

ALEA III
March 2, 1981

"The word 'alea' is derived from the Greek word (ἀλεΐα) which means to wander about, or roam. In Latin it refers to 'a die or dice used for playing at games of chance.' The term 'aleatoric music' indicates music based upon the principles of composition. In regard to an ensemble, 'aleatoric music' is concerned with the expression of a multiplicity of musical directions, historical styles, and performance practices."

—Theodore Antoniou

D'ANNA FORTUNATO, a native of South Carolina, is a Masters and Artist Diploma Honors graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, where she studied voice with Gladys Childs Miller. Possessing an unusually broad range of repertoire, she performs in a wide variety of musical formats.

Ms. Fortunato has appeared with major symphony orchestras including the Boston Symphony, and the Louisville Symphony. She has performed chamber music with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Strawberry Banke Chamber Players, and the Liederkreis Ensemble. Important festival appearances have included Marlboro, Tanglewood, and Monadnock, and her interest in contemporary music has lead her to premiere many works for the Boston Musica Viva, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Collage, and the Fromm Foundation. As a concert and oratorio soloist, she has appeared nation-wide with Musica Sacra, the Clarion Music Society, the Choral Arts Societies of Charlotte, and the Boston Camerata and Cantata Singers. She has also sung leading roles with the Opera Company of Boston, the August Opera Company, Rochester Opera Theater, and Opera New England.

Jacob Druckman: INCENTERS

Jacob Druckman was born in Philadelphia, studied at Tanglewood, the Juilliard School of Music, and the Ecole normale de musique in Paris. He has received many awards and grants including a Fulbright, two Guggenheims, SPAM, Lado, Juilliard, Naumburg, to name a few. Mr. Druckman presently teaches at Yale University.

"An incenter is a triangle inscribed within a circle, or a pyramid within a sphere; the term is also related to a whole class of words derived from the Latin 'insincere, p.p. incensus: to sound an instrument, to sing, and also to weave charms or spells.' The piece is scored for thirteen instruments. The brass dominate, and they set in motion each chain of musical events by upsetting the equilibrium established by the other instruments. These states of equilibrium derive from static, symmetrical chords whose ultimate, unlikely source is Boris Gudounov! The notation is sometimes precise, sometimes proportional so that the players relate to each other freely or at the conductor's whim; the result is flexibility within a carefully structured form."

—Eric Salzman

Gundaris Pone: DILETTI DIALETTICI

Gundaris Pone was educated in Europe and the United States, receiving his Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota. He is well-known in this country and abroad for his conducting as well as his composing. Mr. Pone is currently professor of composition at the State University of New York at New Paltz and conductor of the Contemporary Chamber Orchestra.

DILETTI DIALETTICI, concerto for nine virtuosos, is a single movement sectional composition using advanced contemporary techniques with audience appeal in mind. Through serial means there are subtle references to Webern, Berg, and Bach. The horn and percussion parts are particularly difficult, and there are unusual technical demands on the conductor, the ninth "virtuoso."

Yehudi Wyner: TWO INTERMEZZI

Yehudi Wyner is Dean of Music at the State University of New York at Purchase, and teaches composition and coaches vocal chamber music at the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood. He has previously taught composition and chamber music at Yale University, where from 1969 to 1973 he was chairman of the composition faculty. Well-known as a composer, conductor, pianist, and harpsichord player, Mr. Wyner performed for many years with the Bach Aria Group and was music director of the New Haven Opera Theater. He has received many fellowships and commissions from the Fromm, Ford, and Koussevitzky foundations, the University of Michigan, Yale University, and the National Endowment for the Arts. He writes the following notes about his piece:

"I have held back from calling TWO INTERMEZZI a 'piano quartet' because it is so different in scale and procedure from the great classical and romantic quartets that I know so well, those of Mozart and Brahms among others. The two modest sized movements are connected by common although not identical material. Some of this material is row-derived, much of it is not. The music of Brahms, Mahler, Chausson, and Schubert lurks behind many of my gestural choices, these ghosts having been unavoidable as well as conscious. I simply acknowledge them without invading on the benefits of their presence."

Stephen Albert: TO WAKE THE DEAD

Stephen Albert, originally from New York City, presently lives in the Boston area. He has taught composition at Smith College, and Boston and Stanford Universities. He has received numerous awards, grants and commissions including the Columbia Burns Prize, the Prix de Rome, the Ford Foundation CMP Grant, two Guggenheim Foundation Grants, NEA grant, and a Fromm Foundation Commission. His works have been performed by the Chicago Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, RAI Orchestra of Rome, and many other orchestral and chamber ensembles. He writes the following notes about his piece:

TO WAKE THE DEAD, based on excerpts from Finnegan's Wake by James Joyce, is in seven movements, six of which are songs, and one for instruments alone. Joyce's work is infamous for being one of literature's most challenging, if not incomprehensible, novels. This cycle is, perhaps, the first attempt to set extended passages from that work to music. One of the attractions of Finnegan's Wake for the composer is that the language, while obscure so much of the time, is informed by rich imagery, a mysterious atmosphere and an almost hypnotic rhythm. As the language of the novel is kin to the language of dreams, it seemed an intriguing prospect to translate this dream-state into something more palpable, less surreal.

The music tries to offset the novel's dissociated and fragmented sensibility by speaking in a relatively direct manner which is strongly melodic and tonal throughout. This paradoxical matching of words to music seemed natural and was, in fact, the driving force during the germination of TO WAKE THE DEAD. The texts of the songs were chosen for their relative clarity and unified theme, (Birth, Death and Transfiguration).

The music of the cycle is largely based on the only tune that Joyce includes in Finnegan's Wake. It is quoted in its entirety in the opening of the second movement where it is given a music-box setting to Joyce's version of "Humpty Dumpty." To conclude, a few thoughts from Joseph Campbell's book, A Skeleton Key to Finnegan's Wake, might be useful.

Tim Finnegan of the old vaudeville song is an Irish hod* carrier who gets drunk, falls off a ladder, and is apparently killed. His friends hold a death watch over his coffin; during the festivities someone splashes him with whiskey at which Finnegan comes to life again and joins the general dance.

...Finnegan's fall from the ladder is Lucifer's fall, Adam's fall, the setting sun that will rise again, the fall of Rome, a Wall Street crash... it is Humpty Dumpty's fall and the fall of Newton's apple. And it is every man's daily recurring fall from grace...

...By Finn's coming again (Finn-again)—in other words, by the reappearance of the hero—...strength and hope are provided for mankind.

*A long handled box for coals or for holding bricks and mortar, carried over the shoulder.

1. How it ends
Oaks of ald lie in peat
Elms leap where askes lay
Phall if you but will, rise you must
In the nite and at the fading.
What has gone,
How it ends,
Today's truth
Tomorrow's trend.
Forget remember
The fading of the stars
Forget...begin to forget it.

2. Riverrun (ballad of Perse O'Reilly)
Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty
How he fell with a roll and a rumble
And curled up like Lord Olafa Crumple
By the butt of the Magazine Wall
Hump helmet and all.

He was once our king of the castle
Now he's knocked about like a rotten
old parsnip

And from Green Street he'll be sent
by the order of his worship

To the penal jail of Mount Joy
Jail him and joy.

Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty
How he...

Riverrun, riverrun

Past Eve's and Adam's

From swerve of shore to bend of bay
...how he fell with a roll and a rumble
And not all the king's men nor his horses
Will resurrect his corpus

For their's no true spell in Connacht
or Hell

That's able to raise a Cain.

—Riverrun, riverrun—

3. Pray your prayers

Loud hear us

Loud gradiously hear us

O loud hear the wee beseech of thees

We beseech of these of each of thy
unlitten ones

Grant sleep.

That they take no chill

That they ming no merder, no chill,

Grant sleep in hour's time.

Loud heap miseries upon us

Yet entwine our arts with laughter low.

Loud hear us

Hear the we beseech of these.

Say prayers Timothy.

4. Instruments (voice tacit)

5. Forget, remember

Rush, my only into your arms

So soft this morning ours

Carry me along

I rush me along

I rush my only into your arms.

What has gone

How it ends

Today's truth

Tomorrow's trend.

Forget

Remember.

6. Sod's brood, Mr. Finn

What clashes here of wills

Sod's brood be me fear.

Arms apeal

With larms apalling

Killy kill killy a-toll a-toll.

What clashes here of wills

Sod's brood.

He points the death bone...

Of their fear they broke

they ate wind

They fled

Of their fear they broke

Where they ate there they fled

Of their fear they broke

Where they ate there they fled

Of their fear they fled

They broke away.

O my shining stars and body.

Hold to now

Win out ye devil, ye.

...and the quick are still

He lifts the life wand

And the dumb speak.

Ho Ho Ho Ho Mister Finn

You're goin' to be Mr. Finnagain

Come day morn and O your vine

Send-days eve and, ah, your vinegar.

Ha Ha Ha Ha Mister Fun

Your goin' to fined again.

7. Passing Out

Loonely in me looneyness

For all their faults I am passing out,

O bitter ending.

I'll slip away before they're up

They'll never see nor know nor miss me.

And it's old, it's sad and weary.

I'll go back to you

My cold father

My cold mad feary father

Back to you.

I rush my only into your arms.

So soft this morning ours

Yes

Carry me along

Taddy

Like you done through the toy fair

Taddy

The toy fair

Taddy

First we pass through grass

behush the bush to.

To wish a gull

Gulls

Far far crys

Coming far

End here

Us then Finnagain

Take, bussofthe memormee

Till thou sends thee

Away alorie

A last a loved

along the