, y te siento lejana?

Siempre, siempre te alejas en las tardes  
hacia donde el crepúsculo corre borrando estatuas.  
(*Poema 10*)

Oh the goblets of the breast! Oh the eyes of absence!  
Oh the roses of the pubis! Oh your voice, slow and sad!

Let your deep eyes close. There the night flutters.  
Ah your body, a frightened statue, naked.

The great roots of night  
grow suddenly from your soul.  
You keep only darkness, my distant female,  
from you regard sometimes the coast of dread emerges.

Here is the solitude from which you are absent.

The solitude crossed with dream and silence.

The numberless heart of the wind  
beating above our loving silence.

### 3. *Drammatico*

We have lost even this twilight.  
No one saw us this evening hand in hand  
while the blue night dropped on the world.

I have seen from my window  
the fiesta of sunset in the distant mountaintops.

Sometimes a piece of sun  
burned like a coin between my hands.

I remembered you with my soul clenched  
In that sadness of mine that you know.

Where were you then?  
Who else was there?  
Saying what?  
Why will the whole of love come on me suddenly  
when I am sad and feel you are away?

Always, always you recede through the evenings  
Towards where the twilight goes erasing statues.  
(*Poem 10*)

**Some Things Should Not Move by Anne LeBaron**  
**Text by Yvonne Mélisande Eadon**

*As she falls asleep*

How can one city be fallible  
 the same be divine?  
 Barely dark and my eyes are dragging.  
 First night in a new city,  
 orchestral city; celestial  
 of rosy embers  
 and tapered cathedral steeples.  
 And I am alone in a ring of a place  
 each room tied to the next  
 by a creaking wooden ribbon floor,  
 walls riddled with paintings  
 violent pictures of colored fights  
 of colored flights that my  
 mind refuses to recognize

To every ring there is an absence,  
 some un-present center.  
 Within Kärntner Ring, heart of Vienna,  
 it is the blooming of God Himself.  
 What god lurks in the midst of my ring?  
 Inside my walls?  
 Behind these brutal canvases?  
 Something breathes invisible.

*The Dream*

Something should not move  
 Some things should not move.  
 dusty silence drowns  
 a dead canvas decays  
 delays multiple punctures  
 while rays of the moon  
 gargantuan fingers  
 divide these curtains  
 (mis)guiding the precious procession of time  
 of living lines simmering  
 words heard  
 drying themselves  
 to a crimson crisp.  
 They have a crunch  
 when spoken,  
 a rustle.

Something should not move  
 Some things should not move  
 too much story leaked into  
 the crude canvas where liquids  
 caress one another before they  
 blink before they drink one another  
 one and then the other  
 once and sharply again.

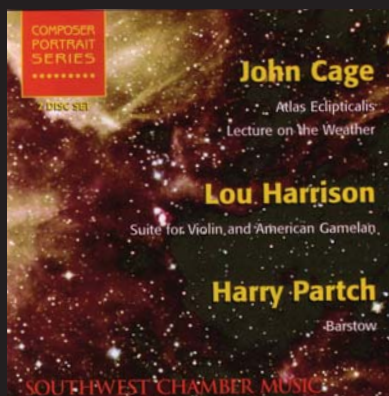
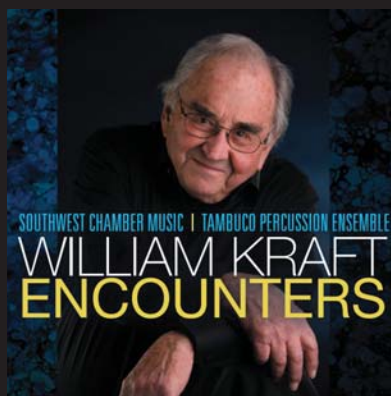
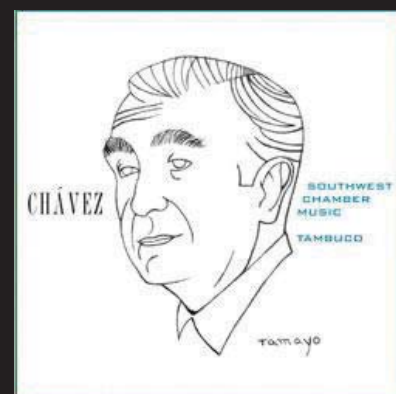
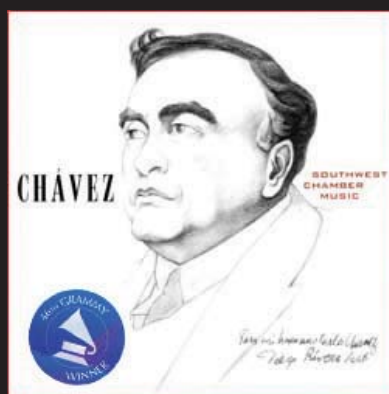
*a breath (a time of pause for transition)*

As I sleep, someone begs me  
 – Is it her, the city? –  
 To become mythological:  
 Patroness of the Raw Streets, my  
 naked feet kissing their cobbled tones  
 But as I wake,  
 An utter warmth  
 like Lucifer's unctuous breath  
 lashes me to the darkness.  
 Deprived of light and of music,  
 eyes sticky with ectoplasm  
 my heart drifts  
 from beat to beat  
 in a languishing fury...  
 Just one chord would sustain me!  
 But instead –  
 A long frozen sigh drifts by  
 lcy breath settling on the tips of my hair.

Some things should not move  
 Something should not move.



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8:00 pm The Rape of Lucretia

## Colburn CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

**February 10, 3:00 pm**

**Richie Hawley, clarinet**

Zipper Hall

**April 7, 3:00 pm**

**Edgar Meyer, double bass**

Zipper Hall

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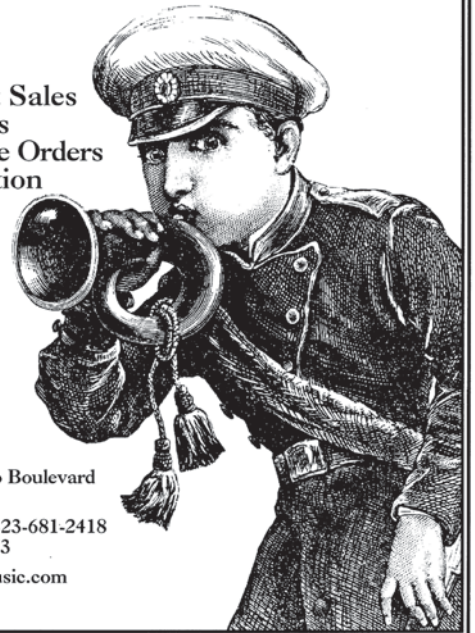
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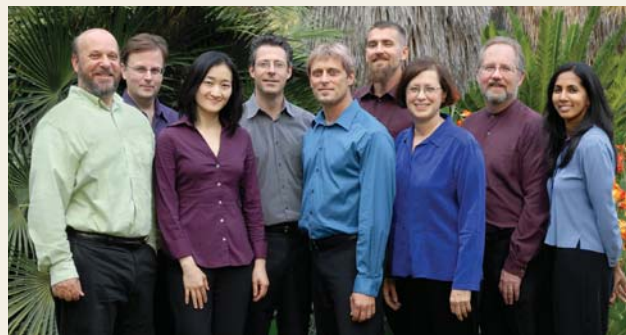
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# The Players

# Southwest Chamber Music



- 1 Allison Allport, *harp*
- 2 Alison Bjorkedal, *harp*
- Kira Blumberg, *viola*
- 13 Steven Brennfleck, *tenor*
- Phillip Bush, *piano/celesta*
- Rose Corrigan, *bassoon*
- Terry Cravens, *trombone*
- 8 Helenus de Rijke, *guitar\**
- Lisa Edelstein, *flute*
- Tony Ellis, *trumpet*



- Judith Farmer, *bassoon*
- Jim Foschia, *clarinet*
- Lorenz Gamma, *violin*
- Dave Gerhart, *percussion*
- 1 Abdiel Gonzalez, *bassoon*
- Helen Goode, *clarinet*
- 12 Sharon Harms, *soprano*
- 4 Ayana Haviv, *soprano*
- Peter Jacobson, *cello*
- David Johnson, *percussion*
- 6 Elissa Johnston, *soprano*



- 10 Larry Kaplan, *flute/piccolo/alto*
- Luke Maurer, *viola*
- Ken McGrath, *percussion*
- 3 Andrew Pelletier, *French horn*



- 14 Tom Peters, *double bass*
- Daniel Rosenboom, *trumpet*
- Ming Tsu, *piano*
- Al Veeh, *trombone*
- Shalini Vijayan, *violin*
- 7 Hans Wesseling, *mandolin\**
- Lara Wickes, *oboe*
- 11 Laura Mercado Wright, *mezzo soprano*
- 5 Douglas Williams, *bass*
- 9 Jeff von der Schmidt, *conductor/speaker*



\*Members of the Nieuw Ensemble (Amsterdam)

Martin Perlich, *concert preview host*

For Bios on The Players and Guest Artists, please visit [www.swmusic.org](http://www.swmusic.org)

*LA International New Music Festival* presented by Southwest Chamber Music

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SOUTHWEST CHAMBER MUSIC celebrated its 25th anniversary in the 2011-2012 season and looks forward to the 20th anniversary of its *Summer Festival at The Huntington* in 2013. Highlights of the 25th anniversary season included the world premiere of *Ten Freedom Summers* by Wadada Leo Smith, a three-part cycle inspired by the main events and figures of the Civil Rights Movement. The ensemble continued its nationally recognized *Cage 2012* festival in March celebrating the centennial of Los Angeles-born composer John Cage. The season concluded in May 2012 with the inaugural *LA International New Music Festival*.

Founded in 1987, Grammy® Award-winning Southwest Chamber Music provides concert and educational programming in Los Angeles County that combines European classics, contemporary work by American composers, and new music from Latin America and Asia. Our highly-rated education programs – *Project Muse* in-school concerts and the *Mentorship Program* for student musicians – continue to serve more than 1800 students annually at schools throughout Los Angeles County with in-depth programming that engages students through multiple visits by musicians and composers. They have been cited as model programs in the field by the California Arts Council and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Southwest experienced a transformative season in 2009-2010 as international cultural ambassadors for the United States. The U.S. State Department selected our ensemble from a highly competitive field to produce the *Ascending Dragon Music Festival and Cultural Exchange* from March to May 2010, the largest cultural exchange between Vietnam and the United States in the history of the two nations.

In December 2009, Southwest Chamber Music traveled to Mexico, representing the United States at the *Guadalajara FIL Arts Festival*, a festival produced alongside the world's largest Spanish book fair. In December 2006 the ensemble performed at Cambodia's Royal University of Fine Arts in Phnom Penh, the 2006 World Culture Expo at the temples of Angkor Wat, and the Vietnam National Academy of Music in Hanoi. In March 2003 Southwest Chamber Music became the first American ensemble to perform at the Arnold Schoenberg Center in Vienna. The ensemble has also been presented by the Library of Congress in Washington D.C., Cooper Union in New York City, Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, Getty Center, Orange County Performing Arts Center, Ojai Festival, and Luckman Fine Arts Center. Guest *conductors* appearing with the ensemble have included Oliver Knussen, Stephen L. Mosko, and Charles Wuorinen.

As a two-time GRAMMY® Award-winner and seven-time nominee, Southwest Chamber Music has one of the most significant recorded discographies of any American chamber ensemble. The ensemble's 30 recordings are available from Cambria Master Recordings, with worldwide distribution by Naxos (Classics Online). Southwest Chamber Music is represented by Gail Boyd Management in New York City. For more information, visit [www.swmusic.org](http://www.swmusic.org)



