

# THE FIRM 2016



## CONCERT 2

The Firm's annual concert seasons  
are conceived, programmed, curated and directed by  
composers Quentin Grant and Raymond Chapman Smith.

The Firm was founded in 1996.

This is our 112th concert.

She has not yet been born:  
She is music and word,  
and therefore the un-torn,  
fabric of what is stirred.

Osip Emilevich Mandelstam (1891 – 1938)

Elder Hall provides wheelchair access via the side (eastern) doors.

Toilets can be accessed in the foyer.

Parking: can be accessed in the University car park to the east of  
Bonython hall.

# The Firm

presents

## Konstantin Shamray piano

**Domenico Scarlatti**

**3 sonatas**

**Quentin Grant**

**Winter Star Waltzes**

**Grahame Dudley**

**Three Piano Pieces**

**Peter Maxwell Davies**

**Farewell to Stromness**

**Alfred Schnittke**

**Piano Sonata no.1**

Short interval

**Raymond Chapman Smith**

**Akhmatova Park**

**Nikolai Myaskovsky**

**Piano Sonata no. 3**

**Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky**

**Berceuse op.72 no.2**

### Three Sonatas (1740's)

Domenico Scarlatti (1685-1757)

Sonata in D minor  
Sonata in E major  
Sonata in G major



*The Escorial, Madrid, Scarlatti's principal work place*

### Winter Star Waltzes

Quentin Grant (2014)

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Molto rubato - Scorrevole
- IV. Drammatico
- V. Andante
- VI. Vivace

*"We found ourselves on a smooth, spacious but narrow track of ice or glass. We floated along it, as if on marvelous skates, and we were dancing too, for like a wave the track rose and fell beneath us. It was delightful. I had never seen anything like it and I shouted*

*for joy, 'How glorious!' And overhead the stars were shimmering, in a sky that was strangely all pale blue and yet dark, and the moon with its unearthly light was shining down on us skaters. 'This is freedom,' said the instructress, 'it's something very wintry, and cannot be borne for long. One must always keep moving, as we are doing here, one must dance in freedom. It is cold and beautiful. Never fall in love with it. That would only make you sad afterwards, for one can only be in the realm of freedom for a moment, no longer. Look how the wonderful track we are floating on is slowly melting away. Now you can watch freedom dying, if you open your eyes...' "*

Robert Walser, Jakob von Gunten

### Three Piano Pieces

Grahame Dudley (2006)

My first official piano pieces were actually written during studies in Adelaide with Peter Maxwell Davies and were my earliest attempts at twelve-tone composition. These were premiered here on stage in the Elder Hall almost exactly 50 years ago with Max himself at the piano. The three pieces you are hearing tonight were written for Leigh Harrold and the Firm in September 2006. The first is inspired by the famous first movement of the "Moonlight" Sonata in the way the hands actually outline and pivot. The third comes from the strangest of Hans Christian Anderson's tales; "The Mother" and was to be an intermezzo in an opera where the mother, to save her sick child sails across a lake to an island where Death's vast hothouse stands. The middle movement just happened. It was meant to be a quicker piece as a contrast to the two slow ones, but, ironically, turned out to be solemn in a different way.



## Peter Maxwell Davies (1934 – 2016) Farewell to Stromness

Farewell to Stromness is inspired by the beautiful town on Mainland Orkney.

The piece was originally written as part of the “Yellow Cake Revue” by Max as a protest against a British government proposal to mine uranium on Orkney which happily never happened. It is one of those essentially Scottish laments and is universally popular. Many arrangements exist but this is the original.



*Poet George Mackay Brown and Max*

## In Memoriam Max

*(Sir Peter Maxwell Davies CH CBE (8 September 1934 – 14 March 2016) was an English composer and conductor. In 2004 he was made Master of the Queen's Music)*

I knew Max as a friend for over fifty years. It all began when I was chosen along with Ross Edwards, Graham Hair and Martin Wesley-Smith to study with him at the Elder Conservatorium during his six month residency organised by Elder professor John Bishop in Adelaide. He was a dynamic teacher, only about seven years older than his students with an extraordinary understanding of music of the past but with a driving passion for experiment and innovation and the future. We all acknowledge his influence on us which in my case continued when my wife Gai and I headed for London and once again he arranged introductions to organisations like the Dartington Summer school and individuals like Pierre Boulez with whom I also studied. I was appointed as music director of a new modern arts centre, formed my own ensemble and went my own way as we all did.

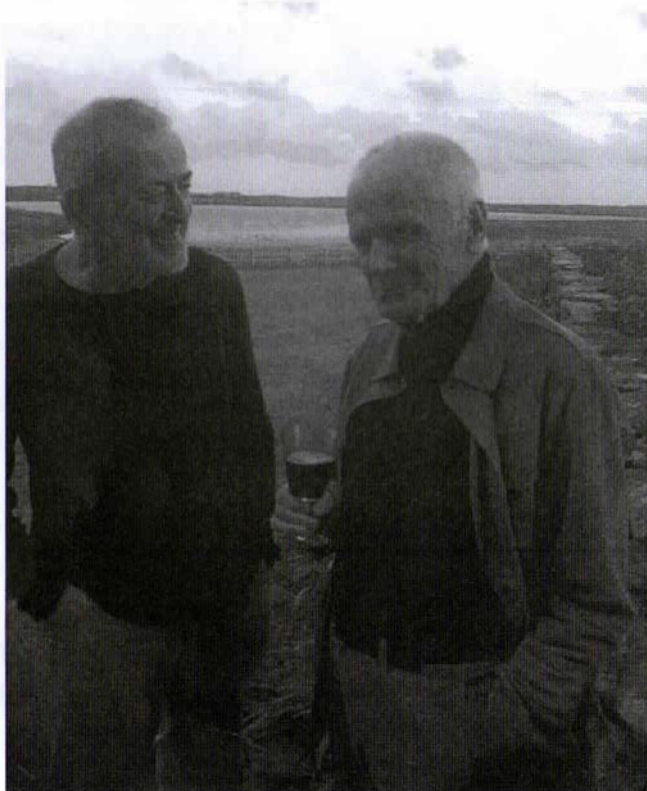
Back in Australia I regularly programmed his music in my concerts at the con and various festivals which caught the ear of Barossa festival director John Russell who then asked me to approach Max about being composer in residence at his festival in 2000.

We travelled to the Orkney Islands where Max now lived on the island of Sanday and where we were to return often. The plans for the festival were made and our friendship rekindled. The Barossa festival was very special. Max was very taken with my student new music ensemble Elder New Music and in less than one hour wrote a piece for them which they rehearsed and performed the same afternoon. This was followed by his invitation for us all to appear at his own Orkney Festival in 2002 and perform a companion piece which he would write for us. Both were inspired by his love of Barossa wines. This experience later inspired these students to go ahead and form their own ensembles: Zephyr String Quartet, Kegelstatt Ensemble and Syzygy.

We have stayed with Max regularly in Orkney since and in november last year made what we knew would probably be our last time together as his cancer had resurfaced. It was beautiful to see the care, the regard and the love showed to him by his friend Tim and all the people around him on this peedie island (Scots say wee- Orkney folk say peedie).

On our last day we all shared a fabulous meal. Everybody brought something including a Pavlova. That night we sat in small bay-window looking out on the countryside and Max slipped away and started to play the composition you are about to hear.

Grahame Dudley



*Grahame and Max, 2015*

## **Alfred Schnittke (1934 – 1998)**

### **Piano Sonata no.1 (1987) ( 2 of 4 movements)**

#### **1. Lento**

#### **2. Allegretto**

#### **Incantation**

Bella Akhmadulina 1937 - 2010

Don't mourn for me – I shall survive –  
The kind convict, the somewhat happy pauper,  
The frozen southerner inside the Pole Circle,  
The angry northerner in the consumption's locker  
On the mosquitoes South – I shall survive.

Don't mourn for me – I shall survive –  
The little lame-one, begging in the parvis,  
The drunken-one, that's left amidst the tables,  
And this one, daubing just the image Marie's,  
That God's bad painter – I shall, yet, survive.

Don't mourn for me – I shall survive –  
The girl, in rules of grammar-books unblemished,  
Which, in the future undefined and selfish,  
Like a dull fool, under my fringe, the reddish,  
Will know my verse. For sure, I will survive.

Don't mourn for me – I shall survive –  
The one who's kinder than the fresh wounds' nursing  
Under the crazy military bursting,  
Under the star of mine, that's ever glossing...  
In any way ... I'll really survive.





*Arvo Pärt with Schnittke*

**8th November 1913**

Sunlight fills my room  
 With hot dust, lucent, grey.  
 I wake, and I remember:  
 Today is your saint's day.  
 That's why even the snow  
 Is warm beyond the window,  
 That's why, sleeplessly,  
 Like a communicant, I slept.

**Raymond Chapman Smith**

**Akhmatova Park**

***Memory's Voice***

***Anna Akhmatova* 1889-1966**

'What do you see, on the wall, dimly alive,  
 At that hour when the sunset eats the sky?  
 A seagull, on a blue cloth of waters,  
 Or perhaps it's those Florentine gardens?  
 Or is it Tsarskoye Seloe's vast view,  
 Where terror stepped out before you?  
 Or that one who left your captivity,  
 And walked into white death, freely?'  
 No, I see only the wall – that shows  
 Reflections of heaven's dying glow.



**Nikolai Myaskovsky** 1881-1950

**Piano Sonata no.3 Op.19** 1920

He became professor of composition at Moscow Conservatory in 1921, retaining the position until his death in 1950, respected by his friend Prokofiev and by pupils such as Kabalevsky and Khachaturian. With Shostakovich, Prokofiev and other composers he suffered official criticism in 1948, when they were accused of formalism.

**The Encounter**

*Vladimir Nabokov* 1899-1977

*enchanted by this strange proximity*

Longing, and mystery, and delight...  
as if from the swaying blackness  
of some slow-motion masquerade  
onto the dim bridge you came.  
And night flowed, and silent there floated  
into its satin streams  
that black mask's wolf-like profile  
and those tender lips of yours.  
And under the chestnuts, along the canal  
you passed, luring me askance.  
What did my heart discern in you,  
how did you move me so?  
In your momentary tenderness,  
or in the changing contour of your shoulders,  
did I experience a dim sketch  
of other — irrevocable — encounters?  
Perhaps romantic pity  
led you to understand  
what had set trembling that arrow  
now piercing through my verse?  
I know nothing. Strangely  
the verse vibrates, and in it, an arrow...  
Perhaps you, still nameless, were  
the genuine, the awaited one?  
But sorrow not yet quite cried out  
perturbed our starry hour.

Into the night returned the double fissure  
of your eyes, eyes not yet illumed.  
For long? For ever? Far off  
I wander, and strain to hear  
the movement of the stars above our encounter  
and what if you are to be my fate...  
Longing, and mystery, and delight,  
and like a distant supplication....  
My heart must travel on.  
But if you are to be my fate...



*Prokofiev and Myaskovsky*

## Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

## Berceuse op.72 no.2

### *Winter Night*

*Alexander Pushkin* 1799-1837

The storm wind covers the sky  
Whirling the fleecy snow drifts,  
Now it howls like a wolf,  
Now it is crying, like a lost child,  
Now rustling the decayed thatch  
On our tumbledown roof,  
Now, like a delayed traveller,  
Knocking on our window pane.

Our wretched little cottage  
Is gloomy and dark.  
Why do you sit all silent  
Hugging the window, old gran?  
Has the howling of the storm  
Wearied you, at last, dear friend?  
Or are you dozing fitfully  
Under the spinning wheel's humming?

Let us drink, dearest friend  
To my poor wasted youth.  
Let us drink from grief –  
Where's the glass?  
Our hearts at least will be lightened.



TCHAIKOVSKY (IN WINTER DRESS), 1867

You are warmly invited to join us after the  
concert for complimentary drinks and a  
selection of Tortes by Gabriele.

Next concert:

**October 31st**

Mehkla Kumar, piano

Sonatas

Preludes

Farewell to Stromness

Zirkusvolk

New work

Sonata

Domenico Scarlatti

Schnittke

Jakub Jankowski

Quentin Grant

Chapman Smith

Scriabin



[www.firmmusic.com.au](http://www.firmmusic.com.au)

[www.facebook.com/FirmNewMusic](https://www.facebook.com/FirmNewMusic)

## **the firm**

and

Chamber Music Adelaide

acknowledge the support of:

Ray Thomas

Arts SA

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra

State Opera of SA

Jeanette Sandford – Morgan

ABC Classic FM

5MBS

Radio Adelaide

Elder Hall

Martin Victory

Stefan Bruneder

All the Firm musicians

The Australia Council

