**program**

John Cage, *Wonderful Widow of Eighteen Springs* (1961)

Kyle Werner, *Moot* for solo percussion

Kaija Saariaho, *Adjö* (1982-5)

*Intermission*

Robert Sirota, *Canzona* (2012) for solo guitar (world premiere)

Sergio Assad, *Winter Impressions* (2000)

Mike Perdue, *Numerology Unbecoming* (2011)

**ensemble sans maître**

Martha Cargo *flutes*

Kallie Ciechomski *viola*

Jordan Dodson *guitar*

Charlotte Mundy *voice*

Yumi Tamashiro *percussion*

**ensemble sans maître** is committed to the performance of unusual repertory and the commissioning of new works from young emerging composers. The unique timbre of the ensemble's instrumentation - flute, viola, guitar, percussion, and voice - lends itself not only to Boulez's serial masterwork *Le marteau sans maître* but also to contemporary works of indeterminate instrumentation.

special thanks to eric cooper for curating this concert and to midori witkoski for providing the wonderful baked goods.

**upcoming performances**

Friday, June 8, 2012, 7 PM

Chambers Fine Art (522 W. 19th St., Chelsea)

Yangzhi Ma's new solo flute piece by Martha Cargo; chamber works by Milton Babbitt, among others, and the band plays Rzewski's *Moutons du Panurge*.

Saturday, June 23, 2012, 8 PM

Premieres at Tenri Cultural Institute (43A W. 13th St.)

New works by Drake Ralph Andersen and Turkar Gasimzada, with special guest Will Lang (trombone).

Sunday, June 24, 2012, 3 PM

Music with viola and guitar at St. John’s Episcopal Church (139 St. John's Place, Brooklyn)

Kallie Ciechomski and Jordan Dodson play works by Matt Aelmore, de Falla, and Schubert, among others.

Wednesday, June 27, 2012, 8 PM

World Café Live Presents… (3025 Walnut St., Philadelphia)

ESM presents Rzewski's *Moutons du Panurge* and another work TBA.

**text**

John Cage, *Wonderful Widow* (from James Joyce)

night by silentsailing night......... while infantina Isobel

(who will be blushing all day to be,

when she growed up one Sunday, Saint Holy and Saint Ivory,

when she took the veil, the beautiful presentation nun,

so barely twenty, in her pure coif

sister Isobel,

and next Sunday, Mistlemas, when she looked a peach,

the beautiful Samaritan, still as beautiful and still in her teens,

nurse Saintette Isabelle, with stiffstarched cuffs

but on Holiday, Christmas, Easter mornings

when she wore a wreath, the wonderful widow of eighteen springs

Madame Isa Veuve La Belle,

so sad but lucksome in her boyblue's long black

with orange blossoming weeper's veil)

"For she was the only girl they loved,

As she is the queenly pearl you prize"

because of the way the night that first we met

she is bound to be, methinks, and not in vain,

the darling of my heart,

sleeping in her april cot, within her singachamer,

with her greengageflavoured candywhistle duetted to the crazyquilt,

Isobel,

she is so pretty, truth to tell,

wildwood's eyes and primarose hair,

quietly, all the woods so wild,

in mauves of moss and daphnedews,

how all so still she lay,

neath of the whitethorn, child of tree,

like some losthappy leaf,

like blowing flower stilled,

as fain would she anon,

for soon again 'T'will be,

win me,

woo me,

wed me,

ah weary me!

deeply, now evencalm lay sleeping;

Kaija Saariaho's *Adjö*, for voice, flute, and guitar requires the singer and instrumentalists to use a variety of extended techniques, and is notable for the sense of frantic disjunction that it creates with instruments that are most often used for their lyrical quality.-Stephen Eddins, AllMusicGuide

Hur kan man morstå? How can you withstand it?

Ingen blick är så strålande och mörkblå No gaze is so radiant and dark blue

och tränger överallt, i drivan and penetrates everywhere, into the snowdrifts

som sjunker frasande ihop, i isen that sink rustling together, into the ice

som står med röde sjöar, och i hjärtat that stands with red pools, and into the heart

där vintern håller stånd where winter holds its ground

hur kan man mostå? how can you withstand it?

Ju lägre solen The lower the sun

dess blåare isen, vassare blå som svärd the bluer the ice, sharper blue like a sword

dess rödare alens hängen the redder the alder’s catkins

dess hårdare björkens knoppar i bastuns rök the harder the birchtrees’ buds in the

sauna smoke

havtornsbusken klamrar stel mot stenen the buckthorn staples steel to stone

men snön brinner som frisk eld. but the snow burns like fresh fire.

Sulveig von Schoultz Solveg von Schoultz (from Easter

(from ‘Påsksvit’) Suite) trans. Jeremy Parsons