

MAY 31st

## The Firm

presents

Emma Horwood, soprano

The Lurgoe String Quartet

Michael Milton

Alwen Bellamy

Rosie McCowan

David Sharp

String Quartet No. 4

John Pringle

25 mins

Forrest

David Rodger

10 mins

13 minute interval

Charles de Buzel

Raymond Chapman Spilly

14 mins

Joseph Mendel Huxley



the firm 2004  
**CONCERT ONE**

## **The Firm**

presents

**Emma Horwood, soprano**

**The Langbein String Quartet**

**Michael Milton**

**Minas Berberyán**

**Rosie McGowran**

**David Sharp**

**String Quartet No. 4**

**John Polglase**

35 mins.

**Fourteen**

**David Kotlowy**

10 mins.

10 minute interval

**Chateau de Muzot**

**Raymond Chapman Smith**

14mins.

**Zwölftonspiel**

**Josef Matthias Hauer**

4 mins.

**Irish Songs**

**Quentin SD Grant**

12 mins.

*"Who may have invented wit? Every attribute/procedure of our mind that is made conscious is in the strictest sense a newly discovered world."*

Novalis, *Blütenstaub*, 1797

Pilgrim Church provides wheelchair access via the rear (northern) doors.

Toilets can be accessed through the door on the left of the performance area.

## String Quartet No. 4

John Polglase

My fourth string quartet was composed in 2002 as part of a Mid-Career Fellowship from Arts SA and is dedicated to Richard Meale, a composer whose importance to music in Australia is difficult to underrate.

It is lighter and more capricious in character than earlier quartets (particularly the third) and is made up of six smaller movements of independent character, some of which flow directly into the next, but share a particular short musical motto which helps to bind them together.

The opening 'Caprice' is eccentric and energetic, driven by rhythmical little motives which orbit around each other, tumbling about and occasionally settling down into more restrained sections in a form best described as a truncated rondo. Truncated perhaps by the second movement, 'Recitative', which rudely interrupts the flow with two 'free' cadenza-like solos - first by the violin, then the 'cello, alternating with gentle, more homophonic textures. This movement acts as the first of two slow movements.

The third, 'Intrada and Dance' is analogous to an extended scherzo although it bears little resemblance to the conventional classical ideal in its formal layout although (once it gets going) it does settle into a compound meter. It is dominated by odd, almost eastern modes and strumming chords in the viola and 'cello and is very much a kind of miniature ballet, driven by this folk-like character.

The fourth and fifth movements, 'Interlude' and 'Intermezzo' also run together and are shorter pieces acting like second slow and scherzo movements before the final, furious 'Toccata' which was performed by this quartet in the final of last years Firm concerts.

The title refers to a species of writing most closely associated with the solo keyboard; free and bold, often alternating runs and spectacular technical display with fugal or contrapuntal work. Transferring this idiomatic keyboard style to the ensemble and maintaining coherence and 'playability' was part of the challenge and most of the fun.



Adagio, molto espressivo

"Beethoven's last quartets occupy a solitary position. They probably represent the last word and the supreme effort in western chamber music. The music soars high above all material things, written by one no longer of this world. The inherent beauty fully reveals itself only to those who have made a close study, and bear every detail in their heart."

"It is a point of discipline to accept a passive role, to ignore the tendency to play the the artist by dabbling and interfering. In these self-regulating and self-generating systems a fragment of the score is permeated and sequenced in ways not suggested by the original score. A new way of hearing music - as part of the environment."

The first movement is played tonight.

*Fragment is permeated and sequenced in ways not suggested by the original score. A new tendency to play the artist by dabbling and interfering. It is a point of discipline to accept a passive role. These self-regulating and self-generating systems occupy a solitary position as part of the environment of the score. They probably represent the last word and the supreme effort - the Way of hearing music.*

*The inherent beauty fully reveals itself only to those who have made a close study, to ignore this world in western chamber music, and bear every detail in their heart. The music soars high above all material things, written by one no longer of Beethoven's last quartets.*

*"In music, the sensuous pleasure depends on a particular disposition not just of the ear, but of the entire nervous system . . . Besides, music has a greater need to find in us those favourable organic dispositions than either painting or poetry. Its hieroglyphic is so light and fleeting, it is so easy to lose it or misinterpret it, that the most beautiful symphonic work would have little effect if the infallible and immediate pleasure of the sensation pure and simple was not infinitely above that of an often ambiguous expression . . . How is it then that of the three arts that imitate nature, the one in which expression is most arbitrary and least precise is that which speaks to the heart most powerfully?"*

Denis Diderot, *Lettre à Mademoiselle* 1751

In February 1922, thanks to the generosity of a Swiss friend, Rainer Maria Rilke found the permanent refuge he had so long been seeking in the Chateau de Muzot, a tiny Mediaeval castle, near Sierre, in the Swiss canton of Valais. Here, surrounded by his roses, he was able to complete, in a remarkable three week burst of inspiration, the great cycle of the *Duino Elegies* and the fifty five "entirely unexpected" *Sonnets to Orpheus*. In the years that remained to him Rilke sustained a high level of productivity in German and French verse and it is from these late, condensed, less vatic, texts that I have chosen the eight poems for my cycle. Rilke loved music, particularly the string quartet, although he often found its emotional impact a little too overpowering. I have attempted to give a gentle home to these exquisite texts, the last of which was Rilke's own epitaph.

The eight songs divide into three groups, separated by brief *Intermezzi* for strings alone.

1. But if you'd try this: to be hand in my hand  
as in the wineglass the wine is wine.  
If you'd try this.
2. Losing also is *ours*; and even forgetting  
has a shape in the permanent realm of mutation.  
Things we've let go of circle; and though we are rarely a centre  
of these circles: they trace around us the unbroken figure.
3. Driftsand of hours. Quietly continuous fading  
even of the happily blessed building.  
Life blows on. Already without connection  
the once-supporting columns jut free.  
But decline: is it any sadder than the fountain's  
turning-back to the mirror, which it dusts with scintilla?  
Let us maintain ourselves between change's teeth,  
so that its gazing head fully grasps us.

4. *Intermezzo*

5. Harshness gone. And sudden mitigation  
laid upon the field's uncovered grey.  
Little runnels change their intonation.  
Tentative caresses stray

Round the still earth from immensity.  
Roads run far into the land, foretelling.  
Unexpectedly you find it, welling  
upwards in the empty tree.

6. The one birds plunge through's not that trusty space  
where each confided form's intensified.  
(Out in the open there you're self-denied,  
and go on vanishing without a trace.)

Space spreads transposingly from us to things:  
really to feel the way a tree upsprings,  
cast round it space from that which inwardly  
expands in you. Surround it with retention.  
It has no bounds. Not till its reascension  
in your renouncing is it truly tree.

7. *Intermezzo*

8. Somewhere the flower of farewell blooms and scatters  
ceaselessly its pollen, which we breathe;  
even in the winds that reach us first we breathe farewell.

9. Play the deaths swiftly through, the single ones, and you will  
see –  
how it rounds in upon itself, the infinite stream of stars;

10. ROSE, OH THE PURE CONTRADICTION, DELIGHT  
OF BEING NO ONE'S SLEEP UNDER SO MANY LIDS.



*"The impression was bizarre enough. The inner balcony, the 'Pawlatsche', as it is called in Vienna, continued around in the courtyard of an old Josefstadt house. Chickens were making noise below, dry washing was fluttering in the June breeze. I knocked at a white door. It opened, and before me there stood an old Chinese sage in his nightshirt. It was Hauer. He had a white Vandyke beard. 'I've already been waiting quite a while for you,' he said without any surprise. Then he asked me in, got back into bed, and spoke with deep bitterness about Thomas Mann, Darmstadt and Theodor Adorno. With every word it became clearer to me that here the excess pressure of a volcano brought to the point of eruption by increasing isolation was venting itself. But the strangeness of this man had traces of prophecy about it ... The compositions that he showed me were very similar. They all began with the major seventh chord and also concluded with it. Most of the pieces were piano duets or string quartets. 'Do take it with you if you want to read it,' Hauer said. I did not want to take the responsibility upon myself. 'What do you mean?' he wanted to know. 'When you've read it, just throw it away. I write something new everyday.' So I took the little bundle of these curious scores along with me." Hans Heinz Stuckenschmidt 1958*

Josef Matthias Hauer, who was born in Vienna on March 19, 1883, and died in the same city on September 22, 1959, numbers among those composers who often come up for mention but whose music and musical thinking nevertheless are for the most part unknown.

Hauer is usually mentioned in connection with Arnold Schönberg and his twelve-note theory. The "copyright dispute" between the two culminated in the famous stamp that Hauer placed at the bottom of all his letters and manifestoes beginning in 1937: "The creative originator and (despite many imitators!) still the only authority and expert in the field of twelve-tone music."

Despite their differences, during the 1920's Hauer and Schönberg for quite some time considered the possibility of publishing a joint book about "twelve-tone technique." And Hauer's compositions were quite frequently performed in the concerts presented by Schönberg's "Verein für musikalische Privataufführungen." (Society for Private Musical Performance)

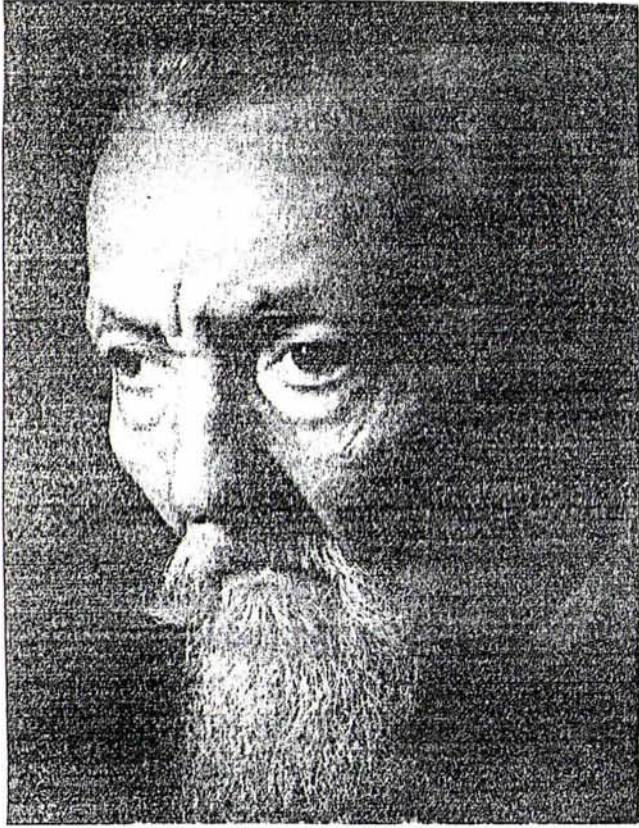
Hauer also finds mention in the history of literature. He is supposed to have been the model for the figure of Matthias Fischböck in Franz Werfel's novel *Verdi* (1924), Schneemann in Werfel's *Spiegelmensch* (1920), Magister Ludi in Hermann Hesse's *Glasperlenspiel* (1943) and indirectly even for Adrian Leverkühn in Thomas Mann's *Doktor Faustus* (1947).

Hauer's name also occurs in connection with the Bauhaus in Weimar. During the 1920's a plan was discussed for the founding of a music school after the model of the Bauhaus and Hauer was suggested as its director. Today Hauer's music is heard only rarely - or, to be slightly more truthful, never - in the concert hall.

Hauer stands outside today's music business and, moreover, against it. His music is strange. It seems to do without any sort of expressivity, without any sort of rhetoric. It is unobtrusive and without a message, neither hysterical nor impassioned. Simple (naive?) and at the same time highly complex. A cosmos ordered in itself, which one can examine like a crystal. In 1939, after 89 works with opus numbers, Hauer titled all his pieces *Zwölftonspiele* (Twelve-note games). At first he numbered them, but later it became his practice to assign a date to each separate piece. Such *Zwölftonspiele* are said to exist by the thousands.

This year, in seven of our concerts, the Firm will present Australian premieres of a number of these intriguing works with Josef Matthias Hauer joining the slightly better known Ludwig van Beethoven as our dual 'Posthumous Composers-in-Residence' for 2004.





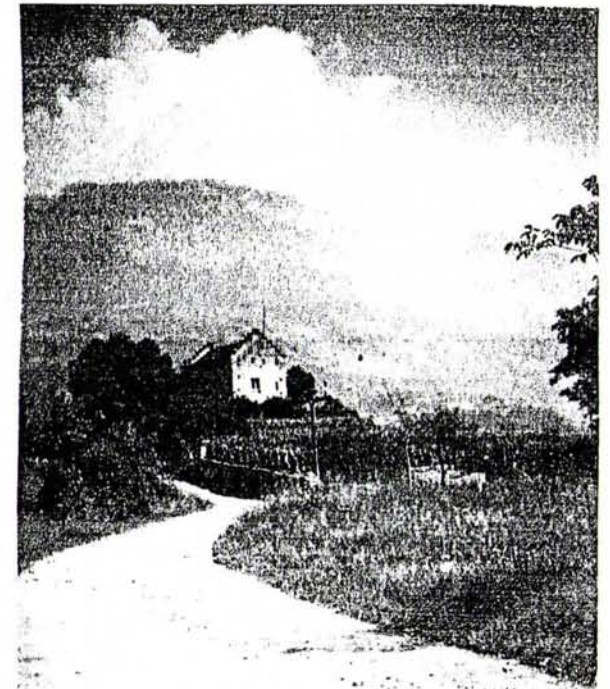
*Josef Matthias Hauer*



*Pen drawing of  
Rilke by Leonid Pasternak*



*William Butler Yeats*



*Road to Muzot*



## Irish Songs

Quentin SD Grant

*for Anna*

**To Morfydd - Lionel Johnson**

A voice on the winds,  
A voice on the waters,  
Wanders and cries:  
*O! what are the winds?*  
*And what are the waters?*  
*Mine are your eyes.*

Western the winds are,  
And western the waters,  
Where the light lies:  
*O! what are the winds?*  
*And what are the waters?*  
*Mine are your eyes.*

Cold, cold grow the winds,  
And dark grow the waters,  
Where the sun dies:  
*O! what are the winds?*  
*And what are the waters?*  
*Mine are your eyes.*

And down the night winds,  
And down the night waters,  
The music flies:  
*O! what are the winds?*  
*And what are the waters?*  
*Cold be the winds,*  
*And wild be the waters,*  
*So mine be your eyes.*

**For Anne Gregory - W. B. Yeats**

Never shall a young man,  
Thrown into despair  
By those great honey coloured  
Ramparts at your ear,  
Love you for yourself alone  
And not your yellow hair.

But I can get a hair dye  
And set such colour there,  
Brown, or black, or carrot,  
That young men in despair  
May love me for myself alone  
And not my yellow hair.

I heard an old religious man  
But yester night declare  
That he had found a text to prove  
That only God, my dear  
Could love you for yourself alone  
And not your yellow hair.

**The sunlight on the garden**

*- Louis MacNeice*

The sunlight on the garden  
Hardens and grows cold,  
We cannot cage the minute  
Within its nets of gold,  
When all is told  
We cannot beg for pardon.

Our freedom as free lances  
Advances towards its end;  
The earth compels, upon it  
Sonnets and birds descend;  
And soon, my friend,  
We shall have no time for dances.

The sky was good for flying,  
Defying the church bells  
And every iron  
Siren and what it tells:  
The earth compels,  
We are dying, Egypt, dying.

And not expecting pardon,  
Hardened in heart anew  
But glad to have sat under  
Thunder and rain with you,  
And grateful too  
For sunlight on the garden.

**When first I saw your face**

*- Morfyd O'Brien*

When first I saw your face  
You'd just turned seventeen,  
And your smile was as clear as the morn,  
Your green eyes, to me,  
Were as truthful as the sea,  
And your touch as gentle as the breeze.

Birds be singin' for you,  
Flowers be shinin' for you,  
Birds be singin' for you.

Feelin' happy, feelin' sad,  
T'weren't sure if you'd be glad,  
As I rode through the heat to your door,  
But your smile told me then,  
As it does each day ag'in,  
That your gentle, gentle feelin's were for me.

Now as the years 'a' gone by,  
You've been to me as sky,  
As the dear open blue up above,  
My Annie I've been true,  
A steadfast friend for you,  
My kiss, my promise, my love.

*" Nature imitates Art "*

Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, 1895



The **Langbein String Quartet** is an invention of the Firm, in recognition of the late Brenton Langbein - violinist of international repute; friend and mentor to many South Australian composers and musicians, and a composer whose works we are just beginning to appreciate.

Brenton was a great advocate for new music and the Langbein Quartet will focus on the performance of recent compositions alongside quartets by some of Australia's senior composers and a necessary sprinkling of pieces from the broader repertoire.

The establishment of this ensemble is also an acknowledgement of the leading Adelaide Symphony players who we have been privileged to work with in recent years.

**Emma Horwood** graduated from the Elder Conservatorium at Adelaide University in 2001, having completed a Bachelor of Music, majoring in harp. During this time she studied voice with Keith Hempton, singing in *Voiceworks Adelaide*, with whom she toured to Poland, Germany and the UK in 2000, and the female a cappella group *Orphean*, which she later directed.

Emma works as a freelance harpist, singer, teacher and conductor. She performs regularly as harpist and vocalist at weddings and functions, works on a casual basis as harpist with the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra (with whom she will play Wagner's *Ring Cycle* in late 2004), teaches harp, tutors for the Australian Girls Choir, and is director of the Chandos Chorale.

Emma is currently pursuing her vocal studies with Rosalind Martin and is a well-known soprano in both an ensemble and solo capacity. An avid choral singer, she has sung with *Voiceworks*, *Certain Notes* and the *Gallerie Consort*. A core member and soloist with the acclaimed *Adelaide Chamber Singers* since 2000, she traveled with them to Melbourne for ChoralFest in 2000 and to Singapore for the Asia South Pacific Symposium on Choral Music in 2001. As part of ACS she has performed at the Adelaide Festival, Coriole Festival and with the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra, singing solo arias in *Israel in Egypt* and the *St. John Passion*. An augmenting singer with the

vocal quartet *Syntony*, Emma performed with them at the Barossa Festival in 2003, and in the Fringe and Coriole Festival in 2004. Emma is also a founding member of the female vocal trio *Eve*, who presented a live recital on ABC Classic FM's *Sunday Live* program in November 2003. Since 2001 Emma has been soprano soloist with the composers' collective known as *The Firm*, forming the vocal quartet *Ensemble Iona* and presenting a solo program of lieder and new music in 2003. In 2004 Emma will present a recital of soprano and trumpet repertoire with principal trumpet from the ASO, Dave Elton, in the prestigious Jurlique Herb Farm concert series. Emma is currently completing her Graduate Diploma in Education.

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Next Concert:

**Monday June 21st**

**The Firm**

presents

**The Zephyr String Quartet**

in premiere performances of music by young Adelaide composers:

Anne Cawse

Joshua van Konkelenberg

Rebecca Harrison

Anna Tilley-Grantz

Hilary Kleinig

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Please join the performers and composers after the concert for complimentary drinks and tortes by Gabriele.

*"It is the individual that matters, never the mass.... The numbers of people who consume music is of interest to impresarios, but it is of no interest to me. The mass adds nothing to art. It cannot raise the level, and the artist who aims consciously at mass appeal can do so only by lowering his own level. The soul of each individual who listens to my music is important to me, not the mass feeling of the group. Music cannot be helped by an increase in the quantity of the listeners.... only through an increase in the quality of listening, the quality of the individual soul."*

Igor Stravinsky

*"It generally strikes many people as strange and laughable if musicians talk about the thoughts (= themes) in their compositions; and often it may even happen that we perceive that they have more thought in their music than about it. Those who have a feeling, however, for the wonderful affinity of all the arts and sciences will at least not consider the matter from the flat and so-called 'natural' point of view, according to which music should be nothing more than the language of sentiment, and they will find a certain tendency of all pure instrumental music to philosophy not inherently impossible. Must not pure instrumental music itself create its own text? And is not the theme in it developed, confirmed, varied, and contrasted in the same way as the object of meditation in a philosophical series of ideas?"*

Friedrich Schlegel, (Fragment 444) Athenäum, 1798

the firm

and

**Dani Raymond: Savvy Arts Management**

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