

CENTER FOR NEW MUSIC

David Gompper, Director

CONCERT III

Sunday, March 7, 1999

8:00 p.m. program, Harper Hall

with **JEFFREY LYMAN**, guest bassoonist (Arizona State University)

Trio
Bounce
4 mod 4
Winesberry
12 Samples

Alkis BALTAS
Michael DAUGHERTY
Lawrence FRITTS
Donald JUSTICE
Yuri KASPAROV

CONCERT IV

Sunday, April 11, 1999

8:00 p.m., Clapp Recital Hall

featuring the music of alumni **CHARLES DODGE**

CONCERT V

Sunday, April 11, 1999

8:00 p.m., Clapp Recital Hall

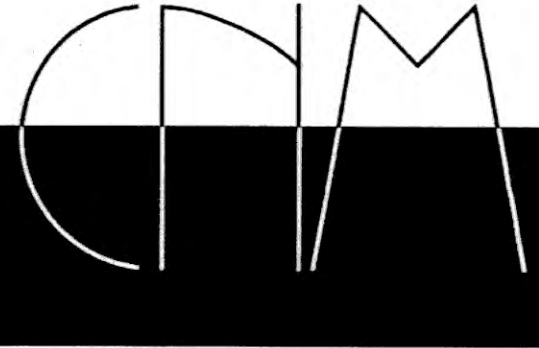
featuring the music of **D. MARTIN JENNI**

CONCERT VI

Wednesday, April 14, 1999

8:00 p.m., Clapp Recital Hall

featuring guest saxophonist **LAWRENCE GWOZDZ**



center for new music

David K. Gompper, director

**Thirty-Third Season
Concert II**

featuring guest composer

Jeremy Dale Roberts

Head of Composition,
The Royal College of Music
London, England

Sunday, February 14, 1999

University of Iowa, Clapp Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m.

The Center for New Music
February 14, 1999

The music of Jeremy Dale Roberts

program

Nyanyushka's Song (1997)
Stele for John Lambert (1995)

Brook Cuden, *piano*

selections from *Croquis* (1976-80)
Three 'Cahiers' of 27 short pieces for String Trio

Part I

Chants
Croquis I
Fusées
Plaint
Solo I - Pathétique (violin)
Sommeil

Miki Yuasa, *violin*
Nathalie Cruden, *viola*
Cora Kuyvenhoven, *violoncello*

Nyanyushka's Other Song (1997)
Casida - del corazon amortajado (1994)

selections from *Croquis* (1976-80)

Part II

Croquis II

Part III

Sapphic Fragment
Minstrel
Solo 3 - Mesto (cello)
From the Chinese
Quodlibet
Croquis III
Sonnet

-short intermission -

In The Same Space - 9 poems of Constantin Cavafy (1976)
American premiere

John Muriello, *baritone*
David Gompper, *piano*

Winter Music (1990), for flute, oboe, clarinet, trumpet, celesta/piano, percussion

Kara DeRaad, *flute*
Mark Weiger, *oboe*
Christine Bellomy, *clarinet*
David Greenhoe, *trumpet*
Laura Tiong, *piano*
Brett E. E. Paschal, *percussion*
David Gompper, *conductor*

program notes

Nyanyushka's Songs, along with the *Stele* (memorial inscription for the composer John Lambert (1926-95) who was Professor of Composition at The Royal College of Music, 1964-90.), were written as 'educational' pieces for young pianists. The *Casida*—'of the smothered heart'— is part of a growing collection of piano pieces inspired by the later poetry of Lorca.

Croquis

When I began work on this String Trio in the autumn of 1976, it was partly by way of giving myself a tonic. I was 'on the rebound' from a very different kind of operation — a large-scale, deeply subjective piece — and I wanted to refresh myself by working on the minutest scale, both with regard to medium and musical thinking. I started 'doodling': composing what I thought would be a modest collection of bagatelles. Four years later, with 27 such bits of pieces on my hands, I still felt the medium of the string trio to be inexhaustible.

As usual with me, one of the strongest stimuli had been the musical character and sound of the players for whom I was writing: the members of the Arditti Quartet. Another was my re-awakened delight in all forms of miniature artistry: not only the supreme musical models of Couperin, Beethoven, Scriabin, Webern and many others; but also, for instance, the poetry and artifacts of the Far East; Blake's wood-cuts; the daily jottings of Beaudelaire — what he called his 'squibs'; the drawings of Watteau — where the subject is sometimes reduced to a mere fragment of costume, or a girl's nostrils.

'Croquis' means 'sketch'; and in this collection — as in any album — there is to be found not only finished work, precisely organized, but also the odd scribble, dashed off: as it were, provisional. The pieces are gathered together in three 'Cahiers', or portfolios, and can be performed in a number of different ways: as a framework to a programme in which items for other media could be interleaved; or extracts could be used judiciously as 'fillers' between more substantial fare — in

other words as a kind of spice: *entremets*; or simply as an anthology. Although I took care to impose some sort of organization within each of the three parts as well as over all, in a way I'd prefer listeners to nibble at these pieces, rather than expect a solid meal: what the French might call a *dégustation*.

In the Same Space

Cavafy was Greek and lived in Alexandria, which was a teeming cosmopolitan city at the beginning of this century, as it is indeed now. There are some artists who need obscurity in order to thrive and produce. Cavafy spent his life working as a minor civil servant for all things the Egyptian Ministry of Public Works. But his poems are private. They are full of the glories of ancient Greece and Byzantium. But they also contain memories of his own fleeting experiences of clandestine passion in squalid hotel rooms, moments of ecstasy, which he stubbornly recalled for the rest of his life in his poems. Nevertheless, there is a disembodied and withdrawn quality in the poetry—a sense of silence.

For the most part these settings of Cavafy's poems are subdued in expression and intentionally understated. I have wanted to emulate the 'neutral tones' of Moussorgsky's Sunless cycle, in which an essentially conversational style does not preclude impassioned melody. Except in very rare moments, therefore, the singer is asked to aim for a 'tone of voice' which should not project in the usual way, but which should suggest, in various shades of *mezza voce*, solitude, self-absorption, only remembered warmth, detachment, irony - Cavafy, the Old Poet of Alexandria.

1. **In the same space**

The surroundings of the house, centers, neighborhoods
which I see and where I walk; for years and years.

I have created you in joy and in sorrows:
Out of so many circumstances, out of so many things.

You have become all feeling for me. (Tr. Rae Dalven)

2. **To call up the Shades**

One candle is enough. Its gentle light
will be more suitable, will be more gracious
when the Shades come, the Shades of Love.

One candle is enough. Tonight the room
should not have too much light. In deep reverie,
all receptiveness, and with the gentle light -
in this deep reverie I'll form visions
to call up the Shades, the Shades of Love. (Tr. Keeley/Sherrard)

3. **Voices**

Ideal and dearly beloved voices
of those who are dead, or of those
who are lost to us like the dead.

Sometimes they speak to us in our dreams;
sometimes in thought the mind hears them.

and for a moment with their echo other echoes
return from the first poetry of our lives -
like music far off vanishing in the night. (Tr. Rae Dalven)

4. **Days of 1903**

I never found them again - those things so speedily lost ...
the poetic eyes, the pallid face ...
in the dusk of the road ...

I never found them again - those quite haphazardly acquired,
that I gave up so lightly;
and that later in agony I craved.
The poetic eyes, the pallid face,
I never found them again. (Tr. Rae Dalven)

5. **When they are roused**

Try to guard them, poet,
however few there are that can be kept.
The visions of your loving.
Set them, half hidden, in your phrases.
Try to sustain them, poet,
when they are roused in your brain
at night, or in the glare of noon.

6. **Morning Sea**

Let me stop here. Let me, too, look at nature awhile.
The brilliant blue of the morning sea, of the cloudless sky,
the shore yellow; all lovely,
all bathed in light.

Let me stand here. And let me pretend I see all this
(I actually did see it a minute ago when I first stopped)
and not my usual day-dreams here too,
my memories, those sensual images. (Tr. Keeley/Sherrard)

7. **Gray**

Looking at a half-gray opal
I remembered two beautiful gray eyes
I had seen; it must have been twenty years ago ...

.....
For a month we loved each other,
Then he went away, I believe to Smyrna,
to work there, and we never saw each other after that.

The gray eyes - if he is alive - must have grown ugly;
the handsome face must have spoiled.

Dear Memory, preserve them as they used to be.
And Memory, bring back to me tonight all that you can,
of this love of mine, all that you can. (Tr. Rae Dalven)

8. **Afternoon sun**

This room, how well I know it.
Now this one and the one next door are rented
as business offices. The whole house has become
offices for agents, and merchants, and Companies.

Ah, this room, how familiar it is.

Near the door over here was a sofa,
and in front of it a Turkish rug;
close by, the shelf with two yellow vases.
On the right; no, opposite, a washstand with a mirror.
In the center the table where he used to write;
and the three large wicker chairs.
Beside the window was the bed
where we made love so many times.

It must be somewhere about - all that stuff.

Beside the window was the bed;
the afternoon sun reached it almost halfway down.

... One afternoon at four o'clock we separated
just for a week ... Ah me,
that week lasted for ever (Tr. Rae Dalven)

9. **In the evening**

It wouldn't have lasted long anyway -
years of experience make that clear.
But Fate did put an end to it a bit abruptly.
It was soon over, that wonderful life.
Yet how strong the scents were,
what a magnificent bed we lay in,
what pleasures we gave our bodies.

An echo from my days of indulgence,
an echo from those days came back to me,
something from the fire of the young life we shared:
I picked up a letter again,
read it over and over till the light faded.

Then, sad, I went out on to the balcony,
went out to change my thoughts at least by seeing
something of this city I love,
a little movement in the streets, in the shops. (Tr. Keeley/Sherrard)

Winter Music

The character of this short piece was to a great extent determined by the circumscribed — (but seemingly inexhaustible!) — nature of the medium. “Problems” of register and timbre appeared especially to yield possibilities. The work was composed during the limbo of winter, 19989-1990, and was commissioned by Sounds Positive with the help of funds provided by the Holst Foundation. The Center for New Music gave the American premiere of this work on February 16, 1992.

BIOGRAPHY

Jeremy Dale Roberts (b. 1934) was born in Gloucestershire, England, and is currently a Professor of Composition at the Royal College of Music, London. He studied with William Alwyn and Priaux Rainier at Marlborough College and the Royal Academy of Music, and his compositions have been performed at the Edinburgh and Aldeburgh Festivals, the Venice Biennale, the Diorama de Geneve, and the festivals of Avignon and Paris. They include the Cello Concerto - ‘Deathwatch,’ written for Rohan de Saram; Tombeau for piano, written for Stephen Bishop Kovacevich; Croquis for string trio, written for members of the Arditti Quartet (BBC commission); In the Same Space, nine poems of Constantin Cavafy, written for Stephen Varcoe; and Lines of Life, lyric episodes for ensemble, written for Lontano (BBC commission); ‘Casidas y Sonetos - del amor oscuro’, for solo guitar (Arts Council commission) for Charles Ramirez. He was the subject of a BBC “Composer’s Portrait” in April, 1981.