



*International  
Presentations of  
Music & Dance*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

## Music of Alberto Ginastera

MARILYN MASON, *Organist*

LESLIE GUINN, *Baritone*

AURORA NATOLA-GINASTERA, *Ccellist*

ANTHONY DI BONAVENTURA, *Pianist*

CONTEMPORARY DIRECTIONS ENSEMBLE

CARL ST. CLAIR, *Conductor*

UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

GUSTAV MEIER, *Conductor*

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20, 1981, AT 8:00

HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

### PROGRAM

Variazioni e Toccata sopra "Aurora lucis rutilat," Op. 52 (1980)

MARILYN MASON

Serenata on Neruda's "Love Poems," Op. 42 (1973)

Poético

Fantástico

Dramático

LESLIE GUINN

AURORA NATOLA-GINASTERA

CONTEMPORARY DIRECTIONS ENSEMBLE

CARL ST. CLAIR, *Conductor*

### INTERMISSION

Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 28 (1961)

Cadenza e variante

Scherzo allucinante

Adagissimo

Toccata concertata

ANTHONY DI BONAVENTURA

UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

GUSTAV MEIER, *Conductor*

*This evening's concert is a collaborative presentation of the University Musical Society and School of Music, and falls within the School of Music's Twenty-first Annual Conference on Organ Music. We are privileged to have the composer in attendance for the first Ann Arbor performances of these three works.*

### **Variazioni e Toccata sopra "Aurora lucis rutilat," Op. 52**

This work was commissioned by the Twin Cities Chapter of the American Guild of Organists and was premièred on June 18, 1980, when Marilyn Mason performed it at the A.G.O. convention in Minneapolis.

Alberto Ginastera writes about his work:

"*Aurora lucis rutilat* is a fragment of a Paschal Hymn of the fifth century which I used as the finale of my work *Turbae* for choirs and orchestra, Op. 45. Since I composed it, I thought that this theme could be developed later on and when I was invited to write a work that would be premièred on the National A.G.O. Convention, I then realized that this was the right occasion.

"The work consists of twelve variations and one toccata upon said musical theme and is conceived as a piece of a high virtuosity. The theme—as it happened already with other of my works—appeared at the end as culmination of the work. The variations modify the texture and structure of the theme and in many cases, by means of the thematic metamorphosis, the themes of the variations generate new themes.

"This work was composed in Geneva (Switzerland) and is dedicated to my friend W. Stuart Pope."

### **Serenata on Pablo Neruda's "Love Poems," Op. 42**

Commissioned by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, this work received its world première in New York in 1974 when Ginastera conducted that ensemble with soloists Justino Diaz and Aurora Natola-Ginastera, the composer's wife, to whom the work is dedicated.

*Poético*—Here I love you. In the dark pines the wind unwinds. The moon shimmers over the wandering waters, the equal days go by pursuing themselves. The mist unbinds itself in dancing figures. A silver seagull slips down from the western sky, at times a-sail. High, high, stars. Here I love you. The moon starts turning its wheels of sleep. The largest stars look at me with their eyes. And as I love you, the pines in the wind, want to sing your name with their leaves of wire.

Ah vastness of pines, sound of waves crashing, slow play of lights, a solitary bell, dusk falling on your eyes, doll, earthy shell, in you the earth sings! In you the rivers sing, and my soul flees in them as you may wish and towards what you would like. Mark my way in your bow of hope and I in delirium shall release my flock of arrows. Round about me I am seeing your belt of mist and your silence harasses my persecuted hours, and it is you with your arms of transparent stone where my kisses anchor and my moist anxiety nests. Ah your mysterious voice that love tints and bends over at the end of day resonant and dying! Thus in deep hours upon the fields I have seen the tassels bend over in the mouth of the wind.

*Fantástico*—Whirling, wandering night. The wind of night whirls in the sky and sings, fleeing past the birds, the wind, the wind. Humming among the trees, orchestral and divine, like a tongue full of wars and song. Suddenly the wind howls and strikes my shut window. The sky is a net thickened with sombre fishes. Here all the winds come to blow, all. You are here. Ah you do not flee. You will respond to me up to the last shout. Curl up at my side as if you were afraid. While the sad wind gallops killing butterflies, I love you, and my happiness bites your plum mouth. Ah the glasses of the breast! Ah the eyes of absence! Ah the roses of the pubis! Ah your voice slow and sad! Close your deep eyes. There the night flutters. Ah bare your body of fearful statue. The great roots of night grow suddenly from your soul. You guard only shadows, distant woman and mine, from your look emerges at times the coast of fright. Here is the solitude from which you are absent, the solitude crossed with sleep and silence. Innumerable heart of the wind pulsing upon our enamored silence.

*Dramático*—We have lost even the dusk. No one saw us this afternoon with hands joined while the blue night fell upon the world. I have seen from my window the festival of the setting sun in the distant hills. At times like a coin a fragment of sun flamed up between my hands. I remembered you with your soul oppressed by that sadness that you know me. Then where were you? Among what people? Saying what words? Why must there come upon me all the love suddenly when I feel sad, and I feel you far away? Always, always you move away in the afternoons toward where the dusk hurries, erasing statues.

### **Piano Concerto No. 1, Op. 28**

Written in 1961, Ginastera's First Piano Concerto was commissioned by the Serge Koussevitzky Music Foundation in the Library of Congress, and is dedicated to the memory of Serge and Natalie Koussevitzky.

After a performance of the work last year by Anthony di Bonaventura with Sergiu Comissiona and the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Alfred C. Haynes wrote in the *Evening Sun*: "An extremely interesting and colorful work . . . of the modern school, full of dissonances and high decibels (which) appear to have logic and reason. The audience was quickly caught up in the excitement of the music's almost barbaric drive. The pianissimos were exquisite and worthy of close concentration on the part of the listener."

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