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46th season | 388th event
Sunday March 26, 2017
Gallery 345 | 345 Sorauren Avenue
New Music Concerts presents:

GYÖRGY KURTÁG'S KAFKA FRAGMENTS

Programme:

György Kurtág (1926)

Kafka-Fragmente (1985-1987)

Tony Arnold soprano | **Movses Pogossian** violin

Part 1

- 1 Die Guten gehn im gleichen Schritt ...
- 2 Wie ein Weg im Herbst
- 3 Verstecke
- 4 Ruhelos
- 5 Berceuse I
- 6 Nimmermehr (Excommunicatio)
- 7 'Wenn er mich immer fragt'
- 8 Es zupfte mich jemand am Kleid
- 9 Die Weissnäherinnen
- 10 Szene am Bahnhof
- 11 Sonntag, den 19 Juli 1910 (Berceuse II)
- 12 Meine Ohrmuschel ...
- 13 Einmal brach ich mir das Bein (Chassidischer Tanz)
- 14 Umpanzert

15 Zwei Spazierstöcke

- (Authentisch-plagal)
- 16 Keine Rückkehr
- 17 Stolz (1910/15 November, Zehn Uhr)
- 18 Träumend hing die Blume (Hommage à Schumann)
- 19 Nichts dergleichen

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Part 3

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- 3 Meine Festung
- 4 Schmutzig bin ich, Milena
- 5 Elendes Leben (Double)

6 Der begrenzte Kreis

- 7 Ziel, Weg, Zögern
- 8 So fest
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Part 4

- 1 Zu spät: 22 Oktober 1913
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- 3 In memoriam Robert Klein
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- 5 Leoparden
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- 7 Wiederum, Wiederum
- 8 Es blendete uns die Mondnacht



Tony Arnold, György & Márta Kurtág, Movses Pogossian

After early studies in his native Romania, **György Kurtág** (b. 1926) entered the Budapest Music Academy in 1946 where he was a fellow student of György Ligeti. In Paris (1957-1958) he met the psychologist Marianne Stein, studied with Olivier Messiaen and Darius Milhaud, followed the concerts of the Domaine musical, learned serial techniques and discovered the music of Karlheinz Stockhausen. These experiences provided a stark contrast to the tightly controlled, proletarian aesthetic policies of Communist Hungary. His musical approach is profoundly influenced by this period.

Kurtág's meetings with Marianne Stein in Paris led to a creative epiphany. She guided him through a period of acute crisis that was both personal and creative. Kurtág continued to draw inspiration from her decades later and went on to dedicate the whole of *Kafka Fragments* to Stein. He summarized her significance as follows: "If my experience with her in Paris was marked by rigor on many levels, she later helped me greatly by doing the exact opposite: by teaching me to take my time and, as it were, to forgive myself. It made me freer." Kurtág wrote a string quartet under her influence, which he named his Opus 1, rejecting his previous compositions as inauthentic.

Kurtág's music, blending as it does serial technique, historical and traditional references, is characterized by fragmentation, small forms and formations, together with a particular care for the voice, semantics and prosody. A renowned teacher, he lectured at the Budapest Academy from 1967 to 1986. With increased freedom of movement in the 1990s he has worked increasingly outside Hungary, as composer in residence with the Berlin Philharmonic (1993-1994), with the Vienna Konzerthaus (1995), in the Netherlands (1996-98), in Berlin again (1998-99), and a Paris residency at the invitation of the Ensemble Intercontemporain.

Texts by Franz Kafka, translated by Stanley Corngold

PART ONE

1. *Die Guten gehn im gleichen Schritt...*
Die Guten gehn im gleichen Schritt. Ohne von ihnen zu wissen, tanzen die andern um sie die Tänze der Zeit.

2. *Wie ein Weg im Herbst*
Wie ein Weg im Herbst: kaum ist er rein gekehrt, bedeckt er sich wieder mit den trockenen Blättern.

3. *Verstecke*
Verstecke sind unzählige, Rettung nur eine, aber Möglichkeiten der Rettung wieder so viele wie Verstecke.

4. *Ruhelos -TACET-*

5. *Berceuse I*
Schlage deinen Mantel, hoher Traum, um das Kind.

6. *Nimmermehr (Excommunicatio)*
Nimmermehr, nimmermehr kehrt Du wieder in die Städte, Nimmermehr, nimmermehr tönt die große Glocke über Dir.

7. *"Wenn er mich immer fragt"*
"Wenn er mich immer, immer fragt."
das ä losgelöst von Satz
flog dahin wie ein Ball auf der Wiese.

1. *The good walk in step...*
The good walk in step.
Unaware of them, the others dance around them the dances of the time.

2. *Like a path in fall*
Like a path in fall: no sooner has it been swept clear than it is covered again with dry leaves.

3. *Hiding Places*
Hiding places are innumerable, rescue only one, but the possibilities of rescue are as numerous as hiding places.

4. *Restless -TACET-*

5. *Lullaby I*
Wrap your coat, lofty dream, around the child.

6. *Nevermore (Excommunicated)*
Nevermore, nevermore will you return to the cities, Nevermore, nevermore will the great bell peal above you.

7. *"Whenever he keeps on asking me"*
"Whenever he keeps on asking me"
The "ä" detached from the sentence
flew off like a ball on the meadow.

8. *Es zupfte mich jemand am Kleid*
Es zupfte mich jemand am Kleid,
aber ich schüttelte ihn ab.

9. *Die Weißnäherinnen*
Die Weißnäherinnen
in den Regengüssen.

10. *Szene am Bahnhof*
Die Zuschauer erstarren,
wenn der Zug vorbeifährt.

11. *Sonntag, den 19. Juli 1910*
(Berceuse II) – (Hommage à Jeney)
...geschlafen, aufgewacht, geschlafen,
aufgewacht, elendes Leben.

12. *Meine Ohrmuschel...*
Meine Ohrmuschel fühlte sich frisch,
rauh, kühl, saftig an wie ein Blatt.

13. *Einmal brach ich mir das Bein*
(Chassidischer Tanz)
Einmal brach ich mir das Bein,
es war das schönste Erlebnis
meines Lebens.

14. *Umpanzert*
Einen Augenblick lang fühlte ich
mich umpanzert.

15. *Zwei Spazierstöcke*
(Authentisch-plagal)
Auf Balzacs Spazierstockgriff:
Ich breche alle Hindernisse.
Auf meinem: Mich brechen alle
Hindernisse. Gemeinsam ist das "alle."

8. *Someone tugged at my clothing*
Someone tugged at my clothing,
but I shook him off.

9. *The seamstresses*
The seamstresses
in gusts of rain.

10. *Scene at the railway station*
The spectators freeze
when the train goes past.

11. *Sunday, July 19, 1910*
(Lullaby II)
...slept, woke up, slept, woke up,
miserable life.

12. *The auricle of my ear...*
The auricle of my ear felt fresh,
rough, cool, juicy like a leaf.

13. *Once I broke my leg*
(Hassidic Dance)
Once I broke my leg:
it was the most beautiful experience
of my life.

14. *Clad in armor*
For the length of a moment I felt
clad in armor.

15. *Two Walking Sticks*
(Authentic-plagal)
On the stock of Balzac's walking stick:
I break all obstacles.
On mine: All obstacles break me.
They have the "all" in common.

16. *Keine Rückkehr*
Von einem gewissen Punkt an gibt
es keine Rückkehr mehr.
Dieser Punkt ist zu erreichen.

17. *Stolz (1910/15. November, zehn Uhr)*
Ich werde mich nicht müde werden
lassen. Ich werde in meine Novelle
hineinspringen und wenn es mir das
Gesicht zerschneiden sollte.

18. *Träumend hing die Blume*
(Hommage à Schumann)
Träumend hing die Blume am hohen
Stengel. Abenddämmerung umzog sie.

19. *Nichts dergleichen*
Nein! Nichts dergleichen,
nichts dergleichen.

PART TWO

Der wahre Weg
(Hommage-message à Pierre Boulez)
Der wahre Weg geht über ein Seil, das
nicht in der Höhe gespannt ist, sondern
knapp über dem Boden.
Es scheint mehr bestimmt stolpern zu
machen, als begangen zu werden.

PART THREE

1. *Haben? Sein?*
Es gibt kein Haben, nur ein Sein,
nur ein nach letztem Atem,
nach Ersticken verlangendes Sein.

16. *No Going Back*
From a certain point on, there is
no turning back again.
This is the point to be reached.

17. *Pride (November 15, 1910, 10 o'clock)*
I will not let myself get tired.
I will jump into my story
even if that should slash my face.

18. *Dreaming, the flower hung*
(Hommage to Schumann)
Dreaming, the flower hung on its
tall stem. Dusk enveloped it.

19. *Nothing of the sort*
No! Nothing of the sort,
nothing of the sort.

The True Pathway
(Homage-message to Pierre Boulez)
The true pathway goes along a rope,
which is not spanned high in the air
but only just above the ground.
It seems meant more to trip one up
than to be walked on.

1. *Having? Being?*
There is no having, only a being,
a being that craves the last breath,
craves suffocation.

2. *Der Coitus als Bestrafung*
(Canticulum Mariae Magdalanae)
Der Coitus als Bestrafung des Glückes
des Beisammenseins.

3. *Meine Festung*
Meine Gefängniszelle - meine Festung.

4. *Schmutzig bin ich, Milena...*
Schmutzig bin ich Milena, endlos
schmutzig, darum mache ich ein solches
Geschrei mit der Reinheit. Niemand singt
so rein, als die, welche in der tiefsten
Hölle sind; was wir für den Gesang der
Engel halten, ist ihr Gesang.

5. *Elendes Leben (Double)*
...geschlafen, aufgewacht, geschlafen,
aufgewacht, elendes Leben.

6. *Der begrenzte Kreis (Szüts Pétére)*
Der begrenzte Kreis ist rein.

7. *Ziel, Weg, Zögern (Mártáé)*
Es gibt ein Ziel, aber keinen Weg;
was wir Weg nennen, ist Zögern.

8. *So fest*
(für Beatrice and Peter Stein)
So fest wie die Hand den Stein hält.
Sie hält ihn aber fest,
nur um ihn desto weiter zu werfen.
Aber auch in jene Weite führt der Weg.

2. *Coitus as Punishment*
Coitus as punishment for the
happiness of being together.

3. *My Fortress*
My prison cell - my fortress.

4. *I am dirty, Milena...*
I am dirty Milena, dirty with no end to it.
That's why I make such a song and dance
about purity. No one sings as purely as
those in deepest hell;
what we take to be the singing of the
angels is their singing.

5. *Miserable Life (Double)*
...slept, awoke, slept, awoke,
miserable life.

6. *The limited circle*
The limited circle is pure.

7. *Goal, Pathway, Hesitation (Marta)*
There is a goal, but no path;
What we call a path is hesitation.

8. *So tight*
(for Beatrice and Peter Stein)
As tight as the hand holds the stone.
But it holds it tight, only in order to fling
it farther away. But there is a path into
that distance as well.

9. *Verstecke (Double)*
Verstecke sind unzählige, Rettung
nur eine, aber Möglichkeiten der Rettung
wieder so viele wie Verstecke.

10. *Penetrant jüdisch*
Im Kampf zwischen Dir und der Welt --
sekundiere der Welt.

11. *Stauend sahen wir das große Pferd*
(Ének Juditnak)
Stauend sahen wir das große Pferd.
Es durchbrach das Dach unserer Stube.
Der bewölkte Himmel zog sich schwach
entlang des gewaltigen Umrisses und
rauschend flog die Mähne im Wind.

12. *Szene in der Elektrischen*
(1910: "Ich bat im Traum die Tänzerin
Eduardowa, sie möchte doch den
Csárdás noch einmal tanzen...")
Die Tänzerin Eduardowa, eine
Liebhaberin der Musik, fährt wie überall
so auch in der Elektrischen in Begleitung
zweier Violinisten, die sie häufig spielen
läßt. Denn es besteht kein Verbot, warum
in der Elektrischen nicht gespielt werden
dürfte, wenn das Spiel gut, den
Mitfahrenden angenehm ist und nichts
kostet, das heißt wenn nachher nicht
eingesammelt wird. Es ist allerdings im
Anfang ein wenig überraschend und ein
Weilchen lang findet jeder, es sei
umpassend. Aber bei voller Fahrt,
starkem Luftzug und stiller Gasse klingt
es hübsch.

9. *Hiding Places (Double)*
There are countless hiding places, but
only one salvation; but then again, there
are as many paths to salvation as there
are hiding places.

10. *Pushily Jewish*
In the struggle between yourself and the
world -- second the world.

11. *Amazed we saw the great horse*
(Ének Juditnak)
Amazed, we saw the great horse.
It broke through the roof of our room.
The overcast sky drifted faintly along its
mighty outline, and its mane flew
rushing in the wind.

12. *Scene in the Streetcar*
(1910: "In a dream I asked the dancer
Eduardowa if she would please dance
the Csárdás again..")
The dancer Eduardowa, a lover of music,
travels in the streetcar as she does
everywhere else accompanied by two
violinists whom she often asks to play.
For there is no prohibition against music
being played in the streetcar, provided
the music is good, agreeable to the other
passengers, and free of charge, that is, if
the hat is not passed around afterwards.
Certainly, it is a bit surprising at first and
for a little while everyone thinks it's
inappropriate. But when it's full speed
ahead, with a strong breeze, in a quiet
street, it sounds nice.

PART FOUR

1. *Zu spät* (22. Oktober 1913)

(Prófécia Krappról)

...zu spät. Die Süßigkeit der Trauer
und der Liebe.
Von ihr angelächelt werden im Boot.
Das war das Allerschönste.
Immer nur das Verlangen zu sterben und
das Sich-noch-Halten, das allein ist Liebe.

2. *Eine lange Geschichte*

"Ich sehe einem Mädchen in die Augen
und es war eine sehr lange
Liebesgeschichte mit Donner und Küssen
und Blitz...
Ich lebe rasch."

3. *In memoriam Robert Klein*

Noch spielen die Jagdhunde im Hof, aber
das Wild entgeht ihnen nicht. So sehr es
jetzt schon durch die Wälder jagt.

4. *Aus einem alten Notizbuch*

..."Jetzt abend nachdem ich von 6 Uhr
früh an gelernt habe, bemerkte ich, wie
meine linke Hand die rechte schon ein
Weilchen lang aus Mitleid bei den
Fingern umfaßt hielt."

5. *Leoparden*

Leoparden brechen in den Tempel ein
und saufen die Opferkrüge leer;
das wiederholt sich immer wieder;
schließlich kann man es
vorausberechnen, und es wird ein
Teil der Ceremonie.

1. *Too late* (October 22, 1913)

(Prófécia Krappról)

...too late. The sweetness of sorrow
and love.
To be smiled at by her in the boat.
That was the most beautiful of all.
Always just the longing to die
And the still-holding-on, only this is love.

2. *A long story*

"I looked into the eyes of a girl
and it was a very long love story
with thunder and kisses
and lightning...
I live fast."

3. *To the memory of Robert Klein*

The hunting dogs are still idling in the
courtyard, but the deer will not escape
them, however quickly it is racing
through the forest even now.

4. *From an old notebook*

..."This evening, having studied since
6 a.m., I noticed that my left hand has
for some time been holding the fingers
of my right hand out of pity."

5. *Leopards*

Leopards break into the temple
and drink the sacrificial jugs dry;
this recurs again and again;
finally it can be calculated in advance,
and it becomes part of the ceremony.

6. *In memoriam Joannis Pilinszky*

Ich kann...nicht eigentlich erzählen,
ja fast nicht einmal reden; wenn ich
erzähle, habe ich meistens ein Gefühl wie
es kleine Kinder haben könnten, die die
ersten Gehversuche machen.

7. *Wiederum, wiederum*

Wiederum, wiederum, weit verbannt,
weit verbannt.
Berge, Wüste, weites Land
gilt es zu durchwandern.

8. *Es blendete uns die Mondnacht...*

(...a porban kúszó kigoyó-páros:
Márta, megén)

Es blendete uns die Mondnacht.
Vögel schrien von Baum zu Baum.
In den Feldern sauste es.
Wir krochen durch den Staub,
ein Schlangenpaar.

6. *In memory of Joannis Pilinszky*

I can't...really tell a story,
In fact I almost can't even speak; when I
tell a story, I usually have the feeling that
little children might have when they try
to take their first steps.

7. *Again, again*

Again, again, cast out far away,
cast out far away.
Mountains, deserts, vast country
to wander through.

8. *The moonlit night dazzled us...*

The moonlit night dazzled us.
Birds shrieked from tree to tree.
There was a rush of wind in the fields.
We crept through the dust,
a pair of snakes.



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Hailed by the New York Times as “a bold, powerful interpreter,” soprano **Tony Arnold** is recognized internationally as a leading proponent of new music in concert and recordings, having premiered over 200 works “with a musicality and virtuosity that have made her the Cathy Berberian of her generation” (Chicago Tribune). As the soprano of the intrepid International Contemporary Ensemble (ICE), Tony Arnold is a catalyst for dozens of groundbreaking projects. She is a frequent collaborator with Chicago Symphony Orchestra’s MusicNOW, Los Angeles Philharmonic’s Green Umbrella, JACK Quartet, Orchestra of St. Luke’s, Talea Ensemble, eighth blackbird and the George Crumb Ensemble. A strong advocate for the creation and commissioning of new music, Tony Arnold’s artistry has attracted many of the most gifted composers of our time, including major works written for her voice by Georges Aperghis, Philippe Manoury, George Crumb, Brett Dean, Christopher Theofanidis and John Zorn amongst many others. In the summer of 2017, she will join the vocal arts faculty of the venerable Tanglewood Music Center, followed by an appointment to the faculty of the Peabody Conservatory beginning September 2017. In 2015-16, she was the Kunkemueller Artist-in-Residence at the Boston Conservatory, and was simultaneously in residence at Brandeis University as part of the Brandeis Creative Arts Award.

A native of Armenia, violinist **Movses Pogossian** made his American debut performing the Tchaikovsky Concerto with the Boston Pops in 1990. He is a prizewinner of the 1986 Tchaikovsky International Competition, and the youngest-ever First Prize winner of the 1985 USSR National Violin Competition. An active chamber musician, Mr. Pogossian has performed with members of the Tokyo, Kronos, and Brentano string quartets, and with such artists as Kim Kashkashian, Jeremy Denk, Lynn Harrell, Ani and Ida Kavafian, and Rohan de Saram. A committed proponent of new music, he has premiered over 30 works, and worked closely with composers such as G. Kurtág, A. R. Thomas, T. Mansurian, and V. Sharafyan. He has held teaching positions at Duquesne, Bowling Green, Wayne State, and SUNY Buffalo Universities and is currently Professor of Violin at the University of California Los Angeles. Movses Pogossian is a Founder and Artistic Director of the Dilijan Chamber Music Series in Los Angeles, a member of the new music group XTET, and a regular participant at several music festivals.

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