

Izquierdo a la batuta

JUAN PABLO IZQUIERDO, destacado director chileno de renombre internacional tomará la batuta para dirigir la Orquesta Sinfónica de Puerto Rico hoy jueves 5 a las 8:00 P.M. y el domingo 8 de abril a las 11:00 A.M. en el Teatro del Conservatorio de Música en Hato Rey. La programación incluye la Obertura de Ifigenia en Aulide de Von Gluck, la Sinfonía Núm. 8 de Beethoven, la Suite del Pájaro de Fuego de Stravinsky y el Concierto para dos pianos y orquesta de Poulenc con la participación de las notables pianistas Rosita Casanova y Violeta de la Mata.

Destacado Director Chileno A Presentarse con Sinfónica

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El maestro Izquierdo se encontraba dirigiendo en Frank-

furt y en Bruselas antes de llegar a la isla.

Entre las orquestas que ha dirigido cuentan la Orquesta de la Fundación Gulbenkian de Lisboa, la Orquesta del Beethovenhalle y la Radio Sinfónica de Alemania, la Orquesta de Leipzig y la Orquesta Nacional de París.

La crítica musical de todos los países que ha visitado le ha atribuido calificativos de director "extraordinario y capaz de expresar la magia de las imágenes y revelar los misterios del sonido".

En 1966 obtuvo el primer premio en el concurso internacional "Dimitri Mitropoulos" que le valió desempeñarse

como director asistente de Leonard Bernstein, con la Orquesta Filarmónica de Nueva York.

El maestro Izquierdo recibió el Premio Nacional de Críticos de su país en 1962 por su labor extraordinaria en la cultura musical de la Universidad Católica de Santiago. Estudió dirección orquestal con Wermann Scherchen, en Suiza, a raíz de finalizar estudios en composición en la Universidad de Chile.

Los boletos para este concierto se pueden adquirir en las oficinas del Festival Casals, Inc., avenida Roosevelt, esquina Rafael Lamar, Hato Rey.



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música

Izquierdo: robusta personalidad en el podio

Por SAMUEL B. CHERSON
Especial para Por Dentro

DESDE LOS PRIMEROS compases de la Obertura de "Ifigenia en Aulide" de Gluck (1714-1787) en el concierto de la semana pasada, observamos en la Orquesta Sinfónica de Puerto Rico una transfor-



Juan Pablo Izquierdo

mación radical: las cuerdas sonaban vibrantes, incisivas, con entradas y salidas justas y venificadas, los contrapuntos surgían claros, el tema de los primeros violines era más preciso y entonado con cada repetición: si esta primera pieza ya era una indicación, con la segunda obra, la Octava Sinfonía de Beethoven (1770-1827), la confirmación fue inequívoca: estábamos en presencia de una robusta personalidad en el podio, de estilo efusivo (incluso con saltos a lo Bernstein) y ademanes precisos, capaz de lograr de los integrantes de nuestra Orquesta su máxima eficacia sonora. El Director en esta ocasión lo era el chileno Juan Pablo Izquierdo (1935-) quien, luego de obtener el más alto galardón en el Concurso Mitropoulos de 1966, ha acumulado una impresionante hoja de servicios como director invitado de orquestas europeas y americanas.

EN LA SINFONIA DE Beethoven, el Director y los músicos consiguieron una de las mejores interpretaciones del repertorio clásico que hemos escuchado de este conjunto en los últimos tiempos: música ejecutada con gran sentido del balance, precisión

instrumental casi ideal (sólo empañada por las violas y los violines en sendas frases del primer movimiento) y pulsante de ritmo vital, como cuadra a una apoteosis de la danza.

El ritmo vibrante continuó pulsando con dos obras de

nuestro siglo: el Concierto para dos pianos de Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) y la Suite de 1919 de "El Pájaro de Fuego", de Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971). La primera, ingeniosa y vivaz obra, a veces percusiva y mordaz (en los tiempos extremos), a veces

lírica y mozariana (en el tiempo medio), fue vivamente tocada en los pianos por el dúo local Casanova-De la Mata; la segunda, una de las más brillantes partituras jamás escritas, trajo este variado programa a un emocionante final.

La 3ª 12-Abril 79

Chileno dirigirá

Sinfónica de México

MEXICO. (AFP).— El director chileno Juan Pablo Izquierdo dirigirá la Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional de México, al finalizar aquí la temporada de primavera de directores latinoamericanos, se informó hoy.

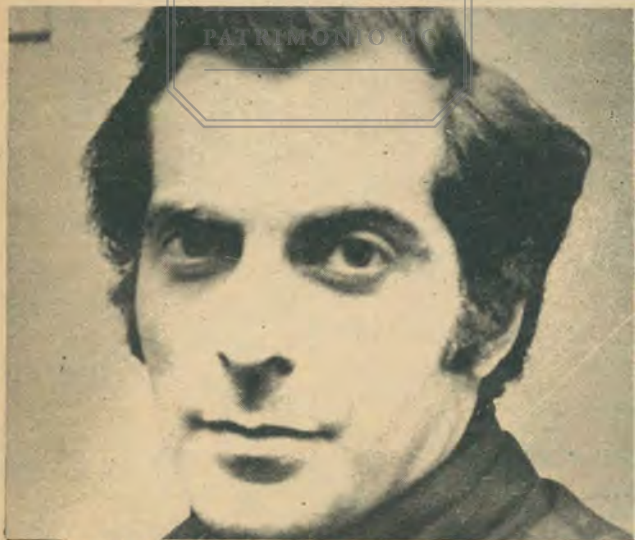
Izquierdo estará en el podio los días 13 y 15 próximos en dos pro-

gramas que incluyen obras de Mozart.

El músico chileno inició sus estudios en Santiago y los continuó en Suecia y Viena.

Ha dirigido orquestas como la de Berlín, España, la Filarmónica de Nueva York, Hungría, Israel, París, Países Bajos, Polonia y la Unión Soviética.

PATRIMONIO



JUAN PABLO IZQUIERDO, un músico chileno que se consagra en el extranjero. Dirigirá a la Sinfónica de México.

PARIS

EVERYBODY was there. The unveiling last Saturday evening at the Paris Opera of the third act of Alban Berg's *Lulu* was the musical event of the decade, perhaps of the post-war period. The entire work was given — 43 years after the composer's death — in a new production by the same French team (Pierre Boulez, Patrice Chereau, Richard Peduzzi, Jacques Schmidt) that gave Bayreuth its notorious centenary Ring cycle. On April 1 the work will be televised and broadcast simultaneously through the Eurovision network.

And, it was an event not just for the world of opera. Helmut Schmidt was there, and so was Raymond Barre, and — a couple of seats away from Wolfgang Wagner — even Meestair It (as the French call Mr Heath).

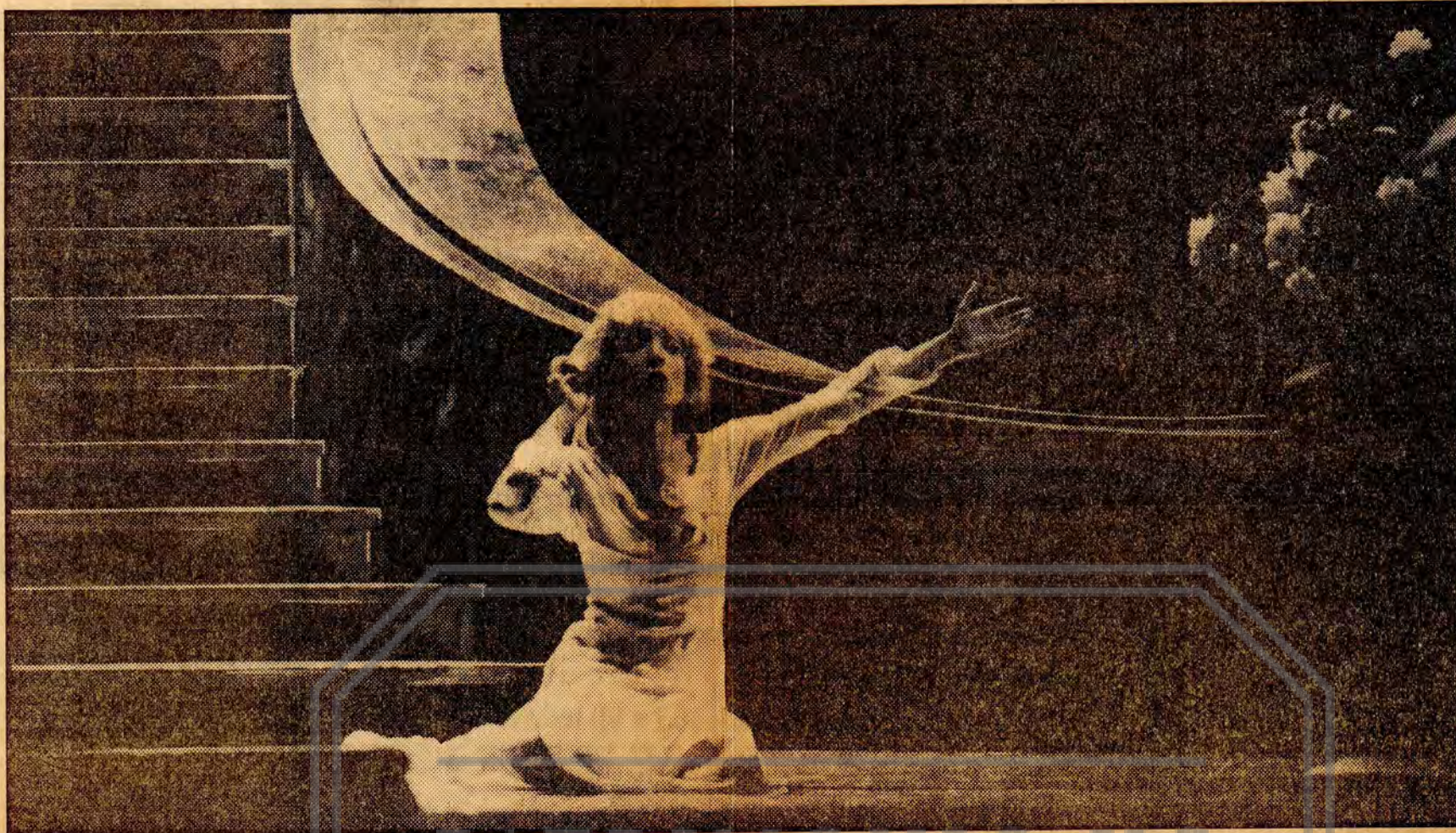
The English connection, it might be noted, is that Jeremy Thorpe's late father-in-law, Erwin Stein, made the original piano reduction of Berg's score way back in 1936 — only a few years after Benjamin Britten was prevented from going to study with Alban Berg on the grounds (discreetly indicated to the young Britten's anxious parents) of the Austrian composer's rumoured "immorality." Berg's sister was a lesbian, as is the heroine of Frank Wedekind's second *Lulu* play, the Countess Geschwitz (pronounced with the accent on the first syllable — "Gay-schfists").

However, the immorality of which Berg was guilty, like *Lulu* herself, was not of the homosexual variety — though Chereau has chosen to set the last scene, in which *Lulu* meets her end at the hands of Jack the Ripper, in a public lavatory instead of in the London attic specified by Berg and Wedekind.

Like the ancient Greek dramatists, Wedekind was drawn to the consequences of an abnormal predestination, but in *Earth Spirit* and *Pandora's Box* instead of attributing it to fate or the gods, and working out its narrative revolution in the realm of high politics he defined it in the animal ignoble context of the "low" sexual urge. *Box* is American slang for vagina, and the box that *Lulu* — Pandora dangerously opens is between her legs and as potent an attraction for the female Geschwitz as for *Lulu*'s husbands, her lovers, and ultimately her trade. Naturally, there was controversy.

But, in 1906, when the judicial ban in Germany on *Pandora's Box* had been upheld despite appeals, Wedekind drew attention to the perhaps more shocking sympathy evinced by his play for Geschwitz. "The tragic central figure . . . is not *Lulu* but Countess Geschwitz. . . *Lulu* plays an entirely passive role . . ." he wrote.

For Wedekind, Countess Geschwitz's unconsummated commitment to *Lulu* resembles the sacrifice of Christ: at any rate Geschwitz dying to save *Lulu* from Jack the Ripper shares in that redemptive act. Wedekind pointed out in his preface to *Pandora's Box* that Christ expected the unfortunate victims of commercial love like *Lulu* to enter heaven before the guardians of public



Teresa Stratas as *Lulu* in the Chereau/Boulez production

For the first time, Alban Berg's *Lulu* has been performed in full. Tom Sutcliffe reports from Paris on the history of suppression, controversy and legal infighting that surrounds one of the great operas of the 20th century

The final act that lays the ghost of *Lulu*

morals. There is topicality in all this in the week *Gay News* lost its blasphemy appeal, and the Ayatollah's men continued their purge of "Western immorality."

Until last weekend Berg's *Lulu*, which distilled Wedekind's two plays into seven scenes and a prologue, has been performed as a torso — only the first two acts. When he died on Christmas Eve (like *Lulu*) in 1935 Berg left incomplete the orchestration of the final act. As Douglas Jarman's fascinating and scholarly new book, *The Music of Alban Berg* (Faber, £18) makes clear, the composition was finished by Berg himself. The work required to make the act performable was well within the competence of various composers and musicologists and far less than that required by Mozart's *Requiem*, Mahler's *Tenth Symphony* or Schubert's *Unfinished*.

THE SCANDAL of the continued suppression of one third of Berg's masterpiece has become a cause célèbre. The Paris premiere of the third act took place in the face of court action in France by the Berg Foundation, which was created under the terms of the will of Berg's widow (who died in August 1976 at the age of 92).

Fulfilling the terms of the will, the foundation is trying

to obtain an injunction so that its suppression of the third act can continue. Leading the fight to respect Helene Berg's wishes is the Austrian composer, Gottfried von Einem, who was not entrusted by Universal Edition, Berg's Viennese publishers, with the task of completing the orchestration.

In 1962 while apparently continuing to respect Helene Berg's instructions that the third act be suppressed, Universal were in fact commissioning Friedrich Cerha (born 1926 and conductor of one of the longest established European new music groups, *Die Reihe*) to undertake the completion. Cerha's work has won universal approval from all the experts, and this bizarre coda to Berg's creative life must surely be drawing to an end.

The third act music is as essential to the symmetrical, formal conclusion of the opera as its narrative content is to the moral intentions in Wedekind's plays. It shows Berg transcending the dense complexity of much of the music of the first two acts, with an ominous, nightmarish clarity that endows the ultimate resolution with a tragic resonance sufficient to guarantee Berg's opera place alongside Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the pinnacle of the operatic art. During rehearsal Boulez, who is no slouch when

it comes to respecting a composer's wishes, changed not one note of Cerha's orchestra's orchestration.

Why have Helene Berg and her appointed heirs been so obtuse? Initially, after her husband's death (as a result of septicæmia following an insect bite) Helene Berg expected — as did Universal Edition — that the work would be complete soon, thanks to loyal efforts by Berg's closest artistic friends, Schoenberg or Webern or Zemlinsky.

Schoenberg was going to do the work, but he was both preoccupied trying to make his way in his American exile and shocked at finding the words "dirty Jew" applied to the banker who gambles away the other characters' shares in the casino scene of the third act. Schoenberg felt, with reason, sensitive about anti-Semitism, but it was not this so much as general distaste for the subject matter (like Beethoven's disapproval of *Don Giovanni*) that probably finally swayed him against doing the work at that time.

Later, after the successful premiere of the first two acts in Zurich in June 1937 and concluding, as was the invariable case until last Saturday, with the two third act movements from Berg's own *Lulu Suite*, Helene Berg started to nourish doubts

It is now clear — as it was then becoming clear to her — that Berg's obsession with *Lulu* was not just the continuation of a youthful enthusiasm for Wedekind's plays, but a part of an infatuation with another woman (Franz Werfel's sister, Hanna Fuchs). This lay behind the seemingly perfect facade of the Berg's marriage (presented at the time and since as idyllically happy, but witnessed to more thoroughly in a carefully-selected husband-wife correspondence than, perhaps, in close contact). The completion of *Lulu*, which it seemed to Helene was the monument to another relationship, was no longer compatible with the history of the Berg perfect marriage.

The more the campaign mounted to allow the third act to be produced, the more Helene Berg determined to suppress it, and the more Berg's publishers (for fear of the wrath of wronged wife on her husband's creative works) backed her up. They have now been forced to mount a reverse propaganda campaign justifying the completion of the work that they were all along contemplating after Helene's death. What they couldn't foresee was her longevity.

THIS PARIS production of *Lulu*, Berg's second and last opera, was a huge success

with the first night audience. They even seemed well-disposed to Patrice Chereau's insouciance. He wore an open-necked shirt and unzipped blouson and energetically chewed gum during curtain calls. The production, put together in the face of various strikes at the opera that nearly forced postponement of the first night, is a memorable but perverse homage to the art of Berg's contemporaries and in particular the expressionist German cinema of the twenties.

If that makes you think of Pabst's *Lulu* film, *Pandora's Box*, think rather of Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*. Pabst's *Lulu* was the inimitable Louise Brooks and his technique combined realistic settings and (by silent film standards) naturalistic acting. What Chereau offers is Richard Peduzzi's grandiose designs, inspired by the architecture of Adolph Loos — green marble and malachite surfaces towering into the flies, art deco shop windows, vast flights of steps, marble seats, lights in bowl-shaped containers. The costumes by Jacques Schmidt were twenties and thirties. The portrait of *Lulu*, which figures in the score, is like Garbo's Queen Christina and larger each time it appears. It ends as the altar piece, hoisted aloft on a conveniently situated pulley, in

the public toilet where Geschwitz finally sacrifices herself.

These sets impose a grand dimension that matches the stature of the work but distorts its human perspective.

The lighting refers back to Expressionist cinema too — but unlike cinema where each shot is highlighted, the shuffling, nervous stage movements of the performers, lit mostly from above, left their faces often in shadow.

Lulu herself (the petite Teresa Stratas) was not the compelling creature whose rise and fall and sexual allure makes such an effective parable. And with *Lulu* so lacking in star quality, the devotion of Geschwitz (Yvonne Minton) could not emerge as the culminating inspiration that Berg and Wedekind intended.

The discipline of — in effect — presenting a work for the first time seemed too much for Chereau's wilful inspiration. Chereau perversely ignored Berg's stipulation about doubling of roles. In the last act *Lulu* as a tart serves each of her "husbands" in the same order as she disposes of each in the first act. This is one of the many mirror images with which Berg filled his opera.

Lulu's first husband, a professor of medicine who drops dead at the start of the opera, when he finds her carrying on with the painter, is also supposed to be sung by the professor she picks up in London. Chereau, however, has the first husband doubled with *Lulu*'s pimp and temptress, Schigolch, and has a dwarf (who also does a double act with the Ringmaster in the prologue) for the kinky professor at the end.

Boulez's shortcomings complement Chereau's. Both take a cold, unsmiling view of a work that sets out to persuade its audience of the need for a moral revolution, a work that is the most important opera in the twentieth century. *Le Monde* on February 15 devoted three pages to the premiere. The bourgeois audience at the Paris Opera seemed to find it tremendously impressive. But persuasive? For that you must touch the emotions.

Boulez seems to be saying with his hurrying, unaffected, intense and modernist approach to the music that it can speak for itself if it is left alone. But non-interpretation does not exist; much of the time, it's misinterpretation. Dohnanyi's recording of the first two acts (Decca D48 D3) gives a far more interesting account of Berg's music.

There remains the actual singing. Teresa Stratas, indisposed of voice, seems ill chosen as *Lulu*. In a cast that did Chereau's bidding faithfully, only Kenneth Riegel's Alwa and Franz Mazura's riveting Schoen really came off well. The duet between Alwa and *Lulu* that closes act two and the final Ripper scene were very impressive. As always, Chereau provides extraordinary images. But in service to Berg's wonderful *Lulu*, though commendably serious, this Paris premiere was finally defective.