

TUESDAYS @ MONK SPACE

presented by

Brightwork
newmusic

Tuesday, October 3, 2023 8 P.M.

Signs of Life

Will Adams: flutes, percussion
Alan Duff Berman: guitars, banjo
Daniel La France: percussion
Maggie Parkins: cello

Stacey Fraser: soprano
Meagan Martin: mezzo-soprano, percussion
Alexandra Grabarchuk: conductor

Program

Poem: Adrienne Rich At a Bach Concert (1957)

Alan

Paul Witt Life Signs (1988)

Quartet

Poem: Barbara Guest Parachutes, My Love, Could
Carry Us Higher (1959)

Alan

Mark Saya Robert Creeley Songs (1981)
Texts by Robert Creeley The Flower
 Hello
 Naughty Boy
 The Figures

Quartet with Stacey and Alexandra

Poem: E. E. Cummings [all which isn't singing] (1940)

Alan

Jim Gable Frozen Pursuits (1988, rev. 2022)

Quartet

Intermission

George Crumb Night of the Four Moons (1969)
Texts by Federico García Lorca

Quartet with Meagan and Alexandra

Robert Creeley Songs
Poetry by Robert Creeley

1. The Flower (1966)

I think I grow tensions
like flowers
in a wood where
nobody goes.

Each wound is perfect,
encloses itself in a tiny
imperceptible blossom,
making pain.

Pain is a flower like
that one,
like this one,
like that one,
like this one.

2. Hello (1964)

With a quick
jump he caught
the edge of

her eye and
it tore, down,
ripping. She

shuddered,
with the unexpected
assault, but

to his vantage
he held by
what flesh was left.

3. Naughty Boy (1978)

When he brings home a whale
she laughs and says, that's not for real.

And if he won the Irish sweepstakes,
she would say, where were you last night?

Where are you now, for that matter? Am
I always (she says) to be looking

at you? She says,
If I thought it would get any better I

would shoot you, you
nut, you. Then pats her hair

into place, and waits
for Uncle Jim's deep-fired, all-fat, real gone

whale steaks.

4. The Figures (1962)

The stillness
of the wood,
the figures formed

by hands so still
they touched it
to be one

hand holding one
hand, faces
without eyes,

bodies of wooden
stone, so still
they will not move

from that quiet
action ever
again. Did the man

who made them find
a like quiet? In
the act of making them

it must have been
so still he heard the wood
and felt it with his hands

moving into
the forms
he has given to them,

one by singular
one, so quiet,
so still.

Night of the Four Moons

Fragments of Poems by Federico Garcia Lorca

I. La luna está muerta, muerta;
pero resucita en la primavera.

II. Cuando sale la luna,
el mar cubre la tierra
y el corazón se siente
isla en el infinito.

III. Otro Adán oscuro está soñando
neutra luna de piedra sin semilla
donde el niño de luz se irá quemando.

IV. "¡Huye luna, luna, luna!
Si vinieran los gitanos,
harían con tu corazón
collares y anillos blancos."
"Niño, déjame que baile.
Cuando vengan los gitanos,
te encontrarán sobre el yunque
con los ojillos cerrados."
"¡Huye luna, luna, luna!
que ya siento sus caballos."
"Niño, déjame, no pises
mi blancor almidonado."

El jinete se acercaba
tocando el tambor del llano!
Dentro de la fragua el niño
tiene los ojos cerrados.

¡Por el olivar venían,
bronce y sueño, los gitanos!
Las cabezas levantadas
y los ojos entornados.

Cómo canta la zumaya,
¡ay, cómo canta en el árbol!

Por el cielo va la luna
con un niño de la mano

I. The moon is dead, dead;
but it is reborn in the springtime.

II. When the moon rises,
the sea covers the earth,
and the heart feels like
an island in infinity.

III. Another obscure Adam dreams
neuter seedless stone moon
where the child of light will be kindling.

IV. "Run away moon, moon, moon!
If the gypsies should come,
they will make of your heart
necklaces and white rings."
"Child, let me dance.
When the gypsies come,
they will find you on the anvil
with your little eyes closed."
"Run away moon, moon, moon!
for I hear now their horses."
"Child, leave me, do not step
on my starched whiteness."

Drumming the plain,
the horseman was coming near!
Inside the smithy
the child has closed his eyes.

Along the olive grove
the gypsies were coming, bronze and dream!
Heads high
and eyes half-closed.

How the owl hoots!
Ah, how it hoots in the tree!

Through the sky goes the moon
holding a child by the hand.

Scan for performance
notes and bios:



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