

MANHATTAN MINIMALISM FOR VOICES AND GUITARS

SØNDAG 17. OKTOBER 2021 KL. 16.00

KONSERVATORIETS KONCERTSAL

Dirigent: Geoffrey Paterson

DKDM's kammerkor og guitarister

Korindstudering: Poul Emborg

Lyd: Bo Karlsson, Kristian Alexander Pedersen, Alma Hede, Thomas Leader, Oliver Volz

David Lang: Stateless

(f. 1957) DKDM's kammerkor

Steve Reich: Acoustic Counterpoint

(f. 1936) Daniel Gudmonsson, Jonas Egholm, Nat Siefert, Eivind Anvik, Christian Stentoft-Nielsen, Henrik Bay Hansen, Peter Nonbo Messerschmidt, Nichlas Overgaard, Valde Gorm, Xing He, Ludvig Šmidl, Daniel Acosta, Hongjiang Zhao, Xinyi Zou og Francesco Rista, guitar

Nico Muhly: How little you are

(f. 1981) Johanna Nylund, sopran
Åsne Sandegren, alt
Niklas de Fries, tenor
DKDM's kammerkor
Guitarkvartet 1: Jonas Egholm, Daniel Acosta, Peter Messerschmidt, Per Pålsson
Guitarkvartet 2: Francesco Rista, Xinyi Zou, Jesper Sivebæk, Nat Siefert
Guitarkvartet 3: Aron Bobaly, Ben Malinowski, Daniel Gudmonsson, Henrik Bay Hansen

GEOFFREY PATERSON

Having trained at the National Opera Studio and as a Jette Parker Young Artist at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Paterson began his career working as a pianist and assistant for some of the world's most distinguished opera conductors.

Paterson's musical enthusiasms cover a remarkably wide repertoire. He has conducted *The Nutcracker* and *Cinderella* for the Royal Danish Ballet, *Porgy and Bess* and *Die Fledermaus* for the Royal Danish Opera, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* for Glyndebourne Touring Opera, and recorded Massenet's *Le portrait de Manon* at Covent Garden. He made his English National Opera debut with Philip Glass' *Orphée*, his BBC Proms debut with Steve Reich's *City Life*, and memorably conducted Bernstein's *West Side Story* to an audience of 10,000 with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra.

He is particularly renowned for his work in the field of late 20th-century and contemporary music. Amongst the numerous world premières he has conducted are works by Sir Harrison Birtwistle, Sir Peter Maxwell Davies and James Dillon, and his performances of masterpieces by the greatest composers of the last hundred years (Boulez, Stockhausen, Berio, Ligeti, Abrahamsen and Benjamin among many others) have been widely praised in the British and international press. With a background in composition alongside masterclass studies with Boulez and Eötvös, he brings insight, technical command and an exacting ear to music whose secrets are only revealed through a rare combination of fastidiousness and inspiration. Testament to these achievements is his long relationship with the London Sinfonietta, many of whose landmark performances of the last decade he has been invited to conduct.
geoffreypaterson.co.uk

DKDM'S KAMMERKOR

SOPRAN 1

Anna Christine Bauer
Elisabeth Rosenberg *
Anna Miilmann Orlowicz
Maria Ottesen
Lingbo Zhao
Annika Beinnes
Aggi Angel *
Nicole Chan
Snæfriður María Björnsdóttir **
Yinuo Wang

SOPRAN 2

Julia Bielefeld
Anna Theresa Torgersen
Anna Golovanova Hjortkjær
Taisia Lukashova
Victoria Sjögren
Malgorzata Priebe **
Laura Helene Hansen **
Qishan Liang

ALT 1

Melike Uludag
Dagmar Skovgaard Boas
Astrid Elise Thomsen
Hedvig Stenstedt
Christina Herresthal **

ALT 2

Astrid Bjørndal Lychou
Sunniva Fevang **
Martin Münster
Åsne Sandegren
Emma Hirvilammi **

TENOR 1

Benjamin Nellemose *
Joar Sörensson * **
Alexander Vesterberg
Martin August Tornquist

TENOR 2

Joseph Mossop
Jakob Nilsson
Alex Friis Nielsen **
Niklas de Fries
Jacob Gade Nystrup

BAS 1

William Tarrach
Jens Frisdahl Sønderstrup ***
Daniel Tobijanski **
Feng Xie

BAS 2

Mads Skovgaard Andersen
Johannes Bødtker **
Poul Frederiksen

* = Korsolist i Nico Muhly

** = Korsolist i David Lang

*** = Stortromme i Nico Muhly

DAVID LANG: STATELESS

I got very happy at the thought of writing a piece that would premiere in Barcelona. Barcelona has always meant a lot to me - my mother was a child in Barcelona, which saved her life. My mother was born in Germany, in 1927. When Hitler came to power it was clear to many Jews that they would need to leave but there were few places they could go. In 1935 my Mother and her parents managed to get to Barcelona and they stayed until 1939. My childhood was full of her stories - hiding from the civil war, hiding that they were Jews. We visited several times when I was a boy and my mother would take us to the places she remembered, so we got to see Barcelona change in the 1960's and 1970's. It changed a lot - the broken down, one room storefront where her family lived is now a very fancy apartment building.

As a refugee, my mother was stateless, and the loss of belonging to a place stayed with her for her entire life. But she loved Barcelona and she would remind us of the long history of Jews in the region. In fact, one of the most famous medieval Jewish scholars - Rabbi Moses ben Nachman - was from nearby Girona. Like my mother, he also became stateless, when he was exiled from Spain in 1267. The text for my piece 'stateless' is a paraphrase of a letter that Rabbi Moses ben Nachman wrote to his children in Girona, from his exile in Jerusalem, describing his new life, blessing them, and wishing them well.

words by david lang (after rabbi moses ben nachman)

I left my family
I left my house
I left my sons and daughters
my heart and my eyes will dwell with them forever
and so I came to this land

what can I tell you about this land?
the more sacred the space
the greater the devastation
even in its destruction
it is a good land

we are all refugees here
we found some ruins of a house
built on pillars of marble
with a marble dome
we volunteered to fix the house
we built a temple there

many people come
from all across the land
they come to see what happened here
those of us who have seen the land destroyed
let us see the land restored

and you, my children
may you deserve all that is good in this world

NICO MUHLY: HOW LITTLE YOU ARE

Three guitar quartets and a choir, this is the novel format of this striking work by the young American composer Nico Muhly (1981). The result of a commission from Austin Classical Guitar, Conspirare and Texas Performing Arts of the University of Texas at Austin.

After making its world premiere in 2015 at the Bass Concert Hall at the University of Texas, Austin, it will now be performed for the first time outside of the United States here in Copenhagen, Denmark.

This programmatic work with a clear minimalist inclination offers us an image of the American West in the 19th century and a reflection of the pain, isolation and emptiness felt by its first settlers, especially the frontierswomen. Muhly set out to find an appropriate text and ultimately decided on excerpts from the diaries of two pioneering Texas women: Elinore Pruitt Stewart and Mary Alma Blankenship. The title of the piece is taken from a passage by Blankenship, in which she ruminates on the loneliness of pioneer life and the importance of God in that life:

“But when you get among such grandeur you get to feel how little you are, how foolish is human endeavor, except that which unites us with the almighty force called God.”

A vivid description, made by a trailblazing woman, of the existential void and insignificance of human existence in the face of the majesty of this western landscape. In the piece, that feeling is perfectly conveyed by the sound of twelve guitars, each representing the travelers who carried this instrument through undiscovered frontiers in the American West.

Daniel Acosta

TEXTS

PART ONE

The sun was just gilding the hilltops when we arose. Everything, even the barrenness, was beautiful. We have had frosts, and the quaking aspens were a trembling field of gold as far up the stream as we could see. We were 'way up above them and could look far across the valley. We could see the silvery gold of the willows, the russet and bronze of the currants, and patches of cheerful green showed where the pines were. A background of sober gray-green hills relieved the splendor, but even on them gay streaks and patches of yellow showed where rabbit-brush grew. We washed our faces at the spring, -the grasses that grew around the edge and dipped into the water were loaded with ice,..-our rabbit was done to a turn, so I made some delicious coffee, Jerrine got herself a can of water: and we breakfasted.

PART TWO

Do you remember I wrote you of a little Boy dying? That was my own little Jarnie, our first little son. For a long time, my heart was crushed. He was such a sweet, beautiful boy. I wanted him so much. I held him in my arms until the last agony was over. Clyde is a carpenter; so I wanted him to make the little coffin. He did it every Jfit, and I lined it, padded it, trimmed it, and covered it.... It was a sad pleasure to do everything for our little first-born ourselves.

PART THREE

I can never describe to you the weird beauty of a moonlit night among the pines. When the snow is sparkling and gleaming, the deep silence unbroken by the snapping of a twig. We were about to go back to bed when we heard faintly a long-drawn wail as if all the suffering and sorrow on earth were bound up in that one sound. We couldn't tell where it came from; it seemed to vibrate through the air.... We went

in, made up the fire, and sat in silence. Once or twice, that agonized cry came shivering through the cold moonlight.

INTERLUDE

It was springtime, nature smiled. The beautiful prairie flowets put up their heads beneath leaves of green. The Jessamine covered the lattice. The atmosphere convinced me of the future resurrection of the body after death. All was sublime. I was quite happy in my home with my husband and child, but suddenly doomed to be the reverse.

Elinore Pruitt Stewart

PARTFOUR

We had plenty of time to bestilland know God. He was our nearest neighbor. Although the neighbor's places were beginning to show up in the shimmering mirage of distance, as their trees began to tower above the new homes, we felt the absence of home folk. But when you get among such grandeur you get to feel how little you are, how foolish is human endeavour, except that which unites us with the almighty force called God.

Mary Alma Blankenship

PARTFIVE

I dozed off the sleep, but I couldn't stay asleep. I don't think I was afraid, but I certainly was nervous. All nature seemed to be mourning something, happened or going to happen. Half a mile away the night herders were riding round the round the herd. One of them was singing-faint but distinct came his song: 'O bury me not on the lone prairie.'--over and over he sang it. After a short silence he began again. This time it was, 'I'm thinking of my dear old mother, ten thousand miles away.'

Elinore Pruitt Stewart

1. O bury me not on the lone prairie,
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

2. O b_ur_ry me not on the lone prairie
Where the wile coyotes will howl o'er me,
In a narrow grave just six by three,
O b_ur_ry me not on the lone prairie.

3. It matters not, I've oft been told,
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold;
Yes grant, O grant this wish to me,
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

4. Let my death slumber be where my mother's prayer
And a sister's tear will mingle there,
Where my friends can come and weep o'er me;
O b_ur_ry me not on the lone prairie.

5. O we buried him there on the lone prairie
Where the wild rose blooms and the wind blows free,
O his pale young face nevermore to see,
For we buried him there on the lone prairie.