

# Yehudi Wyner

(b. 1929)

## *The Second Madrigal: Voices of Women* (1999) (24:13) (soprano and eleven instruments)

- 1** I Getting Up In Winter (1:35)
- 2** II In The Morning (1:36)
- 3** III Morning (2:01)
- 4** IV When He Pressed His Lips (2:38)
- 5** V The Second Madrigal (2:14)
- 6** VI Thank You, My Fate (2:53)
- 7** VII Cosmetics Do No Good (4:10)
- 8** VIII The Greatest Love (1:15)
- 9** IX Hopelessness (2:50)
- 10** X Question (2:55)

Dominique Labelle, soprano

Daniel Stepner, violin; Judith Eissenberg, violin; Mary Ruth Ray, viola  
Rafael Popper-Keizer; cello; Carolyn Davis Fryer, contrabass  
Susan Gall, flute; Peggy Pearson, oboe; Katherine Matasy, clarinet  
Janet Underhill, bassoon; Jean Rife, horn; Robert Schulz, percussion  
Yehudi Wyner, conductor

## **II** *Quartet for Oboe and String Trio* (1999) (24:23) (in one movement)

Peggy Pearson, oboe  
Bayla Keyes, violin  
Mary Ruth Ray, viola  
Rhonda Rider, cello

## *Horntrio* (1997) (18:54) (violin, horn, piano)

- 12** I Maestoso; Subito animato (7:14)  
Tranquillo; Molto animato
- 13** II Molto sostenuto (6:03)
- 14** III Presto precipitoso (5:34)

James Buswell, violin  
Jean Rife, horn  
Yehudi Wyner, piano

## Notes by the Composer

### *The Second Madrigal: Voices of Women* (1999)

*The Second Madrigal: Voices of Women* was commissioned by Eleanor Eisenmenger, founder and director of 20<sup>th</sup> Century Unlimited of Santa Fe, with support from the Koussevitzky Foundation at The Library of Congress. The song cycle is scored for soprano, string quintet, wind quintet and percussion. The original program note introducing *The Second Madrigal* at its first performance in Santa Fe on June 10<sup>th</sup> 1999 was brief:

I was attracted to these texts in *A Book of Luminous Things*, International Anthology of Poetry—a collection put together by the eminent poet Czeslaw Milosz—for several reasons. First of all, the poems I chose are about or by women, and that seemed natural and appropriate since the song cycle is to be sung by a woman. Then, the poems had a directness and a specificity about them. They did not generalize or dissolve into generic speculation, and their meaning and atmosphere were at once clear. One could sense the voice of the poet or the individual character of the person who was made the subject of the poem. Verdi used to speak of his need for 'la parola scenica,' the words that encouraged the scene to be immediately suggestive and clear and which also allowed the music to animate and provide new values to the text. I have tried to choose texts which embody 'la parola scenica' and seek to liberate the music which may lie dormant in those texts.

The fact that many of these texts are in translation from the ancient Chinese or Sanskrit or modern Polish does not disturb me. I have previously set texts from ancient times in translation, from the Bible,

from the Chinese or the Greek. For some reason, I feel an easy kinship with certain expressive aspects of the culture of antiquity.

The work is conceived with the particular voice of Dominique Labelle in mind. We have worked together before, and her beautiful sound and expressive eloquence have inspired me to try to provide her with a suitable vehicle.

Now, four years later, I would like to add some thoughts about the composing of *The Second Madrigal*.

I began sketching some ideas for the music during the summer of 1998, but the most concentrated period of composition took place later that year during a residency at the Rockefeller Foundation's Study Center in Bellagio, Italy. Here, amidst ravishing natural surroundings of lake, mountains, fruit trees and olive groves, one could find a tranquil haven for work and play.

What proved most important to me—and most challenging—was the search for an apt and particular musical expression of the poetry. Of course, creating an overall atmosphere for each poem was an essential part of the work, but giving voice to the local verbal event, inventing and revealing a contour, a rhythm, a harmonic resonance, was the prime exploration in the compositional process. Mere "word-setting" would not do, nor would a recitative-like patter satisfy. The line had to sing and speak as well as advance the musical narrative while maintaining and illuminating the integrity of the text. Invention of these rhythmic-melodic shapes preceded and took precedence over all other considerations. The instrumental vehicle—with its colors, harmonies, countermelodies, and connective transitions—was conceived as context for the vocal expression, supporting but never dominating the domain of the voice. It is along these lines that composers such as Monteverdi, Mussorgski, Debussy, Schönberg, Berg and

Webern invented vocal shapes that were profoundly vocal in nature yet did not fall into patterns of conventional melody.

The grouping of the songs—their order and a sense of narrative progression—evolved only as I continued to work on individual songs. At first I couldn't be sure which of the fifteen or sixteen poems I selected would be used in the composition. Only when a pattern began to emerge did the choice of poems become definite. At that point it became clear that a cycle of songs—not just a collection—was evolving as the guiding formal design.

Three songs of morning open the cycle. In each, observed or observing, a woman reveals something mysterious, provocative, playful or despairing about her life and personality. The diction is spare, even fugitive, but not obscure.

Songs four through eight are about love—physical, passionate love—but the texts of songs seven and eight—*Cosmetics Do No Good* and *The Greatest Love*—reveal a love that is darkened by the shadow of aging. The shadow darkens to black in *Hopelessness*, song nine of the cycle, in which physical decay, inexorable and ugly, is the cause of the hopeless despair expressed by the poet.

*Question*, the concluding song of the cycle, is indeed about conclusion, at least in the corporeal sense, but it goes on to pose the question: what, if anything, will there be when my body (my horse) expires? (This poem, by May Swenson, is the only one in the cycle originally conceived and written in English.)

In a sense, then, the succession of songs suggests an arch which begins with questions about personal appeal and physical allure and ends with the ultimate metaphysical question: the impenetrable enigma of death and beyond.

In his introduction to *A Book of Luminous Things* from which all these

poems have been drawn, Czeslaw Milosz writes:

“My proposition consists in presenting poems, whether contemporary or a thousand years old, that are, with few exceptions, short, clear, readable and, to use a compromised term, realist, that is, loyal toward reality and attempting to describe it as concisely as possible. Thus they undermine the widely held opinion that poetry is a misty domain eluding understanding.”

This statement eloquently resonates with my own attitude towards composition, and in *The Second Madrigal* I have tried to embody that idea in sound.

### *Quartet for Oboe and String Trio (1999)*

Without the enterprise of the eminent oboist Peggy Pearson, the *Quartet for Oboe and String Trio* might not have come into being. She made it plain that she wanted a piece from me, proposed the instrumental makeup of the ensemble and proceeded to put together a consortium of players and organizations to commission the work. The *Quartet* was begun during the summer of 1999 and completed in December. Premieres by consortium members began in February 2000 and performances continued through the year.

The *Quartet* is in one single movement lasting about 25 minutes. As the music unfolds we find ourselves in zones of clearly defined character: lyric, passionate, passive, frenetic, antic, melancholic or meditative. Unexpected disjunctions and transformations are the rule.

Much of the structure of the *Quartet* is governed by variation technique. A ground-bass, introduced by the cello fairly early on, anchors the framework for a succession of episodes of unequal length and changing character. Later, a

loosely assembled succession of variations organizes much of the second half of the composition. Such observations about the private technical methods of the composer do not begin to touch on the essential matter of the *Quartet*—which is to create a coherent succession of dramatic and expressive events whose purpose it is to embrace a large world of experience and to find ways to illuminate and to share that world.

### *Horntrio* (1997)

For many years the Brahms *Horn Trio* stood in solitary majesty, an apparently unique example of the genre. The majesty remains, of course, but in recent years the *Horn Trio* has been joined by a number of companions, among them a Trio by Ligeti and another, entitled *Twilight Music*, by John Harbison. Despite these fine recent additions, the literature featuring the horn in small chamber ensembles remains sparse. In an effort to enlarge this literature, the present project by the World-Wide Concurrent Premieres and Commissioning Fund came into being.

*Horntrio* is in three movements. The order of the movements reflects the conventional succession of tempi: Fast–Slow–Fast. But no traditional forms are involved here: no sonata forms, no fugues, no rondos, song forms, variations and the like. The form evolves from the material itself; devices such as repetition, near-repetition, and contrast help to guide the performer and the listener through the evolving narrative.

The first movement begins with a large rhetorical flourish for horn supported by the piano, a kind of expository introduction. Contained in this short section are most of the elements—harmonic, melodic, rhythmic—that will be var-

ied, juxtaposed, and developed to create the music of this movement. Once the introduction subsides, the main body of the movement plunges forward, very quick, full of fragments, spiky figures, and contradictory events. Toward the end of this short movement, a grave and mysterious dirge-like music interrupts with no apparent preparation and is followed by a very compact coda-conclusion.

The second movement is more conventional: slow melodic material revolves in a sensuous harmonic environment. As the music proceeds, there is a surprise development: the melodic substance transforms into a subdued, jazzy dance, and it is with this attitude that the movement ends.

The last movement is a high-spirited romp, more or less a “*perpetuum mobile*.” There are numerous antic intrusions reminiscent of a vaudeville, and the mixture of dance rhythms, shrill melodic figures, military tattoos, along with “classical” elements, has the effect of creating an atmosphere of fun, havoc, risk, and danger. The thrust of the movement is kinetic, physical, athletic.

The harmonic language of *Horntrio* is heavily influenced by the common-practice harmony of jazz, which in turn is descended from French music of the Impressionists. Many melodic and rhythmic figures seem to recall popular tunes of a bygone era. I can identify fragments from “Chattanooga Choo Choo,” “Lazybones,” “Who Cares?” (Gershwin), and other tunes whose names I’ve never known.

The infiltration of these familiar elements in my music is not the result of deliberate intent; in fact, it always comes as a surprise to me. These references emerge unsolicited as I develop and transform my working materials and then insist on their legitimacy and organic connectedness. They end up being an essential part of the expressive language of my music.

## Martin Brody on the music of Yehudi Wyner

1

Listening to the music of Yehudi Wyner, I'm often struck, and struck hard, by a quality that's more than a little difficult to describe. It's triggered by something I'd call *surplus musicality*, the pressure of a talent so prodigious that it exceeds the compositional occasion itself. Wyner's music may be carefree or sober, sentimental or ironic, cultivated or crude; it may be sacred or secular, taut or prolix, lyrical or dramatic; redolent of Broadway or the *Via Antica*, impressionism or *ars combinatoria*. It may make pass through all of these aspects (and more) in a flash. No matter: In it, we find an artistic sensibility so passionately engaged by musical material that nothing is too abject to incorporate—but also a musical imagination so fierce that everything in its grasp is unpredictably and uniquely transformed. The presence of music itself seems to excite the composer's ever-combustible artistic instinct so much that nothing can be left as it was.

What other composer is so hospitable to the rudiments of music, and yet is so intensely steeped in the mercurial substance of Modernism, so restlessly stimulated at every musical moment? The opening of Wyner's *Quartet for Oboe and Strings* provides a case in point. The music addresses us in an apparently familiar way, but immediately, it reveals something unanticipated and radically musical. An austere pizzicato walking bass revs up in the cello while two lyrical lines in violin and viola languidly exfoliate above. We seem to be on terra firma (bass line, two treble melodies, a trio sonata texture, a post-tonal idiom). But even before the texture coalesces (and before the grip of the ordinary can take hold), the music begins to be charged with subtle, alchemical effects. In an exquisite, slightly elongated second, as the violin and viola enter, the instruments linger together on a dominant seventh

chord—and then every beat, each impulse marked by a pizzicato attack in the cello, offers a heart-stopping harmonic move.

But how can a succession of harmonies inflect a pulse while stopping the heart, making us wish to linger in each passing beat? This is the special quality that Wyner brings into play, by flirting ever so subtly and ambiguously with familiar elements—triads and seventh chords, anticipations and voice-exchanges, all behaving in nearly ordinary ways, but all transformed, their weights and balances, points of pressure and release, subtly recalibrated. Our attention is coaxed almost subliminally inside the beat, but also beyond the beat, where we register the delicate pressure of emerging pitch classes flowing forth at an irregular pace, while the ardent arco duet presses on, resisting the pull of the tactus.

The interaction of elements (the irregular polyphony of tunes, the regular progression of ethereal harmonies) seems wholly unstrained—but the effect is paradoxical. And the aura of paradox, the serene riddle insinuated in the music, can't be dispelled by invoking standardized categories or contrasts (e.g., harmony vs. melody, digital vs. analog, tonal vs. atonal, rhythm vs. meter). The music simply captures and commands our attention, evoking but also seductively transforming our understanding of the fundamental elements of music ("harmonization", or "harmonic rhythm," or even that mysteriously complicit duo, resonance and pulse) before our very ears. Unfazed by high concepts and intricate theoretical designs, Wyner's music is free to conjure the Genie of Music itself.

2

Recipe for an extended, structural upbeat—consolidation, speed, force: 1) Orchestrate for clarity of attack and intensity of sound (go fast and loud). 2) Clarify and reinforce the metrical accents; homogenize sub-metrical divisions of the beat (go for rhythmic regularity). 3) Project a clearly shaped gesture through the

musical space (go from low to high). 4) Reinitiate the process several times, progressively ratcheting up the scale of the action (intensify the sense of anticipation).

As the first section closes, the opening movement of Yehudi Wyner's *Horntrio* has occasion for just this kind of extended musical action. It follows the formula brilliantly—and breathtakingly transcends it. *Horntrio* begins with a bravura display of relentlessly contrasting dramatis personae (horn: blustery, lyrical, and rangy; violin: delicately or aggressively skittish and hyperactive; piano: fitful, combustible). Most of the music this trio of actors initially produces is vexed, tense, and volatile. Musical ideas emerge and proliferate, only to drop out suddenly and just as suddenly resurface in new configurations. Given the episodic, fervid discourse of the opening, an extended structural upbeat might seem to be in order. And this, after several fitful episodes in which horn and violin inconclusively bid for dominance, is what transpires. Accordingly, the composite rhythm (steady sixteenth notes) falls into line—and the piano kicks off a sequence of ascending motions, each time joined by the horn and violin. Following the logic of the opening, however, the process is inconclusive, the moment of culmination elided. The arrival point of the long upbeat is temporarily suppressed, leaving crucial business unfinished, to be resumed further on.

All well and good—but what this description fails to capture is the ineludible presence of the Genie, the way the music brilliantly exceeds any attempt to define its own terms of engagement. In the passage in question, the *Horntrio's* first extended upbeat gesture, the individual instruments fall into line, but they don't quite behave in lockstep. As the passage unfolds, it reveals a process of intensification that is as volatile as it is forceful—one that may be interrupted or qualified at any moment. The instruments may line up to yield a rhythmic unison, but then one or another may choose to drop out, or take charge, or interject an impulsive diversionary move.. Each in its own way displays at least a touch of resistance to the principle of uniformity at work in the gesture they share in projecting. It's as if they were struggling to shake

off their own contrariness, as if they couldn't quite forget what they've already participated in, and weren't entirely sure they wanted to work in concert.

This effect has been set up in part by the dense repertory of motivic possibilities that had already burst out in the opening. Given the rapid proliferation of motives that occurs there, the music is richly primed to evoke its brief but intense past. And so, as they reverberate with cross-references to the opening, the individual instruments maintain their behavior as complex agents, with minds of their own, so to speak, however concentrated the musical gesture might become. To produce this thrilling effect requires an acute awareness (and flawless control of) the effects produced by subtly concentrating, and disaggregating the texture—projecting the force of the unified collective vs. the willful, contrary individual. This delicate dynamic equilibrium cannot be pre-determined, or perhaps even preconceived; it must be recalibrated on the fly as the music unfolds. What results is an extended musical gesture more ferociously anticipatory and inconclusive than we were prepared to imagine.

### 3

While studying with Yehudi several decades ago, I became a voracious, compulsive observer of his amazing performances as pianist and chamber music coach. For several years, I was on-call as page-turner for his concert performances, but I also crashed scores of coaching sessions and voyeuristically sat in during practice time and dress rehearsals whenever I could. From this, I gleaned as much empirical data about the inner workings of his musical genie as I could take in. I learned, for example, how an upper harmonic of a fiendishly loud, explosive low note on the piano could be the aural twin of a pppp mid-range clarinet sound. Or how many different gradations of staccato or legato articulations might occur in an innocent piano arpeggio (and how many wild, if almost imperceptible rhythmic

effects could be made in an apparently neutral arpeggiation). There was, however, a greater lesson to be learned, and re-learned in the ensuing years: that each such data point, however miraculous it might seem, was distinct, unique unto itself, embedded in a unique musical situation. That, either as performer or composer, Yehudi was incapable of repeating himself; and that readiness is all.

#### 4

The paradox that I've been elaborating—of musicality exceeding itself—reflects an attitude and an aspiration shared by many composers. The composer aspires to be immersed in the particular musical material at hand but so acutely open and attuned to its potentiality that something entirely unanticipated is revealed. (Of course the composer must also be gifted enough to convey the revelation to performers and listeners). To attempt to experience and enact such heightened awareness in a musical process is, I believe, an expression of *amor mundi*, a devotional act of praise, an embrace of the unlikely possibility that artistic fabrication may capture and stimulate a heightened experience of the world.

But conjuring your *amor mundi* and inner genie can be a risky, nerve-racking business. The composer must be willing to let his love of the world hang out all the way, even at risk of courting sentimentality. He has to invite a reluctant muse, all the while maintaining an attitude of unrelenting self-criticism. Even more fundamentally, he must submit his small epiphanies to the battering currents of musical time, permitting cherished musical moments to be subsumed into the inexorable flow of irreversible processes.

For a composer, such as Yehudi, whose *amor mundi* is immense, this predicament must be poignant in extremis. I think that this might explain, at least in part, why he has become so successful a composer of miniatures as well as long forms. In a short fantasy, the composer may *linger*. He is, for a moment, relieved

of the burden of implacable temporality; he need not subsume the cherished detail into the big flow. Perhaps this is why Wyner found himself hosting a number of "uninvited guests" while working in Rome on several large-scale pieces:

Inexorable deadlines seemed to be approaching with increasing speed and I needed to work with total concentration. Outside diversions were few, but inner digressions proliferated. Some grew directly out of the the main work I was doing. Others materials were altogether unrelated, unwelcome intruders. If the unbidden visitors chose to stay, indeed obsessed me with their annoying insistence, I had no choice but to acknowledge them to listen to what they had to say.

(Composer's Note to the publication, *Fantasies for Piano*)

Welcome or not, the "inner digressions," the visitations he received (in his studio at the American Academy in Rome and elsewhere), evoked a wide variety of occasions and experiences: close friendships, the composer's studio in the Academy's Villa Aurelia, a meal in an Alsatian restaurant, a walk through a flea market, a musical detail that wouldn't leave the mind. The brief musical recollections that resulted provide not only a vivid mnemonic of these cherished things, but perhaps even more crucially, a gesture of praise and consolation for lost time.

The theme of transience is, I believe, Yehudi's Great Theme. It comes most explicitly to the fore in his extended song cycle, *The Second Madrigal: Voices of Women*. Here, the female voices of the title fret earnestly and openly over the process of aging and the loss of beauty. The composer's own love of the world and fear of losing it cannot be far in the background. But the exquisite music that Yehudi has produced in recognition of and response to this most fundamental human anxiety is, like so much of the music that has been born out of his enormous gift, more than consolation. It reveals that beautiful bodies of music need not grow old or perish, that music must end but never dies.

*Martin Brody is a composer and frequently writes about contemporary music and musicians. He is currently Catharine Mills Davis Professor of Music at Wellesley College.*

## The Second Madrigal: Voices of Women

Poems from *A Book of Luminous Things*, edited by Czeslaw Milosz

### I *Getting Up in Winter*

Winter morning.  
Pale sunlight strikes the ceiling.  
She gets out of bed reluctantly.  
Her nightgown has a bamboo sash.  
She wipes the dew off her mirror.  
At this hour there is no one to see her.  
Why is she waking up so early?

Emperor Ch'ien-wen of Liang (503-551), Translated from the Chinese by Kenneth Rexroth.

### II *In the Morning*

In the morning, holding her mirror, the young woman touches her tender lip with her finger &	then with the tip of her tongue licks it & smiles & admires her eyes.
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Steve Kowit (b. 1938), after the Sanskrit

### III *Morning*

I get up. I am sick of  
Rouging my cheeks. My face in  
The mirror disgusts me. My  
Thin shoulders are bowed with  
Hopelessness. Tears of loneliness  
Well up in my eyes. Wearily  
I open my toilet table.  
I arch and paint my eyebrows  
And steam my heavy braids.  
My maid is so stupid that she  
Offers me plum blossoms for my hair.

Chu Shu Chen (c. 1200), Translated from the Chinese by Kenneth Rexroth.

### IV *When He Pressed His Lips*

When he pressed his lips to my mouth the knot fell open of itself. When he pressed them to my throat the dress slipped to my feet. So much I know – but when his lips touched my breast everything, I swear, down to his very name,	became so much confused that I am still, dear friends, unable to recount (as much as I would care to) what delights were next bestowed upon me & by whom.
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Steve Kowit, after Vikatanitamba



**V *The Second Madrigal***

A night of love  
exquisite as a  
concert from old Venice  
played on exquisite instruments.  
Healthy as a  
buttock of a little angel.  
Wise as an  
anthill.  
Garish as air  
blown into a trumpet.  
Abundant as the reign  
of a royal Negro couple  
seated on two thrones  
cast in gold.

A night of love with you,  
a big baroque battle  
and two victories.

Anna Swir (1909-1984), Translated from the Polish by Czeslaw Milosz and Leonard Nathan

**VI *Thank You, My Fate***

Great humility fills me,  
great purity fills me,  
I make love with my dear  
as if I made love dying  
as if I made love praying,  
tears pour  
over my arms and his arms.  
I don't know whether this is joy  
or sadness, I don't understand  
what I feel, I'm crying,  
I'm crying, it's humility  
as if I were dead,  
gratitude, I think you, my fate,  
I'm unworthy, how beautiful  
my life.

Anna Swir, Translated from the Polish by Czeslaw Milosz and Leonard Nathan

## VII *Cosmetics Do No Good*

Cosmetics do no good;  
no shadow, rouge, mascara, lipstick--  
nothing helps.  
However artfully I comb my hair,  
embellishing my throat & wrists with jewels,  
it is no use – there is no  
semblance of the beautiful young girl  
I was  
& long for still.  
My loveliness is past.  
& no one could be more aware than I am  
that coquettishness at this age  
only renders me ridiculous.  
I know it. Nonetheless,  
I primp myself before the glass  
like an infatuated schoolgirl  
fussing over every detail,  
practicing whatever subtlety  
may please him.  
I cannot help myself.  
The God of Passion has his will of me  
& I am tossed about  
between humiliation & desire,  
rectitude & lust,  
disintegration & renewal,  
ruin & salvation.

Steve Kowit, after Vidyapati

## VIII *The Greatest Love*

She is sixty. She lives  
the greatest love of her life.

Her dear one says:  
"You have hair like pearls."

She walks arm-in-arm with her dear one,  
her hair streams in the wind.

"You have hair like pearls."  
"Old fool."

Anna Swir, Translated from the Polish by Czeslaw Milosz and Leonard Nathan

## IX *Hopelessness*

When I look in the mirror  
My face frightens me.  
How horrible I have become!  
When Spring comes back  
Weakness overcomes me  
Like a fatal sickness.  
I am too slothful  
To smell the new flowers  
Or to powder my own face.  
Everything exasperates me.  
The sadness which tries me today  
Adds itself to the accumulated

Sorrows of the days that are gone.  
I am frightened by the weird cries  
Of the nightjars that I cannot  
Shut out from my ears.  
I am filled with bitter embarrassment  
When I see on the curtains  
The shadows of two swallows making love.

Li Ch'ing-chao (1084-1142), Translated from the Chinese by Kenneth Rexroth

## X Question

Body my house  
my horse my hound  
what will I do  
when you are Fallen

Where will I sleep  
How will I ride  
What will I hunt

Where can I go  
without my mount  
all eager and quick  
How will I know  
in thicket ahead  
is danger or treasure  
when Body my good  
bright dog is dead

How will it be  
to lie in the sky  
without roof or door  
and wind for an eye  
With cloud for shift  
how will I hide?

May Swenson (1919-1989)

**Yehudi Wyner**, composer, pianist, conductor and educator, was born in 1929 in Western Canada, but grew up in New York City. He came into a musical family. His father, Lazar Weiner, was the preeminent composer of Yiddish Art Song as well as a notable creator of liturgical music for the modern synagogue.

Wyner was trained early as pianist and composer. After graduating from the Juilliard School with a Diploma in piano he went on to study at Yale and Harvard Universities with composers Richard Donovan, Walter Piston and Paul Hindemith. In 1953, Mr. Wyner won the Rome Prize in Composition enabling him to live for the next three years at the American Academy in Rome.

Since that time Wyner's music has been awarded many of classical music's highest honors. In 1999 he was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Currently Mr. Wyner is Walter W. Naumburg Professor of Composition at Brandeis University and since 1991 has been a frequent visiting professor at Harvard University.

Yehudi Wyner's compositions include orchestral music, chamber music, vocal music, music for the theater, as well as liturgical services for worship. Recent works include: *Commedia* for clarinet and piano; *Prologue and Narrative* for cello and orchestra; *Lyric Harmony* for orchestra; *Epilogue* for orchestra; *Praise Ye the Lord, Psalm* for soprano and ensemble; *Madrigal for String Quartet*; *Tuscan Triptych: Echoes of Hannibal* for string orchestra, and a *Violin Concerto* for Daniel Stepner. Current projects include a commission from the Boston Symphony Orchestra for a piano concerto for Robert Levin, to be premiered in spring 2005.

Soprano **Dominique Labelle** appears in recital, in opera, and with leading orchestras including those of Boston, Cleveland, Dallas, Houston, Montreal, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis and Toronto. Ms. Labelle has worked with such noted conductors as Bernard Haitink, Christopher Hogwood, Kurt Masur, Seiji Ozawa, Sir Roger Norrington, Robert Shaw and Franz Welser-Möst. Dominique Labelle first came to international attention through her performances in New York, Paris and Vienna of Donna Anna in Peter Sellars' production of *Don Giovanni*, a role she later filmed in an abridged version starring Dmitri Hvorostovsky.

**James Buswell** has appeared with major orchestras throughout the USA, Canada, Mexico, Europe, Asia, Australia and South America, and has collaborated with conductors including Michael Tilson Thomas, Seiji Ozawa, Pierre Boulez, Zubin Mehta, George Szell and Leonard Bernstein. Mr. Buswell's performances include his close association with new music and he has given world premieres of works by Donald Erb, Charles Wuorinen, Ned Rorem, Leon Kirchner, John Harbison and Yehudi Wyner. He is currently on the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music.

**Judith Eissenberg** is the second violinist and a founding member of the Lydian String Quartet, in residence at Brandeis University since 1980. With the quartet, she won the Naumburg Award for Excellence in Chamber Music, and has toured extensively in the US and abroad. A performer on both modern and period instruments, Ms. Eissenberg is a member of the Handel and Haydn Society Orchestra and has performed with numerous other Boston organizations.

**Carolyn Davis Fryer** performs with the Boston Ballet Company and with Boston Musica Viva. She is also a member of the Brandenburg Ensemble, under the direction of Jaime Laredo. A former participant at the Marlboro Music Festival, Ms. Fryer's chamber performances include guest appearances with the Colorado, Mendelssohn and Alexander String Quartets. Ms. Fryer is a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music.

**Susan Gall** has performed at the Graz, Aspen, Norfolk, Warebrook, Round Top, Sandpoint, Bowdoin, and Heidelberg Castle festivals as well as at the American Conservatoire in Fontainebleau. In addition to performing with and directing the Auros Group for New Music, she has appeared with Dinosaur Annex, Harvard Group for New Music, Chameleon Arts Ensemble, and the National Lyric Opera. Susan Gall is flute instructor at Brandeis University, University of Massachusetts, Boston, and University of Massachusetts, Lowell.

**Bayla Keyes** is a founding member of the Muir String Quartet, with whom she won the Evian and Naumburg Awards and played more than one thousand concerts. Ms. Keyes is an ardent champion of new music, and is active as a member of Boston Musica Viva and Sonos. Ms. Keyes is on the faculty of Boston University and is the Artistic Director of the Interlochen Chamber Music Conference and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute String Quartet Seminar. She tours with the piano trio, Triple Helix.

**Katherine Matasy** is most frequently heard as a clarinetist and bass clarinetist in chamber and orchestral settings. Highly regarded as an interpreter of new music, she is a founding member of Dinosaur Annex (now in its 28<sup>th</sup> season) and a frequent performer with many of Boston's new music groups. Ms. Matasy teaches at Wellesley College, The New England Conservatory Preparatory School, and the Community Music Center of Boston.

**Peggy Pearson** is a winner of the Pope Foundation Award for Outstanding Accomplishment in Music. She is a member of the Bach Aria Group, and is the solo oboist with the Emmanuel Chamber Orchestra. Peggy Pearson has toured internationally and recorded extensively with the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, and has appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra as principal oboist, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, and Music from Marlboro. Ms. Pearson's recording of Mario Davidovsky's *Quartetto* for oboe and strings is on BRIDGE 9097.

**Rafael Popper-Keizer** has been featured as a soloist throughout the USA. Mr. Popper-Keizer was invited to the Tanglewood Music Festival in 1998 and 1999, where he had the opportunity to work with Mstislav Rostropovich, and to understudy *Don Quixote* for Yo-Yo Ma with Seiji Ozawa. Mr. Popper-Keizer has concertized with members of the Borromeo String Quartet, the Boston Trio, the Museum of Fine Arts Trio, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

**Mary Ruth Ray** is the violist of the Lydian String Quartet. An active soloist and chamber musician, Ms. Ray has performed as guest artist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Bard Music Festival, Apple Hill Chamber Players, Boston Musica Viva, and Juneau Jazz and Classics. Ms. Ray has been an Artist-in-Residence on the faculty of Brandeis University since 1980, teaching viola and chamber music, and is Director of the Performance Program at Brandeis.

**Rhonda Rider** is a founding member of the Naumburg Award winning Lydian Quartet, and is currently a member of the piano trio Triple Helix. As a soloist, Ms. Rider was the winner of New York's Concert Artists' Guild Award, and has performed at numerous international festivals. She has given masterclasses at schools including Yale, Oberlin, New England Conservatory and Princeton. Rhonda Rider is Coordinator of Chamber Music at the Boston Conservatory and is on the cello faculty there as well as at Wellesley College.

**Jean Rife** has made solo and ensemble recordings for Telarc, Telefunken, Bridge, New World, Titanic, WGBH, Radio Suisse Romande and the BBC. A popular teacher who gives masterclasses and workshops throughout the country, Jean Rife is Lecturer in Music at MIT. At New England Conservatory and at the Longy School Ms Rife teaches chamber music, horn, and classes in yoga for musicians.

**Robert Schulz** works frequently with the Boston Symphony, Boston Pops and many other Boston based ensembles. He is the principal percussionist for the Auros Group for New Music, the Boston Modern Orchestra Project, and the Fromm Players at Harvard. Equally at home with jazz and improvisational forms, Mr. Schulz is drummer/percussionist for Brass Planet and Beat City.

**Daniel Stepner** has distinguished himself as a violinist of great versatility, having performed and recorded contemporary music with Boston Musica Viva; sonatas of Charles Ives with pianist John Kirkpatrick; and music from the Baroque and Classical eras on period instruments. Mr. Stepner recently became the first violinist of the Lydian Quartet, and he has served as concertmaster of the Handel & Haydn Society, Banchetto Musicale, the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra, the Boston Philharmonic, and the New Haven Symphony. Mr. Stepner has taught at Eastman School of Music, New England Conservatory, and the Longy School of Music

**Janet Underhill** was the recipient of the 2001 Kay Logan Award, a national award for excellence in chamber music teaching, given for her ten years of developing and managing the Greater Boston Youth Symphony Orchestra's Chamber Music program. Ms. Underhill is a founding member of Arcadian Winds, a woodwind quintet specializing in contemporary music that has commissioned and premiered more than forty works. As a soloist, she has performed at numerous festivals in both the US and Europe.

Producers: Susan Davenny Wyner and Joel Gordon

Engineers: Jonathan Wyner (*The Second Madrigal, Horntrio*); Joel Gordon,  
Patrick Keating (*Oboe Quartet*)

Editing: Joel Gordon, Jonathan Wyner and Yehudi Wyner

Mastering Engineer: Jonathan Wyner

Design: Alexis Napoliello

Recorded at Mechanics Hall, Worcester, MA.; and The Studio, Roslindale, MA.

Recorded December 2000-May, 2002

Cover photograph of Yehudi Wyner: Michael Lovett

Yehudi Wyner's music is published by Associated Music Publishers, Inc.

Executive Producers: Becky and David Starobin

For Bridge Records: Alexis Napoliello, Robert Starobin, Daniel Lippel,  
Ashley Arrington and Allegra Starobin

This recording was made possible in part by a grant from the Aaron Copland  
Fund for Recorded Music.

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