

WOLFGANG RIHM (*1952)

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Marino Formenti piano
Klangforum Wien
Sylvain Cambreling

Klangforum Wien

Eva Furrer	<i>flute</i> 1, 2, 4
Vera Fischer	<i>flute</i> 1, 2
Markus Deuter	<i>oboe</i> 1, 4
Bernhard Zachhuber	<i>clarinet</i> 1, 2, 3, 4
Donna Wagner Molinari	<i>clarinet</i> 1, 2
Dorothy Mosher	<i>(contra-)fagott</i> 1, 2, 3
Bianca Schuster	<i>fagott</i> 4
Christoph Walder	<i>horn</i> 1, 2, 4
Christian Binde	<i>horn</i> 1, 2
Josef Eidenberger	<i>trumpet</i> 1, 2
Sasa Dragovic	<i>trumpet</i> 1, 2, 3, 4
Andreas Eberle	<i>trombone</i> 1, 2, 3, 4
Sandor Balogh	<i>trombone</i> 1, 2
Wilfried Brandstätter	<i>tuba</i> 1, 2
Annette Bik	<i>violin</i> 1, 4
Thomas Fheodoroff	<i>violine</i> 4
Sophie Schafleitner	<i>violine</i> 1
Dimitrios Polisoidis	<i>viola</i> 1, 2, 4
Benedikt Leitner	<i>violoncello</i> 1, 3, 4
Andreas Lindenbaum	<i>violoncello</i> 2, 3
Uli Fussenegger	<i>double bass</i> 1, 2, 3, 4
Giovanna Reitano	<i>harp</i> 1, 2
Lukas Schiske	<i>percussion</i> 1, 2, 4
Björn Wilker	<i>percussion</i> 1, 2, 4
Ulrike Stadler-Fromme	<i>percussion</i> 1, 2
Marino Formenti	<i>piano</i> 3, 4
Florian Müller	<i>piano</i> 1, 2
Tibor Kövesdi	<i>electric bass</i> 1



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Ich kann beim Arbeiten nicht an ein spezielles Publikum denken.
Auch weiß ich nicht, wer mir zuhören wird.
Das Publikum ist nicht mehr so artspezifisch getrennt wie vielleicht in früheren Zeiten;
ich hoffe es jedenfalls.
Ich kann mich auch nicht solchen Strategien verpflichten wie:
Jetzt muß Du für die oder den komponieren.
Ich glaube eher, ein Publikum reagiert dann auf ein Stück, wenn es aus einer subjektiven,
sehr persönlichen Situationen und Haltung heraus entstanden und auch so erkennbar ist.
Sonst schaltet das Publikum ab:
Zuerst: sich.
Dadurch: mich.

Wolfgang Rihm, 1985/87

Wenn es eine Tradition gibt, der ich mich angehörig fühle, so ist es diese: Kunst als Freiheit zu verstehen, aus Freiheit entstanden und zu Freiheit verpflichtend.

[...]

Kunst, die Beschäftigung mit Kunst und das Machen von Kunst, ist bereits von sich aus eine Aufforderung zu grenzenloser Freiheit. Da kann es kein Fügen geben, und dennoch herrscht hier auf brutalste Art das Recht des Stärkeren, nämlich des stärksten Gedankens; jegliche Strategie ist zwecklos, hat höchstens im Moment gewisse Folgen, meist markttechnischer Art. Hier ist durchaus ein gewisser Stoizismus erlaubt: Was kommt, kommt. Gestrampel jedweder Art arbeitet sich selbst ab. Das heißt aber auch, daß hier gerade nicht Hoffnung auf güldene Prinzipien zu setzen ist, auf unänderliche Werte der Kunst, auf Wahres, Schönes, gar Gutes. Es herrscht Ungewißheit, das einzige Bewegungspotential des Geistes. Es scheint, daß in dem Maße, wie die umgebende Natur bedroht ist und sich auf dem Rückzug befindet, die Prinzipien des Kreatürlichen und Vegetativen sich im Künstlerischen verwirklichen müssen. Das haben sie zwar vorher auch schon, aber der Gegenbildcharakter von Kunst tritt gegenwärtig plastischer heraus. Darin sehe ich auch die Aufgabe von Kunst: in repressiver Zeit nicht eben Zufluchtsort, sondern Gedächtnispeicher zu sein.

[...]

Das Vorhandensein von Musik ist deren Tradition. Probleme gibt es nur, wenn aus dem Vorhandenen abgeleitet wird, wie Entstehendes gestaltet zu sein hat beziehungsweise daß Neu-Entstandenes unnötig sei, da bereits Vorhandenes vorliege.

In vierzehn Tagen ist es unwichtig, welcher Tradition ein gestern aufgeführtes Stück huldigte beziehungsweise fernstand: Dann wissen wir, ob wir die Musik memorieren können oder wollen. Und zwar nicht ihre hervorstechenden Merkmale, sondern ihre geistige Aura, die uns entweder noch besitzt oder bereits verlassen hat. Ich weiß, das ist sehr „ungerecht“, aber so ist es. Man sollte nicht, wenn gegenwärtig einige enge Seelen und mediokre Körper Regression darstellen, in Panik ausbrechen und damit beginnen, das „Phänomen der Tradition“ wissenschaftlich zu traktieren. Dadurch trägt man nur dazu bei, das traditionssatte Klima mit hervorzu bringen. Denn oft treten herbeigeredete Dinge ein; man stelle sich vor: Heere von Traditionsforschern erforschen die Traditionsforschung. Alle blicken zurück und verlieren den Über-Blick. Weit weg vom künstlerischen Arbeiten, in sicherer Entfernung, sitzen ahnungsvolle Tendenzforscher. Nichts wird eintreten! Ich glaube an die Unberechenbarkeit von Kunst (neben ihrer Unbezahlbarkeit), an ihre gänzlich individuelle Entfaltung und letztendliche Unerklärbarkeit.

Aus: Wolfgang Rihm, Musikalische Freiheit,
1983/1996

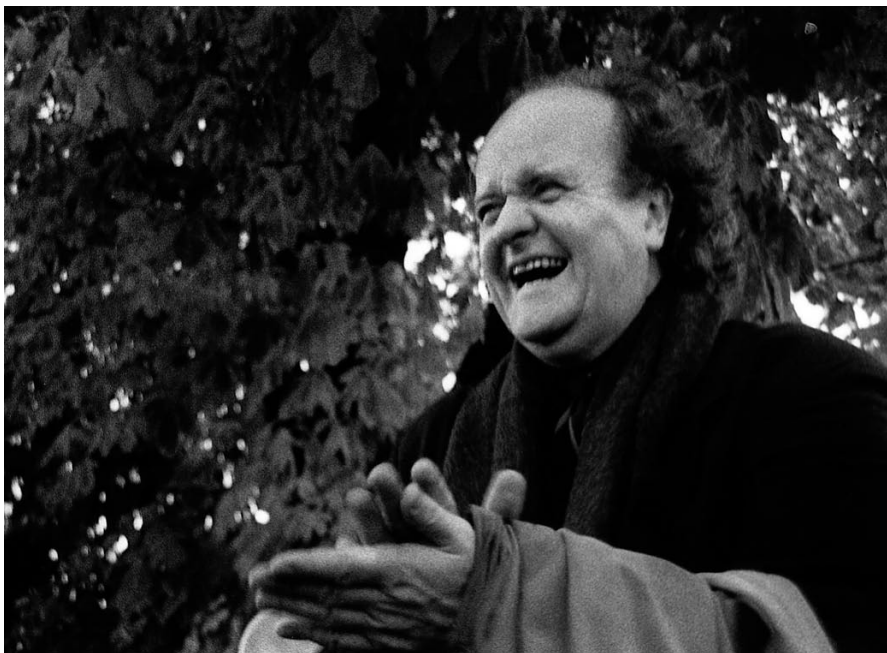


Photo: © Hans Kumpf

Gejagte Form (1995/96)

I. „Gejagte Form“?

Jagd: Bewegung? Form: Stillstand?

Es gibt einen Augenblick, wo die Jagd nach (einer) Form in (deren) Form umschlägt. Aber dieser Moment ist nicht auf- und festhaltbar; allenfalls kann er beschworen werden. Immer wieder. Kurz vorher und kurz danach. Nie aber an „seinem“ Ort.

Jagende Formen: fliegende, fliehende Formen (Fuga?). Malewitschs „Quadrate“ sind Rechtecke im flug. Eine Ecke wird nachgezogen – haben Sie das schon gesehen? Aber: Es ist unerhört ...

II. „Gejagte Form“ ist ein Stück Musik, hörbar für Instrumente geschrieben; die Partitur wurde am 12. Februar 1996 beendet (Beendet?). Die Komposition ist vielleicht 15 Minuten lang? kurz? hoch? breit? tief? ... aha, wir begreifen: Wo wäre der archimedische Punkt?

Ja, das Stück habe ich meinem Freund Helmut Lachenmann zum 60. Geburtstag gewidmet. Auch er jagt. Nach Formen. Sie klingen anders – wie „jeder Esel hört“.

III. Eben fliegt ein Vogel durch meinen Blick, den ich aus dem Fenster werfe. Er hinterläßt den Eindruck (/s)einer Form, ja sogar den Eindruck (s)einer Färbung. Ich realisiere „Elster“. Warum ich das hier aufschreibe? Man hat mich um eine „Werk-Einführung“ für die amerikanischen Veranstalter gebeten. Ich kann mir nicht vorstellen, daß in Amerika sich irgendjemand nicht für Vögel interessiert, die

durch meinen Blick fliegen und Elstern sind. Oder glaubt etwas jemand im Ernst noch an den Weihnachtsmann, der an der Schiefertafel die formel fürs Christkind herleitet? Und danach Kreide frißt?

IV. Auch hier gilt: Die einzigen Einführungen, die für die Musik etwas bewirken (im positiven wie im negativen Sinn), sind die Ohren der Hörer. Aus purer Freiheitsliebe plädiere ich für äußerst unterschiedliche Ohren. An jedem Kopf sollen mindestens zwei völlig verschiedene Zugänge zu mindestens zwei völlig verschiedenen Hörweisen installiert sein. Geht das? Aber man sollte auch hierbei keine festen Normen festsetzen. Jeder hört sowieso, was er kann. Ein Komponist, der das Hören für seine Musik erst erfinden muß, ist arm dran, aber unermeßlich reich.

V. Die Natur ist sehr ungerecht: Sie existiert auch ohne uns. So haargenau wollen wir das gar nicht wissen. Gottseidank wird es vor uns verheimlicht. Habe ich schon erwähnt, daß „Gejagte Form“ ein Musik-Stück ist? Aber es ist kein Vogel. Draußen wird es dunkel. „Musik, das ist doch immer wieder etwas völlig anderes“ sagt jemand am Nebentisch. Da/plötzlich/birst/das/Fenster/die/Wände/fliegen/weg/es/geschieht/... (Die Fortsetzung folgt – wie immer in der Musik – „später“.)

Schnell (wie zu Beginn)

178f

2 Fl. 1. 2. *mp sempre*

2 Kl. 1. 2. *mp sempre*

Englhorn *mp sempre*

Klavier *mp*

Perc. 1. *swung blocks*

2 Vl. 1. 2. *mf*

1 Vla. *mf pass.*

1 Vcl. *mf pass.*

1 Cb. *mf pass.*

[x] Fl. u. Kl. vgl. Anmerkung T. 1

Verborgene Formen

Der Komponist als Sammler und Jäger? Die Form als wild? durch die Jahre, durch die Entstehungszeiten individueller Formanstrengungen für ein ensemblehaft geführtes Orchesterwerk entsteht ein Zyklus: „Jagden und Formen“. vollendet, das heißt also auf dem Sprung geblieben, in seiner eigenen jähren richtung sein eigener Pfeil, war zuerst das Stück *Gejagte Form*. Es weist viele ansatzstellen auf, Valenzen, wo Weitertriebe ansetzen können, wenn sie (also ich) wollen (will). Das wird später einmal möglicherweise geschehen.

Einstweilen entstand ein neuer Satz, eben jene zur Uraufführung gelangenden „Verborgenen Formen“, in welche als Eindrücke, sozusagen als Einbildungen, zwei andere formen eingelassen, eingeformt sind, die für den Zyklus späterhin konstitutiv werden können, beinhalten sie doch den Materialvorrat der Korpuskeln, aus dem die Form-Großkörper generativ schöpfen: „Pol“ und „Nucleus“. diese hineinverborgenen Kurzformen, im Falle „Nucleus“ eine zerstörte, aufgelöste Gestalt, im Falle „Pol“ eine subkutan unangetastete, an der Oberfläche vielfach beschriebene, bekratzte, durchstrichene Erscheinung, diese beiden Verborgenen sind konfrontiert mit neuen, in Extreme der Bewegungshast

getriebenen Formteilen, deren Impulsenergie bis in den stehenden Zustand kollektiven Zuckens vordringt. die abgrundruhigen Antworten des Schlußteils entstammen den Verletzungen des Kernes, des „Nucleus“ also. Dessen Spaltung ist es auch, die das Stück in Gang bringt.

Soweit so gut. Was entsteht also da?

Eine Form aus Formen. Ein komponiertes Konzert, Symphonie der suchbewegungen, der Funde und Fänge. Das Phänomen Jagd ist amivalent. Der Jäger jagt seiner Suche hinterher, ist dabei selbst der Gejagte seiner Formvorstellung. Die Form jagt durch ihren Definitionsbereich, dabei ganz in eigener Regie: sie ist jagend, verfolgt aber dabei ebenso wenig etwas, als daß sie von irgendwoher verfolgt würde.

Die Musik ist wirklich, jedoch nicht realistisch. Musikalische Form ist nicht ein auf anderer Ebene substantiell Nachsprechbares. Sie ist die Hörbarkeit des Geräusches ihrer jeweiligen Eigendynamik. Nur in der puren Ereigniskunst musik ist es möglich, Form auf der Grundlage rasenden Abgrundes zu imaginieren. Aber soweit bin ich noch nicht. Ich jage noch ebenerdig.

Chiffre I für Klavier und sieben Instrumente (1982-1983)

Die Stücke mit dem Titel *Chiffre* – bis jetzt gibt es drei – sind selbständige Teile einer Art *work in progress*. Eine Folge klingender Zeichen, meist scharf gemeißelt, wie Hieroglyphen, Keilschriften, fremde Zeichen – aber eben *Zeichen im Klang*. Schrift im klang, absolute Musik, keine Geschichtchen. Das Klavier ist wie ein Soloinstrument behandelt. Als ob seine Attacke die Schrift erst in den Klangkörper treibt, den leeren Klangraum erst beschreibt.

Es gibt rätselhafte, zeichenhafte Kunst. Arte cifra. Chiffre ist ... eine Chiffre.

Vielleicht ein kompaktes zeichen, nicht aufgeschlüsselt. Das Klavier ist umgeben von einem instrumentalen Resonanzraum: den sieben Instrumenten. In diesen Raum ritzt sich der Klavierklang wie eine Keilschrift ein, hinterläßt Blessuren, Zeichen.

Das kurze Stück könnte der generative Pol eines größeren Stückes sein: ein Wachstumskeil, der immer mehr Musik nach sich zieht.

Der Klavierklang ist durch und an sich fremd – also nicht verfremdet –, er ist selbst ein Objekt, auf das sich der Resonanzraum – die sieben Instrumente – einschreibt. So voneinander beschrieben sind beide – Klavierklang und Instrumente – unlesbar, aber zusammen: ein Zeichen.

Aber das sind Gedanken, die mir jetzt fürs Programmheft kommen müssen. Sie sind falsch. [1983]

Silence to be beaten (Chiffre II) (1982-1983)

Das zweite *Chiffre*-Stück hat einen zusätzlichen Titel: *Silence to be beaten*. Das heißt: erstens daß – rein aufführungstechnisch – das Schweigen (die Pause) geschlagen (durchdirigiert) werden soll; zweitens daß – im übertragenen Sinn – das Schweigen geschlagen werden muß, gepeinigt, gequält – seine, des Schweigens, Schreie „ist“ die Musik; und es heißt drittens auch, daß das Schweigen besiegt werden muß, denn immer wieder will es übermächtig in die Musik eingreifen, diese existentiell vernichten. Vielleicht lenkt diese angedeutete Titel-Poetik die Phantasie des Hörens in die musik hinein. Wenn der erste Ton erklingt, muß aber kein Wort mehr gewendet werden. [1983]

Wolfgang Rihm

While working, I cannot keep in mind any specific audience. I also do not know who will be listening to me. The type of audience can no longer be differentiated as in the past; at least I hope so.

I also do not feel committed to strategies such as:

Now you must compose for him or her. I think that an audience reacts to a piece only if it emerges from a subjective, very personal situation and stance and can be identified as such.

Otherwise, the audience turns off. First: itself.

Through that: me.

Wolfgang Rihm, 1985/87

If there is a tradition to which I feel I belong, then it is this: art as freedom to understand, born of freedom and committing to freedom.

[...]

Art, the occupation with art and the making of art, is in itself already an invitation to limitless freedom. There can be no submission here, but nevertheless the law of the jungle applies brutally here, the survival of the strongest idea; any strategy is in vain, it may have certain results for a moment only, mostly of a market-relevant nature. A certain stoicism is by all means permitted here: whatever comes, comes. Any kind of kicking around works itself off. But this also means that, in this case, hope should not be placed in golden principles, in unchanging values of art, in the True, Beautiful, or even the God. Uncertainty prevails, the only movement potential of the mind. It seems that the principles of the natural and vegetative must become manifest in the creative to the very extent that the surrounding nature is

threatened and withdraws. This may also have been the case earlier, but art as counter-image is now expressed in a more plastic manner. This, I believe, is also the purpose of art: not to be a place of refuge in repressive times, but to serve as an energy tank.

[...]

The presence of music is its tradition. We encounter problems only when the manner in which the emerging should be shaped is deduced from the existing or when the newly emerged is considered unnecessary since the existing is already present.

In fourteen days it is insignificant what tradition a piece performed yesterday paid homage to or disagreed with: then we know whether we can or wish to remember the music. Not its prominent features, but its spiritual aura which either possesses us or has already left us. I know this is very "unjust", but that is the way it is. One should not break out in panic should some currently narrow souls and mediocre bodies portray regression, and begin to abuse the "phenomenon of tradition" scientifically. This only contributes to create a climate saturated with tradition. Often things happen because they are talked about; Just imagine: armies of tradition researchers investigate tradition research. All of them look back and lose track of things. Foreboding tendency researchers sit far away from artistic activity, at a safe distance. Nothing will happen! I believe in the unpredictability of art (besides its pricelessness), in its completely individual unfolding, and ultimate inexplicability.

From: Wolfgang Rihm
Musical Freedom, 1983/1996

Gejagte Form / Pursued Form (1995/96)

Commissioned by the Ensemble Modern, World Premiere: 13 April 1996, Philadelphia, State College, Penn State University

1. Pursued Form?

Pursued: Movement? Form: Equilibrium?

There is a moment in which pursuit of (a) form turns into (its) form. But this moment can neither be frozen nor stored; at best it can be conjured. Repeatedly. Shortly before and shortly afterward. But you cannot pin it down. Hunting forms: flying, fleeing forms (Fuga?) Malevich squares are rectangles in flight. A corner is drawn out – have you seen that already? But: it cannot be heard. . .

2. Pursued Form is a piece of music, written to be heard for instruments; the score was completed on 12 February 1996 (completed?) The composition is perhaps 15 Minutes long? Short? High? Wide? Deep? . . . aha, we understand: Where would the fulcrum be? It is true I dedicated the piece to my friend Helmut Lachenmann for his 60th birthday. He also hunts. For forms. They sound different – as any fool can hear.

3. At the very moment that I look out of the window, a bird flies through my field of vision. I identify “Magpie”. Why do I write here? Someone has asked me for “an introduction to the work” for the “American

presenters”. I cannot imagine that there is anyone in America who is not interested in birds which fly through my field of vision and happen to be magpies. Or does anyone perhaps still seriously believe in Santa Claus who also attempts to illustrate on the blackboard the existence of the Christ Child using formal logic? And the gobbles up the chalk?

4. The same holds true: the only guides towards the understanding of the effects of music (in a positive or negative sense) are the ears of the listener. Based on sheer liberalism, I plead for a great variety of ears. On each head should be installed at least two completely different channels linked to at least two completely differently-conditioned auditory mechanisms. Is that possible? One shouldn't define any immutable conventions at this point. Everyone perceives differently anyway. A composer who must first invent a kind of listening for his music is a sad case, but also immensely fortunate.

5. There is no justice in Nature: it exists quite well despite us. We do want to know all its details. Thank God it is kept secret from us. Have I already mentioned that Pursued Form is a piece of music? It is definitely not a bird. Outside it is getting dark. “Music is always something completely different”, says someone at the next table. There/suddenly/bursts/the/window/the/walls/fly/away/it/happens/...
(To be continued – as is always the case in music.)

Verborgene Formen / Hidden Forms

The composer as collector and hunter? From a game? A cycle emerges through the years, through the time it takes to develop individual form efforts for an ensemble-like orchestra piece: "Hunts and Forms". Accomplished, i. E. remaining alert, its own arrow in its own precipitous direction, was the piece *Gejagte Form* (Hunted Form). It has numerous insertion places, valences, from which sequels can grow, if it (meaning I) wishes. That may happen some time at a later stage.

For the time being, a new movement has emerged, precisely those "Hidden Forms" intended for the premiere, into which two of the forms have been inserted, fixed into the form as impressions, as illusions so to say, which may become constitutive for the cycle later on, since, after all, they accommodate the material stock of corpuscles, from which the large form bodies can generate creatively: "pole" and "nucleus". These abbreviated forms hidden within: in the case of "nucleus", a destroyed, disintegrated shape, in the case of "pole", a subcutaneous, untouched figure, it's surface much rubbed, scratched, criss-crossed; these two hidden

forms are confronted by new form parts driven into extreme haste of movement, whose impulse energy ventures far into the static state of collective twitching. The abysmally serene answers of the finale derive from the injuries to the core, i. E. the "nucleus". Its fission is also what sets the piece going. So far, so good. What is actually developing here?

A form made of forms. A composed concert, symphony of searching movements, of findings, and catches. The hunting phenomenon is ambivalent. The hunter hunts for his search, himself hunted by his own form ideas all the while. The form chases through its field of definition, entirely under its own direction: it hunts, pursues just as little as pursued from somewhere.

The music is real, but not realistic. Musical form is nothing substantial which can be repeated on a different level. It is the hearable nature of the noise resulting from its own respective dynamics. It is only possible in the pure event art of music to imagine form on the basis of the towering precipice. But I am not that far yet. I am still hunting at groundlevel.

Chiffre I for piano and seven instruments
(1982-1983)

This is enigmatic, sketchy art. Art cifra. Chiffre is ... a cipher.

Perhaps a compact sign, not deciphered. The piano is enclosed by a resonant instrumental body: the seven instruments. Into this surrounding, the sound of the piano engraves itself like cuneiform script, leaving wounds, signs. The short piece could be the generative pole of a greater piece: a growth wedge, that continues to generate more music.

The sound of the piano is foreign as such and throughout – but not alienated – it is itself an object onto which the resonant body – the seven instruments – inscribes itself. Separately described in this manner, the two – piano sound and instruments – are illegible, but together: a sign.

But these are thoughts, that must come to me now for the programme booklet. They are wrong. [1983]

Silence to be beaten (1983)

The title Silence to be beaten is borrowed from Varèse – from the score of Arcana – and is an indication of the work's central preoccupation with momentum. After an introduction which veers between extremes of tempo, a regular pulse is established, and later increased in a long-range acceleration which is carried almost to the end of the piece. Within this principal section, momentum is generated by hammered repeated rhythmic patterns, most frequently at the extremes of the compass of the prominent piano part. It is, however, constantly challenged and tested: by fragments of melody with contradictory triplet rhythms and syncopations; by disruptive percussion entries; by unmeasured fermatas, on chords or rests; in one passage, by changes of time-signature from the prevailing 4/4; in another long episode, by the thinning of the texture to a single, tenuous thread in which the pulse appears to have disappeared; and increasingly, in the later stages of the acceleration, by precisely measured rests for the whole ensemble of several beats or even several bars – “silences to be beaten”.

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From: Wolfgang Rihm
Musical Freedom, 1983/1996

52

2. Fl.

2 Kl.

Harfe

Handwritten musical score for measures 51 and 52. The score includes parts for 2. Fl., 2 Kl., and Harfe. The 2. Fl. part features complex rhythmic patterns with many triplets and slurs. The 2 Kl. part has a similar rhythmic complexity. The Harfe part is simpler, with some dynamic markings like 'ff' and 'ord.'. The score is written on a grand staff with treble and bass clefs.

Gejagte Form, Takt 521
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5. There is no justice in Nature: it exists quite well despite us. We do want to know all its details. Thank God it is kept secret from us. Have I already mentioned that Pursued Form is a piece of music? It is definitely not a bird. Outside it is getting dark. “Music is always something completely different”, says someone at the next table. There/suddenly/bursts/the/window/the/walls/fly/away/it/happens/... (To be continued – as is always the case in music.)

Verborgene Formen / Hidden Forms

The composer as collector and hunter? From a game? A cycle emerges through the years, through the time it takes to develop individual form efforts for an ensemble-like orchestra piece: "Hunts and Forms". Accomplished, i. E. remaining alert, its own arrow in its own precipitous direction, was the piece *Gejagte Form* (Hunted Form). It has numerous insertion places, valences, from which sequels can grow, if it (meaning I) wishes. That may happen some time at a later stage.

For the time being, a new movement has emerged, precisely those "Hidden Forms" intended for the premiere, into which two of the forms have been inserted, fixed into the form as impressions, as illusions so to say, which may become constitutive for the cycle later on, since, after all, they accommodate the material stock of corpuscles, from which the large form bodies can generate creatively: "pole" and "nucleus". These abbreviated forms hidden within: in the case of "nucleus", a destroyed, disintegrated shape, in the case of "pole", a subcutaneous, untouched figure, it's surface much rubbed, scratched, criss-crossed; these two hidden

forms are confronted by new form parts driven into extreme haste of movement, whose impulse energy ventures far into the static state of collective twitching. The abysmally serene answers of the finale derive from the injuries to the core, i. E. the "nucleus". Its fission is also what sets the piece going. So far, so good. What is actually developing here?

A form made of forms. A composed concert, symphony of searching movements, of findings, and catches. The hunting phenomenon is ambivalent. The hunter hunts for his search, himself hunted by his own form ideas all the while. The form chases through its field of definition, entirely under its own direction: it hunts, pursues just as little as pursued from somewhere.

The music is real, but not realistic. Musical form is nothing substantial which can be repeated on a different level. It is the hearable nature of the noise resulting from its own respective dynamics. It is only possible in the pure event art of music to imagine form on the basis of the towering precipice. But I am not that far yet. I am still hunting at groundlevel.

Chiffre I for piano and seven instruments
(1982-1983)

This is enigmatic, sketchy art. Art cifra. Chiffre is ... a cipher.

Perhaps a compact sign, not deciphered. The piano is enclosed by a resonant instrumental body: the seven instruments. Into this surrounding, the sound of the piano engraves itself like cuneiform script, leaving wounds, signs. The short piece could be the generative pole of a greater piece: a growth wedge, that continues to generate more music.

The sound of the piano is foreign as such and throughout – but not alienated – it is itself an object onto which the resonant body – the seven instruments – inscribes itself. Separately described in this manner, the two – piano sound and instruments – are illegible, but together: a sign.

But these are thoughts, that must come to me now for the programme booklet. They are wrong. [1983]

Silence to be beaten (Chiffre II) (1983)

The title Silence to be beaten is borrowed from Varèse – from the score of Arcana – and is an indication of the work's central preoccupation with momentum. After an introduction which veers between extremes of tempo, a regular pulse is established, and later increased in a long-range acceleration which is carried almost to the end of the piece. Within this principal section, momentum is generated by hammered repeated rhythmic patterns, most frequently at the extremes of the compass of the prominent piano part. It is, however, constantly challenged and tested: by fragments of melody with contradictory triplet rhythms and syncopations; by disruptive percussion entries; by unmeasured fermatas, on chords or rests; in one passage, by changes of time-signature from the prevailing 4/4; in another long episode, by the thinning of the texture to a single, tenuous thread in which the pulse appears to have disappeared; and increasingly, in the later stages of the acceleration, by precisely measured rests for the whole ensemble of several beats or even several bars – “silences to be beaten”.

Wolfgang Rihm

Marino Formenti

Geboren 1965 in Italien, studierte Klavier, Komposition und Dirigieren in Mailand und Wien. Er widmet sich vor allem der Neuen Musik und ist Mitglied des Klangforum Wien.

Born 1965 in Italy, studied the piano, composition and conducting at Milan and Vienna. He is especially devoted to contemporary music and is a member of the Klangforum Wien.

Sylvain Cambreling

Sylvain Cambreling wurde 1948 in Amiens/Frankreich geboren. Seine Ausbildung erhielt er am Pariser Konservatorium. Mit mehr als 70 Opern- und über 400 Konzertwerken hat Sylvain Cambreling eines der größten Dirigier-Repertoires unserer Zeit. Seit 1997 ist Sylvain Cambreling erster Gastdirigent des Klangforum Wien, seit 1999 Chefdirigent des Südwestfunk Sinfonieorchesters Baden-Baden und Freiburg und seit 2004 Musikdirektor der Opera National de Paris.

Sylvain Cambreling was born in Amiens, France. He received his training at the Paris Conservatoire. With more than 70 operas and over 400 concerts Sylvain Camberling has one of the greatest conductor - repertoires of our time. Since 1997 Cambreling has been first guest conductor of Klangforum Wien, he was appointed chief

Né en 1965 dans l'Italie, étudia à Milan et Vienne. La musique contemporaine forme la partie majeure de son repertoire. Il est soliste du concert et membre du Klangforum Wien.

conductor of the SWR Sinfonie-Orchester Baden-Baden and Freiburg in 1999 and since 2004 music director of the Opera National de Paris.

Sylvain Cambreling est né en 1948 à Amiens. De 1981 à 1991, il dirige a l'Opéra de Bruxelles. Durant la période allant de 1993 à 1996, il a été directeur artistique de l'Opéra de Francfort. En 1997, Sylvain Cambreling fut le premier chef d'orchestre invité du Klangforum Wien. Depuis 1999, il occupe la fonction de premier chef de l'orchestre symphonique SWR de Baden-Baden et Fribourg et depuis 2004 aussi la fonction du chef d'orchestre de l'Opera National de Paris.

Klangforum Wien

1985 von Beat Furrer als Solisten-Ensemble für zeitgenössische Musik gegründet. Ein demokratisches Forum mit einem Kern von 24 Mitgliedern. Mitspracherecht der Mitglieder bei allen wichtigen künstlerischen Entscheidungen.

Zentral für das Selbstverständnis der MusikerInnen: die gleichberechtigte Zusammenarbeit zwischen Interpreten, Dirigenten und Komponisten, ein Miteinander-Arbeiten, das traditionell hierarchische Strukturen in der Musikpraxis ablöst. Intensive Auseinandersetzung mit unterschiedlichen ästhetischen Facetten des zeitgenössischen Komponierens. – Ein Forum authentischer Aufführungspraxis für die Werke der Moderne.

Seit 1997 ist Sylvain Cambreling Erster Gastdirigent des Klangforum Wien.

Was founded in 1985 by Beat Furrer as an ensemble of soloists for contemporary music. The twenty-four-member ensemble has developed around a central philosophy of democracy, where co-operation between performers, conductors and composers is both encouraged and nurtured and replaces the more traditional, hierarchical structure found in everyday musical practice.

This approach to the music, combined with an understanding of the varying aesthetic facets of contemporary works, allows Klangforum to produce authentic performances of contemporary compositions.

Sylvain Cambreling has held the position of First Guest Conductor of Klangforum Wien since 1997.

Fondé en 1985 par Beat Furrer, cet ensemble de musiciens solistes se consacre entièrement à la musique contemporaine. Il se présente comme un groupe démocratique avec un noyau principal de vingt-quatre membres. Dans ce groupe chacun a la possibilité de prendre part à toutes les discussions artistiques.

L'égalité des droits entre les interprètes, les chefs d'orchestre et les compositeurs est un des éléments fondamentaux de cet ensemble. Une coopération étroite remplace les structures hiérarchiques traditionnelles qui dominent habituellement les pratiques musicales.

Depuis 1997, Sylvain Cambreling est le chef invité du Klangforum Wien.

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HANS ZENDER

Shir Hashirim

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