
Sibelius Unbound

Los Angeles Philharmonic

Esa-Pekka Salonen *conductor*



Celebrating
25 years of the
Barbican

Thursday 1 November 2007 at 7.30PM

Sibelius Lemminkäinen's Return • **Esa-Pekka Salonen** Wing on Wing • *interval*
Sibelius Symphony No.2

Anu Koms *soprano* • **Cyndia Sieden** *soprano**

* Cyndia Sieden replaces the originally advertised Piia Koms, who has had to withdraw due to ill health.

Friday 2 November at 7.30PM

Sibelius Symphony No.4 • *interval* • **Steven Stucky** Radical Light (European premiere)
Sibelius Symphony No.7

Friday 9 November at 7.30PM

Kaija Saariaho Quatre Instants • **Sibelius** Symphony No.3 • *interval*
Sibelius Symphony No.1

Karita Mattila *soprano*

Saturday 10 November at 7.30PM

Sibelius Symphony No.6 • **Sibelius orch. John Estacio** Seven Songs • *interval*
Sibelius Symphony No.5

Ben Heppner *tenor*

Barbican Hall



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Sibelius Unbound

‘When I was 22, I chose to go to Italy to study composition with Castiglioni. I wanted to get out of Finland, as far as I could, to a different culture where Sibelius would not permeate every molecule of the musical oxygen I breathed.

One day I saw a battered copy of Sibelius’s Seventh Symphony in an antiquarian bookshop. It felt – embarrassingly – like seeing an old friend after many years, and I bought the score. I started reading it and was immediately struck by how different this music looks on the page: you cannot separate melody from harmony, form from colour, themes from texture. Everything belongs together.

When I think back to that moment now, more than a quarter-century later, I know that it was the beginning of a deepening of my understanding and admiration of Sibelius’s music – a lifelong journey as most of these things are. Now, as I’m rapidly approaching my 50th birthday, I’m conducting a Sibelius cycle for the first time ever!

The question in my mind has never been ‘Do you have something to say about this music?’. The task is to let the magnificent musical processes in these symphonies run their course undisturbed, in the same manner the music was composed: like natural phenomena. In my mind, the ideal Sibelius performance should feel like the ice breaking in a great northern river in April: intense, beautiful, terrifying and ultimately inevitable. I’m not sure if I or anybody else is quite capable of achieving this. We can but try.’

Esa-Pekka Salonen

Photo © Aho&Soidan



Jean Sibelius in 1927

Sibelius Celebrated

by David Nice

Fifty years after his death, and eighty-one years after the velvety, surprising and profound peace of *Tapiola's* final major chord brought to an end his greatest large-scale achievements, Sibelius speaks to us more clearly and more powerfully than ever. There is no need to claim, as Constant Lambert did in 1934, that his is the only viable symphonic path forward: the post-modernists also claim Stravinsky and Shostakovich as their rightful legacy, even if the serial breakthrough of Schoenberg may no longer be viewed with quite the same degree of enthusiasm as it was in Sibelius's final years. Today's Finnish composers live less in Sibelius's shadow than the previous generation, as the generous scope of the 'Sibelius and beyond' festival has already revealed; but none would be quite the same without his example. As Kaija Saariaho puts it, 'being a Finn, his music is special for me and also very familiar. I cannot really see his position objectively.'

Others have tried. Reflecting the country's musical history, Sibelius's art was until recently perceived as moving from the narrowly national to a timeless international language. Lambert used *Finlandia* and the Seventh Symphony as opposite poles to illuminate George Moore's remark that 'art must be parochial at the beginning to become cosmopolitan in the end'. His view was skewed by ignoring *Kullervo*, the 1892 premiere of which composer Jyrki Linjama defines as 'the moment when Finnish art music was born'. Sibelius's first work of blazing individuality, it still sounds astonishingly modern in places. What a mark of its popularity now, then, that there have so far been 16 recordings of the work.

Even so, for a Finnish generation brought up in the 1950s, nationalism and *Finlandia* were everything. Seppo Kimanen, artistic co-ordinator of the festival and one of Finland's finest cellists, was eight years old when Sibelius died. 'The whole family – probably even the whole nation – was glued to the radio', he told me. 'His music was played

all day long, and my father explained the symbolic dualism of *Finlandia* – the two-headed eagle of Tzarist Russia threatening the virginal lady of Finland. It was striking. The Second World War was still fresh in the memory and Sibelius was the very image of free, independent Finland.' Esa-Pekka Salonen counters by remembering how his generation, the next, 'did away with nostalgic national romanticism and focus on the deep processes that underlie the composer's music. Soon the next generation will be breathing down our necks with new ideas'.

Also back in the Fifties and early Sixties, Kaija Saariaho grew up singing 'not only *Finlandia*' (in its choral form) 'but also for example "Song of the Athenians" or "Have you courage?" and other choral works'. Like Kimanen, her education in Sibelius tended to be the smaller-scale pieces first. In the school orchestra the charming *Andante festivo* made an appearance, and as a piano student she played miniatures such as the *Pensées lyriques*.

Like Saariaho, Kimanen knew the miniatures before he came to the symphonies, and he still feels that their place in the non-Finnish world has yet to be established; though his judgment is discriminating. 'I am quite delighted about many small scale works – songs, violin works and piano pieces. His gift of catching a smell, wind, form of a flower and putting it into music is quite extraordinary.' As the cellist of the Jean Sibelius Quartet, Kimanen knows a very significant and far from miniature work very well from over 300 performances – the *Voces Intimae* Quartet. 'It is an enigmatic work from the end of the composer's so called dark period. Full of technical and musical challenges, it never tires the musicians. With the right feeling it can bring audiences to their knees, but if the musicians are not 100% there, it can leave everyone asking awkward and unanswerable questions. The son in law of the master, conductor Jussi Jalas, told me that this work in his opinion is better with a chamber orchestra

than string quartet. I disagree completely. Every phrase comes from an individual soul with almost too much to express. It is passionate music, but completely without cheap sensuality. Perhaps Jalas had never heard a very good performance of this wonderful string quartet, which continues the legacy of the late Beethoven quartets.'

What, then of the symphonies we hear in these core performances of the festival? Kimanen's experience as an orchestral cellist seems to have been that of many of his contemporaries. 'In the Sixties, Sibelius was played almost without rehearsing in the Finnish orchestras – we thought that we knew our man and I became a little weary. Only later Paavo Berglund opened up our minds to the spheres of higher understanding of his genius'. Berglund is the inescapable guiding light to whom all the finest Sibelius interpreters following in his footsteps pay homage. Jukka-Pekka Saraste declares that 'living Sibelius began with Berglund', while Osmo Vanska has expressed admiration for Berglund's 'uncompromising approach'; Rattle went through the scores with him, the master making thousands of marks and corrections. Berglund's belief that Sibelius needed help with dynamics and details has not been shared by everyone: Sakari Oramo is one conductor who believes that 'perhaps we're trying to bring out themes even when Sibelius himself wanted them just to "swim in the sauce" [one of the composer's most-quoted phrases]. Overbalancing has reached a dead end.'

Saariaho, a mistress of finely-honed textural detail, tends to agree with Oramo, seeing the 'improvements' as just one swing of the pendulum. 'First Sibelius was judged because of his supposedly old-fashioned harmonic language, then he was rediscovered because of his formal thinking' (as I revisit Saariaho's words, I hold before me a treasured issue now 75 years old, the Sibelius Society's first set of gramophone records conducted by

Kajanus, with an eloquent essay by Ernest Newman explaining exactly why there is nothing old-fashioned about Sibelius). 'For a long time conductors have tried to 'correct' his orchestration. I don't know how much there have been studies concerning this orchestration, which exactly creates the very special, magic hum in his music.'

I recall being struck with the force of revelation by this in a concert some years ago in which *En Saga* preceded a new work. The mysterious rockings and contrasting bright flurries of the tone-poem's opening sounded infinitely fresher and newer than the grey wash and the already clichéd janglings of what Vaughan-Williams called after Shakespeare the 'tongs and the bones' in the new piece. It is the other most prominent aspect of Sibelius's supreme originality which prompts Saariaho's personal example: 'I have been struck by his use of pedal tones and bass line in general.' The Seventh Symphony, which she acknowledges as the most influential in its form on contemporary composers, stands alongside the Fifth as her personal favourite, 'even if, for example, hearing the Second Symphony is always moving'.

Inescapably, then, we always return to the central canon of Sibelius's wide-ranging oeuvre. But it would be restrictive, in anniversary year, to ignore the rest, and 'Sibelius and beyond' makes sure we hear him in the round. Let its guiding light, Kimanen, have the last word: 'here is no doubt that Sibelius was one of the best symphonic composers of all times, but there is much more to him than the continuously improving mastery of the symphony. There is a whole world of discoveries still to be made'. We can surely trust the Finns, perhaps the most culturally enterprising nation on earth and certainly the one with the keenest eye to a bright musical future, to make them.

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Thursday 1 November at 7.30pm

Sibelius (1865-1957) Lemminkäinen's Return

Esa-Pekka Salonen (b. 1958) Wing on Wing

Sibelius Symphony No.2

The performance will end at approximately 9.25pm.

Sibelius

Four Legends, Op.22 – No.4: Lemminkäinen's Return (1895-6)

Nationalism rarely gives birth to the kind of blazing originality which marks out the young Jean Sibelius's first major scores. In the 1890s, fresh from the Vienna Conservatoire and a newly-kindled passion for works like Bruckner's Third Symphony and Wagner's *Siegfried*, he went his own way like the three heroes he selected as subjects from Finland's *Kalevala*, the national epic pieced together from mostly authentic oral tradition back in 1835. First among these Finnish Siegfrieds was the ill-fated Kullervo, destined to grow up under miserable circumstances and to make love to a girl who turns out to be his sister; Sibelius views his saga from many different angles in a five-movement symphony which includes bracing choruses, themes based on the narrow-intervalled melodies of the five-stringed *kantele* or Finnish zither and irregular folk rhythms. Young Väinämöinen, singing into existence a splendid boat from the splinters of the moon-daughter's spindle, came next, but the projected opera was never to be completed, and Sibelius incorporated portions of it in the *Four Legends*.

Like *Kullervo*, these episodes from the life of the hero Lemminkäinen were not to retain Sibelius's approval as a set: it was not until 1935, the year of the *Kalevala* centenary, that the central movement of the symphony, 'Kullervo and his sister' was allowed to resurface along with two of the Lemminkäinen legends, suppressed since early performances. Already embedded in the orchestral repertoire were the celebrated 'Swan of Tuonela', with its melancholy *cor anglais* solo voicing the bird that glides on the Lake of Death, and the finale, depicting Lemminkäinen's triumphant return to life, his body parts retrieved from the Finnish underworld and stitched together by maternal hand. The critic Oscar Merikanto, who noted at the 1896 premiere 'that Finnish quality we all recognize in our hearts', marvelled at how Sibelius 'takes the tiniest drop of sound and from it draws a veritable ocean'. This authentic trait surfaces fully for the first time in Lemminkäinen's dynamic homeward ride, much telescoped in the two revisions of 1897 and 1900. So much here stems and opens out from the three-note bassoon figure at the start, while textures accumulate by steady degrees and the tempo accelerates with increasing energy to a proud E flat major conclusion. Sibelius could not have found a more bracing image for resurgent Finnish pride.

Esa-Pekka Salonen

Wing on Wing (2004)

In sailing terminology, when a sailboat opens the foresail and the mainsail to a 180-degree angle to produce the maximum amount of sail area, the beautiful sculptural constellation is called 'wing on wing'. Frank O. Gehry uses that as a metaphor for the view of Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles from the corner of Grand Avenue and First Street.

My composition *Wing on Wing* is, of course, not an attempt to translate architecture into music, which would be an impossible task anyway. Nor is it a musical portrait of Frank Gehry, but rather an *homage* to an extraordinary building by an extraordinary man. At the same time it celebrates the efforts of every man and woman whose dedication, skill and faith made a fantastic vision into reality.

Wing on Wing uses metaphors of water and wind. I also decided to use the weird sound of a fish from the local waters of Southern California, the Plainfin Midshipman, as an instrument. (A school of fish uses this sound, probably as a means of staying in formation.) The image is beautiful, perfect, and yet completely surprising in the context of intellectual discourse.

We hear Frank Gehry's sampled (and modified) voice here and there. Sometimes we can discern words, key words in his work and life. Sometimes words become musical sounds and lose their intelligibility wholly or partially.

There are some other unusual colours in the score: two coloratura sopranos join the orchestra, sometimes as soloists, sometimes as instruments among others. In the beginning of the piece I pair them with the lowest-sounding woodwind instruments, the contrabassoon and the contrabass clarinet, and create a new kind of hybrid instrument, a sci-fi fantasy of a union between humans and machines.

I decided to disperse some of the sounds in the auditorium. The sopranos, some percussion and the sampled sounds travel to different parts of the hall.

The form of *Wing on Wing* can be described in 10 sections:

1. Introduction. A chorale and a song of the two sopranos alternate, always in slightly different guises. Faster music starts to grow underneath, which leads to –
2. Nervous figurations in the strings and woodwinds. The movement congeals into triplets and develops into a metaphor of a strong wind. A storm develops, dissolves, and disappears into nothingness.
3. A new beginning. Another gust of wind develops but soon calms down to a tranquil section, where the woodwinds play melodies originally introduced by the sopranos. The layering of these melodies becomes very dense. The strings recede and the woodwinds unite gradually into a chorale.
4. The sopranos return, now out in the hall. An explosion of glittering, metallic sounds. Again the music calms down, this time to a *misterioso* section with tremolos in the strings and fragmentary phrases in the oboes and the sopranos.
5. Plainfin Midshipman enters. These fish sing an E natural.
6. Fast movement again. Sandpaper blocks and strings spin ornaments, that develop into –
7. Scherzando section. The sopranos are back, now in the normal solo position on stage. Light virtuoso textures, which gradually become another gust of wind (a memory of an earlier moment).
8. The wind solidifies into a triplet pulse. A kind of dance develops.
9. The dance doubles its speed. Joy and energy. Culmination in two huge chords. The music slows down into –
10. Epilogue. At the very end we hear Gehry, the Midshipman and the sopranos for a final time.

Wing on Wing is dedicated to Frank Gehry, Yasuhisa Toyota and Deborah Borda.

Esa-Pekka Salonen

Sibelius

Symphony No. 2 in D major,

Op. 43 (1901-2)

- 1 Allegretto
- 2 Tempo Andante, ma rubato
- 3 Vivacissimo – Lento e suave
- 4 Finale: Allegro moderato

If shadows of a subjective narrative lurk behind Sibelius's First Symphony of 1898, the Second appears to have freed itself from all programmatic moorings. The impression is heightened by its concise first movement, Sibelius's most compelling arrangement to date of what he liked to call the 'mosaic pieces' thrown down to earth by God from 'heaven's floor'. The way Sibelius lines up these groups of tesserae before starting to combine them, and finally drawing their various orchestral representatives together in a long climactic line at the heart of the development, remains one of his most original achievements.

Sibelius certainly never intended the Second Symphony as a paean to resurgent Finnish nationalism in the face of increasing repression from the Russians. That, however, was how Robert Kajanus, an outstanding interpreter of Sibelius's music, heard it in the wake of the overwhelmingly popular premiere of 8 March 1902, and the heroic myth persisted as late as the 1940s, when the work was dubbed the 'Liberation Symphony'. Even so, a programme stands behind the initial progress of the slow

movement, sketched as a tone-poem on an Italian holiday in February 1901. This is, or was before its incorporation in the symphony, Don Juan's twilight encounter with a stranger in his castle. Unison bassoons against cellos' furtive *pizzicato* footsteps introduce the stranger's lugubrious song. It is tempting to guess that what follows are Juan's increasingly anxious demand to know his guest's identity and the answer, in brass chords swelling to sudden *fortissimo*: 'I am Death'. The noble, calm aftermath on strings Sibelius intriguingly labelled 'Christus', suggesting some kind of meeting between naked fear and religious consolation. The process is repeated, with further turns of the screw; Death would appear to be the victor.

There is no cause to find in the vivacious scurrings of the Scherzo 'frenetic preparations' for the Finnish drive to liberation, as Kajanus did. It stands perfectly well in its own right as an heir to the Beethoven tradition, its two trios especially memorable for the speaking intonation of the first oboe. Like Beethoven in his Fifth Symphony, too, Sibelius yokes his scherzo's expectancy to the release of the finale, unleashed by heroic strings to responsive acclaim from trumpet fanfares. The pageant twice comes up against another dark opponent, wending its quietly determined way against an implacable flow from cellos and basses. The symphony's final victorious blaze has a similar effect to that of *Finlandia*, Sibelius's 1899 gesture of solidarity with the national cause; it is not hard to hear how Finns in 1902 took this as another patriotic rallying-call, though the composer strenuously denied it.

Friday 2 November at 7.30pm

Sibelius (1865-1957) Symphony No.4

Steven Stucky (b. 1949) Radical Light (European premiere)

Sibelius Symphony No.7

The performance will end at approximately 9.20pm.

Sibelius

Symphony No. 4 in A minor, Op.63

(1910-11)

- 1 Tempo molto moderato, quasi adagio
- 2 Allegro molto vivace
- 3 Il tempo largo
- 4 Allegro

'A symphony', wrote Sibelius in his diary entry for 4 November 1910, 'is not just a composition in the ordinary sense of the word; it is more of an inner confession at a given stage in one's life'. By then, he had much to confess. Back in 1908, a Berlin specialist had made more than a dozen attempts to excise what turned out to be a benign tumour on his vocal chords. Although the operation was eventually successful, life in the short term was not the same. Sibelius gave up his beloved burgundy and cigars for the next seven years, continued to worry about his precarious financial state and was subject to short but debilitating bouts of depression.

These were partly the reason why the Fourth Symphony hung fire for so long. It took fitful shape in the first half on 1910, and acquired fresh impetus that August and September from a week on the island of Jarvo before further depressions intervened. At last, on 2 April 1911 Sibelius declared 'the symphony is ready....It calls for much courage to look at life straight in the eyes'. He knew it was a masterpiece, while cautioning in his diary on 20 May as he sent it to the publishers after the first

performance that 'perfection in these matters can never be attained by any mortal, with the exception of the transcendental Mozart'.

Yet perfect, in its austere way, the Fourth Symphony certainly is. Death, or the fear of it, which had stalked the slow movement of the Second Symphony, adopts the all-pervasive interval of the tritone or interval of an augmented fourth. Feared since medieval times as the 'devil in music' and already an intermittent spectre in the Third Symphony, the tritone rises here from black orchestral earth (from low C to F sharp with an intervening D). It underpins the ensuing dark weave of muted strings, launched by a lone cello song, faces the challenge of seismic eruptions from the brass ensemble, and negates the safe major-key havens reached both at the end of Sibelius's most terse exposition and towards the conclusion of the movement. Here, in a symphonic argument even more elliptical than its prophetic counterpart in the Second Symphony, are the 'dreadful overtones of eternal stillness – life's Angst' of which Sibelius wrote while working on his *quasi adagio* in the summer of 1910.

The scherzo's tentative vivacity seems able to hold the tritones in its bucolic embrace, but not for long; their insistence engulfs the dance. The great slow movement seems mired in despondency, but forges its fragments to provide the only heroic resistance of the symphony, an arching unison both tragic and briefly cathartic. After that, it hardly seems possible that the limelight should be hogged by another more assertive bout of merrymaking, prefaced by a rising figure that has already tried to break

free towards the end of the previous movement and capped by a frivolous glockenspiel. With disaster always lurking, this second dance finally implodes, leaving only a harrowing final sequence of cries and whispers in what must surely be the most devastating coda to any symphony.

Steven Stucky

Radical Light (2006-07)

According to Lao-tse, 'Nothing that can be said in words is worth saying'. And according to Goethe, 'Music begins where words end'. If they are right, then to say what my new orchestral work is 'about' is doubly impossible. Still, man is not only the animal that sings, but also the animal that speaks, the animal that cannot resist the urge to explain himself.

I could say, then, that *Radical Light* was influenced by its role as a companion to two Sibelius symphonies in a festival of that composer's music. It was daunting to play the role of the upstart who dares to stand between two monuments like the Sibelius Seventh and Fourth, but there was nothing for it but to meet the assignment head-on. Sibelius has been a strong influence on me for many years, and I especially admire his Seventh Symphony as an architectural marvel. Having long wanted to attempt something like that myself, in *Radical Light* I tried to emulate something about the architecture of that peerless masterpiece: a single span embracing many different tempi and musical characters, but nevertheless letting everything flow seamlessly from one moment to the next – no section breaks or disruptions, no sharp turns or border crossings. The idea of music that unfolds in a gradual, seamless evolution is a lesson I have also been learning lately from two other Finns, Magnus Lindberg and Esa-Pekka Salonen, and from my Swedish colleague Anders Hillborg. (I hasten to add that the actual sound of the music has nothing to do with Sibelius or the other

composers just mentioned, at least not intentionally.) *Radical Light* is a fundamentally slow piece, but it is infiltrated more than once by livelier music.

And the title? That came after the fact, and not easily. From my favourite poet, A.R. Ammons, I found these striking lines:

He held radical light
in his skull: music
turned, as
over ridges immanences of evening light
rise, turned
back over furrows of his brain
into the dark, shuddered,
shot out again
in long swaying furls of sound.

This poetry seemed – even if accidentally – to capture something about the role of the artist in general, about the personality of Sibelius in particular, and even about the very architecture and physicality I had attempted in my own new piece. So I adopted Ammons's title, and at the same time I dedicated the piece to my colleague and friend Elinor Frey, who helped me not only in choosing the title but also through a great deal else in the making of the piece.

What I hope for this music is, I think, what Ammons hopes for poetry: that it 'leads us to the unstructured sources of our beings, to the unknown, and returns us to our rational, structured selves refreshed. Having once experienced the mystery, plenitude, contradiction, and composure of a work of art, we afterward have a built-in resistance to the slogans and propaganda of oversimplification that have often contributed to the destruction of human life ... Nothing that can be said about it in words is worth saying.'

Radical Light was commissioned by the Los Angeles Philharmonic with the generous support of Lenore and Bernard Greenberg.

Steven Stucky

Sibelius

Symphony No.7 in C major, Op.105

(1920, 1923-4)

Allegro – Un pochettino meno adagio – Vivacissimo –
Adagio – Allegro molto moderato – Vivace – Presto –
Adagio

‘Quasi fantasia’ – ‘like a fantasia’ – was how Sibelius styled the finale of his First Symphony, excusing its apparently free form. By 1917, the year he declared that the Seventh was taking shape inside his head, he had been contemplating a one-movement ‘fantasy’ instead of a three or four movement symphony for a long time. ‘Fantasia Sinfonica I’ was how he first described the new structure launching his second revision of the Fifth Symphony of 1919 (how astonishing to think that he contemplated jettisoning its successors). Five years later he gave the same title to his latest work, declaring in his diary for 2 March 1924 ‘ready with “Fantasia Sinfonica 1” in the night’.

Despite its apparent ease, this new one-movement adventure did not come easily to the 59 year-old composer, feeling his age and lamenting at the beginning of the same year that ‘things don’t go as quickly as they used to, and self-criticism grows to impossible proportions’ (that same self-criticism was to consign an Eighth Symphony to the flames in 1940). He took to the whisky-bottle again to help him through the long nights of work. Aino, his hitherto long-suffering wife,

refused to be an alcoholic’s companion and he travelled alone to Stockholm where he was to give the first performance of the Seventh on 24 March.

‘My new work is one of my best’, he wrote to her the following day. ‘The sonorities and colours are powerful’. The structure, too, he might have added. One wonders if he knew of Richard Strauss’s *Eine Alpensinfonie*, a much longer and more discursive one-movement tone-poem which anchors its Alpine adventures with three crucial profiles of its mountain shape – at the beginning, on the summit at the very centre and at the end. Sibelius’s craggy peaks are more unpredictably placed. What comes before the first of them not only generates nearly all the melodic developments of the symphony but also contains some of Sibelius’s most quietly remarkable writing, not least the staggered opening ascent of the strings and their nine-part hymn, inaugurated in the Sixth Symphony but further extended here as preparation for a mystery.

Kaija Saariaho describes the approach to this first peak as a moment in which ‘the harmony stops flowing and the orchestra’s C major chord creates a space in which the solo line of the trombone moves’. The liveliest of scherzo-fantasies and a dark undertow pave the way for the next trombone solo. A plateau of dancing, human graciousness is then reached before what sounds like a last climb to the trombone’s apotheosis. Yet Sibelius allows it no easy glory. An upward wrench to a massive unison E and a transfigured cry of anguish from the strings have to clear the air before the symphony glides to its final C major haven.

Friday 9 November 2007 at 7.30pm

Kaija Saariaho (b. 1952) *Quatre instants for Karita*

Sibelius (1865-1957) *Symphony No.3*

Sibelius *Symphony No.1*

The performance will end at approximately 9.30pm.

Kaija Saariaho

Quatre instants (2002)

Quatre instants was born from Karita Mattila's desire to have a new work to perform at recitals she was giving at the Châtelet Theatre and Barbican Centre in April 2003. From my initial discussions with her, and knowing the vastly expressive spectrum of her voice, I immediately had a clear idea of the feelings I wanted this work to evoke. I imagined a whole section of music built of contrasting images, sub-sections of which would be compressed into short but powerful moments. This reflection also gave the work its title: 'Four Instants'. The fact that these instants are associated with different faces of love is without doubt connected with the fact that I have seen Karita playing the role of a loving woman in so many opera productions.

The cycle was originally written for soprano and piano. Trying to extract the colours I had in my mind from the piano, and at the same time adapting its vast expressive scale to the diminutive vocal lines, reminded me of the work of a jeweller who, with the help of a loupe, or magnifier, creates rich, microscopic details. I had always planned to make an orchestral version of these songs, yet when I finally did, it was not so easy because, in reducing everything onto the piano, I had tried hard not to think in orchestral terms. But I wanted in the new version to achieve the same very clear, bright sound as in the original, and I'm pleased that, because this version was

made for a classical-sized orchestra rather than a big romantic one, it retains some of the piano version's chamber-music feel, so that the phrases we hear from the orchestral instruments are, in a way, in dialogue with the singer. The two versions are not completely similar however: there are tiny differences of details. In the original, for example, the singer starts the third song, while here it begins with a phrase on the flute. In both versions, though, the instrumental writing is integral to the overall texture and not just an accompaniment to the singing. Rather, it is a musical extension of the text that sometimes develops several musical ideas simultaneously.

Since Karita and I are both from Finland, I first researched texts in our native language but I couldn't find anything that suited my musical ideas. I then contacted Amin Maalouf, whose texts I had worked with for previous projects, and asked him to suggest some to me. Amin gave me some short texts, from which I chose three, and I then asked him to write a fourth text based on the first three. It is this text that closes the cycle: in it the singer returns to the atmosphere of anticipation that is set at the beginning, but now her mind is full of memories. The apparent simplicity of Amin's texts gives space for music. The words and short phrases are codes which hide a rich world of sensations, colours and fragrances.

Kaija Saariaho

Quatre instants

texts by Amin Maalouf

1 Attente

Je suis la barque qui dérive
 Mon amant est sur l'autre rive
 Et la mer est si vaste
 Je suis la barque qui dérive
 Mon amant est sur l'autre rive
 Et le vent est tombé
 J'ai déployé toutes les voiles
 Pour que le vent me pousse
 J'ai déployé toutes les voiles
 Pour que l'amant me voie

2 Douleur

Je ne voulais pas croiser son regard
 Le remords me brûle
 Mes yeux se sont tournés vers lui
 Mes yeux ne m'ont pas obéi
 Je ne voulais pas croiser son chemin
 Le remords me brûle
 Mes pas m'ont conduite vers lui
 Mes pas ne m'ont pas obéi
 Cette nuit-là, je m'en souviens,
 La lune était pleine
 Ma porte s'est ouverte à lui
 Puis, doucement, refermée
 Je ne voulais pas que ses bras m'enlacent
 Le remords me brûle
 Mon corps a dérivé vers lui
 Mon corps ne m'a pas obéi
 J'aurais tellement voulu le garder
 Le remords me brûle
 Un jour de plus, une autre nuit
 Il ne m'a pas obéi
 Cette nuit-là, je m'en souviens,
 La lune était pleine

Four Instants

translations by Amin Maalouf © 2003

1 Longing

I am the boat adrift
 My lover is beyond the rift
 And the sea is so vast
 I am the boat adrift
 My lover is beyond the rift
 And the wind has died down
 I have spread all my sails
 For the wind to drive me
 I have spread all my sails
 For my lover to see me

2 Torment

I didn't want to face his eyes
 Remorse, remorse devours me!
 My own eyes turned towards him
 My eyes did not obey me.
 I didn't want to meet his steps
 Remorse, remorse devours me!
 My own steps carried me towards him
 My steps did not obey me.
 That night, as I remember it,
 The moon was full
 My door opened to let him in
 And then, smoothly, it closed.
 I didn't want him to embrace me
 Remorse, remorse devours me!
 My own body drifted towards him
 My body did not obey me.
 I wanted so much to keep him
 Remorse, remorse devours me!
 Another day, another night,
 But he did not obey me.
 That night, as I remember it,
 The moon was full

3 Parfum de l'instant

Tu es auprès de moi
 Mais je ferme les yeux
 Pour t'imaginer
 Nos lèvres se frôlent
 Nos doigts s'emmêlent
 Nos corps se découvrent
 Mais je ferme les yeux
 Pour rêver de toi
 Tu es le parfum de l'instant
 Tu es la peau du rêve
 Et déjà la matière du souvenir

4 Résonances

Ma porte s'est ouverte à lui
 Puis, doucement, refermée
 J'ai déployé toutes les voiles
 Pour que l'amant me voie
 J'aurais tellement voulu te garder
 Nos doigts s'emmêlent
 Nos corps se découvrent
 Tu es le parfum de l'instant
 Tu es la peau du rêve
 J'aurais tellement voulu te garder
 Nos corps se découvrent
 Mais je ferme les yeux
 J'aurais tellement voulu te garder
 Le remords me brûle
 Mais je ferme les yeux
 Je suis la barque qui dérive
 Mon amant est sur l'autre rive
 Et le vent est tombé

3 Perfume of the instant

You're so close to me
 But I close my eyes
 To imagine you
 Our lips are united
 Our fingers entwined
 Our bodies unveiled
 But I close my eyes
 To dream about you
 You're the perfume of my instant
 You're the skin of my dream
 And already the essence of my memories.

4 Echoes

My door opened to let him in
 And then, smoothly, it closed
 I have spread all my sails
 For my lover to see me
 I wanted to much to keep you
 Our fingers entwined
 Our bodies unveiled
 You're the perfume of my instant
 You're the skin of my dream
 I wanted so much to keep you
 Our bodies unveiled
 But I close my eyes
 I wanted so much to keep you
 Remorse, remorse devours me!
 But I close my eyes
 I am the boat adrift
 My lover is beyond the rift
 And the wind has died down

Sibelius

Symphony No.3 in C minor, Op.52

(1904-7)

- 1 Allegro moderato
- 2 Andantino con moto, quasi allegretto
- 3 Moderato – Allegro (ma non tanto)

In the autumn of 1907, a month after Sibelius had conducted the first performance of the Third Symphony, Gustav Mahler arrived in Helsinki. As Sibelius later remembered of their meeting, Mahler famously thought the symphony should be 'like the world' and 'embrace everything', a concise retort to Sibelius's 'admiration for strictness and style in a symphony and the deep logic which unites all the themes by an inner bond.' The Third, scored for double woodwind, a modest brass department (no third trumpet or tuba), strings and timpani, was his first total manifesto of those ideals. There could be no greater contrast to the symphony which Mahler was composing at the same time, the Eighth, which for all the chamber-musical refinements of many of its passages was constructed on a cosmic scale, if not necessarily for the thousand musicians its nickname implied.

Since mooring the idea of a Third Symphony back in September 1904, Sibelius had been impressed by several new influences, chiefly Richard Strauss and Debussy as well as the score of Mahler's Fifth Symphony, which he studied in depth. These found something of an outlet in the work for which he interrupted progress on his symphony, *Pohjola's Daughter*, and which shared its premiere with that of the Third. The Helsinki audience preferred the tone-poem's surface glamour; but one critic noted that the classically-proportioned symphony was 'at a deeper level revolutionary, new and truly Sibelian'. The opening Allegretto effortlessly unfolds its myriad ideas with a concision equal to the parallel movement in the Second Symphony, though the full orchestra is assembled more swiftly in this fast-moving heroic journey. The development takes a furtive path through the woods. Haunted by shadowy wisps of principle themes and disquieting hints at the 'devil in music' interval of the tritone or augmented fourth, the

rider emerges triumphant into the sunlight, blessed by Sibelius for the success of his enterprise with a new, noble song and a proud 'Amen'.

What follows sounds at first like a simple if haunting interlude. Its mysterious ballad-singer hands his tune from woodwind to strings again, seems to lose his way and picks up his strains with a heavier heart. The dramatic dynamic of the third movement breaks new ground in symphonic thought. It is not so much a scherzo from which a finale emerges triumphant, as in the Second Symphony, more 'the crystallisation of ideas from chaos', as Sibelius so perfectly described it. Fragmentary motifs and reminiscences come and go, but it is an initially tentative theme on violas divided into four parts which alone shows heroic staying-power. Hacking a path through a thicket of bristling figurations and routing the troublesome tritone, its final brass panoply can only sound the more striking in a symphony which has kept full force so often in check.

Sibelius

Symphony No.1 in E minor, Op.39 (1898-9)

- 1 Andante ma non troppo – Allegro energico
- 2 Andante (ma non troppo lento)
- 3 Scherzo: Allegro – Lento (ma non troppo) – Tempo primo
- 4 Finale (Quasi una fantasia): Andante – Allegro molto

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, budding symphonists had two clear paths to take. They could either follow Brahms in the tradition of the 'pure' symphony, or join the proponents of *Zukunftsmusik* or music of the future, applying the vivid narratives of Wagner's music-dramas to the orchestral repertoire. Like the young Gustav Mahler, whose First Symphony of the 1880s started out as a 'symphonic poem in two parts' before the composer suppressed the programme, Sibelius hedged his bets in 1898.

Having blended symphonic form with narrative in the Kullervo Symphony and the Four Lemminkainen Legends, he first succumbed to what he called the 'holy inspiration' of Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique* and drafted the programme for a symphony in April 1898. What he ended up with was something quite different. It was indebted much more to Tchaikovsky's Sixth (*Pathétique*) Symphony, twice performed in Helsinki and described by the composer as 'shot through with subjectivity' without yielding up its secrets (Sibelius's enthusiasm for Tchaikovsky and his fellow Slavs was undented by Russia's increasingly repressive treatment of Finland as he completed the symphony in the spring of 1899). While Tchaikovsky's influence can be detected in some of his themes, Sibelius's treatment of them is characteristically clear of profile and, despite its sometimes abrupt changes of mood, always organic.

It takes many hearings to trace the thematic echoes throughout the First Symphony of the lonely introductory clarinet solo, unfolded like an improvised recitative over a timpani roll (the first of many long-held notes – pedal-points – which anchor wayward material). In the first movement, it shadows a burgeoning of confident ideas

racing either confidently or charmingly over thin ice; one of them, painted in the limpid colours of two flutes in thirds and harp, was to breed Sibelian offspring as late as *The Oceanides* of 1914. The pathos of the Andante's theme, reminiscent of the lament at the heart of the *Pathétique*'s lopsided waltz, is punctuated by snatches of archaic Finnish-sounding woodwind solos and a misty, rustic idyll with birdsong before generating a rugged energy. All these are characteristics of the mature Sibelius.

The scherzo, too, surprises: some hear Bruckner's stamp on its pervasive tattoos, but there are flights of Russian balletic fantasy and a central stillness recalling the start of the Andante. Strings passionately take up the clarinet theme at the start of the finale like Mahler's 'outburst of despair from a deeply wounded heart' at the same point in his First Symphony. Cordoned off from the ensuing agitation, Sibelius's big tune on the sonorous G string of the violins is at first as self-contained an aria as its counterpart in the first movement of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*; but the more prominent its participation and the stronger its resistance in the later stages, the more terrible – and original – is its collapse.

Saturday 10 November at 7.30pm

Sibelius Symphony No.6

Sibelius orch. John Estacio Seven Songs

Vilse Op.17, No.4

Illalle Op.17, No.6

Soluppgång Op.37, No.3

Var det en dröm? Op.37, No.4

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte Op.37, No.5

Säv, säv, susa Op.36, No.4

Svarta rosor Op.36, No.1

Sibelius Symphony No.5

The performance will end at approximately 9.30pm

Sibelius

Symphony No.6 in D minor,

Op.104 (1914-16, 1922-3)

- 1 Allegro molto moderato
- 2 Allegretto moderato
- 3 Poco vivace
- 4 Allegro molto

Sketches of ideas for the Sixth Symphony first appear in Sibelius's notebooks towards the end of 1914 alongside several themes of what would become the Fifth, though at that stage it was far from clear to him what material would belong to which symphony. It is all the more remarkable, then, that the Sixth is so far removed from its predecessor in terms of spirit and atmosphere, 'very tranquil in character and outline', as Sibelius told a Swedish journalist, 'This much more inward confessional took him even longer than the Fifth to shape. Nearly 50 when he began work, he felt the burden of the passing

years – 'the shadows lengthen', as he twice put it – and there is a telling diary entry for 27 January 1916: 'Worked on Symphony 6. Wonderful day. Walked in valedictory colourings. The trees spoke. Everything was living.' In 1919 he labelled the main theme of the first movement 'Winter' and the finale's second subject 'the spirit of the pine tree'; the correspondence between his innermost thoughts and the moods of nature was never more explicitly made. The symphony finally saw the light of day in February 1923, when Sibelius conducted the Helsinki premiere; the work was more warmly received by the players than by the public.

The purified string writing which opens the Sixth Symphony and provides its dying fall is remote indeed from the heroic intention and resolution of the Fifth Symphony. Sibelius has learnt to compensate for the absence of more than a handful of exotic newcomers to his orchestra – only a harp and a bass clarinet are added to the restrained ensemble of the previous three symphonies – by eliciting a secret rapture from the subdivision of his strings. An hieratic quality which

Sibelius makes his own comes partly from his use of the ancient Dorian mode, the scale you get on the white keys of the piano if you start from the note D; there's not a flat or a sharp in sight for the first 46 bars. Some have also detected a very personal homage to the polyphonic master of the Renaissance Palestrina, whose masses Sibelius first heard on a 1901 trip to Rome.

Between these hymns of thanksgiving there are clear-etched versions of the earlier symphonies' winter journeys in three of the four movements, riding freely over the boundaries of symphonic form, and dimly-lit wood magic in the second. For all the abundance of bright early spring sunshine, though, the demons of the Fourth Symphony have not been entirely routed. To the earth tremors which bring the first-movement adventure to a halt, the disquieting forest murmurs eventually summoned by the incantation of the Allegretto moderato and the finale's dark undertow there is an answer: a great cry from the heart on divided violins and violas. It is to recur again, in different forms, towards the ends of the Seventh Symphony and the forest landscape of Sibelius's last tone-poem *Tapiola*.

Sibelius

Seven Songs

orch. John Estacio (2006)

Vilse Op.17 No.5

Illalle Op.17 No.6

Soluppgång Op.37 No.3

Var det en dröm? Op.37 No.4

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings
möte Op.37 No.3

Säv, säv, susa Op.36 No.4

Svarta rosor Op.36 No.1

Outside his native land, only a handful of Sibelius's songs have attained a widespread popularity. For Finns, they

are often the first port of call in their acquaintance with his music; Kaija Saariaho, who remembers singing the choral setting of *Finlandia* at school, says that 'many of the songs were especially dear to me as a young girl, such as "Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte" (The girl returned from meeting her lover) or "Var det en dröm?" (Was it a dream?). I still have a special affection for them.'

The majority were set in Swedish, the language Sibelius grew up speaking until at the age of eight he was sent to the first Finnish-speaking grammar school. It is intriguing that in the one song we hear in Finnish, 'Illalle' (Evening), a setting of a sonnet by Forsman-Koskinies, the accompaniment is just that. It merely supports the rapture of the excited vocal line, which unfolds like the text's 'black wings of night' towards an abrupt conclusion without any instrumental coda. There is more of a dialogue between singer and piano in the first of Saariaho's favourites, often known as 'The Tryst'. Like the other poets represented here, its author Johan Ludvig Runeberg, a friend of the family in the composer's youth, wrote in Swedish. In 1890, thirteen years after Runeberg's death, Sibelius declared that he found in his romantic lyrics 'a greater sense of reality and truth than in the works of any other poet I have read up to the present'. The songs in this evening's concert take us up to 1904 and tend to be clustered around Sibelius's work on the First and Second Symphonies, as the implied narrative of 'Svarta rosor' and the archaic tableau of 'Soluppgång' might tell us.

Sibelius tended to make larger-scale arrangements of the more ambitious songs, while works which are in essence tone-poems with an extra vocal line like the mesmerising Finnish creation-myth *Luonnotar* come fully-fledged in orchestral guise. John Estacio recalls how he was 'swept up' by the seven songs he orchestrated for Ben Heppner as a commission for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in 2006. 'The orchestral timbres came to me quite quickly' he says in his programme note for the premiere:

'For example, a heralding phrase in 'Soluppgång' suggested an *arioso* for solo trumpet, the sustained passage of tremulous chords at the beginning of 'Illalle' seemed appropriate for shimmering strings, and the sprite and nimble mood of 'Vilse' could be best captured

by the woodwinds. Although Sibelius rarely doubled the vocal line in the piano accompaniment in any of these seven songs, there are several sweeping melodic passages for the voice that cried out for orchestral

doubling as in the climaxes of the long vocal phrases in 'Var det en dröm?'. Above all, my primary goal was to achieve a balanced orchestral accompaniment that both reflected the text and Sibelius's musical intentions.'

Seven Songs

Vilse

text: Karl August Tavastjerna (1860-1898)

Vi gingo vävilse ifrån varann
var togo de andra vägen?
Jag ropar i skogen vad jag kan
men du står och låtsar förlägen.

Blott eko det svarar: hallå, hallå!
Och gäckande skrattar en skata,
men himlen blir plötsligen dubbelt så blå
och vi höra upp att prata.

Säg, skulle din puls slå takt till min,
när samtalet går så staccato?
Min kärlek, min kärlek tar våldsamt mitt sinn',
jag glömmer att känna som Plato.

Jag ser i ditt öga, jag forskar och ser,
pupillerna vidgas och slutas,
och när du ett ögonblick strålande ler,
då kunde ett helgon mutas.

Illalle

text: Aukusti Valdemar Forsman-Koskimies (1856-1929)

Var hälsad, kväll, med dina stjärnors skara!
Med drömfylld andakt kommer du mig nära.
De mörka lockarna omkring din klara
Och höga pannas natt bli mig så kära.

O kväll av höghet, om du kunde vara
Den bro, som själens längtan ville bära
Mot drömmens länder, rena, underbara,
Från bojorna, som här mig trycka, tära!

Lost

We must have lost the others.
Which way did they go?
I call in the forest as loud as I can
while you stand, pretending to look shy.

Only the echo replied: Hello, hello!
and a magpie laughs mockingly
but suddenly the sky seems twice as blue
and we fall silent.

Is your pulse beating in time with mine
since our words come out so staccato?
Love violently seizes my senses
and, like Plato, I forget to feel.

I look searchingly into your eyes
whose pupils expand and contract;
and when you flash a radiant smile
even a saint would be tempted.

To evening

Welcome, dark, mild and starry evening!
Your gentle fervour I adore
and caress the dark tresses
That flutter round your brow.

If only you were the magic bridge
that would carry my soul away,
No longer burdened
By the cares of life!

Hur rik min lycka, när du mig hugsvalar,
 När dignande hos dig jag finner vila,
 Och dagen dör och all dess oro tiger!
 Då dimman täcker jordens berg och dalar,
 Och natten upp på dunkla vingar stiger,
 Då will min ande dig till möte ila!

And if it were the happy day
 when, overcome with weariness, I might join you
 when work is over and duty done,
 When night unfolds its black wings
 and a grey curtain falls over hill and dale,
 O evening, how I would hurry to you!

Soluppgång

text: Tor Hedberg (1862-1931)

Under himlens purpurbrand
 Ligga tysta sjö och land,
 Det är gryningsstunden.
 Snöig gren och frostvit kvit
 Tecka dig så segervist
 Mot den röda grunden.

Sunrise

Beneath heaven's purple fire
 Silently lie lake and land;
 It is the time of dawn.
 Snow-covered branch and frost-white twig
 Stand out prominently
 From the red backdrop.

Riddarn står vid fönsterkärm,
 Lyssnar efter stridens larm,
 Trampar golvet trilja.
 Men en smal och snövit hand
 Kyler milt hans pannas brand,
 Böjer mjukt hans vilja.tenderly

The knight stands by the window
 listening for the sound of battle,
 pacing the floor.
 But a small, snow-white hand
 gently cools his hot brow,
 changing his resolve.

Riddarn sätter horn till mun,
 Bläser vilt I gryningsstund,
 Over nejd som tiger.
 Tonen klingar, klar och spröd,
 Branden slockner, gyllenröd,
 Solen sakta stiger.

The knight puts his horn to his mouth,
 and blows fiercely at the dawn,
 over the silent land.
 The note rings clear and fragile;
 The fire slowly dies, golden red,
 As the sun slowly rises.

Var det en dröm?

text: Josef Julius Wecksell (1838-1907)

Var det en dröm att ljuvt engång
 jag var ditt hjärtas vän?
 Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,
 då strängen darrar än.

Did I just dream?

Did I just dream that long ago
 I was your soulmate?
 I remember it like a song that is over
 though the string still vibrates.

Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,
 en blick så blyg och öm;
 jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt,
 var allt, var allt en dröm?

I remember a rose you gave me,
 a glance so shy and tender,
 a tear that glistened at parting.
 Was all this just a dream?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort
uti en vårgrön ängd,
vars fägring hastigt vissnar bort
för nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst
vid bittra tårars ström:
göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,
det var din bästa dröm!

A dream as brief as an anemone's life
in a green spring meadow,
whose beauty quickly fades
before the wealth of new flowers.

But many a night I hear a voice
over a flood of bitter tears:
hide this memory deep in your breast –
it was the best dream you ever had!

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte

text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804-1877)

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,
Kom med röda händer – Modern sade:
Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?
Flickan sade: jag har plockat rosor,
Och på törnen stungit mina händer.

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
Kom med röda läppar — Modern sade:
Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?
Flickan sade: jag har ätit hallon,
Och med saften målat mina läppar.

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
Kom med bleka kinder – Modern sade:
Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?
Flickan sade: red en grav, o Moder!
Göm mig där, och ställ et kors däröver,
Och på korset rista, som jag säger:

En gång kom hon hem med röda händer;
Ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar;
Ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder;
Ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro.

The girl returned from meeting her lover

The girl returned from meeting her lover,
came back with red hands. Her mother asked:
Why are your hands so red, my child?
The girl replied: I have been plucking roses
and pricked my hands on the thorns.

Again she returned from meeting her lover,
came back with red lips. Her mother asked:
Why are your lips so red, my child?
The girl replied: I have been eating raspberries
and stained my lips with the juice.

Again she returned from meeting her lover,
came back with pale cheeks – Her mother asked:
Why are your cheeks so pale, my child?
The girl replied: Prepare a grave, mother!
Hide me there and set up a cross
and on the cross carve these words:

Once she came home with red hands
for they had turned red between her lover's hands.
Once she came home with red lips
for they had turned red beneath her lover's lips.
The last time she came home with pale cheeks
for they had turned pale at her lover's unfaithfulness.

Säv, säv, susa

text: Gustaf Fröding (1860-1911)

Säv, säv, susa
 våg, våg, slå,
 I sägen mig var Ingalill
 den unga mände gå?
 Hon shrek som en vingskjuten and,
 nar hon sjönk i sjön,
 det var när sista var stod grön.

De voro henne gramse vid Ostanålid,
 det tog hon så illa vid.
 De voro henne gramse för gods och gull
 och for hennes unga kärleks skull.

De stucko en ögonsten med tagg,
 de kastade smuts i en liljas dagg.
 Sa sjungen, sjungen sorgsång,
 I sorgsna vågor små,
 säv, säv, susa,
 våg, våg, slå!

Svarta rosor

text: Ernst Josephson (1851-1906)

Säg, varför är du så ledsen i dag,
 du, som alltid är så lustig och glad?
 Och inte är jag mera ledsen i dag
 n när jag tycker dig lustig och glad;
 ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

I mit hjärta där växer ett resendeträd,
 som aldrig nånsin vill lämna mig fred,
 och på stjälkarna sitter det tagg vid tagg,
 och det vållar mig ständigt sveda och agg;
 ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

Men av rosor blir det en hel klenod,
 n vita som döden, än röda som blod.
 Det växer och växer. Jag tror jag förgår,
 i härträdets rötter det rycker och slår;
 ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

Sigh, rushes, sigh

Sigh, rushes, sigh,
 beat, waves beat!
 Are you trying to reveal
 the fate of young Ingalil?
 She cried like a winged duck
 as she sank in the lake –
 last spring was then at its greenest.

They were envious of her in Östanålid
 and she took it to heart.
 They begrudged her her riches
 and her young love.

They pierced a jewel with a thorn,
 they cast dirt in a lily's dew.
 So sing your dirge,
 sad wavelets,
 sigh, rushes, sigh,
 beat, waves, beat!

Black roses

Tell me, why are you so sad today
 when you are always so cheerful and gay?
 But I am no more sad today
 than when you think me cheerful and gay
 for sorrow's roses are black as night.

In my heart there grows a rose-tree
 which will never allow me peace:
 on its stems grow thorn upon thorn
 and it causes unceasing rancour and pain
 for sorrow's roses are black as night.

But it has a wealth of roses,
 some white as death, some red as blood.
 It grows and grows. I almost faint away:
 in my heart-tree's roots there is a wrenching and throbbing
 for sorrow's roses are black as night.

Sibelius

Symphony No.5 in E flat major,

Op.82 (1914-15, 1916, 1919)

- 1 Tempo molto moderato – Allegro moderato – Presto
- 2 Andante mosso, quasi allegretto
- 3 Allegro molto – Un pochettino largamente

Sibelius once defined his symphonies as ‘confessions of faith from different periods of my life’. No two could be more different than the lean, despairing Fourth and the bright, ultimately heroic Fifth, which sounds so much more opulent at times even though in the version we usually hear it only adds one instrument (a third trumpet) to the modest orchestral ensemble established in the Third Symphony. Yet not only were fears of throat cancer to reappear during Sibelius’s labours over it; the genesis of a work which seems to achieve its victories with such organic ease is also perhaps the most complicated in the history of the symphony, Bruckner’s struggles included.

Two of the symphony’s most uplifting ideas, the broad motion in the finale memorably described by Donald Tovey as the swinging of the Norse thunder-god Thor’s hammer and the theme Sibelius places above it, appear in his sketchbook shortly after the outbreak of war in July 1914; Sibelius described his depressed spirits later that year as perhaps ‘necessary for the symphony on whose themes I labour.’ The cries of sixteen swans in flight, harbingers of Spring, the following April, pointed out to him the roots of the swinging theme’s wide intervals; and in the original version of the Fifth, premiered in Helsinki that December with the composer conducting, a startling trumpet entry evokes the shrill call of his beloved cranes. Many such dissonances, along with the original four-movement structure, were not to weather Sibelius’s

revisions of 1916 and 1919, when he twice ‘battled with God’, as he wrote, to give his symphony a ‘more earthy, more vibrant form’.

The vibrancy reaches its zenith when the new first movement weds the original tempo *tranquillo assai* and *allegro comodo* with a shining central climax, first and third trumpets glorifying the opening horn theme. It is a necessary release from the last of three trouble rites of passage which reach their low ebb in a bassoon solo, *lugubre*, like Death’s song in the Second Symphony’s slow movement. The Fifth’s original first movement of 1915 had found no heroic answer to that, leaving the scherzo quietly at first to pick up the pieces. Now, in the final version, its perpetual motion seems even more miraculous as an uninterrupted exorcism of tension. This is, as in 1915, simply a giddy metamorphosis of the symphony’s opening themes, and it has its own struggle to resolve – which it does, like ‘Lemminkäinen’s Return’, with increasing motion and vigour.

As in the Third Symphony, the central movement is intermezzo-like, a set of variations on a simple melody which only once gives way to reveal the possibility of heroics around the corner and the abyss beneath. The finale’s exuberant bustle – vigorous homage to the repeated-note theme which launches the Third Symphony – and its spacious swan-songs deserve a truly extraordinary send-off. They find it in the symphony’s final version. What in 1915 had been five chords, four of them comfortably connected by wind and strings, are now six with resounding silences in between, a sensation not only for the audience in 1919, but for generations of composers to come.

Programme notes by David Nice except where otherwise indicated © 2007



Esa-Pekka Salonen
conductor

Born in Helsinki, Salonen is currently Music Director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. From the 2008/09 season, he will take up the position of Principal Conductor and Artistic Advisor of the Philharmonia Orchestra.

Salonen has been Music Director in Los Angeles since 1992, overseeing the orchestra's instalment in its new home, the Walt Disney Concert Hall. Highlights of his directorship include residencies at the Salzburg Festival, Köln Philharmonie and at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris, as well as numerous European tours and guest appearances in Japan.

As well as his work in Los Angeles, Salonen has an especially close relationship with the Philharmonia Orchestra in London, where he was Principal Guest Conductor from 1985 to 1994. He is renowned for his performances of contemporary music, including countless world premieres, and he has led critically acclaimed festivals of music by Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Shostakovich, Ligeti and Magnus Lindberg. Esa-Pekka Salonen is one of the founders and Artistic Director of the Baltic Sea Festival.

Salonen's compositions cover a wide range of styles and genres but are united by their atmospheric and emotive intensity, in many cases featuring dense harmonies. Among his most important compositions of the new century are the orchestral pieces *Insomnia* (2002) and *Wing on Wing* (2004).

Current and forthcoming conducting engagements include appearances with the Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra, Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra, Orchestre de Paris, New York Philharmonic and Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Salonen records exclusively for Deutsche Grammophon.

Salonen has been the recipient of awards world-wide, including two Royal Philharmonic Society Awards and the 2005 Helsinki Medal. Musical America has named him Musician of the Year 2006.



Anu Komsu soprano

A versatile recitalist and chamber musician with a repertory ranging from renaissance music to cutting-edge contemporary music, Anu Komsu has appeared regularly all over Europe and in the United States.

Her repertoire includes over 40 operatic roles including Lulu, Zerbinetta, Norina, Stravinsky's *Nightingale*, and in *Mysteries of the Macabre* by Ligeti and *Philomela* by James Dillon. One of her biggest successes recently has been the virtuoso role in Morton Feldman's *Neither* at Stuttgart State Opera. Komsu has collaborated with conductors such as Roger Norrington, Oliver Knussen, Sakari Oramo, Osmo Vänskä, Rudolf Barshai, Leif Segerstam, Jukka-Pekka Saraste and George Benjamin. Her collaboration with Salonen began in 1988 with the world premiere of *FLOOF*. Salonen composed his orchestral work *Wing on Wing* showcasing the Komsu coloratura twin-sisters. *Cantatrix Sopranica* by Korean composer Unsuk Chin was also composed for the Komsu twins. Season 2005/06 included Kimmo Hakola's *Le Sacrifice* in the Helsinki Festival, Mahler's Second Symphony with the CBSO. One of the season's highlights was her interpretation of Sibelius's *Luonnotar*. In 2006 she sang in the world premiere of Benjamin's opera *Into the Little Hill* at the Opéra National Bastille.

A recent challenge for Komsu is to spearhead a new Opera Company as its Artistic Director in her hometown Kokkola, Finland. Kokkola Opera's first production was Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* in 2006 where Komsu also sang Susanna. This year she sings Rosalinda in Kokkola Opera's production of *Die Fledermaus*.

Future engagements include productions in Cité de la Musique, Casa da Música in Porto, Frankfurt Oper, Frankfurt Alte Oper and at the Lincoln Center Festival with works by Feldman and Benjamin. Komsu will tour with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and with Oramo she will sing her debut with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra during the 2007/08 season.



Cyndia Sieden *soprano*

California-born soprano Cyndia Sieden is renowned for her interpretations of baroque, classical and contemporary repertoire.

Sieden's opera engagements have included Queen of the Night *Magic Flute* at the Bayerische Staatsoper, Opéra

Nationale de Paris, Gran Teatro de Liceu and La Monnaie; *Elisa Il re pastore* at the Netherlands Opera; *Aspasia Mitridate, re di Ponto* at the Salzburg Festival; *Zerbinetta Ariadne auf Naxos* at the Wiener Staatsoper, Seattle Opera and English National Opera; *Aminta Die Schweigsame Frau* in Palermo; *Lulu* at the Metropolitan Opera; *Cunegonde* in *Candide* for New York City Opera; *Ariel* in Thomas Adès' *The Tempest* at Covent Garden, the Royal Danish Opera, Santa Fe and Opéra du Rhin.

Sieden's recent concert performances include Thomas Adès *Scenes from The Tempest* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra. She also joined Salonen for his new work *Wing on Wing* and celebrated Mozart with a programme of concert arias at the Göttingen Handel Festival. Other appearances include the title role of *Le Rossignol* with the Chicago Symphony; *Candide* with the London Symphony Orchestra, Mahler's Symphony No.8 with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, *The Creation* with the Tonhalle Orchestra and Mozart's C Minor Mass with the Camerata Salzburg. Sieden includes amongst her musical collaborators Gerd Albrecht, Christoph Eschenbach, Adam Fischer, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Richard Hickox, James Levine, Louis Langrée, Nicolas McGegan, Wolfgang Sawallisch, Robert Spano and Mario Venzago. She has recorded Mozart's *Mitridate, re di Ponto* with Camerata Salzburg; *Die Zauberflöte* and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* with the English Baroque Soloists.

Future plans include appearances with Atlanta Symphony, Concerto Köln, Northern Sinfonia, Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra, Metropolitan Opera and Oper Frankfurt.



Karita Mattila *soprano*

A native of Somero, Finland, Karita Mattila was first trained at the Sibelius Academy in Helsinki, where her teacher was Liisa Linko-Malmio, and subsequently studied with Vera Rozsa for nearly 20 years. She sings in all the world's major opera houses

and festivals, and performs regularly with the world's great conductors including Levine, Abbado, Davis, Dohnanyi, Haitink, Pappano, Rattle, Salonen and Sawallisch. Her operatic repertoire encompasses works by Beethoven, Strauss, Tchaikovsky, Verdi, Puccini, Wagner and Janáček. Mattila enjoys the dramatic side of opera and has worked with stage directors such as Luc Bondy in *Don Carlos* in Paris, London and at the Edinburgh Festival. She has also worked with Lev Dodin in *Elektra* for the Salzburg Easter Festival and *Pique Dame* and *Salome* at the Opéra Bastille, Peter Stein in *Simon Boccanegra* in Salzburg and *Don Giovanni* in Chicago, and Jürgen Flimm in *Fidelio* in New York.

Mattila has many recordings to her name on the Philips, EMI, Sony, DG and Ondine labels. Her 40th birthday concert, in front of nearly 12,000 people in Helsinki, was released on disc by Ondine.

Engagements in the 2007/08 season include *Jenůfa* at Los Angeles Opera, *Manon Lescaut* at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, the Orchestre de Paris at the Salle Pleyel, Paris, and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra at the Philharmonie in Berlin; the world premiere of Saariaho's *Mirage* with the Orchestre de Paris in Paris, followed by performances with the Deutsche Symphony Orchestra in Berlin and the BBC Symphony Orchestra in London; and the First Night of the Proms at the Royal Albert Hall.

Throughout her career, Mattila has garnered numerous awards and prizes. In 2005 she was named Musical America's Musician of the Year, one of the most prestigious honours paid to classical artists in the USA.



Ben Heppner *tenor*

Tenor Ben Heppner has performed many challenging roles, from Wagner's *Tristan and Lohengrin* to Verdi's *Otello* and Berlioz' *Aeneas*. His performances on the opera stage, in concert with the world's leading orchestras, in the most

prestigious recital venues, and in recordings have set new standards in his repertoire.

During the 2007/08 season, Heppner will make more than 25 concert appearances throughout Europe and North America, beginning with recitals throughout Ontario and a gala evening at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa. He will perform at Carnegie Hall, the Berlin Philharmonie and the Metropolitan Opera, where he will once again join with James Levine for a performance of *Tristan und Isolde*, which will be simulcast in movie theatres throughout North America and the UK.

Heppner studied music at the University of British Columbia. He first came to public attention in 1979 as the winner of the Canadian Broadcasting Company Talent Festival. In December 1998, CBC television's *Something Special* featured Ben Heppner in an hour-long portrait of the artist. He is a 1988 winner of the Metropolitan Opera auditions and is both a Grammy Award winner and a Juno Award recipient. In 2002, Heppner was named an Officer of the Order of Canada.

Los Angeles Philharmonic

The Los Angeles Philharmonic, under the leadership of Esa-Pekka Salonen, music director since 1992 and a composer in his own right, is now in its 89th season. The Los Angeles Philharmonic performs nearly 300 concerts throughout the year at its two local venues: Walt Disney Concert Hall and the Hollywood Bowl. The orchestra's involvement with Los Angeles also embraces schools, churches and neighbourhood centres of a diverse community.

The Los Angeles Philharmonic was founded by William Andrews Clark, Jr. in 1919. Walter Henry Rothwell became its first music director, serving until 1927 and, since then, nine renowned conductors have served in that capacity: Georg Schnévoigt; Artur Rodzinski; Otto Klemperer; Alfred Wallenstein; Eduard van Beinum; Zubin Mehta; Carlo Maria Giulini; André Previn; and, since the 1992-93 season, Esa-Pekka Salonen. In 2009, Gustavo Dudamel will succeed Salonen as Music Director.

Salonen and the Philharmonic aim to find programming that remains faithful to tradition, yet also seeks new ground, new audiences and ways to enhance the symphonic music experience. Recent projects such as *Minimalist Jukebox*, *The Tristan Project*, and *Shadow of Stalin*, as well as the annual On Location artist residencies, are representative of the originality that defines this orchestra. The Los Angeles Philharmonic's commitment to the presentation of music of our time is evident in its subscription concerts, in its Green Umbrella series, and through its commissioning initiatives. The Los Angeles Philharmonic New Music Group, which celebrated its 25th anniversary last season, is devoted exclusively to compositions on the cutting edge of the repertoire, and attracts leading composers and performers of contemporary music.

LAPhil Presents expands the cultural offerings by producing concert series with visiting artists. The Los Angeles Philharmonic is the first orchestra to offer live performances for download exclusively online within a week of the performance. Deutsche Grammophon recently released the orchestra's first live recording in Walt Disney Concert Hall, featuring music of Bartók and Mussorgsky, along with one of the Philharmonic's signature works, Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*.

Los Angeles Philharmonic

Violin I

Martin Chalifour
Principal
Concertmaster
Marjorie Connell Wilson Chair

Alexander Treger
Concertmaster
Ernest Fleischmann Chair

Bing Wang
Associate
Concertmaster

Mark Baranov
Assistant
Concertmaster
Philharmonic Affiliates Chair

Tamara Chernyak
Michele Boyver

Rochelle Abramson
Camille Avellano
Elizabeth Baker
Robert Vijay Gupta
Mischa Lefkowitz
Edith Markman
Judith Mass*
Mitchell Newman
Barry Socher
Lawrence Sonderling*
Stacy Wetzel
Aroussiak Baltaiian***
Cheryl Norman***

Violin II

Lyndon Johnston
Taylor*
Principal
Dorothy Rossel Lay Chair

Mark Kashper
Associate Principal
Kristine Hedwall
Johnny Lee

Dale Breidenthal
David Chernyavsky
Ingrid Chun
Chao-Hua Jin
Nickolai Kurganov
Guido Lamell
Varty Manouelian
Paul Stein

Yun Tang
Jonathan Wei*
Suli Xue
Lorenz Gamma***
Grace Oh***

Viola

Principal (vacant)
John Connell Chair
Dale Hikawa Silverman
Associate Principal
Arthur Royval
Associate Principal
Jerry Epstein

Richard Elegino
Dana Hansen
Ingrid Hutman
Hui Liu
Meredith Snow
David Stockhammer
Leticia Oaks Strong
Minor L. Wetzel
Elizabeth Wilson***

Cello

Peter Stumpf
Principal
Bram and Elaine Goldsmith Chair
Daniel Rothmuller
Associate Principal
Sadie and Norman Lee Chair
Ben Hong
Associate Principal
Jonathan Karoly

Stephen Custer
David Garrett
Barry Gold
Jason Lippmann
Gloria Lum
Serge Oskotsky
Brent Samuel
Peter Snyder

Bass

Dennis Trembly
Principal
Christopher Hanulik
Principal

Oscar M. Meza
Associate Principal
David Allen Moore

Jack Cousin
Richard D. Kelley
Peter Rofé
John Schiavo
Frederick Tinsley

Flute

Anne Diener Zentner
Principal
Mr. and Mrs. H. Russell Smith
Chair
Principal (vacant)
Virginia and Henry Mancini
Chair
Catherine Ransom
Karoly
Sarah Jackson
Diane Alancraig***
Lawrence Kaplan***

Piccolo

Sarah Jackson

Oboe

Ariana Ghez
Principal
Marion Arthur Kuszyk
Associate Principal
Anne Marie Gabriele
Carolyn Hove

English Horn

Carolyn Hove

Clarinet

Michele Zukovsky
Principal
Lorin Levee
Principal
Monica Kaenzig
Mauk/Nunis Chair
David Howard

E-Flat Clarinet

Monica Kaenzig

Bass Clarinet

David Howard

Bassoon

David Breidenthal
Principal
Shawn Mouser
Associate Principal
Michele Grego
Patricia Kindel

Contrabassoon

Patricia Kindel

Horn

William Lane
Principal
Eric Overholt
Associate Principal
Elizabeth Cook-Shen*
William and Sally Rutter Chair
Brian Drake
Loring Charitable Trust Chair
Bruce Hudson
Robert Watt
Associate Principal
Bud and Barbara Hellman Chair
Mark Adams***

Trumpet

Donald Green
Principal
James Wilt
Associate Principal
Christopher Still
Boyde Hood

Trombone

Steven Witser
Principal
James Miller
Associate Principal
Abbott and Linda Brown Chair
Herbert Ausman

Bass Trombone

John Lofton***

Tuba

Norman Pearson
Minturn Family Foundation Chair

Timpani/Percussion

Raynor Carroll
Principal Percussion
James Babor
Perry Dreiman
Chester Englander***
Kenneth McGrath***

Keyboard

Joanne Pearce Martin
Katharine Bixby Hotchkis Chair

Harp

Lou Anne Neill
Sylvia Ré***

Esa-Pekka Salonen
Music Director
Walt and Lilly Disney Chair
Joana Carneiro
Assistant Conductor
Lionel Bringuier
Assistant Conductor
Ward Stare
Conducting Fellow
League of American
Orchestras
Steven Stucky
Consulting Composer
for New Music
Deborah Borda
President

Librarians
Kazue Asawa McGregor
Kenneth Bonebrake
Stephen Biagini

Personnel Manager
Jeffrey Neville

Production Director
Paul M. Geller

*on leave
***extra musician for this tour

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