

Extended Play:

Halcyon

Artists

Jenny-Duck Chong **Mezzo-soprano, Artistic Director Halcyon**

Vladimir Gorbach **Guitar**

Geoffrey Gartner **Cello**

Program

Moya Henderson **I Lost a World the Other Day (2014)** *mezzo-soprano, cello*

Cathy Milliken - **Kazoku (premiere)**

adapted by the composer from *Earth Plays, Movt III: Gohyaku-Rakan* (2015)

Julian Yu **Three Haiku (1987)** *mezzo-soprano, cello*

Michael Berkeley **Typewriter Music (2014)** *mezzo-soprano, cello*

Ross Edwards **Maninya I (1982/1985)** *mezzo-soprano, cello*

Kerry Andrew **Fruit Songs (2000)** *mezzo-soprano, guitar*

1. Plum

2. Blackberry

3. Cherry

4. Apple

Matthew Hindson **Insect Songs (1998)** *mezzo-soprano, guitar*

1. *Ants in the Shower Recess*

2. *Cicadas at Night*

Program Notes

A chameleonic ensemble of movable size and instrumentation, Halcyon draws together virtuosic artists for each performance. This is Halcyon at its most intimate - one voice and one instrument in conversation as equals. Halcyon's director, mezzo-soprano Jenny Duck-Chong, is joined by two outstanding independent artists, cellist Geoffrey Gartner and guitarist Vladimir Gorbach to present works for solo voice and instrument. Traversing a kaleidoscope of colours drawn from the most minimal of means, the interplay of voice and strings has never been more engaging.

A celebration as much of the home grown as that from abroad, this diverse program features bite-sized and more substantial works from established composers in Australia and the UK spanning three decades: the radiant blend of cello and voice in short works by Julian Yu, Moya Henderson and Michael Berkeley alongside Ross Edwards' iconic *Maninya I*; and the joyful and at times explosive exploration of voice and guitar in two energetic works, Matthew Hindson's *Insect Songs* and Kerry Andrew's *fruit songs*. The set also features the premiere of a short vocal solo by Cathy Milliken, drawn by the composer from her award-winning recent work, *Earth Plays*.

About the Artist

Halcyon is a chameleonic ensemble which has featured more than 100 artists in its lifetime, drawing players together specifically for each performance. Regarded as a leading light in the field of new music, Halcyon presents stunning performances of vocal chamber music from around the world, with a special emphasis on Australian composition. Founded by intrepid singers Alison Morgan and Jenny Duck-Chong, Halcyon has commissioned many works for voice and instruments, performing new repertoire around Australia at music festivals, through its own concert series and at industry events including the prestigious Paul Lowin Awards, where it has been acknowledged as a powerful influence on the growth of this repertoire and associated on many occasions with short-listed and winning pieces.

To find out more about Halcyon visit www.halcyon.org.au

**CITY
RECITAL
HALL**

PROGRAM TEXTS

Moya Henderson - **I Lost a World the Other Day** (2014) *mezzo-soprano, cello*

*I lost a World — the other day!
Has Anybody found?
You'll know it by the Row of Stars
Around its forehead bound.*

*A Rich man — might not notice it —
Yet — to my frugal Eye,
Of more Esteem than Ducats —
Oh find it — Sir — for me!*

- Emily Dickinson

Cathy Milliken - **Kazoku** (premiere)
adapted by the composer from Earth Plays, Movement III: Gohyaku-Rakan (2015) *mezzo-soprano*

Julian Yu - **Three Haiku** (1987) *mezzo-soprano, cello*

*Summer grasses!
Warriors have left
A trace of dreams*

*Drinking his morning tea
The priest is serene
Chrysanthemums*

*Resolved
To become a bleached skull
The autumn wind pierces my body*

- transl. Rosemary C. Mattingley

Michael Berkeley - **Typewriter music** (2014) (2 mins) *mezzo-soprano, cello*

*Typewriter Music
Hinged grasshopper legs kick
back. So
quick off the mark, so
spritely. They set
the mood, the mode, the call
to light-fingered highjinks.*

*A meadow dance
on the keyboard,
in breathless, out-of-bounds
take-offs into
flight and giddy joyflight without
stint. The fingerpads*

*have it. Braille through
études of alphabets, their chirp and clatter
grass-choppers
the morning to soundbites,
each riflshot hammerstroke another notch
in the silence.*

- David Malouf

Ross Edwards - **Maninya I** (1981/1985) (11 mins) *mezzo-soprano, cello*

Kerry Andrew – **fruit songs** (2000)

1. Plum
2. Blackberry
3. Cherry
4. apple

mezzo-soprano, guitar

This Is Just To Say

*I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox*

*and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast*

*Forgive me
they were so delicious
so sweet
and so cold*

- William Carlos Williams

Against Description

*I went to blackberries
On the vine.*

*They were blackberries
On the vine.*

*They were
Blackberries.*

*Black
Berries.*

- George Bowering

*Oh! Oh! Is all I can say
For the cherries that grow
On Mount Yoshino*

- Yasuhara Teishitsu

Extracts from 'Moonlit Apples'

*the skylight lets the moon light in, and those
Apples are deep sea apples of green
the moon again
Dapples the apples with deep sea light.*

*they gather the silver streams
out of the moon, these moonlit apples of dreams
(the moon again)
they keep tryst with the moon, and deep
is the silence, deep on moon-washed apples of wonder*

- John Drinkwater (arr. Kerry Andrew)

Matthew Hindson – **Insect Songs** (1998)

1. Ants in the Shower Recess
2. Cicadas at Night

mezzo-soprano, guitar

Ants in the Shower Recess

*Tiny black-skinned warriors,
the aboriginal inhabitants*

*of this suburb do not require
a land rights movement, having not*

*moved from it. The modest cuisine
of the coloniser (that's who*

*I am) fuels their factories:
the soldiers carry head-sized*

sugar boulders, and crumbs bigger
than loaves back underground; their ranks

marching through the kitchen look like
columns of refugees.

The scouts they dispatched to my shower
have found some of yesterday's

personality, washing up in
the grouting. Their scientists proved

it edible: why not devour
Gulliver? And now they're waiting.

One day the daily monsoons
will not happen; the mountain-range

of food-ore will rest from earthquakes.
Then they can send the miners;

I will be excavated, with ants
like chains of firemen passing buckets

to each other, when their one thought
comes about – all of my skin

becomes a crowded market-place
my picked-clean skull swarming

with more ideas than ever
it contained before, except

that every one is this one idea.

- Jamie Grant
from *The Refinery*, Angus and Robertson

Cicadas at Night

Summer's heat keeps them awake
into the long hours towards morning --
like spirits that have found release
and passed from earthly existence,
raising a volume of green song
to proclaim their brief freedom.

As In daylight, their company
becomes too numerous to be counted
among canopies of eucalypts
and camphor laurels:
shrill, incessant, deafening --
filtering through old embroideries of stars
whose rhythm the valleys echo.

As darkness falls they succeed
in outwitting children,
the hunger of shrikes and swarming ants --
who wait for their nymphs to emerge from soil
and destroy the strength gathered
from a seven year journey.

They need no eyes to see
each other, no antennae across sheets of moonlight
that fall on to planets and gardens --
a pearl light that shrouds the peace of mortals
kept awake by a Presence
which rejoices in unison
with the majesty of an eternal chorus.

- Peter Skrzynecki
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