



Ligeti's *Trio for violin, horn and piano* (1982) follows a very different trajectory to the Brahms *Trio*, and there are other apparent connections besides the common "Lebewohl" allusion. Though the valve horn is required, Ligeti frequently asks for natural harmonics, including the out of tune higher ones Brahms would have expected his player to correct by hand positions in the instrument's bell. The piano writing makes a feature of Brahmsian octave-doubled thirds and the forms of the first three movements are more nearly traditional than anything in Ligeti's music of the 1960s and '70s. The opening *Andantino con tenerezza* is in ternary form, notated in common time though actually evolving in three simultaneous tempi coming together only briefly in the central episode. The *Vivacissimo molto ritmico* second movement is apparently more of a through-composed scherzo, if based upon a frenetic rising-scale ostinato which inhibits any real sense of harmonic progression. There follows another character-piece in the guise of a ferociously dislocated *Alla Marcia* with a more evenly flowing trio.

But the final *Lamento Adagio* is sui generis. Registrally it follows a gradual widening of range; gesturally and harmonically, everything moves downward by extension of the falling scale fragment of the "Lebewohl" motif. At the climax, the piano seems to crash through the floor leaving the violin and horn in their highest and lowest registers to initiate a coda of glacial calm. In retrospect, the surreal timelessness of these final bars epitomizes the entire work, in which—so one discovers on further acquaintance—any impression of traditional thematicism is largely an illusion created by distorted schemes of overlapping ostinati, and even the most vehement passages have a quality of expression that Ligeti himself has described as "deep frozen."

Bayan Northcott

CENTER FOR NEW MUSIC

David Gompper, Director; Vatchara Vichaiikul, Research Assistant

FORTHCOMING CONCERTS

Sunday, February 22, 1998

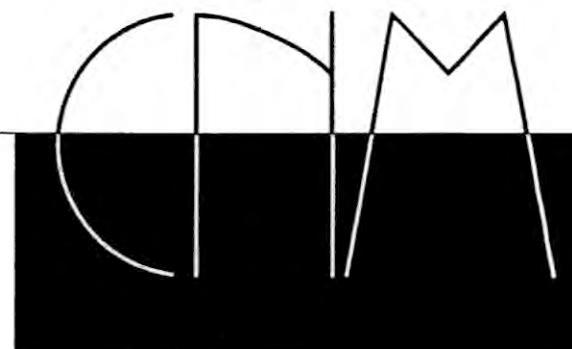
*—featuring the Minnesota Contemporary Ensemble,
including Peter Maxwell Davies's Eight Songs for a Mad King—*

Sunday, March 1, 1998

—featuring duo pianists Karen Beres & William Budai; works by Beall, Bolcom and Shrude

Sunday, April 5, 1998

—featuring two concerts of contemporary Greek music, 3:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.



center for new music

David K. Gompper, *director*

Thirty-Second Season Concert III

Featuring the works of Berio and Ligeti

Sunday, February 15, 1998

University of Iowa, Clapp Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m.

A concert of music by Berio and Ligeti

—program—

Folk Songs (1964)

Katherine Eberle*, *mezzo-soprano*
Sonja Feig, *flute*
Christine Bellamy, *clarinet*
Pamela Weest-Carrasco, *harp*
Joseph Rebik & John Donald, *percussion*
Nathalie Cruden, *viola*
James Ellis, *violoncello*

David Gompper*, *conductor*

—a brief pause—

Trio, for violin, horn and piano (1982)

Kristin Thelander*, *horn*
Nancy McFarland, *violin*
Eugene Gaub, *piano*

*=School of Music faculty

Luciano BERIO

György LIGETI

program notes

Folk Songs (1964)

Cathy Berberian (1928-1983) was an American singer embraced by the avant-garde for her range of abilities (in dance, mime and drama) as well as her range of octaves. Her dedication to new works and to meeting the challenges of contemporary composers led them to write technically demanding pieces specifically for her (including Stravinsky's *Elegy for JFK*). She was studying in Italy on a Fulbright Fellowship in 1949 when she met Luciano Berio, and they married in 1950. Berio was to write several pieces for Berberian's voice (*Circles, Sequenza III, Visage, Recital I*) before and after their divorce in 1966.

These Folk Songs were arranged for Berberian by Berio in 1964, but the title is misleading. The first two (*Black is the color* and *I wonder as I wander*) were composed by the classically trained, Kentucky-born folksong scholar and singer John Jacob Niles. *La donna ideale* and *Ballo* were written by Berio himself for Berberian while she was still a student in 1949. The others are genuine enough: *Loosin yelav*, an Armenian song about the rising moon; the French *Rosignolet du bois*, in which the nightingale suggests the way to win a girl's heart is to ask for the apples in her garden, but she demands the moon and sun; *A la femminisca*, which the wives of Sicilian fishermen sing as they wait for their men to return from the sea; and *Motettu de tristura*, a sad Sardinian song to a nightingale. Canteloube's "Songs of the Auvergne" was the source of *Malurous qu'o uno fenno* and *Lo fiolairé*, the first explaining the paradox of marriage (the single man can't live without a wife and the married man can't live with one), and the second, a song of a girl at a spinning wheel who gave two kisses when a shepherd asked for one. Berberian found the Azerbaijan Love Song on a Russian 78-rpm recording and sang it phonetically, able to have only the section in Russian translated to reveal a comparison between love and a stove.

Emily King

Black is the color (USA) (John Jacob Niles)

Black is the color
of my true love's hair,
his lips are something
rosy fair,
the sweetest smile
and the kindest hands;
I love the grass whereon he stands.

I love my love and well he knows,
I love the grass whereon he goes;
if he no more on earth will be,
'twill surely be the end of me.

Black is the color, etc.

I wonder as I wander (USA) (John Jacob Niles)

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
how Jesus our Savior did come for to die
for poor orn'ry people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall
with wise men and farmers and shepherds and all,
but high from the Heavens a star's light did fall,
the promise of ages it then did recall.

If Jesus had wanted of any wee thing,
a star in the sky or a bird on the wing,
or all of God's angels in Heav'n for to sing,
he surely could have had it 'cause he was the king.

Loosin yelav (Armenia)

Loosin yelav ensareetz
saree partzòr gadareetz
shegleeg megleeg yeresov
Pòrvetz kedneed loosne dzov.

Jan a loosin
jan ko loosin
ja ko gòlor sheg yereseen.

Xavarn arten tchòkatzav
oo el kedneed tchògatzav
loosni loosov halatzvadz
moot amberi metch mònadz.

Jan a loosin, *etc.*

Rosignolet du bois (France)

Rosignolet du bois,
rosignolet sauvage,
apprends-moi ton langage,
apprends-moi-z à parler,
apprends-moi la manière
comment il faut aimer.

The moon has risen

The moon has risen over the hill,
over the top of the hill,
its red rosy face
casting radiant light on the ground.

O dear moon
with your dear light
and your dear, round, rosy face!

Before, the darkness lay
spread upon the earth;
moonlight has now chased it
into the dark clouds.

O dear moon, *etc.*

Little nightingale

Little nightingale of the woods,
little wild nightingale,
teach me your secret language,
teach me how to speak like you,
show me the way
to love aright.

Comment il faut aimer
je m'en vais vous le dire,
faut chanter des aubades
deux heures après minuit,
faut lui chanter: 'La belle,
c'est pour vous réjouir'.

On m'avait dit, la belle
que vous avez des pommes,
des pommes de renettes
qui sont dans vot' jardin.
Permettez-moi, la belle,
que j'y mette la main.

Non, je ne permettrai pas
que vous touchiez mes pommes,
prenez d'abord la lune
et le soleil en main,
puis vous aurez les pommes
qui sont dans mon jardin.

A la femminisca (Sicily)

E Signuruzzu miù bon tempu
ha iu l'amanti miu'mmezzu lu mari
l'arvuli d'oru e li ntinni d'argentu
la Marunnuzza mi l'av'aiutari,

chi pozzanu arrivòri' nsarvamentu.
E comu arriva 'na littra
ma fari ci ha mittiri du duci paroli
comu ti l'ha passatu mari, mari.

La donna ideale (Italy) (Berio)

L'omo chi mojer vor piar,
de quatro cosse de'e spiar.
La primiera è com'el è naa,
l'altra è se l'è ben accostumaa,
l'altra è como el è forma,
la quarta è de quanto el è dotaa.
Se queste cosse ghe comprendi,
a lo nome di Dio la prendi.

The way to love aright
I can tell you straight away,
you must sing serenades
two hours after midnight,
you must sing to her: 'My pretty one,
this is for your delight.'

They told me, my pretty one,
that you have some apples,
some rennet apples,
growing in your garden.
Allow me, my pretty one,
to touch them.

No, I shall not allow you
to touch my apples,
First, hold the moon
and the sun in your hands,
then you may have the apples
that grow in my garden.

May the Lord send fine weather...

May the Lord send fine weather,
for my sweetheart is at sea;
his mast is of gold, his sails of silver.
May Our lady give me her help,

so that they get back safely.
And if a letter arrives,
may there be two sweet words written,
telling me how it goes with you at sea.

The ideal woman

When a man has a mind to take a wife,
there are four things he should check:
the first is her family,
the second her manners,
the third is her figure,
the fourth her dowry.
If she passes muster on these,
then, in God's name, let him marry her!

Ballo (Italy) (Berio)

La la la la la ...
 Amor fa disviare li più saggi
 e chi più l'ama meno ha in sé misura.
 Più folle è quello che più s'innamora.

La la la la la ...
 Amor non cura di fare suoi dannaggi.
 Co li suoi raggi mette tal calura
 Che non può raffreddare per freddura.

Motettu de tristura (Sardinia)

Tristu passirillanti
 comentu massimilas.
 Tristu passirillanti
 e puita mi consillas
 a prangi po s'amanti.

Tristu passirillanti
 cand' happess interrada
 tristu passirillanti
 faimi custa cantada
 cand' happess interrada

Malurous qu'o uno fenno (Auvergne)

Malurous qu'o uno fenno,
 maluros qué n'o cat!
 Qué n'l cat n'en bou uno,
 qué n'o uno n'en bou pas!
 Tradèra ladèrida rèro, etc.

Urouzo lo fenno
 qu'o l'omé qué li cau!
 Qrouz inquéro maïto
 o quèlo qué n'o cat!
 Tradèra ladèrida rèro, etc.

La fiolaire (Auvergne)

Ton qu'èrè pitchounèlo
 gordavè loui moutous,
 lirou lirou lirou...
 lirou la diri tou tou la lara.

Dance

La la la la la ...
 Love makes even the wisest mad,
 and he who loves most has least judgment.
 The greater lover is the greater fool.

La la la la la ...
 Love is careless of the harm he does.
 His darts cause such a fever
 that not even coldness can cool it.

Song of Sadness

Sorrowful nightingale,
 how like me you are!
 Sorrowful nightingale,
 console me if you can
 as I weep for my lover.

Sorrowful nightingale,
 when I am buried,
 sorrowful nightingale,
 sing this song
 when I am buried.

Wretched is he

Wretched is he who has a wife,
 wretched is he who has not!
 He who has not, desires one,
 he who has one, doesn't!
 Tralala tralala, etc.

Happy the woman
 who has the man she wants!
 Happier still is she
 who has no man at all!
 Tralala tralala, etc.

The Spinner

When I was a little girl
 I tended the sheep.
 Lirou lirou lirou...
 Lirou la diri, etc.

Obio 'no counouilhèto
 e n'ai près un postrou.
 Lirou lirou, etc.

Per fa lo biroudèto
 mè domond' un poutou.
 Lirou lirou, etc.

E ièu soui pas ingrato:
 en lièt d'un nin fau dous!
 Lirou lirou, etc.

I had a little staff
 and I called a shepherd to me.
 Lirou lirou, etc.

For looking after my sheep
 he asked me for a kiss.
 Lirou lirou, etc.

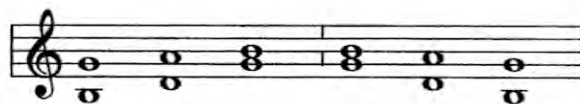
And I, not one to be mean,
 gave him two instead of one.
 Liou lirou, etc.

Azerbaijan love song

Apart from a passage in Russian which likens love to a stove, the words of this song are in the dialect of the Soviet Asian Republic of Azerbaijan. They were taken down syllable by syllable from a scratched 78 rpm disc by Cathy Berberian, who knew not a word of the language, and they have so far defied translation.

Azerbaijan love song**Trio, for violin, horn and piano (1982)**

One could write an entire history of music around the way that basic technical elements of composition have acquired specific expressive charges at certain periods and lost them again at others. In the early days of the classical orchestra, rank-and-file horn players spent much of the time pumping out a tonic-dominant-tonic figure on the most reliable notes of their pre-valve instruments, traditionally known as 'horn fifths'. Yet by the end of the eighteenth century, the falling version of the figure had somehow taken on the additional signification of departure, distance, loss: "Lebewohl" (farewell) writes Beethoven over the descending 'horn fifths' opening of his Piano Sonata, Op 81a *Les Adieux* on the departure of his pupil, Archduke Rudolph.



Fifty-six years later, composing an *Adagio mesto* for horn trio in the aftermath of his mother's death, Brahms apparently feels it too blatant to base the whole movement on a musical symbol already almost a cliché. But towards the end, he insinuates a distant pre-echo of the main theme of his finale comprising both rising and falling 'horn fifths'. A hundred and seventeen years further on again, Ligeti does begin a horn trio subtitled "Hommage à Brahms" with the "Lebewohl" figure—but in a strangely distorted version, implying a still more oblique attitude to a once directly expressive device.