



RESONANCE: SYMBIOTIC CITY

Anne & Gordon Samstag Museum of Art
Monday, 16 July 2012

Presented by

Soundstream Collective
and
Australian Institute of Architects



Australian
Institute of
Architects

What if the creative parallel processes of music and architecture were explored and celebrated together? This is the challenge that has been taken up by *Soundstream Collective* and the *South Australian Chapter of the Australian Institute of Architects*. Together, with the support of ArtsSA and AECOM, we have developed the concept of Great Music in Great Spaces.

This innovative series of encounters considers architecture from an acoustic perspective, presenting world-class performances in iconic South Australian edifices, guided by a leading architect. It is a unique cross-disciplinary collaboration in South Australia, designed to raise cultural awareness of the intimate and enduring relationship between the physical and aural landscape we inhabit.

Soundstream Collective and the Institute of Architects are pleased to acknowledge the generous support provided by our sponsors for this event.

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SAMSTAG
MUSEUM

THE PROGRAM

About a Great Space

John Wardle [Principal, John Wardle Architects]

A talk about the path from design to realisation.

John Wardle established his architectural practice in Melbourne and has led the growth of the practice from working on small domestic dwellings to university buildings, museums and large commercial offices.

John has an international reputation as a design architect and has developed a design process that builds upon ideas that evolve from a site's topography, landscape, history and context and a client's particular aspirations and values. The architecture of John Wardle Architects (JWA) is closely tailored to its place and highly experiential in nature. John is attuned to the importance of detail - it is through the detail that the nature of material, the fit to function and the experience of occupation is expressed.

John has formed strong links with both artists and public art galleries and as a practicing architect and board member of both the Anne & Gordon Samstag Museum of Art and The Ian Potter Museum of Art has contributed to important public art programs.

Songs in Time of War (2006)

Alec Roth (UK)

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| [1] Thoughts while Travelling at Night | [7] An Autumn Meditation |
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About Music in a Great Space

Dr Peter Swift [Associate Director, Acoustics; AECOM]

A talk about why we hear what we hear

When the Film Corporation moved to a new home, the Adelaide Film and Screen Centre, they needed a world class acoustic solution with the design to meet Dolby Premier Mixing Studio requirements, which is the gold standard for studios. AECOM's Acoustics Team, led by Dr Peter Swift, worked closely with the Film Corporation to identify their needs around acoustically sensitive spaces, which included two soundstages, Dolby Premier mixing theatre, screening theatre, various post-production areas including edit rooms, additional dialogue recording (ADR) room, recording room and Foley (sound effects) room.

Koibitotachi 'The Lovers' (2012)

David Kotlowy (Aus)

THE WORKS

Songs in Time of War

Songs in Time of War, the first in a cycle of four major concert works co-commissioned by the Salisbury, Chelsea and Lichfield Festivals, was premiered at the 2006 Salisbury Festival. It is the fruit of an on-going creative collaboration between Vikram Seth, regarded as one of the world's greatest living writers, and the eminent British composer Alec Roth.

The work, for tenor, guitar, harp, and violin, exemplifies Roth's natural melodic gift combining seamlessly a strong, transparent technical framework with a love and respect for eastern musical ideas. Roth's music allows Seth's superlative adaptations of the poetry of Du Fu to resonate with simplicity and tenderness, and the images of Feudal China are evoked without a hint of the musical cliché that so often haunts music dealing with Eastern subject matter. Meanwhile Du Fu's poetry juxtaposes the lives of his family, friends, neighbours and strangers with the realities of civil war that was tearing China apart in the 8th and 9th Centuries.

Vikram Seth has recently released a book, *The Rivered Earth*, an intimate 'account of the pleasures and the pains of working with a composer.'

Koibitotachi

[David Kotlowy, composer] I began *Koibitotachi* soon after returning from a year in Japan, studying the shakuhachi (bamboo flute) and wandering as a foreigner, *Gaijin* or *L'Etranger*. My compositions have been imbued with Japanese aesthetics, and *Koibitotachi* includes harmonies that might be found in *gagaku* court music, as well as playing techniques from the *koto* and *biwa*.

Centred around the Japanese *tanka* poetic form the song-cycle imagines a correspondence between two lovers, a Japanese woman and a French man. The multicultural dialogue of the text permits references to early 20th Century French composers who were themselves influenced by the East - Debussy, Ravel, and Messiaen. I have set Japanese poems by Marichiko, a pseudonym of Kenneth Rexroth (1905-1982); an unknown author in the *Man'yōshū* anthology (7th-8th century); Lady Izumi Shikibu (c. 974-1034); and Yosano Akiko (1878-1942) a Japanese poet who visited France in 1911.

Apart from the three lines of e.e. cummings, who visited Paris a number of times in the 1920s, the French texts are my own, written in collaboration with Nayia Cominos, to whom this work is dedicated.

COMPOSERS' BIOGRAPHIES

Alec Roth

Born near Manchester, of German/Irish descent, Alec Roth studied music at the University of Durham, where he was awarded the Scott Prize; conducting with Diego Masson (Dartington) and Rafael Kubelik (Lucerne); and gamelan at the Academy of Indonesian Performing Arts (ASKI) in Surakarta, Central Java.

Posts he has held include Founder Artistic Director of the Royal Festival Hall Gamelan Program and South Bank Gamelan Players (1987-91); Music Director of the Baylis Program, English National Opera (1988-93); Composer in Association, Opera North (1994-96); and Lecturer in Music, University of Edinburgh (2002-03). He now works as a freelance composer.

Recent projects include pieces for the BBC Symphony Orchestra, Scottish Ensemble and Brinkburn Festival, and a cycle of 4 major works over 4 years in collaboration with Vikram Seth, co-commissioned by the Salisbury, Chelsea and Lichfield Festivals. January 2010 saw the first performance of *Earthrise* for unaccompanied choir in 40 parts, commissioned to celebrate the 40th anniversary of Ex Cathedra.

David Kotlowy

David Kotlowy has been a leading composer in Adelaide since completing his composition studies with Richard Meale and Tristram Cary at Adelaide University.

He has had premiere performances in the 1992, 1996 and 1998 Adelaide Festivals. In 2008, he was composer-in-residence with two, new-music gamelan ensembles in Osaka, Japan - *Marga Sari* (Osaka City University) and *Dharma Budaya* (Osaka University). David was a featured composer at the *Space Ten* Music Festival, Osaka, Japan, May 4 – 11, 2008. He was the recipient of the Arts SA-Bank Of Tokyo Mitsubishi Japan Travel Fund, for intensive study of the shakuhachi in Japan in 2009.

His recent multi-media work, *In Lieu* (*OzAsia Festival, 2011*) has been selected for performance at the 25th Anniversary of the Southbank Gamelan Players, Southbank Centre, London, November 2012. *Kaki Lima*, an instrumental suite from *In Lieu*, is one of the official Australian entries in the ISCM World Music Days, Poland, 2014.

PERFORMERS' BIOGRAPHIES

Robert Macfarlane – Tenor

Robert Macfarlane studied at the Elder Conservatorium and in Paris with Howard Crook. He is the winner of the 2009 Royal Melbourne Philharmonic Aria, the 2012 Ruby Litchfield Scholarship and recipient of the prestigious Thomas Elder Overseas Scholarship.

Robert is known nationally as an interpreter of Bach, in particularly the Evangelist, and performs regularly with pianist Leigh Harrold and guitarist Aleksandr Tsiboulski (as *Duo Trystero*).

This year, Robert makes his debut with the Australian Brandenburg Orchestra as Echo/Pastore (and understudying the title role) in Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, as well as further study at the Hochschule für Musik Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy in Leipzig.

Aleksandr Tsiboulski – Guitar

Ukrainian-born guitarist Alex Tsiboulski began his studies of the guitar at age 12, shortly after migrating to Australia. A graduate of the ANU School of Music and the University of Texas at Austin, he is first-prize winner in seven international competitions including the 2000 Australian Guitar Competition and the 2006 Tokyo International Guitar Competition.

His 2010 Naxos CD release: *Australian Guitar Music* garnered critical acclaim, and was nominated for an ARIA award in the category: *Best Classical Album*.

His current projects include research and performance of Mexican composer Manuel Ponce's works, *Duo Trystero*, and local and international recording collaborations.

Carolyn Burgess – Harp

Carolyn has been playing the harp since she was 12 and studied under prominent harpists, including Huw Jones and Lydia Shaxson. She is 2nd harp with the ASO and a freelance musician, performing across a number of genres.

Carolyn played in the opera in 1991-94, *Aida* in Tokyo, Japan in 1988 and was guest principal harpist with the Norwegian Broadcasting Orchestra and Trondheim Symfoni Orkester in 1991-94.

In Australia, in addition to being guest principal harpist with national symphony orchestras, she performed in the 1998 and 2004 critically-acclaimed productions of Wagner's *Ring Cycle*.

Elizabeth Layton
– Violin

Elizabeth Layton was born in London and attended the Yehudi Menuhin School and Juilliard School, New York. She has appeared as soloist with many orchestras including the Philharmonia, BBC Symphony Orchestra, English Chamber Orchestra, London Mozart Players and Academy of St Martin in the Fields, of which she was also Associate Leader.

She has recorded chamber music with DG, Hyperion, Bis, Chandos and Collins Classics. From 1999 to 2010 Elizabeth was leader of the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, with whom she also broadcast regularly as director and soloist. Elizabeth is a frequent performer with Soundstream Collective.

Notes prepared by Nayia Cominos

Songs in Time of War

[1] **Thoughts while Travelling at Night**

Light breeze on the fine grass.
I stand alone at the mast.
Stars lean on the vast wild plain. Moon bobs in the Great River's spate.
Letters have brought no fame. Office? Too old to obtain.
Drifting, what am I like?
A gull between earth and sky.

[2] **Grieving for the Young Prince**

From Changan walls white-headed crows took flight
And cawed upon the Western Gate at night -
Then on officials' roofs they pecked and cawed
To warn them to escape the barbarian horde.
The gold whips broke, so hard were they applied.
The exhausted horses galloped till they died.
The court fled, panicked - those they could not find
Of the imperial line were left behind.

Below his waist, blue coral, glints of jade -
I see a young prince, weeping and afraid
By the cross-roads. Although he won't confess
His name to me he begs in his distress
To be my slave. Thorn scrub he's hidden in
For months has left no untorn shred of skin -
But the imperial nose betrays his birth:
The Dragon's seed is not the seed of earth.

Wolves, jackals roam the city. In the wild
The Dragon and his court remain exiled.
Take care, dear Prince. I daren't speak long with you,
But for your sake will pause a breath or two.

Last night the east wind's blood-stench stained the air
And camels filled the former capital's square.
The Shuofang veterans, bright in their array,
How bold they seemed once, how inane today.
I hear the Son of Heaven has abdicated,
And in the North the Khan, it is related,
And each of his brave warriors slashed his face

- So moved were they by the imperial grace -
And swore to wipe this great dishonour out.
But we must mind our words, with spies about.
Alas, poor Prince, be careful. May the power
Of the Five Tombs protect you hour by hour.

[3] **The Visitor**

South and north of my house lies springtime water,
And only flocks of gulls come every day.
The flower path's unswept: no guests. The gate
Is open: you're the first to come this way.
The market's far: my food is nothing special.
The wine, because we're poor, is an old brew
But if you wish I'll call my ancient neighbour
Across the fence to drink it with us two.

[4] **A Fine Lady**

There is a lady, matchless in her beauty.
An empty valley's where she dwells, obscure.
Her family, she says, was once a good one.
She lives with grass and trees now, spent and poor.

When lately there was chaos in the heartlands
And at the rebels' hands her brothers died,
Their high rank failed them, as did her entreaties:
Their flesh and bones remained unsanctified.

The busy world, as fickle as a lamp-flame,
Hates what has had its day or is decayed.
The faithless man to whom she once was married
Keeps a new woman, beautiful as jade.

Those trees whose leaves curl up at night sense evening.
Without its mate a mandarin duck can't sleep.
He only sees the smile of his new woman.
How can he then hear his old woman weep?

Among the mountains, spring-fed streams run clearly.
Leaving the mountains, they are soiled with dross.
Her maid has sold her pearls and is returning.
To mend the thatch they drag the vines across

Her hands are often full of bitter cypress.
The flowers she picks don't go to grace her hair.
She rests against tall bamboo trees at nightfall.
The weather's cold and her blue sleeves threadbare.

[5] **Dreaming of Li Bai**

The pain of death's farewells grows dim.
The pain of life's farewells stays new.
Since you were exiled to Jiangnan
- Plague land - I've had no news of you.

Proving how much you're in my thoughts,
Old friend, you've come into my dreams.
I thought you still were in the law's
Tight net - but you've grown wings, it seems.

I fear yours is no living soul.
How could it make this distant flight?
You came: the maple woods were green.
You left: the pass was black with night.

The sinking moonlight floods my room.
Still hoping for your face, I stare.
The water's deep, the waves are wide.
Watch out for water-dragons there.

[6] **Moonlit Night**

In Fuzhou, far away, my wife is watching
The moon alone tonight, and my thoughts fill
With sadness for my children, who can't think
Of me here in Changan; they're too young still.
Her cloud-soft hair is moist with fragrant mist.
In the clear light her white arms sense the chill.
When will we feel the moonlight dry our tears,
Leaning together on our window-sill?

[7] **An Autumn Meditation**

I've heard it said Changan is like a chessboard, where
Failure and grief is all these hundred years have brought.
Mansions of princes and high nobles have new lords.
New officers are capped and robed for camp and court.

North on the passes gold drums thunder. To the west
Horses and chariots rush dispatches and reports.
Dragon and fish are still, the autumn river's cold.
My ancient land and times of peace come to my thoughts.

[8] **The Old Cypress Tree at the Temple of Zhu-ge Liang**

Before the temple stands an ancient cypress tree.
Its boughs are bronze, its roots like heavy boulders lie.
Its massive frosty girth of bark is washed by rain.
Its jet-black head rears up a mile to greet the sky.

Princes and ministers have paid their debt to time.
The people love the tree as they did long ago.
The cloud's breath joins it to the long mists of Wu Gorge.
It shares the moon's chill with the high white peaks of snow.

Last year the road wound east, past my old home, near where
Both Zhu-ge Liang and his First Ruler shared one shrine.
There too great cypresses stretched over the ancient plain,
And through wrecked doors I glimpsed dim paintwork and design.

But this lone tree, spread wide, root-coiled to earth, has held
Its sky-high place round which fierce blasts of wind are hurled.
Nothing but Providence could keep it here so long.
Its straightness marks the work of what once made the world.
If a great hall collapsed, the oxen sent to drag
Rafters from this vast tree would turn round in dismay.
It needs no craftsman's skills, this wonder of the world.
Even if felled, who could haul such a load away?
Although its bitter heart is marred by swarms of ants,
Among its scented leaves bright phoenixes collect.
Men of high aims, who live obscure, do not despair.
The great are always paid in disuse and neglect.

[9] **Spring Scene in Time of War**

The state lies ruined; hills and streams survive.
Spring in the city; grass and leaves now thrive.
Moved by the times the flowers shed their dew.
The birds seem startled; they hate parting too.
The steady beacon fires are three months old.
A word from home is worth a ton of gold.
I scratch my white hair, which has grown so thin
It soon won't let me stick my hatpin in.

[10] **To Wei Ba, who has Lived Away from the Court**

Like stars that rise when the other has set,
For years we two friends have not met.
How rare it is then that tonight
We once more share the same lamplight.
Our youth has quickly slipped away
And both of us are turning grey.
Old friends have died, and with a start
We hear the sad news, sick at heart.
How could I, twenty years before,
Know that I'd be here at your door?
When last I left, so long ago,
You were unmarried. In a row
Suddenly now your children stand,
Welcome their father's friend, demand
To know his home, his town, his kin -
Till they're chased out to fetch wine in.
Spring chives are cut in the night rain
And steamed rice mixed with yellow grain.
To mark the occasion, we should drink
Ten cups of wine straight off, you think -
But even ten can't make me high,
So moved by your old love am I.
The mountains will divide our lives,
Each to his world, when day arrives.

[11] **Ballad of the Army Carts**

Carts rattle and squeak,
Horses snort and neigh -
Bows and arrows at their waists, the conscripts march away.
Fathers, mothers, children, wives run to say goodbye.
The Xianyang Bridge in clouds of dust is hidden from the eye.
They tug at them and stamp their feet, weep, and obstruct their way.

The weeping rises to the sky.
Along the road a passer-by
Questions the conscripts. They reply:

They mobilize us constantly. Sent northwards at fifteen
To guard the River, we were forced once more to volunteer,
Though we are forty now, to man the western front this year.
The headman tied our headcloths for us when we first left here
We came back white-haired - to be sent again to the frontier.
Those frontier posts could fill the sea with the blood of those who've died,
But still the Martial Emperor's aims remain unsatisfied.
In country after country to the east, Sir, don't you know,
In village after village only thorns and brambles grow.
Even if there's a sturdy wife to wield the plough and hoe,
The borders of the fields have merged, you can't tell east from west.
It's worse still for the men from Qin, as fighters they're the best -
And so, like chickens or like dogs, they're driven to and fro.

Though you are kind enough to ask,
Dare we complain about our task?
Take, Sir, this winter. In Guanxi
The troops have not yet been set free.
The district officers come to press
The land tax from us nonetheless.
But, Sir, how can we possibly pay?
Having a son's a curse today.
Far better to have daughters, get them married -
A son will lie lost in the grass, unburied.
Why, Sir, on distant Qinghai shore
The bleached ungathered bones lie year on year.
New ghosts complain, and those who died before
Weep in the wet grey sky and haunt the ear.

[12] **Thoughts while Travelling at Night**

Light breeze on the fine grass.
I stand alone at the mast.

Stars lean on the vast wild plain.
Moon bobs in the Great River's spate.

Letters have brought no fame.
Office? Too old to obtain.
Drifting, what am I like?
A gull between earth and sky.

Koibitotachi (The Lovers)

Je trace ces souvenirs de toi, respire l'encens,
Caresse des fleurs, bois a petites gorgées la rosée.
Je t'embrasse, je t'embrasse, le long de ton cou, sur la nuque,
Ivre de la douceur de ta peau et le parfum de tes cheveux.

*I will trace these memories of you, breathe the incense,
stroke the blossoms, sip the dew.
I kiss along your neck, on the nape,
drunk with the sweetness of your skin and the scent of your hair.*

Anata no atama wo watashi no mata ni shikkari hasami
anata no kuchi ni watashi o tsuyoku oshitsukeru to watashi wa
ran no hana no fune ni notte tokoshie ni tengoku no kawa wo todayotte yuku.

*I hold your head tight between my thighs and
press against your mouth and
float forever in an orchid boat on the river of Heaven.
(Marichiko)*

Ikahoro no yasaka no ide ni
tatsu nuji no arawaro mademo
sane wo saneteba

*I do not care if we are as exposed
as the rainbow over Yasaka dam at Ikaho,
if only I can suck and suck you.
(Man'yôshû)*

je porte ton coeur avec moi (je le porte dans mon coeur)...
c'est le mystère qui maintient les étoiles en dehors...
je porte ton coeur, je le porte dans mon coeur

*i carry your heart with me (i carry it in my heart)...
this is the mystery that keeps the stars apart...
i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)
(e.e. cummings)*

Yûgure ni nado mono omoi no
masaru ran matsu hito no mata aru mi tomo nashi

*Tonight, with no-one to wait for,
why do my thoughts deepen along with the twilight?
(Izumi Shikibu)*

Tokigami ni muro mutsumaji no yuri no
kaori kie o ayabumu yo no toki iro yo

*Hair unbound in this hot-house of lovemaking,
perfumed with lilies, I dread the oncoming pale rose of dawn.
(Yosano Akiko)*

Yo no naki ni koi to iu iro wa nakare domo
hukaku mi ni shimu mono ni zo arikeru

*In this world, love is colourless -
yet how deeply my body is stained by yours.
(Izumi Shikibu)*

Koibitotachi, face à face, koibito wo aishi.
Koibitotachi, koko ni ko hi kou.
Face à face, l'amant et le bien-aimé.

Koko ni ko hi kô, kimi to ware miru,
Face à face, l'amant et le bien-aimé.

Koibitotachi, face à face, koibito tachi.
Koko ni ko hi kô, kimi to ware miru,
Face à face, l'amant et l'aimé.

*The lovers, face to face,
The loving and the loved,
The lover and the beloved.*

*Seeing each other, face to face,
The loving and the loved,
The lover and the loved.*