

# 21ST CENTURY MUSIC

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# From September 11

## BARRY DROGIN

I work at the tip of Manhattan in a government building, and, after the first crash, we were all immediately evacuated, although we did not know whether the noise was due to an accident, a terrorist attack, a gas explosion... I was standing with my colleagues, staring in horror at the smoke and fire coming out of the south side of 1 World Trade Center, when the second plane came from over our shoulder and smashed, before our eyes, into 2 WTC. I have been completely traumatized by this sight. It played over in my mind all day and kept me from getting to sleep for hours. It has actually been a relief to finally see a video of the second crash from my angle -- the latest "exclusive" from CNN -- so that I can try to replace my horrible memory with this more contained and repeatable set of images.

Of course, at the moment we saw that second plane, we knew we were under terrorist attack and fled to the shoreline in terror. After I gained what little was left of my wits, I started walking uptown to the West Village to be with my wife and children. It took me almost an hour -- when I was outside my apartment, the first collapse (2 World Trade Center) occurred, so I was far away.

We gathered, got emergency supplies at the supermarket, and bunkered down at our apartment. By late afternoon, when we heard that everyone below Canal Street was being evacuated, we decided to evacuate ourselves. We live above Canal, but below 14th Street, which is now closed off to general access. We were worried about a shift in the still bellowing smoke cloud. We walked up to 38th and caught a ferry to New Jersey.

We do not know yet which neighbors or friends may have been lost in this tragedy, but we are hopeful that many people evacuated the Twin Towers in the time before the collapses. The cooperation of New Yorkers and the help from surrounding regions has been stupendous.

If the fires are under control and the smoke is not too bad, we will return home tonight, but I do not know. All I care about at this moment is that there be no more terrifying attacks. Getting over this fear will take some time.

## JONATHAN ELLIOTT

I was in my apartment when the first plane struck the World Trade Center -- heard and felt a horrific explosion which shook my building. I live less than a mile from the WTC and can see it from my apartment (not any more) and saw the second plane crash into the tower; then, to my utter horror, saw the towers collapse.

We were overwhelmed by what we witnessed. You could hear the screams of people all over the neighborhood as they saw this horrible event. It was -- and is -- indescribable.

This is certainly the worst thing that I have ever witnessed, and I appeal to everyone who reads this to please donate blood if you are able, as there is a severe shortage in New York City.

## SORREL ALBURGER

Such a horrible, horrible tragedy. We're not physically hurt. Everything is surprisingly calm and quiet -- no busses or subways or cabs running. The streets are still except for some sirens. It seems most New Yorkers not in Lower Manhattan are staying calm and just quiet.

I called my parents after the first crash. I could see the World Trade Center from my apartment. We just stayed inside and waited. Then we went over to Cabrini Hospital to donate blood. Stores are closed and everyone looks very shocked, but there's no panic.

I worked on the 105th floor of 2 WTC for two years, but I switched jobs three years ago. I still know people who worked in that building and the area, and I'm hoping and praying that they were evacuated safely and were far enough away when the collapse occurred.

It's really amazing the things that flash before your eyes when something horrible like this happens. To have family and friends care is a very important thing. Life is so very precious.

## EVE BEGLARIAN

I am writing as an attempt to do something -- anything -- in the direction of being productive. Like everyone I've talked to, I am suffering a personal crisis in reaction to this disaster. I am safe, my friends and family are safe, my home and studio are safe, and I feel guilty and inadequate for feeling so damaged when others are suffering so much more.

Like so many others, I went (unsuccessfully) to give blood, signed up to volunteer, lit candles and prayed for all of us, and wandered the streets of my wonderful neighborhood simply to make contact, to feel connected to the community.

I cannot work: I cannot sit down at the computer and make music. I'm wishing I had some non-creative work to do: something to absorb my concentration that didn't require me to be fully present. I usually feel so lucky to have my work, but at the moment it seems impossible to try to imagine looking inward to make something.

I've bought some books on the Middle East and on Islam; I ordered the Koran from Amazon, so that along with obsessively watching the news and reading the paper, I can begin to try to understand the roots of this conflict.

On Wednesday, they will do a service of healing at the Church of the Ascension.

And I have such a complicated reaction to this. I want so much that we not learn war anymore. But I am also so deeply aware that the very religion that I am trying to use to comfort me is the same religion that creates Crusades. If the law goes out of Zion, comes only from the Lord *Our* God, what possible peace can that bring?

But we are to love our enemies. And if we are to pray for those lost in the bombing, we need to pray for the hijackers, too.

## ROVA SAXOPHONE QUARTET

I turned on the news when I woke up this morning. This is something I never, ever do. It was 9am. Sesame Street was on PBS, and I turned the channel to one of the networks and was immediately confronted with the image of smoke billowing out over a great city surrounded by water, which I assumed to be San Francisco, and I heard the newscasters talking about "terrorism" and "plane crashes" and tried to read the scrolling headlines that ran across the top and bottom of the screen and take it all in. Gradually I understood that a plane -- no, two planes -- had crashed into the World Trade Center in New York. It took longer to gather the rest of the information: two other plane crashes, one at the Pentagon, one outside of Pittsburgh. It was so surreal that it was hard to believe that I wasn't watching a movie. There was a tone of calm shock to the whole situation, as if no one could figure out how to express emotion on so vast a scale. No one could register anything except confusion. And shock.

I sat watching, wondering what was happening in the world immediately outside and taking in the ancillary information -- all domestic flights grounded, schools and local government offices closed.... Next came the urge to go out into the world, to figure out what was going on, to see people and catch the tone of the day outside. It was similar to the urge to have some authority figure put it all in perspective. But all we had was our president landing mysteriously in Louisiana and making a vow of revenge which seemed feeble and childish somehow in the scope of things.

I thought I had to get to the office in San Francisco. We were supposed to have a meeting at 11:30 and I hadn't gotten any word that it would be cancelled, hadn't yet grasped that of course it would be cancelled. I rode out into the day on my bike. I noted with some amazement that there were still cars on the roads. Buses were running. Traffic seemed less than usual, though.

After realizing that there would be no meeting, I couldn't sit still in the office. I had to go back out and "see." I had heard that City Hall was closed and thought I'd walk down there. I walked up 8th Street towards Market in a daze. I found the Burger King on the corner of Hyde was closed, as was the Library ("by order of the mayor," according to the sign). The newspaper kiosks were open, but none of the papers had any news yet; there were still headlines about the latest rampage killings in Sacramento, which already seemed distant and sardonically quaint in comparison to what was on everyone's lips.

I walked on towards City Hall. The streets all around it -- Polk, Grove, Larkin -- were barricaded. The State building is adjacent, and that was closed, too. There were still homeless types out lounging around on the lawn in the square, though -- passing cigarettes, lying down, taking their ease. There was a group of German tourists who walked by with a map, talking in muted tones. The only cars around were those of the cops. There were three or four motorcycle cops lined up in front of the Civic Auditorium. Then, closer to City Hall, there were cops patrolling on foot, yelling at those happened to step into the street in front of the building, "Go back on the other side of the barricades." There was an Asian man who stood there gesturing and confused. The problem was that the police had barricaded such a vast area that it couldn't all be guarded with the forces on hand, and the barricades and tape were stretched out in a confusing maze so that you couldn't tell what was off-limits and what was simply deserted.

Somehow I skirted the building and crossed Grove, heading towards Van Ness. There was a young cop on the corner, short and thick-set, and I looked up at him with that feeling of strange commiseration and comradeship you feel when something really terrible has happened, but all he said to me upon catching my eye was, "We need you to stay out of the street," spoken with a sharp snap of authority, as though I had made some move to break through the barricade or was just

shifty-looking enough to try it. "Fine," I said, walking on, the feeling broken, denied. So this is how it's going to be: "We need you to stay out of the street." I had a sinking feeling that they were saying that, or something like it, all over the country right now. Next would come the homeless sweeps and the random searches. Already the borders were closed. I could say what was happening in towns like Detroit, where there's a heavy Arab population. Where would that "vow of revenge" Bush had made first be taken up and carried out, and against whom?

Then from behind me I heard a trio of cops bark out: "Ma'am! Ma'am! Get out of the street and walk around please! Ma'am!" They were shouting at a young woman talking on a cell phone who had wandered obliviously into the street in front of City Hall.

On Van Ness I saw a woman I know riding a bicycle, her face pinched in a look of hurried anxiousness, and I thought of stopping her by name, but she was so preoccupied she rode right past me on the sidewalk without looking up. It was remarkable to realize there were no planes in the air, catching the sun in the corner of your eye as they curved eastward over the bay or roared south towards the airport to land. And that there were no planes catching anyone's eye anywhere in the United States.

The World Trade Center towers had been there this morning; now, they were gone. Somehow that was even more demoralizing than the abstract notion of all the people that had been killed. In some news story the networks had reported that Palestinians were passing out candy on the streets and celebrating in the Middle East. You could picture that. And you could picture the towers going down, because you had seen footage of the explosions, and even the sudden shape of the second plane crashing into the second tower, 15 minutes after the first one -- cameras already trained on the smoking wreckage. But you couldn't, just yet, wrap your mind around the skyline of Manhattan without those towers.

## KATTT SAMMON

I was on a United Airlines flight in Dusseldorf, Germany. We were just about to take off -- plane speeding, engine turning on, and then, all of a sudden, everything stopped. We were told the plane was going back to the airport. And then we were told that two commercial planes had just crashed into the World Trade Center. As I sat with my mouth wide open, we were told to get off the airplane and pick up our luggage. Everyone went into the baggage claim and saw the live footage of the buildings collapsing. Additionally strange, in retrospect, was that -- before getting on the plane -- were asked around 15 or so security questions. There were so many questions that even a number of local German passengers found the experience strange and uncomfortable. The whole airport was just in total mayhem, especially the part devoted to Middle Eastern flights. All the light was half dimmed on that portion of the International Terminal.

I am in Germany for yet another week, at least. I have a flight rebooked, but am told that there is a good chance that this rescheduling will be cancelled as well. International flights are probably on the backburner until domestic flight security is tightened.

In Lessen, the chimes at the churches keep chiming (much more than usual) and people are in lines for services. This Friday is a day of mourning all across Europe for what has happened.

When I saw all of the footage on the news, all I could think of is that this is not supposed to happen in America. The second airplane looked like the same kind of United Airlines carrier on which I was to have flown.

# Concert Reviews

## Fresh Choice

### WILLIAM SUSMAN

*Fresh Voices Festival II.* Mark Alburger's *Antigone*, Lisa Scola Prosek's *Miniature Portraits* (lyrics by Michael McDonagh), D.C. Meckler's "Toccata di Luna" from *Apollo 14: A Space Opera*, and Anne Doherty's *Modulating Back to Tonic*, with Tisha C. Page, Harriet March Page, David Saslav, Melissa Smith, Micah Epps, Sharon Walters, Robert Benda, Miriam Lewis, Heather Lukens Gavin, Anne Doherty, and John Thorn. August 3, Goat Hall, San Francisco, CA. Through August 5.

It's rare to go to a concert and hear works that vary widely in musical style and subject matter. It's also rare to find them sound so new and fresh. So, living up to its name, *Fresh Voices Festival II*, Goat Hall Productions presented a truly amazing selection of new works by San Francisco Bay Area composers and librettists.

Under the artistic direction of Harriet March Page and musical director Mark Alburger, these two tireless champions of new music demonstrated an energy and vision that was truly astounding. As the name implies, Goat Hall Productions showcased four premieres at Goat Hall in San Francisco. It is a marvelous old hall that creates the perfect atmosphere for staging new music dramas and introducing them to a diverse audience in an intimate cabaret setting with candlelit tables and a wine and cheese table. Not only is the concept great but also, so is the quality of musicianship in both the vocal and ensemble performance.

The evening began with the Mark Alburger's *Antigone*. The libretto by Alburger is fashioned after the work of Jean Anouilh and Sophocles. Alburger calls it a "grid" opera, the grid in this case W.A. Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. His "grid" technique is quite an ingenious method for creating a dramatic formula and is also seen in Alburger's earlier opera *Henry Miller in Brooklyn* (the "grid" there is Weill's *The Three Penny Opera*).

Alburger's grid methodology often includes the exact number of measures, tempo markings, and keys from a master work. Because very little content is the same in the new work, this method for creating an overall structure is in many ways similar to John Cage's use of dice and the *I-Ching*. It is a random process where time and space from another century's opera becomes the road map for a new one.

Quoting from Alburger's notes, "Much of the music was written in the spirit of the title character: that of rebellion -- major keys become minor, very slow tempi become very fast, stolid rhythms become almost irrationally syncopated."

The work is divided into two acts with each act containing approximately ten neatly delineated scenes. The overture unabashedly alludes to Philip Glass's *Einstein on the Beach* followed by the chorus entering in dark hooded robes. This "intrada misterioso," is marvelously staged by Page, and immediately gives the impression of a chorus in classical Greek tragedies..

Also, throughout, homage is paid to Glass's *Akhmaten*, '50s rock, J.S. Bach's *Cantata No. 140* ("*Wachet Auf*"), Ancient Greek music, '70s pop, Arthur Sullivan, Gian Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, Prokofiev's *Symphony No. 3*, the Beach Boys (with a finger-snapping chorus), John Barry's *Dances With Wolves*, (I love it! This is a first: quoting an Academy Award winning score in an opera), Stravinsky's *Pulcinella*, Verdi's *La Traviata* and *Aida*, Meredith Wilson's *The Music Man*, Alburger's *Sonata for Oboe*, and Balinese gamelan music. Whew!

Considering this long menu of war-horses, one did not get the feeling that Alburger was blatantly lifting from these works and eras. It was more that one heard a fragrance of the music. Alburger's abilities are much too intelligent to simply lift from another composer. His skill and originality comes in his ability to insinuate a style.

Tisha C. Page, who was last heard as June in Alburger's *Henry Miller in Brooklyn*, sang the title role of Antigone. Her clear and beautiful voice was heard in the duet "Haemon" where she was joined by David Saslav. Another standout performance was given by baritone Micah Epps. A late addition to the cast, his contribution was most welcome. Epps sang a strong and confident solo in the aria "You think you knew" in the role of Creon.

I also loved the duet "It's You" sung again by Tisha Page, with Robert Benda as the Guard. "It's You" was composed in a '30s style with piano only as accompaniment. With the Goat Hall setting it made you feel like you were listening to a cabaret song.

Alburger only sang occasionally; the majority of the time, his skills were employed as house conductor. Under his graceful hands he led a *Pierrot* ensemble of flute, clarinet, violin, cello, and piano. When Alburger did sing it was a treat. His ebullient voice falls somewhere between the hip phrasing of Tom Waits and the grainy texture of Sterling Holloway -- the voice of Winnie the Pooh!

The second work on the program was *Miniature Portraits: A Song Cycle* with music by Lisa Prosek and poems by Michael McDonagh. Soprano Diana Landau gave a beautiful interpretation of these inspired poems. Landau was joined by the composer at the piano.

Six poems were set in a manner creating an elegant lyricism. The overall feeling of the song cycle was a large sweeping romantic gesture. Prosek composed music that fit perfectly to McDonagh's texts. The poems titles are "Once," "Alternate," "If I Should Go," "Forest," "Spring Weather," and "In Other Words."

The favorite poem and setting was "Spring Weather." With lush piano accompaniment and skilled vocal writing the poem's rich use of metaphor is given a lovely interpretation.

white the tips of flowers  
green where leaves are green  
and sound rains down  
or rain sounds down  
a chair  
a back  
and parted clouds  
a scent of sea  
and breathing  
white the moon  
tips  
now and gold  
an even blue

[Michael McDonagh]

The next work was "Toccata Di Luna" from *Apollo 14: A Space Opera*. DC Meckler composed the words and music. As the composer states, "Toccata di Luna" takes place in the interior of Antares (the Apollo 14 Lunar Module)." The scene depicts the moon landing and the near fatal mission. The mission was saved by a programmer at Houston who quickly wrote a software patch. (I wonder if he could write a few to improve MS Windows).

The four singing roles were superbly executed. David Saslav in the lead as Alan Shepherd, Douglas Mandel as Ed Mitchell, Scott R. King as Houston, and Miriam Lewis as Space Spirit. The ensemble under the direction of Mark Alburger again consisted of the *Pierrot* instrumentation.

Meckler created a marvelous ensemble and vocal pattern effect with his techno-patter technique. He states, "The music features broad text-painting -- the computer keyboard virtuosity of Mitchell rapidly reentering the new program is translated into fast piano keyboard work. A final musical hoquet depicts the exquisite teamwork and brilliant coordination between Shepherd and Mitchell." This clever title of this opera comes from an Italian radio broadcaster, who announced the lunar touchdown as "toccata di luna."

The evening closed with a work of brilliant humor, wit and satire entitled *Modulating Back To Tonic*. Anne Nygren Doherty who wrote the music, lyrics and book writes, "Inspired by the film *The Petrified Forest*, *Modulating Back To Tonic* examines themes of identity and self-discovery through the eyes of John Crumbe, a self-absorbed avant-garde composer. When John and his musically possessed cohorts-who include a down-and-out opera diva, a spunky chanteuse with a dark past, and a cowboy-song-yodeling reverend, become hostages of the violinist-turned-gangster Carrot Cohen, they learn that the key to loving oneself is loving others (and vice versa!)."

A standout song was "Out West" sung by Scott King in the role of Reverend Roach. Imagine Mel Brooks taking on this subject matter and that should give you an idea of the uproarious comedy in this show. Other terrific performances included Heather Lukens Gavin in the role of Violet Rose, a ditzy opera singer. Her clear Broadway voice and suggestive mannerisms were a perfect blend.

The great timing and comic delivery of this show can be credited to Doherty's sharp direction. Alburger aptly conducted an ensemble of synthesizer, piano, flute, violin and percussion.

Goat Hall Productions with its innovative programs is proving to be an essential part of the music scene of San Francisco. They also have a very good website. [www.goathall.org](http://www.goathall.org), that describes past, present and future performances. Don't miss 'em!

## Rhythm, Rumination, and Rapture

JEFF DUNN

*The Cabrillo Music Festival* presents *Fearful Symmetries* and *Angel of Light*, featuring the music of Jennifer Higdon, John Adams, Christopher Rouse, James MacMillan, and Einojuhani Rautavaara, with Marin Alsop conducting the Cabrillo Festival Orchestra. August 4, Civic Auditorium, Santa Cruz, CA. The second program is given August 12, Mission, San Juan Bautista, CA.

Though at long last *The Cabrillo Music Festival* is getting some recognition, partly due to the deservedly rising international stature of Music Director Marin Alsop, it can still be said the Cabrillo languishes in the shadows of Aspen, Tanglewood, Ojai, and even Round Top, among many others. There are still so many seats left unoccupied by the large number of music lovers in the San Francisco Bay area who for less than a two-hour drive don't know what they're missing: far more great music per minute than usually squeaks into a San Francisco Symphony program!

Take the first of two concerts covered. Subtitled *Fearful Symmetries* after the John Adams, the concert was more a series of essays on rhythmic variety than a series of symmetries. Janet Higdon described her *Fanfare Ritmico* (1999-2000) as "a lot of clocks beating in my head -- unsynchronized" and as a celebration of "the energy that permeates every moment of our being in the new century." The work's eight minutes were full of life and brilliant orchestration, constituting more an overture than simply a fanfare. In any case, the result was extremely satisfying and rewarded by vigorous applause and cheers from the audience. John Adam's eponymous *Fearful Symmetries* (1988) mesmerized many in the audience receptive to Adam's user-friendly brand of postminimalism that evolved from *Shaker Loops*. To this listener, despite a superb performance and excellent structure, the work could easily have been reduced in length by a third without harm. And sorry to say, Adams' earlier style is beginning to sound dated.

Alsop introduced the concluding work of the *Symmetries* concert by declaring to the crowd, "You know a concert is serious about rhythm when the only 'relaxation' is a piece by Christopher Rouse," a sideways recognition of Rouse's incredible felicity with rhythmic effects (overwhelming in the course of his work *Gorgon*). True to form, Rouse spices his *Violin Concerto* (1991) with numerous percussive effects and driving rhythms, not to mention passages of extreme technical difficulty for the soloist. But the heart of the work lies in the opening barcarolle, supremely nuanced by Alsop in her finest performance witnessed by this reviewer. Alsop's careful rubato associated with the "motto" of the concerto, a frightening quotation of a motive from Mahler's *Symphony No. 1*, eclipsed three renditions this reviewer has heard conducted by others. Soloist Yumi Hwang-Williams had a better tone than dedicatee Cho-Liang Lin and was equal to the technical demands. Nevertheless, this American masterpiece still awaits conquest by the world's foremost violinists. And what rewards are offered! What modern violin concerto do you know that regularly (outside of Manhattan) produces screaming standing ovations?



The *Angel of Light* concert a week later offered profound rumination in the U.S. premiere of James MacMillan's *Symphony No. 2* (1999) and two forms of ecstasy: quasi-religious in the case of Einojuhani Rautavaara's *Symphony No. 7* ("*Angel of Light*") (1994) and "religious or otherwise" in the case of the West Coast premiere of another Rouse work, *Rapture* (2000). In-person introductions were provided by the composers of the first half of the concert. Rouse lamented the dilution of the meaning of the word "ecstasy" thanks to the illegal drug of the same name, and revealed that he originally planned a work that would move from "darkness" to "light." But the length of the commission was changed from 20 minutes to 12, so Rouse decided to concentrate solely on the "light" side of the equation. For the benefit of any die-hard Schoenbergians in the audience, Rouse explained that "Rapture is something that cannot be expressed by atonal means," thus justifying "the most unabashedly tonal music" he has ever composed (along with his choral work *Karolju*, an homage to Carl Orff). The work, the Pittsburgh world premiere of which was previously reviewed in this journal, came off splendidly. Alan Ulrich, reviewing the concert for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, was impressed, stating flatly "I suspect it will open symphony programs around the country for years to come."

MacMillan's introduction to his symphony was humble, impressive and profound, worthy of the "writers and poets of Scotland" that, according to him, inspired the music. MacMillan spoke of his music as including reflections on "the melancholy beauty of *Winteriness* ... a deeper winteriness of the human heart." Nevertheless, MacMillan hoped that the music would provide something to "contradict iconoclasm" and indicate in a modest way that despite "discontinuities" there is "desire for the triumph of the human spirit." All this the symphony did and more, with the human spirit coming through, audible but qualified, in a quotation of Wagner's *Tristan* chord. By truncating the quote to conclude the symphony, MacMillan achieved a further unresolving of a famously unresolved harmonic sequence, thus suggesting a spiritual tentativeness. Perhaps to MacMillan our souls are pilot lights in a heavy existential breeze--still sputtering but highly vulnerable.

Einojuhani Rautavaara is well known to CD collectors -- his *Cantus Arcticus* has practically become a "best seller" and is frequently anthologized. It is about time more of his work is receiving live performance in the U.S. The *Symphony No. 7* received strong reviews when it came out on Ondine a couple of years ago in a performance by Leif Segerstam. The symphony packs most of its punch in the first movement, where a fabulously built climax is deliberately defused and never satisfactorily consummated despite Rautavaara's attempt to do so in the finale. Despite the defect, Alsop managed a riveting performance -- far better than Segerstam's -- bringing the audience to its feet.

## Serious Fun

### MARK ALBURGER

*San Francisco Symphony Opening Gala*, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas. Adams's *Short Ride in a Fast Machine*, Gershwin's *Overture to "Girl Crazy"*, Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady*, *Solitude*, *A Turquoise Cloud*, *Diga Diga Doo*, and *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, and Bernstein's *Symphonic Dances from "West Side Story"*. September 5, Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco, CA. Repeated September 8.

The serious and entertaining joined forces at the San Francisco Symphony's opening gala on September 5 at Davies Symphony Hall, for an evening that was seriously entertaining. It could have gone otherwise -- historically here and elsewhere, galas are not always particularly musically significant, and often jazz-influenced classical music is relegated to a ghetto-like "pops concert" format, with the condescending implication that the offerings are not worthy of subscription-season recognition.

Nothing could have been farther from the reality here. There was no pandering. Music Director Michael Tilson Thomas, soprano Audra McDonald, and the orchestra took everything seriously and made everything fun. In a typical Thomas move, abetted by McDonald, the program order was seriously juggled, appropriately opening with John Adams's diverting *Short Ride in a Fast Machine*. If this short, colorful, minimalist curtain-raiser showed the light side of serious music, the ensuing "*Girl Crazy*" *Overture* of George Gershwin showed the serious side of lighter music. The latter tune-packed opus was enough to convert one to medley-loving -- how can any reasonable person say "no" to a prelude that features such beloved tunes as "Embraceable You" and "I Got Rhythm"? Thomas and the Symphony embraced the moment and danced to the music.

Tough act to follow, but McDonald entered and continued to set the stage ablaze. Her renditions of five classic Edward Kennedy (that's "Duke" to all of us) Ellington songs demonstrated that this composer is among America's finest. "Sophisticated Lady," "(In My) Solitude," "Diga Diga Doo," "On a Turquoise Cloud," and "It Don't Mean a Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing)" took off in winning orchestrations by Larry Hochman. The rapport which Thomas and McDonald had was palpable, and everything came off smilingly and suavely. Conductor and vocalist proved one sophisticated couple.

Where to go from here? How about Manhattan, for perhaps the best performance of Leonard Bernstein's *Symphonic Dances from "West Side Story"* that this reviewer has ever heard. If this is not the greatest American musical yet written, what is? WSS is among the most successful blendings of the cultured and vernacular, and Thomas turned in an interpretation that allowed shining details to be celebrated and contemplated. A partial standing ovation, mid-concert, showed that the feeling was shared.

The program was rounded out by the weakest link of the evening, the corny "If I were a Bell" from Frank Loesser's mostly-better-than-that *Guys and Dolls*, plus Thomas's own intriguing *New Year's Song*, and the conductor's own arrangement of Gershwin's "Fascinating Rhythm," back by popular demand. McDonald was just as winning as in the Ellington, and the concert was capped by an encore of "It Don't Mean a Thing."

But it did mean a thing. It meant a lot of things. Most particularly that we continue to revel in the glory days of Michael Tilson Thomas and the San Francisco Symphony.

## Serious -- Un

### MICHAEL MCDONAGH

*San Francisco Symphony Opening Gala*, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas. Adams's *Short Ride in a Fast Machine*, Gershwin's *Overture to "Girl Crazy"*, Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady*, *Solitude*, *A Turquoise Cloud*, *Diga Diga Doo*, and *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, and Bernstein's *Symphonic Dances from "West Side Story"*. September 5, Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco, CA. Repeated September 8. Reviewed September 8.

Does turning 90 mean you should throw a party for yourself? Well, the San Francisco Symphony became a nonagenarian this year and that's just what it did to open its 2001-02 subscription season. The orchestra also celebrated the debut of its new concertmaster, St. Petersburg-born Alexander Barantshik, who last served in that capacity with the London Symphony.

Though Thomas' intention here was to party, and to party hearty, and not edify, something more than a glorified pops program might have done the trick. As it was, this offering of works by six 20th-21st century composers, including the conductor, was high in octane but low in protein. Americans are often seen as brassy, superficial and sentimental, and this program was mostly in that line. It began with a performance of John Adams's *Short Ride in A Fast Machine* (1986). Sensibly reshuffled from its place as the closer of the first half, it's a brilliantly orchestrated ostinato driven by the relentless beat of the woodblock, played by Raymond Froelich. The piece makes its points with dispatch, and is mercifully free of the baggage of other Adams works -- no "Gymnopedie of The Falling Body" here, and the orchestra played it with vigor and conviction.

*Five Ellington Favorites*, arranged by Larry Hochman, who often writes for film and TV, were a mixed bag. "Sophisticated Lady" (1934) was given an overly complex fake cocktail style arrangement. That for "Solitude" (1934) was fair, while "On A Turquoise Cloud" (1947) was unobtrusive and unremarkable. But "Diga Diga Doo" (1928), which sounded like a sexy rumba, was very fine, and "It Don't Mean A Thing" (1932), which was given as an encore, was spectacular. A bigger problem here was soprano Lisa Vroman -- Audra MacDonald sang on opening night -- who though possessed of a strong, flexible voice and a big coloristic range, belted them out as show tunes, which they decidedly are not. "Sophisticated Lady" is a ballad, yes, but one which suggests a worldly knowledge behind Ellington's music and Mitchell Parish's lyrics. But Vroman gussied it up with supposedly expressive vocal effects and tarted up moves so that it came off as a bald seduction number, which it isn't. "Solitude," with lyric by Eddie De Lange, and Duke's manager Irving Mills, who probably didn't write one word, didn't fare much better, and Vroman's approach robbed it of its poignance. Her vocalise in "On A Turquoise Cloud" was blandly ineffectual. But her singing of "It Don't Mean A Thing" was easily virtuosic, and brought down the house.

Bernstein's 1961 *Symphonic Dances from "West Side Story"*, which he orchestrated with expert MGM arrangers Sid Ramin and Irwin Kostal, was far more successful, and seemed to benefit from Thomas's association with the famed conductor-teacher. It was, at any rate, given a straightforward, precise and passionate performance, with especially characterful playing from percussionists Jack Van Geem (vibes and xylophone), James Wyatt (bongos), Tom Hemphill (solo tom-tom), Victor Audienko (cymbals and conga), and Froelich (drum set).

Thomas's *New Years' Song* (1999) -- the lyrics are presumably his though he didn't say so in his remarks from the stage -- is amiable enough, and Vroman was an entertaining advocate. The singer also gave a spirited cover of Frank Loesser's "If I Were A Bell" from *Guys and Dolls* (1950), and was superlative in Gershwin's "Fascinating Rhythm" (arranged by Thomas and Coughlin) from *Lady Be Good!* (1924), while the same composer's overture from the 1930 *Girl Crazy*, though played in an accurate Broadway style, sounded surprisingly dated. The orchestra played brilliantly throughout, and the audience loved it.

## Arshak, Too Bad

### THOMAS GOSS

San Francisco Opera presents the U.S. premiere of Tigran Chukhadjian's *Arshak II*. September 21, War Memorial Opera House, San Francisco, CA.

*Arshak II* is not a movie sequel. It is the first, long-lost opera of a prolific Armenian composer named Tigran Chukhadjian, who lived from 1837 to 1898. Recently recovered and restored by the San Francisco Opera from a highly edited version to its original pristine form, it depicts the problematic life and tragic end of Arshak the Second, a heroic tyrant of Armenia's 4th century.

The Opera's performance was perfectly staged, excellently performed, lovingly directed, and beautifully costumed. High towering ziggurats lofted above a coiled brass gryphon, rotating and shifting to create bustling squares, bleak battlefields, and gloomy throne rooms. The singers were well up to the task, emoting the twisting lines of sung Armenian with aplomb. Lines of dancers and chorus members flowed elegantly through the scenes as the carefully tinted stage lights glowed off of the burnished brass of helm and cuirass, glinted on bangles and beadwork, and lingered moodily on diaphanous white gowns. It was an opulent spectacle which stood as a testament to outgoing director Lotfi Mansouri's tenure at the Opera.

Except that it was a musical and dramatic disaster. Every cliché of 19th-century opera seemed to be in abundance. Both the second and final acts ended with long dying scenes, each lasting for more than ten minutes, one of which was set to a happy waltz over lyrics like "Oh Night of Horror." The character of the music was trivial and forgettable from the overture to the final curtain, in the tradition of some of the more pedestrian works of Meyerbeer, Sullivan, and von Suppé. In fact, the work felt cynical in some way, written to push all of the nationalistic buttons of its Armenian audience of 1868 while producing very commercial and harmless "hits."

There were a few exceptions to this, such as the moving hymn at the very close of the opera wherein the priests offer benediction to a wounded country, or a terrifically effective "white scene," in which the despot's wife floats over the stage suspended in a hanging cage as dancers weave below her, glowing in the sidelights. Her aria and the dance music which traded off with it were honest and meaningful moments in which the music was allowed to reflect the Armenian culture of its composer. If only the whole opera had had that quality. But alas, Chukhadjian was no Glinka or Smetana, and this experiment ended up being more a piece of historical curiosity than a piece of art.

# Boombox Vigil

EVE BEGLARIAN

Phil Kline. September 22, New York, NY.

On September 22, Phil Kline did a walking vigil from Union Square to Washington Square. Those of you who know Kline's work know that he is often called "The Boombox Guy," since, for several years, he has been making pieces for multiple boomboxes. Every Christmas he does a piece called *Unsilent Night*, where people gather at Washington Square Park and are given boomboxes (or tapes for their own boomboxes) and carry them through the streets playing his music. We all press play together and then the music unfolds, spread out spatially by the walkers, and in time by the vagaries of the individual cassette mechanisms.

It's a most beautiful musical public art. Kline has a real gift for making emotionally complex music that is robust enough for the hurly-burly of the street.

Some folks asked him to make a piece in response to the September 11 crisis, and I am so grateful he was able to do it.

Experiencing the music, being part of the procession, and feeling what happened for the people who witnessed it (the vast majority of whom are normally no more interested in New Music than in Sanskrit) was a deeply healing and wonderful thing.

We walked around Union Square and then down to Washington Square. As we were heading down Fifth Avenue, two motorcycle cops saw what was going on. At first, I was afraid they were going to stop us. But what happened is that one of the cops followed us all the way down Fifth Avenue, stopping the traffic so that we could continue unimpeded. At one point he stopped me and asked what was going on. I was still half-certain he was going to say that we couldn't march without a permit or something. But, no, he was obviously personally affected by the music, by the whole undertaking.

So much has changed since September 11. And not all of it for the worse.

# Record Reviews

## One Muskateer

MARK ALBURGER

David Arnold. *The Muskateer*. Decca.

There are swashbuckling movies and swashbuckling film scores, and *The Muskateer*, with music by David Arnold, is both. The main title has the pedal tones, perfect intervals, triplets, fevered strings, and heroic horns of a John Williams *Star Wars* score. Arnold makes Schillengeresque motivic connections from this into confrontational and more lyrical selections that harken back to preromantic times. And while no great musical strides are made, the music is often exciting and certainly dramatically appropriate. Cinematic soundscapes such as this constitute a respectable and growing tradition, and are many listeners' primary acquaintance with orchestral music. Many Joes and Josephines may not darken the concert hall much, but, by golly, they still show up in a movie palace when the lights dim.

## Be My Funny Magic

MARK ALBURGER

Bill Banfield and the BMagic Orchestra. *Jazzchamberworks Live from the Landmark Center, St. Paul* [Bill Banfield. *And What Would You Like to Hear, Little Lady? Her Embrace. Bill's Blue.* Richard Rogers. *My Funny Valentine.* Antonio Carlos Jobim. *How Insensitive.* Wayne Shorter. *Foot Prints.* Duke Ellington. *Come Sunday.* Miles Davis. *Nardis*]. Bill Banfield and the BMagic Orchestra. Innova.

It's all here -- the silly titles, straight-ahead riffs, fevered sax solos, the muted trumpets, the incessant percussion, a bell tree, a certain solemnity -- Bill Banfield and the BMagic Orchestra is solidly in a post-bop, academic-jazz tradition that has many admirers. Banfield is a fine bandleader (like Ellington, he chooses his personnel wisely -- notably amongst violin, woodwinds, trombone, and tuba), pianist (with a touch of Monk), and composer. His third of three originals on the disc, *Bill's Blue*, includes a particularly striking series of sustains in the saxes. Banfield's arrangements of Richard Rogers, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Wayne Shorter, Duke Ellington, and Miles Davis are as impressive as his compositions. Shorter's *Foot Prints* bear the stamp of the original, with interesting side impressions as well.

## Bassooner, or Later in the 20th-Century

MARK ALBURGER

*Bassoon With a View: Late 20th-Century Bassoon Music.* [William Davis. *Capriccio for Bassoon and Piano.* Christopher Weait. *Lonely Island. Variations for Solo Bassoon.* Graham Waterhouse. *Aztec Ceremonies.* Efreem J. Podgaitis. *Sonata No. 2.* Drew Krause *Five Pieces for Bassoon.* Boguslaw Schäffer. *Project for Bassoon and Tape*]. William Davis, Jolene Davis, Christopher Weait, José Lopez, Henry Skolnick, Ronald Klimko, Doug Spaniol, Charles Lipp. Innova.

To some, the bassoon is the Rodney Dangerfield of the orchestra: don't get no respect, and subject to bad puns like the titles of this album and review. But *Bassoon with a View* (Innova) could change this perception in a series of engaging works that show the low man on the woodwind pole in a variety of intriguing academic lights.

The first two featured composers are bassoonists themselves and featured soloists for William Davis's *Capriccio for Bassoon and Piano* and Christopher Weait's *Lonely Island* and *Variations for Solo Bassoon*. Each shows an intimacy with the tubing from inside out and are not shy in displaying the classic modernist bag of tricks including circular breathing, glissandi, harmonics, multiphonics, pitch-bends, quarter tones, timbre variation on a single pitch, and various kinds of tonguing. Davis is joined by pianist Jolene Davis in a spirited reading.

Graham Waterhouse finds meso-American connections in *Aztec Ceremonies*, at times ritualistic and folkish from contrabassoonist Henry Skolnick and pianist José Lopez. Efreem J. Podgaitis's uncolorfully named *Sonata No. 2* proves very colorful and appealing in a series of allusions that include homages to Dmitri Shostakovich and Ragtime. Ronald Klimko and Catherine Allen make a winning duo of soloist and accompanist. They are followed doggedly by Doug Spaniol, who provides a faithful rendition of the crafty *Five Pieces for Bassoon* of Drew Krause.

The funny-sound award goes to composer Boguslaw Schäffer and bassoonist Charles Lipp (who gives plenty) in *Project for Bassoon and Tape*. It's a piece of work, with wild timbres from live and memorex pleasing at every turn -- slide whistles and drums and moans and water and off-key playing and whines and beeps and squeaks and chirps and drones and burps and it goes on and on.

## Belgium Waffles

MARK ALBURGER

Erik Belgum. *Blodder*. Inertia Ensemble. Innova.

While this seems to be an issue for particularly poor title puns, Erik Belgum does waffle in *Blodder* (Innova). The informing principle is in tiny print on the CD cover: *Ambient Fiction*. In the Cage (Cageian), rather than Eno (Enoian?), tradition, this sounds as an unsettling series of indeterminately assembled texts.

Well, maybe not so indeterminate, a sort of mix-and-match jumbled progressive revelation; a venetian blinding of related texts.

Belgium also alternates cuts of his Monologues with larger vocal / sound pieces realized by the Inertia Ensemble. Less storied than the Monologues, these are larger-scale collages of text and tone. The through-line in both types of pieces is an extremely grating hold-up. You get two CDs of this stuff -- what a steal!

## Bell Tones for Cello

### MARK ALBURGER

Larry Bell. *River of Ponds* [*The Black Cat. Caprice for Solo Cello. Fantasia on an Imaginary Hymn. River of Ponds*]. Eric Bartlett, Robert J. Lurtsema, Sarah Clarke, Larry Bell. North/South Recordings.

How else can one describe the mellow baritone of Boston radio personality Robert J. Lurtsema narrating *The Black Cat* by Edgar Allan Poe to Larry Bell's lithesome cello/piano music (performed by Eric Bartlett and the composer) but as... Haunting? Bewitching? Sinister? Vivid? Dramatically appropriate? All of the above, and the frequent F-double-sharps on the page (skull and crossbones -- ha! ha!) add to the effect. Lurtsema's booming *morning pro musica* voice doesn't hurt either (the narrator a composer himself with songs, a film score, chamber pieces, and a bassoon quartet adapted for Julia Child among his credits). But the line, "I buried an ax in her brain" certainly does. Ouch. But the music remains considerably less painful -- quoth the reviewer: downright beautiful.

Bell has a Southern tone to his writing, touching on American folk tunes and hymns, even quoting "The Old Rugged Cross" in the third movement of his *River of Ponds*, the title selection on this North/South recording. Throughout, Bartlett and Bell perform blazingly. And the solo cello *Caprice* and duet *Fantasia on an Imaginary Hymn* (where the cello is nicely joined by violist Sarah Clarke) come off very fine as well.

## Baggage Check

### PHILLIP GEORGE

Aaron Bennett. *Live at Luggage*. Aaron Bennett, Kattt Sammon. ADB Sound.

In the tradition of Ornette Coleman, Aaron Bennett brings together the improvisational, the inspirational, the intellectual, and the irritating. His solo saxophonizing, which constitutes four of the six cuts in *Live at Luggage* (ADB Sound), touches upon all sorts of influences -- free jazz, microtonality, minimalism, various world musics. With vocalist Kattt Sammon, "Duet" is hilarious, harrowing, and hysterical ("What? Where? Who? When?"). Not for the faint of heart. The concluding "Concerto for Soprano Sax and Audience" is wondrously diverting. The toy instruments utilized make for droll decorations of Bennett's continually dynamic lines.

## Beep Ceely

### DAVID CLEARY

Robert Ceely. *Beep City*. Beep 2001.

Robert Ceely's *Beep City* provides a representative overview of its Boston-based composer's worthy output, containing a generous helping of both purely electronic and purely acoustic works as well as one that combines the two approaches.

Spanning a period of nearly 40 years, Ceely's tape pieces constitute one of the more underrated -- and significant -- bodies of work in this medium. Common to all are an excellently gauged feel for long-range structure and a vibrant, colorful sound palette. Certain of his works, like *Vonce* (1967), would not be equaled in sonic vividness by anyone else for several years; many tape pieces contemporary to these by other composers sound white-bread bland in comparison. The earliest electronic selections, *Stratti* and *Elegia* (both 1963), share a certain leisurely unfolding and austere, mysterious feel (mildly reminiscent at times of Varèse) that prove most compelling. The latter work, completed soon after the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, winds down to a coda suggestive of bleak, icy Arctic winds. *Mitsyn* (1971) and *Vonce* bristle with fast, angular, nervous gestures containing a wide variety of timbres. But Ceely is careful to anchor these jittery confections within a larger structural overlay -- they do not whirl aimlessly or fly off into space without seat belts. *Frames* (1978) explores intriguing ways of combining these two extremes. It bubbles like a witch's cauldron for the first two-thirds of its duration, meanwhile often grounding these manic figures within larger planes; the final section states the long-duration idea more baldly, festooning it with only occasional active filigree. *Mutual Implications* (1999) is in some ways a return to the highly charged, tragic feel of the earliest compositions, but here Ceely builds his edifice from bell- and gong-like sounds that embellish more traditional electronic material. All are intense, substantial listens, very highly recommended.

The works utilizing acoustic instruments exhibit a wide range of styles and moods. *Dialogues* (1983), despite featuring a solid amount of textural variety, flows attractively from start to finish and contains fetching solo flute writing. By contrast, *Slide Music* (1973) for four trombones projects an abrupt manner of speech and organization that might have proven off-putting save for its composer's liberal injection of jazzy or humorous elements and keen ear for special effects; somehow, it works well enough. A certain affinity for the mercurial keyboard oeuvre of Milton Babbitt pervades both the *Piano Piece* (1980-81) and *Rag* (1985). But like this vanguard serialist's works, Ceely's piano entries project a larger sense of shape that infuses their small, craggy gestures with a sense of direction. And the latter indeed contains audible, though subtle, seeds of Joplin lurking within its busy textures. Solo clarinet and tape coexist enjoyably in *Synoecy* (1986) without losing their identities. Here, Ceely manages the neat trick of writing an East Coast style duet without sounding like a slavish Mario Davidovsky imitator. In fact, there's a good bit of goofy humor indulged here; the piece's rondo conclusion contains passages in a triadic vein that poke fun at the work's more clangorous sections.

Performances, by clarinetist Beth Wiemann, flautist Julie Darling, pianists Rebecca LaBrecque and Timothy McFarland, and trombonists Thomas Everett, Nathaniel Gurin, Robert Moir, and Donald Sanders, range from good to excellent. Sound is splendid on the tape pieces, of more variable quality on the acoustic entries; most of the latter exhibit decent sonics, though the recording of *Piano Piece* by the long inactive, now deceased LaBrecque is of archival quality. With the exception of one noticeable splice in *Slide Music*, editing is fine. The CD booklet is attractively laid out and contains good program notes, though a composer bio, track numbering, and easy-to-find performer listing would have been helpful. Highly recommended.

## Tall Ford Harbour

### DAVID CLEARY

Andrew Ford. *Harbour*. Tall Poppies. TP 128.

*Harbour*, a Tall Poppies CD of pieces by Andrew Ford, one-time faculty at the University of Wollongong, again proves that there is much worthy music being produced Down Under.

Despite the predominance of pieces for tenor voice, no hint of monotony encroaches upon this splendid release. Ford shows a striking variety of approach in his vocal compositions, ranging from the special-effects laden flair of *A Martian Sends a Postcard Home* to the folksy unpretentiousness of *Epithalamium*, the crystalline conciseness of *A Salt Girl*, the unalloyed triadic warmth of *And Now*, and the often humorous, sometimes touching *ennui* of *Five Cabaret Songs*. The title selection, a sizable and ambitious cycle for singer and string orchestra, is perhaps the most impressive of all. Ensemble writing, obliquely influenced by entities such as Lutoslawski's *Trauermusik*, perfectly combines dramatic flair and experimental inventiveness. And as in all these works, Ford composes imaginatively for the vocalist, combining fine text setting with an unerring ear for good tenor sound regardless of the register or effect employed.

The non-vocal selections, while brief, are just as enjoyable. Originally written for solo alto clarinet, *Clarion* shows no lessening of effectiveness in its alto saxophone version. The work states two ideas (one static and tritone based, the other fast and nervous) then cleverly varies and integrates them. *Composition in Blue*, *Grey*, and *Pink*, despite its restrictive percussion scoring and dynamic range, contains nary a dull moment, contrasting and superimposing rhythmic layers in ways that would fascinate an African drummer. The amplified alto flute entity *Female Nude*, replete with breathy exchanges of sung and played pitches, palpably swoons with sensuous ardor. And all exhibit unusual, yet effective solutions to delineating larger formal concerns.

Performances are uniformly splendid. Tenor Gerald English is the star here and deservedly so, possessing both a ringing, highly flexible voice that sounds great in every register and clean, crisp diction. James Nightingale (saxophone), Kathleen Gallagher (alto flute), Marshall McGuire (harp), Daryl Pratt (congas), Hector McDonald (horn), and Ian Munro (piano) head up a first-class group of instrumentalists. Special mention should also be made of the Australian Chamber Orchestra (conductor David Stanhope), who passionately support the singer with some ferociously fine string playing in the title selection. Production values are top-notch and sound quality is excellent.

## MacConundrum

### DAVID CLEARY

David MacBride. *Conundrum: The Percussion Music of David MacBride*. Innova 525.

David MacBride's *Conundrum: Percussion Music* (Innova) contains unmistakable stylistic fingerprints. Much of the music on this CD is sparsely textured, soft, and in slow tempo. Faster, louder, more dynamic ideas surface at times, but ordinarily in brief bursts. The pieces are normally sectional and episodic, their divisions often pattern-dominated and delineated by changes in these patterns; kinship to process music is exhibited at times, but not overtly so. Despite MacBride's evident command of idea and technique, this reviewer finds most of these works hard to listen to—the music's larger sense of architecture is usually arbitrary and shapeless, and its few sprightly, attention-grabbing passages are inundated by long stretches of languid, quiet material. The latter concern is most clearly evident in the tripartite *Shape Notes* for flute and two percussionists; the work's expansive, contemplative central movement is more than twice as long as its energetic neighbors combined. Furthermore, the slow-tempo music tends to sound alike from section to section and piece to piece, with heavy reliance on marimba rolls in the selections that use that instrument.

The best track here is the opening movement of *Triptych*. It's a riveting tour-de-force of gestural economy, built from a single short melodic fragment. This tiny idea is subjected to a staggering variety of rhythmic shadings, melodic embellishments, and harmonic recastings. And unlike the other selections here, one can perceive an overarching, if very loose, formal delineation, in this case a ternary construct. Bits of pleasure can be found too in the clever concept behind the duo *Timing*; here a ticking clock provides a platform for the foreground material, which wraps up just before the timepiece's alarm sounds. And *Envelop* casts an affectionate wink at works by George Crumb such as *Ancient Voices of Children*; the latter's ritualistic whispered chanting is mimicked here, though the words utilized are not ersatz third-world exotica but nonsense syllables from the 1960's Manfred Mann pop hit "Do Wah Diddy Diddy."

Performances, by faculty and students at the Hartt College of Music, are very good. Percussionist Benjamin Toth in particular is outstanding here, exhibiting sensitive phrasing, fine tone quality, and spot-on control in his playing. The text in the CD's accompanying booklet, superimposed over a striped pattern, unfortunately proves very hard to read. Sound quality and production are fine.

## Mined with a Motion

### DAVID CLEARY

*Mined with a Motion*. Living Artist Recordings, Volume 2.

This reviewer had hoped that a CD entitled *Mined with a Motion* would contain lots of choice listening nuggets. Sorry to say, little precious ore was unearthed here.

The CD's most ambitious number is Irwin Swack's *Sonata for Piano*. Its first movement, while making no secret of a recipe-oriented approach towards this older format, proves to be a pleasing exercise in irregular rhythms and nervous unfolding. The central slow movement proves more square-cut, however, and the double fugue finale, while an impressive show of contrapuntal pyrotechnics, is stodgy in places and a bit long. The work's harmonic language, occupying a polytonal middle ground between consonant Americana and dissonant mature Roger Sessions, is effectively managed. Donna Kelly Eastman's soprano/piano song cycle *Encounters* consists of four settings; the last of these, "Snow," is quite lovely, while the others are enjoyable enough. At times suggestive of Debussy or Barber, the piece breaks no new ground, but handles its material well. Its weakest point involves text setting: words such as "peach," "woman," and "let" appear on high-register notes to ill and strained effect. Easily the most imaginative instrumental writing heard here appears in *Ichthys*, a piano trio by Violeta Dinescu. The string parts make telling use of special effects, and the work's raw, disjunct sound world is decidedly *au courant* in a European post-Vinko Globokar way. But formal considerations seem arbitrary and the work does not flow easily.

The remaining three selections involve tape with or without soloist, and sadly, none impressed. *Soliloquies* by Charles Bestor is a set of five short entities, all of which sound pretty much alike. Its oboe writing, heavy on short punctuated notes and brief melodic fragments, only occasionally presents the instrument to best advantage. Rodney Oakes's trombone and tape composition *The Noble Pigeons* shows an eclectic combination of jazz and Middle Eastern influences -- but unfortunately, the piece also proves repetitive and wandering. Gerard Manley Hopkins's epic poem *The Wreck of the Deutschland* provides inspiration for *Some Find Me...* by Charles Norman Mason. Regrettably, Mason's obsessively regular reiteration of words and fragments flattens out the sprung rhythm lifeblood of Hopkins's verse. And like the Oakes piece, *Some Find Me...* is very monotonous -- and altogether too long besides.

Production values on this release are fine. Sound quality varies from strong to distant to tubby. Performances are generally good, with pianist Loretta Goldberg and the Clara Wieck Trio putting forth particularly impressive efforts.

## Northwest Triptych

### MARK PETERSEN

*Northwest Triptych: New Music for Orchestra* [Christian Asplund. *Symphony No. 4*. Tom Baker. *Negative Space*. Christopher DeLaurenti. *Three Camels for Orchestra*]. The Seattle Creative Orchestra conducted by Roger Nelson, the Pacific Rims Percussion Quartet and guitarist Michael Partington. Present Sounds Recordings.

Present Sounds Recordings was founded in 1999 and is "dedicated to presenting and promoting new music by composers living and working in the Pacific Northwest." *Northwest Triptych* is one of the company's first CD releases, presenting three diverse and adventurous pieces for orchestra and percussion (Christian Asplund), guitar (Tom Baker), and pre-recorded sounds (Christopher DeLaurenti).

Asplund's 34-minute *Symphony No. 4 for Four Percussionists and Orchestra* (1998) presents and contrasts a veritable potpourri of musical ideas. Like all audio recordings, the listener is unable to experience the choreographic and visual effects witnessed in a live performance -- especially the use of paper bags and phone books; however, a lot of nice orchestral flavors are present, waiting to be sampled.

In *Negative Space*, Baker couples his interest in architectural "space" with his work as a composer. The guitar and orchestra lead the listener through a series of imaginary rooms -- some decorated with layers and textures reminiscent of Ligeti's *Atmospheres*, others with the acoustical rendition of a Jackson Pollock painting.

DeLaurenti's *Three Camels* is, as one might expect, a three-movement work. The third movement ends where the first one began; seeming to imply a loop that could continue ad infinitum. In between, the listener is delighted by a frenetic montage of quotations (Wagner and Gershwin among many others), electronics, vocalizations, and orchestral punctuations. The colloquialism "everything but the kitchen sink" seems apropos; but in a good way.

We anxiously await Present Sounds' next release...

## Wayne Peterson from New York

### DAVID CLEARY

Wayne Peterson. *Wayne Peterson*. New York New Music Ensemble. Koch.

In the music on this CD, Pulitzer Prize winner Wayne Peterson exemplifies the term "style" in the best sense of the word. All these selections contain a certain personal consistency of speech regardless of composition date, yet somehow manage to carve out a solid amount of variety within this stable context. Despite being a longtime California resident (specifically, a faculty member at San Francisco State), Peterson's music derives from an East Coast ethos. With its busy textures, highly dissonant sound world, keen feel for gestural drama, and predilection for metric modulations, one can note similarities to the oeuvre of Donald Martino and Elliott Carter here. But Peterson's music has a personal stamp embedded within; the presence of jazz-like touches such as walking bass lines and piano/vibraphone doublings are unique to the style, as is the unusually vibrant-sounding orchestration.

The oldest piece on this disk, *Capriccio* (1972) for flute and piano, is unlike the rest in its heavy reliance on spatial notation and frankly colorist writing. Peterson's integration of freely-composed and fully-notated sections proves surprisingly homogenous; few manage to balance the two approaches so successfully within the confines of a single work. And his instrumental writing, heavily dependent on special flute effects such as pitch bends, multiphonics, and color fingerings, as well as plucked, stopped, and scraped piano string sounds are handled in a sensitive way that often suggests non-Western models. *Duodecaphony* (1988) for viola/cello duo, *Labyrinth* (1986) for mixed quartet, and the Pierrot-plus-percussion sextets *Diptych* (1992) and *Vicissitudes* (1995) all show the more mainstream approach described earlier. But, as mentioned above, each work displays a hefty amount of variety within its composer's language of choice. For example, the two newest pieces, while scored for the same ensemble layout, hewing to a bipartite format, and showing a certain fascination with bell-like timbres, are in no danger of being mistaken for each other: *Vicissitudes* is a felicitous, often bubbly romp while *Diptych* is warmer, more mysterious in feel. Peterson's sense of structure is a further plus, relying on unusual formats that show vague kinship to rondo and allied genres while bearing no obvious similarity to convention. In summation, this is terrifically fine stuff, deserving of as wide an audience as possible.

Performances, by members of the New York New Music Ensemble (conducted by Jeff Malarski), are splendid. Production and editing are excellent. Sound is a little dry, but good. This first-rate release is a definite must-hear.

## Riley's Third Requiem

MICHAEL MCDONAGH

Terry Riley. *Requiem for Adam. The Philosopher's Hand.* Kronos Quartet. Terry Riley, piano. Nonesuch.

In the program note for his First Sacred Concert Duke Ellington wrote -- "Every man prays in his own language, and there is no language that God does not understand." And by that I think he meant that our relation to the divine is on a one-to-one basis, and that our friendships can have that quality too. The connections between San Francisco's Kronos Quartet and composer Terry Riley are certainly complex and deeply personal, and their new Nonesuch CD sets these in bold relief.

Minimalist guru Riley -- his seminal *In C* was first performed at the San Francisco Tape Music Center at 321 Divisadero in 1964 -- has known the group since both were in residence at Mills College in 1978. While there, Kronos' founder and first violinist David Harrington kept telling the composer that he heard string quartets in his music, which was odd because Riley hadn't composed anything for that venerable medium since 1960, and had been writing in a structured yet improvisational style. But he and Kronos eventually worked out an approach which changed their collective attitude to how music could be written and performed. This process resulted in two big pieces for them -- *Cadenza On The Night Plain* (1984), with its remarkable portraits of the players, and *Salome Dances For Peace* (1985-86), as well as many smaller ones. And when you add the fact that Riley had known David and his wife Regan's son Adam from childhood until his death from a heart attack, at 16, in 1995, it obviously couldn't be or get more personal.

The first movement of the 1998 *Requiem*, "Ascending the Heaven Ladder," uses a 4-note motive based on the 13th-century Latin sequence "Dies Irae" ("Day of Wrath") which depicts the Day of Judgment in the Roman Church's Requiem Mass (and this has a deep poignance, given the horrific and definitely millennial catastrophe of The World Trade Center and elsewhere on September 11th, 2001). Riley subjects this material, which haunts the work, to a series of seamless variations for the quartet -- the viola (Hank Dutt) taking the motive first, with cello (Jennifer Culp) pizzicato, then violins 1 and 2 (Harrington and John Sherba) joining in. The ascending abruptly stops about 8 minutes into the 13-minute movement, and ghostly harmonics enter -- an arresting sound -- with successive and very personal solos for the quartet. There are also beautiful interlocking patterns for cello and viola, and a very striking blues sound for the same combination. The 7-minute central movement, "Cortejo Funebre en el Monte Diablo," imagines a raucous funeral march on Mt. Diablo where Adam died while walking with his family. And though it's a very original blending of scherzo and adagio elements, with synth-produced samples, recorded by Riley, and live quartet playing, your reviewer has to admit that it's always sounded to him like a pinball machine on crack. Things are a lot less self-indulgent in the concluding 21-minute third movement "Requiem for Adam." There are many highly imaginative and deeply touching moments here, especially the vibrating viola solo in the coda surrounded by the soft mewing of the other strings and glassy harmonics. The abrupt end leaves the sound floating into eternity.

Possibly even more beautiful and affecting is the CD's companion piece *The Philosopher's Hand*, composed as a memorial to Riley's North Indian vocal master Pandit Pran Nath whom he'd studied and sung with, who passed in 1996. Composed last year and played by Riley on Skywalker's Blüthner grand, it's perfect, and years of devotion and affection seem to radiate from within it. The composer has also written two other requiems for Kronos -- "Mario in Cielo", for cellist Joan Jeanrenaud's stillborn son by Alessandro Moruzzi, and "Lachrymosa (Remembering Kevin)" for Dutt's lover, baritone Kevin Freeman, who was an original member of Chanticleer, and died of AIDS. The sound throughout the album is warm and lovingly produced. The quartet appeared on September 30 at Berkeley's Hertz Hall. Thank God they didn't have to take a plane to get there.



# Book Review

## Modern Magician

MICHAEL MCDONAGH

Eugene R. Gaddis. *Magician of the Modern: Chick Austin and the Transformation of the Arts in America*. Alfred A. Knopf (c. 2000).

Not many people have it all, and by "all" I mean charm, smarts, warmth of heart, and looks. And when these things are embodied in one person, people notice. Arthur Everett Austin Jr., who's the subject of Eugene R Gaddis's fascinating new biography, was clearly noticed. "You'd fall in love with him the moment you'd meet him," his friend architect Philip Johnson recalls . . . "All ages and sexes and colors." "Chick," as everyone called him, was also cheerfully bisexual, and loved to tell the story of how his maid once discovered him in bed with one of his male classmates. "Oh, Mrs. Riley, you must think I'm awfully spoiled," he remarked; to which she stoutly replied, "You can't spoil a rotten egg, Mr. Austin." Chick was obviously a colorful personality. He was also phenomenally gifted -- painter, set and costume designer, magician, actor, teacher, writer, and the most brilliant and imaginative museum director America's ever had. Virgil Thomson, who should know, even called him "a whole cultural movement in one man."

Museum heads these days tend to be like CEOs -- uptight in their policies and expensive suits, yet convinced they're on the cutting edge. Sure, Austin was drop dead handsome and an elegant dresser, and a bon vivant, but his reign, from 1927 to 1944, as the director of the venerable Wadsworth Athenaeum, in the insurance capital of the world (Hartford, Connecticut), was transformative. He didn't spend his directorship schmoozing with the board, but worked tirelessly and passionately on every aspect of his museum. His enthusiasms and knowledge extended beyond painting and sculpture, to include the decorative arts, architecture and design, theater, music, even film. What he invented in the provincial town of Hartford is the multi-disciplinary museum programming we know today. He did this when The Museum of Modern Art was still shopping for permanent digs.

But how did Chick become so discerning and prescient? Gaddis finds some of the answers in his boyhood. The only child of an ambitious mother and a doctor, he was sheltered and encouraged from the start. Laura Etner is seen as calculating, pushy, and concerned with social status. She lavished attention on her son and believed in everything he did, in stark contrast to his emotionally and often physically distant father -- his parents lived separately for most of their marriage -- who was also as much a workaholic as his son turned out to be. Like a Henry James character Chick did tours of Europe and was properly educated at Harvard. This upbringing formed his outlook, and broadened his view of the world, especially the art one. Chick even worked as an archeological assistant to Harvard professor George Reisner as he uncovered the ruins of Meroë, Egypt, which was once the capital of the fabled kingdom of Kush. Austin developed his taste under the guidance of connoisseurs Edward Forbes, who headed Harvard's Fogg Museum, Paul Sachs, and the Bernard Berenson (great-grandfather of Marisa) who ran the art world from his Florence villa

Austin's appointment to the Athenaeum, at the ripe old age of 26, let him exercise that taste, and exercise it he did. Under his leadership the museum produced an astounding number of coups -- avant-garde film programs beginning in 1929, the first big surrealist show ever seen in the U.S. in 1930, the first comprehensive exhibit of 16th- and

17th-century Italian baroque art in this country that same year, and a show of five neoromantic French painters in 1931, who rejected the modern's avoidance of sentiment. Austin produced many other equally successful shows including a groundbreaking one of abstract art and the biggest Picasso exhibition ever seen in America, in 1934, which coincided with the opening of the Athenaeum's Bauhaus-inspired Avery Memorial, and the world premiere of Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson's unique operatic masterpiece *Four Saints In Three Acts*, at the museum's elegant new theater. Sponsored by The Friends And Enemies of Modern Music, the legendary production drew both the cognoscenti and society types from New York and Europe, and put Hartford on the map. The fanciful cellophane sets and costumes were by Florine Stettheimer, and the opera featured an all black cast, with movement by choreographer Frederick Ashton, and direction by John Houseman. A later attempt to give the U.S. premiere of the Brecht/Weill opera *The Rise and Fall of City of Mahagonny* (1927-29) failed to come to fruition.

Despite this setback and several others, Austin continued to produce truly cutting edge art, music, theater and dance which frequently got him into trouble with his (mostly) stuffed-shirt board. One of the straws that eventually broke the camel's back was Pavel Tchelitchew's *Paper Ball*, which took place in the museum's Avery Court. And why? Because it was outrageously gay, and Tchelitchew's companion Charles Henri Ford and his group came as "Poets dressed in cowboy drag." To the horror of Hartford patrons, Gaddis recounts, "they were all wearing makeup and false eyelashes," and one society matron remembers them as "nasty young men ... who did *not* go down well with me and my friends." The fact that Austin was clearly ahead of his time didn't help, nor did the fact that he continued to make risky decisions which eventually got him into fiscal hot water with his board, which he began to see "as hopelessly reactionary -- unsympathetic, unappreciative, and tightfisted," and which eventually canned him. But salvation was waiting in the wings, and Chick soon became the director of the moldering Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota, Florida, as well as the circus king's private mansion, Ca' d' Zan, like Kane rescuing Xanadu from oblivion. And once again, despite the big box office his shows got there, Chick had to contend with all sorts of cabals, in this case the Florida legislature and competing interests (which shows that times haven't changed in the old boy south from then until last November's fixed election). But Austin was up to the fight, and produced landmark shows from Ringling's phenomenal Old Masters collection, and even had the exquisite Asolo Theater brought from Italy and installed in all its former glory.

Gaddis also details Austin's relationships with his wife Helen (nee Goodwin) whose family owned Hartford. Though somewhat naive about her husband's bisexuality she wholeheartedly accepted him, loved him entirely, and raised their son and daughter. The author is a bit more sketchy about two of Chick's other long-term relationships -- with young dancer and Austin look-alike Tommy Hughes, and his former Trinity College student Jim Hellyar, who lived with him in Sarasota. Chick's final days -- his horrific death from cancer in 1957 -- are very painful to read, and as starkly reported as Billy Strayhorn's end in David Hajdu's biography *Lush Life*. Gaddis's book is thoroughly researched, gracefully written and immensely detailed. Though scholarly it's never academic, and seldom loses its drive, or its focus on its remarkable subject whom friend Angela Lansbury called "this fascinating top that never stopped spinning." In a day when committees and corporations and yes, computers, run everything, it's nice to know that there was once a time when high standards and friends and art mattered more.

# Calendar

November 1

*The Complete Piano Music of Arnold Schoenberg*, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the composer's death, with Marilyn Nonken, Walter Frisch, Sabine Feisst, and Leonard Stein. *Drei Klavierstücke* (1894), *Drei Klavierstücke* (1909), *Sechs Kleine Klavierstücke*, *Fünf Klavierstücke*, *Suite*, *Klavierstück* (1928), and *Klavierstück* (1931). Columbia University, New York, NY. Through November 13, Goethe Institut, Boston, MA.

November 2

Mayanne Amacher. Mills College, Oakland, CA.

Menotti's *The Consul*, directed by Harriet March Page, conducted by Mark Alburger. Goat Hall, 400 Missouri Street, San Francisco, CA. Through November 18.

November 5

Xtet in Schoenberg's *Pierrot lunaire* and Golijov's *The Dreams and Prayers of Isaac the Blind*. Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA.

November 8

Poetry reading by Brian Ferneyhough and John Cage's *Roaratorio*. Knoll Ballroom, Stanford University, CA.

November 9

Philip Glass's *Symphony No. 5 ("Requiem")*. Ludwigsburg, Germany.

Robert Ashley and Jacqueline Humbert perform Ashley's *Au Pair and Empire* (The history of tomato soup), with Tom Hamilton. Mills College, Oakland, CA.

November 11

Aaron Copland's *Piano Sonata* and songs by Charles Ives. Hellman Hall, San Francisco Conservatory, San Francisco, CA.

Nancy Bloomer Deussen's *A Silver, Shining Strand* premiered by The Diablo Symphony. Dean Leshner Center for the Arts, Walnut Creek, CA.

November 14

Nancy Bloomer Deussen's *Reflections on the Hudson* performed by The Santa Clara University Symphony Orchestra. Mission Santa Clara, Santa Clara, CA.

November 15

San Francisco Symphony in Schnittke's *(K)ein Sommernachtraum*. Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco, CA. Through November 17.

November 16

Bauer's *Octet*, Sawyer's *Under the Sudden Blue*, Donatoni's *Refrain*, and Crumb's *Ancient Voices of Children*. Hellman Hall, San Francisco Conservatory, San Francisco, CA.

Lili Cai Chinese Dance Company and the New Century Chamber Orchestra in Gang Situ's *Strings Calligraphy*. Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco, CA.

November 18

Nancy Bloomer Deussen's *Ascent to Victory* performed by the Providence College Orchestra. Providence, RI.

Ben Johnston's *Amazing Grace*. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Milwaukee, WI.

November 19

New York New Music Ensemble. Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA. "New Music mostly from the East Coast" [Press Release].

November 21

St. Petersburg String Quartet in Shostakovich's *Quartet No. 7*. Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA.

November 27

Composers, Inc., in Bachmann's *Aviata*, Hyla's *We Speak Etruscan*, K. Ince's *Kac ("Escape")*, Lang's *Illumination Rounds*, Matheson's *Falling*, and Wheeler's *Piano Trio No. 2 ("Camera Dances")*. Green Room, Veterans Building, San Francisco, CA.

San Francisco Symphony Youth orchestra in Lutoslawski's *Concerto for Orchestra*. Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco, CA.

November 29

John Zorn presents his *Contes des Fées*, *For your eyes only*, *Angelus Novus*, *Kol Nidre*, and tunes from the *Masada Songbook*, with the Absolute Ensemble. Columbia University, New York, NY.

# Chronicle

September 1

Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, with music by Joseph Pehrson. Pulse Ensemble Theatre, New York, NY. Through September 15.

September 3

Death of film critic Pauline Kael, at age 82. New York, NY. Whether dismissing auteur theory . . . or proclaiming Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* (1973) as a cultural event comparable to the 1913 premiere of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*, Ms. Kael was always provocative" [Lawrence Van Gelder, The New York Times, 9/4/01].

September 5

*San Francisco Symphony Opening Gala*, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas. Adams's *Short Ride in a Fast Machine*, Gershwin's *Overture to "Girl Crazy"*, Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady*, *Solitude*, *A Turquoise Cloud*, *Diga Diga Doo*, and *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, and Bernstein's *Symphonic Dances from "West Side Story."* Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco, CA. Repeated September 8. "Thomas kept it light, lively, toothsome and all-American last night in Davies Symphony Hall, where, to the manifest pleasure of a formally dressed audience, he started his seventh season with the San Francisco Symphony. . . . What more could one want from an opening gala thrown b an orchestra that has entered a golden era in its history? The Mahler and the Schoenberg pieces will arrive soon enough this season, but last night there was no reason to invite along those gloomy Gustavs. You want a great party? You go American" [Allan Ulrich, San Francisco Chronicle, 9/6/01].

*Four Centuries of Swing*. Studio 54, New York, NY.

September 6

King Sunny Ade and his African Beats. University of California, Berkeley, CA.

September 7

Death of Igor Buketoff (b. Hartford, CT), at age 87. New York, NY. "[He was] the son of a Russian priest, through whom he met Rachmaninoff. . . . [H]e programmed [*Three Russian Folk Songs*] at the Juilliard School, where he became head of the choral department, he approached Rachmaninoff and [determined the composer's preferred] tempo[s]. Mr. Buketoff earned bachelor's and master's degrees at Juilliard and directed the choral departments there and at Adelphi College and Columbia University. He established his credentials as a scholar of Russian music when he contributed a section on Russian chant to Gustave Reese's influential *Music in the Middle Ages* (1940). . . . In 1947 he directed Gian-Carlo Menotti's double bill of *The Medium* and *The Telephone* on an American and European tour. Upon his return to the United States, he became music director of the Fort Wayne Philharmonic and director of the orchestral department at Butler University in Indianapolis. . . . From 1948 to 1953 he also directed the Young People's Concerts at the New York Philharmonic, and from 1963 to 1966 he was music director of the Iceland Symphony Orchestra. Always interested in contemporary works, he established the World Music Bank in 1959 to promote modern orchestral music. The organization is now called the International Contemporary Music Exchange" [Allan Kozinn, The New York Times, 9/11/01].

September 9

Sarah Michael's *Captain Hume's Petition*, "Had I Known" from *The Seal Woman*, and *Viajes*. Lafayette, CA.

Ellington's *Anatomy of a Murder*. Ft. Mason Center, San Francisco, CA.

September 11

Hijackers ram jetliners into each of New York's World Trade Center towers, destroying both. Another hijacked plane hits the western part of the Pentagon, and a fourth crashes into a field near Pittsburgh.

Cantaloupe Music releases its fourth album, Terry Riley's *In C*. New York, NY.

September 12

Henze's *L'heure bleue* performed by Ensemble Moderne. Frankfurt, Germany.

Tavener's *Mystagogia* performed by the London Schools Symphony. London, United Kingdom.

Michael Tilson Thomas conducts the San Francisco Symphony in Mahler's *Symphony No. 6*. Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco, CA. Through September 15. "There is a vein of grim terror running through the Sixth Symphony, alleviated only briefly by stretches of intimacy and lyric beauty. . . . Thomas invoked Mahler's desire to 'look unflinchingly at the hostile forces he believed were rising in the world.' . . . There was playing of dark, muscular menace from the brass . . . and timpanist David Herbert, lad down the rhythmic law with a frightening iron will. And under Thomas' resourceful guidance, the true horror of Mahler's vision stood abundantly revealed. Huge musical structures crumbled into nothing" [Joshua Kosman, San Francisco Chronicle, 9/14/01].

September 15

Gary Wolber's *Three Conundrums*, Karl Kohn's *Soliloquy II*, Joan Tower's *Wild Purple*, Evan Chambers's *The Fisherstreet Duo*, Glenn Gass's *Duo*, Joseph Brennan's *Three Meditations*, and the premiere of Tom Flaherty's *Sandburg Settings*, performed by Cynthia Fogg, Tom Flaherty, Gwendolyn Lytle, and Genevieve Lee. Bridges Hall of Music, Pomona College, Claremont, CA.

Cage's *Bird Cage*, *Prelude to Meditation*, and *A Room*, Tower's *Wings*, K. Ince's *Arches* and *Flight Box*, Martland's *Remix*. Milwaukee Art Museum, Milwaukee, WI.

September 17

Karlheinz Stockhausen press conference. Hamburg, Germany. "Asked . . . for his view of the events [in New York and Washington], Stockhausen answered that the attacks were 'the greatest work of art imaginable for the whole cosmos.' According to [the tape transcript], he went on: 'Minds achieving something in an act that we couldn't even dream of in music, people rehearsing like mad for ten years, preparing fanatically for a concert, and then dying, just imagine what happened there. You have people who are that focused on a performance and then five thousands people are dispatched into the afterlife, in a single moment. I couldn't do that. By comparison, we composers are nothing. Artists, too, sometimes try to go beyond the limits of what is feasible and conceivable, so that we wake up, so that we open ourselves to another world.'" [Julia Spinola, Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung]. "Ever since the music of Karlheinz Stockhausen burst upon the international avant-garde scene soon after World War II ended in 1945, he has occupied an unshakable position as one of the trinity that includes Pierre Boulez and Luigi Nono. Never noted primarily for humility, Stockhausen, now 73, has since then almost turned himself into an independent state, with a personal Website [www.stockhausen.org](http://www.stockhausen.org) that omits nothing except perhaps the aroma of incense. . . . Hamburg's brilliant Generalmusikdirektor Ingo Metzmacher, long a champion and friend of Stockhausen's, wanted to adorn Hamburg's current music festival, sponsored by the admirable weekly newspaper Die Zeit, with four concerts of Stockhausen's music, with the composer in charge, as the festival's high point. But Stockhausen himself torpedoed all that at a press conference Monday . . . Some journalists present reacted galvanically. When one asked whether Stockhausen equated art and crime, he replied: 'It's a crime because those involved didn't consent. They didn't come to the 'concert.' That's obvious. And no one announced that they risked losing their lives. What happened in spiritual terms, the leap out of security, out of what is usually taken for granted, out of life, that sometimes happens to a small extent in art, too, otherwise art is nothing.' The Zeit Foundation and Hamburg's Cultural Senator Christina Weiss reacted even more galvanically, almost immediately calling Stockhausen's scheduled appearances 'no longer acceptable' and canceling all four concerts.

The reaction of Stockhausen's pianist daughter Mariella, who lives in Berlin, reveals more than merely this week's tensions; she has had no contact with her father for the past two and a half years. Berlin's Tagesspiegel quotes her as saying she will never again appear under the name Stockhausen, and that if her father equates crime and art, she calls that 'fascistic.' She also regards his subsequent excuses as 'an expression of cowardice.' The Tagesspiegel also sought the reaction of composer György Ligeti, who accuses his colleague of having 'placed himself on the side of the terrorists. If he interprets this treacherous mass murder as an artwork, then unfortunately I must say he belongs confined to a psychiatric clinic.' Stockhausen left Hamburg yesterday for his home near Cologne, in what the press describes as a 'bad [schlimm] psychic state'" Paul Moor, MusicalAmerica.com, 9/19/01]. "Karlheinz Stockhausen caused outrage in Germany when he described the terrorist attacks in the United States last week as 'the greatest work of art ever,' Agence France-Presse reported [on 9/18]. Stockhausen, 73, who made the remark to journalists in Hamburg . . . retracted it at once and asked that it not be reported. But two Stockhausen concerts scheduled for yesterday and today in a festival in Hamburg were canceled. . . . Agence France-Presse reported that according to the news agency DPA, Mr. Stockhausen responded to a question about the attacks on the United States by saying: 'What happened there is -- they all have to rearrange their brains now -- is the greatest work of art ever. That characters can bring about in one act what we in music cannot dream of, that people practice madly for 10 years, completely, fanatically, for a concert and then die. That is the greatest work of art for the whole cosmos. I could not do that. Against that, we, composers, are nothing.' Mr. Stockhausen was reported to have left Hamburg in distress" [The New York Times, Wednesday, 9/19/01]. "I think it is naive to say that [Stockhausen] was misquoted or quoted 'out of context'. As far as I'm concerned, Karlheinz can think anything he wants (take it from me, he really does think this way). What bothers me is that this is a fascistic and totalitarian view of art and the artist that has gained currency in contemporary art. It comes from German philosophical idealism of the 19th century and it is still a powerful point of view, not only in Germany but throughout Western culture (especially musical culture). It is particularly damaging to music theater and to those of us that work in this field (Stockhausen's remarks were in reference to the planned premiere of one of the episodes of *Licht*, his *Ring of the Nibelungen*). The very notion of the perfect work of art (which poor Stockhausen can never actually achieve -- so sorry, Karlheinz) is dangerous and inflammatory but we have been overwhelmed by it in spite of its links to fascism and the worst political cultures of the past centuries" [Eric Salzman, Internet release].

2001 Hultgren Solo Cello Works Biennial. Recital Hall, Georgia State University, Atlanta, GA.

September 18

Kurt Erickson's *Gloria Patri* performed by Schola Cantorum. National Shrine of St. Francis of Assisi, San Francisco, CA.

September 19

Michael Tilson Thomas conducts the San Francisco Symphony in Mahler's *Symphony No. 1* and *Kindertotenlieder*. Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco, CA. Through September 23.

*Evenings of Peace Performances*, with Rinde Eckert, and musicians and composers from The Juilliard School, New York City Opera, the Metropolitan Opera, and Columbia University. 45 Bleeker Street, New York, NY.

September 22

Death of violinist Isaac Stern (b. 7/21/20, Kremenets, Ukraine), at 81. New York, NY. "When [Carnegie H]all was about to be demolished to make way for an office tower in 1960 -- the prevailing wisdom was that Lincoln Center, then under construction, would replace Carnegie -- Stern helped start a drive among musicians and the musical public that saved the hall. . . . In 1997, the main concert hall was named the Isaac Stern Auditorium . . . . Stern was neither a child prodigy nor a flashy virtuoso . . . . [I]n 1970 he played on the soundtrack for *Fiddler on the Roof*. . . . He . . . undertook partnerships with the flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, the cellist Yo-Yo Man, the pianist Emanuel Ax . . . . [He was] president of Carnegie Hall . . . the chairman of the America-Israel Cultural Foundation and [founder,] chairman and music advisor of the Jerusalem Music Center. . . . Mr. Ma, Mr. Ax, the violinists Itzhak Perlman, Pinchas Zukerman, Shlomo Mitz, Sergiu Luca, Joseph Swenson and Cho-Liang Lin and the pianist Yefim Bronfman were all given a crucial push by Mr. Stern early in their careers. . . . Stern . . . grew up in San Francisco, where his parents, Solomon and Clara Stern, settled in 1921. . . . After two years, with financial support from a wealthy patroness . . . he began studying at the San Francisco Conservatory . . . . In 1936, when he was 16, he made his debut with the San Francisco Symphony, collaborating with [his teacher Naoum] Blinder on the Bach Double Concerto under the baton of Pierre Monteux. . . . "When the [tepid New York] reviews came out I was in a state of shock," Mr. Stern told *The New York Times* in 1984. "I remember getting on one of those New York double-decker buses and riding around for five hours, thinking of my future. Should I take a safe job as a concertmaster of an orchestra? I had an offer. I didn't know what to do. Finally I said to myself, 'Dammit, I want to play!' So I came back to New York the next year and got rave reviews, and maybe I didn't even play as well." . . . [Stern's manager said ']When he is not playing the violin he is on the telephone. I would like to abolish the telephone. It would add 10 years to his life.' . . . He made his first recordings for Columbia in 1945 . . . and continued to record exclusively for that label in its various incarnations (as CBS Masterworks and Sony Classical). In 1984, CBS Masterworks named Mr. Stern its first Artist Laureate, and kept much of his catalogue consistently in print. . . . His New York Philharmonic debut in 1944 was the first of more than 100 performances with the orchestra. . . . In his earliest interviews, he argued that there should be a government department that supports the arts, and in the 1960's, he played an advisory role in the creation of the National Endowment for the Arts. When arts support was in danger of being cut in 1970, he appeared before congress and told the legislatures that the United States ran the risk of becoming 'an industrial complex without a soul.' He toured the Soviet Union with great fanfare in 1951 -- the first American violinist to do so -- but engaged Nikita Krushchev in a debate about open artistic exchanges between the Soviet Union and the West. In 1967, he said that he would not tour the Soviet Union again until artists were allowed to come and go freely. . . . He also avoided performing in Germany . . . . 'With my visit [to Germany as teacher, but not performer in 1999] I forgive nothing,' he said, adding 'but it isn't very human not to give people a chance to change.' Despite his own refusal to perform in Germany, he supported Mr. Perlman and Mr. Zukerman in performing there . . . . His performance of the Mendelssohn Concerto with Leonard Bernstein and the Israel Philharmonic on Mount Scopus soon after the Six Day War, in 1967, was the focus of the film *Journey to Israel*. . . . 'Simply for reasons of sentiment and piety, it would be wanton to destroy it,' he said of Carnegie Hall at the time. 'Think of Tchaikovsky conducting there at the opening, in 1891! Think of Paderewski and Chaliapin! But there are practical reasons, too, for not destroying it. The young people of this country are demanding more and more music and producing more and more first-rate musicians.

How dare we take away from them, the music, and the audiences of the future, one of the great music rooms of the world?" . . . Stern's other collaborations include[d] appearances with Benny Goodman and his sextet in 1963 . . . . 'You cannot force someone to think as you do, or to feel as you do,' he said of his teaching in 1995. 'But you can teach them to think a little better, to think a little more. To listen a little more critically. To listen to what they're really doing, not what they think they're doing. To have more respect for the necessary lengthy internal and external collusion between the performer and the composer.' Mr. Stern was also more devoted to contemporary works than many soloists of his stature. He included the Bartók, Prokofiev, Berg and Barber concertos in his repertory long before they were commonly played. He never commissioned new works, explaining that he did not want to be obligated to play the pieces if they turned out badly, and arguing that he was more interested in whether he liked the work than in giving its first performance. Still, several works were commissioned by orchestras and other organizations on his behalf, including concertos by Krzysztof Penderecki, Henri Dutilleux, George Rochberg and Peter Maxwell Davies. Mr. Stern gave the world premieres of those works, as well as Leonard Bernstein's *Serenade* and William Schuman's Violin Concerto, and he recorded all but the Schuman. He also gave the American premieres of the Bartók Concerto No. 1 and the Hindemith Concerto, and made the first recordings of both. And he collaborated with Copland and Stravinsky on recordings of their violin works. . . . '[Y]ou should get up every morning and say think God, thank the Lord, thank whomever you want, thank you, thank you, for making me a musician'" [Allan Kozinn, *The New York Times*, 9/23/01].

Omaha Symphony in Stacy Garrop's *Thunderwalker*. Omaha, NB.

September 24

San Francisco Contemporary Players present *Andrew Imbrie -- Now. Spring Fever, Chicago Bells, Songs of Then and Now*. Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco, CA.

September 25

95th anniversary of the birth of Dmitri Shostakovich.

September 26

Berg's *Wozzeck*. Metropolitan Opera, New York, NY. "This was a deeply moving performance of this astonishing 1922 work. . . . atonal is too simplistic a way to describe Berg's waywardly chromatic post-Romantic language and searching explorations of harmony and color. . . . the music was searingly beautiful. . . . Even the gnarly, brassy outbursts, though raw and biting were somehow elegant . . . . Structurally, the score is a succession of Neo-Classical music forms [Anthony Tommasini, *The New York Times*, 9.29/01]

September 27

Michael Tilson Thomas conducts the San Francisco Symphony in Copland's *Quiet City* and Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra*. Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco, CA. Through September 15.

Chicago Symphony premieres Elliott Carter's *Cello Concerto*, with Yo-Yo Ma and Daniel Barenboim. Chicago, IL. "Carter . . . will be 93 in December. . . . [The concerto's] single movement is both fiercely complex and an open book. . . . [It] shines with a kind of February sun: gray, bleak and penetrating. It illuminates a world stripped of foliage. . . . Can we feel affection for this music? I don't think it was composed for lovability. . . . at intermission Mr. Carter's piece seemed to have stunned [the audience] into a kind of muted incomprehension" [Bernard Holland, The New York Times, 10/2/01].

September 28

Left Coast Chamber Ensemble in works of Carlos Sanchez Gutierrez, Pamela Z, and Beth Custer. Yerba Buena Center for the Arts Forum, San Francisco, CA. Through September 30.

*A Concert for America*. Kennedy Center, Washington, DC.

Mark-Anthony Turnage's *Blood on the Floor*. Columbia University, New York, NY.

September 29

*Wadada Leo Smith 60th-Birthday Celebration*, with John Bischoff. Mills College, Oakland, CA.

September 30

Kronos Quartet performs Partch's *U.S. Highball* (arr. Ben Johnston), Gordon's *Potassium*, Mingus's *Myself When I Am Real*, and Vasks's *String Quartet No. 4*. Hertz Hall, University of California, Berkeley, CA "Partch's exuberant 1943 opus is very much of this world . . . potent, cleverly crafted stuff" [Joshua Kosman, San Francisco Chronicle, 10/2/01].

# Comment

## An Open Letter to the World

TERRY RILEY

Thanks to the Angel of Peace, the lone voice of dissent, Congresswoman, Barbara Lee, who courageously cast her vote against war after the atrocities committed against innocent civilians on September 11, 2001, in the United States.

And to those in congress who voted for war, I say shame on you for your lack of concern for what your vote will do to imperil the future of our world. You have taken the easy way out; that is, rather than appear to be unpatriotic, you have chosen to vote for blind revenge. You have sidestepped the long debate that this occasion calls for in favor of a knee jerk reaction on the side of bloodletting. You chose to cast your vote for the lowest common denominator of human expression, violent retaliation. You ask that we rally around the John Wayne "wanna' be" who is using cliches from old Westerns to appeal to the shoot 'em up mentalities that are being gorged by the corporate media who are in turn in the clutches of the Military-Industrial Complex that good ole' President Ike warned us about a half century ago. I am sorry but I cannot in good conscience rally around a vote for murder. I thought I was living in a democracy and that we bring criminals to justice here. Of course it is a flawed system subject to much human error, but at least it is an attempt at punishing those who are truly guilty. We must not abandon these principals lest we become the barbarians we condemn.

This planned retaliation is especially vile as the enemy is undefined and hidden behind the innocent victims who shall most assuredly be slaughtered. Do we really want to engage 1.3 billion of our Muslim brothers and sisters in deadly combat? Are we ready to accept the counter retaliations that are sure to follow that could lead to millions more innocent victims and possibly World War III. If we thought the World Trade Center was unreal and hard to cope with how will we react to biological weapons, poisoned drinking water or terrorists who take over our nuclear power plants and melt them down? Would the poor victims of September 11th really want to be avenged? They hopefully have by now reached a place of clear light and compassion and would pity those of us left behind struggling with this unworkable human non-solution of violent retaliation.

Even as I write this, the most pathetically poor among our dear brothers and sisters in Afghanistan are dying in their efforts to escape the War machine our nation is most certainly sending their way in the days ahead. Will our thirst for vengeance be satisfied after we completely destroy this, one of the poorest nations in the world? Supposedly, there are 30 to 40 nations harboring terrorists around the world. Many of these are the "sleepers" like the December 11th gang who wait patiently until the right opportunities are present to strike. Even the most powerful nation on earth can't deal with that fact, militarily that is. Quite simply we have to change the American policies that have caused this great hatred against us. Bush is the arguably the weakest and most unqualified president in our history. Because of this weakness he has chosen to lead with arrogance and disrespect for the World's nations and it's peoples. Because of this weakness he chose to hide out in Air Force One and fly around the countryside on the day of the attack. A real leader would have been in New York immediately and offered comfort and direction to that stricken city. A real leader would have given the orders not taken them.

As the Reverend Jessie Jackson said of him regarding our lack of participation at the World Conference on Racism, "You can't lead from the rear." But the aggressive tendencies of this nation didn't started with this administration. Our nation was founded in violence, it was stolen from the Native Americans with violence and has continued to use aggression, assassination and brute force to get it's way and to dominate and control in order to build its might. The atrocities of September 11 are looked on by some as a payback. A bloody nose to the bully that increasingly is looked on unsympathetically in the World Community.

The list of nations that have suffered from U.S. foreign policies, often supporting despots and death squads grows ever longer. Increasingly our greed for resources and energy has caused devastating hardships on the poorer nations. And that is in the fine print of America's new Military thrust. Our never-ending need for more energy. Isn't it exceedingly sad that those Saint-like individuals who have worked so hard for peace -- John Lennon, Mahatma Ghandi, and Martin Luther King were killed with assassin's bullets. The message of peace, certainly the most important message to all humanity, seems to be so threatening to the establishment that it must be silenced with the gun.

The river of peace begins in each and every one of us and begs to flow into the larger humanity. At this time it is essential that all of us keep peace upper most in our minds and not let it be suffocated with fear and anger. Love, the most powerful force in the universe can bring miraculous change when it floods the human heart. We must use every waking moment to work toward love, peace, harmony, and compassion. That is the "trickle up" theory. It is this spirit of peace and love, which must flow up to the highest levels of government. Wouldn't it be much more powerful to hear Bush say to Bin Laden "I love you" than "Wanted, Dead or Alive?"

I have to say that listening to one hours worth of precious grounded words by Alice Walker and the wonderful, enlightened, Vietnamese Monk Thich Nhat Hahn, on a program at the Berkeley Community Theatre a few days after the massacre, meant more than all the thousands of hours of confusion regurgitated by the nation's spin doctors. There is often talk of peace, but this was the real thing by those whose lives have been devoted to it.

NADA BRAHMAM

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## After Returning from Hamburg

### KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN

After returning from Hamburg I find false, defamatory reports in the press.

I am as dismayed as everyone else about the attacks in America.

At the press conference in Hamburg, I was asked if Michael, Eve, and Lucifer were historical figures of the past and I answered that they exist now: for example, Lucifer in New York.

In my work, I have defined Lucifer as the cosmic spirit of rebellion, of anarchy. He uses his high degree of intelligence to destroy creation. He does not know love.

After further questions about the events in America, I said that such a plan appeared to be Lucifer's greatest work of art. Of course, I used the designation "work of art" to mean the work of destruction personified in Lucifer. In the context of my other comments, this was unequivocal.

I cannot find a fitting name for such a "satanic composition." In my case, it was not and is not my intention to hurt anyone. Since the beginning of the attack onward, I have felt solidarity with all of the human beings mourning this atrocity.

Not for one moment have I thought or felt the way my words are now being interpreted in the press.

The journalist in Hamburg completely ripped my statements out of a context, which he had not recorded in its entirety, to use it as a vile attack against my person and the Hamburg Music Festival.

This whole situation is regrettable and I am deeply sorry if my remarks were misconstrued to offend the grieving families of the brutal terrorist attacks on New York City and Washington D.C. I will continue to keep the victims of this outrage in my prayers

September 19, 2001

[http://www.stockhausen.org/message\\_from\\_karlheinz.html](http://www.stockhausen.org/message_from_karlheinz.html)

## Thinking about Stockhausen

### EVE BEGLARIAN

On one hand, I think I do understand what Stockhausen was trying to say in his rather self-absorbed and unthinking way, and I remember that one of my very first responses as I stood on Sixth Avenue, watching the towers burn, was to marvel at the horrific brilliance of the double attack with a little time in between to be sure everyone (including news cameras) would be watching, making sure the attack was first thing in the morning when people would already have arrived at work and many more would be streaming through the subways and trains that run under the towers, the choice of a visible bastion of capitalism as the target, the coordination of multiple hijacked planes from multiple airports. I think many of us thought these things.

And at first glance, I can read John Corigliano's criticism of Stockhausen as being nearly as self-serving as Stockhausen's comments: blaming modernism?! Who cares about tritones versus fifths when thousands of people have been killed?

But on some level, I have to say I agree with Corigliano. I find it very easy to connect Stockhausen's response to the terrorist attack to Ezra Pound's response to fascism. If you work really hard, you can see that Pound didn't really mean to be an anti-semitic traitorous fascist, he just followed his aesthetic and economic ideas to their logical extreme. And Schoenberg's claim that the 12-tone system would ensure the triumph of German music for the next hundred years was not really fascist, either (he was a Jewish refugee, after all) but the assertion sure smells bad from a distance.

Perhaps strongly-held ideology is inherently dangerous. And modernism was a very deeply-held ideology. It is very easy, especially in terrible times, to push one's ideology, no matter how inherently virtuous, to a place where it becomes destructive.

Phil Kline told me he walked by Cooper Union last night, and the poster in front advertising the music series there has a big CANCELLED written over the previously-announced performance of Stockhausen's *Stimmung*.

I think that's a big mistake.

As a teenager I was told a story about Jascha Heifetz, the legendary Russian Jewish violinist. He went to Israel to play a concert. At the time, it was illegal to perform the music of Richard Strauss. Heifetz performed the *Violin Sonata*. And the audience stoned him.

Heifetz was one of my childhood heroes. He remains one today.



# Communication

Dear Editor,

Congratulations on all the other wonderful things you do.

Patricia Morehead  
Chicago, IL

Dear Editor,

The email version of 21ST-CENTURY MUSIC is excellent.

Best,

Barry Cohen  
THE NEW MUSIC CONOISSEUR  
New York, NY.

Dear Editor,

Many, many thanks for your July 2001 issue. An interview with Dan Locklair, reviews of three disks with music by Judith Lang Zaimont and Cesar Vuksic's 4Tay CD -- all wonderful and all greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

Jeffrey James  
New York, NY

Dear Editor,

Terrific publication.

Daniel Kingman  
Sacramento, CA

Dear Editor,

We wish you well in your efforts and know what your are up against: our debts at William Grant Still Music are seven times what yours are. Even so, we continue to pour our monies into the promotion of William Grant Still and of living Afro-American composers.

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# Records

Violin Concertos of John Adams and Philip Glass. Violinist Robert McDuffie, with the Houston Symphony, conducted by Christoph Eschenbach. Telarc.

John Luther Adams. *The Far Country [Dream in White on White. Night Peace. The Far Country of Sleep]*. Apollo Quartet and the Cabrillo Festival Orchestra, conducted by Joann Falletta; Atlanta Singers, conducted by Kevin Culver. New Albion Records. 1993.

John Luther Adams. *Earth and the Great Weather: A Sonic Geography of the Arctic*. New World Records. 1994

John Luther Adams. *Clouds of Forgetting. Clouds of Unknowing*. The Apollo Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Joann Falletta. New World Records. 1997.

*A La Par* [Wendell Logan. *Runagate, Runagate*. Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. *Toccata. Statements: Sonata No. 2 for Piano*. Tania León. *A La Par*. David Baker. *Through This Vale of Tears*]. Lawrence Conservatory Contemporary Music Ensemble. CRI.

All Time Present. *Good Vibrations / No Expectations*. Chris Forsyth, Rich Gross, Ethan Sklar, David Gould, Toshi Makihara. Evolving Ear.

*The Alternate Schubertiade*. [Nick Didkovsky. *Impromptu in Eb Major*. Annie Gosfield. *Cram Jin Quotient*. Phil Kline. *Franz in the Underworld*. Jon Bepler. *Fremd Zieh' Ich Wieder Aus*. Roger Kleier. *Sighted Sub, Sank Same*. Kitty Brazelton. *Fishy Wishy*. David First. *Thought You Said Sherbert*]. CRI.

Amherst Saxophone Quartet. *Lament on the Death of Music* [Leila Lustig. *Lament on the Death of Music*. Chan Ka Nin. *Saxophone Quartet*. Anita D. Perry. *Quartet for Saxophones*. Andrew Stiller. *Chamber Symphony for Saxophone Quartet*]. Amherst Saxophone Quartet. Innova.

David Arnold. *The Muskateer*. Decca.

Robert Ashley. *Dust*. Sam Ashley, Thomas Buckner, Tom Hamilton, Jacqueline Humbert, Joan La Barbara, "Blue" Gene Tyranny, and Robert Ashley. Lovely Music.

Robert Ashley. *Your Money My Life Goodbye*. Jacqueline Humbert, Thomas Buckner, Sam Ashley, Robert Ashley, Joan La Barbara. Lovely Music.

Auckland Philharmonia. *Fanfares for a New Millennium* [Christopher Blake. *Auckland!* Eve de Castro-Robinson. *Other echoes*. John Rimmer. *Vulcan*. Juliet Palmer. *Secret Arnold*. John Psathas. *Luminous*. Lisa Meridan-Skipp. *firecracker*. John Elmsly. *Resound!* Dorothy Buchanan. *Peace*. Chris Cree Brown. *Y2K Pacemaker*. Philip Dadson. *MAYA*. David Hamilton. *Zarya*]. Auckland Philharmonia, conducted by Miguel Harth-Bedoya. Atoll.

Robert Avalon. *Piano Concerto. Flute and Harp Concerto*. Foundation for Modern Music Orchestra, with Robert Avalon, conducted by Larry Rechleff. Centaur Records.

George Barati. *Cello Concerto. Harpsichord Concerto. Chamber Concerto*. London Philharmonic Orchestra, Baroque Chamber Players of Indiana, Philadelphia Orchestra. CRI.

Paul Barker. *Turquoise Swans [Three Songs for Sylvia Plath. Some Dirty Tricks. The Thief of Songs III]*. Sarah Leonard, soprano; Paul Barker, Piano. Sargasso.

Bill Barrett. *Backbone*. 9 Winds.

John Barry. *The Lion in Winter. Mary Queen of Scots*. Silva Screen.

Martin Bartlett. *Burning Water [Hexachords. Etats (with George Lewis). Burning Water. Etats (with Frances-Marie Uitti)]*. Martin Bartlett, Peter Hannan, George Lewis, Frances-Marie Uitti. Periplum.

*Bassoon With a View: Late 20th-Century Bassoon Music*. [William Davis. *Capriccio for Bassoon and Piano*. Christopher Weait. *Lonely Island. Variations for Solo Bassoon*. Graham Waterhouse. *Aztec Ceremonies*. Efreem J. Podgaitis. *Sonata No. 2*. Drew Krause *Five Pieces for Bassoon*. Boguslaw Schäffer. *Project for Bassoon and Tape*]. William Davis, Jolene Davis, Christopher Weait, José Lopez, Henry Skolnick, Ronald Klimko, Doug Spaniol, Charles Lipp. Innova.

Erik Belgum. *Blodder*. Inertia Ensemble. Innova.

Larry Bell. *River of Ponds [The Black Cat. Caprice for Solo Cello. Fantasia on an Imaginary Hymn. River of Ponds]*. Eric Bartlett, Robert J. Lurtsema, Sarah Clarke, Larry Bell. North/South Recordings.

Aaron Bennett. *Live at Luggage [Duet. Concerto for Soprano Sax and Audience]*. Aaron Bennett, Kattt Sammon. ADB Sound.

Robert Ceely. *Beep City*. Beep 2001.

Andrew Ford. *Harbour*. Tall Poppies. TP 128.

David MacBride. *Conundrum: The Percussion Music of David MacBride*. Innova 525.

*Mined with a Motion*. Living Artist Recordings, Volume 2.

*Northwest Triptych: New Music for Orchestra* [Christian Asplund. *Symphony No. 4*. Tom Baker. *Negative Space*. Christopher DeLaurenti. *Three Camels for Orchestra*]. The Seattle Creative Orchestra conducted by Roger Nelson, the Pacific Rims Percussion Quartet and guitarist Michael Partington. Present Sounds Recordings.

Wayne Peterson. *Wayne Peterson*. New York New Music Ensemble. Koch.

Terry Riley. *Requiem for Adam. The Philosopher's Hand*. Kronos Quartet. Terry Riley, piano. Nonesuch.

# Writers

MARK ALBURGER began playing the oboe and composing in association with Dorothy and James Freeman, George Crumb, and Richard Wernick. He studied with Karl Kohn at Pomona College; Joan Panetti and Gerald Levinson at Swarthmore College (B.A.); Jules Langert at Dominican University (M.A.); Roland Jackson at Claremont Graduate University (Ph.D.); and Terry Riley. Alburger writes for *Commuter Times* and is published by New Music. He is Editor-Publisher of 21ST-CENTURY MUSIC. An ASCAP composer, his opera *The Little Prince* is scheduled for a nine-performance run this month at Dominican University.

SORREL BURGER is a New York Correspondent for 20TH-CENTURY MUSIC and a performance artist whose work involves mime, poetry, overhead projection, video, and live / recorded / synthesized whistling. Burger's grants and fellowships have included awards from the Pennsylvania Council for the Arts, Philadelphia Independent Video Association, and Movement Theatre International.

EVE BEGLARIAN is a New York based composer, performer, and writer.

DAVID CLEARY's music has been played throughout the U.S. and abroad, including performances at Tanglewood and by Alea II and Dinosaur Annex. A member of Composers in Red Sneaker, he has won many awards and grants, including the Harvey Gaul Contest, an Ella Lyman Cabot Trust Grant, and a MacDowell residence. He is a staff critic for *The New Music Connoisseur* and 21ST-CENTURY MUSIC. His article on composing careers is published by Gale Research and he has contributed CD reviews to the latest *All Music Guide to Rock*. His music appears on the Centaur and Vienna Modern Masters labels, and his bio may be found in many *Who's Who* books.

PATTI DEUTER is Associate Editor of 21ST-CENTURY MUSIC and a Bay Area pianist.

BARRY DROGIN is a New York based composer, writer, and authority on contemporary opera and music theatre.

JEFF DUNN is a freelance critic with a B.A. in music and a Ph.D. in Education. He is an avid collector of recorded performances of new music, a dedicated opera-goer, and a composer of piano and vocal music. His post-modernistic career has included stints as a ranger-naturalist, geologic explorationist, and geography professor. He now serves on the board of directors for New Music Forum and is a Bay Area correspondent for 21ST-CENTURY MUSIC.

JONATHAN ELLIOTT is a New York based composer.

PHILLIP GEORGE is an editor for New Music, and serves on the staff of 20TH-CENTURY MUSIC.

THOMAS GOSS -- San Francisco composer, writer, and pianist -- serves on the advisory board of the American Composers Forum (Bay Area Chapter). His cassette tapes, *Preludes* and *Night Fragments*, are distributed by New Music.

MICHAEL MCDONAGH is a San Francisco-based poet and writer on the arts who has done two poem/picture books with artist Gary Bukovnik, *Before I Forget* (1991) and *Once* (1997), the former being in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, The Berkeley Art Museum, and the New York Public Library. He has also published poems in journals including *Mirage*, and written two theatre pieces --

*Touch and Go*, for three performers, which was staged at Venue 9 in 1998; and *Sight Unseen*, for solo performer. His critical pieces have appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, *San Francisco Review of Books*, *3 Penny Review*, *California Printmaker*, *Antiques and Fine Art*, *The Advocate*, *High Performance*, and *In Tune*. He writes for *The Bay Area Reporter* and heads the Bay Area chapter of The Duke Ellington Society. He co-hosted nine radio shows on KUSF with Tony Gualtieri with whom he now shares a classical-music review website -- [www.msu.edu/user/gualtie3](http://www.msu.edu/user/gualtie3) -- which has also been translated into Russian and appears in *Intellectual Forum*.

Composer DC MECKLER has degrees. He has studied with teachers. His music has been performed in cities by musicians. He has friends from several different countries, therefore it might be said that he has an international reputation. He has been commissioned to compose music, and he has been a semi-finalist. When not engaged in music, he pursues hobbies. For more details, refer to <http://hometown.aol.com/dcmeckler/>. Comments gladly received via e-mail at [dcmeckler@aol.com](mailto:dcmeckler@aol.com).

MARK PETERSEN is a composer, pianist, singer, music director, and Seattle Correspondent for 21ST-CENTURY MUSIC. He has degrees in music from Weber State College (B.A.) and North Texas State University (M.M.). Five of his works are published by New Music Publications (San Rafael, CA).

TERRY RILEY took the MA in composition at the University of California (Berkeley) and later moved to New York, where he was associated with La Monte Young and Fluxus. After a stint in Europe, he returned to the Bay Area, where he composed his landmark *In C*, as well as *Keyboard Studies*, *Dorian Reeds*, and *Olson III*. A Rainbow in Curved Air featured Riley as keyboardist and saxophonist. After studies with Pandit Pran Nath, Riley became increasingly interested in vocal and keyboard improvisation. Later works have included extensive cycles of pieces for string quartet, saxophones, and guitar.

KATTT SAMMON is a San Francisco based composer, vocalist, and writer.

ROVA SAXOPHONE QUARTET is based in San Francisco.

Post-serialist composer KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN has pioneered electronic music, new uses of physical space in music, open forms, and live-electronic performance. He has been widely active as a teacher, and has taken part -- as either conductor or performer -- in many performances of his own music, forming his own performing group in 1964.

WILLIAM SUSMAN debuted at the Ravinia Festival when he was fifteen. He went on to study composition and piano at the University of Illinois. He accepted a graduate fellowship at the Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics at Stanford and subsequently worked at IRCAM in Paris. His works have been widely performed both in the U.S. and Europe, including the Gaudeamus Festival, The Festival of Alicante, The Aspen Music Festival, The Festival of Microtonal Music and the Los Angeles Bach Festival. His commissions include The Fromm Music Foundation and numerous San Francisco and New York ensembles. His awards include ASCAP, BMI, Gaudeamus, Percussive Arts Society and KUCYNA. He also composes extensively for film and recently scored the independent feature, *Asphyxiating Uma*. A complete list of his works and film credits are at [www.susmanmusic.com](http://www.susmanmusic.com)

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March 2, 2002  
at the Palo Alto Art Center Auditorium  
Embarcadero & Newell, Palo Alto  
with Chapter Composers and Friends

#### SPRING RESONANCE

8pm Saturday  
June 8, 2002  
at the Palo Alto Art Center Auditorium  
Embarcadero & Newell, Palo Alto  
with the Composers' Performance Ensemble  
featuring a performance of the winning  
composition from The NACUSAsf  
Young Composers Contest

Presented in cooperation with The City of Palo Alto Division of Arts and Culture,  
and the Valley Presbyterian Church, Portola Valley.

Call (925) 288-1685 for more information.

Admission: \$12 general, \$8 students and seniors.

Tickets available at the door.

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