

Lawrence Moss

Loves (1982) (15:05)

for soprano, flute/piccolo, clarinet, harp, piano and viola

I Furioso

II Dolce, flowing

III Adagio

IV Presto giocoso

V Dirge/Barcarole

Edwin Dugger

Septet (1980) (11:47)

for piccolo, flute, clarinet, piano, violin, cello and contrabass

Conrad Cummings

Seven Songs (1981) (10:57)

for tenor or baritone, piano and computer-generated voices

Andrew Frank

Sonata da Camera II (1984) (16:37)

for flute, viola and harp

I Moderato, mesto: Allegretto

II Serenata

III Moderato, mesto: Allegro

Lawrence Moss: Loves

In the middle of the first century B.C., the unruly and passionate Roman poet Catullus began a collection of verse by pleading that his words be allowed to endure "for more than a lifetime." From the single volume that did survive, **Lawrence Moss** has translated five poems which address the many facets of love.

Anger – the anger of a jilted lover – boils forth in the first song. Furiously active clouds of pitches alternate with tranquil, dancelike music. Moss acknowledges the slightly mock-heroic tone of Catullus's address to his friends in strident, Germanic counterpoint accompanying the reference to "North." Yet there is no lightheartedness in the poet's message to his love, a message which, in spite of all its pain, still carries some affection, heard in the brief flute soliloquy and the falling half-steps surrounding "farewell."

Gentle, flowing music, first associated with the "Nile," reappears in the second song, as the lover proclaims his constancy. The tormented cry of the third song – Odi ei amo – "transforms the gentle "farewell" half-steps into more pointed ninths and sevenths, while intertwined thirds depict the writhing of the unfortunate. A playful mood surfaces in the fourth song, as Catullus chides a fellow poet, asking for a kind word.

The most tender sentiment is reserved for the final movement. This is no mock journey, but a real and painful voyage undertaken by the poet to his brother's gravesite. Marked Dirge/Barcarole, the music expresses at once deep mourning and the ceaseless undulations of the Italian waters. The barcarole rhythm and the glissandi recall the first movement, as do the whole-tone rise and step-wise fall of the final, loving farewell.

Professor and Director of Composition at the University of Maryland since 1969, **Lawrence Moss** (b. 1927, Los Angeles) has received numerous awards, including Morse, Fulbright and Guggenheim Fellowships, and commissions from the Fromm and Kindler Foundations, and the New Haven and University of Chicago Symphonies. *Loves* was commissioned by the San Francisco Contemporary Music Players, the Contemporary Music Forum and Speculum Musicae through the National Endowment for the Arts Consortium Commissioning Program. (Other works of Lawrence Moss on CRI include *Four Scenes for Piano*, *Sonata for Violin and Piano* (SD 186), *Elegy*, *Timepiece* (SD 307) and *Auditions* (SD 318)]

Edwin Dugger: Septet

In composing the *Septet*, a 60th birthday present for Earl Kim, Edwin Dugger was influenced by Kim's great affection for musical canons, especially palindromes. The entire work, in fact, is a series of nested palindromes, reflecting around a slightly off-center axis of symmetry – off-center owing to the "dramatic insertion" of music just before the final section of the piece. The row on which the *Septet* is based is itself derived from two symmetrical structures: the fully-diminished seventh chord and the augmented triad. This accounts for the presence of the interval of the third frequently emphasized by the pairing of instruments in percussive attacks – which is so striking at the beginning of the work.

Unlike many composers who employ a twelve-tone method, Dugger encourages his material to sound unisons and octaves. With these and other recurring intervals, he creates a harmonic coherence which welds the highly imitative lines together to form a work of surprising clarity and consonance. Although the *Septet* comprises thirteen sections, distinguished by the manner in which the canonic procedures are used, the auditory impression is one of seamlessly unfolding and expanding gestures. Essentially vocal in nature, these gestures reflect Dugger's life-long love of opera, and endow the subtle, thoughtful counterpoint with warmth and a gentle passion.

Edwin Dugger (b. 1940, Poplar Bluff, MO) joined the faculty at the University of California, Berkeley in 1967, where he helped to establish the electronic music studio and founded the Berkeley Contemporary Chamber Players. A 1973/74 Guggenheim Fellow, Dugger has also received a Naumberg Award for recording and several commissions, including those from the Koussevitsky Foundation, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Fromm Foundation. [Other works of Edwin Dugger on CRI include *Intermezzi*, *Abwesenheiten und Wiedersehen* (SD 378) and *In Opera's Shadow* (SD 541)]

Conrad Cummings: Seven Songs

Seven Songs, completed at the end of Cumming's tenure at IRCAM, was influenced, he writes, "by that soft, somber, embracing, grey Paris winter of 1980. The cycle is about love remembered and love lost; six of the seven texts by Thomas Meyer are free translations from Sappho – fragments with as much meaning lying hidden between the phrases as in them. What is unsaid in the poems lives in the agitated piano part; the computer voices, vocal but nonverbal, belong equally to the said and unsaid."

The cycle also treats the realms of the real and the imaginary. This is suggested by the instrumentation; the weighty, "real" presence of the piano provides a grounding for the sonic fancy of the ghostly computer voices, which hoot, whistle and groan. The soloist moves freely in both realms; he experiences and comments, but he also remembers.

About "those C major scales and simple vocal lines," Cummings notes, "I didn't understand them at the time, but they turned out to be prophetic." While they undoubtedly do presage the diatonic style of Cumming's more recent work, they also arise convincingly from the *Songs* themselves. Cummings has designed a world in which tonal gravity still operates – the whole-tone scales in the first song, the

descending C Lydian scale of the second, the insistent fifth of the vocal line in the sixth all testify to this; the ascending piano scales confirm it. In addition, the frequently static, pandiatonic harmonies ideally conjure the mood of antiquity suggested by the texts, while the fragmented, straightforward vocal lines express how memory makes all past experience somehow incomplete.

After working at IRCAM, **Conrad Cummings** (b. San Francisco, 1948) joined the faculty of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. His honors include grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Martha Baird Rockefeller Foundation, and fellowships at the MacDowell Colony, Tanglewood and the Djerassi Foundation. Recent commissions include those from the Cheltenham Festival, the Indianapolis Symphony, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, the Canadian Brass and the San Francisco Opera Center. [Other works of Conrad Cummings on CRI include *Beast Songs* and *Summer Air* (SD 487)]

Andrew Frank: *Sonata da Camera II*

Sonata da Camera II is the second in a series of chamber sonatas, each for a different trio of instruments [The first, for flute, violin and piano, appears on CRI SD 419]. Andrew Frank writes: "Listeners familiar with Debussy's *Sonata* for the same instrumental combination (flute, viola and harp) will no doubt hear allusions to that work in my piece, although . . . I did not consciously try to write an homage to Debussy. However, my long-standing affection for Debussy's music, and for his three late sonatas in particular, certainly affected the musical images and gestures in this work."

One obvious reference to Debussy is the opening broken chord, shared by the harp and flute, which provides the central rhetorical impetus for Frank's three-movement ***Sonata***. This chord frames the work; it initiates both of the flowing introductions to the more extroverted outer movements, and recurs in the final coda. The serene middle movement is similarly framed.

The ***Sonata*** is an exploration of the timbral similarities and differences among the three instruments. The delicate shadings and subtly-orchestrated unisons, again reminiscent of Debussy, are a hallmark of Frank's work. His lines intersect in timbre as well as pitch, rendering the music remarkably supple, moving with grace between polyphony and homophony.

Andrew Frank (b. Los Angeles, 1946) has been a member of the faculty at the University of California, Davis since 1972. His many awards include a Guggenheim Fellowship, two National Endowment for the Arts Fellowships, a New York Composers' Forum Award and an American Composers Alliance Recording Award. He has received first prizes from the International Trumpet Guild and, for the ***Sonata da Camera II*** from the American Harp Society. [Other works of Andrew Frank on CRI include *Orpheum* (Night Music 1) (SD 345) and *Arcadia* (SD 419)]

—Daniel Weymouth

Performers:

Anna Carol Dudley, soprano

Allen Shearer, baritone

Barbara Chaffe, piccolo

Janet Ketchum-Lawrence, flute

Gregory Dullard, clarinet

Roy Malan, violin

Nancy Ellis, viola

Bonnie Hampton, cello

Marcella DeCray, harp

Marvin Tartak, piano

Jean-Louis LeRoux, conductor

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Producer: Jean-Louis LeRoux

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(original liner notes from CRI Lp jacket)

LOVES

I
Furious and Aurelius, Ye Comrades of Catullus
True to him through thick and thin,
To furthest India
Where long waves pound the eastern shore,
Or nearer, to soft Arabic;
Where Parthian archers bend their deadly bows,
Or south to Nile's delta
Where seven muddy mouths pour out their waters,
Or north to Alpine passes
Beyond which Caesar's latest glory spreads—
Rhenish Gaul, exotic England—

You two, ready with him for all
An angry Heaven may hold in store,
Take this message to my girl,
This greeting short but no way sweet;
Take to her and all her lovers
(Their hundred loins drained dry by lust)

One word:

Farewell.
Since you did not respect my love
You've killed it,
Crushed it as surely as the flower
On the meadow's edge
Lies crushed—murdered by the plow blade,
Which, heedless, touches it
Then passes on.

II
Never could a woman say that she'd been loved
As you by me.
Never was a promise kept more faithfully
Than mine to love
No one but thee.

III

Odi et amo; I hate and yet I love,
And if you ask me why—
I do not know
But twist and turn in agony
And feel it so:

Odi et amo.

IV

Your Catullus, friend, is ailing now.
His days grow long, The hours idle by.
Could you not spore one word of cheer,
Some small talk to ease his sighs?

Cornificius! A pox on you!
Is this what friendship's for?
A word from you would ease my fears, My heart so sore,
Were that word sadder far
Than Simonides' tears.

V

Over many seas, through many lands
I've come, brother, to your grave.
With mournful greeting and few words,
My grief unheard,
I stand now in your shade.

O brother cruelly torn from me!
Take these graveside offerings,
These rites our fathers knew so well.
It is for us to help the dead
To find their peace in Hell.

Take, O brother, a brother's tears
And now, forever, brother,
Hail and farewell!
Hail and farewell!

Ave atque vale!
Ave atque vale!

From the *Catulli Carmina*
(Nos. 11, 87, 38 and 101)
Translation © 1982 Lawrence Moss

SEVEN SONGS

I

hue

washed ashore

dyed

& hoary sea's
off spring

water wound four times

hyacinth-

song-filled head

sea-

sprawled on dry land
tangled in sea weed
dumb as an unbroken wave

rock

salt

II

leave the mud

beside cool water
wind murmurs in the apple sprays
leaves shiver, heavy sleep slips

down

emboidery
earth
flower-crowned

unstirred

with air's son

dew

deer grass grows

III

& chick peas grew gold

on shore

you come from the edge of earth

with a gold wound

ivory handled

sword

IV

dear mother I fumble the threads

Aphrodite &

a slim lad

have

tangled me

with love.

V

at the mill they grind

honey yellow grain

sun

light, ripe cucumbers

apples & pears

with love

VI

Red ochre for life and strength
sprinkled over bones
buried with

chipped flint instruments,
shells, & a chieftain's staff
of reindeer horn carved with
a stag on the run,

under each head a rock.

VII

held by a gold chain
of tender chalk flowers

to hold you

my love

no bee

nor honey for me

my tears
drop

they no longer walk on sweet
feet

texts for *Seven Songs*
drawn from *The Umbrella of Aesculapius*
by Thomas Meyer

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