

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA
FACULTY
CONCERT SERIES

Guitar Works

ALEXANDER DUNN, GUITAR

WITH

STEVEN PRICE, BARITONE

SUSAN YOUNG, MEZZO-SOPRANO

PATRICIA KOSTEK, CLARINETS

JAY SCHREIBER, PERCUSSION

ALEX REMPEL, BASS

BRIAN DESJARLAIS, STEFAN MAIER,
GRAEME CRUICKSHANK, GUITARS

Friday, March 15, 2013, 8:00 p.m.

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall

MacLaurin Building, University of Victoria

Adults: \$17.50 / Students & seniors: \$13.50

PROGRAM

Ghosts (1987 rev. 2013)†

Tim Brady
(b.1951)

The Ghosts of Alhambra
(Spanish Songbook I) (2010)†

George Crumb
(b.1929)

Alba (Dawn)
Las Seis Cuerdas (The Six Strings)
Danza (Dance)
Paisaje (Landscape)
!Ay! (Ay!)
Malagueña (Malagueña)
Memento (Memento)

Intermission

(Beverages and snacks available at the
concession located in the lounge)

Dark Angels (1971)†

Peter Maxwell Davies
(b.1934)

The Drowning Brothers
Dark Angels
Dead Fires

Poema Mistico*

Liova Bueno
(b. 1979)

† *Canadian premiere*

* *written for Alexander Dunn*

PROGRAM NOTES

Tim Brady: *Ghosts*

Ghosts contrasts the earthy sound of the guitar quartet against a floating, disembodied electronic part which bridges the work's sections. It begins straightaway with both elements, giving way to an extended solo against a fading electronic spectre. Sustained guitar chords give way to a lively section of overlapping rhythms and then a gentle duo of rippling accompaniment against an expressive melody in octaves. Another extended solo leads to another lively section of overlapping melodic motives, gaining momentum, only to abruptly end with the final appearance of a slowly fading electronic apparition.

The composer writes: In 1987 I wrote *Ghosts* for the English Guitar Quartet. I liked the guitar music, but it had a tape part which I never liked, then I lost the tape, then I forgot about the piece altogether. In 2011 Alexander Dunn contacted me asking about the piece so I thought - "OK, I'll give it a second chance". With very minor revisions the guitar parts fell back into place and I was able to create a new, very simple tape part (just a single electric guitar with some electronics), which acts as a musical shadow, or a "ghost", of the live quartet. Many thanks to Alexander for his tenacity and help in bringing this piece back to life.

George Crumb: *The Ghosts of Alhambra* (Spanish Songbook I) - poems by Federico Garcia Lorca (ca. 1921)

The Ghosts of Alhambra is a seven-song cycle on poems of Lorca - a poet that Crumb has continually returned to. Striking images of dawn bells, a guitar entrapping souls, ghostly dancing figures, a desolate landscape, Death frequenting the tavern, and a wistful reflection on one's passing are pronounced in Crumb's inimitable and immediately recognizable voice. Color, rhythm, and musical patterns form the basis of his style that traverses and enhances the stark beauty and darkly layered meanings in Lorca. The interplay of instruments is given as masterly a treatment as the persona of the poet and composer, embodied in the baritone voice, is both intimate and profound. From an interview with the composer: "I have a piano in my studio, and my desk is opposite that; between them, there's a rotating chair. Sometimes, I'll compose at the piano, but often I'll go for three or four days without touching it." He does not use any compositional software, professing a dislike for sounds meant to imitate real instruments. "I might improvise at the piano to feel my way into a piece, but I suppose everyone does that." Because he does not use any software or simulation, a work's premier is really the first chance he'll have to hear it. "I have an intuitive sense of what the piece will sound like as I'm composing it; I hear it in my inner ear, so to speak, but when it's done, I'm always moving onto the next project, so it's as if I'm hearing it anew when it's performed." In a blog written after the first rehearsal for *Ghosts of Alhambra*, Crumb was "in tinkering mode. Little fixes here and there, tremolos in the first movement vibraphone part, a new pitch structure for the bottleneck guitar in #5, etc ..." His sketchbooks contain a fair number of what he jocularly calls "misfires," to which he may or may not return at some point. "There have been many miscalculations along the way. I usually know what something should sound like, as I know a lot of fine instrumentalists, and they've shown me numerous new sounds over the years."

1. Alba

¡Campanas de Córdoba
en la madrugada!
¡Campanas de amanecer
en Granada!
Os sienten todas las muchachas.
Las niñas de España
de pie menudo
y temblorosas faldas,
que han llenado de luces
las encrucijadas.
¡Oh, campanas de Córdoba
en la madrugada!
¡Y oh, campanas de amanecer
en Granada!

2. Las Seis Cuerdas

La guitarra
hace llorar a los sueños.
El sollozo de las almas
perdidas
se escapa por su boca
redonda.
Y como la tarántula
teje una gran estrella
para cazar suspiros,
que flotan en su negro
aljibe de madera.

3. Danza

En la noche del huerto
seis gitanas
vestidas de blanco
bailan.
En la noche del huerto,
coronadas
con rosas de papel
y biznagas.

En la noche del huerto
sus dientes de nácar
escriben la sombra
quemada.
Y en la noche del huerto
sus sombras se alargan,
y llegan hasta el cielo
moradas.

Dawn

Bells of Córdoba
In the early hours!
Bells of dawn
In Granada!
They hear you, all the girls
Young girls of Spain
with tiny feet
and trembling skirts
who filled the crossroads
with lights.
Oh, bells of Córdoba
In the early hours!
And oh, bells of dawn
In Granada!

The Six Strings

The guitar
makes dreams weep.
The sobs of lost
souls
escape through its round
mouth.
And like the tarantula
it weaves a great star
to trap the sighs,
floating in its black
wooden cistern.

Dance

In the night of the garden,
six gypsy women,
dance
in white.
In the night of the garden,
crowned
with paper roses
and jasmine.

In the night of the garden,
their teeth – mother-of-pearl –
inscribe the burnt
darkness.
And in the night of the gardens,
their shadows grow long
and purple
as they reach the sky.

4. Paisaje

El campo
de olivos
se abre y se cierra
como un abanico.
Sobre el olivar
hay un cielo hundido
y una lluvia oscura
de luceros fríos.
Tiembla junco y penumbra
a la orilla del río.
Se riza el aire gris.
Los olivos,
están cargados
de gritos.
Una bandada
de pájaros cautivos,
que mueven sus larguísimas
colas en lo sombrío.

5. !Ay!

El grito deja en el viento
una sombra de ciprés.

(Dejadme en este campo,
llorando.)
Todo se ha roto en el mundo.
No queda más que el silencio.
(Dejadme en este campo,
llorando.)

El horizonte sin luz
está mordido de hogueras.

(Ya os he dicho que me dejéis
en este campo,
llorando.)

6. Malagueña

La muerte
entra y sale
de la taberna.

Pasan caballos negros
y gente siniestra
por los hondos caminos
de la guitarra.

Landscape

The field
of olive trees
opens and closes
like a fan.
Above the olive grove
a foundering sky
and a dark rain
of cold stars.
Bullrush and penumbra tremble
at the river's edge.
The gray air ripples.
The olive trees
are laden
with cries.
A flock
of captive birds,
moving their long long
tails in the gloom.

!Ay!

The shout leaves a cypress shadow
on the wind.

(Leave me in this field,
crying.)
Everything has broken in the world.
Nothing but silence remains.
(Leave me in this field,
crying.)

The lightless horizon
is bitten by bonfires.

(I have already told you
to leave me in this field,
crying.)

Malagueña

Death
goes in and out
of the tavern.

Black horses
and sinister people
pass along the sunken roads
of the guitar.

Y hay un olor a sal
y a sangre de hembra,
en los nardos febriles
de la marina.

There's an odor of salt
and female blood
in the feverish spikenard
along the shore.

La muerte
entra y sale,
y sale y entra
la muerte
de la taberna.

Death
goes in and out,
out and in
of the tavern goes
death.

7. Memento

Cuando yo me muera,
enterradme con mi guitarra
bajo la arena.

Memento

Whenever I die,
bury me with my guitar
beneath the sand.

Cuando yo me muera,
entre los naranjos
y la hierbabuena.

Whenever I die,
among orange trees
and mint.

Cuando yo me muera,
enterradme si queries
en una veleta.

Whenever I die,
bury me if you wish
in a weathervane.

¡Cuando yo me muera!

Whenever I die!

Peter Maxwell Davies: *Dark Angels* - poems by George Mackay Brown (from *Fisherman with Ploughs*, 1971)

The composer writes: "The valley where I live, in a remote island off the north coast of Scotland, since Viking times a thriving crofting [farming landholding] and fishing community, is all now but deserted. The islanders gradually left through the first half of this [20th] century, the contrasts between their own hard life and the comparatively easy life of the Scottish cities being too cruel. A few crofts were worked till quite recently, but there were ever fewer younger people, and the final blow for the community was the drowning of the last two children – brothers – in the mid-50's. They made a raft and sailed it on the burn [watercourse] where it widens before joining the sea, far away from all possibility of rescue. Their death was a sign to the inhabitants remaining, who, with the exception of one farmer who is still there, left what they could only see as a doomed place, and the school, shop, crofts, byres, fell into disrepair, open to the birds and sheep. The two poems I have set by George Mackay Brown concern these events; the first, 'Drowning Brothers', relates the circumstance which led to the final exodus, and the second, 'Dead Fires', is a litany of the deserted crofts. The title of the guitar solo separating the two settings, 'Dark Angels', which I gave to the whole work, refers to the silent brooding hills around the deserted valley. The work is imbued with the sound of the island, where, at one of the deserted crofts listed in 'Dead Fires', the fire burns again in the hearth, and the ground is once more fertile."

The Drowning Brothers

The boy said (his arm a long white stone)
"The burn is a fish in a net of fences....
The burn is a glancing shuttle".....
A crofter turned a homing rudder:
Corn, a prodigal stood in the door of the sun
Arrayed in harvest patches.
The crofter beached. The ripe hands of the wind
Throttled his haddocks.
He shouted the women from loom and fire.
The brother said (his thigh a struck glean)
'The burn is a lark in a cage. The silver tongue
Years on and out...'
The burn thrills between hills and beach all day.
Pigeons fretted in the stubble.
Women stooped to the sheaves with bronze throats.

The first boy said (half marble half flesh)
'The tinker burn hurries from field to field.
He begs for small things.
Heather to cornstalk to seaweed he burbles gossip.
He spreads his pack at every stone,
Torrents of sapphire and lace,
Among the reeds a swath of green silk...'
An oat, a can, a straw left the slow valley
Ikey slouched by the stubble edge
Banished that day with larks, rats, fisherman.
The brother said (his throat a sculpted psalm)
'The burn is our angel. He praises.
He fills our pails.
He flames in the face of the drinking beasts.
He carries the valley filth
Out to the seven brightnesses of the bay.
He has turned a key.
Quick, now, follow the cold one.
They will drag us back to their old sweat and dung...'
Those hills, The Ward and Moorfea, brooded upon them,
Dark angels.

The tractor throbbed with one urgent image, bread.

Heavy with images, the statues drowned.

Dead Fires

At Burnmouth the door hangs from a broken hinge
And the fire is out.

The windows of Shore empty sockets
And the hearth coldness.

At Bunerton the small drains are choked.
Thrushes sing in the chimney

Stars shine through roofbeams of Scar.
No flame is needed
To warm ghost and nettle and rat.

Greenhill is sunk into a new bog.
No kneeling women
Blows red wind through squares of ancient turf.

The Moss is a tumble of stones.
That one black stone
Is the one where hearth fire was rooted.

At Crowthorn the sunken hearth
Was an altar for priests of legend,
Old seamen from the clippers with silken beards.

The three-toed pot at the wall of Park
Is lost to woman's cunning.
A slow fire of rust eats through the cold iron.
The sheep drift through Reumin all winter:
Sheep and snow
Blanch fleetingly the black stone.

From that sacred stone the children of the valley
Drifted lovewards
And out of labour to the lettered kirkyard stone.

The fire beat like a heart in each house
From the first cornerstone
Till they led through a sagging lintel the last old one.

The poor and the good fires are all quenched.
Now cold angel, keep the valley
From the bedlam and the cinders of A Black Pentecost.

Liova Bueno: *Poema Mistico*

Poema Mistico is a kind of lyric poem that moves between serene meditation and severe action. Each instrument is given an opportunity to explore its particular quiet ruminations and violent episodes: hushed ostinato rhythms and calm melodies are often antagonized into fury, only to abate again into reflection. Born from a germinal musical idea, the single-movement work “explores the facets of mysticism,” explains Bueno, a recent School of Music alumnus. “Calm and meditative moments are interspersed with sections of rhythmic intensity, creating a sound world which alternates between both the gentle and the wild energies of mystical and spiritual discovery and experience.”

– Program notes by Alexander Dunn

UPCOMING EVENTS

Saturday, March 16, 8:00 p.m. (\$15 & \$10)

UVic Jazz Orchestra

Patrick Boyle, director

An eclectic evening of standards and originals featuring jazz students from the UVic School of Music.

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall

Sunday, March 17, 2:30 p.m. (Admission by donation)

Cello Class Recital

Students from the studio of Pamela Highbaugh Aloni

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall

Friday, March 22, 8:00 p.m. (Admission by donation)

Guitar Class Recital

Students from the studio of Dr. Alexander Dunn

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall

Friday, March 22, 8:00 p.m. (\$14 & \$10)

Don Wright Symphonic Winds

Lord of the Rings

Michael Keddy, conductor

With guest, The Greater Victoria Concert Band

University Centre Farquhar Auditorium

Saturday, March 23, 12:30 p.m. (Admission by donation)

Tuba & Euphonium Class Recital

Students from the studio of Eugene Dowling

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall

Sunday, March 24, 8:00 p.m. (Admission by donation)

Vocal Jazz Spring Showcase

Moods of March

Wendell Clanton, director

Featuring charts by New York Voices, Burton Lane,

Eric Clapton, Michelle Weir, Arlen & Capote,

Darmon Meader and more!

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall

Tickets available at the UVic Ticket Centre (250-721-8480),
online (www.tickets.uvic.ca) and at the door.

To receive our *On the Pulse* brochure and
newsletter by email, contact: concert@uvic.ca



**University
of Victoria**
School of
Music



www.finearts.uvic.ca/music/events