



THE FIRM  
2018

**concert 4**

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 121st concert.

"I did my work slowly, drop by drop. I tore it out of  
me by pieces."

Ravel

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.

DEC 3-01 2018

# The Firm

Presents

## Michael Ierace

**The Red Buoy**

**Anne Cawrse**

**La chute des étoiles**

**Raymond Chapman Smith**

**from *The Wedding Album*** **David John Lang**

- Interval -

**Zirkusvolk (2016)**

**Quentin Grant**

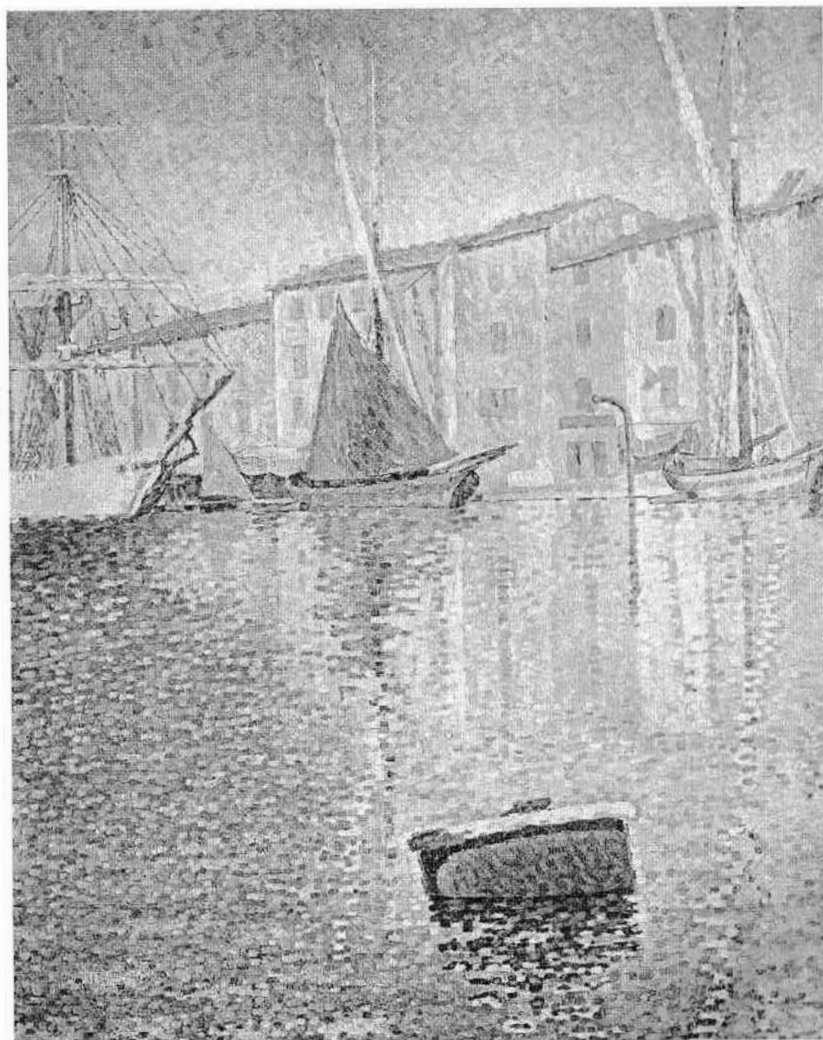
**Gaspard de la Nuit**

**Maurice Ravel**

## **The Red Buoy**

**Anne Cawrse**

After Paul Signac, following a visit to 'Colours of Impressionism' at the Adelaide Art Gallery in 2018.



## **La chute des étoiles (2016) Raymond Chapman Smith**

1. **Andante sostenuto**
2. **Allegro molto e con brio**
3. **Allegro ma non tanto**
4. **Intimo**
5. **Vivace**
6. **Allegretto**
7. **Andantino grazioso**
8. **Andante**
9. **Molto tranquillo**
10. **Allegro appassionato**
11. **Vivace, ma non troppo e poco lento**
12. **Andantino, molto espressivo**
13. **Allegretto**
14. **Con moto ma poco lento**
15. **Allegro**
16. **Presto**
17. **Larghetto**

That might just possibly be a solution for me: not hearing in and through air anymore, catching the vibrations and oscillations of the tones through it, which has become impossible anyway with my hearing well-nigh totally vanished, but instead listening more intently to the light from now on so that I can take in, via my face, the movements of the sound floating on the waves of light, the songs of the air borne to me by light beams and perceived when I capture them with my glance –

For example, having the sound of a piano conveyed to my eyes, instead of to my ears, by the lighting in a salon or an auditorium, so that I would soon learn how to take in, with utmost accuracy of these altered perceptual faculties, the chords adrift in the room and wafting their sonorous way toward my head amidst much flickering of candles – To try something like that with all my might, anyway –



Of course I would have to put up with stirring abroad only on cloudy days or going out only at twilight and staying inside my lodgings at other times, exposing myself as little as possible to full sunlight; otherwise the blinding sounds of its constant light-beam singing at highest pitch would cause my glances to grow deaf as well, because the piercing lamentations I hear to my own peril in the sunbeam dissonances of the midday-light orchestra would make the eardrums of my eyes burst –

It hardly bears thinking about, incidentally, if one day some cosmic change in our present circumstances were to cause everybody in this world to apprehend the sun not only by its light and to feel just its warmth, but also to hear it and henceforth, assuming such a hypothetical case, to contend with ensuing new phenomena likely to be on the unpleasant side; let's say as a result of some cosmic curiosity like an unimaginably long and thick air resonance hose that, to the total astonishment of the world, would be found to have travelled across or through space from the sun and attached itself like a monstrous umbilical cord to our earth: an unbearable noise from the sun, an unimaginably fierce pounding and atmosphere-shattering of sunlight-demolition weather booming, sunbeam shrieks that explode upwards in air, in the crashes of light persistently gaining strength toward a rainbow-rumbling midday that, with its thunderously reiterated horizon crashes and the firmament eruptions, so piercingly pulsating through the entire space, of its commencing, ear-splitting, afternoon-illumination down-hurling cataracts, down from the sky and bursting on the ground, smashing to smithereens the heads of all passers-by-

Only sometimes comes a let-up in pace or a saving grace caused by a few yearned-for cloudy days, moderate or muffled to shadows of sounds; or else, audible still, but solely in the remaining peaceable nights, a faint, black, altogether menacing echo of rolling as if the sounds of a faraway battle from the other side of the planet were surging from there, where it is day, to the night that has advanced on us, only for the unceasing storm of summer sunlight to resume all the louder at the break of dawn on the eastern horizon-

The hearing machine could be built such that stars at the opening make the entrance of the sound easier, disseminating the sound around the whole ear and allowing one in that way to hear at every opening-

‘Gentle Rage’ Gert Jonke

from *The Wedding Album*:

David John Lang

- Raymond and Deborah ('Adventure')
- Raymond and Deborah ('Romance')

In 2012 I composed a couple of (late) wedding presents for my friends Raymond and Deborah. There was only meant to be one piece – 'Romance' – but then I accidentally wrote a second one around the same time. It sounded so much like Ray and Deb (I called it 'Adventure') that I've forever associated it with them in my mind, and so it's only fair to include it as a second gift.



1. The Fire Horse
2. Mouse Soprano
3. Tumbler
4. The Hunger Artist
5. Thursday's Child
6. The Sleepwalker
7. Juggler
8. Lions and a man

### Fire Horse

If some frail tubercular lady circus rider were to be driven in circles around and around the arena for months and months without interruption in front of a tireless public on a swaying horse by a merciless whip-wielding master of ceremonies, spinning on the horse, throwing kisses and swaying at the waist, and if this performance, amid the incessant roar of the orchestra and the ventilators, were to continue into the ever-expanding, gray future, accompanied by applause, which died down and then swelled up again, from hands which were really steam hammers, perhaps then a young visitor to the gallery might rush down the long stair case through all the levels, burst into the ring, and cry "Stop!" through the fanfares of the constantly adjusting orchestra. (Franz Kafka)

### The Mouse Singer

Josephine is the name of our songstress. Those who have never heard her sing simply haven't experienced the power of song. Everyone who hears her is pulled out of him or herself, transported, and this is yet more of a mystery since our race as a whole has no great love for music. Peace and quiet *{Stiller Frieden}* are what we yearn for more than anything—our lives are hard—such is the music that, generally, we love above all others, we just don't have it in us after another long day of work in which we strive to do our best in dispensing with a thousand and one cares, there's just

nothing left over with which we might pull ourselves to the distant heights, so far removed, where music comes alive. (Franz Kafka)

### Tumblers

Mayaista could curl herself into a ring by bending backwards and holding her ankles, and roll around the stage like a wheel. She could leap over a tall man from a standing jump, could climb quickly up a cloth rope using only her feet and teeth, and do a hand stand balancing only on her index fingers.

The hunger artist had not, however, actually lost his sense of the real situation and took it as a matter of course that he and his cage should be stationed, not in the middle of the ring as a main attraction, but outside, near the animal cages, on a site that was after all easily accessible. Large and gaily painted placards made a frame for the cage and announced what was to be seen inside it. When the public came thronging out in the intervals to see the animals, they could hardly avoid passing the hunger artist's cage and stopping there a moment, perhaps they might even have stayed longer had not those pressing behind them in the narrow gangway, who did not understand why they should be held up on their way towards the excitements of the menagerie, made it impossible for anyone to stand gazing quietly for any length of time. (Franz Kafka)

### Thursday's Child

On September 12, 1916, "Mary the Elephant" had attacked her handler, Thursday Eldridge to his death. Several causes were seen to be the reason of the attack. As a trainer, Thursday Eldridge had used a stick to stab Mary, which may have infuriated Mary, but there was a belief that the elephant was simply bored. Due to the death of Eldridge, the town people of Kingsport Tennessee had asked for retribution. They decided that Mary should be hanged. On September 13, 1916, 2,500 people had witnessed the execution of Mary by hanging on an industrial crane.

### The Sleepwalker

She was blind-folded and put into a deep trance and, followed by the gypsy violinist who played her terrifying, ethereal music



throughout, climbed the stairs to the dizzying heights of the tent roof, and proceeded to walk across the high pole and back again.

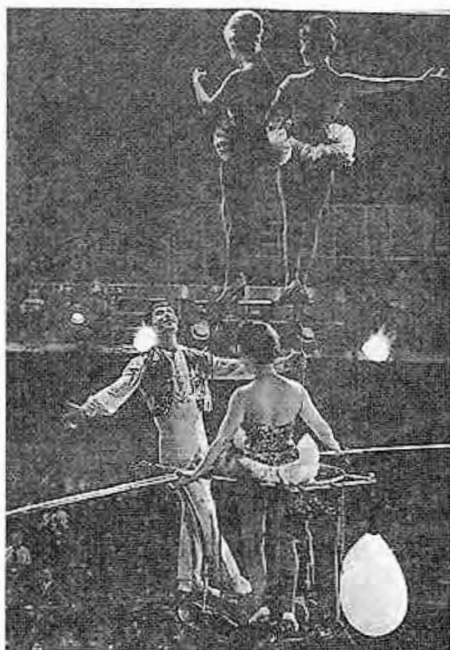
### **Juggler**

One serious injury was witnessed by a large group of jugglers in San Francisco when Donnia Ray Smith attempted to cascade five 10 pound bowling balls. Two of the balls collided in the air with one ricocheting onto the top of Donnia's head. Unfortunately, the resulting trauma is said to have permanently changed the performer's personality and resulted in the eventual end of his career.

### **Lions and a man**

(2016) Two lions have reportedly been shot dead by zookeepers in front of a crowd of visitors after severely mauling a man who had entered their enclosure in an apparent suicide attempt. As the lions set upon Mr Ferrada a zookeeper reportedly opened fire with tranquiliser darts - accidentally hitting Mr Ferrada in the neck.

The zookeeper is then said to have opened fire with live rounds, killing the two big cats in front of a large crowd of visitors to the zoo. Mr Ferrada was taken to a nearby hospital and was said to be in grave condition, with injuries to the pelvis and head



## **Gaspard de la Nuit**

**Maurice Ravel**

- I. Ondine**
- II. Le Gibet**
- III. Scarbo**

**Gaspard de la nuit** (subtitled *Trois poèmes pour piano d'après Aloysius Bertrand*), was composed from May to September in 1908. It has three movements, each based on a poem or fantaisie from the collection *Gaspard de la Nuit — Fantaisies à la manière de Rembrandt et de Callot* completed in 1836 by Aloysius Bertrand. The work was premiered in Paris, on January 9, 1909, by Ricardo Viñes.

The name "Gaspard" is derived from its original Persian form, denoting "the man in charge of the royal treasures": "Gaspard of the Night" or the treasurer of the night thus creates allusions to someone in charge of all that is jewel-like, dark, mysterious, perhaps even morose.

Of the work, Ravel himself said: "Gaspard has been a devil in coming, but that is only logical since it was he who is the author of the poems. My ambition is to say with notes what a poet expresses with words."

Bertrand introduces his collection by attributing them to a mysterious old man he met in a Dijon park, who lent him the book. When he goes in search of M. Gaspard to return the volume, he asks, 'Tell me where M. Gaspard de la Nuit may be found.' 'He is in hell, provided that he isn't somewhere else,' came the reply. 'Ah! I am beginning to understand! What! Gaspard de la Nuit must be...?' the poet continues. 'Ah! Yes... the devil!' his informant responds. 'Thank you, mon brave!... If Gaspard de la Nuit is in hell, may he roast there. I shall publish his book.'

## I. Ondine

"Listen! - Listen! - It is I, it is Ondine who brushes drops of water on the resonant panes of your windows lit by the gloomy rays of the moon; and here in gown of watered silk, the mistress of the chateau gazes from her balcony on the beautiful starry night and the beautiful sleeping lake.

"Each wave is a water sprite who swims in the stream, each stream is a footpath that winds towards my palace, and my palace is a fluid structure, at the bottom of the lake, in a triangle of fire, of earth and of air.

"Listen! - Listen! - My father whips the croaking water with a branch of a green alder tree, and my sisters caress with their arms of foam the cool islands of herbs, of water lilies, and of corn flowers, or laugh at the decrepit and bearded willow who fishes at the line. »

Her song murmured, she beseeches me to accept her ring on my finger, and be the husband of an Ondine, and to visit with her her palace and be king of the lakes.

And as I was replying to her that I loved a mortal, sullen and spiteful, she wept some tears, uttered a burst of laughter, and vanished in a shower that streamed white down the length of my stained glass windows.

## II. The Gibbet

Ah! that which I hear, was it the north wind that screeches in the night, or the hanged one who utters a sigh on the fork of the gibbet? Was it some cricket who sings lurking in the moss and the sterile ivy, which out of pity covers the floor of the forest?

Was it some fly in chase sounding the horn around those ears deaf to the fanfare of the halloos\* ?

Was it some scarab beetle who gathers in his uneven flight a bloody hair from his bald skull?

Or then, was it some spider who embroiders a half-measure of muslin for a tie on this strangled neck?

It is the bell that tolls from the walls of a city, under the horizon, and the corpse of the hanged one that is reddened by the setting sun.

## III. Scarbo

Oh! how often have I heard and seen him, Scarbo, when at midnight the moon glitters in the sky like a silver shield on an azure banner strewn with golden bees.

How often have I heard his laughter buzz in the shadow of my alcove, and his fingernail grate on the silk of the curtains of my bed!

How often have I seen him alight on the floor, pirouette on a foot and roll through the room like the spindle fallen from the wand of a sorceress!

Do I think him vanished then? the dwarf grows between the moon and me like the belfry of a gothic cathedral, a golden bell shakes on his pointed cap!

But soon his body becomes blue, translucent like the wax of a candle, his face pales like the wax of a candle end - and suddenly he is extinguished.





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**Next concert:  
Some time in 2019**

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