

PRISMS Contemporary Music Festival 2019 – 10th edition

Concert 1
Faculty & Guest Artists Series
Organ Hall/Katzin Concert Hall
Arizona State University
November 9, 2019 7:30 pm

Organ Hall

Steve Reich

Music for Mallet Instruments, Female Voices and Organ

Crossing 32nd St. Ensemble
Ilona Kubiaczyk-Adler, Lisa Tolentino voice 1 & 2
Amanda DeMaris, voice 3 (solo)
Jacob Adler, organ
Jeremy Muller, vibraphone
Travis Rowland, glockenspiel 1
Brett Reed, glockenspiel 2 (solo)
Sonja Branch, Neil Hathaway marimba 1 & 2
Joe Millea, Rob Esler marimba 3 & 4 (soli)
Douglas Nottingham, director

Alex Christie

Mouthfeel

Solo voice with megaphone
Doug Nottingham, soloist

Guillaume de Machaut

Rose, liz, printemps, verdure
Rondeau for four voices
Ilona Kubiaczyk-Adler
Stacey Mastrian
Eric Flyte
Jacob Verhine

Luigi Nono

La fabbrica illuminata
For soprano and four-channel tape
Stacey Mastrian, soprano
Gabriel Bolaños, sound projection

- INTERMISSION-

Katzin Concert Hall

Gabriel Bolaños

en abril no llueve

For soprano and ensemble (World Premiere)

Arizona Contemporary Music Ensemble

Amanda DeMaris, soprano

Yan Shen, Miao Liu, Anne-Marie Shaver, flutes

Michael Robinson, clarinet

Mohamed Farag, violin

Kimberly Hankins, viola

Jacob Barker, cello

Sarah Core, MIDI Keyboard

Adam Heyen, horn

John Pisaro, trombone

Simone Mancuso, director

Luciano Berio

Folk Songs

For soprano and 7 instruments

1. Black is the Color (USA)
2. I Wonder as I Wander (USA)
3. Loosin yelav (Armenia)
4. Rossignolet du bois (France)
5. A la femminisca (Sicily)
6. La donna ideale (Italy—Genoa)
7. Ballo (Italy—Sicily)
8. Motettu de tristura (Sardinia)
9. Malurous qu'ò uno fenno (France—Auvergne)
10. Lo fiolaire (France—Auvergne)
11. Azerbaijan Love Song (Azerbaijan)

Stacey Mastrian, voice

Juliana Scholle, harp

Yian Shen, flute

Michael Robinson, clarinet

Kimberly Hankins, viola

Jacob Barker, cello

Jingya Zhou, Travis Rowland, percussion

Simone Mancuso, director

Guillaume de Machaut, who lived from ca. 1300-1377, was a leading figure in the French *ars nova* (New Art) of his time. He was a composer and a poet, whose work influenced generations of composers, including Luigi Nono. "Rose, liz..." is a *rondeau*, with the form ABaAabAB.

Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,
Fleur, baume et tres douce odour,
Belle, passés en douçour,

Rose, lily, spring, greenery,
Flower, balm, and the sweetest fragrance,
Beautiful lady, you surpass them in sweetness.

Et tous les biens de Nature,
Avez dont je vous aour.
Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,
Fleur, baume et tres douce odour.

And all the gifts of nature
You possess, for which I adore you.
Rose, lily, spring, greenery,
Flower, balm, and the sweetest fragrance.

Et quant toute creature
Seurmonte vostre valour,
Bien puis dire et par honneur:
Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,
Fleur, baume et tres douce odour,
Belle, passés en douçour.

And since beyond any creature's
Your worth excels,
I must say in all honor:
Rose, lily, spring, greenery,
Flower, balm, and the sweetest fragrance,
Beautiful lady, you surpass them in sweetness.

Luigi Nono (1924-1990) addressed political and social issues in his revolutionary music, examining the state of the world and expressing sympathetic anguish for humanity's plights as well as hope for the future. He said that his compositions were "always born from a human stimulus: a happening, an experience, a text of our life strikes my instinct and my conscience and demands that I, as a musician and as a man, give it testimony."¹ *La fabbrica illuminata* (The Illuminated Factory, 1964), for soprano and tape, is significant for its stance against the low wages, dangerous environment, and physical and mental anguish caused by the conditions in the workplace of an increasingly industrialized Italy—the postwar "economic miracle" came at human cost.

La fabbrica illuminata was dedicated to the workers at the Italsider steel factory in Genoa, Italy, where Luigi Nono went with the poet Giuliano Scabia to record and take notes on the sounds and words they heard. Emerging out of plans for an opera at La Scala, entitled *Diario italiano*, this piece is a milestone in the history of electronic music. The material for the tape part came from several sources: the Italsider factory in Genoa-Cornigliano (noises of the factory itself, including the entire 1½ km of steel production, other sounds in the building, such as mice, and the workers' voices); voices singing and speaking (the German mezzo-soprano Carla Henius and a chorus); and electronic sounds produced at the Studio di Fonologia of RAI in Milan.² These elements are interwoven with each other as well as with the voice of the live soprano. The work is not merely *collage*—the piece is carefully crafted so as to filter, transform, and fuse the electronic and natural material, with a trajectory and a progression in mind. There is also dialogue with the soprano and with the present: even though the tape part is fixed forever in the past, Nono said that the relationship with the live performer was what united the past with the present, and he wanted the piece to change according to the situation of each performance—he himself altered the volume levels, speaker placement, and other elements in response to the space in which the work was performed, the individual performer and what she was doing at each moment, and what he felt he wanted to emphasize on a given occasion.

For Nono, music was a means of communication, and he performed *La fabbrica illuminata* in countless factories, not merely in concert halls. Decades later, this dynamic and evanescent work still illuminates injustices that have yet to be eliminated in many parts of our world.

¹ Transl. Mastrian: "Tutte le mie opere nascono sempre da uno stimolo umano: un avvenimento, un'esperienza, un testo della nostra vita colpisce il mio istinto e la mia coscienza ed esige che io, come musicista e come uomo, ne dia testimonianza." Luigi Nono, *Teste, Studien zu seiner Musik*, ed. Jürg Stenzl (Zurich 1975), 123.

² The studio was founded in 1955 by Berio and Maderna.

La fabbrica illuminata

per soprano e nastro magnetico a quattro piste

su testi di
Operai dell'Italsider – Genova
Contratti sindacali (elaborati da Giuliano Scabia)
Giuliano Scabia
Cesare Pavese (finale—frammento da "Due poesie a T.")

1
fabbrica dei morti la chiamavano
esposizione operaia
a ustioni
a esalazioni nocive
a gran masse di acciaio fuso
esposizione operaia
a elevatissime temperature
su otto ore solo due ne intasca l'operaio
esposizione operaia
a materiali proiettati
relazioni umane per accelerare i tempi
esposizione operaia
a cadute
a luci abbaglianti
a corrente ad alta tensione
quanti MINUTI-UOMO per morire?

2
e non si fermano MANI di aggredire,
ININTERROTTI che vuota le ore
al CORPO nuda afferrano
quadranti, visi: e non si fermano
guardano GUARDANO occhi fissi: occhi mani
sera giro del letto
tutte le mie notti ma aridi orgasmi
TUTTA la città dai morti VIVI
noi continuamente PROTESTE
la folla cresce parla del MORTO
la cabina detta TOMBA
tagliano i tempi
fabbrica come lager
UCCISI

3
passeranno i mattini
passeranno le angosce
non sarà così sempre
ritroverai qualcosa

The Illuminated Factory

for soprano and 4-channel magnetic tape

on texts by
Workers from Italsider in Genoa
Trade union contracts (elaborated by Giuliano Scabia)
Giuliano Scabia
Cesare Pavese (finale—fragment from "Two poems for T.")

1
factory of the dead they call it
worker's exposure
to burns
to noxious fumes
to large quantities of molten steel
worker's exposure
to extremely elevated temperatures
out of eight hours the worker pockets only two
worker's exposure
to projectile materials
human relations in order to speed up the time
worker's exposure
to falls
to blinding lights
to high voltage
how many MAN-HOURS in order to die?

2
and they do not stop HANDS attacking,
UNINTERRUPTED that empty the hours
on the BODY nude they grasp
clock faces, faces: and they do not stop
they look THEY LOOK eyes staring: eyes hands
night giro del letto*
all of my nights but arid orgasms
ALL of the city of the dead LIVING
we continually PROTESTS
the crowd grows talks of the DEAD
the cabin known as TOMB
they cut time**
factory like concentration camp
KILLED

* "giro del letto" is difficult to translate. It is not a phrase typically used in Italian and seems fragmentary. Two possible meanings are: 1. tossing and turning in bed, and/or 2. needing to work in continuous shifts to have enough money—for example, the wife working by day and the husband by night.

** The idea of this phrase is that workers are encouraged to hurry up, to try to save time, in order to get more produced in less time.

3
mornings will pass
anguish will pass
it will not always be like this
you will find something

INTERMISSION

En abril no llueve is based on the following poem by Nicaraguan poet and playwright Lourdes Chamorro César. This was written as a lament for the students that were killed by the Sandinista government during the protests of April, 2018. The victims' killers have not yet been brought to justice.

En abril no llueve

En abril no llueve
pero la tierra que la pala removi6 al cavar la tumba
de mi hijo
aquel abril
estaba h6meda.
Mis l6grimas fueron.

Y lleg6 un nuevo abril
y pas6 de largo...

Y todo sigue igual
aunque ya nada es igual...

La tierra que lo guarda
sigue h6meda.
Tanto as6 que
han brotado flores alrededor de su nombre grabado
en el cemento blanco.

Y mi ni6o amado
sigue ah6
sin respirar...

Con el hoyo de la asesina bala en su cr6neo

Con el hoyo de la asesina bala
en su t6rax

O en su cuello

O con su indefenso cuerpo todo agujereado

Pero
¡No pudieron agujerearle el alma!

En abril no llueve...
Mas la tumba de mi muchacho est6 siempre
floreceda.

Lourdes Chamorro C6sar
2 de mayo de 2019

In April, it doesn't rain

In April, it doesn't rain
but the dirt that the shovel excavated while
digging my son's grave
that April
is wet.
Thanks to my tears.

A new April has come
and gone...

And everything remains the same
even though now nothing is the same...

The earth that holds him
is still wet.
So much so, that
flowers have sprouted around his name
carved in the white cement.

And my dear boy
is still there
not breathing...

With the hole of the murderous bullet in his skull

With the hole of the murderous bullet
in his thorax

Or in his neck

Or with his helpless body punctured.

But
they could not puncture his soul!

In April it doesn't rain...
But my boy's tomb is always
in bloom.

Lourdes Chamorro C6sar
May 2, 2019

Luciano Berio (1925-2003) wrote his *Folk Songs* in 1964 for the singer Cathy Berberian. Some of the songs were traditional ones arranged by Berio, several were based on arrangements by others (American folksong scholar John Jacob Niles; Joseph Canteloube's "Songs of the Auvergne"), and two were written by Berio himself to old Italian poetry. Berio said that he "would like to create a unity between folk music and our music—a real, perceptible, understandable conduit between ancient, popular music-making which is so close to everyday work and our music" ("our music" meaning contemporary classical music). This cycle of songs was written at the end of Berio's marriage to Berberian and at the beginning of his new relationship; they span the gamut in terms of attitudes related to love, from simple to sensuous—pure and profound, sacred, bucolic, wooing and saucy, devoted, practical, racy, lost, sassy, innocent and flirtatious, unifying and fun.

Black is the Color (John Jacob Niles/traditional, USA)

Black is the color of my true love's hair
His lips are something rosy fair
The sweetest smile and the kindest hands
I love the grass on whereon he stands.
I love my love and well he knows
I love the grass whereon he goes
if he no more on earth will be
'twill surely be the end of me.

I Wonder as I Wander (John Jacob Niles/traditional, USA)

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus our Savior did come for to die
For poor orn'ry people like you and like I
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.
When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all
But high from the Heavens a star's light did fall
The promise of ages it then did recall.
If Jesus had wanted of any wee thing A star in the sky or a bird on the wing
Or all of God's angels in Heav'n for to sing
He surely could have had it 'cause he was the King.

Loosin yelav – The Moon Has Risen (Armenia)

The moon has risen over the hill,
Over the top of the hill,
Its red rosy face
Casting radiant light on the ground.
O dear moon
With your dear light
And your dear, round, rosy face!

Rossignolet du bois – Little Nightingale (France)

Little nightingale of the woods,
Little wild nightingale,
Teach me your language,
Teach me to speak,
Teach me the way
In which one must love.

The way one must love,
I am going to tell you:
You must sing dawn serenades
Two hours after midnight,
You must sing to her: "Beautiful one,
This is for you to delight in."

I've been told, beautiful one,
That you have some apples,
Some rennet apples,
That are in your garden.
Permit me, beautiful one,
To put my hands on them.

No, I will not permit you
To touch my apples.
You must first take the moon
And the sun in your hands,
Then you may have the apples
That are in my garden.

A la femminisca – A Woman's Way [Song of the Sailors' Women] (Trapani, Sicily)

May the Lord send fine weather
For my lover out in the middle of the sea;
His masts are of gold; his sails of silver.
May the Madonna help him,
So that he gets back safely.
And when a letter arrives,
May there be two sweet words written,
Telling me how it's been for him at sea.

La donna ideale – The Ideal Woman (Anonymous, Genoa)

The man who wants to take a wife
Must look into four things:
The first is where she comes from,
Another is if well-mannered,
Another is her figure,
The fourth is how much her dowry is.
If you find these things in her,
For God's sake, marry her!

Ballo – Dance (Guido delle Colonne, Sicily)

La la la la la la la la la la....
Love leads astray even the wisest,
And he who loves most is least able to control himself.
The most crazy is the one who is most in love.
La la la la la la....
Love doesn't care about doing damage.
With his darts he causes so much heat
That it cannot even be cooled by cold.

Motettu de tristura – Song of Sadness (Sardinia)

Sorrowful nightingale,

How like me you are!
Sorrowful nightingale,
Console me if you can
As I weep for my lover.
Sorrowful nightingale,
When I am buried,
Sorrowful nightingale,
Sing this song
When I am buried.

Malurous qu'o uno fenno – Wretched is He (Joseph Canteloube, Auvergne)

Unhappy is he who has a wife;
Unhappy is he who doesn't have one!
He who doesn't have one, wants one;
He who has one, doesn't!
Tralala, tralala,...

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

Lo fiolatre – The Spinner (Joseph Canteloube, Auvergne)

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

I had a distaff for spinning wool
And I called a shepherd to me.
Lirou, lirou....

For rounding up the sheep
He asked me for a kiss.
Lirou, lirou....

And I, not to be ungrateful,
Instead of one kiss, I gave him two!
Lirou, lirou....

Azerbaijan Love Song (Azerbaijan)

We are neighbors
Say, smile, nanay nay naninay,
My balcony is next to yours,
Look out of there, and I will look out of here;
Let our enemies be blind.

Girl, your waist is thin, very delicate,
Your lips are like flower buds, hey!....
Go on girl, I will follow you.

On the stove stands a bucket with water
And all around is the sound of the reeds
Ah stay with me, stay
Don't blow out the fire of my soul.

We can't wait for our dear ones...
It doesn't matter.
What will be will be:
And all happiness was divided all over again in
half.