



Design: Cindy Bouwers

# ENCOUNTERS



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**Saturday**

**February 9, 1991**

**Convocation Hall**

**8:00 pm**

**The Department of Music**

presents

## **ENCOUNTERS IV**

The final in a series of four concerts.

**Artistic Directors:**

Malcolm Forsyth, William H Street

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### **PROGRAMME**

**The People United**

**Will Never Be**

**Defeated!** (1975)

36 Variations on a Chilean Folk Song

*i El Pueblo Unido Jamás Será Vencido!*

Frederic Rzewski

(b. 1938)

Stéphane Lemelin (piano)

### **INTERMISSION**

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**Das Buch der Hängenden**

**Gärten, opus 15** (1908-09)

Arnold Schönberg

(1874-1951)

Poems by Stefan George

(1868-1933)

Debra Ollikkala (soprano)

Alfred Fisher (piano)

**Divertimento, K.439b, IV in  
Bb major for 3 basset horns**

Dennis Prime (clarinet and basset horn)

Charles Hudelson (clarinet and basset horn)

David Quinn (clarinet and basset horn)

1. *Allegro*
2. *Larghetto*
3. *Menuetto*
4. *Adagio*
5. *Rondo*

**Sei Notturmi (Canzonette)**

Wolfgang A Mozart

(1756-1791)

Poems by Metastasio

(1698-1782)

Debra Ollikkala (soprano)

Eileen O'Dwyer (mezzo-soprano)

Leonard Ratzlaff (baritone)

Dennis Prime, (clarinet and basset horn)

Charles Hudelson (clarinet and basset horn)

David Quinn (clarinet and basset horn)

1. *Due pupille amabili, K.439*
  2. *Se lontan, ben mio, tu sei, K.438*
  3. *Ecco quel fiero istante, K.436*
  4. *Mi lagnerà tacendo, K.437*
  5. *Luci care, luci belle, K.346(439)*
  6. *Piú non si trovano, K.549*
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## PROGRAM NOTES:

### The People United Will Never Be Defeated

Frederic Rzewski

Frederic Rzewski was born in Westfield, Massachusetts in 1938. Educated at Harvard and Princeton, he has pursued his career as composer and pianist since the early 1960s primarily in Europe, first in Italy and later in Belgium. After being closely associated with composers such as Stockhausen, Boulez, Dallapiccola, and Cage in the sixties, Rzewski quickly became involved in experimental music circles, most notably with the live electronic music group *Musica Electronica Viva* of which he was a founding member in Rome in 1966. There, he experimented extensively with improvisation and subsequently became interested in jazz as well as rock music. Out of this experimentation emerged the conviction that contemporary composers must reach out to the people and bridge the gap that has alienated them from a vast portion of the public since the beginning of this century. Rzewski also developed a sense of social and political responsibility and he grew in his conviction that music can carry a political message. He was influenced in this by the music of Hanns Eisler, the socialist East German composer who collaborated with Berthold Brecht. Rzewski's view of the composer as communicator, as well as the wide variety of his personal experiences, has led him to develop a language in which many diverse styles, including traditional tonality and the influence of popular music, are combined in an effort to reach a wider and more general public than the restricted group that usually constitutes the audience of avant-garde music.

*The People United Will Never Be Defeated*, written in 1975 for pianist Ursula Oppens, exemplifies this amalgamation of styles. It is a set of 36 variations on the popular Chilean song *¡El Pueblo Unido Jamás Será Vencido!* composed in the early 1970s by Sergio Ortega and the group Quilapayun. Under the Pinochet dictatorship which overthrew the communist régime of Salvador Allende the song gained world-wide popularity, as a symbol of solidarity with the Chilean people. Out of the simple 36 bars of its tune, Rzewski has drawn a monumental construction of about fifty minutes duration. The work rests on an elaborate structural plan: the variations are organized in six groups of six, the last variation of each group always being a summary of the previous five. Each set of six variations has a distinct character: to the transparency and fluidity of the first set (Var. 1-6) succeeds the polyphonic complexity of the second (Var. 7-12). The third set (Var. 13-18) suggests jazz improvisation while the fourth (Var. 19-24) is characterized by relentless drive. The spacious fifth set introduces a new theme, the *Solidaritätslied* of Hanns Eisler and contains some minimalistic writing. The last group of variations function as a general summing-up of the whole work: Var. 31 recalls elements from the first variation of each preceding set; Var. 32 does the same with the second variation of each set, and so on. Var. 36 is a concentrated summary of the entire composition. As in Bach's *Goldberg Variations*, a repetition of the theme brings the piece to its close.

## Rzewski program notes continued

The Rzewski variations make great virtuosic demands on the performer. The writing makes use of an extremely wide range of pianistic devices and even calls for optional extra-pianistic effects such as whistling, singing, and lid-slammng, (Some of these optional effects, as well as the five-minute long improvisation that can be interpolated between the last variation and the return of the theme may be omitted in tonight's performance.)

Beyond its architectural mastery and its dazzling piano writing, however, the strength of the piece lies in the immediacy of its emotional content. It speaks its message of unity to humankind with sincerity, honesty, and conviction. These qualities make Rzewski's *The People United Will Never Be Defeated* one of the landmarks of piano music in this century.

(Stéphane Lemelin)

## Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten , op. 15

## Arnold Schönberg Poems by Stefan George

Composed in 1908, *Das Buch* represents a turning point in Schönberg's compositional technique for it is in this work that he abandoned tonality for the first time. Here dissonance no longer requires resolution, structural harmony disappears, periodicity and consistent textures dissipate, full-breathed phrases are condensed to motives and melodies are very disjunct.

This casting aside of traditional musical language serves beautifully the symbolist poetry of Stefan George. George creates a sound tapestry of misty images, perceived in his poems through his careful choice of vowels and consonants. Sound for him, as well as for Schönberg, was an important expressive medium to be explored.

In setting George's poems, Schönberg acknowledged that he did not fully comprehend the meaning of each poem, but nevertheless he was inspired to create musical reflections of each poem based upon the sounds of the initial words of the texts. His tonal ambiguity, as well as his languorous rhythms, the generally subdued dynamics, slow tempi and condensed motivic ideas all combine to enhance the images evoked in George's poetry. In Schönberg's settings, the voice and piano lines seldom coincide and yet there is an inseparable relationship between the two. Just as in Schumann's *Lieder* where the accompaniment so aptly reflects the mood of the poetic text being expressed in the voice, so Schönberg's accompaniment seems to reinforce the implications of George's poems.

The fifteen poems which Schönberg chose to set form a self-contained unit selected from George's larger cycle of the same name. The poems ambiguously describe the growth of passion between two lovers and their subsequent parting in an exotic land. Neither George nor Schönberg wished to evoke either ecstasy or sympathy in *Das Buch*, but rather to suggest images.

(Debra Ollikkala)

## Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten continued

9.

Streng ist uns das glück und spröde,  
Was vermocht ein kurzer kuss?  
Eines regentropfens guss  
Auf gesengter bleicher öde,  
Die ihn ungenossen schlingt,  
Neue labung missen muss  
Und vor neuen glutten springt.

10.

Das schöne beet betracht ich mir im harren,  
Es ist umzäunt mit purpurn-schwarzem dorne,  
Drin ragen kelche mit geflecktem sporne  
Und sammtgefiederte, geneigte farren  
Und flockenbüschel, waasergrün und rund  
Und in der mitte glocken, weiss und mild--  
Von einem odem ist ihr feuchter mund  
Wie süsse frucht vom himmlischen gefild.

11.

Als wir hinter dem beblünten tore  
Endlich nur das eigne hauchen spürten,  
Warden uns erdachte seligkeiten?  
Ich erinnere, dass wie schwache rohre  
Beide stumm zu beben wir begannen  
Wenn wir leis nur an uns rührten  
Und dass unsre augen rannen--  
So verbliebest du mir lang zu seiten.

12.

Wenn sich bei heiliger ruh in tiefen matten  
Um unsre schläfen unsre hände schmiegen,  
Verehrung lindert unsrer glieder brand:  
So denke nicht der ungestalten schatten,  
Die an der wand sich auf und unter wiegen,  
Der wächter nicht, die rasch uns scheiden  
dürfen  
Und nicht, dass vor der stadt der weisse sand  
Bereit ist, unser warmes blut zu schlürfen.

Fortune is severe and coy with us.  
Of what is one short kiss capable?  
It is like one drop of rain, spilled  
Upon a seared bleak desert,  
Which swallows it unslaked,  
Still seeking refreshment  
And bursting with new fire.

I stare and ponder at the pretty flower bed,  
It is hedged with purple-black thorn,  
From which rise chalices with speckled spurs  
And velvet-feathered arched ferns  
And cornflower clusters, water-green and  
round  
And in the centre bell-flowers, white and  
gentle--  
From one breath their moist mouth is  
Like sweet fruit from gardens in the sky.

When, beyond the flowered gate,  
At last we felt no breathing but our own,  
Did we then find imaginary raptures?  
I remember that, like fragile reeds,  
Both silent, we began to tremble  
When we no more than lightly touched,  
And that our eyes welled over with tears--  
Thus you stayed, for a long time, by my side.

When in blest repose in deep meadows  
Round our temples our hands caress,  
Reverence relieves the fire in our limbs:  
So think not of the monstrous shadows  
That, on the wall, rise and fall,  
Nor of the watchers who may part us in haste  
Nor of the white sand beyond the town,  
Ready to drink down our warm blood.

## Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten continued

13.

Du lehnst wider eine silberweide  
Am ufer, mit des fächers starren spitzen  
Umschirmest du das haupt dir wie mit blitzten  
Und rollst, als ob du spieltest dein geschmeide.  
Ich bin im boot, das laubgewölbe wahren,  
In das ich dich vergeblich lud zu steigen--  
Die weiden seh ich, die sich tiefer neigen  
Und blumen, die verstreut im wasser fahren.

14.

Spricht nicht immer  
Von dem laub,  
Windes raub,  
Vom zerschellen  
Reifer quitten,  
Von den tritten  
Der vernichter  
Spät im jahr.  
Von dem zittern  
Der libellen  
In gewittern  
Un der lichter,  
Deren flimmer  
Wandelbar.

15.

Wir bevölkerten die abend-düstern  
Lauben, lichten tempel, pfad und beet  
Freudig--sie mit lächeln, ich mit flüstern--  
Nun ist wahr, dass sie für immer geht.  
Hohe blumen blassen oder brechen,  
Es erblasst und bricht der weiher glas  
Und ich trete fehl im morschen gras,  
Palmen mit den spitzen fingern stechen.  
Mürber blätter zischendes gewühl  
Jagen ruckweis unsichtbare hände  
Draussen um des edens fahle wände.  
Die nacht ist überwölkt und schwül.

You rest against a silver willow  
By the river bank; with the stiff ribs of your fan  
You shield your head as if with lightning  
flashes  
And roll your jewels as if playing.  
I am in the boat, which leafy arches conceal,  
Which I, in vain, invited you to board--  
I see the willows bending lower  
And scattered flowers drifting in the water.

Speak not always  
Of the leaves,  
The wind's prey,  
Of the squashing  
Of ripe quinces,  
Of the tread  
Of the destroyers  
Late in the year.  
Of the quivering  
Of dragonflies  
During storms  
And of the lights,  
Whose flames  
Are inconstant.

We peopled the evening-dusky  
Arbors, bright temples, paths and flower beds  
With joy--she with smiles, I with whispers--  
Now it is true that she is going forever.  
Tall flowers grow pale or break,  
Paling and breaking is the glass of the ponds  
And I flounder in marshy grass,  
Palms prick with their sharp fingers.  
Hissing showers of brittle leaves  
Are driven, gust upon gust, by invisible hands  
Outside, around the ashen walls of Eden.  
The night is overcast and sultry.



## Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten

1.

Unterm schutz von dichten blätter gründen,  
Wo von sternern feine flocken schneien,  
Sachte stimmen ihre leiden künden,  
Fabeltiere aus den braunen schlünden  
Strahlen in die marmorbecken speien,  
Draus die kleinen bäche klagend eilen:  
Kamen kerzen das gesträuch entzünden,  
Weisse formen das gewässer teilen.

2.

Hain in diesen paradiesen  
Wechselt ab mit blütenwiesen,  
Hallen, buntbemalten fliesen.  
Schlanker störche schnäbel kräuseln  
Teiche, die von fischen schillern,  
Vögel-reihen matten scheines  
Auf den schiefen firsten trillern  
Un die goldnen binsen säuseln--  
Doch mein traum verfolgt nur eines.

3.

Als neuling trat ich ein in dein gehege;  
Kein staunen war vorher in meinen mienen,  
Kein wunsch in mir, eh ich dich blickte, rege.  
Der jungen hände faltung sieh mit huld,  
Erwähle mich zu denen, die dir dienen  
Und schone mit erbarmender geduld  
Den, der noch strauchelt auf so fremden stege.

4.

Da meine lippen reglos sind und brennen,  
Beacht ich erst, wohin mein fuss geriet:  
In andrer herren prächtiges gebiet.  
Noch war vielleicht mir möglich, mich zu  
trennen,  
Da schien es, dass durch hohe gitterstäbe  
Der blick, vor dem ich ohne lass gekniet,  
Mich fragend suchte oder zeichen gäbe.

## (The Book of the Hanging Gardens)

Under the protection of dense depths of leaves,  
Where fine flakes snow down from stars,  
Soft voices proclaim their sorrows,  
Fabled animals from brown maws  
Spew streams of water into marble basins,  
From which, lamenting, the little brooks rush:  
Candles came to illuminate the bushes,  
White figures divided the waters.

Groves in these paradises  
Alternate with fields of flowers,  
Porticos and gaily colored flagstones.  
Beaks of slender storks ripple  
Ponds that iridesce with fish,  
Faintly gleaming rows of birds  
Trill on the sloping gables,  
And the golden rushes whisper--  
Yet my dream pursues only one goal.

As a neophyte I entered your sanctuary;  
No wonder showed before in my face,  
No wish stirred in me ere I saw you.  
Look with favor upon my young clasped hands,  
Choose me to be among your servants  
And protect with merciful patience  
The one still stumbling on so strange a path.

Now that my lips are motionless and burning  
I mark at last whither my steps have taken me:  
To a realm of splendor ruled by others.  
Perhaps I might still have had a chance to  
escape,  
But then it seemed that through the high  
trellises  
The glance, to which unceasingly I had knelt,  
Looked questioningly at me or would give a  
sign.

## Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten continued

5.

Saget mir, auf welchem pfade  
Heute sie vorüberschreite--  
Dass ich aus der reichsten lade  
Zarte seidenweben hole,  
Rose pflücke und viole,  
Dass ich meine wange breite,  
Schemel unter ihrer sohle.

Tell me on which path  
She may pass by today--  
That from the richest store  
I may fetch delicate woven silks,  
And pluck roses and violets;  
That I may make of my cheek  
A stool under the sole of her foot.

6.

Jedem werke bin ich fürder tot.  
Dich mir nahzurufen mit den sinnen,  
Neue reden mit dir auszuspinnen,  
Dienst und lohn, gewährung und verbot,  
Von allen dingen ist nur dieses not  
Und weinen, dass die bilder immer fliehen,  
Die in schöner finsternis gediehen--  
Wann der kalte klare morgen droht.

To all labors I am henceforth dead,  
Calling you close with my senses,  
To spin new tales with you,  
Service and reward, permission and denial,  
Of all things only this is needed;  
And weep that the visions always flee,  
Which flourished in the beautiful dark--  
When the cold, clear morning looms.

7.

Angst und hoffen wechselnd mich beklemmen,  
Meine worte sich in seufzer dehnen,  
Mich bedrängt so ungestümes sehnen,  
Dass ich mich an rast und schlaf nicht kehre,  
Dass mein Lager Tränen schwemmen,  
Dass ich jede freude von mir wehre,  
Dass ich keines freundes trost begehre.

Fear and hope in turn depress me,  
My words expand into sighs,  
Such stormy yearning besets me  
That I care for neither rest nor sleep,  
That tears flood my couch,  
That I ward off every pleasure,  
That I desire no friend's consolation.

8.

Wenn ich heut nicht deinen leib berühre,  
Wird der faden meiner seele reissen  
Wie zu sehr gespannte sehne.  
Liebe zeichen seien trauerflöre  
Mir, der leidest, seit ich dir gehöre.  
Richte, ob mir solche qual gebühre,  
Kühlung spreng mir, dem fieberheissen,  
Der ich wankend draussen lehne.

If I do not touch your body today,  
The thread of my soul will break  
Like an overstretched bowstring.  
Let love tokens be mourning crepes  
For me, who suffers, since I belong to you.  
Consider whether I deserve such torture,  
Spray cooling drops upon me, the fever-ridden,  
Who, shaking, leans outside your door.

## Divertimento, K.439b Sei Notturmi (Canzonette)

Wolfgang A Mozart  
Poems by Mestastasio

The first basset horn was probably built c. 1770 by A and M Mayrhofer of Passau, Germany. It is the alto member of the clarinet family, pitched in the key of F, a fifth higher than the modern bass clarinet in B-flat. It was, however, the lowest sounding clarinet in Mozart's time, when a basset horn in G also existed. It was for that instrument that Mozart wrote the *Notturmo, K.437*, and for which the *Clarinet Concerto, K.622* was originally sketched.

Mozart was the most prolific composer of music for the basset horn, using it in his *Requiem, K.626* and in many of his operas and chamber pieces. The basset horn faded in popularity in the years following Mozart's death, most likely due to the changing needs of an expanding orchestra and to the development of the large-bore bass clarinet.

When Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart became a Freemason in 1784, it was a time when secret societies and brotherhoods flourished in Germany and Austria in general, and in Vienna in particular. Their aims, simply put, were the furtherance of intellectual, moral and political ideas. The traces of their influence are most apparent in the impulse that they gave to the national literature of the time. Men such as Goethe, Lessing, Herder and Wieland all looked upon Freemasonry as a way of attaining their highest endeavours towards universal good.

Mozart valued his association with Vienna's "Newly Crowned Hope" (*Neugekronte Hoffnung*) Lodge because its members sympathized with him concerning his financial crises. Mozart's membership was highly valued by his "brothers" as he frequently wrote compositions for use at their meetings. Of these compositions, many were written for various combinations of clarinets and basset horns. Mozart was inspired to compose these works because he had friends in the Lodge, such as Anton and Joseph Stadler, Anton David and Vincent Springer, who were prominent performers upon these particular instruments.

Mozart also knew during the 1780s Nicolaus Joseph von Jacquin, a renowned botanist and senior member of a cultured and musical family in Vienna. Because Jacquin's home was often the scene of artistic and intellectual gatherings, Mozart was often invited there; he quickly became close to the family, particularly the musically-gifted younger children, Gottfried and Franziska. These soirées also included the Stadler brothers and Countess Hortensia Halzfeld, a singer, to whom the *Sei Notturmi* are dedicated. The *Notturmi* for voices with accompaniment by clarinets and basset horns are short pieces that Mozart wrote for use in the Jacquin household. It is not known whether these pieces were all written for one such gathering or over a longer period of time. They were certainly meant to be performed by Gottfried and Franziska.

No autograph score of the *Divertimento, K.439b*, has ever been found. The earliest document referring to musical pieces of this genre is a letter from Mozart's widow, Constanze, to the publisher André in 1800. She stated in her letter that, although the originals had been stolen, Anton Stadler had possession of trios for basset horn, in "copy".

## Mozart program notes continued

These pieces were published at the beginning of the nineteenth century, based upon the oldest available source. There has been some question as to the genuineness of the trios but because of the quality of most of the movements and their strong stylistic relationship to the six nocturnes for basset horn and voices, there is little doubt among scholars that the pieces were composed by Mozart. A reliable statement about the date of composition of K.439b is not available, however, scholars agree that they were composed between 1783 and 1788. Stylistically, the *Divertimento* is closely related to the *Sei Notturmi* and it is possible that these pieces were also performed at the Jacquin residence, where the Stadler brothers were frequent visitors. Early publications of these works were for a variety of instrumentations, most likely because finding three basset horn players was not easy, even at the beginning of the nineteenth century (nor today for that matter!). The most frequently performed and readily available version of this piece is one for two clarinets and bassoon. Evidence suggests that these are basset horn trios, most likely the pieces spoken of by Constanze.

(Dennis Prime)

### TEXTS

1.

Due pupille amabili  
m'han piegato il core  
e se pietà non chiedo  
a quelle luci belle,  
per quelle, sì per quelle  
io morirò d'amore.

Two lovely eyes  
Cause tremors in my heart,  
and if I do not beg for mercy  
from those lovely lights,  
Through them, yes through them,  
I shall die from love.

2.

Se lontan, ben mio, tu sei  
son eterni i di per me:  
Son momenti i giorni miei,  
idol mio, vicino a te.

My love, when you are away,  
my days seem eternal:  
my days are but minutes,  
my idol, when I am near you.

3.

Ecco quel fieri istante:  
Nice, mia Nice, addio!  
come vivrò, ben mio,  
così lontan da te?  
Io vivrò sempre in pene,  
io non avrò più bene;  
e tu, chi sa se mai  
ti sovverrai di me!

Here at this difficult moment:  
Nice, my Nice, goodbye!  
How shall I live, my beloved,  
so far from you?  
I will live always in suffering,  
No good will come to me anymore;  
And you, who knows if ever  
you will remember me!

## Sei Notturmi Texts continued

4.

Mi lagnerò tacendo  
della mia sorte avara;  
ma ch'io non t'ami, o cara,  
non lo sperar da me.  
Crudele! in che t'offendo,  
se resta a questo petto  
il misero diletto  
di sospirar per te?

I will complain silently  
about my bitter fate;  
but, my dear, do not expect  
me not to love you.  
Cruel one! How do I offend you  
If there continues in this breast  
the miserable delight  
of sighing for you?

5.

Luci care, luci belle,  
cari lumi, amate stelle,  
date calma a questo core!  
Se per voi sospiro e moro,  
idol mio, mio bel tesoro,  
forza è solo del Dio d'amore.

Dear Lights, beautiful lights,  
dear lights, beloved stars,  
calm this heart!  
If I sigh and die for you,  
my idol, my dear treasure,  
strength only comes from the god of love.

6.

Più non si trovano  
fra mille amanti  
sol due bell'anime,  
che sian constanti,  
e tutti parlano  
di fedeltà.  
E il reo costume  
tanto s'avanza,  
che la costanza  
di chi ben ama  
ormai si chiama  
semplicità.

I can no longer find  
among a thousand lovers  
even two beautiful souls,  
who are faithful,  
and everybody speaks  
of constancy.  
And the wicked custom  
advances so much.  
that the faithfulness  
of a true lover  
is now called  
simplicity.

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Selections from tonight's concert are being recorded by the CBC for broadcast on *Sunday Arts*, heard between 6:00 and 8:30 am on CBC 740. These works will also be heard on a future broadcast of *Alberta In Concert*, aired Sunday evenings at 8:05 pm on CBC Stereo 90.9.

This concert brings to a close the 1990-91 season of the ENCOUNTERS series. We thank you for your support and welcome your comments on the format and programming of the series. Please direct your correspondence to: Malcolm Forsyth or William Street, c/o The Department of Music, 3-82 Fine Arts Building, University of Alberta, Edmonton, T6G 2C9.

## UPCOMING EVENTS:

- Wed., February 27, 1991 at 3:30 pm  
Convocation Hall  
Admission
- A demonstration of interactive software and a presentation on electroacoustic music in Canada with **Daniel Scheidt**, Free composer & **Claude Schryer**, clarinetist/composer. Co-sponsored by the Canada Council Touring Office, Boreal Electroacoustic Music Society and the Department of Music. All are welcome to attend.
- Thu., February 28, 1991 at 3:30 pm  
Rm. 2-32 Fine Arts Bldg.  
Free Admission
- Visiting Lecturer: **Jacobus Kloppers** (*The King's College*)  
"Bach: Artist or Saint? The dualistic controversy regarding Bach's creative process." All are welcome to attend.
- Thu., February 28, 1991 at 8 pm  
Convocation Hall
- Faculty Recital: **Richard Troeger**, clavichord & harpsichord  
Program: keyboard works of JS Bach. Free Admission
- Sun., March 3, 1991 at 8 pm  
Convocation Hall  
Tickets: \$5/\$3
- Academy Strings Concert**, Norman Nelson, director  
Program: works by Vivaldi, Mozart and Britten.  
Soloists: Heather Neufeld-Bergen (violin); Dennis Prime (clarinet); Lary Benson (tenor); & Kay McCallister (horn).
- Wed., March 6, 1991 at 12 pm  
Rm. 1-29 Fine Arts Bldg.  
Free Admission
- Lecture: **Helmut Brauss** (*University of Alberta*)  
"The Sustaining Pedal: Artistic Tool or Cover-up?"  
All are welcome to attend.
- Wed., March 6, 1991 at 8 pm  
Convocation Hall  
Free Admission
- Wind & Percussion Chamber Music Concert**  
Music for large and small student chamber music groups featuring Mozart's *Serenade No. 11, K.375* and Tcherenpin's *Fanfare for Brass & Percussion*. All are welcome to attend.
- Fri., March 8, 1991 at 8 pm  
Convocation Hall  
Free Admission
- Faculty Recital: **Alan Ord**, bass with **Grant Hurst**, piano.  
Songs and Arias by Mozart, Loewe, Bach, Monteverdi, Carissimi, Somervell, Warlock and others.

For further information please contact the Department of Music general office, 3-82 Fine Arts Bldg. U of A, 492-3263. If you would like to receive the Department's newsletter, **In Tune: Words on Music**, please call 492-3263 to be placed on our mailing list.